# AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

## II—Gates of Eden

MARY, immaculately well dressed and pretty in a blue tweed suit and jaunty tam, swung out of the station gates and was almost tripped up by the kneeling figure of a strange young man who was tinkering with a motorcycle.

MAY CHRISTIE

He scrambled hastily to his feet and removed a most dilapidated hat of the sombrero type from a very attractive, boyish head. Vivid blue eyes smiled into Mary's from a sunburned, clean-cut face. It was a handsome, devil-may-care young face, and Mary realized that interesting fact at once.

"Oh, say! I hope I didn't hurt you? But this darned machine has gone and stalled on me!"

"You didn't hurt me in the least," she answered briskly, not unconscious of the admiration in the stranger's eyes. "I'm sorry you're in difficulties. I'm going on to Westgate; I must hurry."

"I'm going that way too, by this short cut through the fields. I can't fix the old machine at all. D'you mind if I walk with you?"

His tones were so respectfully anticipatory that Mary couldn't well refuse him. And they proceeded at a brisk pace side by side.

She left the conversation to the stranger. And from the manner in which he tackled it it appeared to be in competent hands.

"This part of the country is very pretty, but it somehow cramps a fellow; Kind of small and—and sort of stifling! Don't you think so," he observed in tentative fashion.

Without waiting for an answer he proceeded:

"Guess I'm used to great wide spaces, where there's lots of elbow room. Spent the last five years in Alaska. It's a rough, happy sort of a life—and suits me—only—"

He broke off, his eyes on Mary's pretty upturned face.

"Only—what?" she queried. Yes, he was very handsome.

"Oh, nothing." An attempted carelessness was in his tone. "Just the loneliness, you know—"

She raised inquiring brows.

"But aren't there lots of men up there?"

He nodded absentmindedly.

"Oh, yes, a heap of men." He emphasized the last word.

"Tell me about your life," she said, impulsively. "I'm awfully interested."

This mightn't be conventional—but New York seemed very far away.

He talked, and talked, and talked. Of strangely thrilling lands; of queer adventures; gold-digging in the Yukon; sleigh riding in the frozen zone; weird, ghostly nights when the hungry huskies moaned around his frozen shack.

From Alaska to South Africa, that land of sweeping veldt and glorious air. The jackals' call at night; the thrill of long, dangerous trekking, with the camp beside some rushing river; high moon; grape harvest; the sweet scent of gardenias and a thousand flowers—

"Oh, I would love it all!" cried Mary, breathless. Hadn't she dreamed for years about the vast expanse of all these distant places! Oh, to travel, travel everywhere! Freedom—

"Go on," she said. "Go on. Don't stop!" Her pretty face was flushed and eager.

"You make me talk too much," he said.

"Won't you tell me something of your own life, please?"

Mary flushed. She spoke a little hurriedly.

"Oh, I'm the most humdrum creature in the world. I do assure you. I feel ashamed. Compared with your thrilling career I'm just a sort of cipher. Like the office furniture, you know." The words came disjointedly. "I'm private secretary to a business man in town. That's all. Caged up all day."

When the three-mile walk was ended it seemed as though they were old, old friends. Youth, propinquity, the magic of an autumn day and that indescribable "something" in two kindred natures had achieved the miracle!

And yet—when he left her at the entrance to the Barley Mow Mary didn't even know his name.

"When you're all fixed up and your business done perhaps you'd lunch with me?" he had volunteered, half-timidly.

"They serve quite a good meal here in the inn."

Mary had given no definite answer and had vanished. A few minutes later she went into the coffee room in search of Dick Calardin, holding in her hand the packet which Carrington Bellairs had sent to him.

To Mary's astonishment the coffee room contained only the figure of the tall young stranger. He was sitting by the fire, but rose immediately on the entry of the girl.

"The clerk at the desk told me that I'd find Mr. Dick Calardin here. I've brought a packet for him, all the way from New York. Can you tell me where he is?"

"He's here—right on this very spot," came the unexpected answer, as the strange young man held out his hand. "May I have the package? My name is Dick Calardin."

Tomorrow—Love's Dawn

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### Let the Matter Drop

Dear Cynthia—I am in love with an engaged man, and every time I see him I realize how much I love him and what he is really getting into by marrying this other girl. I know positively she is not worthy of him, but he is innocent of this fact. Should I tell him of her conduct with other men, for I really think he ought to know? Please, dear Cynthia, tell me what to do, for I love this man and cannot bear to see him married unhappily. LETITIA.

