AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Fireside Thoughts

MARY hurried upstairs to her own room. She wanted very much to be alone. She wasn't in a mood for any questioning.

MAY CHRISTIE

Carrington Bellairs had ordered that one of the prettiest apartments in the house should be reserved for his little secretary's use. The bedroom was daintily furnished in pink and white. A thick white carpet adorned the floor and before a blazing log-fire was stretched a white bearskin rug. The furniture was white, upholstered in shell-pink satin.

Japanese water colors hung upon the walls, extraordinarily well done. And a great bunch of pink carnations stood upon the dressing table, filling the room with fragrance.

Opening out of this apartment on one side was a very dainty bathroom, everything of white enamel. And on the other side of the bedroom was a tiny sitting room, equipped with a writing-table, a couch, several comfortable chairs and a profusion of the latest literature.

Mary switched the light on and went over to the fire. She sat down on the bearskin rug and stared into the heart of the leaping flames.

Her fears were quite forgotten now. Life seemed rose-colored, truly. She had Dick—an interesting "profession"—congenial work—amusements—a few friends.

Yes, she was lucky.

She sat there, wrapped in a happy reverie, until the booming of the dressing gong rang out. Then Mary rose. She brushed her thick, curly hair out before the mirror, arranged herself in a simple little dinner gown of black—demure, very chic, its darkness serving to enhance her lovely, clear complexion—and descended to the hall below.

"Hello, Miss Drew!" Eve Rochester, pretty, pert and powdered, stood at the bottom of the staircase and casually held out two fingers to the girl. She flung a comprehensive glance at Mary's chic toilette. "Working down here, are you?"

Mary smiled pleasantly, acknowledging Eve's greeting. But, instinctively, she felt she didn't trust the girl. The latter's attention seemed to be fixed on some object immediately behind Mary.

"Hello there, Julian! Late as usual!" Eve addressed a tall figure, in evening dress, that paused for a moment on the upper landing. "We're waiting for you—hurry!"

Vandaveer, giving a last tweak to his tie, descended. He looked a little awkward when he spied Mary.

"Didn't know you were to be here," he observed laconically, touching her hand for a moment in greeting. Then he turned to Eve.

"Impatient girl! The host's generally on the other foot—and you're the one who usually keeps me waiting."

Eve caught his arm with a small proprietary gesture that definitely excluded Mary from the conversation, and proceeded with her "prize" toward the dining room. Carrington Bellairs, his aunt, and a couple of other dinner guests were gathered here, standing around the open fireplace, chatting.

And then they all sat down to the well-appointed table underneath the gleaming chandelier.

To Mary's surprise, she found herself beside Julian Vandaveer, seated on his left, while on his right was Eve.

"But I don't have to talk to him at all. Eve can have conversational rights where he's concerned," reflected Mary. She didn't like this curious man. Apart from what Dick Calardin had informed her as to his shady "career" abroad, she felt a sinister influence emanating from him. * * *

Julian Vandaveer, however, evidently had definite ideas as to his dinner-table "duties." Throughout the hors d'oeuvres, soup and fish, he talked to Eve. And then he turned to Mary Drew, intent on flinging that pretty damsel a few conversational crumbs.

He was still very anxious to learn if she remembered his attack on young Calardin.

"I hope your head is quite recovered from the unfortunate blow it received the other day?" He was all suavity and smiles.

"Thank you," rejoined Mary. "It ached rather badly all the following night and day, but after that there followed no evil effects at all. I'm lucky!"

Vandaveer flung her a sidelong glance.

"Have you no definite idea how the accident occurred?" He couldn't keep the question back. And yet he managed to infuse it with an air of casualness, as though her answer didn't matter in the least to him.

"No—I don't seem able to remember." Mary's soft, smoke-blue eyes held a puzzled look. "It's very odd, isn't it?"

Vandaveer wondered what her "game" could be—or if this ignorance was really genuine?

When the long meal was over the ladies rose and went out to the hall, leaving the men to smoke and talk alone. But Vandaveer insisted on accompanying them.

"Look, Julian, there's that queer, inscrutable eastern servant of yours," whispered Eve, pointing to a gliding figure that was making for the servants' quarters. "Do you always take him everywhere you go?"

