

### The Girl Behind the Counter Has Her Own Difficulties to Cope With

For Example, the Customer Who Is Impossible to Suit, the One Who Cannot Decide and the One Who Changes Her Decision

**WE HAVE** all had experiences more or less pleasant with the girl behind the counter.

Sometimes she is delightfully agreeable; sometimes she is haughtily indifferent.

Often we find her in a chip-on-the-shoulder mood; but frequently she conceals her real feelings behind a smile.

We finish our dealings with her, expressing an impression of the shop that is influenced by the reception she has given us.

That's the way we feel about it. But the counter has another side. I watched a girl the other day who started out hopefully with a fussy customer.

She was fresh and smiling and amiable; she showed the customer a blue and white silk scarf.

But that would not do. It had to be one which would exactly match a certain sweater and hat which the lady had left at home; she didn't think that one would do.

The girl showed her another and another. She tried them on, one by one, then poked about among the boxes on the counter for others.

She was there at least three-quarters of an hour, trying on, putting aside, fastening, detaching, for more, expressing disappointment and disapproval, until that poor salesgirl was limp and exhausted.

**OH, YES,** there's another side to every counter.

Women who imperiously demand a pair of white kid gloves with three buttons, size 6 1/2, then upon getting them, slip them over, toss them down on the counter and ask for something better, don't deserve gracious consideration—and seldom get it.

They haven't learned that women are women and humans are humans, no matter what position in life they hold.

There are women, you know, who feel that having money puts them above other women who have to work for money.

A necessary part of being wealthy, such persons believe, is proving it by being very arrogant and haughty like the ugly sisters in the fairy tale.

Of course, they try, and they have to pay for their ignorance sooner or later by receiving the same kind of treatment from others.

The customer who doesn't know just exactly what she wants is just as wearing as the one who knows too well what she wants.

She will listen to suggestions and accept hints of various kinds for an hour at a time.

She will allow the saleswomen to put herself heart and soul into waiting upon her without exerting herself in the least to meet her halfway.

And an hour of this will take the strength and heart out of the girl behind the counter more thoroughly than a whole day of ordinary work.

The woman who changes her mind is exasperating, too.

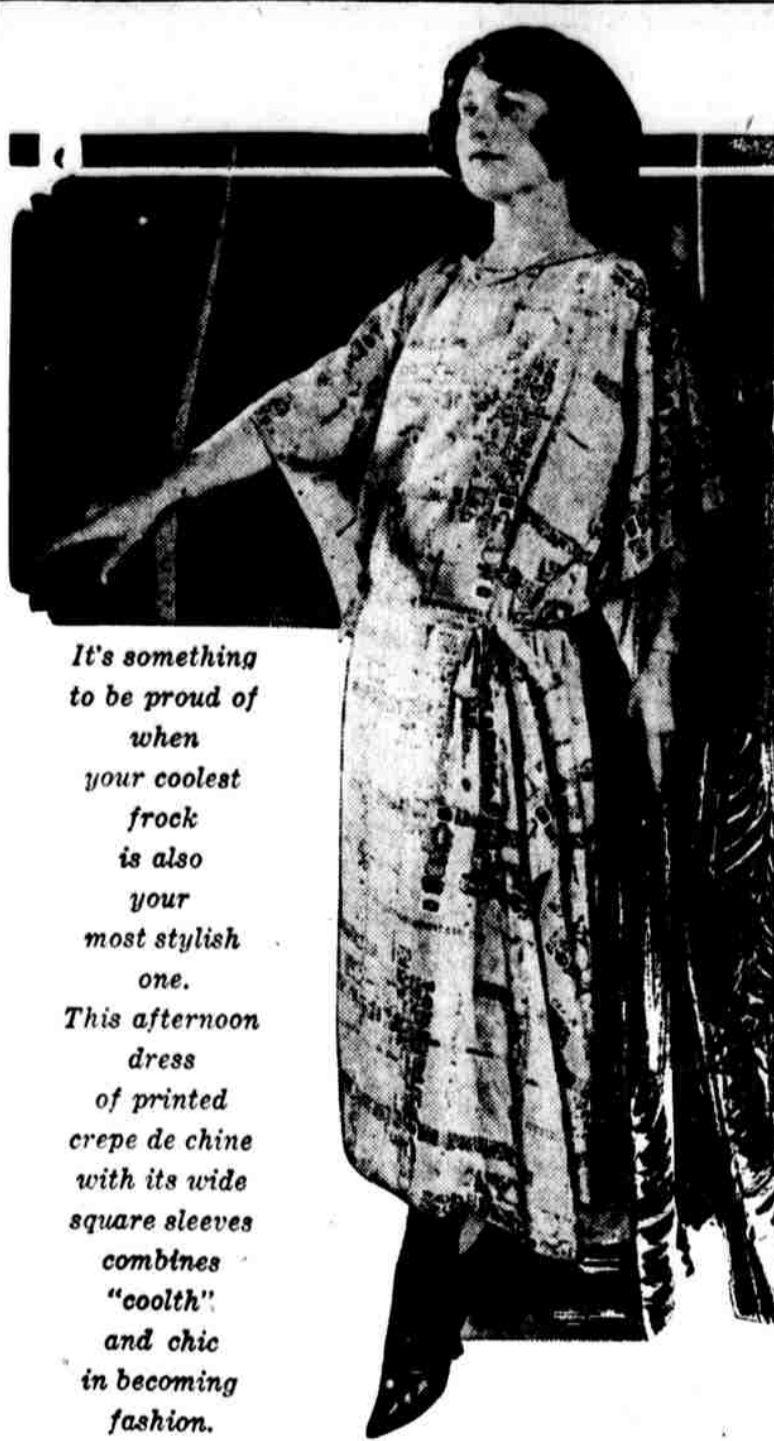
She decides upon what she wants, quickly enough, and without any aid from the salesgirl.

