## AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But, lord," she said, 'my shoulders still are strong-I have been used to bear the load so

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road-" "Yet." said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang

maidenhood.

A tender breeze, and birds and rivers more apt to find myself a high sang.

fair!" Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay: "Was I not always here, then, as to-

He turned to her with strange deep eyes affame; "Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand-That thou art Lord of Life in this dear

land!" "Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath

'Lord of the land! but men have named me Death."

## THE ETERNAL MICROBE

Love, according to some French scientist, is a disease, and a contagious disease at that. If this is so. the germ that waylaid Patterson Noyes certainly worked fast. For at eight o'clock of an August twilight, when Pat sat down to a semiformal dinner, he was perfectly normal. Before nine he was something else again.

For that Nancy Pray was respons-East is East and West isible. where Nancy came from. So she had informed Pat. He took a deep

"The West is a wonderful place,"

he assured her. Pat was thinking of the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone National Park. He had never seen them but he had now seen Nancy. She made them comprehensible. Marvel-She ous!

He had had only part of one cocktail, so it couldn't have been that. Nancy smiled. "I doubt if you'd find Slogan City very wonderful," she commented.

"Slogan City?" he echoed. "That's where I came from. know the name doesn't sound prob-

Pat swung back into his stride. "It sounds ever so right," he assured her. And added, audaciously, "It's the place where the slogans touch' and-"

Nancy was not impressed. She had ness in his voice—"a world-beater, laughed at that. been warned to look out for Pat. even at tennis."

The semi-formal dinner was given by the Taylors at Montauk. Nancy "Few of us are awfully good at had assured her. And in the end was the guest of the daughter of anything," she reminded him. "I'm she had succumbed. He had a way the house, Estelle, whom she had not myself." known at college. She had arrived The dinner, surprisingly enough, that afternoon with overnight bag, was nearing an end. Pat had no one hatbox and just one evening idea what had been served and, for fifth day of Nancy's stay. It was

"I never dreamt you dwelt in marble even if it didn't mean anything. halls."

To her the Taylor summer place was over so soon.

But Estelle merely shrugged. "Don't worry; I can lend you any-thing you need." And added, Nancy hesitated. "I'm ju "You'll do, anyway."

had only one evening frock she had ly. other things. A ripple in her cop- to flirt or-" pery hair, for instance. And two ripples in her golden-brown eyes.

Nancy grimaced. "A novelty? night."
Something from the Five and Ten?"
This v yourself at home."

resented the ultimate perfection that was going. unlimited money intelligently spent simple enough to think she would her.

share a room with Estelle! I feel more like a fresh-air funder with flies."

who-"I tell you what I'll do," Estelle

Noyes. He'll make you feel at one of his rich friends.

player?'

thing is tennis this week." "I'm an awful dub about tennis,"

in love with him. He's got a won- stage of the conversation. derful line, but there isn't any hook

knows that."

Fair enough! To Nancy and, on they drove.

ing manners. He had, naturally, been overwhelmed. met quite a few pretty girls, flirted with most of them and kissed a confessed. reasonable number. In the modern manner, that is. His intentions them up," he suggested. had never been matrimonial.

ly financial. "I've got enough to keep me in stretched to keep two in any style midnight. at all," was the way he disposed of

A hard-working ancestor had made it possible for Pat to enjoy a scant at once. He was thinking of it. But, believe me, that's only the always wrote the ads himself, toil-now," he assured Pat.

ple he played with.

living," a privileged friend had sug- it. gested bitingly.

private in the rear rank." And that was the trouble with "My lord," she said, "this land is very Pat. He never took anything ser-

ed very well. This Nancy was to discover pres-

ently. In the meantime: "Tell me all about yourself," he begged. He did it well, thought Nancy, almost as if he meant it. But, be- him next time.'

ing forewarned, she merely widened her eyes maliciously. "Oh, but you are supposed to tell me all about myself," she countered. unsaid things. Estelle promised you would. She

said you were-" "Don't you believe a word said," he protested.

"but that you rushed every wickedly, girl you met," she finished demure- play. "Don't you believe it!" began Pat. Nancy. But he had the grace to pause and

consider. "Not that I don't know what she means," he confessed. "And I'm waiting to be rushed," mumured Nancy.

