# AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

## VI—Julian Vandaveer

SHE tilted her small, piquant face up under the electric light, eyeing it critically. Eve's good looks evidently were her principal stock-in-trade—and she knew it. She half-closed one eye, and skillfully applied a touch of darkening pencil, thrusting her head on one side the better to view her handiwork.

MAY CHRISTIE

"Men do so like smart women!" she observed to the pretty, artificial little image in the glass. "They're just like sheep, constantly playing the old, old game of 'Follow my leader.' Popularity pays—in more ways than one."

Mary listened with a heavy heart. Was this indeed the type of woman to attract a man like Dick Calardin? But, no! She wasn't going to let herself believe that Dick was seriously attracted to Eve. * * *

Eve's rather sweet but artificial tones went on:

"I can't think why you insist on sticking to that dead-and-alive job in the city—with your good looks buried all day long."

Mary flushed awkwardly.

"I like my work. I'd hate to be without it. And—oh, I'm working my way up the ladder—slowly——"

Eve's sneer was hardly veiled as she replied:

"A mighty slow climb, my dear girl. Men don't appreciate a business woman. Now, if I were in your shoes——"

"Yes? What would you do?" Mary's curiosity was faintly aroused.

"I'd play my looks up, for one thing. And play some man up for the others. My dear, they're just like children—all of them—if you know the way to handle them! Look at me now—I'm well-dressed—successful—with a future before me! In the last four years I've had a corking time! And how? Because I understand the gentle art of handling men, forsooth! It pays!"

"But—I imagined—you were financially independent—" Mary spoke a little timidly. She was perpetually afraid of hurting others' feelings—a fear unknown to the intrepid Eve.

"Oh, poof!" remarked that damsel, airily. "I'm absolutely stony! Broke to the wide world! Did no one ever tell you? I haven't got a copper—or a bone!"

"Then, how—?" Mary broke off, embarrassed.

Eve sank into the seat opposite her, drawing up her rich fur coat, for the night was chilly.

"How do I manage to dress decently and go everywhere?" she queried. "Worldly common sense, my child! The art of handling men and flattering them!" She squared her shoulders and sat forward, eyes aglow. "Take Carrington Bellairs, for instance. If I only tackle him the right way, at the right time and in the right mood, I can get almost anything out of him!"

She drew a gold coin purse from the pocket of her coat.

"Pretty little bauble, isn't it? I got it—let me see—from—from" a reflective light shone on her face—"oh, yes, from Julian Vandaveer, the boy who's meeting me tonight. A dear soul—tons of cash—but requires artful handling. I know just how to deal with him."

"If I tire of Dicky, it's quite possible that I may marry Julian," she went on. "His ideas aren't quite so high-falutin' and idealistic as poor Dicky's. So matrimonial life with him would not be such a strain."

When they reached the New York railway terminus a tall, fair young man came striding forward and greeted Eve effusively. He was good-looking in what Mary thought an unattractive sort of way. There was obstinacy in his face, but little of real strength or courage. He had evidently reached the early thirties without any deep impress from life.

"This is Julian Vandaveer," said Eve languidly, introducing him to Mary. Then she added:

"I'm staying for a couple of nights in town—please give my guardian this address should he desire to telephone to me." She handed Mary a card whereon was inscribed the name of a smart woman's club. Then, sotto voce:

"And please promise not to breathe to any one the fact that I'm engaged to Dick Calardin. Say that you won't—or I shall worry terribly."

Julian Vandaveer had turned his back on them. And Mary flung a glance in his direction.

"Oh, he doesn't know," whispered Eve adroitly. "He's not the type of man to waste a cent on any engaged young woman, let me tell you." She suddenly caught Mary's hand and gave it a little squeeze. "Do say that you promise?"

Mary nodded. And Eve, completely satisfied, departed in a taxi with her friend.

Monday—Love's Dreams.

# Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

## The Message of Easter

OF ALL the holy days of the Christian year, Easter plows deepest into the human soul.

Its very name is derived from the name of a goddess who was the personification of spring, of the rising of the sun, of things new and fresh and charged with gladness and hope.

Easter celebrates the Resurrection—and the return of spring, with all its triumphant significance that eternally beckons forward the human race.

Easter is the time when the frosts and storms of winter have spent their power, when Mother Nature at last has succeeded in bursting through her suffocating fetters, when her vast creative energy starts once more to function and provide.

Then the life of flowers is driven back into the roots; trees, revitalized, lift up their leaf-colored greening boughs; blossoms, reborn, commence again to bud; birds sing; field and meadow, forest and farm everywhere proclaim to the world that tempests and setbacks and hardships and failures are simply fertilizers for growth; that the thing to do is to stop grieving over misery and misfortune and to continue searching, probing, groping and striving; that the outlook is never so black as it seems, and that though all about is night there is always light—ahead.

