

Appeal to Reckless Drivers

Column idol, Nokansee, but I my wearin' a shamrock as a qualification at the bazaar is out of the question.

course, had I been blessed with good looks or other worthwhile personal attribute, if I was the type whose known presence would lend dignity or prestige to the bazaar, well and good. But I'm sure Dear knows I'm not. Then, isn't there somethin' in Coleridge's ethics that prohibits using the Column or its activities for the sake of gettin' one's corporeal entity, to spake?

the goodness o' this happy hour, I'm sure Nokansee never thought o' this angle. An' there, my friend, is the picklement I'm in at a time when I should be makin' in a detached an' carefree manner, as becomed a worthy citizen. Dear Lady, if you had been in such a picklement yourself I know you will have me out.

way of "thankin' you in compensation," begorry, 'tis lettin' in on a little secret I'd be, my friend. It sorta has to do with me, in a kinda roundabout way.

For well nigh a year now I've been what they call a solid citizen, worked steadily, paid my taxes, an' withal, scrimped a little to gettin' out o' me meagre wages against the rainy day.

far so good, so to spake. But I'd that this solid citizen business can be overdone. It can be carried to the point where the citizen becomes a stolid citizen—a kind o' biped that's no fit company for anyone, not even myself. Methinks the time has come when I should kick over the traces just a little bit, if you know what I mane. Go a-w-o-l from the crampin' confines of a rigid economy for a spell, an' maybe, strollin' home takin' the two sides o' the—

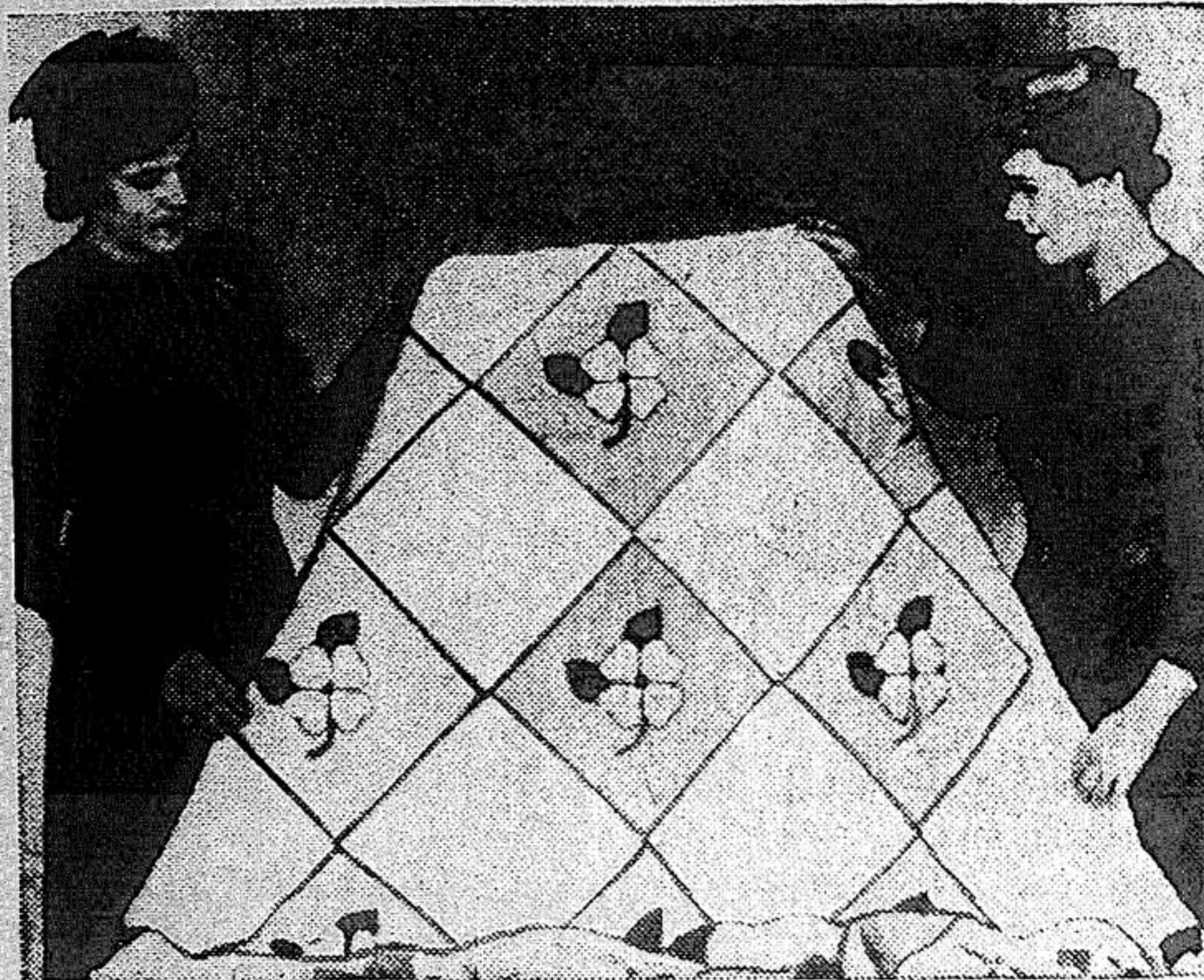
That's that you say, Nancy, mead?

