AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XXX—An Angry Eve

THE following day Mary's head ached miserably. She telephoned to the office and explained she couldn't come. Over the wires the voice of Carrington Bellairs was curt and unsympathetic.

MAY CHRISTIE

But Mary didn't care. Dick's flowers would soon arrive. And presently Dick himself—that superman! Oh, would the evening never come!

The day wore on. Mary—every nerve alert—lay listening for the arrival of Dick's gift. Her room seemed drab and unattractive. She longed for the sweet scent of flowers—their freshness—and their beauty.

Her head ached so that she couldn't eat. A stabbing, burning pain was in her eyes. Only the thought of Dick sustained her.

At half-past six she rose and dressed. She felt so weak that she could scarcely stand.

"I'm—I'm expecting a visitor. May I use the upstairs sitting room?" She asked the favor timidly.

Her landlady—stony-hearted, as is usual with that genus—muttered some gruff reply, in which the adjective "bothersome" was included.

The clock struck seven—a quarter past—the half hour.

What was delaying Dick?

Ah, yes, of course! He'd surely stop to buy the flowers! Dear Dick—so kind and generous!

Another quarter of an hour went by. The clock struck eight.

How time did drag when one was waiting, eagerly.

Another half hour crawled away on leaden feet.

Oh, he would surely come! He must! He wouldn't fail her!

The doorbell rang. And Mary—palpitant—rose to survey her image in the greenish mirror that adorned the mantelpiece. Would Dick think her pale and plain tonight?

Footsteps on the stairs. Ah, he was coming.

The door swung open. There in the aperture appeared—not Dick—but Miss Eve Rochester, a disdainful smile upon her face and a glint of anger in her eyes.

She closed the door behind her and came up to Mary.

"I heard of your—your disgraceful escapade last night with my fiance, Dick Calardin," she said, in a loud, hard voice. "Permit me to tell you that I won't stand that sort of thing! I demand an explanation!"

Mary—white to the lips and trembling—faced Eve Rochester. She had hardly taken in the meaning of the other's words.

"My escapade?" She put a hand up to her aching head and swayed a little. Her wan appearance would have melted any other heart than Eve's. "An—an explanation?"

"Exactly what I say," repeated Eve. The disdainful smile still clung about her lips, although her eyes were hard. "What do you mean by motoring around the countryside at all hours of the night with the man whom I intend to marry?"

Mary sank down into a chair—for it seemed as though her weary limbs could no longer support her.

"I—it can't be true that you're engaged to him?" she stammered.

Eve tossed her head. The gesture wasn't pretty, but it was expressive.

"I tell you that I am engaged to him! Can't you understand the meaning of words?"

Her tone was so impertinent that it served to rouse Miss Mary from her painful lethargy. A flush sprang to her cheek. She met Eve's hard glance squarely.

"Miss Rochester, my affairs can scarcely interest you."

"Indeed they do—when they concern myself!" came the quick reply. "You can't do that sort of thing and expect they'll be excused—even if you only are a stenographer!" She laid a biting emphasis on the last word.

But Mary didn't flinch. Her quiet dignity did not desert her. She faced her angry antagonist with calmness—and reserve.

Monday—An Unpleasant Interview.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Apropos Prohibition

"THE average man loves a scrap," says a great newspaper editor. The editor is wrong.

EVERY man loves a scrap—average, above average, below average, brilliant, dull, tall, small, pacifist, artist, artisan, high-brow, low-brow, professional, non-professional; two kids mauling each other on the sidewalk immediately gather a motley mob.

From the best of us all through the ranks of the rest of us, we love a contest; our hearts thrill to a battle or set-to—we love to see and hear if not to participate.

It is the universal, elemental brute in us fighting for a way out.

That is why prohibition furnishes so much entertainment in opportunity for argument—and fun—the latter for the fellow who has "his," of course.

And what a battle royal the whole world would have enjoyed had Dr. Buckley and Dr. Ingersoll debated prohibition's pros and cons! If the debate would have been anything like the letters they wrote each other, then we have indeed been cheated out of a few masterpieces of impassioned oratory.

