

DIRECT MAIL
COURTSHIP

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Sam Wallace had tremendous faith in the sales powers of advertising. He believed that through advertising it is possible to do almost anything—even to the winning for himself of the girl he adored.

Sam, though holding the important position of advertising manager for the famous Gigantic Department store, was still shy and tongue-tied when it came to a question of popping the all-important question to the lady of his heart, Mary Stuart. Mary was pretty and sweet and wholly worth adoring. Many men, like Sam, felt that she would make an ideal wife; but to all of them, including Sam, Mary was impartially friendly and unsentimental.

Several times Sam had endeavored to come to the point, but every time his courage had failed him. He had never yet put his fortunes to the test. Red and silent, he had let many opportunities pass, until now, with other men forging to the front in the race for Mary's hand, he felt desperate.

It was at this crucial moment in his career that Sam determined to place his dependence upon advertising.

"I can write ads," Sam told himself, "that bring women into the Gigantic store by the dozens. I sure ought to be able to write an ad that will 'sell' myself to Mary. I'm going to try it, anyhow. If I don't I'll just lose out entirely, and that's all there is to it."

Having come to this conclusion, Sam began writing rapidly on a pad of paper on his desk. Every now and then he gazed upward at the ceiling while concentrating his thoughts. But for the most part he wrote swiftly, without stopping. When he had finally finished he reread his work with considerable satisfaction:

This is what he had written:

"Marry a man who adores you!
"You will be much happier married to a man who adores you than if you marry a man who doesn't care so very deeply. There is a certain man who is wild about you and yours. Who is he? Watch for the next letter."

"There," said Sam to himself, when he had finished reading the sheet, "that will get her attention, and the first step in selling goods through advertising is to secure the attention of the prospective purchaser. Next comes the arousing of the interest of the prospective buyer, and, thirdly and finally, the inducing of the reader to buy. Two more letters ought to do the trick for me. I'll send this letter today, letter No. 2 tomorrow, and the third letter on the day after that."

Sam placed the sheet in an envelope and addressed it to Mary. Then he threw the envelope into the outgoing mail tray on his desk.

The next day Sam wrote the second of his series of ads. This second ad read as follows:

"The man who adores you is shy.
"It is because he's shy that he's never gotten up enough courage to tell you how much he cares for you. But he does care, deeply and sincerely, and once the ice is broken he'll tell you just how deeply and sincerely, all right. Who is this man? Perhaps your intuition has already told you. But, anyhow, watch for to-morrow's letter. His identity will be revealed in to-morrow's letter."

Sam did with this second ad as he had done with the first—he placed it in an envelope and, after addressing it to Mary, threw it into the outgoing mail tray.

Sam's final ad read like this:

THE MAN WHO ADORES YOU IS
SAM WALLACE.

"I've always been too shy to tell you how much I care for you. So I'm telling you about it through these little letters. If there is any chance for me, Mary, smile at me the next time you see me. If there isn't any chance, just nod to me but don't smile. That's all. You know everything now and I will know everything when I see you the next time."

It was only natural that Sam's heart should beat considerably faster than normal as he placed this last ad in an envelope, directed it to Mary, and placed it in the outgoing mail tray.

"Gee!" he said to himself, "I'm certainly glad I've done it. It was the only thing to do. I'd never in the world have gotten up enough courage to ask her personally, and I simply couldn't keep on going without knowing how I stand. Now I wonder, will she smile or will she merely nod at me when she sees me?"

Now, Sam was not only a shy young man, but also an impulsive young man. Some weeks before he had purchased an engagement ring—a ring that was a beauty in all particulars, just the right sized stone and just the proper sort of a setting. He had thought, at the time of his purchase, that he'd make a mass attack, as it were, upon Mary.

He'd show her the stone and then, before his courage failed him, slip it on her engagement finger and trust to luck that she would allow it to stay there. But Sam had never

made this mass attack. The ring still reposed in his vest pocket. He had never found the courage to show it to Mary, let alone place it upon her finger.

"Now, I wonder," muttered Sam as, after finishing his third ad, he took the ring out and looked at it, "I wonder will Mary ever wear this ring or not?"

