AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XXVI—A Strange Rescue

DICK hated to see Mary go alone into the night to get a light for the stalled car. Most certainly she was a brick! He loved her for her courage.

MAY CHRISTIE

He sat there in the lonely road, while every now and then a string of motor trucks went heavily past him. He had to sound his horn continuously.

Occasionally he shouted to the drivers of these trucks. But his voice seemed lost until the noise of their big engines. Or possibly they were tired out after a hard day's work, and wished to judge this bothersome case of "breakdown."

A melancholy half hour went by. Mary did not return. And at last Dick almost decided to leave the car to its fate and go in search of the young girl.

He blamed himself exceedingly for permitting her to go off alone, nay, more, for suggesting such a course to her.

If anything happened to the girl he never could forgive himself. He could finish himself into a fever of anxiety over her protracted absence.

But at long last she returned. His heart leaped with joy. Protesting to urgency of the horn blowing, he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

But Mary was downhearted. Her quest had been absolutely fruitless.

"I banged on the front door of the last house for ten minutes before anyone replied," she said. "And then a man put his head out of the window and said he couldn't possibly do anything to help. His wife was sick or something.

"The second house didn't answer at all.

"And at the third place they said they'd set the dog on me if I didn't go away at once."

"Cheer up, my dear," said Dick consolingly. "It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Now I suggest that we give the car one mighty push out of the shadow of those trees into the moonlight—so that nothing may run into us—and a friendly passing car may help us later on."

He descended from the front seat, and Mary and he pushed valiantly. The car did move a little way, so that the moon shone on the front portion of the vehicle.

"There, that's all right! Something is sure to come along in a minute! Cheer up, my dear!"

They waited.

And presently they were rewarded. For——

"Great heavens! It's Vandaveer. Hi, there!" Dick shouted to a passing motor.

"Calardin!" Vandaveer slowed up to identify them. "Of all the nerve! I know you tried to pinch my car! Yes, that's my car!" He gave his short, harsh laugh.

Then, as Dick commenced to explain and apologize, he added:

"Why, it's quite all right. No explanations needed. These little things will happen! Now, tell me what's gone wrong? Magneto, is it?"

He began to tinker with the engine, exclaiming at the same time how he'd turned from the doorman in town on Calardin's trail—and followed him.

"I'm quite a Sherlock Holmes," he added, with a self-satisfied grin. He transferred an.

Dick was took his turn at tinkering with the engine. Mary—standing in the shadow of the trees—looked on. With a sudden contraction of the heart, she realized that Dick was wearing round his neck the priceless diamond—it was Julian Vandaveer was well aware of that.

It was so quiet here on this lonely road.

On a sudden impulse she came up to Dick. Vandaveer didn't seem to hear her footsteps.

Forgetting Dick bent his curly head over the bonnet of the car Vandaveer raised his arm—a heavy weapon glimmered in his upraised hand. Mary darted forward. Crash! Darkness! And Mary remembered nothing more!

Tomorrow—Mary Recovers

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Has Platonic Friend

Dear Cynthia—I believe there is such a thing as platonic friendship. I have known a man for more than six years, ever since the both of us were sixteen years of age. He has been married for more than two years and I am engaged to be married. We have been and still are nothing more than "pals."

Cynthia, do you think there are many more like us? I often wonder if we are out of the ordinary. SMILES.

How do your platonic friend's wife and your own fiance feel about this friendship?

Wants Her Ideal

Dear Cynthia—In reply to "Sunny's" letter on platonic friendship, I wish to say that there is such a thing, as I am having that experience right now. We find most pleasure in each other's company, but have not a thought of marriage. We are each other's ideals only, that way, and so we only love each other part way. In some ways this party is irresistible in other ways he isn't. Do not think I want a saint—no such thing, but I do want my ideal.

BRIGHT EYES.

