

Manners that Charm

by Catherine Donnelly



NEW YORK.—[Special Correspondence.]—"What doth it profit a young lady if she gain the whole world of beauty artifices and maketh an excellent showing of form and face, and yet lacketh that not indefinable something called charm of manner?"

A manner that charms is not a subtle something one is either born with or without, never to be acquired. It is quite as accessible as a good complexion or a symmetrical form, and equally necessary to a successfully beautiful creature. It is deportment, good form in speech, knowledge of the social amenities, and instinctive consideration for the feelings of others—etiquette in its broadest sense.

Emily Post, in her most excellent book, "Etiquette," says: "Certainly what one is is of far greater importance than what one appears to be. A knowledge of etiquette is, of course, essential to one's decent behavior, just as dexterity is essential to one's decent appearance, and precisely as one wears the latter without being self-conscious of having on shoes and perhaps gloves, one who has good manners is equally unconscious in the observation of etiquette, the precepts of which must be so thoroughly absorbed as to make their observance a matter of instinct rather than of conscious obedience."

When Loveliness Evaporates.

When you speak of one as a "charming woman," you imply all the virtues of good manners. She could not be charming and be rude or act, nor vulgar of speech, nor inconsiderate of others.

No matter how astonishingly beautiful a girl may be, how perfect her dress, let her say: "My Gawd!" or "Wouldn't that get your goat?" and her loveliness evaporates suddenly, indulging in loud laughter or betrays no knowledge of the common niceties of manners at table, and the young man may evaporate as suddenly.

Though one may have been deprived of advantages at home, that is no excuse, since the eye may be trained to observe, and good books on etiquette are plentiful and no more expensive than perhaps any item of cosmetics.

Decisions Delightful to Hear.

The correct use of English, too, is available in inexpensive text books. And a taste in words may be cultivated by constantly reading books of literary standing, drawn from the public libraries, if one is not in a position to buy them.

Quite recently I talked to one of the most beautiful girls in the world, I would not hesitate to state. She told me she left school when she was fourteen to go to work to support a whole family, and had gleaned her entire education from that point out of books. She sought the advice of one qualified to advise her on a course of reading. Last summer she spent her vacation time studying diction. She is a shining example of what may be done in the way of self-improvement.

There are, to be sure, slang words, apt and forceful, to exclude which would make a conversation stiffer. It

is the coarse and profane words which blight one's fancy for the fair one.

The modulation of the voice and a clear enunciation contribute a great deal toward earning the descriptive "Charming."

Slurring Is Disagreeable.

"No one," says Mrs. Post, "who makes the least pretense of being a person of education says: 'kep for kept; genuin or genuppin for genuine, or eye-talain'."

Pronounce according to a standard dictionary, and you are correct.

Slurring words effect a disagreeable speech, such as ha pa anine for half past nine; passie sugar for pass the sugar; sen summer for send some over, and so on, which slurring is due to an unconsciousness of the sound of the words. When you know them, then read any book at random slowly aloud to yourself, carefully pronouncing each word. The consciousness of this exercise may make you stilled in conversation at first, but by and by the sense or impulse to speak correctly will come.

What Not to Be.

Mrs. Post devotes a paragraph or two to another of the necessary ingredients in the formula of charmingly, consideration of others.

The tactless blunderer, the bore, and the sharp tongued, often erroneously called brilliant witted, are cited as excellent examples of what not to be.

The tactless one who remarks ride roughshod over the feelings of others is not due for a popular run in any circle.

"A bore," she says, "is one who talks about himself when you want to talk about yourself." . . . More accurately described as one who is interested in what does not interest you, and insists that you share his enthusiasm, in spite of your disinclination.

"A sharp wit is apt to produce a feeling of mistrust even while it stimulates. Do not be too apparently clever if you would be popular. The cleverest woman is she who, in talking to a man, makes him seem clever. This was Mrs. Rocciani's great charm.

"Telling people disagreeable things to their faces or behind their backs is not a pleasant occupation.

