

THE PATH OF LIFE.

There is many a rest on the path of life, If we would only stop to take it, And many a tone from the bitter land, If the querulous heart would make it.

ABSOLUTELY NO "IT."

Eyes and ears and nose, hair and lips and even toes. Such, described in glamorous detail, was the stuff heroines were once made of. But nowadays one word suffices. Either a girl has "it"—or she hasn't.

"You're not as bad as all that," he had assured her. Nor was she, as far as eyes and ears and nose, hair and lips and even toes were concerned. Her eyes were clear and direct, matching in tone the not uncolorful brown of her hair.

insouciant announcement that Marge made at dinner. "Oh, he came in for a manicure," Marge was explaining, as Ann slipped into her place at the table.

Samuel Benton was in Washington, He would return the following Tuesday—January third. "And then," he had told her when, at Christmas, he had given her the surprising gift of a hundred dollars.

"Really?" commented Ann, in a tone that suggested he was being very amusing but not at all convincing. "Well, how does it happen that Marge has the proper perspective and I haven't?"

"Atlantic City?" he asked interestedly. She almost let him think that. Then, feeling herself flush absurdly, she confessed: "If he had looked incredulous! Or laughed at her!"