

"A LIFE LESSON"

There, little girl, don't cry; They have broken your slate, I know; And your play house, too, Are things of the long ago; But childish trouble will soon pass by, There, little girl, don't cry;

GREEN ORCHIDS

You noticed her eyes first. Green eyes resembling the impatient sea. You noticed her hands next. Little hands with long, slim fingers that painted sleek ladies for magazine covers and drew broad-shouldered heroes for magazine stories. Then you became conscious of her name—Dorine—an odd name, but one that suited her slim person.

competent, slender, fascinating fingers over black and white piano keys. They were introduced in a noisy song-publishing house, while the raucous voices of vaudeville sopranos conflicted with the tin-penny selections being played in the various small booths that lined the place. The manager had sent for her to design a dozen song covers.

noise like an aeroplane, would obediently jump forward. It could go one hundred and forty miles an hour. But not here in America, where the policemen were on guard. It had done it, though, in Germany. Or was it Austria? Like a kid he told her about that, proudly repeating the story many times. No speed limits over there. Three hours. He had passed very well; was a born mechanic anyway. The roads were exceptionally strong. You wore goggles, you rode so fast.

ly through the rumpled, brown bob. Green eyes dilated slightly, breath came in short, panicky gasps, as she read the annoying sentence over and over again. It buzzed around her brain. It sang a song. It hummed a hymn of acute pain. It repeated itself before her. Black and white printed words; jumping up and down; dancing a taunting jig; searing themselves into her flesh. Mean themselves into her flesh. Mean themselves into her flesh because they were true.

love for months now! That's what, she should fall in love again—be young!" This from Hannah. Hannah who once said, "When you're really in love, you won't talk about it!" Her words echoed in Dorine's ears. "Fall in love—be young."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Daily Thought. Let us have faith that right means might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it—Lincoln. —Fashions are the things that the most people like best—to wear, to see, to use, to eat, to enjoy.—For instance—there are fashions in books, in newspapers, in plays, in autos, in ideas—as well as in clothes.