Hands off, my dear! I am sorry for you, but you must put this love out of your life. Your motives in telling things against this girl would be questioned, and it is really not your affair.

### All Men Do Not Dance

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly print this in answer to "Wondering" in your interesting column? She asks "Do all men dance?" I say no. I know plenty who do not dance, and have no inclination to do so either. Of course, I like to have an occasional dance myself, but I think it is too much for anybody to go dancing every night in the week as she says. These young men, like myself, like all good times, but as "Wondering" says, "It's hard to find a man who doesn't dance nowadays." Let's hope she meets somebody who doesn't, some day. Perhaps it would be quite interesting to her—who knows? Perhaps "Wondering" will reply to this.

J. H. F.

### Hopes She'll Meet Him Soon

Dear Cynthia—I have been very much interested in your column ever since I came to the city last September. I have never written to you because I have really had no problems. I want to answer "Wondering" if I may. Thank you.

Yes, "Wondering," there are some real fellows left. I know I don't dance, and know several fellows whom I consider nicer than myself who do not dance either. I am a student in the city, and some fellows tell me that you have to learn to dance in order to be popular, but I don't believe it, for several reasons. Cynthia is right; there are many worthwhile men who dance. But if you do not care to dance, and seem to be possessed of such a hatred for men who dance, I hope you meet some such fellow. You surely will, for there are quite a few of them around.

O. NOTSO GREEN.

### Wonders Which Is Prettier?

Dear Cynthia—Kindly advise me in this matter. I am a girl of twenty-seven and am considered very good looking by every one. I have a younger sister who is also good looking, but a different type. I am a brunette with large blue eyes, medium nose, medium-size mouth and round face. My sister has an oval-shaped face, smaller nose than I, smaller mouth, but her eyes are not near as pretty as mine. Do you think the prettier eyes make up for the difference of the features, and would you call me as good looking as her? Also advise me what I could do to make my nose a trifle smaller. The trouble is it's too broad.

MISS BOB WHITE.

As Cynthia has never seen either one of you she cannot say which is better looking nor can she see why they should be any question. Don't be silly, dear, be yourself and don't think so much about your looks. Be satisfied with your nose. It is virtually impossible to change your features. Practice thinking pleasant thoughts and do not worry and your face will please every one.

### Condemns All Dancing and Dancers

Dear Cynthia — You would never know that I am a true friend of your column. But not so much to some of its writers.

I read a letter from "Wondering" and from those who are condemning her. Dear "Wondering," you have your feet in the right place. Now stand firm.

Cynthia has also advised the young readers to dance. Young folks fall into temptation often enough. Why do you tempt them?

Many persons have offered to teach me to dance, but a respectable person will not dance.

"Wondering" has not met Mr. Right yet. If she has not met one she truly loves, she should not a dance.

I would never wed a man who dances. I want respect. If there is true love in your heart for any one you will respect him or her.

Where is the little girl who is saying her prayers on rainy day. You are right, your Dad's worth millions. They are worth millions in money.

I am anything but good looking, but everywhere I go I make a new friend. I don't know how it is, but they all want to be my best friend. Yes, I am writing to you all "good luck" and let the clean-cut girls travel in the same boat to success. SMILES.

While improper dancing is never to be condoned or encouraged, the narrow mind which sees only evil in things that are not evil in themselves is a narrow mind indeed. What right have you to say that a respectable person will not dance?

My dear little girl, you are evidently very young and very misguided. When you know a little more of things in general and learn that many of the evils in the world is made evil by the unkind, you will perhaps make more charitable judgments about things and people. Look for good and you'll always find it.

# BLUE PANELS ON GRAY LEND UNUSUAL NOTE

By CORINNE LOWE

"Bunch, sister, bunch with care," is the alliteration which we continue to submit regarding that old obsessing jingle. "Punch, brother, punch, punch with care." From the spring modes that have been displayed so far it is quite evident, indeed, that the long and bloused waistline is still with us. We shall have to live through a summer of bunchy bodices. The above frock of gray serge shows the same old silhouette, varied by an unusual treatment of the navy blue silk panels. These panels, as well as corresponding strips over the arm, are laced with fine strips of gray serge. The narrow girdle is navy grosgrain ribbon.

# DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

## JUDGE OWL'S SECRETS

By DADDY

### The Fairy's Gift

JUDGE OWL found Peggy and Billy eager to hear about the Wild Flower Fairy and how King Bird got his crest of orange red.