Spring is Nature's attempt to make us understand that we can begin again; that the past will take care of itself if only we will give the present a chance; that not time nor clime, nor environment, nor handicap can permanently keep down a man who may fall down but refuses to lie down.

So, Easter is not only a season for rejoicing and commemoration—it is God's message of cheer and inspiration.

It is His voice whispering to us through all His resurrected children that it is always the right moment to set forth anew; that so long as we have the strength to attempt, it is never too late to try again; that if we can resist and persist and "come back"—with unbroken spirit and unflagging effort and undiminished determination to win—few hopes or ambitions are vain.

# THE DAILY NOVELETTE

*The Scarlet Thread*

By Sylvia Dinsmoor Bell

In the warp of life the threads are mostly gray, with here and there an occasional vivid red. Some find more scarlet than others, but most of us find wide spaces of gray between—dull, lusterless gray that stands out in sordid contrast against the beautiful splendor of the scarlet threads.

Sometimes we are caught in the net of gray, we struggle blindly, we beat frantically against the unyielding threads that are ever closing in about us, shutting out light and hope. Till at last, weak and weary, we cease the futile struggle. But we have not been cheated, for we escape from memory's scrap heap a single gleaming golden thread which we cherish as the scarlet thread of life.

The factory whistles were blowing for the noon hour as Jane Hubel dipped up steaming cabbage from the kettle. She knew that in exactly eight minutes Stephen and the four boarders would be home for dinner, so she hurriedly set the dishes of hot meat and vegetables on the table.

It was one of those not rare days in August, when everything seems to stick. A fly persisted in getting on her arm, and would immediately return after she brushed it off; a wisp of hair blew down on her forehead and stayed there; perspiration trickled down over her cheeks and into her neck, and the steam rising from the hot cabbage increased her discomfort. Her dress, as she moved to and fro again and again in order to polish her wrought-up feelings.

Jane, looking through the door, thought how she hated those gaudy, shiny coal stoves with indigent black scum in the cracks from years gone by, after their hasty wash before dinner, were not much improved. Their ditty shirts turned away from their necks, left a V shaped opening of tanned skin, into which the dirty streaks had wedged their way until it had the appearance of dark brown leather.

A sudden feeling of resistance swept over Jane as her eyes rested on her husband, tipped back in his chair, contentedly smoking a pipe. He was only unobtrusively generous, she thought. But she knew as well as he was go on in the same monotonous way, so deep in a rut that he could never get out, and she was dragging by with him. She looked into the future and saw nothing but hard work, drudgery, monotony.

Thoughts of pity for herself often put mind. He was a millstone around her neck. If it weren't for him she might rise from her present level. Yet she conceded he was always generous and kind to her. She could not remember that he had ever spoken roughly to her.

She wondered why she was so far below the level of her ideals. Every fiber of her ambition struggled for recognition. She wanted to dress up and go to church Sundays same as the rest of the women. She wanted to belong to the Ladies' Aid and enjoy the usual pleasures of the middle class woman. Even those who knew her well could not realize the longing that filled her heart.

Going over her past life she realized too well the reason for her present position. In her younger days she had been as happy as a girl could be. Her mother, in spite of the father's weakness, managed to give her all that other girls of her class had, and so she enjoyed all the pleasures of the small town girl. When she was in her early teens her mother died and she and her father were left alone.

Her father, always easily influenced, then yielded to the entreaties of undesirable friends. He spent all his money for drink, and in time the house became shabby in appearance and Jane was forced to go to work in order to live. She gradually drifted away from her friends, unwilling for them to know the true circumstances in which she lived. Then one terrible night her father was brought home dead, the victim of a gambling den tragedy. She felt the disgrace keenly and in her loneliness and sorrow turned to her one friend, Stephen Hubel, for solace. The sense of companionship was very comforting to Jane and in time she married good-natured, generous-hearted Stephen.

She realized now that they belonged to different worlds. As she sat there, her hands resting idly in her lap, she wondered if it would not be better to leave Stephen.

She carried this thought in her mind for several days until it became an obsession. She tried to repress it, but, like a mighty surging wave, it overwhelmed her. She decided not to tell Stephen; she hadn't the courage to face the consequences.

So she chose a day in late summer for her departure, and as she waited for the train to take her away she listened again to the noon whistles blowing—a note of triumphant freedom went over her. Never again would they summon her to her dishwashing and drudgery. Never again would those pot-piring men stroke their beards at her dinner in her, for she was going to a different world where her broken and crushed ideals could be brought to life.

The sound of a fire alarm interrupted her reverie, and she heard the approach of the fire truck.

