

BIRTHDAY MOTTOES FOR 1929.

JANUARY. By her who in this month is born No gem save garnet should be worn; They will insure her constancy, True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY. The February born will find Sincerity and peace of mind, Freedom from passion and from care, If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH. Who on this world of ours their eyes In March first opened to be wise; In days of peril firm and brave, And wear a bloodstone to their grieve.

APRIL. She who from April dates her years Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears For vain repentance flow; this stone Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY. Who first beholds the light of day In spring's sweet flowery month of May, And wears an emerald all her life, Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE. Who comes with summer to this earth, And owes to June her day of birth, With ring of agate on her hand, Can health, wealth and long life command.

This, she knew, was wiser. Experience—or perhaps the word should be experiments—had made her wary of the other man who went from interpret a girl's motives. For instance, the Good Samaritan, being male himself, could go to the rescue of the other man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho and there fell among thieves, render first aid and take compassion upon him, all without running the slightest danger of being misunderstood.

But suppose the Good Samaritan had been feminine, with a tiptilted nose, a natural wave in her hair and a permanent wave in her disposition. What would have happened then? Ask Penelope. She knew. From experience—or experiments.

"The gentleman from Jerusalem would have known that it was his irresistible self that had attracted the lady's attention," Penelope would have retorted feelingly. "And when it became necessary to assure him that it had all been pure altruism he would bitterly have accused the lady of having led him on."

This had happened to Penelope several times. And she had made up her mind it would never, never happen again. Besides which she had other plans for this afternoon. A blazing afternoon that back in the ugly little factory town enveloped one in an atmosphere of desiccating heat, with dust underfoot and burnished bowl of sky overhead.

But she had lied through her pretty teeth. Because Penelope, for all altruism, could be selfish in small things. She preferred to enjoy certain pleasures alone—the canoe, the river, the volume of verse that lay among the cushions. "Good grief!" Mabe would have gasped. "What did you want to bring a book for?"

Mabe might have sensed the lure of the river, even invited herself to share it, ball game or no ball game. But she never would have savored the exquisite joy one can find in solitude. Or in silence and a book idly read or lazily dropped. Or realize that a sunset not only requires no comment but absolutely forbids it.

In brief, there were times when Penelope preferred to be alone and at such times the river was one of her particular joys. The current here was a gentle, slumbrous thing; one paddled leisurely upstream to the ancient spring-board from which one could dive until, wearied yet renewed, one sat in the slanting August sunshine and let its golden touch caress.

After that another mile upstream and then, with the canoe's nose in the bank under an overhanging bow, one read or dreamed and, after a time, munched sandwiches. Such was Penelope's program for this August afternoon. And she was not going to let Don Sturgis spoil it by a surrender to that infernal complex of hers. Or, for that matter, abridge it either.

men apt to suffer from hallucinations. One of these—so viewed at least by his immediate and long-suffering subordinates—was his idea that among college graduates of current vintage might be discovered annually, just the sort of new blood that the company should be infused with.

The managers of the various Titan factories, to whom the delicate operation of infusion was intrusted, felt otherwise. "I feel," J. T. had explained, "that the man who has made his mark in athletics and other student activities has revealed a capacity for leadership that should prove invaluable to us."

The managers felt otherwise. J. T.'s not very original idea was to start his proteges at the bottom of the ladder and rush them through an intensive course of training. "And," Penelope's chief had commented, "how these pampered campus pets love the bottom of the ladder."

He had glowered, briefly. Then: "Well, we'll put him at work unloading freight-cars. If he sticks long enough to reach the vulcanizing pits he'll be well baked, instead of just half baked, by the time he decides that his talents are wasted here."

The actual arrival of J. T.'s latest, one morning late in June, had found Penelope busy typing the morning's sheaf of dictation. She had, none the less, achieved an impression of him—a personable youngster, built as a varsity end should be and competent, if casually, tailored.

That he did not lack self-assurance had been apparent to her. But then all J. T.'s contributions were that way and Sturgis, at least, was saved from insufferableness by a nice smile—it had flashed at the other girl in the office when he had asked for the manager—and what Penelope had construed as an obvious desire to please as well as to be pleased.

At noon the next day, Penelope had seen Sturgis again. He was no longer competently tailored. He wore, above khaki trousers, only a sleeveless jersey that revealed the play and ripple of his bronzed shoulders. The day was hot and so was he. He was one of a gang of unskilled laborers who were removing bales of crude rubber—a spongy, gray-colored mass—from freight-cars.

