

A CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with him. Dick is a clerk in the office of the city engineer. He has obtained a position through Julian Vandover, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get back to the States. Dick is always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but she has her eye on him as secretary on a job. Bellairs is a country estate to do some work for him there.

A MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE
MARY'S first instinct was to scream. That sinister brown arm—bare to the shoulder, its fingers groping stealthily along the wall—was terrifying.

But a hard streak of common sense overtook her. She stood still. Mary in a good stead. It served her now.

Suppose she screamed? The man might try to murder her. Had not he already tried to murder Dick? It was a desperate character—fit for desperate deeds!

She sank back noiselessly upon her pillows. Her eyes glared to the little patch of moonlight and her heart thudded so noisily that she felt sure that the intruder heard it!

And then a muttered imprecation in some foreign tongue came faintly to her ears. The thin, brown arm slid down, until it vanished out of sight. The patch of moonlight held no picture now. The room became again a blank.

Then the soft pad, pad of naked feet was heard upon the carpet.

Mary held her breath!

She felt sure his coming toward her! Her whole body tightened in an access of real terror. She tried to scream now—but no sound would come!

And then—oh, how relief! The soft pad, pad went toward the patch of moonlight once again. A small Oriental head, its black hair plastered limply, was silhouetted for a moment against the light that came from the door that led into the little sitting-room.

"Thank heaven! He's going!" echoed Mary's brain, her fingers tightened on the aperture through which the man had vanished.

She could hear him moving softly in the next room now. How grateful she felt that he could steal. Oh, what did he want with her?

The groping movements in the other room were louder now. How grateful she felt that he could steal. Oh, what did he want with her?

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

communicating door. The patch of moonlight had crept down now, and she could see the gleam of it. If she could only slide the bolt against that groping figure!

The suspense was awful! Mary could stand it. She took one flying leap right out of bed and rushed across the floor. At the same moment she overturned a tiny table that supported an electric lamp. It fell to the ground with a decided crash.

The bolt! Oh, where was it? She could not find it!

She slammed the door tight shut and thrust herself against it, groping wildly with her left hand for the fastening.

Like a hot cast from the turning pad of naked feet on the other side of the door; the handle turned and Mary was almost thrust aside by a violent pressure.

She flung her whole weight into a desperate resistance.

Her left hand had found the bolt now. Dear heaven! If she could only clutch the door it would be an easy matter to slide home the bolt.

She pushed and pushed, but always was forced back.

A low, snarling chuckle—eerily unkind in its sound—came from the other side of the door. She could almost feel the Oriental's breath upon her. A great mist rose before her eyes—a surging mist that seemed to radiate from the door, making her feel like the sound of many waters.

"I mustn't faint—I mustn't faint!" The words were hammering through her brain and she was trying to keep her feet from giving way.

Ab, she was trapped! She knew it. The creature on the other side of the door was exerting with her as a cat plays with a frightened mouse. She was not playing half her strength, and yet the door was being forced back on her.

Suddenly a great wave of strength seemed to tighten Mary's muscles. She flung her whole weight on the door. But a corresponding pressure was exercised on the other side and the aperture remained the same.

Something softly touched Miss Mary's face—thin, sinuous fingers with a trill touch! The brute had thrust his arm right through the opening!

She could hear him moving softly in the next room now. How grateful she felt that he could steal. Oh, what did he want with her?

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

There was a bolt on her side of the door.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Worried"

If the boy wanted to speak to you, he should certainly have answered your smile of recognition with a bow. Do not make further efforts to seek his friendship. Of course, how whenever you meet him.

He's a Good Young Man
Dear Cynthia—Just a few lines to "Blue Eyes" just to let her know that all the good young men are not dead yet. I am a young man of twenty-six, not handsome, but you pass in a crowd. I do not dance or drink, though I would love to dance with the girls, but they all seem to be big-timers, dance every night on the wash. Have a boy there is no chance for me. Have a boy friend who is in the same class as myself. "Blue Eyes," don't get discouraged. There is a good one for all of us.

"JOHNNY BLUE EYES."

Likes 'McWhizburg's' Sentiments
Dear Cynthia—This is to inform "McWhizburg" of the keynote he struck in his wonderful letter on "Personality." It seems that quite a few young men are laboring under the impression that the description of a "personality" was a direct knock at them. From my knowledge, none of these ladies is known by any one as intellectual as "McWhizburg," nor are they worthy of the acquaintance of any one so wonderful. Personally, I don't get discouraged. I am the most unaffected of the "smarter" boys in the college, and the one who is most read and read. Now, I do not say that I keep each one of my letters in my pocket, but I have over twenty-five incomparable essays on love.

Some one remarked that he (or she) appeared to be a public column like this, but I believe that the character study of those persons concerned no boys or girls. I do not care to say that I have met a man at college whose ideals could ever approach the caliber of my revered "McWhizburg."