"King Bird wanted a crown," began Judge Owl. "He had heard that kings had crowns and as his name was King Bird he thought he ought to be just like other kings.

"But King Bird didn't know much about crowns and didn't know where he could get one. He tried wearing a dandelion blossom for a crown, but he found it a lot of bother. He had to hold very still to balance it on his head, and whenever he saw a bug flying by and darted after it, the dandelion crown would topple off.

"Next he tried a crown of woven grass, which Mrs. Oriole made for him, but that kept slipping over one ear or dropping in front of his eyes, and it was as much of a nuisance as the dandelion blossom crown.

"So King Bird sat on a post and told his trouble to every one who could hear him. 'I want a crown,' he chirped. 'I want a crown to fit my name. Some one bring me a crown.'

"But no one brought King Bird a crown.

"As he sang for a crown, King Bird's bright eyes happened to notice nearby a pretty wild flower dancing in the wind. The wild flower seemed very happy, but all of a sudden it stopped its graceful dancing and began to shiver and to shake.

"King Bird looked to see what was making the wild flower shiver and shake and he saw half a dozen bugs circling impishly around it.

"'Sweet, sweet, wild flower, we are going to eat you,' sang the bugs in buzzing voices. 'We wil sip your honey and feast upon your dainty petals.'

"King Bird knew that the bad bugs would do as they said—they would sip the wild flower's honey, and they would feast on its petals, leaving it to wither and die. And no one was near to save the wild flower from its cruel foes.

"King Bird, as you know, is a bold chap, but he has a kind heart. When he saw the trouble of the wild flower, he darted from his perch, and in less than half an owl's hoot, he gobbled up every one of those bugs.

"The wild flower was very grateful, and thanked King Bird.

"'Never mind thanking me!' said King Bird. 'I was glad to gobble those bugs. Go on with your dancing, and if any more bugs come along I'll eat them before they can eat you.'

"The grateful wild flower went on with her dancing, and she was so graceful and pretty King Bird enjoyed the sight very much. At the same time, however, he kept a sharp watch for bugs and gobbled a dozen or more that sought to eat and kill the wild flower.

"At last, the wild flower got tired of dancing, and prepared to close her petals for her night's sleep. Then she called to King Bird: 'You have been kind to me and I will repay you. Is there any thing you wish?'

"'Yes,' answered King Bird promptly. 'I wish for a crown, but I know you can't give me that, for you are only a helpless flower.'

The wild flower laughed a tinkling little laugh. 'Yes, I'm only a flower,' she said, 'but I am a fairy flower. Put your head down here, and I'll give you a crown.'

"That astonished King Bird but he did as she said and bowed his head before the Wild Flower Fairy. The fairy bent over and kissed him on top of the head.

"'Now fly away and look into a pool. You will see on your head a crown that will feed you when you are hungry and protect you in danger.'

"Still more astonished, King Bird flew away to a pool and looked at himself in the water. Sure enough, there on the top of his head, where the fairy had kissed him, was a smart orange red crown—just the kind of a crown for which King Bird had been wishing.

"King Bird flew back to thank the Wild Flower Fairy, but he found her fast asleep, and that is where you children should be now. Slumber soundly and tomorrow night I will tell you how King Bird's crown fed him when he was hungry."

# WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

An Easter dinner—which may be given on Easter Sunday, Easter Monday or any other day of Easter week—should be most distinctly springlike. The favors or dinner cards may be shaped in the form of Easter lilies or of Paseh eggs. The menu should include dishes associated with the vernal season, broiled shad, spring lamb or spring chicken, new potatoes, green peas, watercress salad, mint jelly, strawberry shortcake, etc. For an entree "the surprise egg" is a delicious joke. Each diner is served with what appears to be a poached egg, but which, in reality, is a half peach surrounded by sweetened and flavored whipped cream. The canned California half peaches give the exact form and color of an egg-yolk.

Some hostesses prefer violets and lilies-of-the-valley or daffodils with pussy willow for springtime table decorations, although, if the more pronounced fragrance is not objectionable, hyacinths and narcissi may be used.

# AREN'T YOU SICK AND TIRED OF ALL YOUR WINTER THINGS?

*Wouldn't You Give Anything to Be Able to Wear Your New Spring Suit in the Morning Without Being Sorry for It by Evening?*

THANK goodness it's almost April! Aren't you sick of that winter coat with all that fur around your neck?

Don't you groan with sympathy every time you go anywhere near the zoo or the circus and see all those animals all done up in their winter furs?

