The Helpfulness of Being Alone With Your Soul for a While ASKED a social service worker once what to her thinking was the greatest hardship of the poor, especially the women of what our mothers used to call the "poorer classes," but what we today call the proletariat, much to the distress of Latin purists; what we today call the proletarint, much to the distress of Latin purists, who insist that it is an incorrect word to use in the sense in which we

mean it.

I suppose, of course, that women greatly experienced in the customs of hard-working mothers would say that hard-working mothers would say that the chief hardships of their lives lay along the line of too little diversion, or too hard physical strain, or too great worry to make two ends meet, or too many children, or sordid surround-ings, a losing fight with dirt, a kind of brutalized marital life, threatened by drink, ill-temper, disease, sheer ignorance and stupid monotony. I took it for granted she would light on one or

more of these, but not at all! She was ready with her answer on the instant, quite as though it was an old theme of philosophizing with her. She said that the hardship of the poor. generally speaking, either in cities or in country places, was their herding. brought about by small rooms and too few rooms for their sized families. She went on to say that most of the early life of the poor was spent with-out solitude, without even a wholesome privacy, so that as a result when some privacy, so that as a result when solitude did come from sickness, or from old age, the men and women who had never learned to use it or enjoy it suffered from it and took it dumbly, more like forlorn stricken animals caught in a cage. The quiet and chance to think and know oneself that ought to have come naturally in childhood and to have become a babit of the many come. and to have become a habit of the mind in maturity came too late to be anything but loneliness and dall depres-

SHE added that one of the difficulties of her work—so far as her experience in her particular social service settlement went was that her neigh-bors and friends who depended upon her sympathy and judgment never took for granted that she required for her own life any time alone. To them, recreation meant some kind of unwoated pleasuring of a sociable sort. To sit perfeetly still and just think, or drift without consecutive thinking, was impossible to them. If they back to consciousness presently by a slamming door, or by the cries of adds pounds to our quarreling children or by the demands graces to our souls. of some one or another wanting "a plece" or to be "tended to" one way

not alone in this lack of solitude or ignorance of the vitalness of times off alone. Looking up and down whole lists of my own nequaintances and their friends and families, from their boarding school days to their summer resort days, it seemed to me that very few took time off for being alone as part of the necessity of same living. The difference was, that whereas they easily could do it, the women of the other kind of environment could scarcely manage it, certainly would be head and the same process. age it, certainly would be hard put-to to accomplish being alone without being

I HAVE a neighbor who is the official with their souls telephone receiver for her little distribution. She goes off fishing when things get too strenuous. Not that she posticularly likes trout, or that her family prefer fish. It is that fishing is an excuse for being off alone where no phone call can reach her, and where in the silent monotony of casting be. The telegram in the stlent monotony of casting her line, now across this eddy in the river and now into that quiet pool, she finds a certain soluce for her tired brain. I know only one other country woman

who is like her, and she escapes from her large and demanding family of children and grandehildren by taking her pail and going off berrying, refusing company and reticent as to to the hour of her return. She is thought "queer" almost to the verge of mild insanity b her kin for this old desire for her own company. For, as she remarked: They know well enough berrying is

make of the swarm of which they are bend-fringed beach parasol.

brellas and tools and old hats in most houses. When she shut the door on herself there the children were too awed and the one old servant too sympathetically romantic to break in upon her. Her husband, who further complicated her existence by being a good deal about the house, was in-dulgent, if somewhat scoffing, of her which churchess," and the caller or "high churchness," and the caller or huckster was withheld by astonishment from pressing his claims on being told: "The missus, she's saying her prayers."

Whether she was or not, in the usual meaning of the word, was a secret she kept to herself. The vital fact was that she was getting a brief time alone in the only way the exigencies of her situation would permit her, unless she took to her bed and feigned illness.

to disregard. Indeed, both by command and by example the founder of Christianity made it a vital part of life. Before all great demands on His strength, Christ sought solitude, and after most of the strenuous days of his short and exceedingly forthputting life. He recouped His vital forces by breaking from the crowd and even from His disciples to be alone. If a man so stored with spiritual force as He was found this a necessity of His soul and mind many, many times during the brief three years that were His for the mparting of the good tidings He had one to deliver to mankind, how imperative it must be for ordinary men as well as in active good works and erdent propaganda.

