AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

X—MARY'S RESOLVE

IT WAS on the following afternoon that Dick Calardin hurried into Mary's office to meet with such a strange reception!

That young lady's treatment of him fairly staggered Dick.

"I cannot keep an engagement with you now or at any other time!" she had said clearly, deliberately, with her pretty smoke-blue eyes upon his face.

"What . . . whatda you mean?" poor Dick had stammered, thunderstruck.

"Just what I say," she had retorted calmly, clicking energetically upon the keys of her machine. [illegible]

Mary shook her head.

[illegible]

So Dick had gone away [illegible] at his heart.

[illegible] What could have [illegible] a few short hours to so change Mary Drew, the dear girl of his dreams?

[illegible]

Meantime, Mary in her office tried to concentrate her mind on work—the panacea for all human ills, and particularly for heart trouble in its various aggravating forms.

But in small avail. Tears blurred [illegible]

MAY CHRISTIE

she couldn't read her own little pothooks.

Yesterday had been a glittering oasis in the desert. No, not an oasis, a mirage—a cruel mirage that had burst into view, then [illegible] at her. For Dick Calardin, the [illegible], was [illegible]. "Mirage" was a good word for their inadequate description.

Another tear trickled down on Mary's typewriter [illegible].

"Oh, this will never do! I'm foolish. I have [illegible]," she told herself. She gave herself an angry little shake. "Get on with your work, Mary Drew, and cease romancing!"

The door of the inner office opened and in strode Carrington Bellairs. He paused for a moment in front of Mary's typewriter. Although he smiled down at her, his face was as inscrutable as ever.

"Good afternoon, Miss Drew. Been busy? Did you deliver the package to young Calardin at the Barry [illegible]?"

"I did," said Mary [illegible].

"You look a little pale," said her employer. "I'm thinking that you're like myself, in need of a long spell of country air. Well, maybe I'll take a sort of semi-holiday, working out all absolutely necessary business over the [illegible] country place at Westgate. You must come down, too, because I'll need you. Your work will [illegible]."

Mary's heart leaped painfully. At the country home of Carrington Bellairs she would be close to Dick Calardin. Would she run the risk of seeing that fascinating young man every day? [illegible] in the Barley Mow, where Dick [illegible] the winding [illegible] road that led across the field [illegible] woods and [illegible].

"[illegible] this afternoon?" The voice of her employer cut into her painful reflections.

Mary raised her head.

"Mr. Calardin called. I told him to come back about this time. He's due at any moment."

"Then tell him to come in the instant he arrives," said Carrington Bellairs. "I particularly want to see him. I have a special proposition to put up to him."

He strode through to the inner office, leaving Mary to her work.

Tomorrow—Warning!

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Dopey" on Dancing

[illegible] let you know [illegible] reads your column, but in this writing I am not going to [illegible]. I am surprised to see that [illegible] is such a narrow-minded person [illegible] "Smiles." It must be a case of sour grapes with her. She says that no [illegible] person would dance, thereby insulting not only me but most of the readers of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. She states she would not marry a man who dances. My advice to her would be to go and find a legless man, for he would be about the only kind that could not dance. "DOPEY."

Asks, Is It Possible?

Dear Cynthia—May I say a word or two? I could not help noticing the letter signed "Two Goldfish." Is it possible a woman aged fifty could be so silly as to beg for men? Do they mean it, or did they put it in your column to see what effect it would have? Or is it [illegible] that age wants to show [illegible] they can be? Well, girls, when a woman aged fifty starts to talk about being considered [illegible] by the opposite sex and cupid-[illegible], and also having the luck of [illegible] twenty-five-year-old fellow in love with her, I think it is time to throw [illegible]. Am I right, girls? "CUPID."

[illegible] think they meant it? They thought they were funny. That was all.

A Number of Ifs

Dear Cynthia—This is the first time I have ever sought your wonderful advice, but I have been a daily reader of your column for some time.

I am a girl of eighteen and am in love with a young man of nineteen. Now, dear Cynthia, this young man is [illegible] about seven months for [illegible] I would [illegible] I don't want [illegible] and whenever I see [illegible] with a crowd. Now [illegible] I would like your advice. [illegible] young man speaks to me [illegible] take me out somewhere, and also what should I say when asking him to call as I never have had any young men call to see me? Also how should I introduce my mother and father to said young man.