"I do—Kismet is quite invaluable," replied Vandaveer.

Kismet salaamed humbly as he passed the little group. The bright lights of the hall fell upon him. And with a thrill of mingled repulsion and astonishment, Mary recognized him as the dusky foreigner who had terrified her on the lonely roads that day!

Monday—Vandaveer Is Anxious

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Too Cheap

"WHAT I cannot understand is how Della can be so ungrateful. I was certainly the best friend she had. Why, there wasn't anything I didn't do for her, from fixing over an old dress to marketing for her unexpected guests and cooking for her husband when she went to the country! She used to say she didn't know what she would do without me.

"But never again!" continued this badly used friend, "will I be anybody's Handy Andy. At first I used to feel complimented at Della's lack of ceremony with me. It showed what good friends we were to have her turn to me on the night of the party when the waitress disappointed her and say, 'I know you'll give me a hand.'

"But then it seemed that every time I wanted Della she had something more interesting to do. You know those new friends who have been taking her about—well, it did seem queer that much as she entertained them, she never asked me, her chum, to meet them.

"And I woke up when she gave that last party. About a card party before that I remember her saying to me, 'My dear, there are twelve I had to have and one more would have meant another table, which I couldn't fill. So I thought you wouldn't mind—we're such good friends, you always understand.' And, poor, abused fool that I was, I asked why she hadn't called me over to help her.

"But never again! After this I am one of the twelve who have to be asked. It won't flatter me a bit to be told that I'm such a good friend that one needn't be ceremonious. Being a good friend hasn't worked out very well for me. I guess I was too cheap. Now I'm going to be one of the friends that count."

Yes, little friend, I am afraid you were too cheap.

We are inclined to depreciate anything that is cheap, and it is one of the inhuman things about us humans that this applies to service, friendship, love just as it does to a bargain-counter umbrella.

The umbrella was very cheap, and no matter how pretty it is, how good its quality, no matter how much more it is worth than what we paid for it, we will never take as good care of it as we would if we had paid a good price.

And so with the friendship that is always there ready to serve us, that makes no conditions and no demands upon our consideration. We get it cheaply, and all other things being equal, are not likely to cultivate it so assiduously as if it were higher priced. I'm afraid it is the old story about being taken at one's own valuation.

This does not mean that it does not pay to be a real friend, genuine and sincere. It does not mean that one can go through life without giving, and be either happy or loved. It does not mean that there are not some of us who would thoroughly appreciate and revere a friendship that would give itself so fully and unconditionally.

But the general run of us are likely to handle with more care the things for which we have to pay than those that we can get for nothing or very cheap. So it is well to salt our friendship with a few grains of pride and make it not too cheap.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Flowers for Decorating

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me what would be nice for decoration in flowers or anything else for a fiftieth golden anniversary of a Methodist church. MRS. C. L.

You should have flowers in decorating your church for its anniversary. Surely a number of people would be only too glad to give you those from their gardens. Sprays from different flowering bushes, iris and also wild flowers, such as buttercups, early daisies and clover may be had. These can be placed in buckets, covered with green crepe paper. Palms and ferns would look well with these. On the window sills you could have low flower pots filled with fancy plants or some other flower that does not grow very high. Cover the dishes with moss around the outside, for this will give a delightfully natural appearance, as if the flowers were actually growing in a bed of moss. The pillars can be decorated with smilax, winding it round and round in an effective way. I hope that these suggestions will help you to make the church very beautiful.

Removing Blackheads

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young man twenty years of age. I am going to ask you for some information. I have a good many blackheads in my face and I would like to know what I could do to remove them and prevent them.

Could you tell me some professional, outside of a barber, who removes them? I am very anxious, because they make me feel very queer. G. T. D.

A facial soap is good for these. It should be used every evening, working it well into the pores. Steaming with a hot cloth will also help remove them. I cannot recommend you through the column to any one who makes a business of this, but no doubt your physician could advise you. Although it will take time, you can really treat them yourself with the methods I have told you of, and keeping on with these will also prevent a recurrence of them.

A Summer Wedding

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—At a house wedding in the afternoon in August, which would be the proper attire for the bride—a white gown with veil, or a dark dress or suit? (One that would be suitable to wear away.)