This is a letter Dr. Ingersoll once wrote Dr. Buckley.

Dear Buckley—I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove a skeleton from the feast of painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mangled soul of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadows that chased each other over billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of the night, the wealth of the summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the "Harvest Home," mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the starred dawn, the dreamy, tawny dusk of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been confined within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man.

Your friend,

ROBERT G.

And here is Dr. Buckley's reply:

Dear Rob—I return to you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as an Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it and you shall have "mine, sorrow," "babbling" and "wounds without cause." Your eyes shall behold strange women, and your heart shall utter perverse things. Drink it and you shall hear the voice of demons, shrieking women wailing, and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who lives. Drink it deep and long, and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs. At last it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder. For forty years this liquid death has been confined within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brain, and set I call myself!

Your friend,

BUCKLEY

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

A State Law

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me if a girl of nineteen can obtain a license in this city?

My father is dead and my mother is very far from here and, therefore, unable to come. Would any other person do for a witness on my side?

WORRIED.

Unless you have the consent of your mother you might have trouble in obtaining a marriage license in the State of Pennsylvania.

Your brother could certainly be a witness.

To Store a Velvet Dress

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would appreciate ever so much if you will kindly inform me the best way to keep a velvet dress for the summer. Should it be packed away or left hanging in the closet?

Can the stiffness be removed from a black taffeta petticoat? F. J. DOY.

My skin is very tender and sensitive and I cannot use soap or ... and use a cleansing cream instead but it continues being sooty. Can you tell me what to do for it? M. E. F.

It is best to stuff out the sleeves of a velvet dress with paper while it is in a hanger, pinning it so that the weight is evenly distributed and does not come in any one place. Then cover it with a clear cloth that comes over the whole dress, securing it firmly down the sides so that there is no chance for moths to get in. Let it hang in the closet. In this way you avoid the danger of its getting wrinkled as would happen if you folded it up and laid it in a box.

Wash the taffeta petticoat in warm water soapy to remove the stiffness. Do not press it until it is thoroughly dry.

Try using a liquid face cotton after you wash your face with the cold cream and always wipe off the cream with a soft cloth. Sometimes the rough bag with a wash cloth coughs up the skin and makes it soft. But the lotion is smooth it again.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What unusual honor has Mme. Ane Mortoux received?
2. Describe a dancing gown effect in a one-piece frock of blue taffeta.
3. How ... extremely useful ... shall fashioned?
4. In what way ... attractive place-cards ...
5. Describe a simple tin holder for a candle.
6. What is an effective way of removing sod carrots and ... from flowers?

Yesterday's Answers

1. The Housewives' Chamber of Commerce of Dallas, Tex., has launched a campaign to induce American women to adopt cotton goods for dress material so that the 13,000,000 bales of unused cotton now stored in the South can be made use of.
2. By having the waist and upper part of the skirt made of the linen and using blue calico with a tiny yellow design in it for the rest of the skirt the collar, cuffs and girdle—year before last's white linen dress can be made onto a pretty and up-to-date frock.
3. If hemstitched tea napkins have become torn around the edges, restore their appearance by cutting off those edges and crocheting a narrow border around them.
4. Linoleum can be kept fresh-looking by putting on now and then a little of the cooked starch which has been used for the laundering.
5. Delicate green ostrich feathers are used in place of maiden-hair fern to give a corsage-bouquet a charmingly different touch.
6. When baking a cake, greased brown paper placed in the bottom of the pan will prevent it from sticking as it is being removed.

Things You'll Love to Make

What could would be delighted with a "DANCING DOLL" BAG for her books? Even mother would appreciate one for a sewing bag. Either make or buy the cord bag. Make the little dancing doll of felt, cloth or velvet. Cut the doll shape of buckram. Paste or sew on pieces of white material for the face, hands and feet. The curly locks are French knots of black darning cotton or worsted. The dress is made of felt of little Dotty's favorite color. A narrow ribbon is fastened to the doll's hands. Trim her dress with some stitching and fasten her to the bag, where she will dance with glee as Dotty carries her "DANCING DOLL" BAG. FLORA.