Now, dear Cynthia, how can I find out if this young man cares for me yet? You may say by his proposing, but dear Cynthia, I am only eighteen, and have several years yet. Isn't there any other way for me to be able to find out if he [illegible]? "BROWNY."

You are very foolish, dear, to worry [illegible]

Wondering to "Smiles"

[illegible]

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW

You know how annoying it is to splash dishwater or grease or something on your apron and have it go through to your nice new frock. Well, with this apron it won't go through, because the whole apron, ruffle, strings and all, is made of soft, pliable, waterproof rubber. The ruffled one is dark blue with white edging, and the plain one is utilitarian gray. They are also made in green and old rose. It would really be very nice, don't you think, to be able to wear a rubber apron and look slightly dressy at one and the same time?

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Frances Page made a failure of the fifty-fifty idea of marriage, because she put too much emphasis on the money end of it. She did not realize that Jerry would have been proud of her ability to write, if she had not constantly harped on the fact that she was paying half the bills. When the Harlows moved into the same apartment house and Clarissa had a totally different appeal for Jerry from Frances' own, she realized at last that there was something wrong, and desperately she made an effort to become dependent and feminine with no result except that she neglected [illegible] had her job. It was then that Jerry changed, but [illegible]. She knew that she had failed to hold her position and the fact rankled. One day Clarissa came to call, and much to Frances' surprise, confessed that she had been playing a game because she had envied Frances her ability to write.

XI. The Plot for a Story

FRANCES thought it all over after Clarissa had gone. What a strange tangle it all was! The world was overflowing with talk about the modern woman, her independence, her dearly bought freedom from man, and yet there was actually no such thing.

Take for instance the truth of things in their own little circle.

There was Elsie, who had held a good position, and was willing to yield every bit of her individuality to a thoroughly commonplace man like Fred. She wanted to give up to him, she gloried in it, and for what? Fred made very little money, and Elsie had so few of the things she had been accustomed to. And now they were going to have a baby, which would mean more expense, but Elsie was ecstatically happy over it.

Then there was Mildred. Mildred [illegible] had thought a career the most wonderful thing in the world, but who had been the first to capitulate once she had fallen in love with George.

Clarissa, too, a girl with little mentality, was willing to read dry, uninteresting things that she hated because she wanted Jim to admire her and think her clever. And as for herself, Frances could [illegible] when she remembered [illegible] she had sacrificed to gain that something in Jerry's attitude toward her which she craved most.

"You'll help me, won't you?" Clarissa had asked wistfully.

And Frances had promised. She was to make out lists of books for Clarissa to read, and they were to make a game out of it in order to surprise Jim.

But out of the lives of her three friends Frances was planning to do something else. The very thought of it made her mouth dry and her breath come fast, it was so deliciously exciting, if only she could do it! The thought came to her when she had been talking with Clarissa. Why wouldn't it make a good story? It was all there. Already she had her characters and her incidents, and what fun it would be to work it out. She could hardly wait to begin, and as she closed herself into her den and fitted a fresh sheet of paper into her typewriter her fingers trembled and her cheeks burned.

The telephone tinkled outside, and she closed her ears to it. She simply could not be bothered now when she was wild to begin her work. Not for many days had she felt so eager to write, so frantic to put down on paper the thoughts that were teeming in her mind.

The telephone kept on ringing, and there was an insistence about it that made Frances pause in spite of herself. Some intuition that it might possibly be important came to her vaguely, and impatiently she got up and went to answer it.

Just before she took the receiver from the hook she hesitated for the fraction of a second, a cold fear settling around her heart. She was certain now that this was no friendly call; something had happened or was about to happen, and suppose that something should be connected in some way with Jerry!

"Hello," her voice shook a little.

The answer came in a man's voice, sharp with anxiety.

"Hello, Frances?"

"Yes."

"This is Fred Marriott talking."

"Oh, yes, Fred, what is it?" Frances unconsciously breathed a sigh of relief. It wasn't Jerry after all.

"Can you come over to the apartment right away?" Fred went on. "Elsie is sick and I've sent for the doctor, but he's on a case, and I can't locate him. She keeps asking for you, and I can't leave her alone!" His voice was husky and there was fear in it—fear of the unknown.

Tomorrow—Frances Goes to Elsie

Those Old Napkins

Have you about four good dinner napkins left out of a set that is getting worn? Try this way of using them up after you get a new set of a different pattern. Either crochet or buy some linen insertion, with which to join the four napkins together in a large square. Then put some more of the insertion around the edge, and finish it with a crocheted point. You will have a good strong luncheon cloth, of a quality that would cost a great deal if you bought it ready made.