A LOVER OF "MCWHIZBURG"

Says Philadelphia Boys Are Slow
Dear Cynthia—I think Philadelphia boys are very slow. I lived in a small town before I moved here, a town where the girls were more than a year ahead of me. I was very popular there, both with boys and girls, and there was never anything to get me down. I was in the present. Since living here I have been nowhere save to the movies and know nothing about the girls here. I do not know whether the way I dress has anything to do with it or not. While I do not wear my skirts up to my knees, neither are they to my ankles. I use powder, but it blows off before I reach the street. I don't get much of a chance to go out, so I work all day and nearly every night, nevertheless I get out sometimes and my shoes are occasioned generally go to the movies. True, some boys have looked at me with sort of a questioning look on their faces, but I confess they never got much of an encouraging look from me. I have lived here for more than a year, and it seems in that length of time I ought to know some one.

"A SMALL-TOWN IDOL"
What do you mean by an introduction? Surely in a year's time you have met more than a few girls. I am sure you can introduce me to some one. If not you ought to be something about it, so go to the pastor of your church and ask him to introduce you to some nice girls and boys and he will bring it about for you.

Poor "Bobby," He's So Beautiful
Dear Cynthia—Please print this for "Seventeen." I have a very nice girl in the world, but at present time I am questioning her secondly matter. Now, Cynthia, I prefer the wild girls for the good times. "Miss 12," and "Seventeen," as I have said before, it is they who are making me wild, for I am considered a very good-looking chap. Whenever I go the girls seem to go nuts over me. This is the advantage of being good-looking. The other chap with as many admirers as I have haven't got a thing on me. I don't ever intend to marry these girls, for they mean nothing to me. I am young. This might make you feel sore, "Miss 12," but if you ever would marry me you would change your opinion about it entirely. My beauty seems to pull me through. Still I don't want to forget that beauty is only an asset, for I play basketball on one of the fastest aggregations in this city. So you see I am sporty as well. It is too bad we have no beauty corner or movie content for me, as I would crop first prize without a doubt.

Still, my sweetie is waiting for me, and when I get married I will drop the dance and settle with her. That's a fact, for we intend to marry in October. Lastly, beauty means an awful lot to you, for you are always with the girls.

From the old-timer, "BOBBY."

Let us hope your fiancée has found some other asset besides your fatal beauty and prowess in basketball. Personally, Cynthia doubts that wedding will take place in October. Remember there is usually some one around who knows your fiancée and who will enlighten her as to your behavior. Let us hope some one will for the nice quiet girl pretty ready to marry a man and it would be better for her to find him out before it is too late. No man with a good physique is worthy of a nice, quiet girl.

WHAT'S WHAT
By HELEN DECIE

The correct dress for the bridegroom is a morning or afternoon wedding is equally correct for the best man; indeed, it is usual for the bridegroom and best man to wear alike, if possible. For a morning wedding in June a cutaway coat of light gray cloth with white shirt and tie, a white waistcoat, black brook or cutaway coat with white shirt and tie, a white waistcoat, and a boutonniere of white flowers. The three varieties are illustrated as worn by bridegroom, best man, and one of the ushers.

The ushers should wear a dark suit and should wear their gloves when conducting wedding guests to the places in the church. The friends of the bride are seated at the left of the aisle and the friends of the bridegroom at the right.

Gray gloves, silk hats and patent-leather shoes accompany frock coat and other formal wedding clothes. All the ushers wear boutonnières presented by the bride.

Spot on Canvas Shoe
Dear Madam—Am a constant reader of your paper and am coming to you for advice.

I have a pair of white canvas shoes which have been cleaned and freshened with warm cornmeal, which is rubbed into it. The fur is left this way until the next day when it is brushed until all the cornmeal has been shaken out.

Cleaning Fur
Dear Madam—Will you be good enough to advise how to clean a red fox fur piece at home? FLORENCE E.

This can be cleaned and freshened with warm cornmeal, which is rubbed into it. The fur is left this way until the next day when it is brushed until all the cornmeal has been shaken out.

September's Flower
Dear Madam—We enjoy reading your column very much, thank you for the help and advice you give us.

Several nights ago some one asked for the flower for the month of September. It is the morning glory.

Making Skin Clear
Dear Madam—Can you please give me a remedy for pimples, which I have been having trouble with for a year? DOTTIE B.

Eating rich or fried foods often affects the skin. Candy and pastry, too, should be given up, as this causes pimples. If you are careful of what you eat, in this way, and also drink plenty of water between meals, it will help you. More exercise will be beneficial to you by improving your circulation.

Then you should use a facial soap, applying it with warm water every evening and finishing with cold. Rub in cold cream in the morning. I am sure these suggestions are going to be good for you.