IT'S A TRICK COSTUME

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

You can wear a "thing" like this for almost any occasion, for you have three dresses in one. You start in a good-looking navy blue tricotine suit with facings of beige and blue silk and a blouse that matches the facing. You unfasten the skirt and emerge in a striped skirt with a plain coat. But the weather becomes too warm for a coat, and upon removing it you reveal a perfectly good afternoon dress. Very tricky indeed!

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Tuffy's Return

By DADDY

TUFFY THOMAS, the cat, felt most unhappy when he came back from his long journey and found Sneaks, the alley cat, in his snug home," said Judge Owl, telling his evening story.

"And he felt especially unhappy because his own dear mistress, not knowing Tuffy, had ordered him to be driven away. Why had his mistress done that? Had she stopped loving him? Had Sneaks told stories about him?

"Tuffy thought over these things as he sat on an alley fence and yowled in misery. Then he felt hungry after his long ride in the freight car, so he began to look for breakfast. He prowled along the shore of a creek seeking something to eat, and by chance he came upon a broken looking-glass. In that glass he saw a frowsy, untidy, hungry tramp cat. Tuffy Thomas humped his back, raised his tail and brought out his claws. The tramp cat did the same. Tuffy Thomas shot out a paw to scratch the tramp. The tramp did the same. The two paws met with a thud—and Tuffy got a surprise. The surprise was to find there was no tramp cat there at all—the cat he saw was himself pictured in the looking-glass.

"Tuffy hadn't seen himself in a long time and he was astonished to find that he had become so untidy, so thin and so forlorn-looking. He was just like Sneaks, the alley cat, and been before Sneaks tricked Tuffy into going away and leaving his nice home.

"No wonder Tuffy's mistress hadn't known him. No wonder she had him driven away.

"Tuffy's trip had made him a wiser cat, and so when he saw himself in the mirror and found what was wrong with him, he quit his yowling and sat down to think matters over. How would he get back into the favor of his mistress? How would he win a welcome to his home?

"Tuffy glanced again into the mirror.

"'I look like a tramp!' he said to himself. 'My mistress doesn't like me because I look like a tramp. The way to make her like me is to cure myself of looking like a tramp.'

"Thinking this, Tuffy turned to the creek to wash himself. He almost changed his mind when he looked at the water, for, you know, cats don't like to get wet. While he was hesitating a bad boy came along and threw him into the creek. That was a mean thing to do, but it was a good thing for Tuffy, for he had to swim around until a lot of the dirt was washed out of his coat. Then Tuffy dragged himself ashore and finished his bath with his tongue, drying himself in the sun.

"It was a long, hard job, for Tuffy was very dirty, but he stuck to it through two weary days. At the end of that time he looked at himself again in the mirror, and found he was the oddest cat, only Tuffy again, though he was not so plump as he had been.

"Now Tuffy was ready to win back his mistress, but he wondered how he would get rid of Sneaks, the alley cat who had taken his place in the house.

"'If Sneaks gets wet and dirty, he will look like the alley cat he is, and my mistress will have him driven out,' he thought to himself.

"So Tuffy crept up to the house and he asked Sneaks to play a game of tag with him. 'I'll not play tag with you, but I'll chase you away,' snarled Sneaks, and he started after Tuffy.

"Tuffy had noticed Johnny Bull, the dog, snoozing in a yard not far away. So when Sneaks chased him Tuffy dodged around a corner right into Johnny Bull's yard. He scrambled over the fence. Around the corner came Sneaks at full speed, dashing into Johnny. My, but Johnny went after that alley cat, chasing him for blocks, not stopping until Sneaks climbed a tree. There Johnny kept him for hours, all through a rainstorm that got Sneaks wet and bedraggled.

"As for Tuffy, he swiftly ran to his old home, and when he came in with nice clean fur, and looking neat and tidy, his mistress knew him at once. She gave him a warm welcome and fed him on nice fresh milk.

"When Sneaks came creeping back, wet and dirty, the mistress didn't know him. 'Drive away that alley cat,' she said to the servants. And so Sneaks got paid for his trickery.