And yet you're afraid to get into lighter things until you're sure it's going to stay warm all day.

You get ready for the office in your new spring suit without a sweater under it, because you're perfectly certain that it's going to be nice and warm all day—and, anyhow, you can't stand that heavy, shabby, tiresome old winter thing another minute, if you catch your death!

You feel so proud and adventurous in the morning, everybody else looks so hot and uncomfortable and old clothesy, and you're so cool and comfortable and well dressed.

AT NOON when you go out to lunch, it has started to blow a little, and you shiver heroically as you shrug your shoulders and say it's just because you're not used to it that you feel chilly.

But at night when you go home the change has been completed and by the time you get into the trolley or train that will take you home you are so cold that you can hardly talk.

You slink in with wobbling knees and red nose and wonder how you will ever walk that short distance up to the house. Other people in nice warm, shabby old coats with fur up around their ears look at you contemptuously.

"Poor fool!" they seem to be thinking. "She had to dress up and now she's suffering for it."

OH, IT'S a hard day, but you put it all over on them in return the next day or two.

It's sunshiny in the morning, but it has been so cold the day before that you are sort of afraid to take chances, so you put on the old suit, with its shiny skirt, and put the safety pin in a new place so that it won't go into the hole that it has worn in the belt, pull on the coat with its rubbed lining and dusty fur, and thank your stars for the new hat which helps a little.

It's hot on the train and you suffer, while all about you other girls have blossomed forth with light tan, light green, navy blue and henna. One has even gone so far as to pin a daffodil on her coat.

At noon it's a little better, and you can fasten your coat without howling for relief.

And at night when you go out into the street, you sniff the cold, fresh air, and snuggle contentedly down into that shabby old fur.

On the train you meet the girl with the daffodil—and you don't know which one of the poor, frozen, miserable things you pity more.

You smile comfortably as you open the evening paper and read "Fair and warmer, light winds shifting to westward!" whatever that means.

You got away with it today anyhow! But tomorrow is another day, and what will it be like?

OH, IF only the weather would straighten itself out and be either hot or cold, so that you can grit your teeth and stick to the old winter suit—

Or show them in a sweet smile above that lovely new one that you've had ever since February 5—when they marked all their suits down 10 per cent.

# "FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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*The marriage of Frances Carter and Jerry Pope began on a fifty-fifty basis, for Frances was making good money and insisted upon paying half the bills. However, it didn't work out well at all, for Jerry was the type of man who wanted to be at the head of his household—and there are many men like him. When the Harlowes moved into the same apartment house, Clarissa was the typical clinging vine and played up her kittenishness for all it was worth. It was then that Frances felt that she had made a mistake and she tried her best to rectify it. Only Jerry could not see her in any different light, no matter what she did.*

CHAPTER XXXII

## Odious Comparisons

NOW everybody knows that brains, coupled with more than a fair amount of attractiveness, make a dangerous combination. Frances had brains but she also fox-trotted rather well, and she had the temperament that went well with red hair. She did not care anything at all for Jim Harlowe, but it was easy to make him think she did. It was the easiest thing in the world to look up at him from under long, black lashes with an expression that was anything but platonic, and if Frances did this more than she should have it was probably due to the fact that Clarissa had done the same thing with Jerry many times in the past.

So it was that when the Pages left the Harlowe apartment after several dances with satisfactory conversation and a mild stimulating punch for which Jim was famous, it was not at all strange that Jim should turn to Clarissa with an enthusiastic remark about Frances.

"And the funny part of it is," he went on, "that at first I didn't think much about her one way or another. I got into the habit of looking upon her as the brainy type, but gee whiz, she's there! If she writes as well as she dances and talks, she must be a wonder."

"Yes, you're quite fond of her dancing," Clarissa remarked acidly.

"Oh, now see here, Clarissa, don't play the cat. Frances has always been nice to you, much nicer than you've ever been to her. I've said some pretty often things to her and she's always been nice about it."

"I suppose you think she was nice to me at that dinner she gave. I never had such a terrible time in my life as I did that night."

"That was because you weren't being fascinating. Your nose was out of joint because the men didn't dance as much attendance on you as you thought they should have."