Sam's excitement grew during that night, and the morning of the day after he had placed his final ad in the outgoing mail tray his nerves were ragged and he simply couldn't sit still.

"By all the rules of advertising," Sam told himself, "those ads ought to do the trick. But will they? I haven't heard a word from her. I haven't seen a sign of her. Is that a good or bad sign? What am I to think about it?"

During the day Sam heard nothing from Mary nor caught any sight of her. And, as the day dragged to its dreary close his spirits sank. He felt sure that directly after the receipt of the third ad Mary would certainly take pains to give him his answer as soon as possible. But she wasn't doing so. There was absolutely no word from her.

Sam dragged himself to his boarding house after the day's work with weary steps. He was worn out, his nerves were frazzled, he was greatly discouraged. He couldn't help feeling that Mary was simply letting him down easily, and that she was trying to let him know that this was the case before she should meet him and merely nod at him, instead of smiling at him.

The next day, the second after his mailing of the final ad, Sam felt as though the world had gone to pieces about his shoulders as he slowly walked to the office. It was all over. His dream had evaporated into thin air. There was little, very little, left in life for him to live for.

It was only desultory attempts at working that Sam made during the morning. He was too blue to do any good work, anyhow, so shortly before the noon hour he left his office to make a trip through the various departments. He felt as though it would take his mind off his trouble to talk with other people.

Through the bargain basement, and silks and gloves on the first floor to men's furnishings and cloaks and suits on the second floor Sam made his gloomy way. And then, in cloaks and suits, he stopped suddenly. From the other side of a rack of cloaks and suits beside which he was standing came the sound of voices. One of the voices was that of the manager of the department, while the other voice was—Mary's.

Sam, after a moment of hesitation, straightened his shoulders. He might as well get the cold nod from Mary and get it over with now as later. It had to be done some time—now was as good as any. So Sam, looking very dignified, but awkward, writhing with despair, walked around the rack and came face to face with Mary.

Mary didn't see him at first.

"Good morning, Mary," he said, politely, standing rigidly like a soldier at salute.

Mary looked up surprised. Her big blue eyes met his. And then—then Sam's heart leaped. His pulses tingled, his brain whirled, Mary was actually smiling at him—a lovely, unmistakable smile.

"How are you, Sam?" she asked, and smiled again.

"S-s-say, Mary," stammered Sam, as soon as he was able to regain control of himself, "step into my office a minute, will you? It's right on this floor, just a little way from here. I've got something I want to show you."

"Why, yes," smiled Mary, "I've often thought I'd like to look at your office—to see just what sort of a place it is you work in."

Sam, hardly able to contain himself, piloted her through the door, past his secretary and into his private office. Then, after closing the door to his secretary's room, he drew the engagement ring from his pocket and without a word placed it on Mary's finger. Finally he caught Mary into his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Why, why," cried Mary at last, "I ought to be provoked and angry and all that—but I'm not! I'm glad, glad! I've cared for you so long, Sam, and I thought you'd never, never tell me that you cared, too. I knew you cared, but I thought you'd never tell me that you did!"

"Oh, sweetheart," cried Sam, "I'm so glad you smiled at me this morning."

He caught her in his arms again, and as he did so he glanced at the outgoing mail tray on his desk. The tray was full. Sam, gently releasing Mary, hurriedly pawed through the letters. All three of his ads to Mary were still there. The new mail boy had neglected to take up the mail from Sam's office for nearly a week. Sam gasped, then chuckled as he took Mary into his arms again. After all, if it hadn't been for his ads he'd never have had the courage to put the ring on her finger. After all, he was satisfied—wholly satisfied.

To Be Expected.

"The young man who went on the stage as an acrobatic dancer is intoxicated with his success."

"I should think he would be, with so many kicks in it."