But except for the Society of Friends and a few scattered religionists here and there scarcely any of His followers preach even the worship of silence, let alone solitude and repose. The nearest most Christians come to it is the "Holy Sunday Nap." but as that is more often the result of a heavy midday tired as that, they would fall asleep and Sunday dinner with roast beef and involved on servation was gunning for nod heavily in their chairs, to be called lings, not so much a voluntary as an was the bogy of superstition. resently by a involuntary "going apart," the habit the cries of mids pounds to our stature rather than

I have sometimes thought that it come in, or—a score of things would much as from the viewpoint of His a room on the thirteenth floor of a hotel happen. To wish, let alone to plan good deeds or words of wisdom. Those or to see the new moon over the left for or demand, time off each day when times alone might throw a very reveal-shoulder they would be free from outside inter- ing light upon both the deeds and the ruptions did not enter into their calcu-lations, scarcely in fact could be said that until all houses that are called to enter into their dreams of what God's houses—all churches that is—are made ready to receive the followers It struck me while she talked that Our Lord at the times when they wish women who were her neighbors were to be alone, neither hearing preaching

the noise of the city to be silent with the molitude. It is the sound of the feet a fatalist; and the fatalist never makes the same effort to finish what he between the errands of life to be alone

When noise of the city to be silent with the noise of the city to be silent with the superstition is in cffeet a fatalist; and the fatalist never makes the same effort to finish what he attempts as others.

He thinks that everything is forethat enough?' But in my heart of that enough?' But in my heart of

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Things You'll Love to Make



SOMETIMES think the contem- A bend-fringed beach parasol is quite It rative, solitary figures that come stunning! Any parasor can be trimmed that corresponds to the physical indi-Let alive, solitary figures that come stunning! Any paraso can be trimmed that corresponds to the physical indivative shoppers that seldom buy but just wander in and out of shops, are the city versions of the fisherwoman and the berrying woman up in the country. Nowhere in their houses can they shut a noor that will close out their families: only by "going downtown on an errand!" or "shopping for an afternoon" can they get rid of the constant. Those of glass are pretty, and those of stinet toward ernelty. mon' can they get rid of the constant. Those of glass are pretty, and those of stinet toward cruelty, depands on their attention or dim the decorated wood are, more novel for a The nearest indicates



the business of getting dinner. Paul followed on out into the spick-and-span kitchen, and watched with for two checks, that woman was just tender eyes as she smoothed the sirloin

so I'd never meet any of my old acquaintances."

"She patronizes—and she sponges," said Virginia, paying no attention to Paul's savagery. "Yes, sir, she patronizes and she sponges."

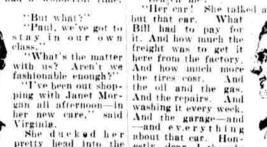
"How come?"

"Well, she phoned up that she'd like to have me go with her shopping, and said she'd call for me. Well, she did. And then when we got downtown she And then when we got downtown she his generation.

CHRISTIANITY gave to the West and to all of us European races an excuse for being alone as a daily practice which physically and mentally as well as spiritually we would do well not



## Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT



And "T've been out shopping with Janet Morgan all afternoon—in her new care," said Virginis.

She ducked her pretty head into the business of getting dinner.

In the fires cost. And the gas and the gas and the gas and washing it every week. And the garage—and everything about that car. Hongat I would have to seream And the gas and the garage—and everything about that car. Hongat I would have to seream And the gas a scream. And,

"Well, what about her? Goodness, she's not so terribly swell that you are uncomfortable about shopping around with her, is she?"

struck dumb. She simply smiled abcard up at one of those canary cages they have in the Rose Shop—so—"
"So—yes, I see, dear"

acomfortable about shopping around the her, is she?"

Virginia tossed her head impatiently.

"Oh, that isn't it, honey—but she
"Oh, that isn't it, honey—but she will be a shear of the she

"Oh, that isn't it, honey—but she sort of patronizes."