Says They Pass Him By

Dear Cynthia—The letter signed "More A" interested me, as I am in the same boat as he. I cannot understand how some fellows get into the good graces of a couple and remain so. I have met my share of girls, but to the last one they grouped me. I have been a good fellow to all of them, cannot say I am troubled with too much conceit and play the gentleman till the cows come home. But I honestly believe that the average miss appreciates the type of fellows who dance and are big timers. These fellows never lack dates and it strikes me that the dapper-looking boys that dance and have the necessary line of chatter are the ones that are really popular. The others only think they are. I, too, love a girl, but to get in to her good graces has proved a man's size job, and after an acquaintance of three years I confess I have made no progress. Still I can't give her up. Girls, how is it done?

MISTER 24.

Perhaps She Is Shy

Dear Cynthia—Having been a constant reader of your column for some time and interested in the wonderful help and advice you give others, I now come to you for help with my serious proposition.

Some time ago I took a position with a firm in this city. There is a young lady who so resembles my former sweetheart who died two years ago that I fell in love with this blonde young lady at first sight, and, of course, we cultivated each other's friendship right from the time we first became acquainted.

Now this young lady cares for me very much, for she has shown it. But what puzzles me most of all is that this young lady will not accept any gifts from me not all, she has to take her out anywhere, yet she cares for me very, very much. Now, Cynthia, when she does this it hurts my feelings tremendously.

So what do you think is her cause for acting so and what would you advise me to do for it is most certainly the queerest thing that ever I ran up against.

ANXIOUS.

Maybe the girl is very shy or perhaps she has been "taught by her parents not to accept presents from men" or to "treat with a young man, unless she is engaged to him. You say you love her. Have you told her so?

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Cardinal Gibbons' Message

THEY are still talking about him, writing about him, preaching about him and memorializing him—beloved Cardinal Gibbons, formerly "paperboy grocer's boy"; and, latterly, foremost prelate in the land.

Throughout his entire career Cardinal Gibbons bore out the doctrine that the liabilities which nature imposes upon men frequently become their greatest assets; for, paradoxical as it may seem, many men have succeeded because of physical and mental impairments rather in spite of them—the weaknesses they were bent upon compensating turned out to be blessings in disguise—"I owe my longevity to the misfortune of a poor digestion," the cardinal was fond of saying.

When he was a mere boy Cardinal Gibbons' family came over from Ireland. He immediately began working before and after school hours so he could acquire a formal education.

As a student he was so frail and so frequently ill that it was doubted whether he would survive the end of the course.

Later his physical condition was aggravated by stomach trouble so serious at times that it prostrated him.

This very lack of strength lighted in him a burning desire to be hale and strong, to rid himself of his bodily ailments, to become well.

He mapped out for himself a rigid program to which he adhered all his life—a program of conservation and upbuilding, comprising regular, well-planned outdoor exercise, moderate eating and plenty of sleep.

So, in the course of time, he became an expert cricketer, and he outlived virtually all of his class-mates, many of whom in their youth had been powerful athletes, but looked upon their physical resources as an inexhaustible reservoir which they could drain without reserve.

Despite his more than four-score years Cardinal Gibbons was young. He remained young to his very last breath. He was always forward-gazing. "Never look back," he said in an interview just before he died. "Let's wife looked back, you remember, and she was destroyed. Looking back is destruction always—the beginning of the end."

Asked for a message for young men, he said:

"Young people come to me from every part of the United States. They tell me their hopes, their ambitions, their plans. And do you know what I say to them? I say, 'Young man, work!' Without work, no amount of talent, no amount of influence, will carry you very far in this world. The higher men climb the longer is their working day. To keep at the top is harder almost than to get there. There are no office hours for those who would lead.

"'And expect great things. Believe in yourself. Expect great things of yourself. Great opportunities are ahead, greater than any that have come before, but only those who have courage and vision will profit when they come. Of all the elements that are important for success, the most important is faith. Those who throw up their hands in discouragement when the first snow falls fail to profit when the smoking of spring returns. In God's great machinery for building up in the trials of winter are as necessary as the warmth and comfort of summer. No great things come to any man unless he has courage, even in dark days, to look for great things. Young man, expect great things of yourself."

