SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

Choosing the Round Pegs That Will Fit Into the Round Holes

SOME ONE said of a woman that I know that she was a good executive but no administrator. I asked the man who had given this verdict what, to his mind, was the difference.

"Well," said he, "an administrator is one who finds the right people to do his errands; an executive does his own errands."

No doubt the "finding right people" to do anything is a power that can be cultivated, but it cannot be a very usual acquirement, for a good administrator can always command a large salary. He is literally worth his weight in gold.

LATELY in the efficiency courses there has been great stress laid on physical classification of workers. You are taught to tell by the shape of an applicant's head, or the set of his ears, or the hang of his body, whether you will place him at an accountant's desk or behind a counter, or in the invoice department.

There was for many years in the employment bureau of a big retail store of this town a compact, silent, rather expressionless man, before whose cold and briefly appraising eye all the applicants for employment in the big business passed. He also sent those already placed in the business up higher or down lower. I was told once that he very rarely made a mistake in a man or boy, and practically never in a woman, although he seemed as remote and composed as an Indian chief, and gave no impression of interest, or approval or disapproval. He doubtless had some short cut, learned by long experience, to his quick and wordless judgments, and it must have been based, for the most part, on physical traits in those who passed before him, for he did not invite conversation.

I know a physician whose duty it is to pass upon thousands of patients who enter a great city hospital. His word keeps them under longer observation, or dismisses them as being well, or sends them on to one department or another for specific treatment, or confines them in the chronic wards as incurable. To an onlooker his judgments seem mysteriously arbitrary. But in reality they are based upon all sorts of symptomatic phenomena that his quick eye detects, and it has become as simple for him to judge by them as it is easy for one of us to tell which way the wind blows by the direction the trees sway back and forth.

I SUPPOSE no one is really a leader who is not an administrator, but there are plenty of very good executives who are poor leaders. Yet I am continually hearing surprised murmurs against executives who cannot teach as though being able to do a thing yourself implied your fitness for getting it done for you.

Very unimaginative persons can be executives, and not conspicuously clever persons can be good executives, but it takes imagination and cleverness as well as memory to choose the right persons for the right jobs. You may hide both imagination and cleverness under a very wooden exterior, as the man in the employment bureau did, or you may have an enthusiastic eagerness in your approach to your fellow beings or toward their approach to you, as Roosevelt had, but I suppose to get the best work out of the best men for an enterprise one has to possess a sensitively trained perception, cool and alert, unbiased yet quick in decision.

One hears a great deal about that power in Napoleon and in Frederick the Great. There are discussions as to how much Washington possessed, or Lincoln. It is said that Queen Elizabeth had it to a marked degree, the Stuart Kings very little and Victoria to a surprising extent, in spite of her commonplace taste. Roosevelt certainly knew how to choose men; Wilson, one is assured, did not. Looking at our own circle, even at ourselves, we frankly discuss our powers in that direction. Are we well served by our employes? Are we surrounded by the right persons for our life purposes? Every wife asks herself if she has married the right man after all, for his sake as well as for her own. Any one looking about his social set wonders if he has really found his right place among the men and women who share his pleasures, or at least his leisure; and certainly every soul backing a vital enterprise is bound to demand of himself whether he has had the sense to choose the fellow backers who will help to put it over.

WITH all this accent laid in both public and private life on the importance of one's choice of employes or disciples or friends, it has always seemed odd to me that more interest was not expressed by the preachers of sermons on our Lord's choice of the men and women who were to be the messengers of His great idea to the world.

And not only His choice, but His way of choosing.

Over and over again the people who teach us our religion speak of the twelve apostles, for instance, as a haphazard group of poor men, mostly fishermen. They calmly read the very able letters and teachings of these men, they quote their stories as classics of story-telling, they use as texts their great sayings and they take their interpretation of their Master's teaching as the rule of life. Yet with great unanimity they give the impression that the Master and Teacher of these apostles picked them somewhat at random from among the crowds about Him more with an eye to their need of Him than of the world's need of them.