Secret of Popularity.

"Don't pretend to know more than you do. To say you have read a book, and then seemingly to understand nothing of what you have read proves you a half wit. Only the very small mind hesitates to say: 'I don't know.' . . . Remember that the sympathetic listener is the delight of delights. The person who looks glad to see you, who seemingly eager for your news, or enthralled by your conversation; who looks at you with a kindling of the face and gives you spontaneous and undivided attention is the one to whom the palm for the art of conversation would undoubtedly be awarded.

"A gift of more value than beauty is charm, which in a measure is another word for sympathy, or the power

to put yourself in the place of others, to be interested in whatever interests them, so as to be pleasing to them, if possible, but not to occupy your thoughts in fully wondering what they think about you. Would you know the secret of popularity? It is unconsciousness of self, altruistic interest, and inward kindness, outwardly expressed in good manners."

Answers to Beauty Queries.

BEATRICE: WHY AN OPERATION? You have to operate on yourself with will power to cure you of self-consciousness. If you will try to plant this idea in your mind—that it is a form of vanity and selfishness because your mind is on yourself all the time—perhaps it will help you transfer your thoughts to the other person with whom you happen to be thrown. Suppose you simply force yourself to talk every time you get a chance. Think of something nice to say to the other person, and keep your mind off yourself. If you are wondering if your hair is as nice as it might be, if the other person thinks you are attractive. Just put that sort of thing out of your mind, and force words out of your mouth, even at the hazard of a mistake or two until you are recovered from your tongue-tied state.

C. K.: THERE ARE GOOD POWDERS on the market which do stick. But even these have to be renewed after a few hours, as the countless numbers of public performers on the stage know. A good powder is one that is not too heavy, and if he is so fortunate as to be able to maintain servants she makes a poor supervisor.

There have been great improvements on old inventions, but where is the man who can improve the present system of home making? Imagine the chaotic condition of the world, and the domestic entanglements, without some conservative system of marriage. On the other hand, is a life of "single blessedness" a success?

O, who through choice would go through life alone?

In youth we tread a primrose path that seems to have no end, and soon we are scattered here and there, our tender feet, but on ahead the flowers grow scarce and thorns are in the path instead. There are gullies, too, and skies o'cast, and as we older grow we shrink from traveling on alone; we crave companionship, for a journey is far more pleasant when there are two congenial souls.

We travel on and pass a host of other married folks, and they are just as happy as they journey on. True, now and then there's quarreling, and a separation, too. That doesn't make all marriages a failure.

Many and many a hand has been loosed from the arm that afforded support for years, and the best hand clasp told a story of happiness and of a marriage that was not a failure. B. C.

AT THEIR FEET.

It was at a summer hotel, and as usual young men were completely invisible to the naked eye. All the girls were, consequently, getting extremely bored.

Then news came that a group of young men from a nearby camp was coming to dinner. According to the donned our best, determined to find some degree of favor in the masculine eyes.

As I came downstairs I stopped to peer over the banister. Ah! There they were gathered in the lobby. My heart beat madly, and beat still more madly when my high heel caught, and down I went.

I arrived in a breathless heap and was assisted by my feet by the various guests. No one laughed. I am now engaged to one of the young men.

MIS S. R.: FOR SHINY NOSE wipe the affected part with absorbent cotton dipped in diluted alcohol once or twice a day.

MIS N. M.: THANK YOU! Don't be discouraged now on the ankle exercises because you simply cannot reduce them overnight. You must not expect any noticeable difference for six weeks, anyway. Getting fat off ankles is most difficult.

WORRIED: THE RIMPLES generally speaking are easy enough to remove because they are the result of allowing material to remain in the pores until they have become hard heads and then faster. So, the trick is to cleanse the skin as thoroughly every night that all deposit is safely removed from the pores. In exaggerated cases of broken out pimples, constipation, and poor food and poor circulation is the cause. But the treatment of all face troubles I have included in a little pamphlet which I shall ask you to send me. I am sure as it is covered therein completely and I know will help you greatly.

