AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XVII.—"He Frightens Me!"

HALF-DOUBTFULLY, Dick drew out his cigarette-case.

"D'you mind if I smoke?" he said shortly.

"Please do," she answered.

He sat down by her and moodily lit a cigarette.

MAY CHRISTIE

Louder and louder grew the music. The place was getting crowded now. An air of conviviality hung over everything.

But to Mary's sensitive heart a "something" seemed to be missing. A wall had risen up between herself and Dick Calardin. She didn't understand his moody silence.

Oh, if she were only better versed in the gentle art of handling men! She wanted Dick to care for her—

They'd been so happy all alone at dinner, without the presence of this noisy crowd

Her previous experience of dancing had been in private homes—in intimate affairs. This place was so large, so grand, so packed.

She couldn't be her right self here. What Julian Vandaveer had told her was in a measure true. She was infinitely more at home upon the moors, the hills, the quiet places.

"Mr. Calardin, please let us get away from here! Oh, you must think me foolish, changeable! I wanted awfully much to see this place, I know. But, now I've seen it, it—it seems so hot and crowded—and one cannot talk at all. And Mr. Vandaveer is sure to come back and—and ask me to dance with him—and, oh—he frightens me!"

Without a word Dick rose. But he was smiling now. His equanimity was restored.

"Yes, I'll be glad to go. Only—I can't let you go home so early. I've got a plan—" His vivid blue eyes were sparkling. "Get on your things and meet me in the hall. And then we'll fix it up."

Mary, too, was smiling as the attendant wrapped her velvet cloak about her. Eve and Dick's enemy—she wanted so to get away from them. She wanted to be all alone with Dick Calardin.

She came out to the entrance hall—a slim, pretty, eager figure. Her escort was awaiting her.

"It's only 9 o'clock," he said, "and—and full moon. A glorious evening. Mary—Miss Drew—I want to take you for a motor run. You wouldn't be afraid to go with me? I phoned the garage for a car. I've driven quite a lot—a big, eight-cylinder car. She's great at speeding. But I promise you I'm quite a careful driver. Do say you'll come! Ah, do!"

The pleading in his attractive voice would have melted a heart of stone. But Mary, the conventional, hesitated a moment. Was it "correct," this moonlight drive, alone with Dick Calardin?

Ah, but one only was young once! This time might never come again.

Mary grasped at pleasure with both hands.

"Thank you! I'd love to come!" She put her hand on the young man's arm, and together they stepped out to the pavement. And there, close to the curb, was drawn up a long, low, cream-colored car, its bright lights shining.

Dick ushered Mary into the front seat, and she sank down into the leather-covered depths. How comfortable it was! So close beside the driver, too!

Then Dick mounted to his post, released his clutch and the great car darted forward.

Over her shoulder Mary flung a backward glance. She was afraid that Eve and her companion might, at the last moment, stop this glorious trip! Or maybe they might follow!

Then her heart gave a painful jump. For Julian Vandaveer—clearly silhouetted in the arc of light that illuminated the entrance to the night club—was standing bareheaded on the pavement and waving frantically to them to stop!

It was quite three minutes before Mary gave this priceless news to her companion. By then they had traversed Columbus Circle and were speeding on through the Park.

"Confound the fellow's impudence!" was Dick's sole comment. "I wouldn't dream of paying any attention to his signals."

Miss Mary settled down to a long, blissful ride.

The backwoodsman was a wonderful chauffeur. The car leaped forward like a panther to his touch. It darted in and out of traffic, taking every sort of hazard and coming out victorious every time. Miraculously Dick could slow it up, too, when necessity arose.

He drove for the most part with one hand upon the wheel. But Mary's confidence in the young man was limitless.

Tomorrow—A Long Road

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

An Old Man's Darling

"I'd rather be an old man's darling," chirped a foolish little girl who is in danger of being rushed into a marriage with a wealthy old graybeard, "than a young man's slave!"

Did you ever know an old man's darling? Look about you at the young girls who have married old men. Are they the popular conception of an old man's darling or are they bored companions of the fireside, chafing victims of monotony, without a companion, without sympathy in their interests which they are forced by duty to relinquish or at best to pursue alone? Are they petted darlings or sorely tried nurses to querulous old men?

