EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1922

SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

Is Life Just Contracting and Paying Up Debts?

ir would heal eventually. I asked her if her religion was help-ing her surmount the frightened, un-reasonable thoughts, and was giving her patience and balance of soul to await the better times. She said no. it was not helping her in one sense, that is, it did not exorcise her fears, or drive them away or counteract the talss measages of her nerves; yet in another sense, to think of the goodness that had been in great souls, in the great-est Soul of all, our Lord, to think of the was all the difference between throwing up feeble and uscless hands and giving up, and standing gnard over the chaos of the hour with the assur-ance way back in the soul that the cloud was only a cloud, not the sund arcs way back in the soul that the cloud was only a cloud, not the sund arcs way back in the soul that the cloud was only a cloud, not the sund existence gone out of the heavens: TERSONALLY I believe that he was

existence gone out of the heavens: I GATHERED from her few words that religion had given her a solid borne. It did not lessen the tunnit of the encounter with pain, but it did provide a certain strength to overcome the results of the immined despair. It struck me that what she felt was what the ancient Hebrew poet had felt cen-turies before her, what he described in his encounter with the pain and despair of the mind, as his experience through-out the struggle that: "Underneath me that and the for the model activity of a man the first of us—the only lasting part— is like field, then we must create some-

Bible to us, is that each in its way Heine, who scaffed sometimes in his marks a discovery of the human race pain against the God he saw work. which can apply to any man or woman or child in a like situation. And alfateway out very similar for any numer of persons. All history is valuable, but the his-

A WOMAN was telling me her not the less real—as troubles—because they were painful imaginations. Her merres, instead of sending true mes. Mges across the lines to her mind, were rending taise messages, which she had to decode painstakingly and with some which meant. I suppose, that tempo-rarly her nervous system was out of order from some physical cause, which rest and sleep and simple food and good in would heal eventually. The ked her if her relightened, un-ing her surmount the frightened, un-

"Underneath were the Everlasting thing out of ourselves, something out Arms."

four world. Even if our world is pain-then out The value of all those sayings of the of pain we must make something. Even shiped about him, even Heine understood that, when he was himself.

can find a hint to go upon for my par-ticular moment of struggle, then to me an irresponsible enjoyment of the pleas-to the men who have gone before me that history is really a sacred history, the reading of which means the differ-We would never have dared assert for



on the sides: or drawn closely with a Marcel to soften it.

Each girl

and the girl who's boyish wears it bobbed.

from side to side on his shoulder, and

If she is

mature

she likes

to fluff

it out

in natural

waves;

if it curls.

of its

beauty;

looking.

The Unconscious Sinner : By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

ing on holy ground, as though he had no right at all to be here, and the feel-Carey Phelps marries Cleo Ridgefield, a girl who unconsciously tempts men to make lave to her, merely to be reconged on her for her treatment of Dick Wheeler. Carey is Dick's guardian, and when Cleo refuses Dick the bay is on the point of committing spicide when Carey ap-pears on the scene and menes the ing brought a stinging sensation to his eyelids, and made him strangely humble. Softly he strode over to the couch and stood for a moment looking down at the sleeping face. Then very cau-tiously he stooped down, slipped his strong arms under Cleo's slim body, cradled her against his breast as if she had been a baby and sat down on the couch to wait for her to awaken. prars on the scene and prerents the tragedy. On their wedding night Carey tells Clea he despises her, but he carries her off to his cabin in the mountains, a place that he and Dick have owned together in the past. They arrive late at night, to find that Ite hardly breathed as he sat there holding her, and the wonder of it was that she slept on as if she had been drugged. The lamplight flickered in Dick has returned from abroad, where he has gone to forget Cleo. where he has gone to forget Cleo, and is ensconced there. In a scene that follows, the truth comes out, and Dick takes Cleo's part against Carcy. Carcy is convinced that Cleo is no longer in love with him and has turned to Dick. Confronted with this possibility, he realizes that he loves her, and has lored her all along, but he is determined to hide this dict from her at all casts Hom. the room and through the open window came the drowsy sound of crickets. It was all very peaceful and homelike save that in the heart of the man tumult raged. He was wondering what would hap

pen when she roused to consciousness in his arms. Would she start away from him in terror? What would she say when she discovered that Dick this fact from her at all costs. Hoie-ever, Dick suspects the truth, and had gone away and left them alone together? Good old Dick! And Carey's without letting either of them know, slips away and leaves them in pos-session of the cabin. throat suddenly tightened. At this moment Cleo stirred in his arms. She turned her head restlessly

