AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

The Phone Fiend!

"SO SORRY!" came floating airily along the wires. "There's nothing I can do! You'd better hang up the receiver, and the party may possibly ring you up again!"

MAY CHRISTIE

Mary's heart sank. But there was nothing for it but to obey. She placed the receiver on its hook and drearily regarded the now silent instrument.

A minute passed away. Two minutes. Five.

The door of the parlor "suite" opened and an elderly gentleman came out.

"Excuse me, Miss Drew. I wish to use the telephone!"

"I—I am waiting for a phone call. The operator cut me off!" faltered the girl.

"Oh, I won't be more than a few minutes. My business is rather urgent!" The gray-haired gentleman spoke firmly. Mary had to rise.

He took her chair beside the instrument. With a deliberation that was maddening he perused the phone book, seeking some address.

Difficulties arose in finding it. He called on Mary to assist him. And then he rang up "Information," engaging in a volubic discussion with the operator there.

Finally switched back to the operator, he got "wrong number." This didn't daunt him in the least. Calm and unruffled, he got "Information" once again, and told the department what he thought of it—which wasn't flattering!

Poor Mary was on tenterhooks. Dick couldn't possibly get his call with all this arguing on the wire!

After ten minutes the gray-haired gentleman found his "Sports." A long-winded conversation then took place.

And—when at last it was concluded the gray haired gentleman rang up another "friend."

Mary could bear the strain no longer. She went back to her room, disconsolate.

Then, after ten minutes more, the click of the receiver on the hook announced that the conversation was concluded, the wire once more "free."

Mary brightened.

"Surely Dick will ring up now—I'll get his message." It was 7—the hour of the boarding-house supper. She couldn't eat, though—under all this suspense.

Mechanically she began to fix her hair before the looking-glass. One must kill time.

Dick—up in town again—oh! had he come because he couldn't keep away from her?

She hoped so—timidly. Mary wasn't in the least conceited.

That dreadful telephone. The suspense of waiting for a faint, ghostly voice that didn't come.

Well, life was full of disappointments. One must be philosophical.

Was Dick sitting—even now—in some stuffy railway phone booth, with three nickels in his hand—being perpetually told "the line was busy"?

The tinkle of a bicycle bell out in the street caused Miss Mary to cease her own adorning at the mirror and to dart out to the landing, listening. Silence. It only had been a false alarm.

Crestfallen, she returned to her own room.

Dick—small wonder to it—had grown discouraged, and had ceased his efforts! Hope was over.

The sharp ting! ting! of the phone bell sounded in the hall, clear, unmistakable. In three seconds Mary had the receiver off its hook and pressed against her ear. Some careless person had left the front door open, and the call was very cold.

"Hello! Hello! Is that you, Dick?"

The operator's voice came briskly.

"Is this Chelsea 0202?"

"Yes—yes," cried Mary, eagerly.

"Hold on a minute—some one is ringing you from a call office."

A faint, humming sound came drifting on the wire.

Then a man's voice:

"Can I speak to Kate O'Shaughnessy?"

Kate! The little Irish maid! Kate's sweetheart! It wasn't Dick at all!

"Wait a minute!" With lips that trembled oddly, Mary rose. A gust of cold night air came sweeping from the open door behind her. She wrapped her faded blue kimono tighter round her, turned to close the door, and——

A beloved, well-known face was smiling down on her!

"Dick! Dick! It's really you!" The cry escaped her as Dick caught her in his arms. "Oh, Dick—this wretched telephone——"

"Sweetheart! The instant I was 'cut off' I got a taxi from the railway station and came straight on here! Get on your gladdest rags—we're going out to dinner!"

Monday—Dinner for Two.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

A Lonely Life

There are all kinds of snobs, you know. The Baileys are one kind.

No, it isn't that they won't speak to you unless you have two maids and a butler or a half page in Who's Who or a "Daughter of the American Revolution" framed and hanging in your back parlor.

It isn't that they are not the "I will maintain" kind. They will know anybody. In fact, most of their friends are just regular people without any distinction.

But they know a few great much-as-muchs who invite them to dine once a year or so and give them something to talk about for the rest of the time.