The old man's darling idea originated no doubt with the gay old stagedoor entrance Lothario type. It is true that when it comes to these aged targets the young girl has an added dart in her bow—her youth, which to the man who has it himself counts nothing because he takes it as a matter of course. It is this susceptibility of some old men to youth as an attraction that started the idea of a baby's heaven for the girl in a mating of May with December.

But a dance or two with a puffing old man who is struggling hard to keep awake just when the fun is beginning should be enough to bring her doubts of this pernicious fable. And marrying him soon would prove them. She would find herself feted only at "feather balls" and would learn that ardor does not go with the gout or respond to her gayety with rheumatic pains. Her crest-while adorer would be too ill or too tired or frankly too old to enjoy the things she would enjoy, and his adoration would too soon be summed up in letting her bring his slippers and fix up the best place for him by the fire. He would thrill her by dozing between yawns over his paper or at the tenth telling of the same old story, and instead of odes to her beauty he would compose epics to his pains. She would probably wait on him—this old man's darling, and, instead of a glorious sweetheart, he would call her a good little girl.

When a girl thinks of becoming an old man's darling you will find, nine times out of ten, that he is a rich old man. Conscious of it or not, there is a lure in the knowledge that there would not be the struggle for the worldly things that she would be called upon to share with a younger man. The prospect of a life of luxury no doubt plays a part. And in what she seeks here to avoid she would miss one of the best things in life. For it is true that the fight at a man's side, knowing and sharing his work and his dreams and helping him to attain them, is one of the most beautiful and enjoyable of their ties.

Marriage brings happiness only when it means comradeship, common hopes and ideals, a fifty-fifty partnership—not a bartering of youth to fire the fading eyes of old age for an indolent, parasitical existence. And nothing was ever less true than the saying "Old man's darling—young man's slave." Old age is apt to be querulous, selfish, exacting, domineering. Because an old man can make himself look foolish pursuing a young girl does not prove that he will make a lover-husband. Because a young man does not lose his head over youth itself, but looks to it as his right, does not mean that one must be its slave. On the contrary, it takes youth to adore, to idolize, to sustain romance. It is only their common slavery to love that is meant by "young man's slave"—and who would escape from that?

Be a young man's darling, girls, if you would have a slave. The old man's darling lives only in a wornout fairy tale.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Which Shall It Be?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please give me information as to a home wedding.

Is it considered proper to wear a traveling suit for the wedding or to wear a dress and then change for a traveling suit?

Some say wear the suit and others say a dress.

MARIE

It is a matter of your own individual taste as to whether you wear the suit or the dress, as for a small wedding either is appropriate. But I would tell you to wear the suit.

Masquerading

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am an interested reader of your column and would like to ask you a few questions.

I am going to a masquerade party and do not know of anything suitable to wear. Could you suggest something and name the material to be used?

HANNAH R.

A very pretty and striking costume for a masquerade is the balloon girl. And it wouldn't be a bit hard to make this out of tarlatan. Have a rather vivid color combination, such as orange material, with bright blue balloons, or gray with red balloons. The waist can be made either round or square-necked, and the skirt is rather short and full, with the balloons fastened around it. Have a tarlatan cap with tiny balloon pompons.

Another attractive way to dress is in the rose-bud frock. This is made of cheesecloth, in about five different shades of pink, from deepest cerise to pale shell-pink. The dress is made one-piece, in a series of points, which are effective and, of course, very simple to cut. The girdle is of cheesecloth, tied loosely, and with long ends. A tight-fitting turban, which is deep pink, trimmed with green crepe paper leaves, completes the costume. I hope you will like these suggestions, and will carry one of them out successfully.

A Wedding in May

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I want to ask you several questions about a church wedding to take place in May in the evening. The party will consist of three bridesmaids, three ushers, maid of honor, best man and two flower girls.

What position does the wedding party assume at the altar? The father of the bride will give her away.

Will it be proper for the maid of honor to carry flowers and the bridesmaids to carry feather fans? L. S.

When the bride and bridegroom go up to the altar, the bride's father steps back and takes his place in the pew where the mother is standing, which is the first one on the right-hand side. The bridesmaids and ushers group themselves at the foot of the chancel steps, on each side, the two little flower girls standing nearest the steps, one on each side, also. The maid of honor stands beside the bride and the best man beside the bridegroom.