What decorations would be attractive looking and not too expensive?

WAITING

Since the weather is going to be warm at the time of the wedding, it will be prettier to wear something light instead of the dark costume. The white dress and veil would be lovely; but if you do not want to have this, a frock of some thin material in a pastel shade is appropriate.

Bowls of wildflowers, such as daisies or early goldenrod and any or the garden flowers, would decorate the house very well. Some palms or ferns could be grouped around the foot of the staircase.

The best of wishes to the bride go with these suggestions.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What dangerous feat was required of Peggy Hyland as her first stunt for the movies?
2. If the canopy effect is desired over a mahogany bed without the trouble of building a frame, how can it be acquired?
3. How can a vacuum cleaner be used in the scrubbing of kitchen floors?
4. Describe a charming pillow for the summer porch.
5. What dainty accessory for the boudoir makes a nice wedding gift from an intimate personal friend?
6. In what convenient way is a new reading glass made?

Yesterday's Answers

1. An old leather belt or trunk strap that is too shabby to use can be fastened around the trunk of a tree in camp, studded with large hooks and used as a "parking place" for pots and pans.
2. Milk is a good, odorless cleaner to use for discolored piano keys.
3. A new sash that would be striking on a brown or tan frock is of wide brown suede, lined with a lighter shade and finished with tassels of both the light and dark.
4. The newest hatpins are made with oblong ends of opaque stones holding a drop of the same mineral.
5. Batiste is now sold in embroidered pieces ready to make up.
6. A stylish girdle is crossed in back and knotted low in the front like an Egyptian sash.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Dubious

Yes, invite the young man. It is quite all right to do so.

Approve of Collingswood Jazzers

Dear Cynthia—We are two young girls of sixteen and we, like the "Collingswood Jazzers," believe in enjoying life like them. We also paint, powder, smoke and drink, and we are none the worse for it.

We do all these things to please the boys, because they don't like girls that are "dry." The boy of today likes a girl with some "snap" in 'em.

VITE ET VITE.

Perhaps you are none the worse for it now, but you will be in time, and in a short time at that. It is not very smart to do the things you boast of so gaily.

Girl Who Lives Out Has Problem

Dear Cynthia—I see some girls complain about the fellows being "kissing-bugs" and thought I would say a few words about it too. As I go to a dance every week, sometimes two, and belong to a few clubs, I naturally come in contact with quite a lot of fellows, but I have never yet found one who didn't ask for the "good-night kiss" when he takes you home. Why is it, I wonder, that a fellow wants a girl to kiss him after he has taken her out. When I refuse they always say, "Oh, come on, be a sport." I have a jolly disposition and always full of fun, so have a lot of friends, but on account of that I don't like this kissing business, it seems I can never hold a fellow more than two or three times. When I don't change my mind they cease to take me out. At first I thought this only happened among my own nationality, but I have lately been with American fellows and find them just as bad. I don't see how a girl with sincere self-respect can kiss every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes along. Fellows, please tell me, why you think a girl "slow" if she doesn't kiss you the first time you are out with her.

Dear Cynthia, I sure do admire your valuable column and here is where I come for some advice from you. You always say that a girl should never meet a fellow "on the corner," but what is a girl to do when she has no home to invite her friend and friends to? I am all by myself here in Philadelphia and working in a private family, so can't very well ask a fellow here, and if I could it would have to be done through the back way, and most fellows object to that. And why, I wonder, isn't one way just as good as another. I have never seen a "kitchen mechanic" write to you before, so would like to hear from some of them. I have often noticed that as soon as a fellow hears you're doing plain housework you're not good enough for his company. FOREIGNER.

Your problem is one that you should put up to the young men themselves. If they like you well enough to want to see you, they should be willing to call upon you wherever you are ready to receive them. But at the same time circumstances alter cases and with a woman of your common sense, Cynthia would say, use your own judgment about meeting your friends where you wish.

There are certain boys and girls who simply will not meet anywhere but on street corners, and it is a bad practice. Some of these girls meet boys in this way without the knowledge of their parents and often form unfortunate friendships and attachments. This kind of meeting is never to be encouraged.

