AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XXIX—Back in Town

"I'LL drive the two of you," Vandaveer volunteered with unexpected graciousness. He told himself that it was just as well to keep "on the right side" of these two. * * * "You can occupy the back seat of the car. Miss Mary will have plenty of room there to rest her head."

MAY CHRISTIE

He flung a knowing wink at Dick—which that young man deeply resented. He longed to punch the head of Vandaveer. He hated him and his insinuations.

Vandaveer climbed into the driver's seat. Dick and Mary ensconced themselves in the rear portion of the machine. The big car started forward.

"I'm so anxious about you, sweetheart," whispered Dick solicitously. "I feel as though this miserable business was all my own particular fault!"

"Ah—don't be foolish!" whispered Mary in her soft, traily voice. Though her head ached, she felt a curious happiness steal over her. "I—I wouldn't have missed this evening, anyhow, in spite of everything."

Dick beamed. He slipped an arm about her, drawing her closer to him.

"Rest your head upon my shoulder, dearest, then you won't feel the motion of the car so much."

They glided along the smooth, white moonlit roads. Vandaveer was rather reckless in his driving. But traffic was so sparse now that it didn't really matter. A great, deep peace crept into Mary's heart. Gone was the loneliness of life! She'd met a man now that she loved—and who loved her!

Love was the greatest thing in all the world. There was nothing else that could make life half so glorious. Success, money, ambition, beauty—what were they?

The counterfeit of love had sometimes come her way. She'd always recognized its lack of value—and had spurned it. Ah! She had been guided, guided to this moment.

Dick's tenderness, his solicitude for her, were very dear. He could be as gentle as a woman. He wrapped the big rug round her knees, tucking it about her as though she were the merest baby.

Her head lay on his shoulder—his broad shoulder, that was going to carry all life's burdens for her now.

Oh, it was glorious to be loved like this.

The sinister figure of Vandaveer did not disturb her now. Her thoughts were all of Dick—the future.

"Tomorrow may I come and see you, sweetheart? You must let me have your home address." Dick's cheek touched hers.

Her home address? A little rueful smile hovered round Mary's pretty lips.

"I—I haven't got a home. I live in a rooming house. It isn't a very attractive place. I don't think that you'd care——"

"You foolish little girl!" Dick kissed her tenderly. "As though it made a scrap of difference to me where you live! You must stay in bed all day tomorrow—I'll send in some flowers to cheer you up—and then, when evening comes, if you feel better, maybe you'd get up and find a room where we could talk? I'll call around to see you, about 7 o'clock."

"Yes—please do," said Mary, softly. After all, her pride was foolish. Dick cared for her—not for her "entourage." Shabby surroundings couldn't kill his love.

The big car bowled into the outskirts of the city, then across a ferry through a deserted business section and then to the street where Mary's lodgings were located.

It was a dreary spot, thought Dick, as the car drew up before a tall, gloomy house, in an equally gloomy street. Even the radiance of the moon failed to soften it.

"Good night, my dear—sweet dreams. Take every care of yourself until tomorrow night. And don't dare to go near that wretched office! Rest's the word!" He kissed her surreptitiously. And then he helped her down.

Mary gave a cool nod to Vandaveer, a swift, shy smile to Dick, and hurried up the steps that led to the front door of her abode. As she fitted her key into the lock, a neighboring clock struck half past twelve.

Tomorrow—An Angry Eve

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

The Way to Go About It

Have you seen a picture of the new model gown that has been designed for us? It is the product of the combined effort of fifteen clergymen striving for our comfort, health, beauty and modesty.

No, there is nothing wrong with the dress and nothing strange about it. It is just like hundreds of others that we see every day, quite in accord with the present fashion, except that it extends further above the waist and further below the knees than most of those that we see.

It makes a good-looking, graceful, smart and modest costume. The only trouble with it is the way they are putting it to us. "Designed by fifteen clergymen!" Not that we have anything against clergymen. But experience tells us that indorsement by fifteen clergymen is not exactly the surest way of making anything a fad today.

