

### HOW OFTEN DO THE DREAMS OF GRADUATES COME TRUE?

Here Is One Who Wants to Make Wonderful Posters Some Day—What Makes Men and Women Grow Famous?

WHEN as a young woman or man you set your heart on being a writer, an artist or something that seems away out of your reach, how apt are you to reach your goal? Here at this time of the year we have our girl and boy graduates. Maybe you are one yourself or maybe you are the mother of one. Let us take ambitions like these. I have a little letter that came to me some time ago, and it explains what I mean. It was answered personally at the time, but the point is general:

I am greatly interested in commercial art, such as poster making and designing. I acquired the likeness for this work while in high school. Can you recommend a place where I can look for the aforsaid work which will enable me to get a long-time? As I expect to work a year or two and then go to an art school, I would like to get some practice beforehand. I do not like business work, though if I cannot get the kind of work I like I will eventually seek a business position. R. C.

This young girl's success depends on how earnestly she wants it and how hard she is willing to work for it! She was advised to get a position in a business agency in the art service department of a newspaper, in an advertising agency or with some publication concern. She was advised to learn as much about the art side of the business as possible, at the same time making herself as valuable and useful as possible in a business way. A light night course at an art school was suggested.

In two years, with enough of money saved to put herself through art school, this girl would go equipped far beyond the girl who was sent by her fond daddy straight from graduation, with all the money in father's check-book to back her. For she would know the practical side of the "business," and, in spite of art, it is stern practicalities we must deal with in the end. It isn't going to be easy for our little friend to succeed, but it is going to be easier for her than for her sister who is journeying through life on a bed of roses.

"R. C.," many a night you are going to sit on the edge of your bed and take your little black book and pencil in hand and wonder if you can afford this and that. It's going to be up to you to put away so much money in order to go to art school as you have planned. But on this particular night, since you are young and youth-

outlines of the modern apartment; now it looked just what it was.

Alice looked about curiously; all three of them were very quiet, and involuntarily spoke in whispers although they couldn't have told why if they had been asked.

"Where is the trunk?" Scott whispered.

"In the living room," and Ruth went first followed by the others.

Alice exclaimed when she saw the lovely furniture, the open grand piano strewn with music. Part of it had fallen on the floor when Rita had torn the lovely Chinese tapestry off to fling it hurriedly into the trunk. There was a hard unkindly light in the living room now, a light that had never been there, so beautifully shaded had it always been. But now with the jeweled lanterns missing and all of the softened lighting arrangements that Rita had been so fond of, the room had a garish air, like a painted girl seen without her alluring mask at a masquerade.

The big heavy trunk loomed up solid and unfriendly in the middle of the room. Scott eyed it with disfavor. The idea of dragging it over to the other apartment appealed to him not at all.

"Well, come on," he said impatiently to the two girls. "If we're going to do it I'll need some help. I want to get it over, too, as quickly as possible."

Both girls went to his aid, pushing with all their might and succeeding in rolling up the rug in an impossible way as they moved the trunk a few inches.

"You'll have to get this rug out of the way," Scott said, kicking at it, but when they finally did succeed in doing this they found that the trunk would have to be stood up on one end in order to get it out of the doorway. It was a peculiarly shaped thing. Scott finally succeeded in doing this and in edging it through the doorway. The worst of it was over now and there remained only the short lever hall to traverse the hallway with it, and then it would be safe on the other side of the Raymond door. Scott felt uncomfortable in there. He did not like the looks of the thing at all. Manifestly he did not want to be implicated in anything that looked so shady. He had liked the Whitmore as much as Ruth had, but he was not going to allow sentiment to influence him. If he had had his way the trunk should have remained where it was.

Ruth had gone into the bedroom for a last look around. Everything in here spoke of Rita, as she had dressed in a hurry just as she always did, and some of her clothes were strewn around the room. The little rose-colored lights on the dressing table looked cozy and intimate, not at all as though Rita would never again sit on that little low chair before the mirror, and brush out her hair. A pair of Rita's slippers with

the imprints of her feet still in them stood by the chair and a little pink silk negligee which Rita never wore outside of her bedroom had been left flung across the bed. Ruth walked across and picked it up. She would keep this.

"Come on," called Scott from the hall. "What are you girls doing in there?"

"We really ought to get out, Ruth," Alice said, nervously. "You can't tell what might happen and we have no right to be here."

