

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOST GRANT

Forth to Conquer

THERE was an air of excitement in every fiber of him as he rushed in enthusiastically and gave her a bear-hug.

"Big news, honey," he cried merrily.

"The office?"

"Surely, the office, Darlin', what do you think?"

"Not another promotion so soon?"

"But, dear—that that! However, the boss is sending me to New York."

"New York?" gasped Virginia.

"Absolutely, New York."

"But, dearest—" and there was the flutter of dismay in the perfect wife's voice.

"Oh, just a trip. A hurry-up trip—and a mighty important one. Rich is gone because the boss didn't need him." Paul reflected a moment and went on in a quiet way. "Tell the truth, dear. I'm surprised I'm picked at that. Rich has been doing these out-of-town trips for years. Guess the old man is just trying me out."

Virginia caught the new fire of excitement in Paul's eyes. He relaxed he was twice the usual amount of dinner; he seemed to see nothing or notice anything. It was the New York virus.

"Of course, I'm awfully sorry. I'm not able to have you go along, precious," he said, the words tumbling out like a torrent—but I make good this trip. The boss will probably send me to the New York trip all the time after this, and of course, after a while he'll expect me to take you along."

"How long will you be gone, dearest?" asked Virginia with a little quiver.

"Oh, my business will take three or four days, and I guess I may as well

TOMORROW—The Great Silence

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Another Ku Klux Klan

The whole country has been aroused that goes unremanded and shadowed through the darkening night.

When a woman's voice called out, "She'll have a good time all right, but who can blame her?" she is sitting mad from ambush like criminals of the night.

When she smiles at devotion of her friend's husband and says knowingly, "Of course, all isn't good that glitters; she is aiming from behind with a mantle of shame for another woman that would be harder to wear than tan and feathers."

When she comes affectionately to the child only have some conscience about other women's husbands," she is flinging murderous darts at a defenseless victim and with less honor than there is among thieves.

White robes with red crosses can be detected even in the dark; but much damage can be done before a false smile and the mask of sanctimony are recognized for the poisoned arrow shafts they are.

It has been said that a gossipy tongue is not so blithe than the one who listens. So let us grieve against the signs we know—the veiled shawl, the half-concealed smile, the noncommittal glance always out of sight and hearing of the unknown victim—and branding leniently the murderer with the scalding letter of the Riders of the Night.

The Ku Klux Klan of Giacopis works "in the dark" no less than the night riders with whom it has so much in common—for its members wait until the back is turned to whisper and laugh, to use threats and high signs

The Woman's Exchange

A Wedding Telegram

To the Editor of Women's Page:
Dear Madam—My brother is getting married and I am unable to go to the wedding, so I would like to send him a nice telegram. Will you please give me a good wording for it? E. S.

Wire: "Love and congratulations."

Changing Style

To the Editor of Women's Page:
Dear Madam—I have had many difficulties from my coat which is a bother to wear, and I tried of it. It has six ribbons over a hem with underneath. These and the sleeves are rather small, and when I wear it, it looks over the lining of same trapping. I can sew, but I have no style for remodeling the dress. The panels are the border of a JUNIOR DRESSMAN.

If you could care for the panels you will have to match the tricotine in order to make the dress different. You not make a plain skirt to wear with the blouse? You can use the hem under skirt at some other time.

Wants to Get a Dog

To the Editor of Women's Page:
Dear Madam—I am writing to ask whether any of the readers has a little dog for which they would like to get a good home. I am unable to get a dog, and I am very fond of dogs and would like a dog for company and also protection.

But as I have not the means to go to a dog show, I am unable to get a dog by my request to try to get one. I will give it a good home, and I have a nice big yard, where it can run around when the weather is warm.

For the last two years, the reader Anna has a little dog to spare. I am

Mrs. A. F.

No one has offered a dog recently except a tame one, which is pretty young. I might say that the dog does not look like a puppy. It was given to the Animal Rescue League, at 20 South Eighteenth street, and tail

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What is said to be the average walking pace of a healthy woman?
2. What is the best way to achieve the out-of-the-ordinary?
3. When the fine lining of one's coat wears out across the shoulder, and it is impossible to match it, where can the material to mend it be taken from?
4. What is the origin of the expression "pig in a poke?"
5. What is the meaning of the saying "knock pair of sports stockings?"
6. How is the pose of a child's dress embroidered in an easy, yet quite different way?

Saturday's Answers

1. When the Christmas table decoration has been left till the last minute, it is a good idea to make up a simple arrangement of red checkered, folded off-white napkins with white sprigs of paint, and having a tiny Santa Claus just about to slide down in on. If this is not possible, filling it with bold and insolent.
2. An ebonized white pagoda has on its roof a golden dragon perched on a tall, slender, ring made of variegated wood, stitched and wearing a silken dress and a sunbonnet that looks like a face, but allows a yellow rose to peep forth, and makes a charmingly quaint bag for odd bits of hardware.
3. A child was wearing a different kind of clothing, and the mother thought it was too hot. So she took off the clothes and put them in a bag.
4. A child would love a fuzzy elephant which will do all sorts of tumble tricks by the simple means of his arms wound around and around.
5. For evening dresses this winter a popular fashion is to have them all white, "salad"—the part of the salade—the part of the right hand, and a bit of bread in the other and helps to raise the portion of each fork. The fork is cut away, cut with the side of the fork or shredded with the tines. With a little practice an correct way of eating salad may be achieved, a good example to bring to our latitudes with a knife that only a small fork is served with a small fork.

