

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Judging From Appearance

"If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we should differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me."

A popular lecturer last summer chose for his subject "Success." In his introduction he said he selected this particular topic because he knew little about it—that we are inclined to talk most about that which we know least. This past year I have listened to a great deal of criticism upon various conditions and believe there is a great deal of truth in the statement of the man who lectured on "Success." We are inclined to judge from the appearance of the surface.

A fruit man who brought strawberries and peaches to me during the summer displayed boxes with big fine sound fruit on the top layer. When I removed the top layer I found little withered decayed berries, so unlike the top layer were they that they did not deserve the same name. I know girls whose outward appearance seems beautiful yet their surface hides a withered decayed heart.

Last summer a girl of this type was in my home for two or three days. She seemed too good to be genuine—her gentle voice and manner were really so perfect that they suggested artificiality. I was not surprised to learn later that she is a tyrant in the home—a family traitor.

Then there is the girl whose heart is true gold but whose appearance is deceiving. I have in mind a girl of this type whom I have known seven years. Last summer she needed a rest and I suggested that she board a month. When she applied to a certain boarding place for respectable young women, they had no room for her. Upon inquiry I learned they did not like her appearance. Yet I know the girl very well and a purer nobler girl is hard to find.

A young man worked on my grandfather's farm about fifty years ago. One day he loaded a big wagon with wheat and drove to the nearest market forty miles distant. After he and my father had taken the grain to the elevator and finished their lunch they started to buy supplies. As they passed a music store the young man said: "Let's go in here." My father reluctantly followed. The clerks smiled cynically as the big awkward sunburned fellow asked if he might try one of their pianos. I think my father smiled, too, for though they had worked together several months he had never heard the fellow mention music.

In those days a piano was a real luxury and there were none in the community.

But the young man in overalls, in spite of their amusement at his request, began to finger the piano. Then such a wonderful melody of sound came from his inspired mind and cultivated training that amusement changed to amazement and amazement to admiration. Soon a crowd gathered from outside until the store was filled to the doors for never had there been in the place a musician of such ability.

Finally the big fellow in overalls, unconscious of the spell he had created, stood as if in a dream, turned to the manager and said: "Thank you, I have had a treat. I have been homesick for the piano for some time. When I passed your store and saw this instrument I could not resist the temptation to come in. Thank you."

On the way home the young man told my father the story of his life. He belonged to an aristocratic family in the Old Country—had longed for adventure and met with hard luck. Too proud to write to his parents for money he determined to make his own way honestly.

Whenever we expressed our opinion of a person from their outward appearance my father would relate this story.

One time a girl came to the city and I met her at the train. She was tired of the country. She told me of a man on a homestead who wanted to marry her. He was clean and honest and industrious. I asked her why she did not accept his offer. She replied that she would rather marry a city fellow.

Two or three years later she came to my door in great distress. She had married the city chap with his polished collar and checked suit fresh from the tailor's shop—and he had deserted her leaving her hopelessly stranded.

Anyone can buy laundered collars but we cannot buy honest hearts that beat under the farmer's uniform.

And so when we hear so and so about this girl and that fellow and we feel this or that organization is not doing what it should, let us be careful about falling in line with the crowd of critics until we see beneath the surface.

O, we do need to sweeten our souls for clearer vision to understand the condition of the heart of people.

"No soul can ever truly see
Another's highest noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy,
And loving wisdom of the heart."

Where Women Live

A wonderful article has been written by Madeleine Z. Doty. The title is: "Warriors of the Spirit." She refers to the women of England. The following quotations will help every girl or young woman or older woman reader:

"My three weeks in London were days of radiant spiritual delight. Neither black dresses, nor shortage of butter and sugar, nor all the anguish of the great world battle could blot out or suppress



In this, a British official photo, is seen an American doctor of the United States army, examining the wound of a British Tommy, who is on his way, afoot, to the Field Dressing Station, from the front line trenches.

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