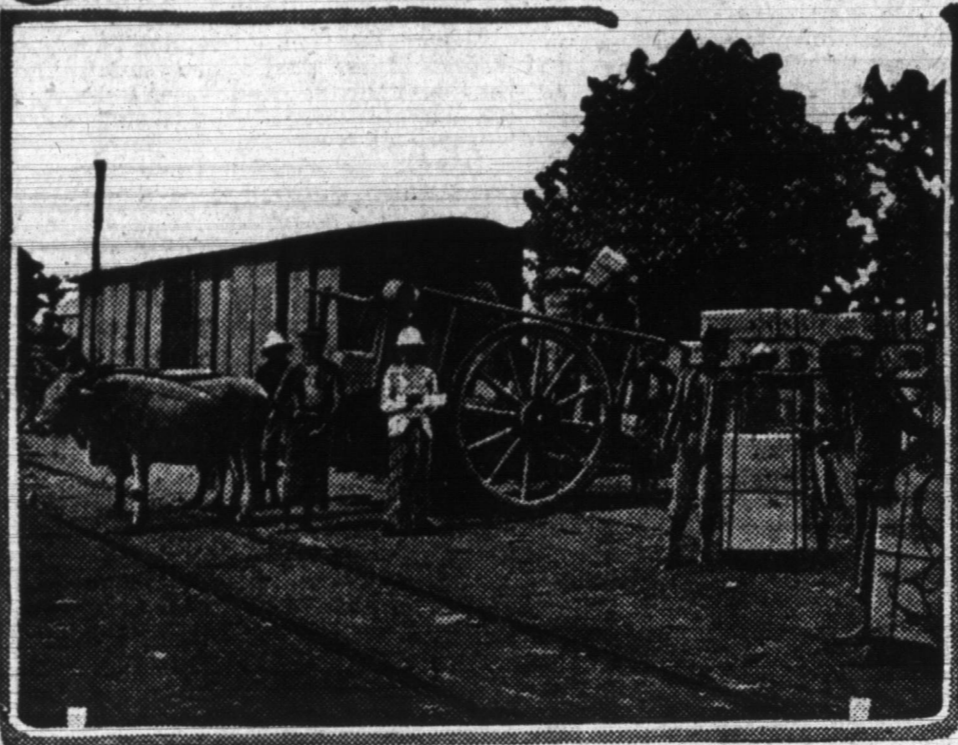
Pop's Guess.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Why do they call a ship 'she'?"

"I suppose it's because she always seems to require a mate, my boy."

Attractions
of Java

Unloading Goods at Soerabaya.

IT IS very easy to enter Java, says a writer in the New York Sun. Tourists are welcomed cordially and the customs officials are efficient about it, so that the first impression of Java is pleasant. Some say that it is just as easy to get out of as into Java, hinting that the Dutch resent misbehavior and unfair criticism and that undesirable visitors are sometimes requested to leave forthwith.

Most visitors land at Tandjong Priok, the harbor for Batavia, about seven miles from the city. This harbor was built between 1877 and 1886, and was considered one of the finest colonial harbors in the world until some of the British harbors excelled, and now the Dutch are re-establishing their claim for this distinction with the harbor construction at Soerabaya. Despite the fact that there are two harbors, outer and inner, the commerce of Batavia has really outgrown the facilities offered by the present harbor works.

The outer harbor has a depth of 26 feet, and is protected by two breakwaters, each 6,000 feet in length. The inner harbor is some 3,500 feet long and over 500 feet wide, with quays on each side. The east quay has coaling sheds. The piers are of concrete construction, with spur tracks from the railway. The cost of this harbor was over \$10,500,000.

Protected From Crocodiles.

About a quarter of an hour's drive from Tandjong, in one of those funny antiquated hacks drawn by ponies, is "Petit Trouville," where sea bathing may be enjoyed. The bathing pool is inclosed to keep out crocodiles and is probably perfectly safe, but I have seen fences on land give way before a rushing bull and a convenient fence provided, the protection which the fence failed to give. So I refrained from enjoying the security of the fenced-in pool. A crocodile is fully as powerful and as fast as an infuriated bull, and he is just as immune to reason. The Dutch have not provided convenient trees as an extra safeguard, but most of them know the crocodiles by name and do not seem afraid of them. It is different with strangers.