FARM AND GARDEN

Waukesha County World's Wonder Spot to Dairymen

This is the first of a series of articles that will appear in this department from time to time giving the practical dairymen's views on dairying problems, the breeding of good, healthy cattle, the production of clean milk, and the selling of cows and dairy products.

By Frank Ridgway.

UP in Waukesha county, Wisconsin, where practically all cow tracks lead out and few go in, farmers have been doing things that have made this tiny block of land the world's wonder spot to dairymen of every nation. While Waukesha's border line is less than 100 miles in length—twenty-four miles from end to end and twenty-four miles from side to side—this little square is large enough to furnish room for a sufficient number of cows to put Waukesha in the lead of all other counties on the globe.

In spite of the fact that hundreds of dairy cows worth thousands of dollars are going out of the county every year, Waukesha keeps enough at home to stay in the lead of all other counties in this or any other state. In her barns and pastures today there are 60,000 head of cattle and two-thirds of them are Holsteins.

Prosperity Is Apparent.

One-half of the cows in Wisconsin that have records of 1,000 pounds of butter in a single year, are to be found

Is Marriage a Failure?

Injudicious Selection.

Answering the question directly, no! True, there are many failures in marriage, but there are also many failures in business, yet we would not think of running all business a failure on account of the failures of some. The institution of marriage is all right; the basic cause of the destruction of happiness and ultimately of the home lies in the injudicious selecting of life partners.

Men are largely responsible for the failures in marriage, for the great privilege of selecting a partner is theirs, and as long as they can be vamped into matrimony, or marry without taking inventory of those accomplishments essential to home making, some marriages are bound not to be a success.

Health is the foundation of happiness, and happiness begets love. It is said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. There is more truth than poetry in this. A poorly fed man is not followed by indignation, not conducive to love, and chronic indigestion is an exterminator of love and happiness. A poor cook or house-keeper—they go hand in hand—is the worst investment a man can make, for she is not only an expensive proposition but may cost him his life, and if he is so fortunate as to be able to maintain servants she makes a poor supervisor.

There have been great improvements on old inventions, but where is the man who can improve the present system of home making? Imagine the chaotic condition of the world, and the domestic entanglements, without some conservative system of marriage. On the other hand, is a life of "single blessedness" a success?

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ETHEL P.: AT 26 ONE SHOULD not show wrinkles. I think you can eliminate your worries by a few minutes of massage nightly with a good cream or skin food, formulas for both of which I possess and which you may have for a stamped, addressed envelope. I think you should use a cream every night anyway. Your skin is undoubtedly tired. If you care, which requires more than ordinary care. When the skin is excessively dry and fine the lubricating oil should be supplied and constantly.

FRECKLE FACE: THE EASIEST way to beat the freckles is to prevent them. They are the bane of my life because I do not seem to be able to get a formula that will prevent them with a few applications. However, I have the best there is to be had so if you will send me a. a. e. I will forward it to you gladly, and if you will just be patient one of these days you will be the unfreckled little girl again.

JEAN H.: FIVE FEET TWO AND you weigh 128 pounds at 20? O, you could count on a good round ten pounds too much. That is allowing you a few extras without the actual excess. Yes, you can reduce. That is, if you exercise on a diet and do a little more exercise. Send along the a. a. e. for reducing booklet.

KATHERINE: AFTER HAIR has been bleached color time will return it to its original color, and it requires from one to two years to get wholly back to the natural shade. The same is true of any dye.

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DOWN ON THE FARM



FIRST TASTE OF GREEN CORN.—Long eared males are not the only crops grown in Missouri, writes C. L. Coder in his letter accompanying this picture. "My Poland China were digging so gleefully over their first taste of green corn that they made the kodak dizzy when we took this picture." Leslie, Mr. Coder's 11 year old son, almost lost his identity while fighting horse flies so the big grays would stand still for this picture.

in Waukesha county. There are seventy in the state. There are 140 cows in the state that have production records of thirty pounds of butter in seven days, and one-third of them are owned by Waukesha county farmers.