Clate afternoon after tramping all day through the surrounding hills. The Carey felt that the silence was more

"THE WIFE CHEATER"

Hazel Deyo Batchelor

it is that same sophisticated younger sister, however, who repairs the damage and brings the erring husband to his senses. The first chapter of

I knew a man once who said that nothing but a transaction of paying debts, either inherited or those that SARAH D. LOWRIE. In the destiny, was in same. This life had been from first to last in heaven is perfect. SARAH D. LOWRIE. In the destiny, was in same. The se also perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect. SARAH D. LOWRIE. In the set of th

she gives it the benefit



Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

From "Louis" to "Betty S." then her lashes fluttered and she opened than he could hear. He lowered her to the pillow and.

From "Louis" to "Betty S." Dear Cynthia—I am a constant reader of your column. Dear "Betty S." I am very much pleased when I read your letter in last Saturday night's LEDGER. I would like very much to write to you or would like very much to meet you some time. Betty, I am sorry for you in one way, that is, I cannot swim. Dear Betty, I would like you to write to me where you live. But Cynthia says that you cannot correspond except through the column. I guess we two will be lonesome, for we cannot meet each other. I am very much pleased when I read that you had stopped smokiag. I guess, Betty S. we will never meet. Let us hope some time we wilk I do not drink or smoke or gamble in any way. I will look for an answer soon in the paper. Hoping to hear from you soon, Betty S. LOUIS.

Don't Make Love to Her

Take a Saturday Afternoon "Off" From Engagements and Friends

You Will Be Able to Find Yourself and Your Thoughts and Catch Up With Yourself Again

"T'M SO relieved," said the business But oh, how you do regret that lonely

"I M SO relieved," said the business girl, "I haven't a single thing to do this afternoon. Not an engagement, not a plan. Nobody wants me to go anywhere or do anything today." A DAY or afternoon of literal long-anywhere or do anything today."

Rather a strange sentiment, do you a while. think? Or not? It gives you a chance to "potter around" among your own things and find out what all those unnecessary think? Or not? Most girls are desolate if they haven't any party on for Saturday afternoon. A whole afternoon with nothing to A whole afternoon with nothing to drawers.

Horrible thought ! But, on the other hand, sometimes it Horrible thought i But, on the other hand, sometimes it is the greatest pleasure in the world just to have a free afternoon with nothing planned ahead.

just to have a free alternoon with nothing planned ahead. Your don't have to hurry to get ready; you don't have to bother about having clean gloves or a good white skirt or a wave in your hair. Ahead of you there is nothing but a comfortable afternoon at home. loafing with yourself. You find out what you really do think about things; find out, indeed, whether you really do think at all or not. Sometimes, in the flurry of work and recreation your thoughts slip away from you and you find yourself either going about in a daze or clse thinking almost

contortable afternoon at home, loafing on the porch—at last a chance to read that book you have been trying to get at for so long—or in the house, washing your hair, or straightening up that top drawer or getting in some long-needed mending. You fer let down and penceful about it.

tion properly. And then there's the joy of coming back to every day again—whx, it's as good as the much talked of making up How positively heartbreaking it is when some one calls you up and invites you to go somewhere, just at the after a lovers' quarrel! You appreciate your fun so much

more after a day away from it. Inst minute: You don't know how you look, you won't have time to go home and get "cleaned up." and you hate to go in such a haphazard fushion. TAKE a Saturday afternoon "off"

Such a haphazard fashion. Your thoughts cling ycarningly to that afternoon of being at home. Can you give that as an excuse not to go on he party? No, it wouldn't be decent; besides,

person you are anyhow. You will be refreshed, perhaps, or maybe bored. Whatever the result you'll be more

Have you bought all the sweaters you

exactly what everybody else thinks. But after your day of lonely com-panionship with yourself you get hold of

your own ideas and they begin to func-

Any other time you'd love to go. And you always have a good time even when you go half-reluctantly, like verted rested



WHAT'S WHAT

\$7.50, and can't you just close your eyes and visualize it with a shimmering "store manners"? When What are there is politeness before the counter and politeness behind the counter, the answer is easy enough, for in that case

both buyer and seller come to terms easily and harmoniously on the basis of genuine consideration for each other. When a customer is domineering.



Dear Cynthia-I've been a constant ader of your column, and cannot help

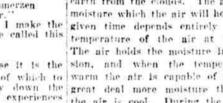
but feel that you are doing a fine work toward the bettering of humanity. Good

last minute!