And, indeed, it is all too palpable that from Peter to Saul of Tarsus the men whom we glorify as apostles were very faulty and often mistaken mortals. But it is also apparent that they were a very fine set of men, admirably adapted to act as executors of their Master's great gift to the world. And if one proved a traitor and one proved a coward, each in his way made reparation for his mistake. That is, one killed himself by way of acknowledgment of his terrible mistake and the other—the greater—lived a life of intense bravery and accepted a hero's death in the end by way of showing his devotion to the cause for which he had been chosen.

BUT apart from the remarkableness of the men that Christ chose to act as His executors, the manner of His choosing has always seemed interesting in the extreme. One pieces out the incidents from little glinting sidelights, unconscious hints on the part of the bystanders, as to what preceded the choice.

The one that was called Nathaniel, and then was later known as Bartholomew, for instance:

Our Lord said of him that he was an Israelite through and through—an Israelite indeed—but without self-seeking or self-deception, simple as the reverse of plausible, without guile! Quite evidently he was a soul that had big great moments, when he was conscious of his own potentialities. Before he came face to face with the Man who was to be the star and guide of his life, he possibly had a vision of what an special inward stress the outward senses are sometimes unconsciously keyed up to some outward impression, so, marking this inward experience for Nathaniel, was a sort of outward symbol of the tree through whose branches he had looked. For it is the peculiarity of the fig tree that something about its white branches and the sharp finger-like spread of its leaves gives one a feeling of the intense blueness of the skies.

HOW long or how short a time before he met Christ this absorbed moment in the life of Nathaniel had come, one does not know, but it was near enough to be a vivid memory for him. Quite evidently, too, it was the preparation in his case for the great moment of his life—his meeting the Lord! Without that preparation the acquaintance could hardly have deepened at once into an immediate and responsive friendship. For part of the simplicity of Nathaniel was his balanced sensibleness, one judges. His reply to his fellow townsmen who claimed to have found the Messiah, the one for whom their race had looked from Moses' day to the last of the prophets, was both sensible and obvious:

"Moses and the prophets have written of one to come, but not from Nazareth! Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

Yet he was not churlish with his friend, Philip. He did not catch fire over his enthusiasm second-hand, but he was willing to go with him—and see.

And Christ, from what vantage point one does not know, saw the two men that were to be His steadfast friends, approaching, the one eager, excited, the other grave and observant. I only note one other matter before I leave the story of that meeting to the classically simple version that has come down to us from John. The very enthusiastic greeting that our Lord gave Nathaniel was unlike the generality of His greetings. Not but that He was enthusiastic in his comments. One finds that often. But certainly this initial enthusiasm was unusual. It struck the man to whom He addressed it as unusual, so much so that Nathaniel challenged it, not curtly we may suppose, but with no answering warmth in his tone. Which makes what followed immediately of the more account. For Christ's reply swept him out of the realm of doubt into an immediate perception that he was in the presence of One possessing knowledge that made Him a master of men. One close to God.

"JESUS saw Nathaniel coming to Him, and saith to him: Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!"

Nathaniel said to him: "Whence knowest thou me?"

Jesus answered: "Before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee!"

Nathaniel answered him: "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel!"

The vision that Christ later described to him: an open heaven, the Son of God glorified! The promise that He made him then and there that he should behold it as a verity! Was it perhaps the inward vision Nathaniel had dreamed of under the fig tree? One does not know, but from that day the two trod the same paths as Leader and disciple, held together from that instant by a great shared experience dating from that initial moment when Christ had seen into Nathaniel's soul.

"When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee!"

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Adventures With a Purse

LOVELY jet beads, cut to sparkle as they hang about the slim, white throat of their wearer, should be in every one's jewelry box. They are the necessary touch on an all-white frock, with the scarlet georgette afternoon frock or black evening gown. They have the advantage of being able to be worn with anything. And these very beads I have found for $2.50 a string.