Paul snorted.

"She should patronize." he muttered.

"If I got a lot of money the way Bill Morgan got his—well, I'd move to Honolulu or gay Paree or somewhere, so I'd never meet any of my old activations."

Virginia nodded and looked at him. They broke into a gay hugh.

"You were simply paying your hire for the car, dearest." said Paul, grinning. "I know a chap who tells funny stories and he always is asking me to go out to luncheon with him, and then when the check comes this bird is just telling his very funniest story and he

Continued Monday

ALL KINDS OF SLEEVES FOR SUMMER



of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH

'As a Man Believeth So Is He' Is it not a fact that our greatest sermons are short?

Two Minutes

And one of the greatest of them all is contained in just one sentence in the Good Book.

It is this: "As a man believeth so is he." I believe that what the writer of this observation was gunning for especially

Most men bring about what the

think about. If you believe that Friday is an un of some one or another wanting "a bave sometimes though that it is pleced or to be "tended to" one way would be very profitable for those of lucky day to begin things, if you hold or another, or the kettle would boil us who candidly desire to "be like that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would character to be like that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would character to be like that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would character to be like that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would character to be like that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would be very profitable for those of lucky day to begin things, if you hold that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would be very profitable for those of lucky day to begin things, if you hold that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would be very profitable for those of lucky day to begin things, if you hold that Friday, the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would be very profitable for those of lucky day to begin things, if you hold that Friday the 13th, is still worse, over on the stove, the doorbell would be very profitable for those of lucky day to begin things, if you hold the profitable for the lower of the low Those or to see the new moon over the left

> things exercise an ominous influence and that in defying them you are going to incur dire results, such will probably be the case, because, baving lost confidence and courage in your own ability to carve our your destiny, you will do nothing to stave off what you consider inevitable.

The sailor's superstitions regarding hoodoo ship are real to him because ON THE way home from the Hunters'

handwriting is the heavy band, which, considered without regard for medifications, may denote one or more of the elements of coarseness, domination, materialism, beddness, roughness, aggressiveness, nauscularity, grossness, self-centeredness and lack of sympathy.

Is immersed in a mood that he cannot understand.

"Norman, I want you to answer a question, will you?" I asked suddenly, "Has Alice Wilson ever meant any thing to you in the past? You see," I went on feverishly, "I feel that I have always been friends, and I want The nearest indication to this in handwriting is the heavy band, which, considered without regard for modi-

Reciprocity

VIRGINIA was flushed and excited.

VIRGINIA was flushed and excited.

dear, but

"But what?"

"Paul, we've got to stay in our own class."

"What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

The stay in our own class."

"What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

The stay in our own class."

"What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

The stay in our own class."

"What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

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The stay in our own class."

"What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

The stay in our own class."

"What's the matter with us? Aren't we fashionable enough?"

The stay in our own class. The stay in our own class. The stay in our own class. The stay is not our own class."

"What's the matter with us?"

"What's the matter with us the class things may all of them he cane thing was a right to know whether we are to be friends that these things may all of them he cane cither vices or virtues, liabilities or users, according to the combination in which they occur, their degree of intensity, or the extent to which t

allows his if you mean have I ever asked her to marry me. I think it will be quite safe for the friendship between you in which the individual character to express itself.

Monday-Hair and Handwriting

English Women

The deputy organist to Sir Frederick Bridge at Westminster Abbey is a sixteen-year-old girl, Alleen Bransden.

A faint hint of sarcasm and crept into his voice, and I stood appalled before it. Were we going to quarrel, and about so absurd a thing? Hadn't I made myself ridiculous by asking Norman such a question? Just as if it made any difference one way or

Like the beggars who came to

town, some are in "rags," fastened

at shoulder and wrist with nothing

between; some are in "tags," draped or woven like lattice, and

some are almost large enough to

The Wife Cheater by HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. Norman is the kind of a man who has never been

kind of a man who has never been known to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, while Joan is inclined to be too possessive in her attitude toward marriage. After four weeks of married life, Joan finds herself jealous of Norman and her old friend Alice Wilson.