However, it is not so much who are sponsoring it as the way they are doing it that kills promise for the model gown. For no dress reform will ever be put over by fifteen or fifty or fifteen hundred men getting together and saying that it is the most beautiful and the most becoming to us. They have got to demonstrate that they like us better so. And the only way to demonstrate it is to pay attention to the girls who dress modestly instead of to the exponents of the knee and breastbone showing style that they themselves have popularized.

There is no getting away from it—men do set the fashions. They do it, however, not by designing them in Paris or proclaiming them in church. No creation of the greatest couturier in the world can make a style. The designer merely initiates it. It is made by the Toms, Dicks and Harrys, whose numbers are legion and who pass judgment upon it not in church or by reform committees, but by the seal of their approval that is stamped between the lines of invitations to dine, to dance and to be entertained and courted.

That is the way fashions always have been set and always will be set. And when the men become really in earnest in their disgust for the immodest in dress that is the way that they will manifest it. They will shame the girls they know by looking askance instead of admiringly at bare backs and shins showing and will turn their attentions to the modest girl. That is the way they can successfully sponsor the model costume, not by drawing pictures and saying one thing and acting another. It is up to them to suit the action to the word and prove that they mean it.

DAILY NOVELETTE

The Twins Go to Work

By Louise M. Addleson

The Bennet twins were respected by all and admired by many. They were pretty, too, though for twins not much alike. Paula was dark, with curly hair and fine eyes, while masses of coppery gold covered Pauline's small, well-shaped head and emphasized the deep blue of her appealing eyes.

Jack Bennet had been a father to his sisters since their parents died; had provided them with all the necessities of life and a good many of the luxuries. He hoped and believed that some day they would marry good, substantial business men, who would love them and look after them properly. But the years passed and somehow or other the substantial suitors failed to materialize.

In the beginning friends had suggested work for the twins. But it appeared that work of the kind suited to their particular consitutions was not to be had. Teaching was too much of a strain. Bookkeeping was hard on the eyes. And selling goods in a shop was, of course, too vulgar to be thought of. The twins seemed fitted only to stay at home and worry about their symptoms.

When his sisters told him about their delicate constitutions Jack was glad that he was able to protect them from the drudgery of service. He continued to labor, still hoping, though others had given it up, for the substantial suitors and the happy homes waiting somewhere for the girls. He held on to this hope more doggedly after he met Lola Fair, a sweet and patient girl, who, he had reason to believe, wept many a tear in the privacy of her own room at the thought of her vanishing youth and the hopeless, cheerless future.

The twins had no fears. There was always Jack, if they did not marry. So they went along their tranquil, easy way, quite undisturbed until one day, about five years after Jack met Lola, a cyclone struck the Bennet family, upsetting their habits and their plans in a rude and most unpleasant manner. The cyclone had the form and shape of Aunt Maria Witherstone, a very old and very wrinkled lady, short in actual inches, but exceedingly long and sharp of tongue.

The Bennets had never met Aunt Maria before, but they had heard of her wealth, and were much pleased at the thought of entertaining her; and though after her arrival they found that they could love her better at a distance, they put themselves out considerably to bear with what they called her eccentricities.

It was after Aunt Maria met Lola that the cyclone struck.

"What a fine girl Lola is!" said Aunt Maria. "Why don't she and Jack get married?"

"Why— why—they can't," answered Paula.

"Can't? Why not? They're of age, I hope?"

"Yes," hurriedly put in Pauline, "but——"

"Then what's to hinder?"

"It's like this," explained Paula, patiently. "Jack's salary won't allow him to support a wife and us too, so ——"

"And you'd rather he'd support you? I see. He's to ruin his own life and Lola's because his sisters are too lazy and selfish to stand on their own feet!"

"Lazy!" exclaimed Paula, flushing.

"Selfish!" cried Pauline, paling.

"Well, what do you call your conduct? Noble self-sacrifice? I don't! The idea of you two little parasites sitting comfortably at home waiting for the bacon to be brought to you! Living on your brother when you are both in the best of health and well able to look after yourselves!"

"Really, Aunt Marie," said Paula, in a tone of outraged dignity, "you forget yourself!"

"We are not able to work," added Pauline, icily. "Furthermore, Jack wouldn't allow it."