If the man of the family is needing a new supply of handkerchiefs, I have seen some which are well worth investigation. The finest of Irish linen, initialed in the corner, which when laundered are as soft as silk. They are fifty cents apiece or $5.50 a dozen.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 5000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

A Brown Faille Afternoon Model Exploits the Side Gathered Skirt

By CORINNE LOWE

Quite appropriately "the toast of the town" this midseason and this autumn is apt to be clad in brown. With frock or wrap of brown we often find, instead of some touch of vivid trimming, embroidery and other devices of bronze.

And so here in this stunning afternoon model of either brown faille or gros de Londre the embroidery of the sleeves confirms a twisted belt of bronze cord by being executed in metallic silk. The skirt is long and exploits the clusters of side gathers or godets which the Parisienne is now displaying so universally. The sleeves are cut circular, and with their pagoda effect suggest one of the smart new

THINGS THAT THE BRIDE JUST HAS TO HAVE

Her wedding gown is usually made from her favorite evening gown pattern, but here is something new in the line of veils. Then she'll absolutely need a dainty frock that is semi-formal and can be used for either afternoon or evening. This one is trimmed with loops of beads in profusion. A sport costume of wool on which the design is woven in, and a morning get-up, consisting of simple frock with simple trimming and a large shade hat of simple style are also necessities

Curing Sunburn and Freckles

By ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

THE prevention of tanning and freckles consists in avoiding sunlight. If you find them really a grief, then the prevention is your safest and surest relief from worry. Freckles are difficult to get rid of. The frequent rubbing of the pigment spot with lemon juice is an old and popular measure and just about as effective for the light summer freckles as anything I know of, but it has to be carried to a point of two or three times daily application to make improvement in a short time.

This paste I have found perhaps the most satisfactory of any in treating the stubborn freckles: Oxychloride of bismuth, one dram; calomel, one-sixth grain; peroxide of hydrogen, one dram; lanolin and vaseline, four ounces each. Apply it at night after washing the face and allow to remain on the skin.

In addition to the ordinary precautions that are part of dress, a wide brimmed hat, a parasol, a thick coating of a heavy cosmetic powder affords some protection. Over a base of cold cream lightly applied, it has additional advantages.

One woman I know who used to suffer horribly from sunburn found relief and prevention in a zinc ointment, with which she rubbed her face and arms before going out on the golf course.

But for sunburn you will find nothing better than equal parts of linseed oil and limewater. It takes the sting out of the burn almost immediately and is most healing. I recommend it as a preventive as well. Grease the neck and arms and face with it lightly and then dab powder on top of that, and I doubt if the sun will leave any of its favorite coloring upon you at all.

The lemon juice and the peroxide solution are recommended for bleaching out the tan. The following preparation has no harmful ingredients as a bleach and it does effective work:

Zinc oxide, 2 drams; boric acid, 1 dram; oil of sweet almonds, ½ fluid ounce; anhydrous lanolin, 1½ ounces avoirdupois; glycerin, 2 fluid drams; rose water, ½ fluid ounce. Mix the lanolin and almond oil in a warm mortar. Add the zinc oxide and boric acid, rubbing together until quite smooth; then incorporate the glycerin and rose water.

An occasional sun bath is advisable for the hair. After shampooing it, drying it in the sun is most wholesome and healthful. But it is most inadvisable to sit under the full noonday blasts with the head unprotected for an hour or more. I have seen hair given this treatment resulting in a total loss of sheen and luster, and taking months of brushing with oil applications to get it back to its former glory. In one case the color actually was bleached out. If you happen to be among this class of sufferers you are recommended to add to the hair brush a light application of olive oil, sweet almond oil or liquid vaseline and then brush vigorously. The oil of the hair which the sun's rays have extracted has to be supplanted this way. If the hair has ever been dyed prevention is absolutely necessary.