The drive from Tandjong Priok to Batavia is a fitting prelude to a tour of Java. In this short drive, seven miles or so, is found the happy combination of good roads, an unsurpassed luxuriance of tropical vegetation and a kaleidoscopic whirl of peoples, native and foreign, dressed in their own peculiar manners and going about their business in their individual ways.

All the way to Batavia the road runs along the canal, and along the canal are rice fields, coconut groves, native settlements and a new surprise at every turn of the way. Tall coconut palms reach out over the canal from the great groves along the banks. Nestled among them are the picturesque native houses with their bamboo woven sides and thatched roofs; overhead is the turquoise blue sky so peculiar to the tropics, and to intensify its blueness are the cotton clouds as motionless as the palms.

The Goat an Institution.

All this beauty is shown both above and below, for there in the canal is the reflection of the whole scene, even to the cattle, the sleek humped kind, the buffalo and the goats. We must not forget the goats. They are as inevitable as they are innumerable. Goats are to Java what dogs are to America. They run at will—everybody's friend.

If there is a fight or a fire, they scamper about on the edge of the crowd. If a fire blows out, they are eagerly awaiting any scraps of rubber or cloth which may be thrown away. They are the comedians of metropolitan Java. In the provinces the monkeys are as funny as at the zoo.

Well, this finds us in Java—and what of this land to which we have come? Was it Stubbs who said something to the effect that we must know what the past was if we are to appreciate the present? Java contains so many relics of the past that even a drive through Batavia indicates past centuries. For hundreds of years before Co-

lumbus discovered America, Hindu influence was dominant in Java, and then the bolshevik came over from Arabia and messed things up. This was in 1477.

The Portuguese peeked in at one of two of the ports in 1511 and said: "Sh-h-h! Quiet now, fellows. We won't do a thing to this place." But they did.

How Spoils Were Divided.

From then until 1529, it was nip and tuck between the Spanish and the Portuguese as to who could rob the natives the more efficiently. The contest ended in a draw and a treaty gave rights of robbery in the Indies to the Portuguese and similar rights in the Philippines to the Spanish.

The Spanish got the best of the bargain, because they were not disturbed until 1898, while the poor Portuguese were kicked out of their territory by the Dutch in 1596, before they had half time to skin the natives.

Then the Dutch took over the noble work and drew up trading treaties for presentation to the natives. To all questions raised by the party of the second part one reply was used—"sign here." When the natives showed a reluctance the blunderbuss or long sword made the fairness of the treaty perfectly clear, as was customary among the conquerors of those early days.

Dutch Rule Now Kindly.

From then until 1895 Holland and England fought like country cousins over possession of the islands, and they finally whacked up and called quits. England took parts of Africa, all of Ceylon and spots along the China coast, but left the Indies to Holland, after taking a slice off Borneo and an end off New Guinea.

So we find the Dutch in possession of Java and through their courtesy we visit the island. Here we are in Batavia, a community of many peoples enjoying peace and prosperity under the kindly Dutch rule.

The first thing to find is a hotel.

The finding impresses us with the individuality of the country.

On three sides of a square is a two-story building. Each room has a spacious veranda in front, facing the walkway which runs along the entire length of the hotel. On the veranda is a table and a big chair. If the chair had wheels and a top it would look like one of those victorias so much used by old ladies and small-town doctors, when the latter drove horses, charged a dollar for house visits, 50 cents for office calls and furnished the pills as a sort of premium.

Instead of the wheels and the top the chair has extension arms about four feet long, which swing out to provide an elevated footrest. The higher the temperature the more willing you are to sprawl as per the possibilities. It is on the veranda that guests are received and siroopen and soda is served. Great life.

Sun Provides Hot Showers.

At the back of the veranda is the bedroom—for coolness a rugless, pictureless, cheerless place, with a skinny iron bed, covered by a canopy of net, sort of fortification against the mosquitoes. Notice, I say "sort of."

In every bed is a Dutch wife. Oh, it's quite proper! This lady thing is merely an elongated pillow, hard and round, upon which to rest one knee. This position is cooler for sleeping than to rest all on a level.