sure, 'tis the truth you're sayin'. I should be mindin' me my friend, so to spake. Shure, I should be thinkin' o' me my age. An', begorry, I would so, I knew for sure I was goin' to an ould age. But why should I havin' an ould age? Why should I be in this long-sefferin' world bein' used with my pesky presence to another generation or so? The world isn't human! No, Nancy my friend, I'm goin' on a little spree an' enjoy meself, an' I'll be bobbin' home bringin' the two sides o' the sidewalk with parcels an' loaded to the—

okye here, Mam! For peace sake I ax ya not to cross me purgatin'. Me mind's resolved.

Whin me mind's resolved I'm on resolve, an' short on temper, so to spake. Whin I says I'm on a spree I mane I'm goin' on a spree, an' I takes no advice

Quilt to Be Exhibited



MRS. W. J. CHAPPELL (left) and MRS. JAMES GILPIN, chairman and assistant chairman, respectively, of the Settlement School Committee for the Pi Beta Phi society, the sponsor of the Settlement School in Gatlinburg, Tenn. The quilt is one of the many handmade articles which will be shown at an exhibit to be held at the Women's City Club November 28.

for what I don't want. I'll buy what I like; an' just to show that I'm free-handed as the next guy, I'll buy what I don't like—an' the devil take me hinder-most, so to spake. An' if any Column saleslady as much as smiles even the ghost o' a smile at me I'll buy from her just for that.

Oh, I'm goin' to have a ge-rand an' ge-lorious time. An' I'll come bobbin' home happy as the posies o' May, bringin' the two sides o' the sidewalk with me, an' me loaded to the gunwales wit parcels an' packets an' things. Until then.

Awrey-war! SHANRILAR.

I am FOR the spree, Shanrilar. Go ahead and break loose from being a solid and a stolid citizen. Go on your spending spree and buy all you want and all you don't want. It will do you good. I'll be there to watch the spending.

I don't believe I'd wear the shamrock. It really might be a bit revealing. Though personally I am wondering if you need it!

I am putting you on the same page with Riley.

DEAR NANCY: Most of us know the little warm feeling that comes over us at the thought that someone remembers us out of the past. That was my experience when I was a child.

bit unkind to you, my friend. But unkindness and misfortune never last, you know. Always something nice follows.

I'll be watching for you at the book counter at the bazaar, Monday night, December 1.

It was good to have you back with us. You have been away too long.

DEAR NANCY: The poem "Which" took me back to my childhood. The author was known as Ethel Lynn when I began to read poetry in the New York Ledger, and who later became Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers.

When I was about 12 or 13 years old, a childless widow aged about 45 years wished to adopt me, offering to execute a deed for her valuable and well equipped farm at the time the adoption papers should be executed. I thought it would be fine, as I could go to the same school, see my two brothers and parents every day, and have the farm as a home in their old age, we younger two boys to operate it at that later time.

Asking as to their decision one evening, Mother read "Which." Until then, the boys had not thought very much about the strength of parental love.

Dogwood Design Original

By EDITH B. CRUMB

WHEN the exhibit of handmade articles opens at the Women's City Club Friday, Nov. 28, under the auspices of Pi Beta Phi, which has sponsored the Settlement School in Gatlinburg, Tenn., since 1912, one of the outstanding pieces will be a quilt.

This was designed by Mrs. Eunice Weaver, director of the school, and made by the Parent-Teacher association.

There are alternate yellow and white squares, the dogwood design on the yellow ones. This is of a white flower with brown tips on the petals and a green leaf and stem. All quilting is done in white and the binding is yellow.

IN THE beginning the hill people, whom the school was to help, eyed it with suspicion but it has become an indispensable institution and the source of livelihood for 130 families.

Niney-seven weavers have been taught to make everything from dainty pink and white blankets, sweaters and bonnets to the traditional Whig Rose coverlets.

There are also fan makers, basket and chair makers. One man who lives so far back in the hills that only the ambitious tourist on horseback ever finds him has made enough brooms to almost pay for the small stony patch he calls his farm.

Proof of the growth of the school lies in the figures which show that in 1912 there was but one teacher and 13 pupils. Today there are more than 400 pupils.

For those who enjoy fine craftsmanship, this exhibit of weaving, quilts, basketry, wood and metal work should be a genuine treat.

Hat Colors for Men

TOO many men buy the first hat that fits, without regard to the color of the suits they will