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

An Excellent Way

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please advise me how to remove chewing gum from a dark blue crepe-de-chine dress. F. K. F.

Sponge the damaged part with [illegible] material with [illegible] which can be purchased at the drug store.

How It Is Done

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—[illegible] etiquette sent [illegible] only sent to [illegible] do they send [illegible] writers if [illegible]

A GIRL WHO WONDERS.

These [illegible] cates. [illegible] syndicate [illegible] will be [illegible] mitted [illegible] a self-addressed [illegible] list of [illegible] stories.

A Courteous Act

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly answer the following question in the [illegible]

How could [illegible] a doctor [illegible] cently and [illegible] ment? W[illegible] something [illegible] He is married and [illegible] with his wife. Should I send it addressed to both or only to him? And would it be in good taste to suggest writing on the card accompanying the gift?

A DAILY READER.

It would be correct to send the fern to the office, and it would not be necessary to include his wife. But "in appreciation of your kindness" on the card which you send with it.

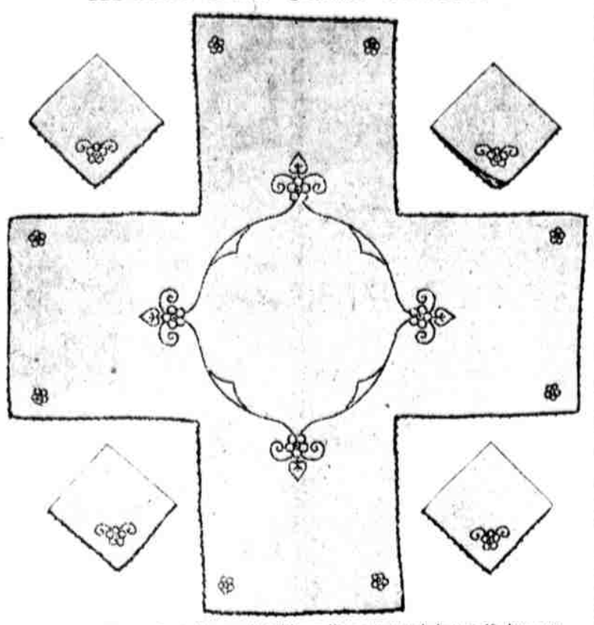
WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Ever since the Shakespearean tercentenary celebrations of 1916, the great poet's birthday and deathday, April 23—has been very generally commemorated by amateur presentations of the more notable lines or scenes from these or by Shakespearean tableaux, such as Portia and Shylock in the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice," as illustrated above.

While the time for some amateur drama may be said to close with the celebration of Shakespeare's Day, next month will be the season for outdoor theatricals. Whether indoors or outdoors, it should be attended potentially along in a spirit of cheery cooperation with the director and with the other players. For a harmonious amateur performance, courtesy and a certain self-abnegation are as necessary as talent. Petty jealousies, "catty" remarks, and other evidences of the unrestrained desire of the "hog" are not only distressing to all the participants, but by impairing the harmony of the ensemble these discourtesies are most detrimental to the smooth performance which is so essential to artistic success.

AFTER THE CARD PARTY



The "eats" served at the small tables will taste much better if they are served on an attractive cloth like this, with napkins to match

AN ATTRACTIVE way to serve luncheon for a bridge party is to have the guests remain at their card tables and set the tables with attractive sets like the one shown in the picture.

They may be made of Indian head or other linen-finished cotton. Of course, real linen would be still prettier.

The embroidery is done in French knots—all one color except the dots in the center of the small clusters. A contrasting color should be used here; blue for the main work and yellow for the single contrasting knot. The edge of the cloth as well as the doilies is finished with the single crochet stitch, with a picot edge set in at regular intervals.

The lunch cloth measures forty-two inches from end to end, and the arms are twelve inches across and twelve inches long.

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neal comes home from the office and tells his wife that he has been accused of embezzling funds at the office, but that he is innocent.

CHAPTER II

What Harriet Did!

AND then suddenly the big idea came to Harriet. Barry felt her grow rigid in his arms and then quickly draw away from him.