"The Stalks?"—Mr. Bailey will say casually to his wife. "Oh, yes, dear, we must ask them on again. They usually to you, the honored friend, 'the was the last ambassador to Persia, you know.'"

"Just the other day I ran across John Frost—he said Mrs. Frost mentions us so often," then for the edification of the uninitiated circle, "Frost was president of the Flim Flam Board down in Missouri until they got him up here to edit the Eureka Encyclopedia—a very influential fellow."

"Frost asked me if we had seen the Dows lately. Remember, dear, the week we spent at their place on Long Island? Mr. Dow was lieutenant governor of Kansas."

The pity of it is that they are such good people otherwise. They might be real, worthwhile friends to you if they trying to impress you didn't scare you off before they had a chance.

And that's the way they lose the people who would make them real friends. Nobody wants to be impressed or conferred upon. In the land of the free and home of the brave we like to know that the people who want our friendship are meeting us on even ground. And there is bound to be the feeling of a lack of genuineness, a lack of sincerity in people who show such a broad strain of superficiality.

Let us hope that their scant but numerous acquaintance with interesting personages will console the Baileys in their loneliness, and that they may not find themselves without even these.

For the higher up people get in this world the bigger, the more sincere and genuine they usually get. And it is not very difficult for them to distinguish the chaff from the wheat in the people who want to know them.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Western Routes

To the Woman's Exchange:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly give me the shortest route to Los Angeles, Calif.? Please give me also the cost for the entire trip. I enjoy your questions and answers so much. Helpful in every way.

MRS. J. K.

The fare from Philadelphia to Los Angeles is $117.[illegible] You can either go out through New Orleans and Texas or through Chicago, which goes through Denver, Salt Lake City and Arizona. The shortest route would be about $[illegible] extra. You can find out anything else you want to know, and about routes, by writing in your letter to the Woman's Exchange.

Who Wants a Manx Cat?

To the Woman's Exchange:

Dear Madam—I am writing to you again. [illegible] to help me get [illegible] and chicken [illegible]

This [illegible] looking male cat [illegible] Manx [illegible] the cause of [illegible] not [illegible] Now [illegible] are all [illegible] do but [illegible] like [illegible] gra[illegible] and [illegible]

I am [illegible] friends [illegible] good [illegible] mention [illegible] by [illegible] dress [illegible] who [illegible] expense enough to [illegible] of the Woman's Exchange.

Stains on Ponger

To the Woman's Exchange:

Dear Madam—I [illegible] help me [illegible] washed [illegible] color silk [illegible] buttons that [illegible] the dress [illegible] on the good [illegible] and there [illegible] stain [illegible]

Best as It Is

To the Woman's Exchange:

Dear Madam—I have received [illegible] stamps from your column [illegible] dark. I know [illegible] fair complexion, [illegible] and think [illegible] Pinkerton. I would like [illegible] to darken the [illegible]

MARIE.

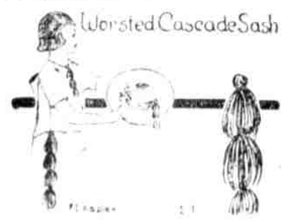
[illegible] Woman's Exchange:

[illegible] as old-fashioned, but if it does [illegible] failed in my purpose. I [illegible] real, honest pleasure and [illegible] that doesn't mean [illegible] children of sixteen should be allowed to unescorted to public dances [illegible]

I really think "Constance" enjoyed the package at sixteen, do you. Cynic's despair: "Constance, you [illegible] some of those girls quite similar [illegible] that married dear old dad.

FRANK

Things You'll Love to Make



A colorful [illegible] to an otherwise [illegible] by fastening a [illegible] WORSTED CASCADE SASH at the side. Make a full worsted tassel six inches [illegible] Run a braided worsted rope through the tassel from the top to about two inches below the bottom of the tassel. Make another tassel somewhat smaller than the first one. Fasten it to the worsted rope. Run a braided rope through the second tassel. Add a third tassel, continue until your WORSTED CASCADE SASH reaches a pleasing length. You can also add charm to your hat by having a similar sash hanging down over the brim at one side.

FLORA.