Out back of the rooms is another walkway used by the boys. Boys in Java may be anywhere from sixteen to sixty as to age, but just so long as they are servants, they are boys.

"Boy!" is the "call of the East." Somewhere along this walkway is the bathroom, one of the most popular recreation rooms in the hotel. The water is in a pen built up in one corner. On the floor are duck boards. Somewhere around is a tin or wooden bucket. The bath is taken by dipping water from the pen and pouring it where most desired. Very satisfying and refreshing.

Some hotels boast shower baths, supplied from a tank on the roof. A shower in the early morning is all right, but usually by midday and certainly by night, the sun has made the water too hot for comfort.

Sport Togs are
of London Kind

At this time of the year we begin to buy our sport clothes, not only for wear in the South, but also for the country this summer. This is a part of our wardrobe which can be attended to early in the season, as styles in sport clothes are fairly well crystallized now, writes a prominent fashion correspondent.

Our American importers have turned to London for their models this spring, because the English designers and manufacturers are offering an unusually smart collection. Not since pre-war days have we seen such striking English sport clothes, although before the war England was looked to for the best in this line. During the war years such new things as we had in sport togs came from the Paris market, and consequently there was considerable change in this type of dress. Directly the war was over, as well as during it, our designers got their inspiration from the more fussy type of so-called French sport clothes. Now the London dressmakers have regained their prestige in this line.

Jacket Suits for Sport Wear.

Most noteworthy in these new clothes are the bright-colored woollens woven in bold patterns. These are especially attractive in the striped materials, which form short, separate skirts, as well as complete costumes, consisting of a short skirt, either plain or plaited, and a straight, full jacket, which is unbelted and rather of the wrapdy type, cut with kimono sleeves. These jacket suits, which are very young looking, are ideal for sport wear, because they are comfortable and do not hamper the movements of the wearer, but permit her to take part in games with ease and at the same time to be very smartly dressed.

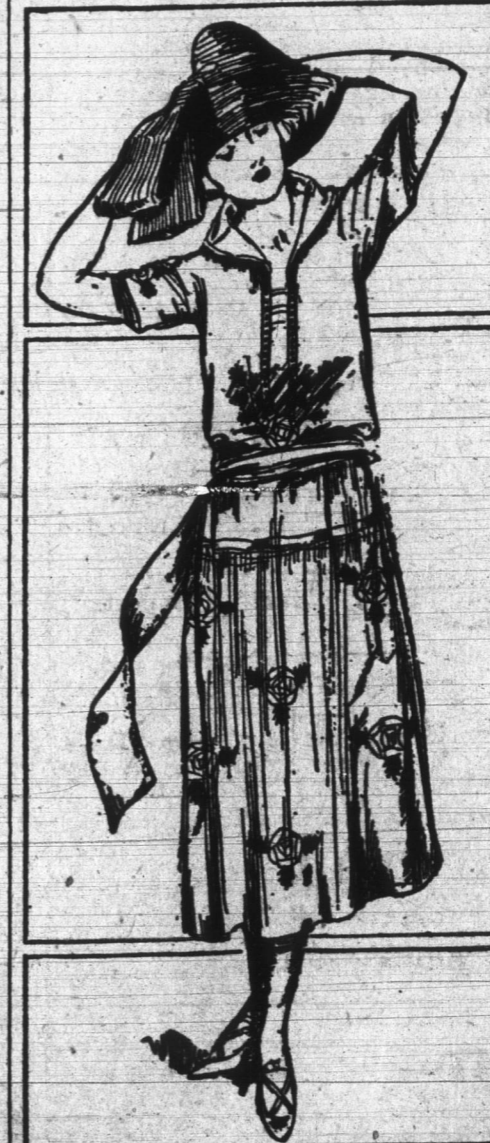
Replacing the quieter plaids, such hues as orange, brick color and bright lavender striped clothes will make gay splashes of color on our tennis courts and golf courses this spring. Stockinette in plain tones, as well as rough camel-hair cloth, will feature in the coming suits. A new idea in the stockinette suits is the addition of corduroy collars and cuffs.