"Does any one at the office know me? Quick, dear; we haven't much time."

Barry stared at her. A moment before she had been a shrinking woman trembling in his arms, now she was excited, and a firm purpose shone in her eyes.

"Not a soul; you know that."

"I wanted to be sure." She was taking the things that she had packed for Barry's flight out of the suitcase and replacing them with things of her own. As she packed she outlined her plan.

"I must get away before they come for you. I'll bury myself somewhere in a boarding house and watch my chance, and then somehow I'm going to get a job with your concern."

"But, Harriet, you can't run away. Don't you see that every one will think that you have made off with the money?"

"We can't stop to think of that now. It's our one chance. I love you, Barry, and I'm going to prove your innocence. The only way I can do it is to get into the place where you worked and watch every one in it. Some one stole that money; some one else knew the combination of the safe. With you safe in prison and with no idea that any one is watching, the guilty person is sooner or later going to show his guilt. When he does, I'm going to be there waiting for him. Please trust me, dear; I know I'm doing right. The hardest thing about it is that I won't be able to see you. But we mustn't take any chances. You'll know that I'm working for you, and that I love you, love you, won't you?"

And once more she was in his arms crushed against him as though he would never let her go.

"You're the bravest woman in the world," he whispered, turning up her face to look into her eyes. "I'm not at all sure that you're doing the best thing. I don't believe that anything will come of it. There's always the chance that some one will find out who you are, but there isn't time to talk about it now. Good-by, my darling, and God bless you."

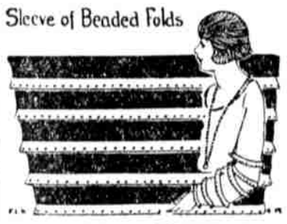
She clung around his neck for a moment, and then picked up her suitcase and slipped out of the door. Outside on the dark landing fear clutched at her heart. Three long flights of stairs stretched ahead of her. At any moment now the police might arrive, and if they met a woman sneaking down with a suitcase they would be sure to stop her. Swiftly she began to descend the stairs. The heavy suitcase knocked against her, and once she thought she would have to stop and rest, but she went on. Then at last she had pushed open the heavy door and was in the street. It was beginning to get dark, and she was thankful for that. Some children were playing around the door, but they did not notice her, and with head bent she hurried along. When she had turned the corner she felt safer, but she did not stop, and when she finally boarded a car she was exhausted. She had hardly strength enough to lift the suitcase to the platform, and she was thankful for the heavy veil that covered her face, for tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

The car was not crowded, for she was riding downtown, and at this hour of the day most of the workers were going home in the opposite direction. Harriet's end of the car was almost deserted and she tried to make her plans as she rode along. A horrible loneliness was creeping over her, and her thoughts kept returning to Barry. Had the police come for him by now, and was he on his way to jail? It seemed like a year since this morning when he had started for the office with such high hopes. This was the day when Barry was to have been raised to a position of real importance in the firm, and tonight, because of the guilt of some other person, he would sleep behind prison bars.

Tomorrow—A Dreary Prospect

Things You'll Love to Make

Sleeve of Beaded Folds



A SLEEVE OF BEADED FOLDS will add distinction to any afternoon frock. Make a plain, long sleeve of the material of the frock. Make one and one-half inch bias folds of georgette of the same color as the frock. Bead the folds along the edge with steel beads, stitch the fold across the sleeves at intervals of two inches. This SLEEVE OF BEADED FOLDS presents a clever means of lengthening a short sleeve.

FLORA.

DAILY NOVELETTE

Bruises and Balm

"Gee! girls make me tired. Let a young doctor come to town and every girl in the place makes it a point to——"

"Bob West!" cried Bob's sister, starting up from the couch, a red spot on either cheek, "if you think I've been near him, you're mightily mistaken. I wouldn't go near his old office if I was dead!"

"Aw, forget it," said Bob, "I wasn't hitting you, anyway. Guess I'll be going while the going's good. So long!"

Outside the door his lips puckered into a whistle. Whistling, he emerged from the house.

