

AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Caladin. Bellairs' word, Eve Rochester, has always carried, and she has been known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick once always carried. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there.

Now was the time for meditation. And a rosy glow certainly was more conducive to cheery thought than this Stygian gloom.

A small mirror beside the reading lamp and Eve stretched out a hand to grasp it. The contemplation of her own pretty, piquant little face was a great stimulant to cheerful thought.

How the pinkish glow that enveloped her, she surveyed the attractive image in the little glass.

The adjective "attractive" might possibly be questioned. A psychologist, at any rate, might question it. For though Eve was superficially pretty, her beauty was but skin deep. There was a hard set to her baby mouth, a prevailing line of that keen observer would have seen—and "placed."

Her eyes were just a shade too light in color, just the merest trifle too close-set. Alone in the private secretary's room, too, where no admirer watched her, there was a hard, calculating gleam in them that wasn't very sweet or charming to the eye.

Eve, however, was entirely satisfied with the pretty, shallow little face.

"Thank heaven for good looks!" she breathed. "They're mighty useful in a world of gallies and snobs."

Yes, they had stood her always in good stead. They were due to "stand," too, for another ten years, anyhow.

And yet—and yet—this rascally life was rather wearing.

"I ought to capture a rich, substantial man and marry him," I ought to waste no further time," thus ran the tenor of Eve's calculations. "With my beauty—and brains"—here the girl made a comical little face—"yes, brains—and charm—I ought to strike while the iron is hot."

But the aggravating part was that "rich, substantial men" were so often highly unattractive—Carrington's friends—bald-headed—prematurely lined—scruffy-looking—enormously preoccupied with eternal money-grubbing—leading sedentary lives that made them fat, obese!

Of course, one couldn't possibly get everything. And when one was deliriously out for money, it was absurd to be too squeamish.

Still, after all, one was only human. Eve might be a little bit of a snob, but she did desire a husband with some physical charm.

"I'd hate to drag a freak around to balls and parties," she made a comical little face. "It would be infinitely nicer to have the kind of husband that other women would be simply crazy over. Nasty, jealous, but safe."

It went over her safely stated that Eve herself had an intensely jealous nature. She trusted no other woman on God's earth. Knowing full well her own self-mindfulness, she sought it all the time in other members of her own sex.

Tomorrow—Julian's Charm

THE safe thing to do is to go up to town tomorrow morning and get rid of the bills," she reflected. "Carrington is so fussy that it is possible he might decide to search the entire house. Then the fat would be in the fire, with a vengeance."

She crossed the floor and very deftly raised a corner of the carpet near the window. She stuffed the wad of bills underneath the thick material.

"There! That'll do until tomorrow morning." Then off to dear old New York.

She hurried into bed. In view of tomorrow's inevitable discovery, it wouldn't do to be prowling round one's room at this ungodly hour. The walls might possibly have ears.

It was curious that Eve felt not the slightest bit of compunction. She had been calumny of Mary Drew. Deliberately she had planned to throw the entire suspicion of the robbery on Mary's innocent head. It was typical of Eve that her conscience should be peacefully slumbering while her active brain was working on various schemes to further her self-interest.

How still the house was lying. Not a soul about. The darkness really was oppressive.

Eve sat up in bed and switched on an electric reading lamp. She reposed upon a tiny table at her elbow.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

What Girls Do Boys Really Like? Dear Cynthia—I have read your valuable column for quite some time and I have decided to write and ask your male readers what they really think of these so-called wild girls. I know two or three boys who go out with this kind of girls continually. Then they come home and say they think these girls are awful. Why, dear Cynthia, do they do this kind of thing? If they think the girls are awful, why do they go with them? Do boys like this kind of girls? Don't think from this letter I am an old maid, for I am not. I believe in lots of fun and I do have time for the pick-up boys, but I never allow boys to say I am wild. Some of you male readers speak up and say what you think. SEE YOU.

Speak up, young men, and answer.

A Sailor Writes Dear Cynthia—On a day I read your column and get the impression that the present generation is all wrong. Next day somebody comes back and defends it. Well, when I say this, I mean my children will be reading the same arguments. As for me, my parents did not follow the sea and I listen to most sailors, one gets the idea that the last boys was the best.

But the majority seem to say that the world is all wrong. Granted there is wrong in the world, but to be so narrow-minded as to ask where are all the good girls and fellows is foolish. I ask the people who ask such questions: What kind of associates do you have? What do you think about? It is plain to see your environment is limited. My idea is not to be a wallflower or a jazz-hound, but to follow the middle class. But once you go to extreme in one direction, somebody suggests a remedy to go as far in the opposite direction. So the world goes. Human nature has been the same since creation and always will be.

What is Personality? Dear Cynthia—"She has a wonderful personality," one of your correspondents writes. In his innocence and perception, even from such an insignificant and indefinite phrase. But is it insignificant? I think not.