"That's why it's such a shame. Because he's good you impose on him. You'd be stronger, healthier, happier, if you got yourself something to do. And you'd get a chance to meet a few people—perhaps a future husband! I never heard of anything so disgusting! Get to work, both of you, or I'll never speak to you again!"

It was a frightful dilemma. Of course one may safely disregard the wishes of a poor relation, but it would have been the height of folly to disobey a rich old lady who had no one to inherit her wealth. And even here the choice was taken out of their hands. Aunt Maria hunted up a couple of young men who had had business dealings with her departed husband and insisted that the girls do secretarial work in their offices.

Fearfully, with inward anger and many misgivings, the twins set about the task of wresting a living out of a cruel and unsympathetic world. Certainly they did not like it—at first. But as time went on they surprised themselves by finding their work interesting. The regular hours agreed with them. Their cheeks filled out. Their color grew richer, and after a while they found the few brief hours they spent at home irksome. They missed their work—and their employers. It developed that their employers missed them, too, so they began calling on the twins of an evening.

In six months there was a triple wedding in the Bennet family. Aunt Maria presided like the gracious little tyrant that she was. Like a gracious tyrant, too, she presented each couple with a spacious home, and informed them that she had made a new will in which they were her heirs.

Next complete novelette—A Plunge into Matrimony.

Things You'll Love to Make

Bead Hat-Ornament

This BEAD HAT ORNAMENT is a captivating little affair to adorn your summer hat. Cut seven or more thin wires each five and one-half inches long. Fasten them together at the bottom with wire covered with silk. Spread the seven wires to form a fan. Place a bead on the first wire and fasten it in place by dropping a tiny bit of glue or sealing wax into the hole of the bead. Continue fastening the beads, leaving small spaces between them. The top beads should be at the very tips of the wires so as to expose as little as possible of the wires. If the wires are enameled before beading, your BEAD HAT ORNAMENT will be even handsomer.

FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "A. A."

If a girl breaks her engagement she should return the ring to the man who gave it to her as a pledge of troth. It's the more honorable thing to do, but if she wants to keep the ring she cannot be forced to give it up if she can prove it was a gift.

To "Ruth"

While you are right in theory not to call regularly at a man's fraternity house, if it pleases him and you want to see him for something special you ought not to be so rigid about not telephoning him.

Do not make a regular practice of it, but do call once in a while and do not give your name to whoever answers if you feel awkward about it. Just say that it is his fiancee who is calling.

Best Man's Duties

Dear Cynthia—As I have been asked to act as best man for a couple, who are very good friends of mine, I would thank you to advise me what actions I must take to fulfill this position, i. e., as far as the presents are concerned, the church ceremonies and after the ceremonies, etc.

A READER.

The best man goes to the church with the bridegroom, keeps the ring till the time it is needed, usually attends to the fee for the clergyman (but of course the bridegroom gives him the fee to give), he stands with the bridegroom at his right hand during the ceremony. If the bridegroom wants him to, he attends to the tickets and train chairs for the wedding trip. (Most bridegrooms prefer to do that themselves, but if they want the best man to do it for them he is supposed to.) The best man has no expense except that it is usual for him to send a wedding present to the bride. He dresses in evening clothes if the wedding is after 8 o'clock, and if not in gray-striped trousers, black cutaway coat, gray tie, standing collar, black or white waistcoat as the bridegroom prefers, and black patent leather shoes, gray spats and gloves, and carries a high hat, but that is not necessary, as often the best man and ushers do not carry hats. It's a matter of taste.

He Gave Mother a Handful of Candy

Dear Cynthia—I went with a young man five years my senior for three months and I have not been going with him for four months.

This man is of French descent, and comes from a respectable family. I dearly loved him and he told nearly all my friends and his how much he cared for me. He certainly paid a lot of attention to me, anyhow, and everybody spoke about it.

There were two girls and a fellow kidding him one night when I was there, and they asked him if we needed a bride and bridegroom, and he said, not now, the high cost of living would interfere. This fellow has never been the same to me since, and when asked, by another man, to a party they were giving to mother, said he would come if he had nowhere else to go.

I was at a dance with a crowd and he was with us. He seemed very friendly with me that night, but I could not feel the same. I am rather good-looking, and so have quite a few gentlemen friends. I have a good time with them all, and never seem melancholy anywhere but in my bedroom.