"I wonder what's the matter with old Phil (Phyllis was just four years her brother's senior). She did look all in, come to think of it. Let's see, she's been working for old Bainbridge going on five years, and anybody that knows anything knows he's fierce to work for." So ran Bob's thoughts.

"Why is Phil working?" asked his conscience. "She's working for you! For you! For you!" answered the same monitor.

It was true. Unable to attend college herself, Phyllis was determined Bob should. In the fall he was to enter Harvard. He had been working all summer, but it had been pleasant work, that of taking parties on the lake in an up-to-date motorboat belonging to the one hotel which the village boasted.

As Bob's thoughts reached the point where it seemed as if every bird on the bough screeched forth words: "She's working for you! For you! For you!" he slammed the front gate, and stepped from the curb directly in the path of a tearing, tooting, oncoming automobile.

The next thing that Bob knew he heard a groan. Again he heard it, and yet again. The sound was close by, ah, very close. He opened his eyes. A face he had seen before somewhere bent over him.

"You young scalawag!" came a brisk voice, "wait till I get you outside and you'll sport more than one black eye."

At that Bob tried to sit up, but firm hands kept him down. In the room some one sobbed. Came the brisk voice:

"No bones broken. Bruises, lots of 'em, but let's be devoutly thankful it's no worse. I hope it's enough, however, to cure him from throwing himself in front of automobiles in general, and mine in particular. I'll run in again during the day."

"Gee, I had the funniest dream," said Bob with a yawn. It was in the wee small hours of the night, and Phyllis had shooed her mother off to bed and taken her place by Bob's bedside.

"I dreamed you and Dr. Boyd met each other at Aunt Kate's last summer, and just because we haven't got whacks of 'mon' you wouldn't let him know where we lived. In the dream Dr. Boyd came dancing into the room just as if he were young."

"He is young," murmured Phyllis, laying her head on Bob's pillow.

"And he said," continued Bob, "'Ah, I've found you at last and I'm never going to let you go!'" Say, honest, sis, aren't you sorry you've got a brother?"

"I'm sort of sorry for the girl who hasn't a brother," came from the other end of the pillow.

"You're a good sport, Phil," commented her brother, pulling her long braid of hair.

It was some weeks later that as young Dr. Boyd was picking Bob up quite as though he were a baby and was depositing him in the chair by the window Bob opened his mouth and shot out these words. "We've troubles enough without you hanging around here."

"Troubles. What do you call troubles?" queried Dr. Boyd.

But Bob was gazing out of the window.

"Dr. Boyd," he said suddenly, "what do you think of a fellow that allows his sister to work herself to shreds to put him through college?"

"I think it's high time he put the brakes on and stopped it," answered the doctor.

"I'm going to," said Bob, "and what's more——"

"Hold on," interrupted the doctor, "I'm not done. I was about to add and let her husband advance the funds."

Bob glared at him.

"I'd see a sister of mine skin her husband out of the money to put me——"

Bob stopped. "Who's she going to have for a husband?" he asked suspiciously.

"She's promised to give me a try at it," answered the doctor with a grin.

"I had a hunch it was you," said Bob with an answering grin.

Next complete novelette—Pat's Pills.

A MODEST EVENING GOWN WON A PRIZE AT A SHOW

If the Trend of the Times Is Proved by This, Perhaps Modesty, Becomingness and Suitability Will Come Into Their Own Again

ONE of the women's colleges recently held a fashion show which displayed not only some extremely smart gowns, but also the new and amazing trend of the times.

The dresses were exclusively for afternoon and evening wear, and the prizes were awarded not, as you might suppose, for extreme style, modish cut or anything like that.

Line was one of the points marked by the judges, to be sure, but color, suitability, becomingness and modesty counted just as much.

The students acted as their own manikins, wearing their own favorite gowns, posing, turning and moving about just like professionals.

The judges had a hard time deciding just which frock was best, but finally they chose a white lace evening gown, with a jade green girdle and train.

Honorable mention was given to the wearer of a flowered taffeta frock with a simple bodice and full skirt.