As she followed the origin of the excitement, she saw Stephen coming from the coal shoots on his way to dinner. Deafened by the queer roar of falling coal he failed to notice the oncoming truck and walked directly in its path.

Jane gave a little cry of warning and ran toward him, but she was too late. A crowd had gathered, and as she pushed her way through she heard some one say: "He's seriously hurt. Rush him to the hospital." She felt weak and dizzy, and she swayed as steadily as she saw them lift Stephen's limp form into the ambulance.

Sometimes through some unusual circumstances, which makes us see sunlight, we discover that the thing for which we have searched most diligently was close by all the time. And in that instant when Jane saw the doors of the ambulance close on the limp and silent form of her husband she suddenly recognized a scarlet thread in her life in Stephen's unstinted love for her.

Next complete novelette—"Leave It to Wife"

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### "The Three Pals" Are Grateful

Dear Cynthia—We wish to thank you and the readers who have answered us for the advice and encouragement given. It surely has helped us a great deal. May we say a few words to "Frank"?

Yes, "Frank," we have seen the drummer with his little brown derby; in fact, we are very familiar with him, and also with the birds that patent leather their heads and would be delighted to take us home. Rest assured, "Frank," we wouldn't give those fellows a second look.

To the "Love Nest," "Helen," and "Vincent," we thank you all and trust to hear from you real soon through Cynthia's column.

THE THREE PALS.

### Is It Better to Have Loved and Lost?

Dear Cynthia—Do you believe that it is better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all?

We hope that some of your readers will also try to answer this puzzling questions. PINWHEEL JAZZERS.

It depends entirely on the individual. Some are much better off for having loved and lost, as sorrow can strengthen character, and it makes some of us better able to understand others and to help them; while others who hug their griefs to themselves would really be better off if they had not had that sorrow, as they allow it to sour their natures.

### "Wants to Reform"

Your mother has made mistakes, doubtless through a selfishness that she has no realization of. Do not get excited over the matter, just talk politely, but plainly to her and refuse to be so tied down. Show her affection and be at home for meals and do not leave her more than twice a week in the evenings, but start going to see other boys and girls, and if you work, tell her you have decided to keep enough of your money to take a friend to the movies or treat to ice cream at least once a week. Do not treat a strange girl who asks you to in the store. She must have been an ill-bred girl and it was well you could not comply with her request. But you should have more freedom and if you put it properly to your mother, she will surely understand. Be sure to be respectful and manly. It's very hard for a mother to realize that her little boy is growing up.

### Thinks Landlords Will Rent Earpuffs

Dear Cynthia—During the war it seemed to be sentiment of clothing manufacturers to make clothes tight-fitting and short as was deemed modest. This was supposed to be in the form of a patriotic idea and of course every one readily fell for this idea, especially the young women. This would be a fine chance to wear short skirts, and show their neat, trim ankles and the best part of it, they would be doing a patriotic duty. Very good, but how—how could you expect a fellow to go to France with such dainty sights around him? That was the question.

Now the war has been over two years and still our dainty young women persist in wearing their war clothes and the majority overdo it. Really, to walk on Chestnut street these days gives one an idea of being on the Hawaiian shores. It is surprising to see refined and unrefined women with their skirts up to their knees—yes, actually up to their knees. And did you notice the hosiery our female friends are wearing? Some made out of lace and some out of invisible hair nets. Oh, very, very fine, yes, very good—good for sore eyes.

Just look at the little girls just out of grammar school powdering and painting up like Indians on the warpath. And the movie garages they wear. I shouldn't be surprised to see and hear of landlords and agents renting them out. Something ought to be done to stop this. T. T.

### Says 'Smiles' Must Be Bow-Legged

Dear Cynthia—I have read with much interest the comments concerning dancing. Although not an expert dancer, I am good enough to take a girl out. Now, dear Cynthia, I am a working fellow and every night when I come home from work I find that I have nothing whatsoever to do. One night I go to the movies and then the next night I find that it would be tiresome to go to the movies over and over again. Isn't that the case? Now, after I come home from work and finish eating my supper I neatly comb my hair and go to one of the clubs or dancing houses and spend a few hours in enjoyment exercising my feet and have some fun. You may ass, sex reader about dancing and he will readily tell you that there is intense joy found in dancing. Where would I spend the few hours that I am off during the evening?

