

HEN A WOMAN REFUSES TO DECIDE—A BEADED BAG—LETTERS TO CYNTHIA—DRESS TALK

THE GIRL WHO SAYS YES WITH A STRING TIED TO IT

Soldier Writes About One Who Vaguely Promised to Marry Him, but She Didn't, and Then the Tables Became Exactly Turned



JACK MORNER
LITTLE JACK MORNER WILL
SIT IN A CORNER
WITH MEALS HIS GOOD MOTHER
HAS PLANNED.
SHE'LL FEED HER WHOLE BROOD
WITH THE CHOICEST OF FOOD,
WHICH SHE IN HER WISDOM
HAS CANNED.

Hunting a Husband
By DALE DOUGLAS
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CHAPTER XCIV
Hurt Pride

THE Professor has just left me. I have saved him. And hurt myself. I could not do it again. I know. By the way he took my hand when I entered. I knew that I must be careful. I was as plain, as uninteresting, as commonplace as I could be. But I saw the Professor was intent on something else. He would say that. At all costs, I must have him.

Then well, my soldier friend, sometimes it's a man at the seashore she meets, sometimes a man in town. But when a woman makes a promise in a vague, indefinite sort of way there is always a chance for her to make some time. Either a woman promises or she doesn't. Nine times out of ten the same reason lies back of all these wavering. The girl is afraid to promise definitely for fear a better chance is lurking around the corner. To an extent, I was taking a risk. But I saw the Professor was intent on something else. He would say that. At all costs, I must have him.

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Two months ago she broke this end of the string. Since then she has been writing to me and reminding me of the things I used to say to her. She says she cares now. But I have never seen her since she left. I have never loved her before. In fact, I know I did, because when she announced her engagement to this other man, I took a long time to get over it. I am twenty-six years old and, as I said, in the service of Uncle Sam. What would you do? Do you think she is better off any now? The girl became once asked her to marry me? Would you tell her point blank that you did not care?

A SOLDIER

YESTERDAY my friend, I would tell her point blank that I no longer care. You are not bound in the slightest way by any point of honor to this girl. How could you be? You need not remind her of this. I am sure she knows it, even as this girl knows who has not played fair and square with a man. Tell the young woman you are sorry about things will shape themselves.

Alice Kent and the Day's Work
The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

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XI.

HELEN and her cousin, Eloise Murray, spent most of Monday at the farm, and the fine qualities of Richard's fiancee were all the more noticeable through contrast with the vanity and unbecomingness of Eloise. The latter was a blonde, and when there were men about she wore an air of helplessness which quickly turned to haughtiness in feminine society; for her own sex, however, she had scant liking, but was evidently accustomed to considerable attention from young men.

Not being the center of interest at the farm, Helen was forgotten by the middle of the afternoon was raving in the hammock and inquiring at frequent intervals when they were going home. The man she had engaged for Richard was too absorbed in Helen to reply. Mrs. Carruth was indignant at the girl's rudeness to our hostess, not to mention her incivility to Helen, to let on that I heard it.

"And I suppose"—Eloise, lying in the hammock, reading the pillow under her head—"that you consider her the character?"

"No," said Helen, "I wouldn't have let you make me mad."

"You're a strange child," she remarked, rising from the hammock and moving over to one of the porch chairs, where she seated herself and toyed with some embroidery. "I was not much inclined to let you go, but I was more than willing to let you go, if it were to satisfy my appetite."

"I hurried on, "for when I worked we were not surrounded by gentlemen, but by all sorts of men—"

"The Professor was staring at me with ill-forgiven horrore."

"You don't," I said.

"Not at all," said the Professor. But it was not of that he was thinking.

"Have I ever told you, Professor Cox, that I am a terrible talker? That for the last two weeks I have carried my living by it in a downtown city office?"

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