Sixteen hundred men in the county are raising pure bred Holsteins, exclusively. These facts are significant when it is considered that less than fifteen years ago there were probably only 200 farmers in the whole county interested in pure breeds, and ten years ago there were probably not more than six exclusive pure bred Holstein breeders.

Visitors are impressed with the amazing evidence of prosperity and success found in every nook and cranny along the road. Webs of electric light wires with trunks leading into homes and dairy barns all over the county, 103 miles of concrete highways to be completed within a few days, sleek coated pure bred hords grazing in the pastures, and dozens of huge rumbling trucks filled with rattling milk cans zipping by at almost every turn in the road are evidences of what the dairy cow is doing for the farmer.

How It All Started.

There must be a reason why Waukesha county stays so easily on the top rung of the ladder in the dairy

world. The germ of it all started fifty-two years ago when Holsteins were first brought to that section and grain farming began to give way to dairying. Good dairymen began in that corner of Wisconsin when Julius Rust of North Greenfield brought twelve Holstein heifers to his farm from an

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Falling Down on the Story.

A kind friend sent the young girl reporter to call on a professor. The conversation skipped about among archeology, the bible, an English nobleman, and how the girl liked reporting. Notice taken and her dignity handled in a fine manner, the girl was loath to leave till the benign professor suggested that he'd have to fix the furnace. Perhaps it was the joy of coming back so abruptly from 6,000 years before Christ to 1922 that dazed her a bit. At any rate, as she rose to make her departure, she failed to notice a small, innocent appearing rug in the hallway.

Another moment and this feminine adjunct of the fourth estate was sitting on the hardwood floor gazing with pained surprise into the face of the professor. With amused concern he picked her up, murmuring the comforting assurance that some really nice people were doing it in his hallway this season.

As she hurried out of the house and down the street the girl reporter wondered if passerby could see that she had been unbalanced, and if George Eliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe or any of those great woman writers whose genius she aspired to match, had ever felt so foolish. E. F.

Dobbin Climbs an Alp.

One day my sister, Babe, and I went to town in the old buggy, hitched up with our ancient horse.

The streets had curbs that were at least two feet high. As I drove up to the leading store I let Dobbin take his course, thinking he would know enough to stop where he should.

Imagine my surprise when he raised his head, looked over his back and laid them on the curb. Babe immediately brought forth more spectators by yelling, and waving her arms excitedly. By the time old Dobbin, with the aid of a bystander, had gingerly removed his hoofs from the curb, the crowd of little towns was thoroughly aroused and highly amused. M. M. M.

Something They Missed.

Some old neighbors of mine, having moved to another part of the city, telephoned late one evening that they would drop in for a little chat. I had had an especially trying day and, being tired, was disgusted and quite frankly said so.

In due time the friends came, and in greeting my little daughter made the remark, "Are you pretty glad to see me again?"

Elizabeth pipes up, "Yes, I'm awfully glad to see you, but you ought to have heard daddy rave when you telephoned you were coming." M. J. H.

Only a Volunteer.

My small daughter, Jane, and I were spending the summer at a hotel in an eastern city.

One night as I was dressing for dinner I said, "I do wish I had some one to wait for me in front of the elevator."

Soon after there was a rap at the door and, thinking it was Jane trying to surprise me, I said, "Come in."

What was my consternation when a man's voice said, "A little girl out in the hall said you needed help."

G. F. D.

The Felt Oppository.

A flirtatious conversation was being held in our office. I wanted to give an exaggerated case of broken out pimples, constipation, and poor food and poor circulation is the cause. But the treatment of all face troubles I have included in a little pamphlet which I shall ask you to send me. I am sure as it is covered therein completely and I know will help you greatly.

Best to Apologize.