Now, concerning "Smiles" and a few other of the kickers, what are they trying to do, take the joy out of life? They say that they do not dance and do not care for it. "Smiles" at least admits that she is not good-looking and the way she talks about dancing I can readily judge her to be cross-eyed and bow-legged. I'll bet a man would never look at her, and that is the reason she is kicking. She shouldn't have signed her name "Smiles" but "Tears" or "Taking the joy out of our young life." Isn't that so? Cynthia, wouldn't that make you feel sorry? Of course, concerning the vulgar dancing, I must say that the fellow is as much to blame as the girl. Vulgarity occurs not only in dancing but many other things. So why picks on dancing. Now, Cynthia, if this "Smiles" would know how to dance and have a fellow look on her, perhaps she would change her idea about dancing. Come on fellows and girls, speak up and don't let those joy killers and the gloomers chase you around and always talk about us having a little enjoyment. I can imagine "Smiles" if she were invited to a ball or to a wedding and she would be standing against that wall and holding it from falling down, while others are enjoying themselves. Come on and hear from your readers. If you can't boost, don't knock.

ACORN

## The Question Corner

### Today's Inquiries

1. For the children's party, in what way are some delightfully unusual favors made?
2. Describe a novel strap for a slipper.
3. What is an attractive "second coat" for a photographer's tripod?
4. How is a quaintly pretty pair of garters made?
5. Which sort of furs are considered smartest for spring wear?
6. In what way can the top-story room, which has a slanting wall, be papered so as to lend it a charming, old-fashioned appearance?

### Yesterday's Answers

1. The newest kind of lighting fixture for the hall that is in itself an ornament to the room, is a square glass lantern suspended from a chain, with several candle-like lights inside.
2. A small tan leather bag has, instead of the usual handle, a strap on one side, such as is found on a number of flat pocketbooks.
3. A charming waist of white batiste has a shawl collar which extends to the bottom of the waist, and is trimmed with bars of hemstitching and frilling around the edge.
4. Dark, Japanese-looking cretonne can be very simply made into a cover that is effective beneath the glass of the tray on a tea wagon. The single box, with separate compartments, one above the other, is a convenient feature about the latest combination arrangement for powder and rouge.
5. To wear a cape of the same material with the sport suit is the fad nowadays.

# FOR EASTERTIME

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

Of course you have to have a new hat, and if you choose one of chinchilla satin like this, embroidered in striking squares and circles, you won't be sorry. A chenille tassel makes a piquant finish for this little hat. And a modern touch which brings it out in all its glory is the dainty handbag made of the same material, embroidered in the same design, which is always carried with it

# MRS. WILSON SUGGESTS SOME EASTER-WEEK PARTIES

*A Luncheon Menu With Seasonable Dishes That Are Delicious. Strawberry Cocktails Begin a Tasty Dinner*

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

(Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.)

THE Easter holidays make an attractive time to plan luncheon and dinner parties. The decorations may be made very lovely. Tiny little fuzzy artificial chickens may fill a nest made from a shallow basket for the centerpiece. A narrow ribbon can be run from each chicken to each place, with the place card at the end. Tie little favors to the leg of each chicken and just before serving the coffee have the guests draw the chick toward them. Little celluloid thimbles, with the initials of each guest marked on them, make very inexpensive favors.

Have the decorations of white and green, with either gold or purple candles. A bunny with a nest of Easter eggs may replace the chicks and thimbles, if wished.

EASTER LUNCHEON MENU
FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

South Sea Cocktail
Mangoes Olives Salted Nuts
Lobster in Timbale Cases
Crown Roast of Pork, Brown Gravy
Cranberry Mold Onions au Gratin
Endive Salad
Ice Cream Bellefontaine
Coffee

### South Sea Cocktail

Ream out the juice of a small grape fruit and chill. Now place in a cock tail glass

*One tablespoon of finely crushed ice.*
*Two tablespoons of crushed pineapple.*

Fill with the grapefruit juice and dust with cinnamon very lightly.

### Lobster in Timbale Cases

Cut bread into slices three inches thick. Remove the crust and carefully scoop out the center, leaving a thin shell or wall. Toast in the oven. Cook one and a half pounds of lobster and then open and remove the meat. Now place in a saucepan

*Two cups of milk,*
*One-half cup of flour.*

Blend flour and milk and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and then add

*One teaspoon of grated onion,*
*One teaspoon of lemon rind,*
*One and one-half teaspoons of salt,*
*One-half teaspoon of white pepper,*
*One-half teaspoon of paprika,*
*Yolks of three eggs,*
*Three tablespoons of butter.*

Beat to mix and then add the lobster meat cut in small pieces and

*One cup of peas,*
*Three hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters,*
*Two tablespoons of lemon juice,*
*Pinch of nutmeg.*

Heat slowly until scalding hot and then serve.

To serve: Place a paper doily on a service plate and set the timbale case on the doily. Fill with the prepared lobster. Now beat white of one egg until stiff and then fold in three tablespoons of whipped cream. Place a spoonful on top of each timbale and dust lightly with paprika.

Have the butcher prepare the crown roast of pork. Cover the top of the crown with wax paper until the meat is nearly cooked and then remove and let the bones brown.