A few nights ago this young man handed my mother a handful of candy, and this looked very strange to me.

Now, Cynthia, please tell me what to do to regain his friendship. See what your other readers say about it.

"DISAPPOINTED."

Are you not all upset over nothing, dear? It seems to me that you have no problem but to be polite and courteous when you meet this young man. It also seems rather strange for you to allow another man to invite this friend to your house. Why did you not ask him yourself? If he is a close friend he would naturally resent a roundabout invitation. It would have been more polite if he had handed your mother the box of candy and allowed her to help herself, but perhaps he handed it that way in fun.

Yes, They Really Do

Dear Cynthia—The question that comes up in my mind may be very funny to you and your readers, but I am very much in earnest when I ask: Do men really love women or do they marry or "go together" with a girl just because they think they ought to settle down in life?

I met a boy some time ago at a dance. I see him almost every day, but we just greet each other with a broad smiling "Hello." Cynthia, I love this young man very much, but do not know whether he loves me. I never go out nights or to dances as my parents do not approve of it. I went to but three dances since I am living and am now seventeen. I never bother about going out nights as I am used to staying in. I am also a senior in high school, and know that after I graduate my life will be "Home, sweet home," and nothing more. My question is this, dear Cynthia: How can I get talking to this young man, I mean to have a real conversation? I have not been properly introduced to him, and do fellows really love girls as I know girls love fellows?

Hoping this letter is not too long to be printed into your most wonderful column.

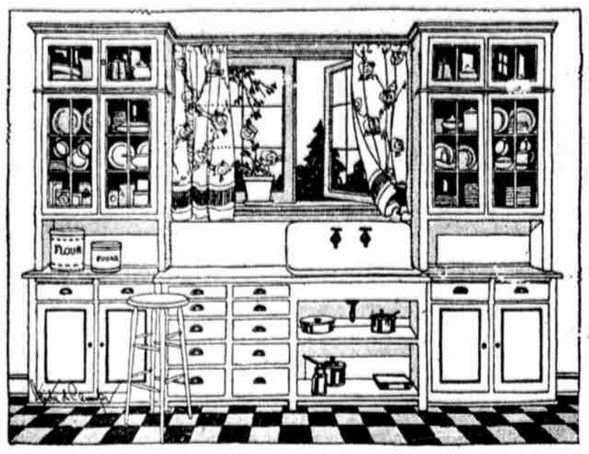
And I also hope some young man will answer this question which has puzzled.

JUSTINE.

Of course men love women, dear. There may be and are some marriages of convenience or with money motives back of them, but the marriages for love preponderate and men love just as women do, though they may express and show their love differently.

But many girls of seventeen and eighteen do not love any one person as much as they love the idea of love. Love will come, dear, but don't hurry its coming. Find some one who will properly introduce you to this young man you have taken a liking to. And as you are seventeen you would do well to talk with father and mother and ask them to allow you to receive visitors now and again in the evenings. It's healthy and normal for young boys and girls to be friends and have common interests to talk about and parents make a mistake when they forbid it and make forbidden pleasures out of what would naturally be a simple friendship.

TO SAVE SPACE



Build your kitchen dresser in two sections, one on each side of the sink. Pots and pans can be kept on the shelves below the sink, while provisions, dishes, utensils, etc., can be housed in the various little closets under and above the table space. A small table board connects dresser and sink on one side. This would be ideal for the kitchenette or the kitchen part of a combination "dining room and"

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Barry Neil comes home from his office and tells his wife that he has been accused of embezzling funds, but that he is innocent. Harriet conceives the idea of slipping away and hiding somewhere and later on getting a position with Barry's firm so that she may spy on the guilty person. She manages to escape before the police arrive, and late at night arrives at a dreary boarding house where she is beset by the fear that suspicion may attach to her.

CHAPTER V

A Woman at Bay

THE door slowly opened and a slatternly maid-of-all-work stuck her head through the small aperture. She stared open-mouthed at Harriet, who sat up in bed, the bedclothes drawn up to her chin, staring wildly at the intruder.

"It's after 11 o'clock, ain't you ever goin' to get up?" the maid inquired in a tired voice.