She Loves a Paragon

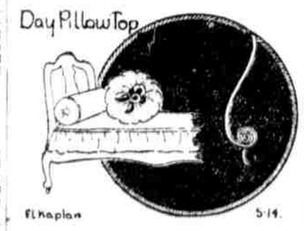
Dear Cynthia—I have never written to you before, so I am writing to you for a little advice which I know you can give. I am a young girl sixteen years of age and have never been to a dance. I don't run around. I stay home every night. I know a young man who is eleven years my senior. He has been calling at my home to see me for the last two months. He has been coming twice a week. He has told me that he cares a lot for me, and he not only cares for me, but he confessed that he loves me, and I told him that I also love him. Now, dear Cynthia, this fellow is one in a thousand. He is a hard-working man, works steady every day. He gives his mother all his wages. As he lives with his old folks, he don't pay board. Out of the few dollars he keeps each week he buys his own clothes. His mother don't have to buy him anything. He don't go to dances. He comes home at night from work and sits home every night. He loves to sit with his old folks. He is good to his mother, father and sister. He don't use tobacco or liquor in any form. He is what you would call a home boy. He plays baseball, takes long walks and does a little boxing. He supports his old folks, as his dad don't work on account of old age, and his younger brothers don't work. He supports them, too. He don't mind that. He is a quiet boy. Always has a smile for every one. I and lots of his friends tell him, why don't he get after his brothers and chase them to work, and he only answers, with a smile, "Well, as long as I am able to work I will work for and keep them. When they get older they will realize what I have done for them." Dear Cynthia, he says that he is going to wait for me, and I told him that I would also wait for him, and I would be true to him. I know that he can make a good home for me. He is awfully good to me. He sends me lots of candy and books.

I know him well. My mother has known him for years and thinks a lot of him, but my mother don't know that we love each other. He has told me that he will take me out anywhere I will want to go this summer, but I told him I will not go out. When he comes to see me he offers to take me out, but I refuse to go, as I haven't got good clothes, and he says that he don't care how I am dressed; he is not ashamed. But I won't go, and we sit talking all evening. He is a perfect gentleman. Cynthia I love him. Won't you please tell me what can I do? Is he too old for me? I know if I lose him I will not find another man like him. I know there are other girls better off than I am and they are after him, but he will not have anything to do with them. He says that he is going to get me. This is the girl for him. He is one in a thousand. FRANCES O.

Your young man sounds almost too perfect. Cynthia thinks he is too easy-going. He is spoiling his brothers by doing everything for them. And if he is supporting his entire family, how can he expect to marry, even if that date must be several years off, as you are very young. It is sometimes very wrong to help young men and boys too much financially. It takes their spirit of independence from them and they lose all ambition.

It would be well to tell the young man that if you wait for him you will expect him to think a little more about himself and the future he plans to spend with you. He is rather old for sixteen.

Things You'll Love to Make



By making a DAY PILLOW TOP like the one I show, you can very readily turn an otherwise unattractive night pillow into a lovely ornamental cushion. Cut a circle of silk or worsted or twenty-seven inches in diameter. Stitch a narrow facing all around the edge on the wrong side. Run a heavy round elastic twenty-eight inches long through the facing. Sew the ends of the elastic together. Decorate the center of the right side with silk, worsted or other kind of flowers and leaves. When ready to dress up your day couch, slip the pillow into your DAY PILLOW TOP, puff it up a bit and it is ready to hold its place among the prettiest of cushions. FLORA.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE BRIDE

Are you going to be a June bride? And how are you going to have your veil arranged? Something entirely new is shown at the right in the wired lace which stands up like a Spanish comb at the back of the head, leaving the hair uncovered. The veil hangs down the back, spreading just a little over the front of the shoulders. The statuesque girl of the Oriental type would look well in the lace cap affair below, with its square earlaps. With a little moderation and a slight flaring of the side pieces this could be made into a quaint Dutch cap for the cute little flaxen-haired girl. A new conception of the "top-of-the-head" veil is this flat "hat" with a ruffle of lace beneath two strands of pearls

Photos by Paramount Pictures and Underwood & Underwood.

MRS. WILSON REACHES G IN DICTIONARY OF FOODS

A Good Recipe for Preparing Grapejuice So That It Can Be Kept—Explanations of Various Terms and Names

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE dictionary of foods begins this week with gelatin, an article of diet that has very many uses—such as making desserts, jellies and blanc mange.