"Rushed!" breathed Pat. His eyes met hers and for a mo- said. believed something; almost wanted girl so steadily; his idea usually apoplexy," she realized. to believe it.

Then she remembered. "You do numbers." it very well," she commented. "And who was it said practice made per- I probably amuse him," suggested matter how much money he had fellow needs a friend."

Pat swallowed something. A desire to wring Estelle's pretty neck, when Estelle gave her a searching to begin with. And a second later, glance. the impulse to assure Nancy that Estelle was all wrong. He couldn't minded her. yield to that, because Estelle wasn't. So he merely grinned a bit crook- about such things! edly. "How long are you staying here?" he asked. "A week."

tation?"

myself invisible." 'You know what I mean," he persisted.

all the power at her command to

Pat grinned. "Part of this week," "The skin you love to round today and I may survive the second tomorrow. But I won't get "And 'Often a bridesmaid but nev- past the champion, of course. I'm Pat was visibly shocked. But there was a curious tinge of bitter-

that matter, neither had Nancy. It She had mentioned that one frock isn't every day that a girl from a to Estelle at once. "You should place like Slogan City meets a man have warned me!" she protested. like Pat. He did his stuff so well, In brief, Nancy was sorry dinner

was overwhelming. The sort of house she had read about in books, second he struggled with what to in a novel. Even Pat. He didn't seen pictured in magazines and him seemed breathless temerity. work at anything, just played tennis. Then:

"Can't we duck off somewhere?" Nancy hesitated. "I'm just a simple little girl from Slogan City," By that she meant that if Nancy she remarked lightly, yet meaning-"I don't really care to-well,

"I should hope not!" he assured her, as shocked as Sir Galahad him- very.' "Besides, you're a novelty—that self would have been. "I just always helps," she told Nancy. thought that it's such a nice

The room assigned to Nancy rep- ed Estelle, guessing where Nancy

"Oh, but he's been assured that And she had been I'm a perfect angel," Nancy told "Then he'll try to pick your wings

"I wish I could feel at home," off," Estelle replied cynically. "Men she confessed. "But at the moment are like that—the way children are This did not deter Nancy.

Pat's car was a roadster, a pow-"I'll hand you to Pat erful one. He had bought it from grave at the thought of me. He "Pat Noyes? Is he the tennis eats up the miles, but it also eats up gas," he remarked. Nancy liked the way he drove.

Estelle nodded. "Nothing else but Swiftly, but with cool competence. City standards again. But she was He's playing at Southampton; every- And he made no effort to pluck her saved the embarrassment of saying He was just sweet. wings. talked as they drove. Estelle

on it. Everybody who knows him she did not realize it. He wanted did. to know everything about her. That while." And so Nancy was prepared for she was the product of a small mid-Pat; for the line that was so en- western city he already knew; that "Nothing much. It was just afgaging but never led to an engage- her father was the owner of its lead- ter college, and everybody I knew ment. Estelle had made that clear. ing furniture store came out as seemed to be selling bonds. When

"Not that that means much-in college reunion. The picking wasn't Pat was twenty-eight, with a deeply tanned face, very white teeth, At college she had met Estelle and well, some of the others had to sell York?"

a swift, whimsical smile and charm- received this bid to visit her, and bonds to live. "I still feel like Cinderella,"

"Think of how Cinderella cleaned sides bonds," Nancy suggested.

This was the sort of stuff he had vertising, for instance; writing copy."
rawn from her. Hardly enough "My warped sense of humor," he drawn from her. Hardly enough to give basis for any belief that Nancy was a girl in a million. Yet they were all playing with deadly "My warped sense of humor," he "He's resting comfortably but his whole right side is paralyzed," her whole right side is paralyzed," her as curiously depressing. "A cross between a compared to the state of the The reasons for that were basical- drawn from her. Hardly enough been accustomed, but it can't be drove back to Southampton after tising itself, but the way they went August sale."

ten thousand a year, which was Nancy. She was so sweet, so simple, beginning. There's psychology and practically poverty among the peo- so unspoiled. And so forth and so atmosphere and a whole lot of stuff e he played with.

"You might try working for a struck two before he finished with "I tried to play the game their ing:

nosed it differently. She and Nancy wasn't. It lacked something. Guess had gone with others to Southamp- what." ton and seen him vanquished.