Prevent Cracks

It is a shocking blow to discover that the bathing cap which you have cherished so fondly from way last summer has failed you and gone into reckless cracks and holes. But very often this happens if the cap is laid away to rest during the winter perfectly flat. This year don't make that mistake. As soon as you finish with the cap for the season stuff it with waxed paper, which will keep the two sides from collapsing upon one another and sticking together. This is often the cause of the holes. The paper also holds the seams straight instead of creased, which prevents the

Please Tell Me What to Do : By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column should please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

How to Word Telegram

Dear Cynthia—I have a very dear girl friend who intends being married the latter part of this month. She lives in another city. I wish to send a telegram on her wedding day wishing her happiness. What should I say?

M. O. C.

Simply say, "Congratulations and wishes for great happiness."

To "Thomas Boyd P."

While your plan is very interesting, Cynthia feels sure it could not be managed. All joking aside, she happens to know that the corporation where the party of the first, second or third part, whichever that party is considered, is employed would thoroughly disapprove of a lifting of the veil. And the party of the fourth part, whom Cynthia would consider always first, could not be made to be interested, even if rules could be broken. No, "T. B. P.," sorry, but it can't be done. Let well enough alone.

Why Will They?

Dear Cynthia—Why will girls insist on being so analytical? Why, when you send one a card or a friendly letter, will she analyze it and seek to find love where only friendship is stipulated? As for love, I don't believe in its transient symptoms which familiarity soon causes to disappear.

Another point—the fair femininnes discourage many a shy male who would be forward by their natural repulsing instincts. In other words, they put on the brakes as a matter of form only and the inexperienced chap, seeing only dislike on her part, pulls anchor and steams off. Now, it is a positive fact that all normal girls are fond of love; that is, they want to be fondled, to be embraced, to be kissed.

The mere fact that they turn away, that they apparently spurn you, means nothing; that's the little game—it's the keen spice that adds zest.

The more educated and refined a woman is, the finer and more delicately balanced her feelings are; the more she wants a man to be a man. I don't mean cad—I mean man.

This is not intended as mere dilettantism.

It is the observations and experiences I've found to be true. I offer them as pilots to brothers who have not as yet sounded so deep.

HEARTBREAKER.

Would Have Her Meet Wife

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl sixteen years of age and am a junior in one of the high schools of this city, and am considered very clever. Just now I am a pupil in one of the summer schools of the city where one of my professors told me that once while speaking of me to his wife, she wished to meet me very much. To help our meeting he wants to arrange for us three (his wife, him and me) a luncheon at one of the city clubs of Philadelphia. Not liking to go to a luncheon and not wishing to refuse to go, I don't know what to do. Will you be so kind as to advise me because I am in this country only one year and do not know how to behave myself here. Please answer the following questions also:

1. Is it proper to attend the luncheon without my mother?
2. What is a city club luncheon?
3. How do I have to behave myself at the table and in conversation?
4. How shall we meet each other if you think I should go?

hat to match and tan colored long gloves a sufficient costume to wear there?

6. May I ask you to answer as quick as possible as I have got to give him an answer real soon?

J. M. T.

If this teacher wants you to meet his wife, the wife should invite you to lunch with them. Do not go to meet the wife on the husband's invitation. If you are properly invited your costume would be all right. The City Club, on Broad street, has a lunch room or restaurant for its members, if that is the club you refer to. Behave as you would at any luncheon or dinner you might attend. If the teacher's wife invites you, she'll tell you where to meet them.

Agrees With Cynthia

Dear Cynthia—After reading "Little Girl's" letter in a recent issue, I can't resist the temptation of writing her a few lines that may be of benefit to her.