Adventures With a Purse

[illegible] I do not remember correctly I have not told [illegible] before, although I have known [illegible] for some time. But I have not been [illegible] until just the other day. You all like it, perhaps [illegible] the minute you enter. And then [illegible] will be [illegible] its grand autumn furniture [illegible] and rare old [illegible] Chippendale tables. The friendly grandfather's clock in the middle of the room will extend a jolly, cheerful welcome [illegible] the curios with their dull green [illegible] and rare white [illegible] will satisfy your sense of the fitness of things. As for the food—oh, [illegible] grandma's things that make you forget to save room for all the other good things you still find there. There is an air of restful order about the tea room, too, that you will enjoy. In fact taking it any way you care to look at it I know you will be greatly delighted with this cozy, charming place.

And not far from the tea room is the shop where I bought the modern innovation of the [illegible] piece set, most elaborately and artistically embroidered, and its cost is $7.95—a special price, as you have no doubt already guessed. You will find all sorts of dainty things at this shop, all of them reasonably priced. Dresses are to be had here too, and particularly are the fresh gingham frocks priced at $16.50, very good value for the money.

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

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Admirers Peachie

Dear Cynthia—Being a regular reader of your interesting column, I read the letter printed therein on May 4, and signed Peachie. If I may, I'd like to tell the young lady that there are a lot of us young men of today who prefer a girl who doesn't drink, smoke or wear the extreme styles in vogue at the present time.

I have been in Philadelphia about three months and have yet to meet the type of girl that she states she and her friends are. For the love of Mike, Cynthia, if you can arrange a meeting between Peachie and myself do so, and I will certainly be indebted to you.

In closing let me add that I never try to be "mushy."

"MAC."

Sorry, Mac, but it cannot be brought about. Why not see some person about meeting nice girls? There are plenty to be found in your locality.

Boy Was Rude

Dear Cynthia—I am eighteen years of age and I work with a boy two years my senior. Now this fellow treats me very nicely while at work and a few weeks ago his club gave a dance and he asked me to sell some tickets for him, which I did.

At the dance he acted sociable but he never asked me for a dance. Although, Cynthia, I had every dance, he could have at least asked me. Don't you think so? I was hurt dreadfully and although I didn't mean it, I am most sure I showed it the next day. Don't you think he should have asked me?

BOBS

He must have been a very rude young man to act as he did. You are quite right to resent his behavior, but do not be undignified and appear hurt. Simply ignore the matter with him, but do not go to any other parties he asks you to and positively refuse to sell tickets.

Asks Where Are Fine Men?

Dear Cynthia—Please print the following letter to Perplexed:

Perplexed—I am going to give you my idea. You speak of the girls. Well, I speak of the boys. It makes me laugh when you state about the clean-cut young man (where is he?). I have been looking for one for the last five years and have failed. I suppose there are some left (but few), just like the girls.

I am a bookkeeper in an office, and all I meet are men, and all they talk about is, "I met a swell chicken last night." Most of them are married men. I go out once in a while with the boys, but they can only be in your company once and you have to put them in their places. They think they can do what they like with the girls. It is just the same in all cities, as I go to Philadelphia, New York, Camden and Washington quite often, and also go to dances and other places of pleasure.

I have two nice fine girl friends that live in Camden, and they are disgusted with the young men of today, so that is why I am writing this letter to give you three girls' opinion of the boys of today.

Thank you, Cynthia.

ATLANTIC CITY BLONDE

If you number your men friends among the kind you cite only, it seems to me it would be wise to seek other friends. There are plenty of gentlemen in the world.

"Frank" Blames Some Parents

Dear Cynthia—There has been much discussion lately as to the moral standard of the young men and women of today. These discussions are usually of an arbitrary nature, and they should not be, inasmuch as the fault of one is very often the virtue of another. To place our youth in one absolute class is utterly wrong and tends to signify a biased opinion.

Our young people are allowed entirely too much freedom in their choice of diversions, at a time when they should be forced to accept the more mature advice of their parents as to the kind of pleasures best suited to their needs. For a parent to allow a child of sixteen or seventeen to fight alone the many temptations of today is unfair to the child and also to the children of others. At this age of inexperience, the plans are laid for the future, and if parental supervisance is absent, how can we expect our youth to successfully combat these temptations?