"He's getting his bumps," Penelope had thought. "And I'll bet he doesn't like them." Sturgis hadn't particularly. He had been warned that his beginnings would be unpleasant and had merely grinned. "We have found," the Titan representative had persisted, "that the average college graduate seems to lack stamina. We can't afford to waste time except on exceptional men."

Sturgis' grin had widened. "Well, I'm certainly exceptional in one way. I'm one of the few men in my class who aren't going to sell bonds."

an hour birds with a Filipino steward and plenty of prewar stuff aboard—and lived like a millionaire generally from Friday to Monday. Say, do you remember Tommy's sister Nan? You ought to. She asked about you particularly and wanted to know why a man of your talents and parts chose to bury himself in the Goths and Vandals learning to make tires, when there certainly should be something nicer you could do. I agreed with her perfectly and said I would tell you so. She said to give you her love and three kisses.

On the level, Don, what you've landed yourself in doesn't sound to me like any bed of roses and are you so sure that all this talk about a swell future isn't hokey? Anyway, life is short and youth is fleeting. Why not chuck it and come down to New York? I'd be glad to have my expenses and double my joys by sharing an apartment with you and you wouldn't have any trouble landing something good.

There's a lot of old grads who are full of old college spirit and always ready to give a fellow a hand. I think at that New York is the only place for a lad who wants a real future and—well, it is presently the place to get the most out of life. Think it over, you crab, and write or wire when you're coming.

This letter was not in Don's pocket as he swam upstream, bathing-suits not being so equipped. It was, however, in the pocket of the suit that he had left, along with more intimate garments, on the bank upstream. There he was headed. Arriving, he produced cigars and matches and, still in his bathing-suit reread the letter.

Of course—he grinned now—he remembered Nan Somers. She had rushed him at the Senior Prom the way girls frankly rush men nowadays. "Let's not talk about the weather," she had suggested coolly, as they sat on a rail under the stars between dances. "Let's talk about sex."

They hadn't, of course, talked about sex. That was just her line. Instead: "Coming down to New York after you graduate?" she had asked. "I haven't decided," he had replied. "You'd better," she had advised. "You'd get along swell in New York."

Don, with all due modesty, had suspected that. Other men had done it—Sam was even then planning to bestow himself on New York. "Get a job with some brokerage house or bank that will give you so-called connections and you can go anywhere, marry anybody you choose," was Sam's definitely stated explanation.

Nor was he overstating it. In New York nowadays a young man may come from nowhere but if he is personable and a bachelor he is invited everywhere. As one of a group he is, whenever he may choose, some girl's guest at dinner, at the theater or the opera, and it is the woman who pays—or rather her father. The modern deb, in short needs men in her business.

"Why, one girl, Sam had enlarged, "sent a special train up to Yale on the day of her debut and brought down most of the senior class. It's the old law of supply and demand and the pickings are darn good. Why stick your nose to the old grindstone when you can have the time of your life in New York?"

is, than fifteen thousand a year, at forty. He did not add, to himself, that if Sam could, so could he, but he did have that feeling. As for Nan Somers and her message—that didn't count. "She'd send the same message to Sam through me if the case were reversed," he acknowledged—and knew that was the truth.

Nevertheless, he was only twenty-four and no monk and the prospect of association with Nan and her sort after his sojourn here uplifted him still more. In brief, he was no longer grim of lip when Penelope and her canoe again came into sight. She was still in her bathing-suit and, everything considered, was so fashioned and, at the moment, so presented, as to evoke a second glance from also any masculine eye.

The second glance he gave her was prolonged. Of that fact Penelope was not unconscious. "His second plunge seems to have improved his disposition," she thought. This while she kept her eyes straight ahead, superbly unaware of his existence. Yet he puzzled her. He no longer looked like a spanked boy or a spanked puppy. He looked—

"I'll bet," guessed Penelope, at that point, he's decided to quit!" This was none of her business in one way. Yet just the same she knew that if Don Sturgis quit there would be ructions. Naturally J. T. himself never made an error in judgment. His ideas were always sound; when anything went wrong with them it was obviously the fault of the subordinates.

Penelope had a sudden premonition that J. T. was going to be particularly nasty and sarcastic this time. Quite unconsciously her pace slackened a bit. And at that Don grinned. "Enjoy your swim?" he suggested experimentally.

Penelope glanced toward him, her eyes cool, collected and disdainful. "What Mabe would call giving him the eye," she would have explained. Except that Mabe, she realized, never would have given this young six-footer just that sort of eye. Mabe would have been interested and, had Penelope ignored the overture, irritated.