It is generally the custom for the bridesmaids and the maid of honor all to carry flowers, and somehow these are so much prettier and more lovely than anything else would be. I hope you will decide in favor of different colored blossoms instead of the feather fans. However, either would be correct if you prefer them.

VERA S.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Both Were Wrong

Dear Cynthia—While out with my boy friend one night we met four other boys and two girls, whom we both know well. One of the boys suggested taking a walk, which we did. Of course, I talked to the other boys as much as I talked to my own friend. He took a jealous fit, and wouldn't answer me on anything I asked him. So I let him stay sore and talked to the other boys. Now, we speak again, and he brought the matter up and said that I shouldn't have bothered with the other boys. We had an argument over it and so it was decided that we should write to you. Kindly give your opinion on the subject. Thank you.

"TELME."

Since the boy took you walking and you joined others on the way you should have talked with them, but have given most of your attention to the young man you were with. It would not have been possible, however, to have walked along with them and to give your attention wholly to him. He should learn to be a good mixer and you ought to learn not to tease him.

Is There Real Platonic Friendship?

Dear Cynthia—Once before I have written to your interesting column, but for some reason or other have never seen my letter printed. Here's hoping this one will find more favor in your eyes.

Now just a word about that dancing discussion—don't you think we've had enough of that? Personally, I think that "Wondering," "Smiles" and all those other anti-dancers write for the sake of discussion only, for they, as well as we, know, without being told, that dancing is all right, when carried out properly and in the right way and manner.

Now for goodness' sake let's once for all drop that discussion. And here's something also that I'm sure interests most of your readers, and whose opinion I'd like to have, with your kind permission, namely: Is there such a thing as platonic friendship? Now, understand me, I mean for both the man and the woman to think very highly of each other, be congenial, happy in each other's company, admire each other and still with no grain of love for each other. I say no! never! After seeing the opinion of some readers I will give my reasons if I may.

Dearest Cynthia, I do hope this letter is not too long to be printed, for I am very anxious to have my frequent dispute at large once more. Here's luck to all of you, from your well wisher.

"SUNNY."

Asks What They Think of "Picking Up"

Dear Cynthia—Though I have read your interesting column for a long time, I have never before written in.

Will you give me a little space to express my opinion of dancing in?

I'm just an every-day girl, not especially beautiful or bright, and not terribly popular. I know lots of boys, however, and manage to have a very good time. I'm sure I don't know what my sister and I would do without our phonograph and the newest dance records. We have a bunch of the neighborhood boys in every Friday or Saturday evening and what good times we do have! The boys bring banjos, mandolins, guitars, etc., and we have dandy music.

Sometimes I go to frat dances or invitation dances (always with an escort) and I wouldn't miss them for anything. I enjoy dancing more than any other sport (for that is what I consider it) except tennis and swimming. I dance with the boys in just the same spirit in which I would swim or play tennis with them.

If you are a decent girl and show the boys as much they will respect you and there won't be any cheek dancing or kissing.

I do disapprove, however of the disgustingly tough girls all covered with paint and powder who go alone to frat dances and stand around ready to "pick up" the first boy they see.

I see an amazing amount of "picking up" in front of the high school where I go. It is amusing to watch the process.

Still, I'm all for dancing, with reservations.

All of you readers tell us what you think of "picking up" without a proper introduction. Come on, "Dopey," let's hear what you think.

A LOVER OF JAZZ.

Questions "Better to Have Loved—"

Dear Cynthia—Am a constant reader of your paper and the discussions have held me in suspense. The direct reason for my writing is the honorable McWizzburgh. I have understood all of your letters, McWizzburgh, but your last one. It seems somewhere in the past I have met a personage with your broad ideas. But much to my regret there is no way of making your acquaintance. Will you please, please explain more explicitly your last letter?

Now I am ready for my story. I am a young girl, not good looking, but sociable. I made friends rapidly, but cultivated the worth-while acquaintances through the influence of one. He pointed out their flaws and good points, therefore I have substantial friends. This one boy I love. During the period I was with him everything else was forgotten. Neglected my work and friends. After about ten months of heavenly bliss, Cynthia, he began drifting away from me. When he did call occasionally I restrained my feelings for the simple reason that I did not know his. Alas, he took the wrong meaning, he thought my heart had turned cold, though to this day it is still open for him only. Fortunately my friends received me warmly else I would be alone with my thoughts and thus become morbid and sullen.