Ghee—An Indian product, a sort of butter made by peculiar process from milk of the buffalo and other animals.

Gherkins—A variety of cucumber with a burr or prickly skin. Used for pickles and also known as the jamaica cucumber. Usually about 3 inches in length and covered with tiny warts or burrs.

Giblets—The heart, liver, gizzard of poultry and wild fowl.

Gineo, a Spanish lime. This fruit resembles in appearance the plum, and has the acid flavor of the grape.

Ginger—Root of the ginger plant, a perennial plant with reed-like leafy stems. Grows freely in moist tropical climate. Is especially prepared and ground into flour. Preserved or Canton ginger is the tender, green roots of young plants, cooked until tender and then conserved in a rich spiced syrup. Usually stored in pots and jars. Crystallized ginger, both the root and chip, is prepared by special process from conserved ginger and then rolled in crystallized sugar.

Glaced fruit is also called crystallized fruit. A special method by which the fruit is poached in a very rich syrup and slowly crystallized.

Glucose, or invert sugar—A technical name for sugars found in many fruits and vegetables, also name applied for commercial corn syrups.

Gluten—The protein constituent of wheat and other grains and is composed of vegetable fibrin and gliadin.

Goober or Guber—Southern name for peanut goose—domestic geese—raised much as a barnyard fowl for the table. European housewives consider the goose a real delicacy, while the epicure declares that the smoked breast of goose is a real tidbit. Much in demand for the Christmas and New Year holidays. Wild goose is an early and elusive wild fowl of rare delicacy.

Gooseberry—A member of the currant family, only much larger in size. The cultivated berry has lost much of its hairy and prickly character. This berry is usually picked green and used in pies, tarts, jellies, jams and sauces. Its delicate and peculiarly tart flavor makes it a welcome accompaniment to the meat course. The gooseberry may be conserved for winter use by following the usual recipe for currants and strawberries; and also by the cold water process for rhubarb.

Fill the jars with the berries and then place under running water and fill to overflowing. Seal and store in a cool place. Many splendid varieties of berries are grown as table delicacies in English gardens.

Goulash—A peculiar stew made of meat; originated in Hungary and Bohemia. Often called Kulask. The original recipe for this dish. Cut

1 pound of stewing beef in 2-inch pieces,

1 pound of stewing veal in 2-inch pieces.

Place in a saucepan and cover with water. Cook slowly until tender and then thicken the gravy and season with grated onion, paprika and a little caraway seed. Garnish with boiled potatoes and onions.

Gourd—Under this title are the squash, pumpkin and cucumber. This term is also applied to the calabash—a non-edible variety of guord, used as a dipper for drinking from a spring or well.

Graham flour—A flour made containing all the nutritive elements of wheat and also called whole-wheat flour.

Grape—The fruit of a cultivated vine. Many European and American varieties of this well-known fruit are usually found in the markets. Grapejuice and the raisins are the well-known products of this vine.

To prepare grapejuice—Wash the grapes on the stem by dipping in water. Remove the grapes from the stem and then place in a kettle and cover with cold water nearly to the top of the grapes. Bring slowly to a boil and mash the grapes well. Stir constantly with a wire potato masher. Turn into a jelly bag and let drip. Now line a colander with two paper napkins and set the colander on a small bowl, which has been placed inside of a larger one. Turn in the grapejuice and let filter through the colander into the bowl. This will leave a clear, sparkling liquid that can be filled into bottles. Set the bottles in water bath and have the water to the neck of the bottles. Bring to a boil and then boil for thirty-five minutes. Seal securely, either by fasteners or by corks. Dip the tops of the bottles in melted parawax and then store in a cold place.

The by-products of the grape are grape seed oil, a clear oil of pleasing and palatable flavor, used for cooking purposes; grape syrup, a grapejuice treated in vacuum pans until the thick syrup is obtained. And grape or fruit sugar.

Green gage—A member of the plum family, used in jams, jellies and preserves.

Greens, vegetables or garden greens are spinach, kale, dandelion, young cresses, sorrel, leeks and young poke shoots.