The relief was so great that in spite of her mental anguish Harriet broke into a soft laugh.

"Of course I'm going to get up, and if you'll give me five minutes I'll be dressed," she said brightly.

The frowsy head was withdrawn and Harriet hurriedly sprang out of bed. As she got into her clothes the fact was borne in on her that so far she was safe. Perhaps after all the fact that she had overslept had been for the best. If she had stolen away in the early morning she might have been suspected and traced. Perhaps it was a good omen that prophesied luck in her venture.

Breakfast was over at the boarding house, and Harriet had rolls and coffee in a cheap little restaurant. Then, armed with the morning papers, she returned to her room and locked the door.

Her hands trembled as she turned to the first page of the Chronicle. Yes, there it was on the first page crowding out the latest divorce scandal.

TRUSTED EMPLOYE ACCUSED OF EMBEZZLING FUNDS!

Young Barry Neil Takes Five Thousand Dollars Out of Office Safe.

Wife Disappears

Then followed an account of what Barry had told her yesterday embellished with a lurid account of her own disappearance and probable connection with the theft.

It was uncanny to be sitting here in a cheap boarding house reading about herself in the papers. One reporter said that the police were already on the trail of the wife and a quick recovery of the money was expected. Harriet tried to tell herself that this was newspaper talk, but it did no good. She had no idea what would happen to her if they discovered her now and the newspaper report sounded horribly convincing.

She tried to think what to do. Would it be better to stay where she was and take the chance of being discovered any minute, or to slip away and find another place?

While she was thinking there came another knock at her door, and her heart leaped suffocatingly. She had taken the precaution of turning the key in the lock, and, hastily stuffing all the papers but one into her suitcase, she went to the door and opened it.

The boarding-house woman stood on the threshold. She peered curiously into the room and nodded approvingly as she saw the newspaper spread out on the bed.

"Looking for a job?"

Harriet nodded.

"That's right. I just came up to tell you about meals. Breakfast at 8 sharp, dinner at 12, and supper at 6. You didn't come down for breakfast, and lunch is about over."

"I overslept," Harriet stammered. "I was so very tired. You see," she explained, growing more confident as a sudden idea occurred to her, "I just arrived from Chicago last night, and I didn't sleep at all on the train."

She met the hard eyes with her own wide and innocent, and the woman finally turned away. Her face gave no sign of what was going on in her mind, and Harriet could not tell whether she suspected anything or not.

Tomorrow—The Third Degree

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Wants to Tell Fortunes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You have helped me before and I am coming again for help.

I am a girl of sixteen and I am giving a party and I would like to tell fortunes. I bought fortune-telling books and they give the meaning of the cards but do not explain clearly how to tell them. Please tell me just a general way of telling fortunes.

I really could not give you any better directions than a book on the subject of fortune-telling. Perhaps you did not understand the way it was written, or perhaps the methods were too difficult. See if you cannot find a book at the Public Library that is more clearly written so that you can understand what it means. These books are written by experts, and surely no one could give you any better information than an expert on any subject. Give them another chance and try to learn their methods.

A Wedding Breakfast

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a constant reader of your paper and would like you to publish in your column a menu for a wedding breakfast to be around the last of April, and how to serve same.

Is there anything in the line of beverage served at the time of the breakfast, if so, what?

When married in a coat suit what kind of flowers should be carried by bride and bridesmaid, corsage or spray of some sort?

Do the bride and bridesmaid keep their gloves on during the ceremony?

What attire for the groomsman?

A. K. G.

The regulation wedding breakfast consists of croquettes and salad, bread or rolls, an ice, cake and coffee. But if you prefer something lighter, you could have just the salad or the croquette with Saratoga potatoes. If the wedding is informal, you could have chicken a la king, with a salad and rolls, ice cream, cake and coffee. Coffee is the best beverage to serve with anything you have. Serve any of these menus by passing the plates of croquettes, salad and bread already served, with a fork and a napkin, while the guests are assembled in the dining-room but not seated at the table. Have the ice and the coffee on the table and let the waiters, or the men who are guests, if you have not waiters, take the empty plates back to the table, and help the ices and pass the cakes to the ladies. There should be some one at the table to pour the coffee, if you do not have a caterer.