"Tuffy Thomas was glad to get home, and he was a much more agreeable cat from that day forth.

"Next I am going to tell you about the adventures of Peggy and Billy in Grown-Up Land."

Shabby Velvet

Most velvets may be freshened by steaming from the wrong side, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. One way is to draw the velvet through the steam from a teakettle. Care must be taken that the teakettle contains only a little water or the water may spatter out and spot the velvet. As a special precaution several thicknesses of cheesecloth may be tied over the spout. A cone of heavy paper placed around the spout will direct the steam and make it possible to hold the velvet farther from the heat.

DO YOUR MARKETING EARLY, ADVISES MRS. WILSON

Three Good Menus for Sunday Have Unusual Dishes. Rhubarb and Orange Cocktail Is a Refreshing Appetizer for Dinner

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE anomalies of a certain class of moral reform touching the juvenile welfare is to the effect of minimizing the place of the home and all home-cooked foods in the life of the child. The biggest need today is the correct environment and home influence, not only upon the children, but also upon the entire family. So with this idea in mind, let us contribute to the family welfare and entrench upon the family altar the true love of family and home. Let each one sacrifice that he may bring to this shelter true love of kin and real hospitality.

This is not possible where the entire meal is selected from the corner delicatessen shop or tiffin, for just as truly as the baby that is nursed at his mother's breast clings in loving adoration to her skirts, so the family that is fed upon food cooked by mother with her own hands will have a real and lasting love for home and mother.

Plan an all-home-cooked meal for Sunday. Market early on Saturday morning, and, if you choose, prepare a goodly part of the Sunday dinner while arranging the Saturday evening meal.

A SUGGESTIVE MENU

BREAKFAST

Rhubarb and Raisins
Cereal and Cream
Creamed Dried Beef on Waffles
Radishes Coffee

DINNER

Rhubarb and Orange Cocktail
Braised Mutton French Style
Brown Gravy Cranberry Jelly
New Potatoes String Beans
Lettuce
Walnut and Raisin Pudding
Flummery Sauce
Coffee

SUPPER

Tomato Fritters Cream Sauce
Bacon Garnish
Vegetable Salad
Summer Fruit Cake Lemon Honey
Tea

The market basket will require

Two bunches of rhubarb,
Three oranges,
Four lemons,
Two packages of raisins,
Four ounces of dried beef,
Two pounds of neck of mutton,
One-half pound of bacon,
One-half pound of suet,
One pint of cranberries,
One quart of new potatoes,
One pint of string beans,
One head of lettuce,
Six tomatoes,
One-quarter pound of walnuts,
One can of milk

and the usual supplies that are purchased weekly.

Rhubarb and Orange Cocktail

Drain the juice from the two bunches of cooked rhubarb before adding sugar and one-half package of raisins. Cook for fifteen minutes and then set aside and chill for breakfast.

To the rhubarb juice add

Juice of two oranges,
Juice of one lemon,
One-quarter cup of powdered sugar,
One cup of finely chopped ice.

Stir well to blend and then serve in cocktail glasses for dinner.

Braised Mutton

Have the butcher cut the neck of mutton or lamb into slices one inch thick and then put a thin piece of garlic in each piece of meat. Dip lightly in flour and then brown in hot bacon fat; cover closely and steam until tender. Shake the pan occasionally to prevent the meat from burning. Season and add one cup of milk in which two tablespoons of flour have been dissolved. Lift on toast and garnish with finely minced parsley.

Walnut and Raisin Pudding

Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-half cups of bread crumbs,
One cup of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
One level tablespoon of baking powder,
One level teaspoon of nutmeg,
One cup of finely chopped suet,
One-half package of seeded raisins,
One-quarter pound of shelled walnuts, chopped fine,
One and one-quarter cups of milk,
One egg, beaten into the milk.

Mix and then turn into well-greased and floured mold and steam for one and one-quarter hours. Turn from the mold and then cut into slices and serve with Flummery sauce.