Education, position, wealth, mean nothing if character is lacking, and character cannot be summoned in a day. If the mothers and fathers of our young people would go out and investigate present conditions, they would soon appreciate the importance of exercising caution regarding the habits of their children, who at sixteen conceive themselves big men and women.

Too many parents make the grave mistake of employing a domineering attitude, which tends only to make matters worse. Our young people must have friends, and if the right kind of associations are not to be found then it is the duty of the parent to assume the added responsibility.

My good will spring from everlasting criticism? Demand of any one that he demonstrate himself of something, and he will fight, but show conclusively the error of a habit and this same person will at least try to reform.

A young girl friend of my brother was so closely bound by her mother that few pleasures. To all outward appearances, the girl was a model of perfection. But it developed that for a long time she had been secretly frequenting the places where girls of her age were considered. This concerning the importance of individual [illegible] no set method of procedure [illegible]

I suppose this letter will [illegible] as old-fashioned, but if it does [illegible] failed in my purpose. I [illegible] real, honest pleasure and [illegible] that doesn't mean [illegible] children of sixteen should be allowed to unescorted to public dances [illegible]

I really think "Constance" enjoyed the package at sixteen, do you. Cynic's despair: "Constance, you [illegible] some of those girls quite similar [illegible] that married dear old dad.

FRANK

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Who expects a lawyer or a doctor to take time from a busy day to sit down and indite expert advice to any stranger who writes for that specialized commodity without taking pains to inclose a fee, or at least, to ask what the consultation will cost? Yet how often unknown and utterly unqualified correspondents write to literary specialists to request advice gratis or to demand detailed reasons why worthless articles are not accepted.

When an editor receives upward of 100,000 manuscripts yearly—most of them illiterate, and only a rare few available—he is in no mood to diagnose their ailments; a whole staff of secretaries could not find time to answer every letter of inquiry regarding them. That is why the printed rejection form is used for all but the brilliant exceptions. No one need write a letter to an editor when sending an unsolicited contribution to his publication. It is necessary only to put the sender's name and address together with the number of words in the article at the head of the typed MS., and to inclose sufficient postage for the return of the contribution, if it proves unavailable. Manuscripts should be sent flat or folded, never in the amateurish rolls illustrated.

THE BRIM IS TRIMMED NOW

Hats are still worn with the flared-back brim which reveals the eyebrows and does not shade the eyes. But "the thing" this season is to place all the adornment of the hat upon that upturned brim. If your frock is a bridesmaidy, garden-party affair trimmed with puffy roses, then you flatten out some of the roses on your hat brim. If you are wearing a chic little silk suit and a hat of black horsehair, you veil the edge with long jet ovals; and if your costume is a stunning crepe meteor and crepe, you allow some Chantilly lace to fall gracefully from your hat and shade your eyes in a most becoming way. Try this with last year's hat if the brim is faded

Photos by Old Masters, Central News.

MRS. WILSON CONTINUES HER DICTIONARY OF FOODS

Some French Terms Are Explained in Today's Article—The Seasons in Which Various Delicacies Are Abundant

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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EACH living thing, whether it is in the sea below, in the air above, or a product of the soil, has a season in which it abounds. This season is divided into three parts, namely the beginning when it is high priced; second, the harvest or flood tide, when it is abundant and therefore reasonable in price, and then the ebb-tide, when the article is becoming high priced and scarce again.

A knowledge of this is necessary for the chef and steward, and it should be vitally important to the up-to-date housewife.

Flageolette—In France the shelled, green and immature young kidney bean. In this country the string bean or butter bean is meant. They are canned in tin and glass and also dried.

Flitch—An English term for bacon and the side of salt pork.

Flounder or flat fish—Found along the coast. This fish is filleted and used to replace the fillet of sole. It is in season early in spring until late in the fall.

Flour—Made from wheat is usually designated by this term. Other varieties are rye, corn, rice, barley flours. All except rye lack sufficient gluten to be used for making loaf of bread by the yeast process. They can, however, be made into many attractive hot bread, muffins, pancakes, etc.

Wheat flour is divided into two distinct varieties—spring and winter wheat. The miller today makes an all-round blend of flour which may be used for all baking purposes.