"Dear Miss Blake: One of the young men in the office, to whom I had not been introduced, asked me to go out with him. The invitation was extended in an informal way and I, feeling much insulted, asked him not to talk to me again. For several days he teased me, but seeing I didn't answer, finally gave up. Two weeks have passed, and now I regret having taken that attitude, for I realize how much I love him. I am greatly thrilled when I find him looking at me and I know I still have a chance, if you will please tell me how I can make up. Do you think it impossible?"

Keep Him Guessing.

"Dear Miss Blake: I am a girl of 17 and I love a boy three years my senior, and I think he loves me. How can I show him that I love him, without appearing bold? Please give me your advice. BETTY BAZ."

Keep him guessing, Betty B. until you have more assurance that he returns your deep affection. Now you just think he loves you. Wait until you hear it from his lips he does love you.

My First Love Affair

O, THE TATTLETALE!

I AM a disillusioned woman—broken and cold. I shall tell the story of my one and only love affair and with the money I shall buy ice cream sodas and try to forget.

Many weeks ago while I was still a child I thought I loved Jimmy. He always carried my books home for me and on Valentine day he brought me the biggest valentine in our town. I was his best girl and we were happy.

And then Alice May came in our school. Alice May said a horrid match to darken her eyebrows, and she was always biting her lips so they would be red. Her hair was really straight and stringy, but she curled it every day on the sly. I could tell because I saw the burnt ends.

Jimmy never knew the difference, though. He thought her wavy and her eyebrows and her lips were

eastern dairy, paying \$200 for each of them, which was an enormous price for a cow a half century ago.

From these twelve heifers have come the famous Holsteins that have been developed in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and those in herds of western states.

The change from grain farming to dairying was gradual until 1907, when Gov. W. H. Hoard led the campaign for more and better dairy cattle in Wisconsin. Waukesha county started in the lead and has since won many unself-conscious in the observation of having the highest average yearly production per cow of any county in the United States.

Birth of Breeders' Association.

Together with the interest in good blooded, well bred, dairy cattle that saved grain farmers of Wisconsin from going into full bankruptcy, there was real cooperation developed among Waukesha dairy farmers. It was about this time, 1906, that three farmers gathered around a stove in a farm home one winter day to work out plans for Waukesha's first community breeding project. Then hands, heads, and hearts of honest breeders began working together and from the realization of the need of cooperation grew the idea of the Waukesha County Holstein-Friesian Breeders' association, which was begun in 1907. Guernsey breeders in the county started their association the year before.

Through the Holstein association, with its two fundamental purposes—promoting the breeding of more and better Holstein cattle and assisting outside buyers from other states in buying from reliable farmers—Waukesha county breeders have been able to hold first place easily in the dairy industry.

Health First Requirement.

When the first thought of the cooperative selling idea, they realized the value of live stock and the growth of pure bred Holstein business of Waukesha county depended upon their reliability and their ability to produce high grade healthy animals, said W. L. Baird, who has been secretary of the association for nine years.

Ten years ago progressive Waukesha farmers realized that their section was rapidly becoming a cow producing center. They wanted a surplus of Holstein cows to meet the needs of farmers in other states, and the first requirement in selling compelled them to test every animal for tuberculosis.

DAIRYMEN'S JOTTINGS

Scrubbing dairy utensils with brushes and rags in good suds does not get rid of germs, no matter how well the job is done. Milking machines, separators, pails, and cans used in handling milk are not free from bacteria until they are sterilized. This is true whether the work is done by hand or machine. After cleansing sterilize with nonpoisonous chemicals, scalding hot water, or steam, if you expect to produce sanitary milk.

Here's proof that boys' and girls' clubs are effective in starting pure bred herds of live stock. In Washington county, Ind., J. D. Hervey, county agent, says he can take any one to twenty six different pure bred herds of Jersey or Herefords in the county that were started from pure bred calves bought and cared for by boys and girls.

Bright Sayings of Nieces.

My sister's eldest child is a girl. When she was 4 years old, she was born. Soon after this event the family came home for a visit. One day when there was company and we were all seated at the dinner table, Mary's childish voice rang out loud and clear: "Aunt Josephine, what would you do if you had twins?" J. C.