### Chantilly Mold

Cut in pieces six apples. Add one-half cup of water and cook until tender. Rub through a sieve and then add

*Five tablespoons of sugar,*
*Three tablespoons of grated horseradish.*

Beat to blend and then add

*One and one-half tablespoons of gelatine,*

softened in four tablespoons of water and heated to dissolve. Beat to blend and then cool. Fold in one cup of whipped cream just before it sets. Rinse the custard cups with cold water and then turn in the mold and chill. Turn from the mold and serve on a plate with the crown roast. Garnish with a branch of parsley.

### Ice Cream Bellefontaine

Have the cream cut in blocks of eight to the quart. Cut thin slice of sponge cake, the size of the block of ice cream. Lay the cream on the cake and cover with another very thin slice of cake. Then garnish with Caledonian cream.

This Caledonian cream is made from the whites of three eggs, left over from the lobster timbale and one-half glass of apple jelly. Place in a bowl and beat with a dover style eggbeater until the mixture holds its shape. Garnish with a strawberry or cherry.

AN EASTER DINNER FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

Strawberry Cocktail
Celery Olives Salted Nuts
Fillet of Halibut Tartar Sauce
New Potatoes Parsley Butter
Roast Capon Brown Gravy
Cranberry Jelly
Asparagus New Peas
Cucumber Salad
Chantilly a la Careme Cafe Noir

### Strawberry Cocktail

Wash the berries before stemming and then cut them in half and add

*One cup of diced bananas,*
*Juice of two small grapefruit.*

Chill and then fill into cocktail glasses.

Have the fish dealer cut two slices of halibut about an inch thick. Remove the skin and trim into eight fillets. Place in a dish and cover with

*One onion, minced fine,*
*One leek, minced fine,*
*Bit of garlic,*
*Juice of one lemon,*
*Two tablespoons of salad oil.*

When ready to cook lift and roll lightly in flour. Dip in beaten egg and milk and roll in fine crumbs. Fry until golden brown in smoking hot fat. Place in oven to finish cooking.

### Tartar Sauce

*One and one-half cups of mayonnaise,*
*Tiny bit of garlic,*
*One onion, chopped fine,*
*Sour pickle, chopped fine,*
*One-half cup of capers,*
*One-half cup of finely minced parsley,*
*One teaspoon of salt,*
*One teaspoon of paprika,*
*One-half teaspoon of mustard.*

Mix and then chill until ready to serve. Scrape new southern potatoes, cover with boiling water and cook until nearly tender, then drain and cover with a napkin until ready to serve. When serving cover with a little melted butter and finely chopped parsley.

Select a capon weighing about seven and one-half pounds. Dress and use a filling if you wish it. Roast in the usual manner.

### Chantilly a la Careme

Have ice cream cut eight portions to the quart and then lay a block of the cream on a paper doily and mask with sweetened whipped cream, pointing the whipped cream into a cone shape. Sprinkle with crushed macaroons and finely grated sweet chocolate. Pour one tablespoon of sirup from the maraschino cherry bottle over all and garnish with a maraschino cherry.

### Cafe Noir

Make the coffee extra strong and then serve it clear.

# WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

When boy and girl prep students or college freshmen come home for the Easter week vacation, parties are usually arranged for them and for their school guests. Formal dinners are not given for sub-debs and P-teeds, and, in truth, the youngsters prefer noisier supper parties. Nor need regular invitations be sent far in advance, as is done for elder affairs. A brief and cordial note from the hostess-mother, or even an invitation by telephone, followed by a visiting card with the date and hours written in, will be sufficient notice to—and for—the boys and girls of the school set.

Dancing, music, college songs, parlor tricks, Easter-egg rolling and other diversions will furnish the much-desired "hilarious time" for the young vacationists. Dance cards may be egg or rabbit shaped. Supper should provide the favorite junior dishes—chicken, hot waffles with maple sirup, hot or iced chocolate, plenty of cake, strawberry ice and Easter egg confectionery.

# DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

JUDGE OWL'S SECRETS

By DADDY

### "Proud Patsy Parrot"

"WHOO! Whoo! Did you ever see a parrot in the Birdland woods?" asked Judge Owl, coming to tell Peggy and Billy their evening story.

"No," said Peggy and Billy together. "We never saw a parrot in the Birdland woods."

"Well, once a parrot came to the Birdland woods, and he would have been there yet, bossing all the birds, and making a nuisance of himself, if it had not been for King Bird."

"What did King Bird do?" asked Peggy.

"That is what I am going to tell you," hooted Judge Owl, settling himself comfortably on a limb of the tree, outside Peggy's window.