"Say, what was the sense of being so standoffish?" Mabe would have demanded subsequently—Penelope could just hear her. And if Mabe were alone— Penelope smiled. Not at Don—although that was his impression—but at a suggestion her nimble processes had presented her with. "Why," this was, "not pretend to be Mabe this afternoon?"

The idea intrigued her. Mabe would let him pick her up in a moment—and Penelope knew Mabe's line. Mabe always said anything that came into her head; she had no reticences. At the moment there was something Penelope ached to say to Don Sturgis. To the end that he at least would know what one person thought of his quitting.

The still brilliance of the afternoon encompassed her as she held her paddle poised. She could carry it through that way, beautifully.

direction, "I do the office filing and I filed your card. So even if you don't exactly know me I know you almost as well as your mother does." Mabe did work in the filing department and had, in Penelope's presence, commented on the card giving the record of Penelope's companion. For the rest, Penelope felt that she probably did know him better than his mother, in some ways, at that.

At the moment, for instance, it was apparent to her that he felt that anybody who knew about him and his record might be expected to approve of both. He made no comment, merely helped himself to a cigaret and then, as an afterthought, offered her one. "No, thanks; I don't smoke," she said.

"You needn't take it to heart," he grinned. "I know a lot of really nice girls who don't." He placed the cigaret between his lips, furrowed his brows over the lighting of it. And in spite of herself, something feminine in her approved of him. He had clear eyes and a clean mouth and there was about him the suggestion of an extremely nice warmth.

He puffed the cigaret to a glow and then, disposing of the match, glanced up and met her eyes. "Neither spoke for an instant. She had been taken unawares and he was, she realized, appraising her anew. Thinking, she felt—and hoped—how little she looked like the kind of girl she sounded.

Nevertheless, she snapped the spell. Swiftly, "I should think," she advanced, "that a swell athlete like you would be playing on the ball team this afternoon. How come you ain't?" He stiffened perceptibly, then achieved a crooked smile. "Nobody asked me to," he informed her. And added, "But this is much better, don't you think?"

Penelope tried to look as Mabe would have. "Oh, I'll bet," she said, "that that's the sort of stuff you tell every girl. I know what you college fellows are like . . . Anyway, playing on a small-time team like the Titan's wouldn't seem much to you after playing for a college."

"I can play baseball after a fashion; but football was more my specialty—when it came to balls," he explained. "But"—he smiled at her—"I got an idea that my services weren't exactly being clamored for—not here." "Oh, that," said she, grasping the awaited opening, "is because they're all jealous of you. They know you are one of J. T.'s pets and will be pushed ahead and all that—if you don't quit. That's what they're all trying to make you do."

"Quit?" he echoed, a bit uncertainly—yet indignantly. Penelope ignored that. "I don't suppose I ought to talk to you this way—Mabe's favorite preface to bold indiscretion, that—but somebody ought to tip you off. They're all betting you'll quit any day now. Why, even the manager said he'd bet you'd not last until the middle of August."

He flushed under his tan and, "That," Penelope informed Penelope, "hit home."

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Even though it may make her sound absurdly abnormal, the truth was that Penelope did not in the least crave masculine society this Saturday afternoon in August. On the contrary, she wanted to be alone, to loaf and invite her soul. That, in her opinion, was a very nice soul—Penelope was not troubled with any inferiority complex—but as secretary to the general manager of one of the factories operated by that more or less soulless corporation known as the Titan Tire Company, she got little chance to cultivate it or enjoy it save during week-ends.

This was why, as the canoe she was paddling swung around a bend in the river, her pretty mouth set mutinously. "Oh, darn!" she mourned inwardly, as she saw that the ancient spring-board which was to play its part in her afternoon's program was already occupied.

He who monopolized it had obviously been in the water, for his black racing-suit glistened in the sunlight, as did the hard, brown muscularity of his shoulders. He had, in other words, already experienced the swift impact of the plunge and the swift uplift of spirit to which Penelope had looked forward.

"Without," said Penelope to Penelope, "looking so darned uplifted." She recognized him at once. Don Sturgis, of course—and, of course, he wouldn't look happy. Penelope had never been introduced to him, never spoken two words to him. But she suspected just what ailed him.

"Spoiled baby," ran her thought. At that moment the canoe's advance penetrated his preoccupation. He glanced up swiftly and, if that were possible, his grim young mouth became a bit grimmer. Evidently he considered her an intruder.