

HELEN'S EMPLOYER

Why She Lost Her First and Only Job.

By FRANCIS A. COREY.

As the head of the firm entered the office, Helen Floyd glanced up with a gasp of surprise. It had never occurred to her that the rising Chicago lawyer could be the same Robert Cartwright she had known and jilted, ten years before, in a far-away village of Vermont.

Escape was impossible. Moreover, she had been without a position for six weeks, and business men were not stumbling over each other in their eagerness to secure her valuable services.

Cartwright stopped to speak to Miss Mears, a blonde-haired girl with clinking wrist bangles. The two crossed slowly to where Helen sat.

"The young woman to see about the place," Miss Mears explained to her employer, her voice keyed to dulcet sweetness.

Cartwright glanced without the flicker of an eyelash at the forlorn figure huddled in the big office-chair.

"You may take this morning's letters," he said, as if addressing a stranger.

Helen flushed resentfully. But the situation had resolved itself into a question of bread and butter. Picking up a note-book, she followed him into his private office, wondering if he could have failed to recognize her.

In the old days she had affected to despise him; but now, as her pencil new to his swift dictation, there was a revulsion of feeling. He had a brisk, alert, business-like way. There must be something to the man who had so quickly achieved success!

As for herself, she was no longer the pampered daughter of the big man of a country village. Reverses of fortune and her father's death had driven her into the world to earn her living. How completely the tables had been turned! The voice that had wooed was now droning prosaic dictation, and she was as impersonal to the man himself as a mere machine!

"That's all," said Cartwright finally. "Type those off."

A little later Helen was saying to the clattering typewriter, "He can't have forgotten me. I'm not greatly changed—the name would have told him who I am. Why, then, does he treat me like a stranger?"

That night, in her cheerless room at the boarding house, she pondered the situation. Was her rejected suitor paying her off in her own coin? Even if she deserved punishment a friendly word would have cost him nothing. She would have thrown up the situation but for a familiar imp leering at her elbow. It drove her back to her post in the morning.

She discovered that Cartwright's step was the signal for every girl in the office to preen her feathers. He greeted them all with the same cheery smile. She waited with some anxiety to see what would be his attitude toward herself.

The morning's dictation over, she was coolly dismissed. Neither look nor tone betrayed the slightest personal interest. Helen was dismayed to realize that she felt hurt and disappointed. Slumbering memories had been awakened that sent her heart suffocatingly into her throat.

So it went on for two weeks. She began to think that he had indeed forgotten her. Surely he would want to inquire about old friends, and the dear home village! And yet how could ten years have effaced her image so completely?

She found herself thinking about him to an extent incompatible with peace of mind. It was a cruel fate that had driven her to this man of all others in the disheartening search for employment.

She and Miss Mears were standing at the office window one morning when Cartwright's new motor-car drew up at the curb.

"I'll be riding in that beauty before many weeks go by," Miss Mears said with a self-satisfied smile.

Helen was almost fearful when she turned to her desk. Miss Mears was not Robert Cartwright's sort of girl; he had never shown her special attention. But there's no telling what a man will do when it comes to selecting a wife!

"It's nothing to me whom he marries," she declared. "But I didn't think he would choose one of the fluff and frivolous kind."

Now the brooding shadows never left her eyes. She lost flesh and color. Hope and courage were at a low ebb. And then, one morning, Miss Mears met her with an announcement that was like her death knell.

"You're going to be fired! Mr. Cartwright just now wanted to know the date of your coming, and the salary due you. It isn't pay day. He could have had but one object in making such inquiries."

"Isn't my work satisfactory?" Helen managed to ask.

"Evidently not," grinned Miss Mears.

Cartwright was in his private office, glancing through that morning's stack of letters. Mechanically Helen got ready for the usual dictation. When the summons came, she took her place, pencil and notebook shaking in her hands. She tried to control herself, but the ghostliness of her face betrayed her.

"Come back for a moment when you have typed these off," her employer said brusquely, the dictation finished.

Helen stumbled through her name and retraced her steps.

"You'll never do for this office, Miss Floyd," Cartwright said shortly. "I've seen this for some time. Your successor will come some time today. Here's your back pay—and a month's salary in lieu of the usual notice."

He pushed the money toward her. Helen counted out the amount due her, and leaving the surplus on the desk, turned without a word. Indeed, speech was impossible. The girls in the outer office looked at her curiously as she gathered up her few possessions and took down her hat and wrap. But she was allowed to go unquestioned.