"The parrot's name was Patsy Parrot and he lived in a cage in a fine big house. He was a very proud parrot, because he had pretty red and green feathers and a crest on top of his head. Near his cage was a looking-glass and into this Patsy Parrot used to gaze by the hour, admiring himself and growing prouder every minute.

"'I'm a very handsome bird,' he told himself. 'I am much too handsome to be shut up in a cage where only a few persons can see me. I ought to be out in the woods with the other birds, so they can admire my beauty. And I ought to be their king, for I wear a royal crest on my head.'

"Thinking such thoughts, Patsy Parrot plotted to get free, and one day when his mistress forgot to lock the door of his cage, he crept out and flew through the window to the open air.

"'Aw-k! Aw-k! Now I am free. Now I will fly to Birdland and set myself up as king.' So squawked Patsy Parrot to himself.

"When he got to Birdland, he surely did make the birds open their eyes. They had never seen a parrot before, and they admired his brightly colored feathers. He was so haughty and proud they were a bit afraid of him, too, and were quite ready to accept him for what he said he was—a king. They brought him good things to eat, and they made a lot of fuss over him.

"This greatly pleased proud Patsy Parrot, and he became haughtier than ever, putting on royal airs, and acting very cross toward the birds who were bowing to him and bringing him food. The result was that the birds soon got very tired of having him for king and wanted to get rid of him.

"Now it happened that King Bird was away when Patsy Parrot came to Birdland. He came flying back toward evening, however, and was much surprised to see Patsy Parrot ruling as a king.

"'Say, who are you?' asked King Bird, perching on a stump in front of Patsy Parrot.

"'Can't you see? I'm a king,' squawked Patsy Parrot, wagging his crested head.

"'Humph! I'm a king, too,' declared King Bird showing his orange-red crown. Patsy Parrot looked at him crossly.

"'Well, you can't be king any longer,' declared Patsy Parrot. 'Your crown isn't as large as mine. You can be my footman, and clean up around my perch.'

"That made King Bird angry. 'You say you have a larger crown than I have, and that makes you king,' he chirped softly. 'If you should lose your crown and I kept mine, would I be king?'

"'Of course you would,' said Patsy Parrot crossly never thinking there was any danger of his losing his feather crown because it was grown tight to his head.

"'Well,' chirped King Bird, 'if it is only a matter of the size of crowns, we can soon settle this trouble.'

"And with that King Bird dashed at Patsy Parrot, and snatched one of the feathers out of his crown.

"'Aw-k! Ouch!' squawked Patsy Parrot. King Bird made another snatch and got another feather.

"'Aw-k Ouch! I'll punish you for that!' squawked the parrot, flying after King Bird. But he couldn't catch King Bird, who dodged and twisted, making Patsy Parrot look foolish. The birds laughed and giggled. King Bird kept just out of reach of Patsy Parrot's fierce beak, but rushed in often to snatch another feather.

"Patsy Parrot made the woods ring with his screams. The birds that had been afraid of him now laughed openly, as little King Bird tore out his crown a feather at a time.

"At last the last feather was gone from the crown. 'Now, I alone am king,' cried King Bird. 'Fly away home, or I'll tear every feather from your back. Scoot!'

"And Patsy Parrot did scoot. He flapped for home as fast as he had flapped away. He rushed into his cage and slammed the door shut so King Bird couldn't follow him. It was a sadder and wiser Patsy Parrot who gazed at himself in the looking-glass.

"'I told you I was king,' screeched King Bird, flying back home.

"And my next story will be about Robby Robin's robbing ghost," said Judge Owl, hooting softly, for Peggy and Billy had dropped off to sleep.

# YELLOW CHAMBRAY SUGGESTS SUMMER

By CORINNE LOWE

When summer is the employer, organdy never forgets to punch the time clock. It's always present, and oh, the things it finds to do! In today's costume of corn-colored chambray its services, although not spectacular, are thoroughly efficient, for it forms the collar and cuffs and pipes the skirt pockets and the hem of the blouse. In prompt return for this the yellow chambray pipes the white collar and cuffs. As to the frocks made of organdy, never were these more delightful. One of the most elaborate models from Paris, for example, shows a skirt embroidered with silver thread. And if you want something really charming get yourself one of the new organdy frocks with the new taffeta redingote of contrasting tint.

# YOU EXPECT THINGS TO BE MUCH SLOWER AFTER EASTER

*And You Make All Kinds of Plans About It on the Day Before—But Life Goes on in the Same Old Rapid Way*

THE day before Easter is a day full of promise.

At last, you think, winter is over and this long pull from Christmas is finished for another year.

Things seem to be starting now, the crocuses are up, the song sparrows have almost got back their whole song, robins are an old story, and the gardening fever is beginning to spread.

