AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XXXI—An Unpleasant Interview

"WON'T you sit down?" Mary's soft tones were courteous. "Then you can tell me all about it."

Again Eve tossed her head. Was this presumptuous nobody trying to patronize her? Why, it was incredible!

MAY CHRISTIE

But she did as Mary asked. She thrust a well-shod foot out toward the feeble flicker of the fire.

"Ugh! How wretchedly cold it is in here!" She flung a contemptuous glance about the place. Her lips curved in a sneer. "I scarcely blame you for choosing any sort of entertainment, in preference to spending an evening in a room like this."

Mary did not reply. And even went on:

"At the same time, I'm surprised at you. I told you definitely that Dick Calardin and I were engaged to be married. You heard what I said. And—from that moment—you've been systematically pursuing him."

Mary's large, smoke-blue eyes were on her—and under their steady glance Eve grew uncomfortable.

She began to bluster.

"My guardian, Carrington Bellairs, would certainly not wish to keep you in his employment if he knew your goings-on. I'm positive of that."

"My employer knew that I was meeting Mr. Calardin last night," said Mary, calmly.

"He knew? How did he know?"

"I told him myself."

"What? So you confide in him?"

"Since you are interested in the matter, I may tell you that Mr. Calardin came into my office yesterday to invite me out to dinner. At first I didn't intend to accept his invitation, particularly after what you'd told me in the train."

"Yes—please go on," said Eve, sardonically. "You didn't want to poach on my preserves."

"But later on I changed my mind. Yes—I had excellent reasons—private ones. I decided that I would have a long talk with Mr. Dick Calardin."

"Did you, indeed?" sneered Eve. "And might I inquire the reason why?"

"You might—but you wouldn't get any information on the subject," rejoined the other girl, her calm eyes still on Eve's irritated, angry countenance.

Eve gave a kind of snort. She was beside herself with indignation. But indignation wasn't evidently going to do the trick.

"When I met you with Dick—with my finance—you could have knocked me down with a feather. I was so astounded," she ejaculated. "And after all I'd told you in the train, too!"

Mary stared into the embers of the fire. She made no answer.

"Did you and Dick discuss me?" Eve went on, her curiosity and spite completely getting the better of her judgment.

"Your name was hardly even mentioned," Mary said.

This was a nasty knock.

"Of course, you told him what I told you—about our being definitely engaged?" went on the other girl.

"Oh no, I didn't." Mary's smoke-blue eyes opened in astonishment. "I never break my promises."

So far, so good, thought Eve. Mary evidently was truthful, though she wasn't a bit the simple soul that Eve had previously thought her.

"Miss Drew," Eve definitely changed her tack. Her voice altered from its shrill, harsh tone and took on a cooing, suppliant note. "Miss Drew, I'm awfully sorry if I've been rude just now. It was dreadful of me to burst in on your privacy. But"—here she heaved a pathetic little sigh—"you don't know what my feelings are—what I've been suffering! I do care so much for Dick—" She broke off. It seemed to her little listener as though tears were actually shining in Eve's eyes—as indeed they were—but tears of jealousy, and not of grief.

Mary—soft-hearted—felt a twinge of compunction tugging at her heart. Though Dick Calardin didn't care for Eve, it was evident that Eve's affections were involved.

Mary's conscience was a delicate, disturbing organ—highly sensitive. It frequently caused her a great deal of unnecessary trouble. It began to nag her now.

Suppose that she—Mary Drew—had never met the attractive Dick Calardin—then possibly Eve Rochester would have won the day.

Of course, Dick had assured her that he didn't like Eve. But, then, men sometimes said these things and didn't mean them. Eve was a pretty girl—well versed in the art of handling men. Was it not within likelihood that Eve—the siren—could have charmed him?

As to the engagement that Eve had mentioned, Mary didn't credit that.

Tomorrow—"Be My Friend!"

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Her Friend Is Angry

Dear Cynthia—This is my trouble. I love my girl friend, Ethel, very much, but in school today something happened which, in my estimation, was just "fun." Something angered my friend and now she does not speak to me. I wrote a note and apologized, she did not accept it. Should she? Understand, nothing wrong happened. CLAIRE.

It is a pity she does not accept your apology, and it seems rather forced that you should have written a note about it. Why make so much of little things? Why not just say to her directly, "That was just a joke, Ethel; you surely would not take offense where no offense was meant."