Nancy had found herself wanting minded awfully.

Apparently he didn't. When he joined them he was cheerful enough. "I'm so sorry," she murmured. "I'm not," he retorted. I can perts and they've studied it." play tennis any time, and I'll get

the air.

At any other time she would have five-thousand-dollar car, for one What was old to him was thousand but it's as good a car as been. "-very nice," continued Nancy new to her, and it was very colorful. we can build for one thousand and It was like seeing a ghost. Besides, the champion was yet to stay in business. Come around Pat—Pat was back on Long Island.

> So they slipped away, followed by a satirical glance from Estelle. The four days later she did speak her not be put into words. Slogan City mind.

> "I've hardly seen you at all," she home and announce that she was seems to be that there is safety in

"Oh, I'm young and naive and so Nancy. "And he's good company." But she could not help blushing

"Well, I warned you," Estelle re-As if anybody could be warned

thing, even to herself. It was just er. "Are you going to let me see He was so different from most men turned to Nancy, smilingly. something of you—despite my repu- she knew. If it was all a line it we move on?" her.

because she liked Long Island he Nancy did. And again it took had been showing her the best of it. Nancy. Stretches of road flanked by great remember that he was good at this. estates. Little huddles of build-He seemed so—something or other. ings that should have been ugly and did not stir. She had the feeling "But aren't you playing tennis yet were incredibly picturesque, perthis week?" she temporized.

"But aren't you playing tennis yet were incredibly picturesque, perthat they had come closer tonight that they had come closer tonight that they had come closer tonight that they were'nt they come out well Father would than they ever would again unless—
which hovered as a background.

"Is—is this part of your usual explain?"

"But aren't you playing tennis yet were incredibly picturesque, perthat they had come closer tonight than they ever would again unless—
which hovered as a background.

"Is—is this part of your usual explain?" which hovered as a background. yachts and weather-beaten coasters

at anchor. At first Nancy had felt she really er a bride'," offered Nancy helpfully. really not"—he still grinned but ought to appear at Montauk for meal time, anyway, but Pat had

> 'No one expects you to do anywith him. And there were so many places he wanted to show her. They came to one at dusk of the her. perfect. A table for two had been set on a terrace overlookng the sea-Another memory to take back to Slogan City, Nancy might have said. asked.

The rest of the summer was going to be dull, she realized. This was all so different. It was way worthy of you!" He had a line, but he didn't marry. The first man of that sort, certain- play tennis." ly, she had ever met outside the

pages of a novel. "It's all so lovely," she murmured. "It makes my part of the United State look insipid. The West may be golden but Slogan City Isn't-

"You are coming back East for college this fall?" he asked. Nancy nodded.

"Don't be ridiculous. Just make Nancy went for a wrap and met college?" he added.

"What are you going to do after college?" he added. "It isn't the easiest thing for a girl

to get something. A man-" 'Can pick and choose," filled in Pat. His lips twisted wryly. "Or can he?"

"But you don't have to work, anyway," ventured Nancy. "I live not by the sweat of my brow but the sweat of my paternal grand-father's," he acknowledged. "Who, I suppose, turns over in his

"Fortunately for you," said Nancy.
"Do you really think so?" Nancy didn't, of course. Slogan

believed in the gospel of hard work."

SO. "The trouble with me, I suppose derided that afterwards, when Nan- is that I can theoretically pick and choose a job," Pat was saying. "I've "Oh, Pat doesn't talk shop; he cy told her, but it was true. choose a job," Pat was saying. "I've always finds much better things to talk about," Estelle assured her. going to write my biography," had inherited a business I would had inherited a business I would have been saying. "I've never had to hustle for one. If I had inherited a business I would have been saying." "You'll adore him. Only don't fall Nancy had protested to Pat at one have stepped into it. But I inherited bonds. And one doesn't step Another symptom, that, though into bonds, although in a way I I tried selling them for a

> "What happened?" I went after a prospect it was like a

I didn't." He grinned ruefully. she many.