CHAPTER V

The Mistake

was man's old question for a

woman's withdrawal into herself. From time inunemorial it has always been a

question of health with a man when-

ever a woman is unusually silent or is immersed in a mood that he cannot

A faint hint of sareasm had crept

two to continue."

THE CROSS-STITCH ALPHABET

You can procure the back papers which contain the other letters in this quaint set for marking linen at the Circulation Department of the Ledger Building, 606 Chestnut street. A, B, C and D appeared on June 8; E, F, G and H on June 12; J. K, L and M on June 19, and

up.

Ile came over to me instantly and much as \$1.50. put his arms around me, drawing me

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5. "What is it, darling? Aren't you well?"

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



The Care of Floors The care of floors has almost as much to do with their sptisfactory appear ance as the proper choice of material or

color in the first instance. Neglect of Bridge at Westminster Abbey is a six-teen-year-old girl, Alleen Bransden.

Bearing a courtesy title, the daughter of an English peer who died a few years ago carns her living by selling candy in a shop near the Houses of Parlia-in a shop near the Houses of Parlia-in the first capable of my affair. I'm sorry."

THE CROSS STREET. the necessary care will seriously detract

be recommended than water. It dulls the surface and leaves a certain moisture which catches dust and forms a gummy deposit. For waxed, varnished or shellneked

For waxed, varnished or shelineked surfaces, whether the floor is hard-wood or only painted or stained, a highly satisfactory cleansing mixture consists of one part of crude oil to three parts of benzine applied with a soft rag. Be very careful not to use too rag. Be very careful not to use much at a time and don't let it stay too long on the surface to be cleansed. Be will more careful to wipe off every bit still more careful to wipe off every bit of it with a dry seen rag after using.

Monday-" .. al Piece (cering

## Please Tell Me What to Do By CYNTHIA

She Agrees With "Frank" Dear Cynthia-This is the first time I've ever written to you, but I have I've ever written to you, but I have always enjoyed your column. I am writing this in answer to "Primrose." I just finished reading her letter, and I disagree with her entirely. I do agree with "Frank." I don't think boys should use lipsticks even in fun. It's bad enough when the girls do it, but for pity's sake don't let the boys start. I've never been to Parkland, but if it's a camp, why should they use it there and not other places? They're still associating with people, and I'm sure I wouldn't think much of a boy who would use it.

I'm a flapper, but I've never used rouge or lipstick, and I still have fun. Tell me if I'm right, Cynthia. PAT.

Quite right, "Pat." And Cynthia

Quite right, "Pat." And Cynthia hopes you'll go right on having fun without feeling the "need" of make-up to help you out.

Too Young to Go Carbeing

Dear Cynthia—This is my first appeal, and I hope you will help me as you have helped others. I hope to see you have helped others. I hope to see my letter in print.

I am in my teens yet and I like a boy very much, and one night I was with him and he asked me to go canoeing with him. I told my girl friend I accepted, and she wanted to go, too, so I told him to bring another boy, which he did.

he did.

In the beginning he acted all right, then he acted queer. Do you suppose he thought I did not trust him enough to go alone, as I do trust him? Should I write and apologise?

He also had my ring, and it worried me, as I was in fear he would lose it. I did not have his, but had something belonging to him. I asked for my ring and he gave it to me, but was cross. Should I write and explain these things to him?

UNDECIDED.

No. don't explain anything. It will No, don't explain anything. It will all blow over. But you are too young to go canoeing at night with a boy unless you are accompanied by some

Another Good Letter From "Charmides"

Dear Cynthia—Woman would be deprived of one of her keenest pleasures if she was denied the delights of butting in. That is why I must have my little say regarding "Saleslady's" philosophy. But it does seem such a negative idea of life, an admission of being quite willing to be known as a mental dependent, learning life through the pale mirrors of other people's ideas. In other words, sinking her own personality into that of the person whose ideas and views she admires.