He Says Men Do Love

Dear Cynthia—In reply to "Justine," men certainly do love and sincerely, too, for I am one of that species and can clearly tell you so.

As Cynthia tells you, they show their love differently. You know oftentimes you hear of the "stronger sex," all men classed as above and, therefore, have to live up to that name. Now, what I mean is, men do not express their feelings openly, but rather conceal them, whether it be pain (normal), insults they take as jokes or love. Yes, dear girl (as I judge you are), men love. Their love is silent and is only told to their loved one. This is all I can say at present on this subject. Some other young man or boy readers of this wonderful column may enlighten you more.

"A KENSINGTONIAN."

Shall She Develop a Line?

Dear Cynthia—I have often read your column giving advice to young folks, and I want to ask you if you can help me out.

I am a girl eighteen, fairly good looking and a fair dancer. When boys are with me they like me, but afterward I never see them again. I do not use any cosmetics except a little powder; never any rouge. I think now that the boys of today like the loud-rouged type of girl, the type I could never be. Boys never get familiar with me. Do you think I act cold? I act perfectly natural, just as I do when I'm with girls. I have never kissed a boy in my life, and when I tell some girls that they look at me in pity and amazement. I am coming to think that something must be wrong with me. I want some nice boy to get a "case" on me, as they do on other girls. But after one date they leave me with a cool "I'll call you up some time," and I am done for as far as they are concerned.

Tell me, Cynthia, please, what to do. Shall I develop a "line"? Most girls have one, but somehow or other I hate to say the same thing to each boy I meet. VIOLET.

Keep on being sincere, my dear. Time enough for some one to have a "case" on you. You'll meet the right man some day, and how glad you'll be that you have not squandered your time and sweetness on every one who came along.

Ideas on Dancers

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man just a few years out of my "teens," single and don't know how the opposite sex rave over my beauty as no compliments are passed.

About the only time I read your column is when I feel blue and would like to read about some "new" light-headed people who are quite "young" at times and who are in some mixup, caused by their "beating it around the bush" friendship with another person who also may be so inclined.

I must admit that your column does have some sensible suggestions and opinions.

Your correspondents in most cases are "bugs" about dancing, which, when carried to an excess or so practiced, narrows and confines one's thoughts solely to that object. Some are so "het" up in it that they have no time to think out their own love affairs or use common sense when conversing with a person of an opposite mind. Dancing is just like any other sport, baseball, swimming, tennis, etc., which, when carried too far, will cause complication, narrow-mindedness and the like.

I would advise these dance-fiends and addles to cut down on the dancing a bit, study human nature and take up other interesting subjects and mingle more with "non-dancers," for I think that it would rest your feet a bit and exercise the brain which also cannot stand either extreme.

"W. W. W."

Cheer Up! All Will Be Well

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man of eighteen years and am writing to you for advice. Here's the question. Why don't I like girls? I have been called a "woman hater," but God knows I am not. I am just a plain everyday, hard-working fellow. Suppose we take up the things a fellow ought to have to attract a decent girl—brains, good health, nerve, good character and a good heart. Perceive I don't mention good looks or money, because if a girl doesn't want a fellow who has the aforesaid things mentioned she's not the kind to have. Now I have all the things mentioned except extra good looks and lots of money. Now for the vital part. When, if I go to a party or entertainment and am introduced to a girl, I feel all out of sorts and, oh, well, I would have rather not met her. But if I am introduced to a bunch of fellows I am a jovial, laughing, sociable young chap. I can't explain my feelings very much toward girls, as, oh, well, I never could understand it myself. You might suggest cultivating their acquaintance, but how can that be when I can't even be sociable with them? So, please try to explain this intricate problem for me and others as well. H. M. K.

In a year or two you'll have forgotten all about the worry of yours and be having a fine time talking to the girls. There are lots of fine, upstanding fellows like you who feel shy at eighteen when they talk to girls. Just don't think about it.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Carrying Individualism Too Far

Again we hear from a woman writer who tried a new kind of married life.

This time she comes right out and says we are the worst enemies of our own sex—cowards—afraid of displeasing men!

"The woman," she says, "who considers washing dishes sacred is retarding the economic progress of her sex.