Flummery Sauce

Grated rind of one half lemon,
One cup of powdered sugar,
Two tablespoons of cornstarch,
Yolks of two eggs,
Two tablespoons of butter.

Place in a saucepan and cream well. Now add one cup of scalding milk and cook slowly over the hot water until creamy. Remove and add the strained juice of one lemon and when cold, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs.

Summer Fruit Cake

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of molasses,
Two-thirds cup of brown sugar,
One-half cup of shortening,
One egg,
Three cups of flour,
Two level tablespoons of baking powder,
One level teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-half level teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-quarter level teaspoon of allspice,
One cup of black coffee,
One cup of finely chopped nuts,
One cup of seeded raisins, cut in bits,
One cup of dried apricots, cut in bits.

Mix and then bake in well-greased and floured pan in a slow oven for fifty minutes. Cool and then ice with lemon water icing, made as follows: Place in a mixing bowl

Grated rind of one-half lemon,
Juice of one-half lemon,
One tablespoon of boiling water.

Mix and add sufficient confectioners' sugar to make an icing that will spread. Use for icing cake. This cake should be baked on Saturday.

GRAY LENDS CHARM TO BLUE SERGE DRESS

By CORINNE LOWE

The chemise frock seems to have at least nine lives. Time and again its vogue has been threatened by other models, but always it comes out triumphant with its extra eight lives in its hand. Of course, the real source of its vitality is the fact that it is so easy to get in and—usually—so easy to be seen in. There are few figures, indeed, which the straight-line frock does not become. Here in this blue serge model of today's drawing we get another version of the chemise frock. Bound with silver gray bands, sashed in the same silver gray, the model repeats this note in the underskirt. And then, lest you should still be unaware of its mood, it adds a narrow side panel of gray serge embroidered in navy.

Did You Know That—

Jurywomen are very quick in taking up a point, according to one judge.

Women carried on the business of printers 400 years ago, as shown by old books still in existence.

Women and girls employed in French government offices are prohibited from indulging in high-heeled shoes, "invisible" stockings and other extremes in dress.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Betty"

As Cynthia does not know the young boy nor you, she cannot give definite advice on the matter. She has advised you to put the boy out of your mind and pay attention to other friends. You are too young to be in love.

Admires "McWizzburgh's" Letters

Dear Cynthia—I have long puzzled over this question: "Why is it, when a certain individual has achieved a renown for talents that place him above the mob, jealous, envious creatures will always rise and try to fluke him?"

Maybe Argus, who so wisely condemns the efforts of the gifted Mr. McWizzburgh, can give me a satisfactory answer. Mr. Argus, the worst bore on earth, is a destructive critic. If you only realized what an uncomfortable feeling your letter produced to many of us readers of the column, you would not have written it.

Furthermore, I may say that dissenters such as Argus and Wewannaknow evidently cannot obtain sufficient solace when they know that such wonderful people as McWizzburgh exist in this sinful world, or else they would not show such unfounded meanness.

For my part, I am forever content to read nothing else in this column but McWizzburgh's letters. DE JURE.

He Pays Attention to Others

Dear Cynthia—About two years ago I met a young boy through my girl friends. About Christmas time he began taking me about to entertainments and social gatherings. My mother liked this boy and so did I, very much.

Two weeks ago another friend of mine began to attract his attention. He soon forgot me, and since we have just been friends in a distant way.

Now, dear Cynthia, please tell me what to do. I wish to win back his attention, and I cannot think of a way to do so. BROWN EYES.

There is not anything to do, dear, if some one else attracts the young man more than you do. Always be your natural self with Him, and if he has any real appreciation of you he will realize your worth and perhaps pay more attention to you. You have no special hold on him, such as an engaged girl would have, and he is, therefore, free to pay attention to whom he will.

Answers "Mr. 24"

Dear Cynthia—This is in answer to "Mister 24's" letter, asking the "girls" how it is done.

Mr. 24, in the first place, are you tidy? In other words, do you make a neat appearance, when trying to make acquaintance with a girl?