Green turtle—A delicate species of turtle, greatly prized because of its distinctive flavor.

Griskin of pork—The choice, dainty, lean cut of loin of pork.

Grissini—A long, sticklike loaf of specially prepared Italian bread.

Grits—A name given to the coarsely ground grains, such as rice, oats, hominy and wheat.

Groats—A broken hulled grain, usually used for gruels, thickening stocks and soups and broths and also for porridge.

Gruel—A thin, strained liquid made by cooking cereals in sufficient water and milk to produce the desired consistency; usually sweetened and flavored with a little grated lemon, cinnamon, ginger or nutmeg.

Guava—Fruit of tropical American tree, delicate and delicious in flavor and is made into jam, jellies, preserves, butter, cheese and syrup.

A ONE-MAN WOMAN

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neil is sent to prison for embezzling funds, but Harriet, his wife, because she believes in his innocence, is determined to prove it to the world. She obtains a position in Barry's office, under a different name, and there attracts the attention of Charley Harmon, the son of the head of the firm. Thinking that she may learn something from him, she accepts an invitation to dinner, and Charley makes surreptitious love to her. A girl at the next table watches them closely, and the next day Charley meets her and tells her that she is not to make any trouble for him.

A Threat and a Compromise

CHARLEY released the girl's hand as suddenly as he had gripped it.

"You're to keep out of it," he threatened.

"And if I won't?" The girl's tone was defiant. "You're a regular male butterfly, Charley Harmon. You don't care what you do as long as you have a good time. And now you're going to break a woman's heart, a woman you're practically engaged to marry, because you're attracted by a new face. Of course I won't keep still. Do you think I'm going to see my best friend made a fool of?"

"There's nothing definite between us. She can look out for herself."

"I don't know what you mean by something definite, but you know as well as I that you led her to believe you were going to marry her. If you're tired of her she ought to know. Why aren't you man enough to tell her the truth? That would be fair and square, but this skulking around taking other girls to dinner isn't right, and you know it."

"I tell you once more that I want you to keep out of it, and if you insist upon interfering I shall take the only course left open to me. It wouldn't be very hard to fill your position, Miss Leonard, and I'd see that you didn't get another one in a hurry."

The girl's face went rather white. "You wouldn't do anything as rotten as that."

"Not unless I'm forced to, not unless you force me to it yourself. All I'm asking is that you keep out of it."

"And where's it going to end? Do you think you love this girl, or will it be the next pretty face within a few weeks? I don't know but that any girl would be fortunate in getting rid of you. You don't know the meaning of anything, deep or true in life."

The girl's words belied the obvious make-up, the frizzed blonde hair, the hard blue eyes. Underneath she appreciated the big things, but her surface exterior was for the world she had battled with and found wanting. She had her own philosophy, and in spite of her appearance she was straight as a die, but Charley's threat had frightened her. She knew that he meant what he said and that it was quite possible for him to hound her out of her job. She hated herself for compromising with him in any way and yet all he asked of her was silence.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he watched her face. She was thinking over what he had said and his words had gone deep. Fliss Leonard had a dependent mother, and if she lost her job it would be impossible for her to get another that paid the same money. She did not dare to take the chance no matter how much she wanted to do so for the sake of a friend, and Charley knew it.

"Well," she said finally and there was surrender in her tone, surrender mingled with disgust for him.

"You've decided to be sensible." He was eager and triumphant.

"Yes, there's nothing else for me to do; but mark my words, you're going to be sorry some day, Charley Harmon. No one gets off scot free and some time or other we all pay."

"I can do without your prophecies," he said lightly. His heart was beating freely again, and his thoughts were all with Harriet. This time he was sure about his feelings, and Fliss Leonard's scorn he could afford to ignore. There were reasons why he could not come out in the open and tell the truth just now, reasons that Fliss Leonard knew nothing of, but the future looked bright and he felt almost gay. His blue eyes were full of confidence as he walked back to the office, after what he considered a very satisfactory interview. Fliss' words of warning had already passed out of his mind.

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

An ambitious debutante once asked Sydney Smith how she might learn to become "a charming woman of society."

"There is one sure, and short way," advised that witty philosopher. "Listen."

The girl waited a few minutes, then asked, "Well, what is the way?"

"That's all. Listen."