"Children," she says, "Give them over to the child-rearing specialists. They know more about it than mothers do anyway."

And all this in the name of "individualism"!

This clever story-writer sees nothing sacred in washing dishes—neither do we. But if washing dishes is a necessary part of the job of wife and mother, if one's only way of getting away from the dishes would be to get away from the whole job—which if not sacred is certainly the most important one on earth—then I say that dishwashing is glorified and the woman who does it is doing a much bigger thing, and is respected and honored by all woman-minded people as doing a bigger thing.

Of course there is much drudgery in the care of children that hired help and others can take off the mother's hands. But can a child-rearing specialist do all things replace a mother? Would mothers so want to be replaced? None that I know.

Individualism! What greater menace can there be for any woman's individuality than implanting at upon the soul of a child, upon future generations, than making of the guiding star that safely pilots her family through the highways and byways of life?

Talk cry for individuality is the office of things that really "sight" souls minds and souls, as happened that occurred at a jeweler's the other day. A woman who had taken her wedding ring to be engraved was seeing perturbed as to whether the word "and" between her initials and her husband's was quite the proper thing. "Are you sure," she harassed the salesman, "that it should not be 'to' instead of 'and'?" Finally assured that she should have quite the traditional engraving on her wedding ring, she was giving her address.

"Mrs. Weston?" he quirled.

"Oh, no—Miss Annie Lake. Of course I am going to keep my maiden name."

Gray hair over the traditional engraving and then Miss Annie Lake with the address of Mr. Weston!

It is true and good that there is no longer such a thing as woman's "place." Women have long since realized that they can do their jobs and still have interests as broad and as varied as any man's. Not only are the numbers of women no longer like the bright-hued "butterflies born in conservatories" to which this advocate of individualism compares us, but many of us who take husbands and children seriously have found that they still need not preclude the widest interests, or, when one can be relieved of the wife and mother's routine work, even a career.

And so, having learned to grow with and enjoy the world, so working an ever greater influence upon the lives within our sphere, to hold down the old big job easier and better, yet not to be restricted to it, it seems to me that we have found the acme of usefulness and of happiness.

To go beyond that and seek to cast off the old big job that in the very nature of things cannot be cast off, to want to discard it and chase a bubble, instead of improving it and expanding generally, can bring us nothing but a sterile mockery.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Love and Strawberries

By SUSAN L. MILDERMAN

[illegible]

Walden girl. It was said that he was about to venture largely in small fruit culture and so on.

Meanwhile Tom, with Janet and Rob MacNeil as advisers, was studying the cultivation of strawberries. The Walden lot was in good shape for the experiment. It had been sown to buckwheat the year and later planted to potatoes. Now, well fertilized, it awaited the young strawberry plants already ordered.

About this time the Sentinel came out with another item: "Mr. William Wallace Twining has accepted a position as cashier in Wylie's Bank. He comes hereafter several years' experience in a Nebraska institution. We bid him a hearty welcome among us."

The new man became popular. He was at the hotel for a week, then, having met Agnes, promptly urged "Ma" Norman to take him to board. "Ma" and Agnes enjoyed his agreeable conversation, and the fascinating oilin board which he brought with him, so he settled down at the Normans' and became Agnes's escort at parties and entertainments.

Tom—[illegible] and gone down to zero when Twining appeared, but, heeding Janet's advice, to let matters alone concerning Agnes, did her direct admirer.

One night Tom sat reading a garden magazine. MacNeil opposite, waiting to escort Janet to a party, when a neighbor entered hurriedly.

"Heard the news, you folks?" she demanded. "Young Twining's stolen money from the bank and skipped town."

Leaving the others to discuss the tragedy, Tom slipped away. He went straight to Agnes, whom he found in tears.

"Agnes, did you care for that fellow?" he asked, taking her hands in his. "If you didn't"—she was shaking her head angrily—"I want to know if you care for me. I've loved you all my life, you know. Do you love me, Agnes? And will you marry me?"

"Why, yes, Tommy, I'd do love you, but the Sentinel said—We all thought you were engaged."

"Oh," said Tom. "That was the Sentinel's nonsense. Bless you, darling! Now come to the party with me and tell the folks."