Do Not Wear a Hat
Dear Madam—Early in June I am giving a luncheon and bridge, and I would like to know if you think that wearing a hat will make it too formal. I have a dear little organdie dress, one of last year's, that I should like to wear, and the dress seems to be more charming when a certain hat is worn at the same time.

A NEW KIND OF PAPER DOLL



It really isn't a doll at all, it is a paper spoon—the kind you take on picnics and burn up after you have used it. But some clever person conceived the idea of painting a surprised, pretty face on the back of the bowl, tying a huge bow around the "neck," and then adding a dainty dress of crepe paper. The result is a lovely doll that stands up on the crispness of her skirt. You could make dozens of them for a very small sum, for neither the paper nor the spoons are expensive, and you can get the spoons already painted. All kinds of color schemes can be worked out in the dresses.

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds, and Harriet, his wife, in order to prove his innocence, obtains a position in his firm under an assumed name. Charley Harmon, the son of the head of the firm, presses his attentions on her, and Harriet discovers that Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer, is in love with him, but she can discover nothing in the office that would point toward the guilty party. One day she meets Sadie Howard, a girl from the treatment house where Harriet and Barry had lived. Sadie is determined to give Harriet over to the police, who have, of course, convicted Harriet's dishonesty with the theft, but Charley intervenes and carries Harriet off in a taxiab. He tries to seduce her, but she is determined to go out, so I work all day and nearly every night, nevertheless I get out sometimes and my shoes are occasioned generally go to the movies. True, some boys have looked at me with sort of a questioning look on their faces, but I confess they never got much of an encouraging look from me. I have lived here for more than a year, and it seems in that length of time I ought to know some one.

Forcing Her Hand
SADIE had expected Sam to show admiration for her methods she was disappointed, for he did nothing of the kind. Even Mrs. Howard reproached her. "Better you should leave her alone, Sadie; what did she ever do to you?"

"Sadie's jealous, mom," from Sam. "What do you mean?" Sadie returned, a sudden glint in her eyes. "And maybe I'm not. What would you say if I told you that your fine young lady, the one you're taking up for all of you, is mixed up with a good-looking young chap? She certainly is stringing him along, Sam. I can vouch for that."

Sam was interested in this time. "What do you mean?" "Just what I say. I was walking along with her, telling her my intentions, when this young man steps up to me. He called her Miriam, and when I asked her name she said 'Sadie'."

Left alone, Sadie returned to her thoughts. If only she hadn't allowed Harriet to slip through her fingers, she might have returned tonight in triumph with some real news for her family. Sam could see her, but he'd see, he'd be proud to take her to the movies when her name was featured in the papers and every one was talking about her. Sam would want to be known as her brother, then. But his careless words had cut deep, and they had made Sadie doubly impatient. Of course, too, there was the possibility that Harriet might not return to her position. She might hide somewhere, and in case she did, Sadie's plans would be spoiled.

Impatiently she rose from the table, carried her dishes to the sink, put on her hat and went to the door. Her father put down his paper. It was unusual for Sadie to go out at night.

"Can't you stay home with your people, either?" wailed her mother. "I'm going out on business," Sadie said briskly. "I won't be gone long."

In reality she had made up her mind to go to one of the papers with her story that very night.

As was natural with Sadie, she chose for her goal the yellowest of the daily papers for the reason that it featured the most luridly than any of the others. It was not surprising that she emerged from her way through a short passageway into the large city room. The papers were scattered here and there, and men with green caps were briskly under the bright glare of swinging electric light bulbs. No one paid any attention to her sudden entrance.

(Tomorrow Sadie Tells Her Story.)

ONE LITTLE BLEMISH
Will Mar Your Beauty

No matter how perfect the features or how prettily gowned, if your complexion is marred by a pimple or ugly when her name was featured in the papers and every one was talking about her. Sam would want to be known as her brother, then. But his careless words had cut deep, and they had made Sadie doubly impatient. Of course, too, there was the possibility that Harriet might not return to her position. She might hide somewhere, and in case she did, Sadie's plans would be spoiled.

Impatiently she rose from the table, carried her dishes to the sink, put on her hat and went to the door. Her father put down his paper. It was unusual for Sadie to go out at night.

"Can't you stay home with your people, either?" wailed her mother. "I'm going out on business," Sadie said briskly. "I won't be gone long."

In reality she had made up her mind to go to one of the papers with her story that very night.

As was natural with Sadie, she chose for her goal the yellowest of the daily papers for the reason that it featured the most luridly than any of the others. It was not surprising that she emerged from her way through a short passageway into the large city room. The papers were scattered here and there, and men with green caps were briskly under the bright glare of swinging electric light bulbs. No one paid any attention to her sudden entrance.

(Tomorrow Sadie Tells Her Story.)