But then, just after the slip is made out, all its complications arranged and its carbon slid aside, she says suddenly, "Well, now let me see—do you have them in white? Perhaps that would be better than the black. May I see those?"

After looking carefully at the black and deciding finally that she likes the white better she unexpectedly changes her mind and decides not to get them at all!

**THAT'S** something, too.

Oh, the day of a girl behind the counter is not a rose-bordered path in a peaceful garden by any means.



*It's something to be proud of when your coolest frock is also your most stylish one. This afternoon dress of printed crepe de chine with its wide square sleeves combines "coolth" and chic in becoming fashion.*

### Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only, must give address, name and address, and must be published at the discretion of the editor. Letters on both sides of the paper will not be published. Letters that are not answered may be given to the column manager, but they will not be published unless written when absolutely necessary.

**To "Conscience-Stricken"**

Unless there is likelihood that another will tell your secret better let me keep it, since you did not speak before.

**To "Lawrence"**

You ought to help your father as much as you can, my boy, but at the same time try to keep up your studies. The public schools are fine. You do not need a wealthy person's help. You need a proper point of view, which involves duty to parents and to self.

**Says She's in Love**

Dear Cynthia—I read your column every evening and your advice will be followed as far as I am able.

I am a young girl of sixteen. I am deeply in love with a young man who is my senior by two years. I see him and I would love to be in his company. He is respectable in all ways, and he loves me. This boy's father comes to our house quite often, and I often talk to him.

His father is a very nice man, and I like him very much. I am sure that you will not take notice that I am running after him. I see him quite often, but never hold a conversation with him. I do not think my parents will object to my going with him, because we are of the same religion and he is very nice.

**You are not in love, my dear,** though you are undoubtedly much attracted to him. Why do you want to tell me about it? I suggest to your father to bring him on with him to see you all some day. You could get to know the young man in this way.

**Should Follow Conventions**

Dear Cynthia—We are four bobbed hair flappers. Up to the present moment we were carefree and led a jolly life.

Now, Cynthia, a problem is confronting us. We are all going to a party which has caused a great deal of comment by our most intimate friends.

A few weeks ago on Saturday we were invited out to our boy friends' bungalow. In the evening it rained hard and we did not go.

The boys told us to stay over night. We did so. When we arrived home our friends told us to do what we did not think it was proper, as it was the only thing under the circumstances. We would be much obliged if your readers will help us in this problem.

Under no circumstances should you have stayed all night at this bungalow without a chaperon. Nor should you girls have gone out to a party in the middle of the night.

**Can't Get Along Without Column**

Dear Cynthia—I left the East some time ago, my home originally being in a suburban town of Philadelphia. Before leaving the East I made arrangements to receive the Evening Public Ledger, as I really could not be without it, especially your column.

Cynthia, I came out here all alone. Everything strange; no friends whatever. Through girl friends I have made the acquaintance of several young men while attending dances, and enjoy the Western boys' company very much, much more than to knock at the Eastern boys.

There are two young men in question with whom I go out occasionally, and they are very much surprised to find that I, from the East, do not paint, smoke or roll my stockings. But I do not mind. They have the impression that all the girls from the East are flappers, but are mistaken, as I assure them that I am not. I am of course like myself. I am correct, am I not? I dance and like to have a good time, and have lots of fun. Of course, I am not a writer of your column, especially the female sex, write that they do not smoke, paint or roll their stockings, and do not wear short skirts, and are rather attractive, etc.; do not have many friends or have good times. Well, I don't understand it, Cynthia, but really I think that some girls are afraid to tell you that they are not flappers.

Another thing, Hurray for the flappers! I think they are very cute, don't you, Cynthia? Of course, there are some that do not appeal to me, but I wouldn't condemn them all for a few.