Fabric Hats for Many Uses.

With the turning of our thoughts toward spring and summer clothes there comes the question of hats for this season; what will they be like? Already we have a very good idea of what will be offered, but what will be accepted is another matter. The indications are that the fabric hat will not only be popular for street wear, but will be equally in demand for sports.

A new material used for hats is crepe de chine, which is nothing more than a highly-glazed voile. For the spring it will be combined with straw. Later, it will be used for a more summery type of hat. As it comes in dark as well as light colors it will serve for both town and country wear.

Goat hair, as a trimming for straw hats, is a fashion of French origin.



Blue Poiret twill frock trimmed with red leather roses and sash of Morocco red crepe.

It has, upon first consideration, the appearance of a freaky fashion, but it is actually very pretty. On one Paris model, which is a straight leg-horn shape, the fur, which has its edges tipped with black, is laid about the brim to obtain an unusually pleasing effect. Haircloth hats are not new—we had many of them last spring. This year, however, haircloth is combined with satin to make it softer and infinitely more becoming.

It seems impossible for milliners to give up the use of duvetyne, the French modistes appearing to have a particular liking for it. Some of the very newest models that have recently come over are of this fabric.

The clothes prepared for those going South are noteworthy for the practical element that has been combined

with the daintiness that is characteristic of summer apparel. There are no extreme effects; all the dresses are of designs suitable to the well-dressed woman's summer wardrobe. Sport clothes show some change of design and considerable change in color, for they are much brighter than those of past seasons. One is impressed with



Chemise dress of tan crepe de chine with two knife-plaited tunics set on a few inches below the waistline.

the fact that they are not distinctly mid-season clothes, but designed for summer.

The exodus to Southern resorts always sees a great many crepe de chine dresses brought out, but this year they have a new significance, for they are not only in the lighter colors but in dark shades for street wear. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that Paris has featured crepe de chine frocks very largely during the late winter and spring. Particularly pretty are those of brown. We do not, as a rule, think of brown as a spring color, but this season will see a great deal of it, not only in these lighter silk fabrics, but in brocades from which are fashioned more formal frocks. One is amazed at the beauty of these new brown tones; they are a real achievement in dyes.

Brown crepe de chine is used to develop an interesting frock. It has ever so many new and interesting features apart from the coloring of its fabric, which is light in tone—almost on a beige shade. It is grided with a deep, rich brown velvet ribbon, the ends being allowed to stand straight out.

The dress is of chemise type, drawn in tightly at the waist by the dark-brown belt. A few inches below the waistline are set two knife-plaited tunics, one on either side. Another youthful idea is carried out in the use of a white organdie and net gumpie, like the gumpie of a little girl's frock. It shows above the neckline of the silk dress, which is gathered, and its little undersleeves peek from beneath very short sleeves of silk. Attached to the gumpie is a harem collar of organdie and net. This collar may be considered by some as an extreme feature, and for that reason it is made so that it may be easily detached.

Dots That Blend With White.

Dotted crepe de chine also plays a prominent part in our new clothes. While a frock made entirely of this material would be monotonous, it is most effective when combined with plain fabrics. It is frequently used in combination with plain white voile.

This summer's organdies are in beautiful shades; browns as well as bright coral being among them. Embroidering organdie with worsted is a new idea in trimming. Loosely-twisted yarn is selected and the stitch worked in such a way as to give the appearance of the wool being split. Skirts of organdie frocks are entirely covered with this wool embroidery.

A bright coral organdie dress has the waist made in the form of a tiny shawl, to which, at either side of the front, buttons a white lingerie vest, extending below the waistline in apron effect. This is an elaborate vest, being completely covered with hand embroidery and drawwork. It is the only trimming on the frock other than a tiny sash of the material. This, instead of being made double, as such sashes usually are, is of a single piece of the organdie, bound on either side with a bias piece of the fabric. A strip of material treated in the same way is used for little bows and tied about the sleeves, which are so short that they are little more than shoulder caps.

Sleeveless Nightgowns.

Sleeveless nightgowns are made of pink georgette.