Some girls fear that they are not sufficiently entertaining unless they keep up a constant chatter. As a matter of fact "the rare and precious race of charmers" have always been intelligent listeners rather than incessant talkers. The observation of a famous French aristocrat (the Duc de Noailles) is an apt illustration of this point: "When you left Mme. de Stael you felt that she talked better than any woman living, but when you left Mme. Recamier you knew that you had talked better than you ever had done before in your life."

The girl who learns to listen courteously, with an appreciative comment now and then, "draws out" the best thoughts of the speaker, and wins golden opinions for her own inspiring charm—charm more potent than great beauty or commanding intellect. "Listen!"

Making Ice Cream

I make my ice cream in a fireless cooker. On a bed of cracked salted ice in the large compartment of my fireless I place the can belonging to the smaller compartment, containing the mixture I desire to freeze. I pack ice all around the can, with a generous supply of the salted ice on top; then cover with the aluminum top, and shut the fireless. I never open it in less than four hours, and it can stand as long as seven hours, when the cream is so hard that it takes a heavy spoon to get it out.—McCall's.

A MAN GETS VERY BORED WITH HIS WIFE'S CHATTER

But She Gets Just as Weary of His Wild Delight in Standing on the Curb Watching the Scoreboard During Baseball Season

"AND Sally said," remarked his wife among other things, "that she didn't see why it was necessary for Eleanor to take that attitude at all."

"Because she said, 'You know yourself how many times we've had to stand that from her, and we've never said a thing about it, much as we wanted——'"

"Oh, look at that cretonne," she gloated. "That's just the kind I want for the new hammock on the porch."

"Umm," replied her husband, vaguely, "'svery nice."

He was bored through and through. This had evidently been happening all the way down the street.

"I don't know, though," decided his wife, reluctantly, "I guess that red would get pretty tiresome. I guess it would be better to use that stuff I saw the other day, don't you think so?"

"Umm," assented her husband, again, hanging back dreamily.

"COME on!" she urged briskly, setting the pace. "Well, then, Sally said, 'as much as we've wanted to,' she said, 'we've never said anything to her—not a thing,' she said, 'and I certainly think it's pretty funny of her to come round talking like that, don't you?' And I said, 'I certainly do.' I said, 'And——'"

"What are you walking so darn fast for?" objected the weary husband. "You're rushing down this street as if you had to catch a train or something!"

"Well, I can't poke along the way you do. Come on over here, I want to see these dresses."

While they stood, or rather while the wife stood and gazed, talking rapidly at the dresses, and the husband fidgeted and yawned, the monologue restricted itself exclusively to fashions.

"I'd like to have one of those ginghams," she observed as she took up the promenade again. "But, as I say, you can't be sure about those things, whether they're going to shrink or fade or what—come of, for heaven's sake don't be always lagging behind like that!"

"I DON'T know what to have for dessert tomorrow—if we have ice cream I'll have to order it pretty soon—what's the matter?"

For the husband has suddenly come to life.

"Come on," he commanded, walking forward with determination in his stride.

"Why?" asked his wife, trying to balk. "What's the sudden hurry?"

"There's something I want to see down here——" his words faded away and he hustled on.

"What?" repeated his wife, almost screaming in her bewilderment.

And then she saw what he was chasing!

A crowd of other men stood huddled on the curb, gazing spellbound at a blackboard with white figures on it.

A boy mounted it as her husband and his wife arrived and substituted a three for a two in one of the little lines.

"My gosh!" exclaimed her husband. "Three in the second inning! That's rotten; say, who's pitching for them today? Why don't they take him out before somebody gets another hit off of him! Good night! Wait a minute, don't go yet. I want to see this!"

And for twenty or thirty minutes his conversation occupied the entire air while he "saw that."

AFTER all, it's just about fifty-fifty. He doesn't care for neighborhood gossip or fashions—but she doesn't care a rap for baseball.

Adventures With a Purse

WHILE adventuring today I saw some of the loveliest silk scarfs that I have seen this season. They were made of silk fiber, and ranged in price from $2.95 to $10. Such a variety of color could not be equaled—deep orange with contrasting shades of blue, gray and green. A bright crimson with a vivid jade green and electric blue running down the center, and then there were some more somber in color—soft grays streaked with sapphire blue, dark brown with bright orange, such a wealth of them! A scarf such as one of these worn with your sport suit will simply make your costume.