Adventures With a Purse

THE tassel chains are very effective. They are quite long, extending below the waist, and are of dull silver, studded here and there with one colorful clear bead. The tassel is formed of little fine chains, each ended with a bright bead to match the beads on the chain itself. These come with topaz stones, stones of pale blue, and a number of other colors.

The display of the new spring underwear is most interesting—fascinating, even. The newest fashion seems to be undervests and knickers that match. One shop shows vests and knickers of pale green, a pale lavender and, of course, the usual pink. The silk is of a well-known make, and I must confess the sets are extremely smart. Vest are $3, and the knickers are $4.50.

For sweaters or dark gowns and for overblouses come the rope girdles. They are made of small brightly colored beads, and are round like rope, being of the thickness of, well, to choose a not very happy comparison, clothes-line rope. But these girdles are exquisite, with their closely woven strands of beads and their heavy beaded tassels. They come in almost any color—the one I especially liked was an Alice blue—and are very effective. Their price is $8.

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

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What city has a larger number of policewomen than any other city in the country?
2. Describe a charming necklace for the dark taffeta dress.
3. In making plans for the summer camp or bungalow what material will be found economical and pretty for bureau scarfs and bedroom table covers?
4. How can a plain sweater of a dark color be made striking?
5. Should a married woman keep her own middle name or her maiden surname when she takes the surname of her husband?
6. What color is fez?

Yesterday's Answers

1. An interesting government position for the girl who is fond of the outdoors is that of "lady look-out" at one of the fire-lookout stations in the national forests.
2. A surprising centerpiece for the April First party is a hat trimmed with spring flowers concealing envelopes from which ribbons extend to the guests' places. The envelopes, when pulled out and opened are found to contain April Fool cards.
3. In making underclothes, pongee is a good material to use, for it is durable and will keep clean longer than the ordinary nainsook or muslin.
4. A quaint silk pillow for the living room is round and has its material caught in a puff, all the way around about halfway from the center.
5. Checked gingham collars and cuffs form a gay little touch which is found on many of the plain white waists just now.
6. When sending an invitation to a party, the time the affair is to take place should always be stated.

SHE WAS SURE HIS WIFE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM

But She Discovered That Marcia Knew Him So Well That She Was Not in the Least Worried Over His Mild Flirtation

"AND he went home to his wife," concludes one of the closing paragraphs of an after-forty story.

His wife had been away from home, and during her absence he had been having a perfectly harmless, very platonic but extremely absorbing friendship with a pretty little imitation Bohemian.

It was a sad farewell that they had over the best dinner she had ever cooked for him, after he got Marcia's telegram announcing her start for home.

But there was nothing to do, and the next day after the office—he went home to his wife.

But somehow, as soon as he saw her, he just had to tell her about the girl, and because he was so fond of them both, he wanted them to meet.

He and Marcia went to tea at last in the artistic disarray of the studio, and Marcia took in the situation.

There was nothing catty about her, she was graciousness itself as she thanked the pretty little artist for amusing Henry during her absence; she was not jealous, for her whole manner, graceful, easy and assured, proclaimed that she was too certain of her place in Henry's heart ever to doubt him or lose faith in herself.

LITTLE by little the younger girl's self-satisfied conviction that Henry was unhappily married, misunderstood and to be pitied, faded and wilted, just as Henry's exuberance was fading at seeing his two "best girls" together.

It was with a sigh of utter relief that Henry rose, at last, in obedience to Marcia's signal, and—went home with his wife.

And Marcia never let him see the smile with which she greeted her victory.

Henry misunderstood? No, indeed. This broad, wise, clever woman the[illegible] had married understood him so that she was not afraid to go away [illegible] leave him.

She knew that if he were tempted [illegible] flirt with the first girl who noticed [illegible]—and she was pretty sure he would [illegible] he would just have to tell her all [illegible] it as soon as she got home.

OH, IF only there were more wives like her! This world would be a finer, happier place.

There are so many more wives [illegible] the one who ruins a perfectly [illegible] evening by remarking acidly as [illegible] as she gets him home: "Well, [illegible] pretty good time, didn't you? [illegible] saw you out there on the porch [illegible] that Miss Jones—what were you [illegible] ing to her about? I did manage to [illegible] a glimpse of you once or twice [illegible] the evening."