A SIMPLE FROCK



"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR
Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company

In this new serial which throbs with interest and unexpected action, Mrs. Batchelor proves how dangerous a game marriage is for a gambler who takes a chance. Without love as a firm foundation, any marriage is bound to sway, and when some one outside that marriage brings real love—well, there are bound to be complications.

CHAPTER I "Reluctant Feet"

IT was Carol's own mother who looked at her daughter with puzzled eyes, with just the least suspicion of pleading.

"Why, dear, of course, you must stay as long as the office will think all right. It is better to make the time and not have some enjoyment. It will be wonderful for you."

"Gosh, honey, I wish you were going togulp on his dessert."

"But, Paul, you'll have a perfectly wonderful time."

"It will be awfully lonely without you."

"Poor! New York is a place where one doesn't get lonely."

"But I hate to think of having a wonderful time there without you."

"There are all the theatres and Broadway."

"That's right," cried Paul, the fire in his voice. "Fifth Avenue and Broadway."

"His voice almost caressed the name."

"It will be wonderful," sighed Virginia.

"But I'll be lonely as the dickens."

"Suppose he is the boy you're thinking of."

"I'll burn home, though, precious," he assured her.

She sat upon the arm of the chair and clasped his hands tenderly.

"You must have a good time, Paul. It will be like a vacation."

Yes, it would be a truly a vacation.

"Don't touch me," she said, smiling.

And perhaps it was this very coldness that roused Nichola Tracy, or Nick, as he was called by every one who knew him, to a very frugy of madness.

Every one knew that he adored Carol. He simply was not same when she was in the room with him, and she seemed entirely unconscious of his devotion.

In her eyes he saw the frightened.

He did not understand her.

The first time he asked her to marry him she had laughed. And when he had touched her hand he had drawn away from him in a panic.

"Don't touch me," she said, smiling.

And perhaps it was this very coldness that caused Carol to feel that he was not ready to be awakened. Momentarily he had seen quite another Nick, a man whose voice was unsteady, whose eyes blazed. She did not want to be caught in his web.

"Why, Carol," he said in a half whisper, "Carol, you're not afraid of me."

Then he faced each other in silence. Carol with that wild look of fear in her eyes, and Nick looking himself in the mirror of his frightened.

"I can't have you insulting things. I won't go on seeing you unless you're going to forget everything that has happened tonight. Don't think I'll change, because I won't. I don't love you. I don't want to love you. Oh, Nick, why can't we go on being friends, why isn't that enough?"

"I was then," she said after a moment, and she shuddered.

Man-like he felt that her attitude was natural, and that he must be patient. After all, Carol was not like

some girls; she had not yielded to kisses and those there was something fresh and spring-like about her, and he had a sensation of deep gratitude for her. But he wanted her to understand that he had never been so much in earnest in his life.

"There has never been any one else for me but you," he said suddenly. "I love you. I want to marry you; do you understand, dear?"

"Yes, I understand," she returned, after a moment, "that's all. But there is something virginal about her, although the human things of life did not touch her at all."

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Tomorrow—Repression

A Delightful New Year's Watch Party With Menus Is Suggested by Mrs. Wilson

The Wassail Bowl Is an Important Part of This Celebration and the "Eats" Have Much to Do With Its Success

By MRS. M. A. WILSON
Editor, "Mrs. Wilson's Home Receipts."

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Rose M.

If you meet this strange young man again, do not encourage him advances; you have never met a prettier young man, and your friend will be glad to come to introduce you to him.

To a Reader of the Ledger

Said your employer wrote: "Please tell me what to do with the menu cards with appropriate sentiments on them. If they are matched, when the guests are seated, will it be necessary to have a card for each person?"

To Tell Her Frankly

Dear Cynthia—This is a good idea, and I have done it. I am sure it is a good idea, but I am not sure that it is the best idea. There are many ways to do it, and I am not sure which is the best.

To a Reader of the Ledger

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Today's Menus

For Mrs. M. A. Wilson

Menu No. 4

New Year's Loving Cup
Cider
Cloves, Celery and Nut Sandwiches
Fruit Cake

Menu No. 5

Fruit Cocktail
Celery
Salted Nuts
Chicken à la Newburg
Sarson Potato Chips
Fruit Gelatin
Cakes

Menu No. 6

Orange Soufflé
Celery
Salted Nuts
Molded Salad
Rye Sandwiches
Cakes

Menu No. 7

Fruit Punch
Celery
Spanish Chicken Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread Sandwiches
Cakes

Menu No. 8

New Year's Punch
Pies
Cold Cuts—Ham and Chicken

Some Suggestive Menus

Menu No. 1

Wassail Bowl
Hors d'Oeuvre
Cakes

Menu