For the summer cottage I have seen the ideal paper basket. It is to be had in old rose or black, and is decorated with hand-painted flowers. The surface of the basket has been lacquered to give a glossy appearance. Closely woven, they are strong, and will stand many hard knocks. I couldn't locate any one to tell me definitely, but I think that they are made of willow, and they are priced at $2.25.

In quite a variety of colors can be purchased Swiss voiles thirty-eight inches wide. They make cool, crisp, summer frocks for the girl in an office, or the lady of leisure of the "rocking-chair fleet." The voile was excellent quality and marked seventy-five cents a yard.

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

Making More Money

With Old Things

When, upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Oliver Sinclair, of New York, found that the family affairs were not only in pretty much of a tangle, but that she would have to go to work at once to straighten them out, the future looked very dark indeed. Raised as the only daughter of a family which regarded work in general as one of the things which a woman should never undertake, Mrs. Sinclair was not only without any of the business training which would have equipped her for a secretarial or stenographic career, but she also lacked the time in which to perfect herself in this direction. Something had to be done in a hurry.

The funeral was hardly over when she sat down and made a mental inventory of her accomplishments, being finally forced to admit that about the only thing she could do was plain sewing, a line for which there was only a limited and poorly paid market. The next morning, however, she started out and made a house-to-house canvass in a separate section of the city from that in which she lived, as she did not wish her friends to know of her plight nor did she care to have them think that she was appealing for charity.

Then came the war, with its widespread wave of utilizing every possible home resource, and Mrs. Sinclair found that a little careful handling would work wonders in the way of polishing up old bits of silver and brass, mending toys and china and dyeing dresses which had been faded or badly worn. "New things from old" became the slogan of the little business which the widow built up and soon she had established a reputation for household economy.

FRUTCHEY SILK SHOP

Chestnut Street at Tenth, N. W.

Activity's Center

To mark its opening, the new shop will sell 17,000 yards French and American silks, Monday, May 16, at 9 A. M. sharp.

$1.45 a yard! Good, plain and fancy silks. "I'll give you these silks as a bouquet for your opening day though they cost me $4 a yard or more"—importer to Mr. Frutchey.

$6.90 a yard! Glorious French silks. Hand wrought silks—examples of the world's best fabric art—gold and silver, tissue of velvet Broche, chiffon metal applique. Mr. Frutchey gave you similar value seven or eight years ago. But these are new and are $15 to $25 a yard grades.

The complete stock of Philadelphia's—yes America's—most attractive silk salon is low in price—75 cents to $22.50 a yard. Fourteen other opening day items are worth your while. Please note.

Honan Pongee—first choice—33 inches wide, a yard.... $1.15
Georgette and crepe chiffon—unusual price, a yard..... $1.25
Satin Victoire—cited for excellence—35 inches, a yard.. $1.45
Tricollettes—plain or drop stitch—full weight, a yard.... $1.55
Taffeta Bellevoir—for simple, lovely frocks; 35 ins., a yd., $1.68
Foulard Radium, printed—for summer wear, 40 in., a yd., $1.75
Black Satin Duchesse, good, substantial 35 in. silk, a yd., $1.85
Black Chiffon Taffeta, mellow touch, Swiss finish, a yard. $1.85
Broadcloth—silk shirting—gentlemen attention! a yard.. $1.95
Crepe Meteor—a favorite of Fashion, 40 in. width, a yd., $2.35
Double width Sport Satin—heavy, brilliant, a yard..... $2.85
Canton Crepe Fruchette—Priced to make friends, a yd., $2.95
Genuine Baronette Broche, Exposition pieces, 40 ins., yd., $3.85
New Sport Colors in double width Duvetyn, a yard $4.95

FRUTCHEY SILK SHOP

Chestnut Street at Tenth, N. W.

Activity's Center

Walnut 2580 or 2581 will reach us by telephone. Postal orders and requests will receive immediate attention.

Humphrey Hall Jones, John Sperlein, Mae Dooley and other well known silk experts are with Mr. Frutchey. They are ready to serve you.