He thought I was fickle. Oh! how I hate that word.

I strongly object to the saying, "It is better to have loved and lost." Many a sleepless and heart-breaking night do I spend. He is always the center of my thoughts.

Of course the things it has taught me can never be forgotten. It has left me more serious-minded and broad-minded, too. Hoping, dear Cynthia, that this letter is not too long, I close, hoping to hear a reply from McWizzburgh.

VERA S.

IT'S A NEW HAT

Photo by Old Masters, Central News

But it affords wonderful possibilities as a pattern for the remodeling of your old hat. Perhaps last year's leghorn or French straw is sunburned or faded in places on the crown. If it is, why don't you cover them with some of these attractive flat flowers embroidered with raffia? They are easily made. Then, if the brim is wabbly, you could cut it into these petal-like points, bind them with ribbon to hide the wired edge and consider yourself all dressed up with a brand-new hat

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Frances Page wanted to be modern and so as she was earning a good salary writing a column for a newspaper, she insisted upon paying half the bills after she was married to Jerry, which scheme did not work at all. Jerry grew to think of his wife as another man, and treated her in accordance. It was not at all the kind of thing Frances wanted, and she realized her mistake as soon as the Harbaugs moved into the same apartment house and she saw Jerry's attitude toward Clarissa. But do what she would, Frances could not appeal to Jerry in the way she wanted until, having neglected her work, she lost her position, and then Jerry was immediately tenderly protective. But then Frances found herself in the position of a dependent wife, which she did not like at all. And to further complicate matters Clarissa began to be jealous of Jim's interest in Frances.

CHAPTER XLVII

Clarissa Hears the Truth

"I'M TERRIBLY sorry, Frances," Jim began. "Clarissa has a headache and has been acting strangely all day."

Frances was uncertain as to just how to handle the situation. Clarissa had slammed the door of the bedroom behind her and was probably sobbing her heart out in there alone. Frances wanted to go to her, but she was not sure how she would be received. She did not feel at all angry with Clarissa, she could not be angry with a woman who lost her head and made herself utterly ridiculous in her husband's eyes.

"Do you really think it's the headache, Jim?" she said finally determined to come to the point. "I think Clarissa feels left out of things when we talk about matters that don't interest her. It was my fault as well as yours and I'm terribly ashamed."

"Well, why don't they interest her?" Jim began wrathfully, "and certainly there's no excuse for her flying off the handle like this. I ought to apologize for her, Frances, but I don't know what to say."

"I'll tell you what I ought to do," Frances said quickly, "you and Clarissa won't want to be bothered with me, and if I slip out now and leave you alone, you'll be able to adjust things yourselves."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I'm tired of pampering Clarissa and giving her her own way in everything. She's going to come out of there in a hurry and tell you she's sorry for what she said."

"Oh, no, Jim, please don't say anything like that to her, she'd hate me. She would think that you and I had been talking about her," and with one hand on his arm was looking at him imploringly. "Please don't. Let me go."

Jim drew back, and somewhat uncertainly Frances went to the door of the bedroom and knocked.

There was no reply.

"Clarissa, it's Frances, may I come in?"

Still no answer.

Frances tried the door and found it unlocked. The next moment she was standing in the semidarkness of the room, wondering what she would do now that she was there. Clarissa was lying on the bed, but there was no sound of crying. As Frances approached she sat up suddenly and turned on the light.

"Well," she said defiantly, "what good can you possibly do by coming in here? Don't you think you've done enough harm by turning my husband against me? I do."

Frances drew herself up. "I'll tell you why I came," she began and her voice was cold. "I came to tell you that you've acted like a fool. If you care anything at all about holding your husband's love, you've taken a splendid way of showing it."

Clarissa stared at Frances without speaking, she had expected anything but this attitude and the surprise of Frances' words seemed to petrify her.

"I mean just what I say," Frances went on. "Surely you don't really believe that Jim could care for me, nor I for him, and yet you behave like a melodramatic movie heroine because you haven't sense enough to see the situation as it is. If I were the kind of woman you think I am and Jim didn't love you and you know very well he does, you'd be virtually handing him over to me by what you did tonight, don't you know that?"

Clarissa began to whimper softly. Her temper was over and already she was beginning to see the truth in what Frances had said. In the foolish workings of her childish mind, overstimulated by cheap fiction, she had thought to humiliate Jim and Frances by making a scene, but she had ended by humiliating herself and no one else.