"But there are other things be-

at it. It seemed to my untutored It was late when he arrived there, mind that all that was necessary member that annual event from might have been the first gravediglater still when he finally got to bed. was to find out how good an article earliest childhood. It was a yearly ger in "Hamlet." "Business has

way, though, until I was put to It may have been that which work on some copy for a mouth "And became a captain of indus- caused his elimination in the sec- wash. The stuff was all right and try? You know darned well I'd be ond round, although Estelle diag- I thought the copy was. But it

Nancy couldn't. ticed it."

Nancy had. "Still, they are ex-"They certainly have. They can "Are you awfully keen on seeing body should advertise an automobile, porter assisted her from the car. the rest of the matches?" he asked. for instance, and say, 'This isn't a And:

They did not see him, how- and look it over,' I'd be tempted to She had been reckoning that she ever, for, "Oh, not terribly," replied do just that. It would at least couldn't hope for an answer to her sound like sense to me." Nancy saw his point and did not wired. Yet here he was. isagree with it. Yet there was "How did you get her disagree with it. latter offered no protest then, but something in her mind that could asked. stuff. Suppose she should return explained, taking her bag and hail-

"What are you doing to Pat, engaged to a man like Pat who just ment she was taken. She almost anyway? I never saw him rush one played tennis. "Father would have In Slogan City men worked. Her to his. father would have been ashamed not to work when he was Pat's age, no mented. 'One of the times when a Henry Pray and Son-the original

> This was in her mind, when: "Isn't there anything you'd like to do-except tennis?" she asked. "I should like very much to feel better. All he needs now is a com-

that I was doing something that you plete rest." approved of," he said deliberately. saved her from even a momentary Not that Nancy admitted any- awkwardness by signaling the wait-He glanced at the check and that it was pleasant to be with Pat. placed some bills with it. Then he think he is so much-now. I told that-"Shall him I was an advertising man and

was a good one. Mostly a nice She acquiesced. As they drove warmth and a flattering interest in he talked casually of many things all the way to the Taylors' Then Besides, he knew Long Island, and he brought his car to a standstill. "Aren't you coming in?" asked

"Not tonight," he said. Bays and inlets and ships, from line?" she heard herself asking in a

manded.

said Nancy recklessly.

It was the sort of thing that Nancy blushed again, then realized. She felt her cheeks burn.

"I'd better go," she announced ly: "Aren't you coming in?"
"I-good night." She would have He shook his head. "I'm

"It's not been a line at all, not from the start," he was saying, almost savagely.

"Well, what was it, then?" she "I wish I had the right to tell you," he said. "If I were in any "Oh, Nancy!" she sobbed.

being worthy of me. I'm not anying her eyes.
thing much. But I do think you "I know. Can I see Father?" could do something better than just asked Nancy.

wouldn't be satisfied with-" ouldn't be satisfied with—"
to his eyes. It's only temporary, the doctor says, but—"

think I'm anything special," she protested. This time his arm went swiftly type that ages young. And now-round her. Somehow her head was "It's Nancy," fluttered her motharound her. Somehow her head was on his shoulder. She shut her er. eyes and her mouth. Quickly.

And just in time. But I couldn't help it.' "Neither could I," said Nancy.
"You darling!" he breathed. Then,

believe the usual thing to say is that I'd sweep streets or something like that for you. And I would, but perhaps I can get something beside the bed, her cheek against his something different prepared for his but perhaps I can get something Later she had another talk with but perhaps I can get something better than that." "I know you will," she prophesied.

"Something you'll like, too." It was after midnight when Nancy finally went in. She hoped she would not meet Estelle. She knew she must look like an angel whose wings had been all torn off. An angel, in fact, whose hat was a bit off-side and whose hair was rumpled. A very rosy angel, she might have added, could she have seen herself

stealing in. Estelle did. But she was not satiric. She had a telegram for Nancy. "It came for you just before dinner," she said. Nancy took it. It must be from

home and she felt foreboding. Your father has just had a stroke. We hope for best but doctor advised wiring you.

Estelle.

Nancy handed her the wire"Could somebody drive me to New York?"

Pat grinned. "Like a proud parent disappointed."

Not tonight. I'm a disappointed.

Nancy's mother had left the room to help the maid clar up, probably bring you out to talk shop."

(Continued on page 3, Col. 3.) "Not bad news, I hope," said

Somebody did. In New York she

telegram. In Chicago there was a wait beer on the long-distance.