I will give you my own experience (as a young lady) that might help you to make a better impression with the opposite sex. A young man escorted me home from a party one night, and he evidently liked my company, so he asked me to go to the theatre with him the following week. I consented to go—but I was sorry when I met him the next time, because he certainly needed a "shave" and, if the young man could not afford to have his trousers pressed, he might have pressed them himself—because they needed it. You know, Mr. 24, that a girl hates to be seen with an untidy fellow—no matter how polite he is. Again, the certain young man, to whom I refer, used an awful lot of "slang." Every other word was a slang word.

Study your girl—and if she is dainty and refined, cultivate a refined nature yourself. If she is neat and attractive, make yourself so. Never use slang when speaking to her, and, or well—you know the rest.

"SPARKLER."

A very sensible letter, and one which should give a little light to some of those who think that personal appearance makes little or no difference. Beauty is by no means essential. Most women prefer the well-built, virile type of man to the man with a beautiful face. But every woman likes to see a well-groomed man, and if he is not particular about his clothes and hands and is not properly shaved she is apt to find him quite repulsive.

Out Every Night

Dear Cynthia—I am a steady reader of your interesting column and have written to you before seeking advice. I now write again. Cynthia, I am what you may call an "every-night-out fellow." Always have some place to go. I am considered a clever dancer and I am quite amusing to people, but there is one thing that troubles me.

At the place where I work, there are a few people who are always talking about me and trying to be as disagreeable to me as possible. They always talk of my going out every night with another girl or a fellow, but what has that got to do with them? I really do keep late hours, but I'm always at my work early and I am steady, never late or know myself to miss a day through late hours. They are really trying to get me disgusted with my work, I believe. When I go in to work in the morning one very nice girl will ask me, "How did you spend last night?" Then I tell her, and then another one asks me and, of course, it looked all right to tell them; but now I say nothing to them, and still they holler at me and tell me any one who travels around like I do should not associate with them. I am always good company and have had quite a good many girls since I started to dance. As soon as I get a nice girl another comes along and takes me away from her. I resolved to stop, as now I have a real "baby doll." We sure both love each other, and to try to stop all this talk going around. I don't want to quit my job, so my "baby doll" and I go to a dance twice a week only; but still they roast me. I can't see why any one doesn't like dancing. It is really a wonderful sport and pleasure. Anybody that doesn't like to dance should just take one lesson and learn one step, and I believe they would never stop dancing. Hoping I haven't taken up too much space. PRINCE.

While it is very unkind of these people to make mean remarks and badger you, it is also a pity to go out to parties every evening. It is bad for the character. There is too much running round these days. Remember, though you are only nineteen, the home is the foundation of the nation, and learn to love your home. Keep to your resolution of taking your fiancee to dances only twice a week and try staying at her home another evening. Talk together and learn what is worth while in your common interests.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

People who achieve a certain standing have to pay the penalties of success, but one of the punishments which could be dispensed with most easily is the avalanche of letters which they receive from little-known or unknown correspondents. Longfellow, the most courteous of all our geniuses, tried to make some response to every well-meaning letter, until he found that the task occupied so much time and exhausted so much energy as to leave him unfit for his real life work. Emerson scolded him roundly: "Don't answer them; I never do." "But when they enclose stamps?" protested the ultra-conscientious poet. "Use the stamps; that's what I do; serves them right!" Punch's famous counsel to the matrimonially inclined, "Don't!" is wise advice when one is tempted to write a wholly unnecessary communication to a busy man or woman. Unless the writer is absolutely convinced that the letter will be helpful and welcome it is the part of good taste and considerateness to leave it unwritten.

JANE SOMETIMES CRIES BECAUSE SHE IS SO "TALL"

All Her Friends Are Shorter Than She and This Makes Her Tower Above Them—But She Is Only Five Feet Five

"A TRUE FRIEND" writes for advice about her girl friend who is very unhappy and downhearted.

This friend, who might just as well be named Jane as anything else, is taller than the other girls and she imagines that she is very tall, too tall.

She is sometimes very much embarrassed about this great height of hers, and even cries over it.

The other girls are fond of her and try to convince her that she is not too tall, that she is silly, and all that, but she only sighs despairingly and says, "If I only were shorter, like the rest of you!"