Jim said this absolutely without rancor; he had no intention of hurting his wife, but he was being franker with Clarissa than he ever had before. She gasped, stared at him a moment and then burst into tears. Frances would have scorned this feminine weakness, but Clarissa had always found it very efficacious in the past. Jim was always full of contrition and eager to make amends. But tonight as she cried stormily into her handkerchief Jim made no effort to apologize. Frances had done her work well. She had flattered his vanity by letting him talk to her about his business, and she had taken enough interest to make an occasional intelligent remark. Consequently, Jerry was not prepared for tears tonight. He thought them rather silly. He remembered that in the past Clarissa had always put him in the wrong with her tears. Why couldn't she be fair and rational? And certainly he hadn't said anything to make her cry like that.

He sat and watched her, a diminutive little figure cuddled in the big arm chair. Clarissa did not cry well, she wept like a child, noisily, and her face got too red and her eyes swelled up, and altogether he didn't like it. He wished that Clarissa would take an interest in what went on in the world. He couldn't get her to read the papers, nor even the books that were worth while.

Of course, he loved her, wasn't she his wife? But he did wish she had more control. He didn't feel in the least like going to her and taking her into his arms and comforting her. He wanted to shake her and tell her to stop her nonsense. He couldn't imagine Frances crying over anything. She would stand up and take her own part with some spirit.

Clarissa, looking up suddenly, saw his eyes gazing reflectively into space. He wasn't thinking about her at all, he didn't care! He didn't love her any longer, that was it, for always before he had cared terribly when she cried.

(Tomorrow—A One-Sided Quarrel)

## Driving Nails

It is very hard to drive a nail into a plastered wall without several failures. The result, even after you are successful, is usually surrounded with a pattern of "bullet holes," where you have aimed and missed. But if you drop the nail for a minute into hot water before you start your attempts, you won't have to make so many, and there will be fewer holes.

## Adventures With a Purse

HE SHOWED me some of his work, and I was simply amazed. There was a lovely antique beaded bag, perhaps a hundred years old, that had been discarded, so battered and worn it was. But he had taken it, and with skillful needle had accurately matched the original design, made a new fringe for the bag, and fashioned the top so that it no longer drew together with strings, but could be put on a frame. There was another beaded bag that had what looked to be a big piece bitten right out of the center of the elaborate pattern of beads. And so well had he mended it, it was plain to be seen that when he had finished with it, it would again be as good as new. Then there was a mesh bag badly torn and broken at the corners, and another of which only the top remained. The first he was going to mend putting new links to take the place of those that were lost; to the second he was going to put an entire new mesh to the valuable top. This then, is the kind of work he does and does it with all the skill and pride in his work of the true artist. If you have a beaded bag or mesh bag that needs repairing, by all means take it to him. His prices are modest.

Another thing I want to tell you about is the remedy for iron rust. It comes in a bottle and is a sort of powder. One holds the spot over a cup of steaming water, and pours some of this powder on it, dipping the material gently up and down until the spot disappears. These directions sound so simple and convincing, and the results are so enthusiastically guaranteed, I wanted you to know about this simple preparation. The price of a bottle is twenty-five cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

# THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

### A Question of Style

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Could you tell me in your column whether or not capes will be in style this season? Some say they will be with those who have them left over from last year, and some say new stocks of capes will come in. Which is right? A READER.

The capes and wrappy sort of coats are still in vogue, and a number of these are being seen, so that not only the person who has last year's cape is wearing this kind of wrap, but also the girl who is getting a new spring costume.

### Has Weak, Thick Ankles

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me what I can do to reduce and strengthen my ankles? I never had any trouble with them till last summer, when they grew weak and swelled terribly, leaving them very thick and unsightly. M. P. S.

Going upstairs is about the best exercise you can take for weak, thick ankles, but, of course, you cannot do that very long without getting tired. Hold on to something and rise up on your toes and down again until your ankles get tired. Don't overdo it, but start with about ten times, then get gradually up to fifteen and so on. Do it every morning or every night. But remember that if you do it after you have felt the ache that means your ankles are tired, you will only hurt them, so be very careful with it. This exercise will be rather slow in gaining its result, but keep at it and you will be pleased with the way it brings down your ankles.

### Three Questions and a Hint

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you kindly answer the following questions?

How to clean a light gray silk poplin dress that has automobile and other stains on it?

How to press men's ties, without making them glossy?

Does the city cut the trees in front of houses free of charge?

I see where "C. P. H." would like to know how to starch crash doilies. I starch mine in very thin boiled starch and then put them through a wringer. They look like new.

A CONSTANT READER.

Your dress should be cleaned with a dry substance, such as French chalk, for there is no danger of a ring being left around the place where the spot was, as is often the case with the liquid solvents. Spread the dry, over each stain and work it around carefully until it becomes gummy. Shake or brush it off and repeat the operation until the stain has virtually disappeared. Then apply another layer of the powder and allow it to remain on over night, after which you will find that the spot is completely gone.