"You old, old little girl," he said later to Janet. "Agnes says she began to be really interested when she heard there was another girl. Then she likes the way I've stuck to the farmwork lately. So we'll have a double wedding, won't we? And in the season we'll harvest our banner crop of strawberries. Hurrah for us!"

Next Complete Novelette
"More Precious Than Gold"

ISN'T IT STUNNING?

Photo by Central News

These tight-fitting sleeves, with their oases at shoulder and forearm, would give exactly the right note for that "different" negligee which the spring bride wants for her trousseau. If she is a statuesque beauty the close-fitting gown with its modish high collar would be extremely becoming—and Elsie Ferguson wouldn't mind being copied, because she's only going to wear it in one picture anyhow. The white fur around the suddenly flaring cuffs is another distinctive touch—be sure you don't forget to put it in

"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 getting a position with his 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 itself to her. This fear is strengthened when at her first dinner at Mrs. Baxter's, every one at the table discusses the case.

CHAPTER VII

A New Friend

HARRIET managed to force herself to eat a few mouthfuls of the skimpy rice pudding, and then to the accompaniment of the scraping of chairs she made her escape. The long evening in her little hall bedroom held out no escape from the terror that beset her. She felt as though she were caught in a web.

The door closed behind her, she drew a chair up to the one window and stared vacantly across the space that separated the houses on this street from the next. Her thoughts were anything but comforting. Suppose she failed now that she had risked so much. After all, she had trusted a great deal to fate in supplying an opening in the firm of Harmon & Graves. At the time when the thought had first occurred to her the scheme seemed entirely feasible; now she wondered how she could have believed it would work out.

A soft knock at the door made her start up in sudden terror. But she forced herself to call out calmly enough, "Come in."

The knob turned and in the dim light Harriet could faintly descry the figure of the girl called Miss Watson.

"I thought I would find you here moping in the dark," she began briskly. "It's hard lines to be all alone in a big strange city, isn't it? Can't we have a little light on the subject?" And with a short laugh she reached up and turned the gas to its fullest capacity. "There, that's a little better. Of course, old Baxter has the thing stuffed with cotton wool so that you can't use up too much."

Harriet rose and came over to her. She felt the warmth in this girl's advances toward her.

"It's awfully good of you," she began shyly, sitting down opposite Miss Watson on the bed. "I'm afraid I was lonely."

"Of course you were. I noticed it at the table; you had the most scared, desperate look on your face when that awful old scandal monger, Mrs. Slocum, was letting off steam."

Harriet wondered what Miss Watson would think if she knew the real reason for the look she had worn at the table.

"I suppose you're looking for work?" Miss Watson went on. Harriet rather liked her face in spite of its thinness.

"Yes, I am," Harriet returned. "I've been looking through the papers this afternoon."

"How did you happen to come to New York?" And then at the expression of Harriet's face the girl hurried on quickly. "Don't tell me if you'd rather not. I suppose you had your own reasons."

Harriet nodded and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well," Miss Watson went on, "I think I can help you; that is, if you happen to be a stenographer and pretty good in your line. It's this way: A friend of mine who was private secretary to Mr. Harmon, of Harmon & Graves, in this city, is leaving. She's engaged to be married.

(Tomorrow—The Chance She Wanted)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a convenient ink well that would prove an attractive ornament for the desk.
2. What sort of vest would freshen up wonderfully last year's serge dress?
3. Out of what material is a charming dress for the small girl fashioned?
4. How can a pretty table article for use in the summer months be made?
5. In what novel position is a monogram on some of the new stationery placed?
6. What new material is slightly thinner and softer than crepe de chine?

Saturday's Answers

1. Miss Aine Monroux has the unusual honor of being the first woman since 1666 to win the prize of Rome for medals.
2. A striking panel effect in a one-piece frock of blue taffeta is a piece of pink embroidered organdie, which is set in vest-like and extends to the bottom of the skirt, the sleeves being of the same material.
3. Iron, painted in a round, open work design, fashions a novel and extremely useful hot-plate stand.
4. Some attractive place cards are made by putting a funny rhyme about the guest on each one.
5. A unique holder for a candle is painted bright blue, and has a stand in back of the candle that is shaped like an angle, instead of circular, the inside of this stand being decorated with gay flowers.
6. Applying a strong scrubbing powder with a stiff brush and extremely hot water is an effective way of removing old varnish and paint from floors.