Tomorrow—Saving the situation

Adventures With a Purse

I SAW a new kind of chain today—or, at least, it was new to me. As evidence that it is more an addition to one's neck trimming rather than an actual necklace, I need only say that it is to be found in the neckwear department of the shop instead of in the jewelry department. But let me see if I can give you an idea of what it looks like. It is a three-quarter length chain, and about one-half its length is composed of black ribbon about a quarter of an inch wide. (The description sounds like specifications for building a submarine, doesn't it?) The rest of this unusual chain is composed of beads. The beads come in blue, green or almost any color you would want, and are of clear glass. Prices are $1, $1.25 and $1.50.

The same shop I told you about that is having a 20 per cent sale is having another special that may interest you. Napkins—dainty Madeira ones with a fairly elaborate and most attractive design in the corner of each—for $5.50. This looks to me like rock bottom in Madeira napkin prices.

I do not need to call your attention to the many advantages of the pretty blue and white Japanese toweling. It is always nice, in good taste, is cool looking and washes perfectly. Now, one shop has some blue and white strips about twelve inches wide, but it is different in design from any I have ever seen before. And, incidentally, I saw some pillows made up with it, and they are mighty nice. A strip containing ten blocks of the design costs $1.50. And I should say that a block measures at least ten or twelve inches in length. This material is excellent for table runners, side curtains, tea cloths, and I even know one woman who sewed the strips together and made a very fetching bedspread.

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

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Plain post-cards are used only to convey brief and businesslike messages. These cards cost one-half the postage required for ordinary letters; for this reason, as well as for the accompanying economy of time, mimeographed, printed or written post-cards are customarily utilized for notices of meetings.

It is not good form to write a personal note on a government postal. Hasty travelers have made a convenient exception of the omnipresent pictorial cards, which, although quite as public as the official postals, are frequently used to send messages concerning safe arrival, etc. But ultra-conservative persons, even when they are hurried, prefer to take an extra minute of time and an extra pennyworth of postage to inclose the card in an addressed envelope. This may be a wise precaution if the message is at all confidential, and if the open card would be likely to come under the inspection of inquisitive eyes.

YOU CANNOT FORGIVE UNLESS YOU FORGET, TOO

These Twins Do Not Work Separately—If You Go to the Bother of Using One, Why Not the Other, Also?

"I CAN forgive that, but I haven't forgotten it yet—and I won't for a long time, either," said the girl who had been offended.

It is pretty hard to forgive some things—in fact it's almost impossible.

You think you have forgiven, you have accepted an apology, perhaps, and agreed to put it all down as past history.

But every time you think of the particular person who has offended you, that offense looms up bigger than the person.

There's a strained feeling in your relations; there's something that keeps you apart and prevents the sympathy that makes intercourse easy and smooth.

Pretty soon you realize that you haven't forgiven at all.

And then you say, "I'll forgive, but I can't forget."

Right there is where you are dishonest with yourself; if you could forgive you could forget, too, because forgetting is part of forgiving.

When you forgive you wipe the slate clean, you set aside all thought of the "recent unpleasantness"—you forget it.

If it still rankles, if it keeps intruding itself between you and the friend who committed it, you haven't forgotten that insult, that offense, that attempt to hurt or annoy you, whatever it was.

And if you haven't forgotten it you haven't forgiven it.

THERE is a very fine distinction between forgiving and forgetting. It is easy to mistake one for the other.

They are inseparable companions, and if you exercise one, the only way to do it thoroughly and properly is to use the other, too.

Of course there are some things that ought not to be forgiven.

When you know that some one is deliberately taking advantage of your good nature, over and over again, it's a different story.

If the earnest plea for forgiveness is only one of many, and you know that it does not come from the heart or anywhere near the heart, it is not worth listening to.

That is one time that you can forget without forgiving, but you forget the person not the fact.

You forget because you are no longer interested in this person who pretended to be your friend.

You are no longer interested because you cannot forgive what she has done and have no desire to know her any longer.

It is easy for her to say "I'm so sorry, please forgive me," and then commit the self-same offense all over again.

Don't waste your time with her, she is not worth the trouble—forget her.

BUT when you have really accepted an apology because you don't want to lose a friend, even if she has hurt you, you owe it to her and to yourself to be honest and thorough about it.