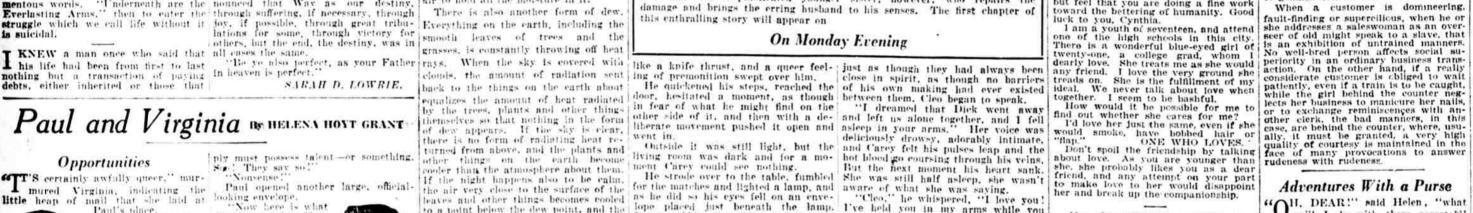


silk skirt?





the reading of which means the differ-ence between life and death for me. And if religion can mean just that one fact comprised in these live mo-mentous words. "Underneath are the struggle which we call life without it is suicidal. T KNEW a man once who said that all cases the same. We would never have dared assert for ourselves what the be-all and end-all of our lives could be, but One Who Knew, and Who opened a Way for us, an-nonneed that Way as our destiny, through suffering, if necessary, through struggle which we call life without it is suicidal.



tory of the soul struggles and the soul triumphs, the falls and the rises of the seckers after God makes the most unlikely evil out of which to make good, but from joy down the whole gamut of human experiences and losers and finders. If it is possible to know a way to—not so much conquer, as to—transcending badies, and history of souls transcending badies, and also of souls transcending badies, which is called the Bible, I can find a bint to go upon for up par-

Can You Tell? By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer What Makes the Dew Dew is moisture which falls to the

though no two situations are precisely alike—still they can be enough alike to make the gateway in and the little songs," was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs," was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities to make the gateway in and the little songs, was what he called this diversities the surrounding hills. The The air holds the moisture in suspen-

CAO.

cao.

"T'S certainly awfully queer," mur-mured Virginia, indicating the little heap of mail that she laid at "Nonsense!" Now here is what Now here is what



If e writkled has nose, "Who ever could have thought that I would so suddenly and unaccountably become a personage? Hah?" "But what is all this mail, honey?" persis red Virginia, you used to get was the bills from the milkman and the re-

butcher and the milkman and the rest ceipt for the rent, and the oncesinsa-while letter from your mother. And now look at it? Why, you must have gotten twenty letters today. Are they important? Thau chuckled as he shit the first en-

"Oh. Paul, dear, don't tease! How "Here's a fine chance on the ground velope open.

floor. Buzzard Oil stock is held very about you? tight, according to this kind and confi-dential letter, but they want a few rep-

bargain, ch?" But Virginia did not understand.

But virginia did not understand. "Now here's another splendid chance for me. This is from a school that teaches specially gifted folks how to write scenarios for the markes. All need do is forward the small sum of inety dollars and they will put me "But how, dear?" mainteen the That's an easy way to earn a living, don't you think?" Virginia hunded in derision. "When in the works in the

"Why in the world should they write

to you?' she demanded. Paul looked mysterious.

"They've just found out that I sim-

Things You'll Love to Make



sather it at the bottom. Bead or em-broider a band of velvet or silk that

ust fits your wrist. Fit and sew the To the Editor of Woman's Page:

The wrinkled his I call pretty fine. Here use. is a letter from the di-

about you? Is it some sort of a prac-

tight, according to this kinn one way dential letter, but they want a few rep-resentative citizens to be bondholders, so they will let me have some of the thousand-dollar gold bonds for only forty dollars. Now I call that a rare bargain, ch?" Der Vierinia did not understand.

But how, dear?" insisted Virginia

to Paul of his new automobile l The sucker list, I believe they call it." he chuckled.

More on Monday

The Woman's Exchange

Watch Mrs. Wilson's Column To the Editor of Woman's Page; Dear Madam-Can you please give me the directions for making a rose far, as roses are very plentiful where I live? MRS, C

MHS, C. Mrs. Wilson has had questions about this which she will answer some time soon in her query column. So watch for directions to appear in her column.

Dear Madam-1 have five little kit-tens seven weeks old. If any of your readers would like them, will you kindly give them my address? I got the mother cat through your exchange about one year ago. MRS, F.