Alone in her stuffy room, she gave way to her feelings. Nobody wanted her. It might be weeks before she found another situation. Oh, if she could only die and end it all! There was no gleam of light in all the big, black world. Cartwright could not have been actuated by any desire for revenge. That would be unlike the man she had learned to know and appreciate since entering his office. Her work must be hopelessly bad!

A knock upon the door. Dashing the tears from her eyes, Helen opened it. Her landlady stood outside.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Floyd."

Involuntarily Helen's thoughts flew back to the office—to him who had so coldly dismissed her.

"Who is it?" she cried eagerly. "What does he want?"

"He gave no name, Miss. Somebody to see you about a new position."

That wild, sudden, foolish hope died out of her heart. Bathing her eyes she went below.

When she entered the shabby boarding-house parlor, somebody strode forward and took forcible possession of her two hands. "Mr. Cartwright!" she faltered, dazedly, as if she had been dreaming.

He drew her toward the window and looked searchingly into her face.

"You've been crying, Helen! Tell me why?"

Her eyes dropped and her lips quivered. She tried to withdraw her hands. Her heart beat suffocatingly.

"Was it because I discharged you, Helen? I shouldn't have been so harsh. But you were getting so pale and thin—I—I—couldn't bear it any longer—"

There was a choking in his throat. "We can't talk here. Get your hat and come with me. My car is at the door. The country is lovely now—we'll make a day of it."

"Oh, no, no," she faltered.

"But I say yes, dear heart. Don't you know that I love you more than ever? I wouldn't have told you so, but I've been watching you all these weeks and I saw that you were learning to care for me—just a little—"

He broke off, holding her at arm's length. Helen's leaping heart sent the crimson over her face; but she met his questioning look with a smile of surrender.

"I care—more—than a little," she said.

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MUST WAIT TILL THEY PAY

Credit Man's System of Philosophy of Rich Customers and Their Bills.

A modiste with a large establishment and the smartest trade in a city of great wealth has a credit man who handles the finances of her shop. He confesses that he does not tread a path of roses.

"Our trade divides itself into two distinct classes," he declared; "those that are very prompt pay and those that are extremely slow-pay. An account is either settled immediately or else drags along for months. There are multi-millionaires in both these lists. I could name several women of immense wealth and the highest social standing who would be ashamed to wear a gown that had not been paid for. On the other hand, I could name perhaps quite as many, equally wealthy and perhaps more fashionable, who would apparently be quite as much ashamed to wear a gown that was paid for. What do we do about it? Nothing. We just wait until they take a notion to pay. It simmers down to a mere matter of banking. Some of this class will pay once in three or four months; some twice a year. They are good; it is up to us to carry them if we wish to keep their trade."—Saturday Evening Post.

Druidical Burial.

A solemn yet quaintly picturesque ceremony was witnessed in Streatham Park cemetery the other afternoon, when, with full Druidical honors, the last sad offices were performed in connection with the death of Mr. John Everson, one of the best-known members of the Order of Druids in South London. The hearse was preceded by graveside by the Druid's band, which played the "Dead March," while on either side of the coffin walked officers of the "Goodfellow" lodge, carrying Druidical crooks and wands draped in mourning. Around the graveside assembled representatives of the majority of the lodges south of the Thames, most of whom wore regalia, and after the commitment prayers had been uttered, the crookbearers lined up on either side of the open grave, and performed the last Druidical rite—standing in solemn silence with their crooks linked over the coffin of their departed brother.

His Little Scheme.

"Going to Wombats' dinner party?" "Guess so. Why is he announcing that reporters will be rigidly excluded?"

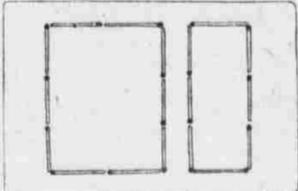
"That's his scheme to get the affair well written up."

For the LITTLE ONES

MATCH PUZZLE IS CONFUSING

All the Eighteen Little Pieces of Wood Must Be Used in Each Case—Answer Is Given.