Shop windows have already bloomed in brightest colors and most tempting ginghams and voiles and linens.

Doesn't it set you crazy to see just exactly the yellow and white block that you tried to find all last summer displayed in the shops around about the time when you are trying to scrape up the price of a spring suit?

If only you could go in and say, "Now, I'll want that for this summer, but I won't be able to pay for it for about two more months. Just cut off enough for a dress and keep it until I call for it!"

IT WOULD simplify things, wouldn't it?

For you, perhaps, but what complications it would cause in the shops!

Perhaps, you think foolishly, there will be more time after Easter, things won't go so fast, and there won't be so much to do.

There will be more chance to sit down and plan things before rushing into them, more opportunity to think about them after enjoying them, more possibility of resting now and then and getting prepared for the next thing that comes along.

Oh, it seems as if there will be lots and lots of time that you can use as you will after Easter.

BUT, of course there won't be.

You will get up ten minutes late on Easter Monday, just as you always do.

There will be the same amount of time wasted in discussing the headlines after breakfast, the same fearful amount of dish-washing to do after that and the same hopeless feeling about what to order for dinner after that.

Sally will go off to the office just as usual, putting on her left glove as she goes down the street, wondering whether the man ahead of her is running because he is late, or because he feels that way, and whether she ought to run, too.

It isn't fair for anybody on a street of business people to walk unusually fast or take a few running steps just for pure joy.

It starts everybody else on the street first thinking, 'My heavens, Ed Jones is running; it must be late!" and then joining Ed in his double-quick.

CLUB meetings, card parties, good movies that you must see, chances to wear a new dress if you had one, and invitations to use concert tickets unexpectedly will all come along in the same old sudden way without giving any warning at all.

You won't have any more time to plan for them or discuss them afterward than you did in the middle of winter.

Some activities that took up your time then will have stopped, it's true, but there will always be something else to fill in that extra time.

No, there won't be any more ease after Easter than there was before.

But, isn't it nice to sit down on the day before Easter and waste some time thinking about how "slow and easy" things will be for you "after Easter"?

# "FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

*The marriage of Frances Carter and Jerry Page began on a fifty-fifty basis, Frances paying half the bills. However, it didn't work out well at all, for when the Harlowes moved into the same apartment house, Clarissa turned out to be the typical clinging vine, and in consequence her appeal to Jerry was very different from Frances' straightforward attitude. Frances began to feel that she had missed something in her relationship with Jerry and she set out to become very feminine. But although she made herself attractive to other men, Jim Harlowe in particular, she did not seem able to change Jerry's attitude toward her. Then came the blow in the form of a letter containing her discharge from the newspaper.*

CHAPTER XXXVI

## The Confession

FRANCES felt that she could not bear to have Jerry come home. How was she to tell him, and worse still how would he take it? It was bad enough to have Jerry treat her casually when she had her work to fall back on, but now with her pride trailing in the dust how was she to bear it?

However, she pulled the shreds of her pride about her and prepared to go through with it. When Jerry came home that evening she greeted him lightly as usual, but in the middle of the meal, the tears would somehow come, and try as she would she could not keep them from brimming over and sliding treacherously down her cheeks. Jerry, looking up suddenly, saw them, and for a moment surprise held him chained to his chair.

Then he was up out of his seat, and was coming around to her.

"Frances, Frances, sweetheart, what has happened? Are you ill?"

She felt his arms around her, enfolding her, holding her close, as he hadn't held her in weeks it seemed, and for a moment the blessed security of it brought her peace. She could only murmur over and over again his name while her arms crept up around his neck and her lips were against his.

Jerry was genuinely alarmed. Something must be terribly wrong, for Frances never cried. But he held her tenderly and waited for her to tell him. And then the news came out, bit by bit.

"And the worst of it is," Frances finished despairingly, "it's my own fault. I've been doing rotten work. I've been so busy dressing up and frivoling around spending money, that I've been sending in regular drivel, expecting them to print it."

Jerry was kneeling by her side now with his arms still around her, and as Frances paused she saw suddenly the expression on his face. It was the expression she had worked for all these months, the look of the gratified, all-conquering male. Now that she was robbed of her pride, dependent on him for everything, he was satisfied, happy. She was in a sense his goods, his chattel, his woman, to love and protect. At last Frances understood everything, for now she saw not only Jerry but man in his supreme egotism. It was Jerry's great moment. And then he was talking quickly and eagerly.

"I have something to tell you, too. I suppose you think I've been acting strangely of late, but there's a reason for it. I've been trying to put something through at the office and I've been worried some. You see, we've been spending a lot of money, too, and I needed every cent I could put my hands on."