Tor the sleeve that wants to be "dif-forent" here is a NOVEL BEADED CUFF. Make a long full sleeve and cuptor it at the bottom. Bead or cur-

To Remove Ink Stain

ottom edge of the sleeve onto a tweive- Dear Madam-Will you please advise

inch piece of medium thick wire. Cover the gatherings and wire with a band of the velvet or silk which has been decorated in the same manner is the arrist band. Join the two bands with strings of beads sewed at intervals of

leaves and other things becomes cooled

Ś

11 Exercise 10-Swing right leg forward and extend right arm (both with forcible movement); force leg

left arm. Five times each.

to floor. Do not derange position

left foot

Monday - Where Does Mucilage Come From?

AID TO HEALTH



The strole over to the table, fumbled for the matches and lighted a lamp, and as he did so his eyes fell on an enve-"Cleo," he whispered, "I love you!

Iope placed just beneath the lamp.
It was addressed to him, and in split
of himself Carcy's strong fingers true.
Indeed as he tote it open and scanned
the few brief lines. For a long moment
after he had read the noth a mut-
tered ejaculation he wheeled around.
It was still sleeping the sleep of
the one arm flung across her breast,
the other line and her terms thill scare, is you awake or are you
with one arm flung across her breast,
the other ling and lact by her side.I've held you in my arms while you
and his heart leaped as his eyes fell
on the couch.How Cynthia's Column Helped
Dear Cynthia – I have been reading
admit I enjoy it very much, and have
then went on ngain almost in despera-
tion, "Cleo, are you awake or are you
was maddening?".How Cynthia's Column Helped
Dear Cynthia – I have been reading
admit I enjoy it very much, and have
there with a mut-
the numer langed as his eyes fell
of the reing that he had been
fighting all day, leaped into his heart.
He could not account for it, but for
the moment he fell like an intruder.
It was though he were carelessiy tread-I've held you in my arms while you
right about his neck, and her face.
I'T'm awake," went on the soft
an instanthe find her crushed against
his breast, but this time her arms were
tike a thirsty flower, was upturned
is heast, but this time her arms were
the broad not account for it, but for
the key stronger that is while it on the
to alk sizes.
I'The End)How Cynthia's Column Helped
Dear Cynthia – I have been reading
the some are you and will
admit I enjoy it very much, and have
terest as I went in the same day of the strong
the the sould not account for it, but for
the sould not account he fell like an intruder.
It was though he were carelessity tread-
the the moment he fell like an intruder.
It was thoug

Fourth Analysis

Here is the description of a specimen of handwriting, sufficiently complete for the purpose. Try your hand at analyzing it and telling something of the character of the person who wrote

The writing is not of the "artistic" sort. It is not a good-looking hand, though the letters are well-formed and legible. Entire words apparently have been written without lifting the pen from the paper, and in many instances the final stroke of one word has become the initial aroke of the next. The letters are certical and well-spaced,

rounded in form. The writer bears **Papers** That Are Backgrounds but lightly on his pen. The letters are small, and the capitals are plainly Wall-papers that serve as backgrounds-as the majority of walls are

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>



return this girl was reading it and asked if 1 objected, and that is where I first saw your column, as she happened to be one of your readers and very often writes to your column. She talked to me the rest of our journey, and it was a very thresome one, as we were stalled half the time, and I want to say to the fellows who write to your column if they could just see or meet some of the lades who write to your column in traveling as I met this one, I don't think some of their letters would be so harsh, for I can truthfully say I have the first time in my life to ever meet a more perfect and ladylike little hdy, and I often read her letters in the paper and laugh at the way we met. Thanking you very kindly, dear Cynthia, and I hope I have not taken up too much space in your column, as I thought you may be interested to hear it. As for me, I wish for more snow. B. That was an interesting coincidence.

That was hn interesting coincidence. Cynthia is glad her column helped to make a tiresone journey less irksome. Write again. Perhaps the snowbound lady will answer you in the column.

"Ivan Van T.'s" Ideal Girl



A Fair Exchange To the Editor of Woman's Page:

upward until it touches hand, keeping other leg straight, knee unbent, and foot firmly on ground. Also keep body from inclining for-Repeat with left leg and ward.

Exercise 11-Hands on hips; raise right thigh and knee foreibly, with muscles tensed, until they are at

right angles to the body ; lower leg of trunk nor relax muscles on lowering knee. Stretch foot to toe tips. Repeat five times. Then with

ew & Ale

10