In pressing the ties place a towel over them, and this will prevent the iron from making them shiny. Do not have the iron too hot.

Yes, the city trims these trees free of charge. The work is in charge of the Park Commission and is done in the fall and winter.

It is very kind of you to pass along your valuable suggestion for laundering the dollies. These things are appreciated.

## The Question Corner

### Today's Inquiries

1. What is the latest fad in looks among the women of Paris?
2. How can an inexpensive opaque shade for the bedside lamp be made?
3. Describe a convenient bucket which saves time and trouble in wringing out the mop or floor cloth.
4. In order to get an even color in dyeing, what must be done constantly while the article is boiling?
5. What style of dress is correct for a dinner given at a hotel by a club or at a convention?
6. In what way are the newest sport sweaters made?

### Yesterday's Answers

1. A round piece of gray velvet, edged with narrow gray lace that falls slightly over the brim, is a charming arrangement which lends distinction to last year's spring hat.
2. The mother can keep her baby secure in his couch by means of a leather strap, which goes around his waist and is fastened to the couch on each side in such a way that it still allows him room to move around.
3. An attractive skirt for an afternoon frock of Canton crepe has no edge stitching at its waistline and bound with the same material, while a plain underskirt hangs a bit below it.
4. Black crushed peau and black feather trimmings finish some of the most up-to-date of gray suede shoes.
5. When the cork in the top of a bottle of glue sticks, a piece of suede can be tied in its place, which also prevents the glue from getting dry.
6. Several narrow, bracelet-like bands of plaiting form a quaint touch that is found on a pair of long white silk gloves.


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Next day hot—
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SEE THIS NEW Electric Automatic SEWING MACHINE Portable Noiseless

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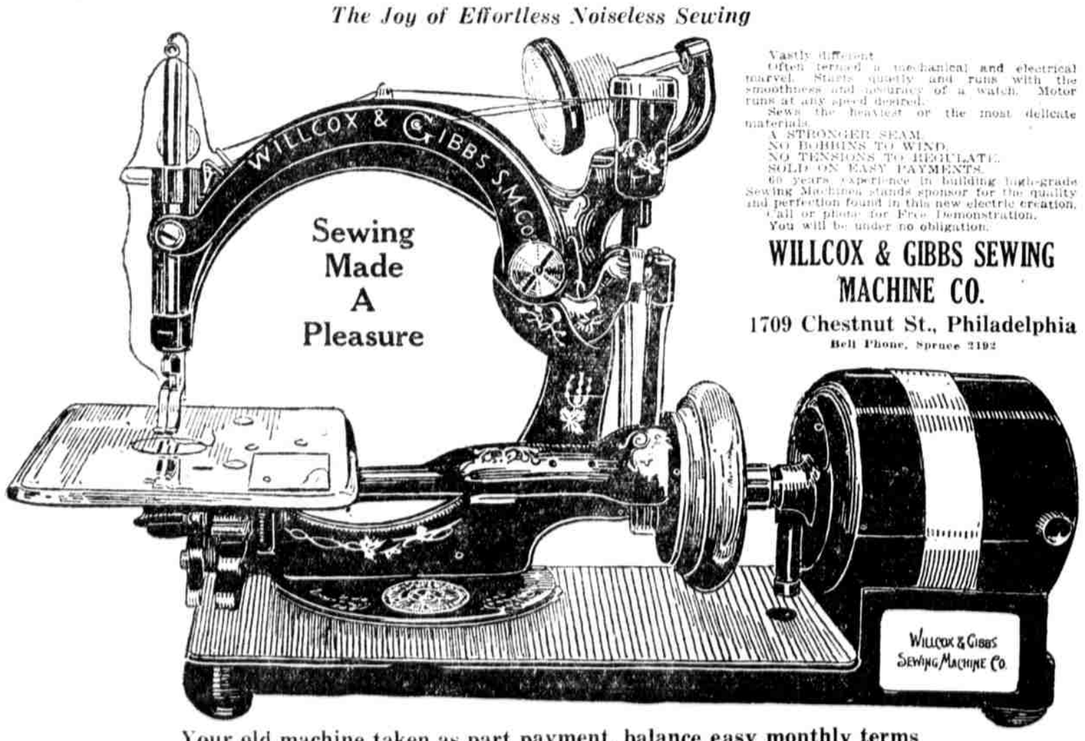


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