The chief varieties are patent, standard patent and whole and graham flours. Soft wheat lacks the strong gluten of hard wheat and is usually blended with hard wheat or made into pastry flour. Various standard brands can be depended upon to give satisfactory results.

Fluke—A fish inhabiting northern Atlantic waters; it resembles the flounder somewhat.

Foie Gras—The term applied to specially prepared livers of geese. This delicacy is imported in jars, terrines, tins and in the following styles: Pate de foie gras; puree de foie gras; saucisson de foie gras; foie fras au naturel.

To serve: Chill and use, spreading lightly on crackers or toasted bread. In pates: Made by lining small pans with pastry, using some of either the puree or the saucisson de foie gras, hard boiled eggs and a little bacon. Cover with top crust and bake in the oven.

The word "saucisson" means sausage.

Fondant—A creamy white mixture made by cooking sugar and water together and using this mixture for bonbons, icings, cakes, making cream drops and chocolate creams. The standard formula is:

Two cups of sugar.
Three-quarters cup of water.
One-half tea-spoon of cream of tartar.
Three tablespoons of white corn syrup.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and then cook to 240 degrees on the candy thermometer and then turn from the pan on an oiled platter—a large meat platter—and let cool. Beat with a wooden paddle until creamy and then knead like bread dough. Place in a bowl and cover and let stand for twenty-four hours to ripen. Remelt in a double boiler and use to dip nuts, ice cakes, etc.

Forcemeat—A mixture of herbs, meat and seasoning, clouded to a fine sausage consistency. Use for stuffing birds, fowls and certain pieces of meat; also used for croquettes.

Fowl—This term applies to the barnyard specimen. Poultry of unknown age that is too tough for the regular cooking can be made tender by long slow moist cooking in the fireless cooker.

French beans—The English name for the small stringless variety of the green or string beans.

French dressing—A salad dressing made of three parts good table oil and one part vinegar; salt and pepper and a little mustard and one-half teaspoon of sugar to every half cup of oil used.

French rolls—This is a term applied to all hard and crusty rolls.

Fried cakes—Name given to doughnuts, crullers and other pastry.

Frijole beans—A Spanish bean of the kidney type.

Fritters—A batter mixture in which meats, fish and vegetables and fruits are dipped or mixed; such as oyster, banana or apple fritters.

Frogs' Legs—The hind legs of the large frogs, a delicacy surpassing chicken. Many farms raise frogs for this purpose. They are served stewed in cream, dipped in batter or eggs and crumbs and fried in deep fat.

There are two varieties—the small marsh frog, which the epicures consider the best; and the large bullfrog, in season all year, but are best from April to October.

Fruits—Apricots, apple, cherry, currant, berries—the goose, straw, rasp, black, huckle, dew and logan berry—pears, plums, pineapples, peach, orange, lemon, grapefruit, avocado or alligator pear, grapes, cantaloupe, watermelon, citron, fig and date—all contain grape or fruit sugar, over 80 per cent water, crude fiber and skins; they are valuable for their acids, mineral salt and vitamines and large amounts of distilled water which is nature's purest gift to man.

Fruit butters—Fruits cooked to a thick consistency, such as applebutter.

Fruit juices—The expressed and filtered juice of fruits, bottled and sterilized.

Frumenta—A special gruel made by cooking wheat in water until soft pulp; it is then sweetened and flavored, usually with nutmeg, cinnamon and milk is added. In England, eggs and dried fruits are added, and it is then called Somersetshire frumenty.

Frying or sauteing—Cooking food in a skillet or frying-pan with a small amount of fat.

Gelatin—A dish usually made of boned poultry or fish.

Garbanza, chick pea, is the legume used by many of the foreigners; also the chick or field pea of the southern states, cooked and served in much the same manner as the marrowfat beans. Used in Spain in the famous olla podrida and also used by the Hebrews.

Garlic—A member of the onion family. The bulb contains from seven to eleven sections, known as cloves—these are used in pickling and cooking, also in salads and sauces and various table condiments.

BLACK TAFFETA HAS UNUSUAL TOUCHES

By CORINNE LOWE

Since the firm of black taffeta and white organdy first became established it has been constantly widening its field of activity. We wonder, indeed, how anybody is ever going to be able to think again of a single new enterprise for these ambitious partners.