Frances groaned. That was her fault and she would have said so, excepting for the reason that she had learned her lesson. What a man wanted first was a woman, not a partner, and no doubt in the light of the discovery she had just made, Jerry would not judge her for her extravagances.

"But everything is all right now," he went on, "things were fixed up today, and now I'll be able to give you everything you want, to take care of you as I want to. You won't need the money that you earned on the paper, dear, so don't worry."

"But," began Frances, and then abruptly stopped. How could she tell Jerry that it wasn't the money, it was the job that mattered. Now that she had him back again, now that he loved her as she wanted to be loved, how could she explain to him that there was something in her that cried out for recognition? And yet how hard it was not to be able to tell him the truth because she was sure he would not understand.

(To be Continued)

# The Woman's Exchange

### Spots From Ice Cream

*To the Editor of the Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—A friend of mine has a blue taffeta dress and she has spilled ice cream down the front of it. Will you please tell me what will take it out?

A DAILY READER.

Carbon tetrachloride will remove the spots. Apply a little of this with a soft cloth and work it in gently till the stains disappear.

### Exercising

*To the Editor of the Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you be kind enough to tell me the proper time to exercise, and if this is before or after meals? Is there any harm in washing my mouth with peroxide? H. K. M.

Exercise should be taken before meals and not right after. A great many people go through a series of exercises every morning before breakfast, and this is a very good thing to do.

If you use peroxide to wash your mouth with it should be diluted with water, so that a weak solution is formed. In this way it is not harmful.

### About Running

*To the Editor of the Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I am a male admirer of the Woman's Exchange and read each evening the advice you dispense so graciously to your readers. I do not know if I am writing to the proper authority or not for my question to be answered. Before coming to my question I would like to know the following: Why is it that the man has no exchange in your wonderful paper? The woman has one. Why not the man? That I do not understand. The men would appreciate it if a set section of your paper were given to their wants.

I am a young man attending college, and take great interest in track work, that is, running, jumping, weight throwing, etc. I am in my teens, am five feet ten inches tall and weigh 150 pounds. I can't afford to lose weight, but I think I have since I joined the track squad. Do you approve of running? I believe it strengthens the muscles of the legs and also increases the chest expansion, but at the same time you lose flesh considerably. They say running tends to weaken your heart. Is that true?

I had the flu and lost thirty pounds, but I am almost back to normal now. As a consequence I had depressions occur right under the collar bones; that is, the flesh gave away and these bones seem to protrude. I am well supplied with flesh in every other section of my body but right here. How can this be remedied? JOEY.

Haven't you forgotten the sporting page? That surely belongs to each and every man. And queries are often answered there.

It all depends upon the physical condition of a person as to whether running is good for him or not. It is very harmful to any one with a weak heart, making this condition worse.

Get your gym instructor to give you some exercise to develop the flesh around the throat. There are excellent arm exercises that can be used, and then using dumbbells is also a good thing to do.

# Adventures With a Purse

BUYING new shoes presents a certain problem. The price of shoes is rather high these days, and one must spend one's money wisely. The temptation is to patronize a shop that sells cheap shoes, but any one who has any experience in this matter knows that it does not pay to buy shoes that are too cheap, for they will not wear. The best plan is to find a shop that has moderate-priced, good quality shoes that are well shaped and which can be depended upon to wear. Such a shop I found, and for the last year I have bought all my shoes there. For this reason I know of what I speak when I recommend it. Just at present you can buy the lovely suede pumps, with the smart ankle strap, for $11 a pair—a moderate price for a good shoe nowadays. And for a brown walking pump sports model, with an ankle strap fastening with a brass buckle at the side, the price is $13. And you know you are getting good shoes there.

If you know a good dressmaker or tailor, who could make you a good-looking tweed suit within the price you can afford to pay, provided you can buy the material at a fair price, why then let me tell you about the tweed and homespun one shop has. The colors are mixed gray and black and brown and gray, all of them with touches of gray and black or brown in them. The material is fifty-four inches wide, and its price is only $3.75 a yard. Perhaps this information will put a tweed suit within your pocketbook reach.

And, oh, yes the same shop is having a sale of pocketbooks. The assortment consists of moire silk handbags, some with tops, others with ribbons that pull the top together; leather handbags in various sizes and shapes, and all sorts of extremely nice and dressy bags. No matter what your choice, the price is only $2.95, representing a real bargain.

For names of shops Address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 5000.

## Things You'll Love to Make

Rug for Play Cage

A sweet, useful little rug for BABY'S PLAY CAGE is shown today. Cut a piece of flannelette to fit the bottom of the cage. Cut a piece of cretonne the same size and of the pattern of the hangings in the room. Sew the two pieces together after padding with cotton. Quilt with ribbon or worsted. If baby has no play cage, use this rug for baby to sit on while playing on the floor.

FLORA.