My dear "Little Girl": Your letter to Cynthia interested me very much, as I once—a few years ago—had the same thought and opinions about kissing that you have. I was then only around twenty years, and went around with a fellow I had known since childhood. We liked each other very much and consequently he began kissing me. To tell you the truth, I didn't mind him doing that, although no engagement existed. (In fact, I had told him I didn't like him well enough to marry him, and he wasn't either able to marry any one.) And I believed in saving your caresses for your "intended." Nevertheless, I liked him best of any fellow I at that time went around with. Well, to make a long story short, I am now happily married to somebody else, and there are many times I wish I had kept my kisses for my husband. When you, dear girl, fall in love and are married you will agree with Cynthia, and me, and you will be as sorry as I am that you allowed yourself to be kissed by somebody you don't intend to marry. When that time comes I hope you will tell me so through our friend Cynthia. You may not now think we are right and I don't blame you for that, as I had this very same thought when I was twenty. But I didn't take life seriously enough then. If I had been older I might have thought further and taken people's advice, but I couldn't see any wrong in my doings and thought people "butting in" when they told me I later on would be sorry. I am now twenty-seven and, as I told you before, wish I had been more stingy about my kisses. I can truthfully say there are only two fellows besides my husband I have allowed to kiss me. The first one is excusable as I was engaged to be married to him, but we broke up. I was then only seventeen. I am glad I didn't get married then, as I have now more experience of life. If girls waited till they are twenty-three or twenty-five before they marry they will find they will be happier and more contented with life. I am nearly convinced that most divorce and murder cases are caused by marrying too early.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Who Wrote "Home, Sweet Home"?

The author of this song, the world's most famous ballad, John Howard Payne, received but $150 for the complete words and music of an operetta entitled "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," in which "Home, Sweet Home" appeared as one of the songs in the second act. The purchaser of the operetta made $10,000 through the sale of the first 100,000 copies and many other publishers have made large sums from it.

Payne's mother died when he was a child and from that time on he never had a home, although this loss was not necessarily the inspiration of his song. As a child he showed remarkable promise as an elocutionist, but his father apprenticed him to a New York merchant in the hope of discouraging his ambition to become an actor. At night, however, the lad associated with actors in the New York taverns. At the age of twelve he published a dramatic paper called the Thespian Mirror. This interested a wealthy man, who sent him to Union College, but this support was withdrawn when his lack of interest in college work was shown and he became an actor.

After some success he went to England, where he added playwriting to his other efforts. He made a contract with Charles Kemble, of Covent Garden Theatre, for an operetta, in which "Home, Sweet Home" was inserted in the second act.

The author was not influenced by the sentiment of the song to come home to America, but continued to lead as gay a life in London and Paris as his earnings permitted. He later returned to America with no money and, through friends, secured the appointment as Consul to Tunis, Africa, where he died in 1852.

Monday — Why Do We Challenge Witnesses in Court Trials?

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

William and Mary Cabinets

One of the most useful as well as ornamental pieces of furniture that became exceedingly popular in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was made in large numbers, was the tall cabinet on legs. Besides being a dignified object standing against the wall, it was a most convenient receptacle in which to keep all manner of things in an orderly and systematic way.

These cabinets were generally made of walnut, either solid or veneered so that the veneer would form a decorative design. They were also frequently inlaid with marqueterie of different colored woods, or again their whole surface was lacquered with black, red, green or cream-colored lacquer, with Chinese designs in gold. They were equally useful and their form was equally pleasing, however, whether they were finished in a highly ornate and expensive manner or whether they were made of plain walnut. The top part usually contained one or two concealed drawers; when the doors were opened there appeared either shelves or rows of small drawers; in the lower part were drawers, and beneath them a shaped "apron," as shown in the cut. The legs were turned, terminating in ball or bun feet, and were connected by flat shaped stretchers. Similar cabinets

A Reader Who Loves Thunderstorms Writes a Letter Defending Them

After All, There Are Many Persons Who Exult in Thunder, Lightning and Wind, and Love to Watch the Rain

"QUITE some time ago, it may be two months now, you wrote an article about thunderstorms and their effect upon a woman at different stages in her life. I cut it out and meant to write you about it at the time, but did not get round to it. But today when the rain came down in torrents I just had to write and ask you why you did not mention the people who love storms."