You may be Sane in everything but eating—level-headed in business, but daily digging your grave with your teeth. You eat the wrong foods and too much. Keep the body buoyant and the mind alert by eating

Shredded Wheat

the food for the worker with hand or brain—contains everything the human body needs, prepared in a digestible form. More nutritious than meat or eggs and costs much less.

Two biscuits make a satisfying meal. Delicious with berries or other fruits.

The Woman's Exchange

Wants a School

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please inform me where I can find a good school that teaches manicuring, hairdressing, shampooing and all that is necessary in a beauty parlor? DIMPLES.

I could not recommend this to you through the column. Either consult the business section of the telephone directory or inquire of a hairdresser.

Can Find Camp There

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Reading your column every night, I have noticed you have helped many people, so I am coming for help now. I am a young girl of eighteen. I would like to know where there is a nice camp for girls of my own age. I want to spend two weeks there on my vacation this summer. E. L.

The Y. W. C. A., at Eighteenth and Arch streets, will be able to tell you of just the place you are looking for, as there are camps for girls under the auspices of this organization. I hope you will have lots of fun looking forward to your trip and know that there will be a good time for you when you actually take it. You are sure to enjoy the life of the camp, and it's going to be the best kind of thing for you.

Cleaning Gloves

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can white kid gloves be cleaned at home? If so, how? I should also like to know how gray suede gloves may be cleaned.

Can you tell me anything of the origin of the superstition about opals?

G. D.

You can clean white kid gloves with gasoline, if you are very careful when you use it. The work should be performed outdoors, as, on account of the inflammability of the gasoline, it is necessary to be extremely cautious.

Carbon tetrachloride will also clean them. This can be purchased at any drug store. It will clean the gray suede gloves, too.

It is strange, but among the ancients the opal was always considered an exceedingly lucky and precious mineral. The Romans ranked it next in value to the emerald; and, in the East, the inhabitants of that part of the world believed, and still do believe, that the opal makes the wearer beloved of God and man, so long as he trusts sincerely in its power.

The unique character of the stone is the cause of the remarkable superstitious about it that have arisen.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Some breaches of etiquette are easily recognized. One of these obvious rudenesses, of which all properly reared children are conscious before leaving the nursery, is "whispering in company." The "company" may be one other person or a large group; the fault is the same in either case.

Not only is actual whispering taboo, but so inconsistent with social amenities are all symptoms of hidden conspiracy that no two or more must seem to have a secret from the others. Secrets they have no doubt; we are not obliged to reveal our innermost thoughts and hopes to all and sundry, nor are they, in turn, under any obligation to unbosom their private affairs to us. What is to be avoided in the interests of social courtesy is the appearance of a cabal, a small group holding in common a secret which may be only a trivial matter, but which, by word now and then, and an exchange of glances they magnify into something of import. The natural inference from their conduct is that no one else present is sufficiently intelligent or friendly to be admitted into the secret.

A MAN EXPECTS PRAISE, THOUGH HE DOESN'T GIVE IT

Because He Never Seeks Admiration He Does Not Admit the Truth Even to Himself—But His Wife Finds It Out

"A MAN doesn't often praise," some one said one time, "because he seldom seeks praise himself."

No he doesn't go out after praise very much—but he doesn't have to.

When he is born his mother thinks he is the most wonderful baby that was ever born, and she continues to think so until his little brother comes along.

By that time he has started to believe it himself.

"I'm a big boy," he announces grandly. "I'll hit you!"

And for a time, his own opinion of himself is more than sufficient to satisfy him—in fact, it would keep two boys pretty well supplied.

Long before it begins to die down, or his mother's plain remarks and his father's criticisms take effect, "she" comes along.

"Oh, shucks!" he remarks, blushingly, when she first admires his skill in athletics.

"Do you like it, really?" he inquires, with uplifted, insincerely nonchalant brows, as the young lady admires his first sane necktie.

"I don't want to talk about me!" he protests, ardently, when he brings his first hard-won raise home to his admiring, praiseful wife. "Let's talk about you!"

But he doesn't say it until after she has said all the complimentary things she can think of.

No, he doesn't seek praise or appreciation; he knows he can get it without half trying.

IF HIS wife fails him, there is always a daughter, a respectful, sympathetic clerk or stenographer, or the mother who told him in the beginning that he was wonderful.