Poor Jane, every tall girl knows how you feel.

Your head seems to be so very far above your feet, doesn't it? Especially when you have to walk across a room and you think that some one is watching you.

And when you look at yourself in the glass before you go out, you think you look pretty well, don't you? But then you catch a glimpse of a long, lanky somebody in a store window and you are all discouraged again.

All the other girls seem so cute, don't they? They can wear short skirts and bobbed hair, if they want to.

But you look like a heron or a stork or something when you wear short skirts, don't you? And you would look "sad" with bobbed hair!

BUT, Jane, you are only five feet five! That isn't tall! Of course your friends are all shorter, and your head is above theirs, but what difference does that make?

You have so many advantages over the very short girl—you can have that delightful adjective "willowy" applied to you.

A short girl is never willowy; she may be graceful, light, stylish; but the willowy litheness of a tall girl is not for her.

There is very little chance of your ever being dumpy; if you should grow fat you might be large and people would call you "handsome," but you would never sink your lowest double chin down into your neck and your waist down into your hips as if somebody had put a heavy hand upon the top of your head and pushed you.

ANYHOW, the fact remains that you are slightly taller than other girls, and all you can do is bear it.

If you think about it, worry about it, hate it, even wish it were otherwise, you will grow from an attractive young girl to a tiresome old maid in a very short time.

You cannot change what is, my dear, no matter how you dislike it.

Some girls would take on six or seven more inches gladly, no doubt, if they could have your looks.

Others would be delighted to exchange their four feet eleven or five feet for that profile of yours, or the way your hair grows around your forehead.

Forget the things you don't like about yourself, because you can't do anything but accept them; play up the attractive features, dress up to your willowy style, accentuate your slimness.

And, Jane, dear, if you don't like being tall, be thankful that you are not really tall!

YES, I mean it, you may be taller than Anne and Sally and Evelyn, but I know an Ethel who is five feet six, a Helen who is five feet eight, and a Margaret, who is five feet ten!

They would look down upon you from the superiority of their several heights—they are proud of being tall and fine and handsome—and say, "Poor little Jane, it's too bad she didn't go on growing!"

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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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 believes him and 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 later at night arrives at a dreary boarding house, where she is beset by the fear that suspicion may attach itself to her. She tries to put the boarding house woman off the track, but is not at all sure that she has succeeded.

CHAPTER VI

The Third Degree

AFTER thinking it over Harriet decided that it was best to go down to dinner. She had made up her mind to stay at Mrs. Baxter's, whether it was taking a chance or not, and once having decided she began to feel more settled in her mind.

She spent the afternoon going through the want columns in all the papers she had bought, hoping against hope that the concern of Harmon & Graves would be advertising for a stenographer, but she was doomed to disappointment and it was with a heavy heart that she descended into the basement of the three-story brown front house at 6 o'clock that evening, and found herself seated between an anemic-looking woman of about forty-five, and a tired-faced man who stolidly kept his mind on his food and had nothing to say.

Mrs. Baxter sat at the head of the table. She had combed her heavy oily-looking hair and had donned a black skirt and a none too clean white shirtwaist, and as Harried appeared she announced rather dramatically:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Miss Taylor. She is a stranger in New York, and I hope you will all be kind to her."

Harriet slid into her seat after flashing a shy smile around the table, and in silence began to taste her rather watery looking soup. Miss Putnam, who sat on her right, seemed disposed to be friendly, and began to ask some rather embarrassing questions as to what Harriet did and where she came from, but to Harriet's relief the talk about the table soon became general, and gradually drifted to the news of the day.

"Too bad about that young clerk who stole $5000," remarked a fat, good-natured looking woman who sat across the table from Harriet. "I wonder if his wife really made away with the money."

Harriet sat as if turned to stone, her heart racing in her breast like a mad thing. She was conscious that one false move might bring suspicion on her. She must appear as unconcerned as possible, and she forced herself to raise her eyes inquiringly to the woman who had spoken.