Ruth took a last look around the room and snuffed off the lights. At the same moment the doorbell rang out with a sudden, sharp ring.

(Tomorrow—The Mystery of the Whitmores.)

### DAILY NOVELETTE

#### BETTY TRIES HER WINGS

By NELLIE GORDON

Betty Wilton, only daughter of parents, endowed with a fair share of this world's goods, had hardly a serious thought in her very pretty head. Dancing, motoring and kindred diversions had occupied the greater part of her time. Tiring of those, and wishing to do something different, she conceived the idea of taking business training, and visiting the father's office.

She announced that she had hired a tiny office in the Wellington building and would start the following Monday morning as public stenographer.

Certainly her months as public stenographer had been anything but encouraging. Very little work had come in—not nearly enough to pay expenses. While she was engaged in her discouraging reflections the door opened and a man whom she saw frequently about the building and whom she knew rather vaguely as "Mr. Harrison" entered.

"I shall not take more than a few minutes of your time, I understand that you did some typing for Harding & Co. yesterday?"

Betty regarded him rather doubtfully. "Why, yes," she answered, slowly. "I believe I did."

"And among the papers which you copied was a statement of the assets and liabilities of that company, was that not?"

Betty stiffened. "I am not in the habit of discussing my clients' affairs," she replied coldly.

"Of course not," agreed her visitor suavely, "but I happen to know that you did type this special item, and I also know that you keep a carbon copy on file of the work you do. Now, to get down to brass tacks, that statement is worth quite a little money to me, and I am here to offer you \$100 for a copy of it."

Betty sprang to her feet, furious. "You are insulting, Mr. Harrison!"

"Now, now, there is no reason for getting excited, Miss Wilton," he coun-

tered, soothingly. "I'm only putting a business proposition to you. You have something which I wish to buy; better think it over. I'd make it two hundred at a pinch."

Betty's overworked nerves gave way and she hid her head on her desk and burst into tears. "Please go away," she quavered. "I may be a failure, but at least it is an honest failure, and I don't want your two hundred, or five hundred, or anything else, but just please go!"

Betty lifted her tear-stained face to encounter the pleasant visage of Mr. Franklin Harding, president of Harding & Co. Both men were laughing quietly at her amazed glance.

Explanations were soon made, Harding & Co. having an overflow of work of a very private nature, were looking about for a responsible, reliable person to handle it. It was work that would last for a few months and which would not warrant their augmenting their present office force. Mr. Harrison had mentioned Betty, but they had to be sure of her integrity, hence the disagreeable test, which she passed with flying colors.

"Whew, but it's hot in here," gasped Betty.

"Let's sit out the next dance on the veranda, Betty."

"Oh, suppose you're settled down there for good now?" he went on.

"Oh, I don't know," and Betty's eyes sparkled merrily. "I was just thinking that if someone persuaded me properly I might be induced to try my luck at that other 'position' I was offered some little time ago."

And Betty, marveling at the peculiar workings of the feminine mind, was quick to follow up his advantage.

Rear Admiral Dunn Weds New London, June 23.—(By A. P.)—Rear Admiral Herbert V. Dunn, commandant of the First Naval District, with headquarters at Boston, was married yesterday afternoon to Mrs. Eleanor Cameron Palmer, of Baltimore.

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### And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR  
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START THIS STORY TODAY

THE trunk is filled with Rita's tapestries and embroideries, nothing else," explained Ruth. "I think we might take a chance."

"Did you help her pack?" Alice asked right here.

"Yes, and I saw everything that went into the trunk."

"I think it's taking a silly chance."

"We all have to take chances in friendship," This from Ruth.

"I know we do, Ruth," Scott's tone was impatient, "but Rita has acted so unfairly about everything, she certainly hasn't done her part in the friendship."

"Well, there's no need of arguing about it," Ruth returned, determined not to give in. "We ought to do one thing or another and not stand here talking about it."

It was she who unlocked the door of the apartment next door, thinking as she did that it was perhaps for the last time, and all three of them stepped into the dark apartment.

"Light!" shivered Alice. "It's creepy in here. Let's have some light."

Ruth's fingers fumbled for the switch in the hall and she snapped it on. The little hall, despoiled of its draperies, looked bare and ugly. Rita's lovely things had somewhat veiled the ugly



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