This may be hard; it may cost trouble and even humiliation, but think how much happier you will be afterward.

No more nasty memories, no more sliding around disagreeable subjects, no more distrust and lack of confidence.

Instead of being hurt or angry or sulky all the time you will be tolerant, gracious and so relieved and comfortable.

You'll find that these gracious twins are very helpful to your peace of mind after a quarrel.

And if you go to all the bother of making the aquaintance of one of them, you'll just naturally have to know the other one, too.

If you don't your results will never be satisfactory.

A Sure-Enough Shoe Help

Are you one of those who spreads their pairs of shoes neatly and sedately on the floor of the closet, only to trip over these articles at least twice a day? If you are, you'll agree that something should be done about it, and when you hear about this cretonne shoeholder, you'll also agree that it solves the problem. For, you see, it hangs on the inside of the closet door, and you and the shoes are both spared by its comfortable, room-saving position. It is cut large enough to hold twelve nice full pockets, all bound with white tape, and a wooden rod is run through the top. This holds the whole thing firm, besides being convenient for throwing stockings over.

The Question Corner

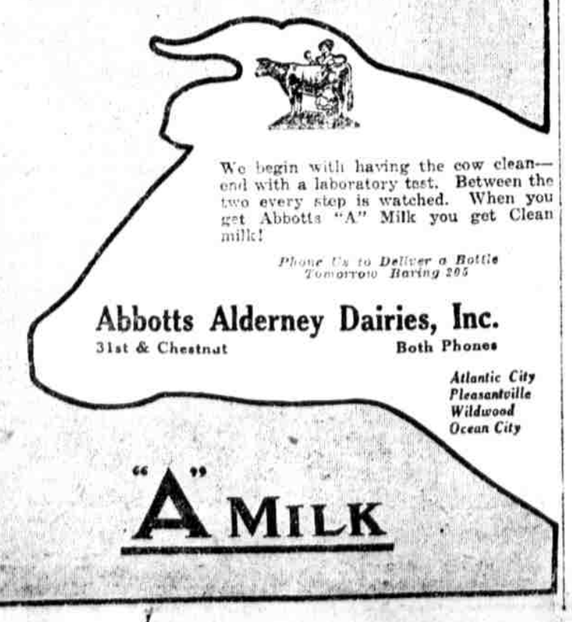
Today's Inquiries

1. In her will, what did Mrs. Rose E. Porcer, of Chicago, leave to her poodle dog?
2. What old-fashioned modes are dressmakers trying to revive?
3. Describe a new safety device for the talking machine.
4. What bright and lustrous shade is extremely popular this spring?
5. How is an attractive little "dress-up" apron fashioned?
6. Describe a wholly original-looking centerpiece for the table.

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mrs. A. B. Fall, whose husband is a member of President Harding's cabinet, is considered an authority on New Mexican history.
2. Voile, with the dots put on it in a like manner, is an attractive substitute for the more expensive dotted swiss.
3. The modern idea of indirect lighting is carried out in a graceful table lamp by having the shade of white glass reversed, so that it curves upward, and the open end is at the top.
4. Loose trousers and a coolie jacket, all of white linen, edged with bands of blue, make a cunning style of suit for the boy of three.
5. A handy thing that will remove fruit stains or rust from knives is an old cork.
6. Large buckles are a fad, in the slipper world, which is again popular.

ABBOTTS



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Again We Lead the Way!

Another Victory for our Producer-to-Consumer Plan!

Down Goes the Price

of "Asco" coffee in a sweeping reduction

ASCO Coffee now 25c lb

Yesterday we unhesitatingly made this drastic cut in the price of the popular "Asco" Blend Coffee, in spite of the fact that coffees of the same high grade are selling elsewhere at 40c, 45c and 50c per lb.

This reduction is made possible only because of our close connections with the coffee producing centres of the world. Whenever conditions permit we are only too glad to give our customers the benefit of every market change. Upon this policy has been built the bond of confidence existing between our customers and ourselves, and which has been growing stronger and stronger during the thirty odd years of our business contact with the public.

Important!

Despite this big reduction in price, the quality of Asco Blend remains the same. We will continue to give you the same rich, rare combination of high-grade coffees from the world's finest coffee plantations—the same delightful aroma and wonderful flavor that have won for Asco Blend the reputation of being

"the best coffee at any price"

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