The got enough to keep me in Nancy was a girl in a million. Tet they were all playing with deady the Spartan style to which I have that was Pat's idea of it as he seriousness. I don't mean adverscious, but he's worrying about the an orphan asylum," had been his The August sale! Nancy could re-

> ing over them incessantly. Yet they never varied much from ple still buying furniture?" year to year. Not even the head-

OUR ANNUAL AUGUST SALE est in Our History. Prices Slashed. August?" Unsurpassed Values. The Opportu-

nity of a Lifetime.' Then a page of such items as "Sex appeal," he told her grimly. "\$275 Three-piece Mohair Livingiously. Bonds or advertising—at bargain at \$169. Odd both of which he had tried his conqueror she iously. When she saw thing nowadays. No matter what lots of Dinner Sets at ½ Price. \$75 hand—or even tennis, which he play- wondered if, under his bonhomie, he you're advertising, the thing to do Solid-mahogany Poster Beds at is to work in a girl who looks like \$39.50," and so on. The beating of Miss America. You must have no- a feeble drum to arouse Slogan City

to action. And now her father was worrying about that!

"I could almost write them tell you just what the average con-self if he'd let me," thought Nancy, He did not say, "when you're not sumer is, and how he reacts. Well, as the train took her on toward her here to play with," but that was in maybe I'm not an average consumer. destination. She felt it as one feels But I do buy things. And so far as advertising is concerned, if some-

> "Pat!" she gasped. Her eyes were at their widest. Why, letter for a day or two unless he

> "How did you get here?" "Chartered a plane and flew,"

ing a taxi. "Oh, I never thought of that." But it was sweet to have him brought to him. He thrust them here! In the taxi her fingers clung aside. There was no inspiration in

"That was my idea of it," he com-'Have you been to the house?" Pat nodded. "Last night and

Nancy blushed beautifully. But he won't take, ever," mourned Nancy. "Mother said he was worrying about the August sale, even now." Pat hesitated a moment. "I don't

> "You didn't!" gasped Nancy.
> "But I was," Pat reminded her. to let you write the advertising? Why, he never in his life let any-

body else!" "You don't know how apersuasive He did not explain. But Nancy I can be-sometimes," put in Pat. fully: Nancy blushed. "I suspect I do," she retorted. "But were'nt they come out well Father would go to

"I didn't have too-much," Pat shock." come from, of course. I can under- he corrected. "I survived the first fast-flying outboards to princely voice that sounded odd even to her. grinned. "Your mother seemed to "What do you mean?" he de- think it wasn't so unnatural that, Pray might get a second shock very having met you, I should fly half soon unless he bestirred himself. "I "Oh, love them and leave them," across the country to offer assist- suppose your father will want to

> might be said lightly, flippantly. ed she was home. "You're so "If you knew Father as well as I That had been her intention. As it sweet!" she murmured, with a rush do you wouldn't ask," she replied. Somehow, that touched Nancy. thing except what you please," he came out it sounded horribly flat. of feeling. And as Pat did not "What have you up your sleeve, of feeling. And as Fat disconnected anyway?"
>
> dismiss the driver, she added quick- anyway?"
>
> "You talk as if I were a magislipped out of the car but he caught back to the store. I've got the ads at that, but it's not up my sleeve

> > you know." And this was Saturday. "But I'll see you soon?

ed. Nancy's mother was at the door. just that it's been such a terrible "Don't be silly! It's no question of strain," she explained presently, wip-

ay tennis."
"I feel that way myself," he adeyes. "He won't be able to see "Some before I met you- you," she warned Nancy. "He's not terribly since. Because I knew you blind, but something has happened

Her father was in bed. He had always seemed old to Nancy; the

His expression hardly changed. He had never been an emotional Presently he spoke. "That wasn't man. But as Nancy came to the I haven't the right to-yet. bed his left hand moved a little. As she took it in hers and impulsively kissed it she was surprised at the vigor with which he held on to her. his eyes adoring her, he went on, "I She realized a great deal in that second. It sent her to her knees

> her mother. "The doctor wants us to go to California for the winter," mother announced worriedly. "But I'm so afraid your father won't. Business hasn't been doing so well

of late years'-" "And yet you sent me to college, thatgave me everything," broke in Nan-

don't think anything could have Pat. changed him." It was after seven when Pat ar- squeeze. rived. "I've rented a car and I'm pered. taking you out for a little ride," he

"Have you written the ad?" asked Nancy, as they drove off. "It will be in tomorrow's paper," he assured her.

announced.