The people who love storms did not fit in with the others at the time this article was written, but now that a reader has suggested them they shall have one all to themselves.

For there are many of them who, like the writer of the letter, "thoroughly enjoy a storm of any kind. I love to see the lightning and hear the thunder. I love the pelting of the rain as it came down today in sheets and torrents, or the hail as it came last summer one time. And a blizzard is a joy forever to me."

It is no hardship to a person like this to have a storm break in upon her day in the country.

On the contrary, it gives her a sense of elation to see the storm clouds gathering their forces and swinging slowly about to attack.

SHE loves to stand on the porch and watch the wicked white-caps appearing on the edges of the clouds and know that soon they will be silhouetted against vivid lightning.

The faint, distant rolls of thunder, ever growing louder, which make some persons pull down all the windows and get out their feather pillows and quilts and rubbers, are exhilarating to her.

She lets the wind that's bringing the storm blow her hair back off her face and flatten her dress against her.

A dart of lightning speeds viciously out of a cloud, followed by an ominous growl of thunder.

Trees and plants and grass are still, as if they know that something is going to happen which will give them a lot of trouble.

Doors slam, a porch chair overturns and then there is another lull of stillness.

A long, business-like rumble, a flash of lightning, another, and the black clouds turn the middle of the day into twilight.

Then the storm comes.

SLOWLY, determinedly, the rain moves on from the distance, dropping out of clouds near the horizon, sweeping nearer and nearer until it can be heard, then, without any definite arrival or appearance, surrounding everything within sight.

How it pours and blows!

The trees bend and sway with its force and all the time the lightning flashes brilliant orange and wicked pink, as if it wanted to strike something, and the thunder crashes angrily.

The wild fury of it makes those who fear it cringe in dread, but the woman who loves it responds to its violence with a thrill of exhilaration.

The beauty of it, the wonder of it and the power of it.

OH, THERE are plenty of people who love storms.

They like to see the rain creep up on them across the water, too.

It begins far down on the watery horizon, a curtain of mist with no definite aim or purpose.

Gradually it approaches, blotting out first the horizon, then the far shore, a boat anchored in the middle of the stream, a buoy, until it stretches from the center of the heavens to the water directly before you, a relentless wall that moves closer and closer and at last envelops you completely.

IF YOU'RE ready for it there's great joy to be found in walking in the rain in the country.

You're all by yourself, no other humans are there to disturb nature, and inquiring little animals that keep themselves well hidden at other times stand boldly out in the open to stare at you curiously.

Oh, yes, some of us are afraid of thunderstorms and some of us don't like rain.

But there are others of us who exult in thunderstorms and love rain.

The Wife Cheater By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. She chooses him in preference to Herbert Livingston, a man who loves her devotedly, but who lacks Norman's charm. Norman is the kind of man who has never been known to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, and after he and Joan are married, he makes her miserable because of his attentions to other women. When Edith, Joan's younger sister, comes to visit them, Norman is obviously interested, and Edith, who is twenty, is not averse to a flirtation with her brother-in-law. Norman neglects Joan, and Herbert Livingston comes to the rescue. He has strangely taken a great dislike to Edith.

The Breach Widens

IF EDITH had been aloof and indifferent to me before, she was still more so after that night at the country club when I had overheard the conversation between herself and Herbert.

Sometimes I believed that she must have known all along that I had been there on the porch hidden behind the pillar, when Herbert refused her offer of friendship, but common sense forced me to reject this idea. If Edith had seen me, then Herbert would have seen me too, and inasmuch as he said nothing to me about it, I was sure that I was letting my imagination run away with me.