What I scruple at is, "What does he mean?" Is there a little mysterious something in the person of Charley Harmon, the son of the head of the firm. Thinking that she may learn something from him, Harriet accepts a dinner invitation and discovers soon after that Charley is falling in love with her.

The Night Visitor MAY was watching Harriet's face narrowly, and the thought rudely leaped into her mind that there was something mysterious about this girl. She was frightened at something; evidently some one was menacing her. It aroused all of May's protectiveness, and impulsively she put both hands on Harriet's shoulders.

"Remember we're friends," she said softly, "and if there's anything I can do—"

Harriet forced a smile. "I'll remember," and then she went out of the room and closed the door behind her, standing for a moment on the dark landing, afraid to go down.

Were all her plans to go for nothing after all? Freedom had never seemed so dear to Harriet as it did at that moment as she stood hesitating at the top of the stairs. Then resolutely she began to go down.

The boarding house parlor opened out of the hall on the first floor. "There was a light at one end, but it was turned very low, and Harriet could hardly see as she entered the room. Then a girl started up from one of the chairs and confronted her suddenly. With a cry of amazement Harriet started back. It was Lucy Pratt!

"I suppose you're surprised to see me," Lucy said quickly, speaking in a voice that was breathless with emotion.

Harriet was surprised, but her relief was so great that she smiled. "I won't keep you a minute," Lucy went on. "But I had to see you. I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Would you rather go up to my room?" Lucy asked.

Lucy shook her head. "No, we can talk here. I haven't much to say, it's just this: Are you in love with Charley Harmon?"

Harriet sprang up indignantly, her

face scarlet in the dim light of the room. "How dare you come to me with a question of that kind?" she flamed. "Are you mad?"

"You won't answer it, then?"

"Of course, I'll answer it, although it is no affair of yours. I'm not at all in love with Charley Harmon and now perhaps you won't mind telling me why you are so interested."

Lucy ignored the question. "You really mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

Lucy's manner changed.

"Please don't be angry with me, Miss Taylor. I know you think I'm crazy to come here like this, but I got thinking about it and I just had to come. I want you to promise me that you won't tell Mr. Harmon about it, but you'll see. I've twisted her handkerchief nervously as though trying to find words to go on. "I thought he liked me until you came. He was kind to me, and I love him. I'd do anything in the world for him." Her brown eyes glistened and her dark little face was all alight with emotion.

"But why do you come to me; what have I to do with it?"

Lucy's eyes dropped. "You're prettier than I am," she said, after a moment. "and you could easily take him away from me if you wanted him yourself."

"But surely you don't want a man who is as fickle as that?" said Harriet incredulously. She was wondering how much Lucy knew. Evidently Charley had been carrying on a flirtation with her which she had taken seriously, or perhaps she had meant it seriously at the time; Harriet had no way of knowing. She was startled at Lucy's vehement reply to her remark.

"Of course I want him. I want him no matter what happens. Do you think I could have come here to you like this if I didn't want him more than anything else in the world?"

(Tomorrow—The Warning)

THE CHARM OF A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION And How To Attain It

To be attractive—to be admired—is the secret desire of every woman, but few know how to attain this accomplishment.

First, it is necessary to remove all blemishes—tan, sun and wind burn, freckles, dark, scaly spots, liver blotches and pimples—and bring a pink glow of life to the skin.

Black and White Beauty Bleach will remove almost all embarrassing blemishes, and make the skin clear, soft and beautiful tinted. Black and White Soap will preserve the complexion.

Black and White Beauty Bleach is a delightfully perfumed, pink tinted cream. When applied it forms an invisible coating over the skin. Beauty Bleach does away with tedious hours before your mirror or in the beauty parlor.

Clip and mail this ad to Black and White, Box 1507, Memphis, Tenn., for free literature and samples of Black and White Essence of Flowers Talcum and Face Powder.

A Diminutive Bank Book and a neat check book, folding into small compass and taking up but little room in the hand bag, meet with the favor of many women customers of this Company.

A well appointed rest and writing room is at the disposal of the Company's feminine clients.

GIRARD TRUST COMPANY Broad & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia

BLACK AND WHITE BEAUTY BLEACH BRINGS THE COMPLEXION

BLACK AND WHITE FOR SPORTS



It is an unusual frock of accordion pleated sports satin, in white, saued with black stripes. With black stockings and white shoes, the costume would be strikingly appropriate for the country club or for any other place you want to wear it.

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds, but Harriet, his wife, believes in his innocence and determination to prove it to the world. She obtains a position in Barry's office under an assumed 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, Harriet accepts a dinner invitation and discovers soon after that Charley is falling in love with her.

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(Tomorrow—The Warning)

THE CHARM OF A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION And How To Attain It

To be attractive—to be admired—is the secret desire of every woman, but few know how to attain this accomplishment.

First, it is necessary to remove all blemishes—tan, sun and wind burn, freckles, dark, scaly spots, liver blotches and pimples—and bring a pink glow of life to the skin.