The corsage bouquet is nicer to carry if the bride and bridesmaids wear suits, for they can be worn afterward. But the sheaf or spray would be correct if you prefer it. Gloves should be kept on during the ceremony, except that unless the bride has the ring finger of her glove split, she will have to remove her glove to receive the ring on her left hand.

The bridegroom and his attendants ordinarily wear a cutaway coat with striped trousers for an afternoon wedding, and dress suit for an evening wedding, but if the bride wears her traveling suit, it would be permissible for the bridegroom also to wear a business suit of dark color with a black and white or gray necktie and gray gloves for afternoon.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Tuffy's Long Journey

By DADDY

"TUFFY THOMAS was a boastful cat as well as a proud and haughty cat," said Judge Owl, beginning his evening tale. "One of his boasts was that he never got lost.

"'Why, I could find my way straight home if some one took me away out to the middle of the woods and turned me around until I got dizzy,' he told Sneaks, the alley cat.

"'I could send you to a place from which you couldn't get back, sneered Sneaks, who was jealous of Tuffy, who had a nice home while Sneaks had none.

"'I'll bet you couldn't,' answered Tuffy.

"'Will you give me your fine home if I can?' asked Sneaks cunningly.

"Tuffy Thomas didn't want to risk his fine home by saying yes, but neither did he want to go back on his boast.

"'Yes, I will give you my fine home if you can send me to a place from which I can't find my way back,' he mewed, after thinking the matter over.

"So Sneaks took Tuffy down to the railroad freight houses where the freight trains get their loads. Sneaks knew a lot about the freight trains, for he often went to the freight houses to catch mice. He knew that when a car was loaded with freight the doors would be shut tight, an engine would draw the car away, and it would become a part of a train which would go rushing off to distant cities. Tuffy didn't know anything about trains and he didn't have any idea Sneaks was putting up a trick on him.

"Sneaks led the way until he came to a car that was nearly filled.

"'You can get in there and hide among the boxes,' he mewed to Tuffy. 'You can go to sleep and when you wake up, try to find your way home.'

"'Me-ow! That is easy!' mewed Tuffy, and he jumped into the car and crawled back to a dark corner under the roof where he went sound asleep.

"Tuffy was awakened by a hard bump! Then came more hard bumps. It was the engine taking the car from the freight houses.

"Tuffy was alarmed. He jumped for the door, but, alas, the door was shut tight. He was locked in.

"Toot! Toot! went the engine; bumpity-bump! went the car. There was a clanging of bells, more bumps, and finally the car was now a part of a long freight train bound for far away.

"All night Tuffy rode, growing hungrier every minute, and then all the next day, and the next night, and the day after that.

"Finally they came to a place where the train stopped for a long time. A man opened the door, and poor Tuffy, much thinner than he had been when he went in, crawled out.

"Tuffy thought his troubles now would be ended, but he found they had just begun. He was in the midst of a noisy, rushing, busy city. There was so much confusion he didn't know which way to turn. His heart sank, for he felt he would never find his way home from there. He would have to give up his nice home to Sneaks. How silly he had been ever to let Sneaks trick him into going away.

"Tuffy felt he had been given a good lesson. He made up his mind to be wiser in the future.

"Now as Tuffy had come to the noisy city in a freight car, he figured he might be carried back to his own town in another freight car. So he stayed about the freight house, catching mice and making friends with the freight men, who gave him scraps from their lunches.

"And one day, when the men had finished loading a car, Tuffy crept in. This time he had prepared for his trip, for he had stored up several mice he had killed. The door was shut and the car started on its journey. Two days and a half the train jarred its way along, and then came to a stop. When the door was opened there was Tuffy, back in the freight house from which he had started on his first journey.

"My, he was glad to be in his own town again, and he scooted for home as fast as he could go.

"But when Tuffy got home he found a most unhappy surprise awaiting him. There was a big, sleek, black cat in his place, being petted by his mistress. Tuffy was astonished—the black cat was none other than Sneaks. That is why the rascal had tricked him into going away—it was to get his nice home away from him. Tuffy wasn't going to stand for that. He marched into the house and up to his mistress.