Nothing lavish or elaborate about either of them, but their lines were good, their color was pretty, they were suitable for evening, they were becoming to the wearers and they were modest.

IMAGINE a dress in 1921 receiving a prize for modesty!

Can it be that we are reacting?

Have we really gone far enough with fashions to be on the way back again?

Isn't it a pleasant thought?

For a time it has seemed as if we were trying to win prizes for inappropriateness, unbecomingness and immodesty.

If the lines were not too high at the neck or too long in the skirt, they would do, and if the color was loud and conspicuous it didn't make any difference whether we looked well in it or not.

Our passionate desire about it has been to have it new. It must be newer than anybody else's.

And when we get new clothes we don't reverence them much; we sling them about, treat them like step-children and then buy new ones.

THE eighteen-year-old would be insulted if anybody offered her a prize for having a modest evening gown.

"It's as good-looking as yours," she would retort angrily.

And as soon as she got home she would split it a little further down the back of the neck and hoist it up a little nearer to the knees.

She would guess that nobody could call her old-fashioned and get away with it.

But this fashion show does seem to indicate that modesty is coming back into style again, that becomingness is to be considered in spite of fashion and that the moderate evening gown will no longer appear on the street in the afternoon.

Perhaps after this dressmakers will be called upon to make pretty dresses instead of just conspicuous ones.

OCCASIONALLY now you see a girl who clings to the style that becomes her. While others wear georgette blouses with low necks, she wears linen ones with collars that stand up in back and fit snugly around the throat with pointed ends and a four-in-hand tie.

And sometimes you see the woman whose evening gowns always have a sleeve, always reach just above her ankle, no matter how short and sleeveless her sisters' frocks may be.

All power to them! May they live long enough to see the vindication of becomingness and suitability, the revival of modesty!

About Women

The women of Lexington, Ky., may smoke cigarettes on the streets or a cigar, if they prefer, since a judge of that city has decided they are entitled to all of the rights and privileges of men in that respect.

Since she first won success in authorship with "The Leavenworth Case," Anna Katharine Green, now in her seventy-fifth year, has written a total of thirty novels and more than 400 short stories, all dealing with mysterious crimes.

Let Your Taste Decide!

In this way you may verify the claim for

POST TOASTIES

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No matter what you pay

you can't get any better cup satisfaction than you will from the delicious Asco Blend.

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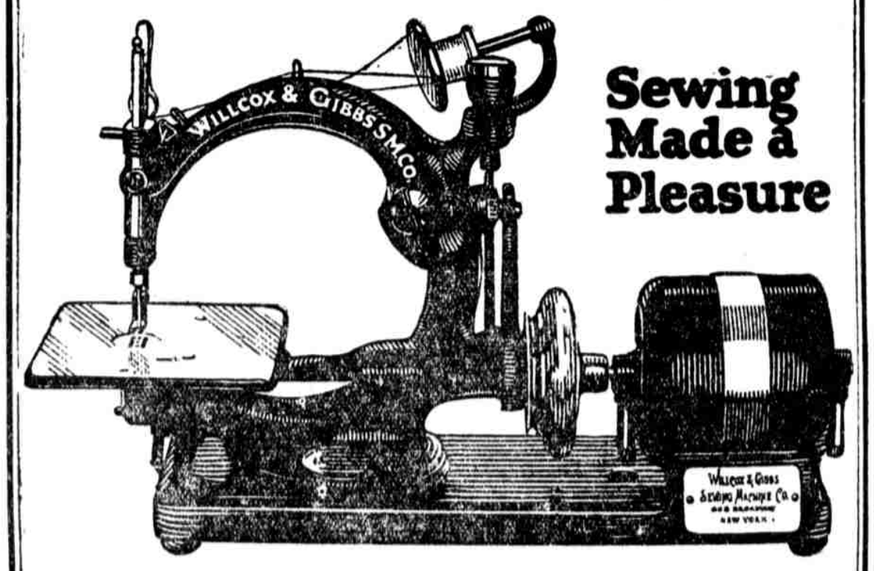

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