There are really only two classes of

draped or woven like lattice, and some are almost large enough to make "gowns" themselves. And there's a revival of the old-fash-ioned flowing sleeve

There are really only two classes of individuals, fhose who respond to life and those who go on apparently untouched by the currents of humanity. About them. There is no hope for the latter class, but for the former a great deal because this class responds to life ach in their own way. Life, of course, touches some a great deal more than the new to be foolish again, never to question his love for me. What had happened that evening seemed suddenly trivial, and I was bitterly ashmed for broaching the subject. If I allowed myself to be miserable over every little thing that happened, I would become suspicious, impossible to live with. What had Norman said about leaving the door of marriage open? Oh, I would try to be big and broad, and to ignore the little things. At that moment it didn't seem to me that I could ever be jealous again, certainly not of Alice Wilson.

Monday—Norman Stays in Town

Adventures With a Purse

makes the same effort to finish what he memory thing is fort-little way our superstitions at I known as the word of the word o

tude.

I think "Saleslady's" philosophy introduced a vitally interesting subject. It would be rather fun to let this amiable insanity called "love" rest for a bit and have the readers of your column express their views on how to live life. We might get some better ideas than Bennett expressed on "How to live on twenty-four hours a day." Quien Sabe?

CHARMIDES.

## Jimmy Started at the Age of Five to Cherish a Tattered 'Fishing Coa

If There Are Enough Women in His Family to Tame Hi He May Grow Up Civilized, but He Won't Want To

"What in the world is this?" ex- man.

Jimmy came rushing over to her, both

THE eternal masculine!

At the age of five he begins, hanging on to a "fishing coat."

At the age of fifteen he will be hold-ing on to ancient caps through which his bristling hair peers engerly at the

his bristling hair peers engerly avoid.

And sweaters that have faded to "an agreeable dark hue," and stretched, turn and raveled to a strange, almost unrecognizable shape.

And various queer things that are no slightest good to him, but very precious.

Very old.

New things never appeal to them; it is the old, the worn out, the shabby, the disreputable that becomes dear and treasured.

When he's twenty-five he'll begin cherishing old bedroom slippers with no toes, broken heels and very little

ole. Old white trousers that were old Old white trousers that were old enough last year to wear on fishing trips must be kept this year for more fishing trips.

Even if he is living in the desert, those hoary trousers must be saved from the rag bag—because he might need them to go fishing some time.

No Doubt at the age of fifty and at seventy-five he will still be clinging to beloved clothes that are fifteen or twenty years old.

If there were no women to sort out his things for him and throw them away from time to time, without his knowledge or consent, he would have no

knowledge or consent, he would have no space in his room after a few years. Every available inch would be taken up with ancient suits, aged and infirm shoes and hats. Hats! What is the hat which a man regards as the apple of his eye? That

The Woman's Exchange

Marking the Bride's Silver To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Is it proper to put the initials of the bride or the bridegroom on silver? A FAITHFUL READER. It is customary to mark the silver with the initials of the bride,

GRANDMA came to spend a week with the family recently.

And while she was there, she and mother had a lovely time looking over clothes and cutting out new suits for clothes and cutting out new suits for clothes and generally enjoying them-

They ever went into the store-room and began looking over the treasures there.

They ever went into the store-room and began looking over the treasures in the store of them, at makes certain that they are not given to the ash man or sold to the old cloth

"What in the world is this?" exclaimed Grandma.

She held up a disreputable old coat,
five-year size, with its pockets torn and
its buttons off and its stains very promites buttons of a stain very promites buttons of a stain very promites b

hands held out in protest.

"Oh, Grandma, don't throw that away!" he begged. "That's my fishing coat."

He'll get that out and put it on to an afternoon in the garden or a picule or any excuse that he can find, and fee more comfortable and happy than he has for a long time.

PTHERE'S a large percentage of vage. bond in every boy, which grows alarmingly as he gets older, unless there are plenty of mothers and sisters and girls and wives around him to keep him civilised?

If it weren't for us, how would they live?

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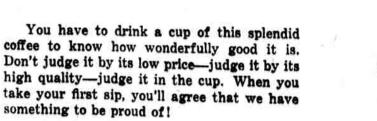
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