**A GIRL FROM THE GREAT WEST.**

### POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

Sold Everywhere

### Adams Dermatol

Removes lines, blackheads and leaves the face soft and youthful. Prepared and sold by Adams & Adams, 1505 Arch St.

Price 75c and \$1.25

### How to make Good Potato Salad

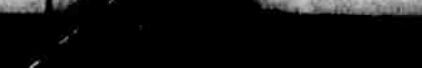
**With a delicious dressing** Boil one quart potatoes with the skins on. Cool, peel, cut into small pieces. Mix with one white onion chopped fine with a little parsley. Pour over it this dressing:

2 tablespoonfuls French's Mustard  
2 tablespoonfuls sweet cream  
1 tablespoonful vinegar 1/2 teaspoonful salt

Mix thoroughly and serve

### Remember it's French's Mustard with its blended flavor that makes this recipe so good

**French's Cream Salad Mustard**



### The Woman's Exchange

**Her Hands Parapire**

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Could you please tell me if there is any way to prevent hands from perspiring? Mine do it almost continually. **DISCOURAGED.**

**To Lose Weight**

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am a young girl almost eighteen years of age. I am five feet and one inch in height, and weigh 125 pounds. Everybody tells me that I am stout, and yet when I say that I want to reduce, they say that when a person is inclined to be stout there is no use in trying to lose weight. Is that true? Please tell me how much I should weigh and what I should do to lose weight.

**A PHILADELPHIA GIRL.**

You should weigh about 114. It is true that a person who is inclined to be stout will have a harder time to reduce than the person who has no tendency along that line, but diet and exercise will reduce you. Play tennis, swim, row, get as much exercise as you can and eat just a little bit less or skip out down on potatoes, milk and butter for a while. Do not starve yourself or make the change too sudden or great as this may hurt you, but just cut down a trifle on all fattening foods.

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No C. O. D.'s. No Refunds. No Exchanges.

## Winkelman

Style in Quality Footwear  
1130 CHESTNUT ST.  
At Twelfth



Go with Fashion

### Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

**"Out of the Nowhere, Into the Here"**

Where did you come from, baby dear? Only a few short months ago we did not know you—and now we date our lives from the day you came.

We hang upon your smile—your look of recognition—a thrill to our hearts. No king or queen that reigns has the power so to favor us, no graciousness of mighty monarch can so delight us.

"Lovely woman, a thing of beauty and a joy forever"—the poet who sang that, what would he have said had he had you?

What woman ever had a stiken velvet skin like yours, a downy freshness so smooth to touch, such lips to kiss? Or such a waist—all little dimples that are like pools of pink and whiteness—no painter and no sculptor could depict it. Even your toes—like tiny rosebuds blooming from all your creamy sweetness—are a tribute to great nature's handiwork.

But the greatest ecstasy about you, lovely baby, is your perpetual happiness. The way you smile your sweet content, your unalloyed joy, your readiness to laugh and coo your effervescent joy and well-being to all who look upon you! It is the brightness you shed upon a sometimes dreary world. It is the light of sunshine being your are, in the drabdest gloom so irresistible—that is the gift for which we most cherish you.

And that you may forever keep it, lovely baby, we not only pray but we do our part that the world which so far has shown you only kindness and benignity shall never turn away its smile.

**Thrifty**

"Mrs. Penny" Newman, who has died at her home in West Norfolk, England, was a model of a thrifty housewife. When she married forty years ago she declared that she would not be satisfied until she lived in a house of her own. She began to board up her old pennies, and at the end of twenty-five years she was able to give her husband the surprise of his life by buying a house standing in an acre of ground by the River Ouse.

### A BUILDING-UP DIET

By ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

**SYNOPSIS** of preceding chapters of the true story of a real girl: Miss Ruth G., an orphan, twenty, wrote a pitiful letter to me, in which she described herself as the homeliest girl in the world and the unhealthiest because of her looks.

I found directly that she was not getting sufficiently nourishing food, and I planned to correct that at once. Being five feet five and weighing 100 pounds, she lacked the fifteen pounds which standard weight and measurements called for. To bring her up to the 125-pound mark which was accomplished in the weeks it was necessary not only that she change her diet to a food building-up one but also that she acquire an appetite that would call for food. The daily swimming and walking, the two best appetizers known, did that.

Generally speaking, this people remain so because they have small appetites for food, particularly for milk and cream, cereals, bacon, butter and what the known fattening foodstuffs. So it is necessary when attempting a radical departure from the regular course of eating to build up an appetite first.

Ruth confessed that some mornings she ate no breakfast, or perhaps a cup of coffee and a roll. Her luncheons and dinners were light and not well chosen. I let her go on without much change

### THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



**The Useful Chest**

Household furniture is intended to serve only three physical purposes. First, it is meant to sit or lie upon; second, it is meant to put things on; and, third, it is meant to put things in. All furniture belongs to one or another of these three classes. Certain pieces, however, combine two of these functions. Among such pieces the chest is one of the most important. You can sit upon it, and you can put things in it.