Little Willie Wants to Know.

I was spending a week end at the summer cottage of a friend.

On Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the crowded piazza, I took her little brother on my lap.

After a while, during a pause in the conversation, he looked up at me and remarked: "Am I as heavy as Sister Mabel?" E. H.

Merey Cautious to Know.

An elderly woman who was sitting by me on the train one day got up hurriedly and left. As she was walking down the aisle I noticed she had forgotten her spectacle case.

It was wedged securely between the seats and I kept pulling energetically at it to get it out before she should reach the door.

Just as she disappeared around the corner a man peered over the top of the seat behind and remarked in a patient tone, "Just what was it you wanted with my shoe?" K. H.

Thirsty Thoughtlessness.

Last Decoration Day I attended a house party given in honor of a gentleman by the name of Hierhosue. Among my friends (previous to meeting him) I indulged in a number of witticisms by paraphrasing his name. S. U. I.

Repetition made an indelible impression upon my mind, and when a

Answers to Love Problems

Father Is Right.

"Dear Miss Blake: I am 16 years of age and am in love with a girl. My boy friends as a rule go out with girls. My father objects to my going out with them. Should I stop going out with the girls and break my friendship with the boys?" S. U. I.

I suppose father, too, when he was 16 had a like hankering for the girls, but he had the good fortune to have a dad who saw to it he did not let them absorb his time to the exclusion of the sober side of life which made him the man he is today. It is not, son, that dad does not want you to have a good time. He wants you to make a success of life. If you get your head all filled up with girls now you may become a drifter. Beside, girls are expensive little drags to take about nowadays. That may enter into father's objections.

Don't Apologize.

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REAL LOVE STORIES

FATE TAKES A HAND.

MARIE had always been interested in settlement work, and spent much of her time and energy and, of course, a large part of her allowance in mission and various kinds of charity work.

In the course of her labors in the settlement district she often came in contact with a young minister who was also interested in that sort of work in addition to his regular duties in connection with his parish. They worked together under the direction of the same mission house and their common desire to relieve suffering and spread the gospel drew them together quite often, until it finally developed that there was something else altogether that made them like each other's companionship.

But he was a poor struggling pastor and Marie the daughter of a most successful business man, so the pastor did not feel he should ask Marie to marry him, since the lot of a pastor's wife is not an enviable one, especially if he is a struggling poor.

So Marie drifted on for quite a time. Marie wondered why he didn't ask her to marry him, but she didn't ask him and he didn't ask her. Then came a big convention of the denom-

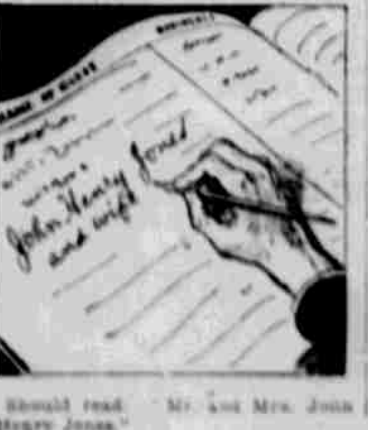
ination to which the pastor belonged and one day when they were stressing the need of missionaries and asking for volunteers he decided he would be one of them. By going way off to China Marie would soon forget him and would marry a man of her own station who could give her the comforts and luxuries to which she was accustomed. So he made all preparations to leave for China, avoiding Marie as much as he could until the final leaving.

But Marie was having secrets of her own to take care of and was so intent on avoiding the pastor, she didn't notice that he was also trying to avoid her. She had decided that since he wouldn't ask her to marry him when she loved him so much and couldn't possibly think of leaving or marrying any one else, perhaps he didn't love her after all and that if he were to get away from him, she also volunteered to go as a missionary to China.

Then at a farewell dinner tendered the missionaries that were to sail the two discovered the other's intention and after the dinner much was said that cleared matters up wonderfully. Anyway they both sailed for China but not separately—as man and wife.

A. C. F.

TIPS ON ETIQUETTE.



Should read: Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Jones.