ONE LITTLE BLEMISH
Will Mar Your Beauty

No matter how perfect the features or how prettily gowned, if your complexion is marred by a pimple or ugly when her name was featured in the papers and every one was talking about her. Sam would want to be known as her brother, then. But his careless words had cut deep, and they had made Sadie doubly impatient. Of course, too, there was the possibility that Harriet might not return to her position. She might hide somewhere, and in case she did, Sadie's plans would be spoiled.

Impatiently she rose from the table, carried her dishes to the sink, put on her hat and went to the door. Her father put down his paper. It was unusual for Sadie to go out at night.

"Can't you stay home with your people, either?" wailed her mother. "I'm going out on business," Sadie said briskly. "I won't be gone long."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The School on the Ice

By DADDY

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Peggy wished that she were teacher of the seal school, she didn't really mean it. She just meant that she thought the kind of a school run by Prof. Tuskus Walrus was very queer.

But she had been taken at her word; and here she was the teacher of the school. Prof. Tuskus Walrus stopped down from the cake of ice which he used as a platform, and took his place in line with the class of seal her own.

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals.

"Goodness me, what shall I teach you?" asked Peggy, climbing upon the ice platform.

"You said you would teach us something!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

Peggy wrinkled up her brow trying to think of something to teach the seals. In her confusion she couldn't think of a thing. And all the time the seals kept up their barking. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

"Teach us! Teach us!" barked the seals, while Prof. Tuskus Walrus joined in with his big bellow. "Teach us! Teach us!"

THE LANDLORD WHO HOLDS CASH ABOVE HUMAN KINDNESS

Deserves All the Disagreeable Things That Can Be Said About Him—Here Is One Who Sued a Poor Woman for \$15

MUCH has been said in the last few years about landlords.

Nearly all of it has been pretty hard on the landlords; some of it is unjust, for after all they are landlords, and I suppose there must be many others like him, who deserves every disagreeable, unkind thing that can be said of him.

Where he lives, what kind of dwelling place he rents, are not important.

Who he did stand out for its sheer brutality.

There was one woman among his tenants who could not pay her rent. Evidently she was very poor, for the amount she owed for back rent was just \$15.

And so her landlord took the case to court and sued her for all of \$15!

During the hearing it was discovered that the woman had a nice baby, that driven away by that chorus of "Teach us! Teach us!"

Peggy turned to Folly Wisler, hoping he might help her. The robot was just grinning, however—the kind of a grin they had come to look for when they wished for something they didn't really want.

Suddenly Billy's face lighted up, and he raised his hand.

"Teacher! Teacher! Isn't it recess time?" Peggy grabbed that idea quickly. Having recess would be a way out of her fix. While the seals were playing she would try to think of something to teach them.

"Yes, we will have recess now," said Peggy. "You may go out to play."

But not a seal stirred. Every one sat still and stared at her.

"You are dismissed for recess," repeated Peggy, thinking they had not understood her. "Why don't you go out and play?"

"We are out," barked a seal.

"And we can't have any recess because teacher was late for school. We have to stay in and watch teacher get punished."

Then Peggy remembered how Prof. Tuskus Walrus had been tardy, and had said that he must stay in at recess as a punishment. She had taken the place of Prof. Walrus as teacher, and so, of course, she felt she must take the punishment, too. She didn't want the seals to miss their recess, but she couldn't drive them away. They wanted to watch to see that teacher got punished properly.

"This being stated at so upset Peggy she could scarcely think of the problem she had before her—which was to find something to teach the seals.

"Can't you tell me what seals are supposed to know?" she asked Billy.

"They don't know as though they were supposed to know anything," said Billy, running his eyes over the staring seals. "If they were circus seals you might teach them to do tricks."

"That's it," cried Peggy. "I'll teach them to do tricks, as they can become circus seals." She turned eagerly to Prof. Tuskus Walrus, who was frowning darkly at her. "Will you ring the school bell, please. Recess is over."

"Thump! Thump! Thump!" Prof. Walrus beat with his flappers until the ice thrummed loudly. The seals dashed wildly about, but ended up in their usual line.

"Teach us! Teach us!" they barked. Peggy was ready for them now.

"First class in circus tricks," she cried.

The seals looked at her in astonishment.

The seals looked at her in astonishment.

The seals looked at her in astonishment.

The seals looked at her in astonishment.

IT IS a good thing that there is a name like landlord that goes with his position so that there is some one to call him—you couldn't call a landlord like that a man.

The first thing the Judge did upon hearing the case was to declare himself ready and anxious to pay the rent himself if the tenant was not able to pay her a little more time; anything but a lawsuit in court at the time also offered the picture of a woman straggling to take care of her sick baby, growing then the death of that feeble little baby, who was not able to pay her rent, and medicines that he needed, if, indeed, she was able to get even food for the hardest heart.