But why did Edith treat me with such persistent coolness? That was what I could not understand, for even though I ignored her flirtation with Norman and tried my best to be nice to her, she would have nothing to do with me.

When we returned from the club that night, I went upstairs immediately, thinking of course that Norman and Edith would follow. Instead they stayed downstairs on the porch for over an hour. I did something that night that makes me blush whenever I think of it. Thinking back I don't see how I could have stooped to such a sordid thing, but I did.

I went into Edith's room as softly as I could, and leaned out of her window to listen for voices. Edith's room was directly over the porch, and I wanted to make sure that she and Norman were talking. I almost cried out when I heard the murmur of low-toned conversation, even though I wondered what they could have to talk about. It was a relief to know that at least they were not sitting silent in the darkness, but when I returned to my own room my cheeks burned with shame. Had I sunk so low that I must cloak everything with suspicion? Why should I object because Edith and Norman had chosen to stay down on the porch for a few moments? Wasn't I at liberty to go and join them if I pleased? And yet even while I lashed myself with scorn, I could not convince myself that my suspicions were wrong. There was something sinister about Edith's attitude, and there were times when I felt that she would hesitate at nothing to obtain what she wanted.

Two or three days later, Herbert bought a car. It was a good-looking roadster painted a dark maroon, and he drove around to the house after dinner to show it to me.

I was sitting back in a big wicker chair, and Edith and Norman were in the swing. As usual I was feeling like a fifth wheel, and when Herbert drew up before the house I ran out to meet him.

We stood together by the car admiring its lines, and suddenly Herbert suggested that we go for a short spin.

"You'll be the very first one to ride in it, Joan," he said boyishly, and looking up at him, I realized with a little leap of my heart that Herbert had changed of late. He was not so stodgy, he had more enthusiasms, and I certainly enjoyed being with him more than I ever had in the old days before I had met Norman.

I glanced toward the porch with the idea of telling the others where I was going, but the fact that Norman and Edith hadn't even taken the trouble to leave their seats in the swing to inspect the new roadster, lighted a little glow of anger in my heart.

No, I wouldn't tell them! Why should I? It didn't make any difference to them whether I went or not, in fact they would no doubt prefer to be rid of me. It was with a new feeling of recklessness that I turned to Herbert and smiled up at him radiantly, and the quick response in his eyes made my heart give a warning leap.

Monday—Banked Fires

To Widen It

Her skirt wasn't quite wide enough to be graceful, although she had followed the pattern exactly, and she had nothing but short pieces left over after cutting out the dress. They were not large enough to make side panels, and so she set her brains to work for a way to give that skirt, a blue voile afternoon frock, that small amount of extra fullness. The result of her meditation was this: On each side of the skirt from the waist to the hem she cut the material apart and bound both sides of the opening with blue bands cut from the small leftovers of material. Then with more bias bands crossed like lattice work she filled in the open spaces, making an unusual bit of trimming and giving just that little extra spring which the skirt needed. It was so good-looking that she added more of the lattice open work as a finish for cuffs and across the front of the waist, saving her lace insertion for another dress.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

While, as noted in a former What's What, the fashion of the chaperon is passing, this means that modern girls who have graduated from their teens feel competent to chaperon themselves.

The writer of these little articles is no prude, no preacher. She likes the girls of today, bobbed hair, bobbed slanguage and all. She rejoices in their whole-hearted enjoyment of the passing hour of youth—in their deep sense that they must make the most of it while it is passing. But—but because she appreciates them, she does not want them to depreciate themselves, to cheapen their value to every passerby during their care-free summer vacation.

If a girl acts "differently" away from home, if her manners deteriorate, if she associates with unknown men or girls whose language and actions betray coarseness, if not worse, she is not chaperoning herself competently, and she may be working irreparable injury to her prospects in life.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
Sold Everywhere

Take Notice —To overcome that tired, languid feeling occasioned by the heat of summer days

"SALADA" TEA
"ICED" is Incomparable