Today we show one of the newest and most spectacular of developments in the two materials. The skirt, coming up above the waistline in the ruch of white organdy, is plaided by ruffled lines of the same sheer material. The sleeves of organdy, with their black taffeta divided by tiny white organdy ruffles are particularly charming and unusual and prove just how far a sleeve may go these days.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Big-Hearted Ashman
By DADDY

CHAPTER VI
The Birthday Gifts

AFTER they had played many jolly games at the Ashman's birthday party, the Ashman called Peggy, Billy, the poor children, and fat Tommy Grim, thin Bennie Bean and cross Hiram Hatch to his auto.

"This is my birthday," he said. "Usually folks give presents to a person who has a birthday, but as I enjoy giving presents as much as getting them, I'm going to change things about a bit. I am going to bestow gifts upon you to make my own birthday happier."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! for the kind Ashman," cried the poor children, and then a freckled-faced boy, who seemed to be a leader among them, stepped forward.

"We thank you, sir, for giving us presents, and we will be particularly happy to get them, because we know it makes you happy to give them to us," he said. "But we have birthday gifts for you, too. I hope you will be as glad to get them as we are to give them."

That little speech upset the Ashman. He hadn't expected to get any gifts.

"No, no," he objected. "You children are too poor to give presents."

"We are not too poor to give the kind of presents we have for you," said the boy. "Annie O'Neill!" he cried out. Annie O'Neill, a little slip of a girl, came shyly forward.

"My birthday gift is the wish that you may always be as happy as you make others," she whispered.

"Ah, that is a fine gift," cried the Ashman, much pleased.

"And my gift is a promise not to tell any more fibs," said a tiny lad. "And mine is a kiss," lisped a wee girl. "And mine is a cheerful smile," spoke up a lame lad.

"And mine is a sweet song which I will sing outside your window this evening," declared a soft-voiced girl. "And mine is a joke to make you merry," chuckled the freckled-faced boy. And so it went all around the circle among the twenty—each poor child has some pleasing gift of this sort to offer the Ashman.

"And we have a present, too," cried fat Tommy Grim, thin Bennie Bean, and cross Hiram Hatch. "We will always be polite to strangers, have a jolly word for those who appear in trouble, and lend a helping hand to those in trouble."

It seemed these gifts were just the kind the Ashman wanted. He beamed with joy as each offering was made to him and his heart seemed fairly to bubble over, for tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, you children have made this a happy, happy birthday," he cried. "Thank you! Thank you!"

Every one had given the Ashman a gift except Peggy and Billy. They were trying to think what they would offer when the Ashman turned to them.

"These two kind children gave me my first gift of the day," he said to their surprise. "When I was dirty and thirsty they made me nice, cool lemonade."

Then Peggy and Billy were glad they had been kind to the Ashman.

The Ashman now climbed into his auto and he gave out the toys he had there. My, how happy he was, acting as a birthday Santa Claus, and my, how happy the children were to get his presents. Every child got a toy, and there was a string of beads for Peggy, a whistle for Billy, a top for fat Tommy Grim, a knife for thin Bennie Bean, and a mouth organ for cross Hiram Hatch.

By the time the presents were given out it was beginning to get dark, so the express cart train started back for the street in which the poor children lived. Every one got safely home, then the Ashman unhitched the express cart train and took Peggy and Billy swiftly to Peggy's house.

"Here you are!" cried the Ashman. "Thank you for coming to my party and helping to give me a happy birthday." And away he went before they could turn things around and thank him for having taken them to the party.

Next week will be told another jolly adventure of Peggy and Billy.

Making More Money

A Paralytic's Success

Open the front door of a modest little house on Sussex avenue, in Newark, N. J., and you will find Harry Christy, one of the most remarkable men in the country, sitting beside a table in the front room. He can't move his head except by manipulating a strap on a pulley arrangement which he has rigged up and even then the movement is only a slight one. One of his legs is gone and his body is partially paralyzed—yet he sells thousands of neckties every year and supports himself entirely by his own efforts.