"Me-ow! Here I am home again!" he mewed. 'Drive that alley cat away.'

"But his mistress didn't drive Sneaks away. She gave a shriek and called a servant.

"Throw that awful strange cat out of doors!" she cried, pointing to Tuffy. The servant did so, but tomorrow I'll tell you how Tuffy got back his nice home from the tricky Sneaks."

Just in Case—

You haven't any inside belting in the house when you start to make your new gingham dress—if you don't want to go out, and you happen to have some unbleached muslin in the house, just cut a bias band of it twice as wide and just as long as you want. Double it over, sew a neat seam on one side, and you'll have an inside belt that will be quite as supple and strong as the belting.

LUCY WASN'T RAISED TO THE HIGHER POSITION

But She Didn't Mind Because She Said She Would Be Married Some Day Anyhow—She Is Losing Her Self-Respect

"IT'S a shame you didn't get that job instead of Helen," sympathized Lucy's best friend.

Helen and Lucy had been together in the mail order department of the firm, and Helen had been chosen to fill the vacancy which had occurred in a slightly higher position.

Helen needed it just as much as Lucy, if not more, but, of course, a best friend is prejudiced.

But Lucy smiled nonchalantly at the words of consolation.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said, carelessly. "Helen will probably do better with it than I would—what's the use of worrying about a job? I'll get married some day and forget all about this old place."

Of course, it was very nice of her not to be upset by Helen's good luck which might have been hers, but what a foolish way to look at the future!

Lucy was not engaged, she had no immediate or near future prospects of being married, and her family was not wealthy.

It is all very well to be optimistic, but it isn't very safe to count on something like marriage as a means of providing for the years to come.

MARRIAGE is not like love, which "comes alike to high and low."

Sometimes Prince Charming comes along and sometimes he doesn't. And even when he does come there are times when his money bags are not filled with gold, and there is often a weary time of waiting until he gets them full enough to buy a rose-covered cottage.

The girl who looks upon marriage as an escape from work that she does not particularly care for is in danger of getting a wrong angle on life in general.

She may be wise enough to wait at first until the right prince comes, but if time goes on, and he still seems to be hunting through the telephone book for the right number, she will grow very weary of waiting.

And the first thing she knows this little job, the same one that she started with, will grow utterly unendurable, and she will marry the first man who asks her, whether he is the right one or not.

It will be pure luck if he is; if he isn't she will soon be wishing for that tiresome little job back again.

AND aside from the material effects of such behavior, think how humiliating it would be to be known as "that girl who never takes any interest in her work," "the girl without any ambition."

How dreadful to hear some one say, "Well, if she's as good at housework as she was at her job down here, heaven help her husband!"

But above all what a blow to her self-respect, no matter how poorly developed it might be, to have to think over a record of two, perhaps three or four years' employment, without any raise of salary or position, and know that it was all her own fault.

It is always so consoling to be able to say, "Well, anyhow, it wasn't because I didn't try—only that old pig can't appreciate good work when he sees it."

AS LUCY goes on in life, taking no interest in this because it will soon be over anyhow, going to no pains with that, because anyhow it won't last and so on, she cannot be a very successful wife or mother.

After all, even if things are only temporary, they're all part of life, and that doesn't last long enough for even the least important of its activities to be slighted.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Certain kinds of cake and nearly all pastry should be eaten with a fork. When the cake is very rich, whether a layer cake or not, or if it is covered with chocolate or frosting, a fork should always be used. Chocolate eclairs, cream puffs, charlotte russe, pies and tarts of all sorts should be eaten with a fork. Some hostesses serve forks with ice cream, but if the weather is at all mild, ices melt so rapidly that it is more sensible to provide ice-cream spoons. Certain stiff puddings, such as cottage pudding, "Brown Betty," "Cousin Caroline" (steamed spice-bread), fruit pudding, etc., should be eaten with a fork, but for chocolate pudding, rice pudding, blanc mange, bread pudding and all custards, a spoon is most convenient. Satin desserts may be eaten with a spoon or fork, according to their consistency. When a sweet, such as rice a la Conde, or a fruit fritter, is served as an entree, it is always eaten with a fork.