You can hardly blame Henry [illegible] "rushing" every attractive girl [illegible] pays any attention to him when he [illegible] a wife like this; it must be such a [illegible] to be treated like a human being [illegible] while.

Of course the flirtations of a [illegible] ried man are not admirable, [illegible] or advantageous, and he is never [illegible] congratulated upon them.

But an understanding wife, contemp[illegible] tuous, perhaps, of his behavior, [illegible] sure in her knowledge of the [illegible] married that she is more amused [illegible] offended, will never show her true [illegible] ings.

SHE will be so sympathetic, so [illegible] convinced of her "rival's" [illegible] that the wind will be taken right [illegible] Henry's sails and his inflated chest [illegible] suddenly flop.

And pretty soon the story [illegible] might have had a tragic ending [illegible] unpleasant references to "the [illegible] of the children" and "alimony," [illegible] slide smoothly down to those concl[illegible] words:

"And he went home to his wife."

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

The Lion Flocks by Himself

[illegible]

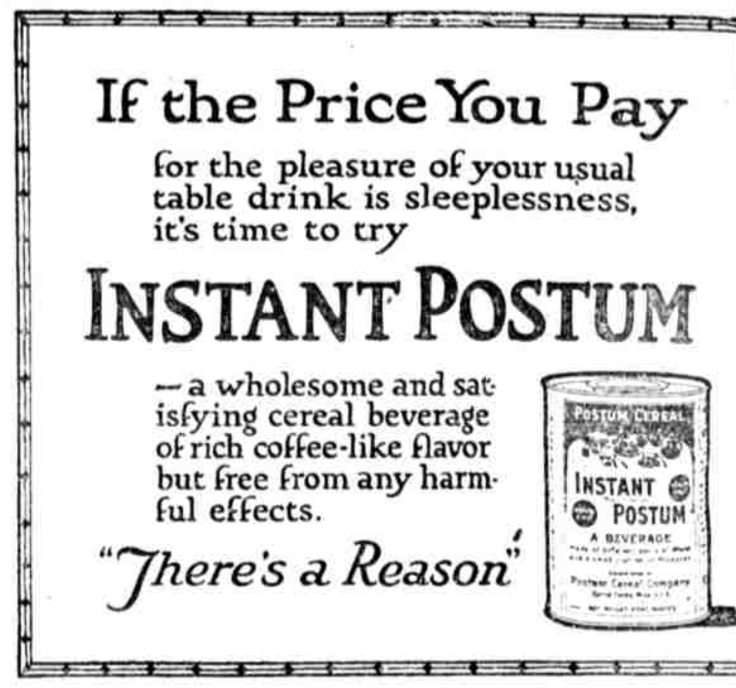
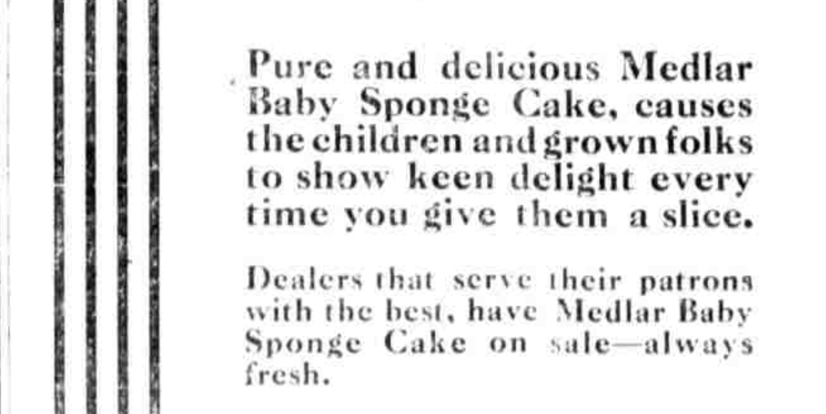
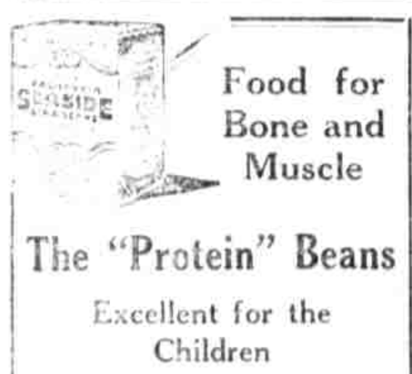
THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

[illegible]

Things You'll Love to Make

[illegible]

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

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