Black and White Beauty Bleach will remove almost all embarrassing blemishes, and make the skin clear, soft and beautiful tinted. Black and White Soap will preserve the complexion.

Black and White Beauty Bleach is a delightfully perfumed, pink tinted cream. When applied it forms an invisible coating over the skin. Beauty Bleach does away with tedious hours before your mirror or in the beauty parlor.

Clip and mail this ad to Black and White, Box 1507, Memphis, Tenn., for free literature and samples of Black and White Essence of Flowers Talcum and Face Powder.

A Diminutive Bank Book and a neat check book, folding into small compass and taking up but little room in the hand bag, meet with the favor of many women customers of this Company.

A well appointed rest and writing room is at the disposal of the Company's feminine clients.

GIRARD TRUST COMPANY Broad & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia

BLACK AND WHITE BEAUTY BLEACH BRINGS THE COMPLEXION

Adventures With a Purse

IF YOU are a lover of old-fashioned jewelry you will be interested in a shop I found today. Such a wealth of things I have never seen before. Rings, pins, bracelets, and as I fingered an old cameo brooch and slipped odd, heavy rings over my fingers I actually wanted to purr. Earrings that take one back to the swing of hoop-skirts, the swish of silken gowns—oh, if you do like rare bits of adornment, don't fail to visit this shop!

Trunks cost money these days, and yet clothes, the soft, frilly frocks that we all want, must so fearfully when packed away in bags. I saw wardrobe trunk, vulcanized fiber-covered and interlined, that won a soft spot in my heart. Not all of the time I was telling myself that it would be far too expensive, even though I was greatly in need of a trunk. And so you can imagine my surprise, likewise delight, when I was told that it was \$27.50.

There is a store in town selling electric appliances at half price, and undoubtedly this is the time to buy some of the things that will lighten the chores for the summer. Heating irons over a hot stove in the middle of July holds no charms for any of us, and an electric iron priced at \$7.25 would be a joy to the busy housewife. A small electric fan for the kitchen clears the air of heat waves, and one can be purchased for \$10. Percolators, toasters, everything electric.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or Phone Walnut or Main 3500.

Fashion Briefs About Lingerie There is a decided trend toward tailored silk lingerie. This is shown by greater severity of design by a diminution of lace. The old-fashioned flounce is employed usually in the narrow widths, and is apt to be supplanted by the narrow Calais lace. Even these are withheld from some of the most charming of the new georgette lingerie.

The narrow Calais laces are perhaps the newest things to be found, and their application is certainly novel. On a blouse, there appears a veiled made up of row after row of Calais lace, bounded on the sides by strips of insertion and ending at the waistline.

Of course, lingerie is bound to be subservient to the upper stratum of clothes. We are now in the midst of the long-waist epoch, and the question of the meticulous woman will ask herself, How am I going to make my chemise conform to my frock?

This question has been answered by some of the designers in the form of a chemise with a deep yoke topping the neck section. From the yoke hangs a flounce which is likely to be trimmed with lace ruffles instead of insertion. The result, of course, is perfectly satisfactory.

CORINNE LOWE

WHAT'S WHAT By HELEN DEWIE

Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds, but Harriet, his wife, believes in his innocence and determination to prove it to the world. She obtains a position in Barry's office under an assumed 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, Harriet accepts a dinner invitation and discovers soon after that Charley is falling in love with her.

THE boarding house parlor opened out of the hall on the first floor. "There was a light at one end, but it was turned very low, and Harriet could hardly see as she entered the room. Then a girl started up from one of the chairs and confronted her suddenly. With a cry of amazement Harriet started back. It was Lucy Pratt!

"I suppose you're surprised to see me," Lucy said quickly, speaking in a voice that was breathless with emotion.

Harriet was surprised, but her relief was so great that she smiled. "I won't keep you a minute," Lucy went on. "But I had to see you. I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Would you rather go up to my room?" Lucy asked.

Lucy shook her head. "No, we can talk here. I haven't much to say, it's just this: Are you in love with Charley Harmon?"

Harriet sprang up indignantly, her

face scarlet in the dim light of the room. "How dare you come to me with a question of that kind?" she flamed. "Are you mad?"

"You won't answer it, then?"

"Of course, I'll answer it, although it is no affair of yours. I'm not at all in love with Charley Harmon and now perhaps you won't mind telling me why you are so interested."

Lucy ignored the question. "You really mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

Lucy's manner changed.

"Please don't be angry with me, Miss Taylor. I know you think I'm crazy to come here like this, but I got thinking about it and I just had to come. I want you to promise me that you won't tell Mr. Harmon about it, but you'll see. I've twisted her handkerchief nervously as though trying to find words to go on. "I thought he liked me until you came. He was kind to me, and I love him. I'd do anything in the world for him." Her brown eyes glistened and her dark little face was all alight with emotion.

"But why do you come to me; what have I to do with it?"

Lucy's eyes dropped. "You're prettier than I am," she said, after a moment. "and you could easily take him away from me if you wanted him yourself."

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