Mrs. Slocum was a widow with a small income and nothing to do. She read all the scandal in the papers and could tell you the names of prominent people who had figured in scandals of one kind or another for five years back. Before she could make another remark, a thin girl with glasses snapped out viciously:

"Of course, she took the money, and I don't blame her. I suppose she and her husband tried to eke out an existence on starvation wages until they simply couldn't withstand temptation."

"Oh, but my dear Miss Watson, it was stealing! You don't seem to realize what you are saying." Mrs. Slocum said in a shocked tone of voice.

The girl called Miss Watson shrugged her shoulders, and the man on Harriet's left looked up from his dubious roast veal long enough to remark tentatively:

"The boy has a good reputation in the place; he may not have stolen the money."

"Oh, but my dear Mr. Jones," expostulated Mrs. Slocum, "the disappearance of the wife proves his guilt beyond any doubt. The papers seem agreed on that."

Mr. Jones returned to his roast veal and Mrs. Slocum went on triumphantly:

"Of course, they'll find the woman; she can't hope to escape the police once they get on her trail."

Harriet felt an insane desire to laugh. In spite of her danger and the sickening feeling that after all she had not done the right thing for Barry in running away, she could not help wondering what Mrs. Slocum would say if she knew that the fugitive from justice was at that very moment sitting opposite her at dinner!

(To be continued)

Adventures With a Purse

KNITTING and crocheting are becoming more popular all the time—this I will freely admit. But although you may say what you please, I am convinced that embroidery will always hold its own. There are so many pretty things that come for embroidering. For instance, take the dresses for young girls—girls from about seven to thirteen or fourteen, in fact. They come in light-weight material, such as a fine lawn or voile, or heavier fabrics like poplin. They come ready stamped for embroidering and cost $2.50 and $3. One sample dress embroidered in colored yarns was really as smart as it could be. Then, too, although the work is effective, it is not really elaborate and can, therefore, be done in a short time.

Here is a bracelet that would look very well with a black lace or velvet dress with short sleeves. It is made of black square-shaped beads that twist about the arm until there are three rows. Until you try one on, you can hardly imagine how effective they are and how striking their contrast against soft white skin. Prices are $3.50 and $4.

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

Making More Money

An Interest in History

Even before she was married, Mrs. Marie Owen always had a keen interest in everything relating to the historical—particularly that which pertained to the history of her own state, Alabama. After her marriage this interest heightened materially because of the fact that her husband was the founder and director of the State Department of Archives and History of Alabama, a man who had dedicated his life to the collection of documents about the state and the compiling of an exhaustive historical treatise of this subject.

The possibility that she might some time be called upon to capitalize this interest in the events of other days never entered Mrs. Owen's mind for, as she often said, she felt that one of the first duties of a wife was to participate in her husband's work as far as possible and, by adding him, to complete the true companionship of marriage.

Little by little, however, she found herself taking a deeper interest in the subject and she devoted every available moment to research work—both along historical lines and those connected with the agricultural life of the state. Among other things, it was Mrs. Owen's unfailing war upon the boll weevil which resulted in the practical elimination of this pest during the epidemic of 1914, and her work along this line was rewarded by marked success of the cotton growers in the years which followed. A little more than a year ago, however, Dr. Owen died and when the state officials began to look around for a competent successor they found that there was none so well qualified as the woman who had assisted in the preparation of the Owen manuscript, the wife who had taken such an interest in her husband's hobby that she was able to pick it up and carry it through to a successful conclusion—which is the reason that the name of a woman appears as the occupant of one of the most important posts in the state government of Alabama.

Summer Frocks

The only sad part about getting last year's frocks out of the storeroom is the possibility of their having turned a melancholy yellow. Of course this means only the white ones. You want to bleach them and you don't know exactly how. This is how: Soak them for several hours in water containing borax in the proportion of one-fourth cup to one gallon of water. If they are not white enough when they come out of this, spread them on the grass, after wringing them loosely, and let them dry in the sun. They may need several applications of both bleaches. If they do not respond even then, administer the punishment of javelle water. It is a stubborn color that can resist that. But of course it cannot be used for anything but cotton and linen. It rots silk immediately.

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