Remember that, little spring bride, write it down on a perpetual calendar so that it will turn up every now and then and be always there to remind you.

He doesn't seek admiration or appreciation; that is he won't come to you and beg you to say how fine and splendid he is.

And when you do tell him, he'll receive it with an easy manner of pleased indifference, and he may even be a bit bored by it.

But he'll expect it; he'll want it, although he would never admit such a thing, even to himself.

If he does not get it from you, he will go to that daughter, that clerk, that sympathetic stenographer, or that devoted mother, where he knows he can be sure of it.

BUT, remember, too, that he won't seek it, he won't acknowledge that he likes it, and so, he may be slow about showing any appreciation or admiration on his own part.

He may, after while, decide that you can take it for granted now that he cares for you—if he didn't why would he have married you?

It doesn't seem fair to you, of course, that while you must seem surprised and delighted with each story of his prowess in business he need not do more than eat large portions of the new dish that you have cooked for him to show his approval of it and you.

NO DOUBT it is unfair, but you cannot change the universe or its inhabitants now; he is made that way and you have to take it or leave him.

He has been brought up on appreciation, admiration, the praise of others.

And, after all, he is an awfully nice husband, isn't he?

Adventures With a Purse

FOR the shower present to the engaged girl a nice Madeira guest towel would be a welcome and most acceptable gift. A certain Madeira shop I know has a good assortment for the remarkable price of $1.25 each. The designs are attractive and the quality good.

There is something about the use of bath salts that appeals to me. Somehow it seems so luxurious to bathe in a fragrant tub of bath salt-scented water. Of course, too, they have a definite use, making the water softer and having a very refreshing effect. The nicest kind I know of can be had for eighty-five cents and $1.50 a bottle. Do not buy your first bottle, however, unless you have made up your mind always to use these bath salts, for once you try them you will want to use them always.

The girl or man who sits in an office chair all day has a problem that those who do lots of walking and little sitting do not know. I speak of shiny clothes. A cloth skirt or the roughest kind of trouser material gets shiny in a very short time, and it is my opinion that shiny is only another and kinder word for shabby. A felt pad for the seat of the chair solves this problem. One shop has nice felt pads that can be tied right down to the seat of the chair. The price is eighty-five cents. You will find one a great comfort.

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

A good house-wife will no more tolerate scarred floors than she will dust.

Especially when it costs so little in time, trouble or expense to give new life and looks to floors and other woodwork with "LAVA-VAR".

Simply apply it at night. In the morning, you will find a smooth, hard, elastic surface that radiates brightness and resists wear, scratches and even water.

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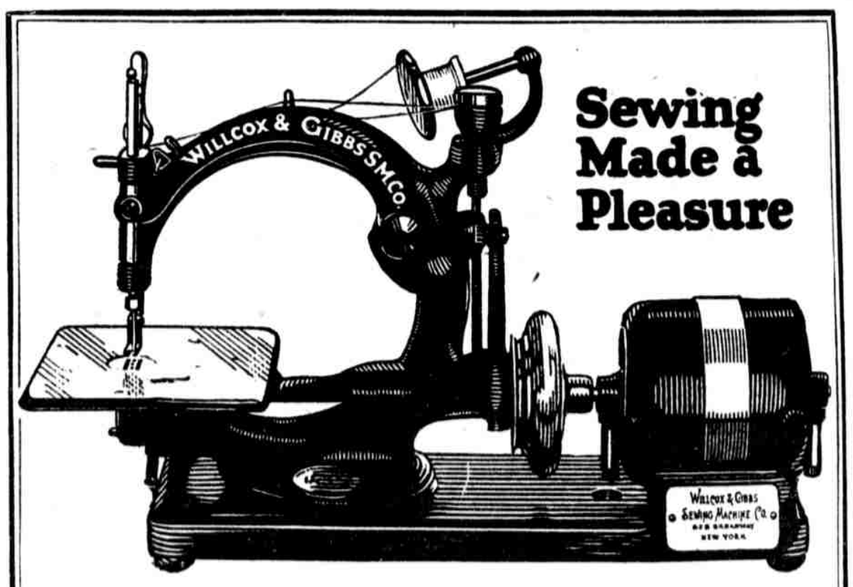

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