Before Christy hit upon the idea of selling neckties he tried his hand at embroidery and became such an expert that he sold his output to a silk concern, which gave his work to salesmen as an example of what could be done with silk floss. But the strain of the delicate work was too much for his eyes and Christy took to the making of neckties, finding a ready market for all that he could turn out. He realized that he could sell a great many more ties if he had the facility for making them, so he hit upon the idea of buying the ties from firms whose product measured up to his specifications and marketing these through the mails—depending solely upon the intrinsic worth of the merchandise and not upon any charitable idea based solely upon his condition.

From the very first the business grew and now Christy has a mailing list that is worth several thousand dollars a year to him, simply because of his indefatigable energy and his frequently repeated statement that "if I had only one finger left, that finger would be working hard."

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What container for furs and winter clothes is made to be decorative as well as useful?
2. When there are several children and only one desk in the nursery, what kind of chair is a good provision for the inevitable rainy day?
3. In what convenient and pretty way is a new jewel box of tortoise shell made?
4. For what does the garnet stand?
5. How is a striking silk lamp shade of plain material made to match the figures hanging in a room?
6. Describe a charming inexpensive bedspread for the child's room.

Yesterday's Answers

1. Miss Anne Smith, of Scranton, Pa., has for the last two years been engaged in teaching American games to the children of the Czechs, Poles, Magyars and Germans and keeping peace among them.
2. A new knife for preparing grapefruit and oranges is conveniently bent and is made of very pliable steel with an edge on each side of the blade.
3. A comfortable chair for the nursery is a miniature arm chair, upholstered with pink cloth on which nursery figures are designed in white.
4. The topaz stands for fidelity, gives strength and promotes digestion.
5. A dainty crepe de chine nightgown carries out the trend of the times in its color, being gray with tiny pink roses to trim it.
6. A rubber protector which fits over the garter clasp prevents the garter from making runs in a silk stocking.

IT'S TIME FOR ALL WOMEN TO FORGET THEIR COYNESS

Now That They Are Equal With Men They'll Have to Be Honest Like Men About Their Ages—Except Sometimes

A MARRIAGE license clerk in New York declares that his greatest trouble is in making women give their ages for the license.

They try to get out of it, he says, by making vague answers.

But there's nothing vague about a marriage license and the clerk simply shoves the paper back at them to be made more definite.

That seems like carrying feminism a bit too far.

Of course, we've been at it always.

When we were little we quibbled just a trifle on the "So-o-o big!" stunt, because our hands would reach too far above our heads.

As we graduated into shorter skirts and lower waistlines we kept on saying "I'm a big girl," although anybody could see that we weren't big at all.

At school we always wanted to dress like the girl in the senior class who wore her hair up and had such beautiful clothes—because, goodness knew, we looked fully her age.

After school it was very nice to say tantalizingly, "Oh, I'm older than you are, little boy," to the young gentleman who thought he really looked twenty-two and happened to be exactly our age.

And it was positively exciting to have some one really older look down from his height and wish that we would tell him how old we really were.

THEN all of a sudden we became as old as that, instead of just pretending it, and before we could do anything about it we were older, had left it far behind, were turning back to long for it with promises to treat it better if we could only have it again!

But we knew we couldn't, and so, having gained plenty of practice from the nursery up, we just pretended that we had never lost it.

It was extremely silly of us, because, just as people used to be able to see that we weren't really "a big girl," they can now see that we are most certainly not twenty-five, having reached that dividing line some three or four, or perhaps five, years ago.

But it's hard to break a habit that has been forming for as many years as that, and it is probably mere instinct which makes these women who are going to be married put down "over twenty-one," "under thirty," and so on.

It must be a dreadful blow to their vanity to have this most important document handed back with a terse command to be accurate!

WOMEN are finding themselves at a disadvantage rather often nowadays with the new regime which makes them equal, in public and political affairs, at least, with men.

They find that men have a disconcerting custom of telling their correct age, no matter how near, or far over, forty it may be.

And they meet up with the annoying discovery that these men expect them to do the same thing.

It seems very stupid of the men, but unfortunately customary.

It has the same effect upon age fakers that the admittance of women to jury duty has had upon certain justice dodgers.

These ladies thought that, with feminine tactics, they could "vamp" the twelve men who had been sworn in to decide their fate.

But, upon casting the first eye over toward the jury box, they met what they had not bargained for, the steady, uncompromising gaze of a woman, two women, three! And their carefully planned campaign crumbled all to scared nothing. You can't "vamp" another woman.