"Oh, I thought you might bring self. me a copy of it."

Pat grinned. "Like a proud par
Memory almost as if he wer

Memory almost as if he wer

Nor was he in any mood to. This "And so I didn't sell had to wait for a train and she had been his first experience with a hastily wrote Pat, enclosing the furniture store. And he felt that it was not to be wondered at that a man who had spent his life in one "I know. I've tried several. Ad- tween trains and she got her moth- should end up with a stroke. Furniture in a home might be cheerful "He's resting comfortably but his but in the mass it had struck him

"A cross between a cemetery and first impression.

The man temporarily in charge "What's the matter? Aren't peo-

"They're buying automobiles more." replied the manager dolefully.

"Well, the majority aren't living in them yet. They must buy some And then something about "Great- furniture. How did the sale go last

"Poorly, very poorly." Pat could understand that, anyway. He felt that a furniture store was not the place anybody would visit unless he definitely wanted furniture. As for an August salewell, Pat could not blame the citizens of Slogan City for not feeling furniture-conscious on such dog days.

'And try to give this stuff sex appeal," he mused. "Even a flock of Miss Americas wouldn't help. People might come but they'd look at the girls, and the big idea is to have them look at the furniture." Meanwhile, he himself was doom-

ed to look at it. Piece by piece. The manager took him from one floor to another. "These were offered last year," he announced dismally, stopping before a pair of Provencal oak dressers. "We'll never sell them. I don't

know why Mr. Pray ever bought them." "That makes it unanimous," said

Pat—but to himself. This was the sort of stuff he was supposed to make Slogan City clamor for. After luncheon he settled himself to that Herculean task. Copies of the announcements of August sales in other years had been them, no record even of past successes. He was desperate. What Pray being long dead and the son suffering from a stroke-needed was a miracle. And Pat had no miragain this morning. Your father is acles in stock at the moment.

"I wonder if it would be any harder to write an ad for an August "And that is the one thing he sale of gravestones," he murmured. An ad, that is, that would pull people in-make them want to see the gravestones. Of course, he meant the furniture. Something

He came to his feet with a bang. An idea had hit him. A mad idea, but at six o'clock his ad was written. He had worked harder over You mean that Father is going it than he had ever worked over anything before in his life. But he did not care to discuss that ad with Nancy yet. And he had a bad moment when Nancy remarked wist

"Perhaps if the August sale should so, but I think he fears a second It struck Pat then that

know what the ad is like," he sug-"If you knew Father as well as I

He shook his head. "I'm going cian," he protested. "I need to be to write. The sale starts Monday, It's being put into type. And I'll come around in the morning and gc over the ad with your father myself." Before she could speak, he "Try to escape me!" he suggest-business now."

They did. But it was not after midnight when Nancy returned home. Not in Slogan City.

There was but one Sunday paper published in Slogan City and everybody read it. It was delivered at the Pray home before breakfast and Nancy saw it without even a cup of coffee to prepare her for what met her eyes. She blinked and hastily sat on the paper. Her mother was coming.

"Your father seems much better

this morning," her mother announc

ed happily. Pat arrived before they finished breakfast. Nancy saw his roadste stop and slipped from her seat to meet him. "Oh, Pat!" she protested. "I wish

I mean." "Why not?" asked Pat-"Why, it's enough to give Fathe another shock. He'll hate it!" "Then, let's not say anything abou and he'll never know the differ

you hadn't written it! That way

ence." "But of course he will! Why everybody will be talking about it! Pat eyed her quizzically. is that such a bad thing "But you practically tell then

Her mother interrupted. cy.

Pray heard the car; he wanted to "Your father was set on that. I know if it was you," she said to "And he wanted to see you Pat gave Nancy's hand a "Don't worry!" he whis

> They went up to her father' room. something not at all like the cop Nancy had seen. It was somethin Henry Pray might have written him In fact: "Sounds like my last year's ad,

As if she could help it!