The practical-minded people of the Stuart or Jacobean period made full use of the chest in both capacities. It was one of the most useful, as well as one of the most common articles in their houses. The chest can be just as useful today as it ever was. The simplest kind of chest was just a box with a hinged lid, but chests were also made with various arrangements of drawers, with lockers with doors that opened in front. The chest was, indeed, the ancestor of many later pieces of cabinetwork.

Some chests were as plain as pipe-stems, others were ornamented with paneling, with carving, or with applied moldings, and occasionally color was added. Many of the early American oak or pine chests, with applied ornament, are very beautiful.

**Tomorrow—The Stuart Settle or Settee**

**Poor Pay**

For making costumes which are sold for \$15 or \$20 in fashionable stores, women are said to receive as little as 22 cents in some of the London factories.

**Utilize Two Remnants**

A delightful blouse can be fashioned from two remnants. Use the darker material for the body of the blouse; the lighter shade for the bertha, yoke, cuffs and fold at the bottom. Coarse yarns make the embroidered flowers and black yarn is used for the baskets. One unit of the design is shown in the upper right-hand corner. If linen is used, this lovely blouse will be suitable for morning or afternoon wear; if silk be chosen it will be handsome enough for informal evening functions. F.L.O.R.

**Things You'll Love to Make**

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**Well Never Give Them Up**

Miss Ruth's fifteen pounds and spirit, which she had lost, were regained in a matter of weeks. Next week I shall relate the improvement in dress, manner, walk and confidence which was effected in this girl.

### The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. Norman is the kind of a man who has never known what it was to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, and he and Joan have been married only a short time when Joan is given cause for jealousy by Alice Wilson, who does her best to fascinate Norman. At a country club dance Norman and Alice disappear for several days, leaving Joan with Herbert Livingston, who at one time seemed to marry her. Joan tries to make Norman jealous and fails because he is too sure of her.

**CHAPTER XV Growing Mistrust**

THE days went by slowly and I found myself under a terrific nerve strain. Every morning I awoke with the hope that Norman would say something to me, that there would be a break of some kind in the situation between us, but he never mentioned Alice's name, and in spite of myself, I anguished over it.

I imagined all kinds of things. Was he seeing Alice perhaps at times during the day when he was away from me? Wasn't she perhaps meeting him at lunch time, or for afternoon tea? The thought was agony, and I began to think of Hilton as a trap to hold me to the routine of my life. If he had talked of her naturally, as he talked of our other friends, I should have lost my suspicion, but his persistent silence and my own resolution not to appear jealous and prying made the situation almost intolerable.

Alice had the advantage of me in so many ways. For one thing, there was her work. A woman who gets out into the world and competes with men seems to have a certain advantage over the wife who does nothing—that is, if she keeps her feminine charm in addition to drawing her salary.

Alice did fashion articles for one of the big dailies, and made very good money at it. She kept a place in her typewriter and all most of her work, and this enabled her to serve tea to her friends without putting them to the trouble of coming out to Hilton. In fancy I saw Norman there holding one of her chairs, and in my mind's eye I could see Alice's little smile of triumph at the conquest she had made, and at what she would, of course, consider my stupidity and ignorance of the situation.

Before I was married there had been more or less intimacy between Alice and myself, and in those days she had often said to me, "Why do you consider a married woman's life very dull and uninteresting?"

"When I marry," she had said, "I shall keep on with my work. I think that every woman should have something to occupy her mind outside of her life with her husband."

I knew even then that when the time came for me to marry, I should proceed in the old order of things. I had never been brought up to do anything, and Edith, my sister, was being educated in the same way. It isn't every man who is willing for his wife to divide her time between a career and her home. As for Norman, I was sure, although I had never discussed the subject, that he preferred the old-fashioned type of woman for a wife, even though he might like to play with the affections of a woman who was thoroughly independent.

**Tomorrow—Suspicion Realized**

**Adventures With a Purse**

BEDS in a room do so much for the general appearance, and the great-out of care should be taken with them to have them neat and inviting. In summer they usually look hot, but the dainty dainty bed sets I have seen change the entire appearance of the room. Cool, snow-white and sheer, with bolster throws. The spreads have corners cut to fit the bed and the bolster throws and spread are both scalloped. They range in price from \$4 to \$25, according to the size.

When we go away on vacations we all want to take more than one hat, but usually have no room to pack them and so they are left at home. And I always had an idea that hat boxes were very expensive, so was elated to find a shiny black hatbox with tan trimmings for \$5. Small pockets permit of tucking away any extra things and the box holds two hats.

For names of shops address Woman's Page between the hours of 9 and 5.

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