WOMEN are going to make a good many discoveries like this from now on.

Heaven forbid that the new times should take away any of the femininity of women and make them mere cheap editions of their fathers and brothers!

It really isn't necessary, anyhow, for everybody in the world to know that you are thirty-four and your sister is twenty-eight.

But it would be a victory for modern civilization to bring about a more reasonable attitude on the part of women when they are signing marriage licenses, answering the census man and registering for election day.

For there are times when feminine coyness and mystery are out of place.

TOMORROW IS MOTHER'S DAY

We cannot express what she means to us. We are not given the power to love as she loves, give as she gives, or return sacrifice for sacrifice to show our deep affection. And when the language was made no words could be found that were worthy of her. So we chose one little day out of all the year on which we wear a little white flower in her honor, and ask her to take for granted the big significance of this little, little symbol of our love. Because she is mother we are sure she will accept it, for we know that

MOTHER ALWAYS UNDERSTANDS

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neil was sent to prison for embezzling funds, but Harriet, his wife, because she believed in his innocence, determined to prove it to the world. She obtained a position in Barry's office under a different name, and there attracted the attention of Charlie Harmon, the son of the head of the firm.

CHAPTER XVIII
Harriet Yields

TWO nights later Harriet surveyed herself anxiously in the blurred mirror over the chest of drawers. The flickering gas light revealed the rather shabby appearance of her one and only dress, a soft blue silk. But she had sewed frail chiffon ruffles around the neck and in the cuffs, and her plain hat was becoming. She was going to dinner with Charlie Harmon, and in spite of the fact that she had determined to accept his invitation mainly for what she could discover about office conditions, she felt a pleasurable thrill of excitement.

Only one thing clouded her immediate pleasure, and that was the fact that May Watson, obviously disapproved of the engagement. It happened that the day before, May had asked Harriet to go with her to see Grace Raymond's trousseau, and Harriet had been forced to refuse. May had seemed surprised because she knew that Harriet had no friends in the city, and Harriet had impulsively told her the truth. She never forgot the queer expression that had crept into May's eyes. It said as plainly as any words that she disapproved, but she had said nothing. Harriet had felt a wild impulse to defend herself and she had said impulsively:

"Why, don't you like the idea?"

And May had looked at her thoughtfully with no trace of jealousy in the keen eyes behind the glasses, and had replied slowly after a moment's hesitation:

"It can't lead to anything good."

"A dinner engagement needn't necessarily lead to anything," Harriet had retorted somewhat angrily.

"But it generally does with a man like that."

"You don't know anything about Mr. Harmon," Harriet had returned and then had blushed because she had been so quick to defend him.

"Oh, yes, I do," May had said quickly. "Grace Raymond has often spoken of him. He's a gay ne'er-do-well, not nearly good enough for you to bother with even if he were serious."

It was then that Harriet felt again the impulse to tell May why she was going, why she did not dare to incur Charlie Harmon's enmity, but her better judgment told her that it would be foolish to take any one into her confidence just now. It hurt her to have May misunderstand her motive, but it was unavoidable, and Harriet had fancied a certain stiffness in May's manner when she had seen her that morning at breakfast.

Harriet sighed as she pulled on her old blue coat, and ran lightly down the three flights of steps. She was standing in the hall when she saw the taxi draw to the door, and without waiting for Charlie to ring the bell, she went out to meet him. Somehow she dreaded having him enter that cold mausoleum of a place with its mingled odors and its dank dreariness. She was ashamed of this feeling, but she made no attempt to resist it.

She shook hands with Charlie Harmon outside on the steps and somehow the manner of their meeting helped to increase her feeling of guilt. She did not want to feel guilty, but May Watson had helped to implant that feeling in her heart, and she could not help wondering what Charlie was thinking. Suppose he believed her to be a flirt, ready and willing to carry on a flirtation for what there was in it? Certainly there was no reason why he should believe her otherwise.

He helped her into the waiting taxi and his fingers closed tightly, proprietarily around her arm. The color mounted to Harriet's forehead in wave after wave of resentment, and she sank into a corner of the car as far away from him as she could get.

(To be continued.)

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