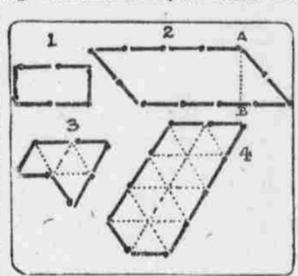
In the illustration 18 matches are shown arranged so that they enclose two spaces, one just twice as large as the other. Can you rearrange them (1) so as to enclose two four sided spaces, one exactly three times as large, and (2) so as to enclose two



A New Match Puzzle.

two sided spaces, one exactly three times as large as the other? All the 18 matches must be fairly used in each case, the two spaces must be detached, and there must be no loose end or duplicated matches.

The easiest way is to arrange the 18 matches as in diagram 1 and 2, making the length of the perpendicular A B equal to a match and a half. Then if the matches are an inch in length, Fig. 1 contains two square inches and



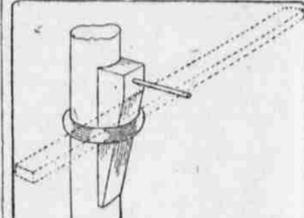
Answer to Match Puzzle.

Fig. 2 contains six square inches—four by one and one-half. The second case (2) is a little more difficult to solve. The solution is given in Fig. 3 and Fig. 4. For the purpose of construction place matches temporarily in the dotted lines. Then it will be seen that Fig. 3 contains five equal equilateral triangles and Fig. 4 contains 15 similar triangles, one figure is three times as large as the other, and exactly 18 matches are used.

HOLDER FOR VAULTING-POLE

Manner of Using Device as Well as Its Construction Is Clearly Shown in Illustration.

An adjusting device for a vaulting pole that can be easily fixed at any point on a round pole by using a wedge and ring, is shown in the sketch. The wedge carries a pin on



Vaulting-Pole Holder.

which to place the cross pole. The manner of using this device as well as its construction is clearly indicated, says a writer in the Popular Mechanic.

The ring on the upright, held in position by the wedge, which in turn carries the pole on the pin.

Did It a-Purpose.

The English visitor was getting impressions as to American education. "And do you know your alphabet?" he asked of the small boy in the house he was visiting.

"Yep," said the lad—"A, B, C, D, E, F, G, I, J."

"Hold on there, my little lad," said the visitor. "Haven't you left out a letter?"

"Yep," said the boy. "I dropped my H. I wanted to see if an English man would notice it."

"Pertness is a characteristic of the American child," wrote the Englishman later, when he prepared his American notes for publication—Harper's Weekly.

Mamma Won.

Visitor—Do you and your twin brother always agree, Tommy?
Tommy—No, ma'am. We had a fight last Sunday.

Visitor—And which whipped?
Tommy—Mamma.

Chickens' Clothes.

Little Gerald, who was visiting in the country, saw the cook plucking a chicken and asked: "Grandma, do you take the clothes off the chickens every night?"

NEW GAME FOR HALLOWEEN

Pastime as Described Warranted to Furnish All Mysterious Misgivings, Thrills and Shivers.

In connection with the usual Halloween charms and incantations the following game—warranted to reek with all the mysterious misgivings, thrills and shivers appropriate to the occasion—is recommended as very jolly and entirely suited to "witching night." It is of French extraction, is called "Sous Table," and is played as follows:

As the players sit close together round the table with their hands well under the overhanging folds of the tablecloth the game would better be played at or after the refreshment stage of the proceedings. It consists of passing from hand to hand, and quite without looking at them, all sorts of articles prepared to be particularly grewsome to the touch, and he or she who shrieks, laughs or drops an article is liable to forfeit.

The articles, concealed by a napkin, are held on the lap of the hostess as she sits at the head of the table and she passes one by one of them—always under the folds of the tablecloth—from her right hand to her neighbor's left; he does likewise and so on round the table. When the article comes back to the hostess she drops it under the table and takes up the next one from her lap and so on till the supply of articles is exhausted. With a choice lot of carefully prepared horrors this game may be worked up into a real Halloween hit.

A limp bean bag, a lucky rabbit foot, a fluff of cotton wool, a baby's angora mitten loosely stuffed with cotton batting, the working end of a superannuated feather duster, a bit of fur, an old bead purse, a scrap of chamois skin are among the things which—perfectly innocent in themselves and entirely unawesome when seen—cause us to shrink and shiver when we touch them without knowing what they are.

The trump card at this game—and one sure to bring in many fines at the forfeits—when lately played at our house was a woman's kid glove firmly stuffed, with all the fingers spread, with damp sea sand and kept in the icebox until needed for the game.

ELEPHANTS NOW SMALLER

Jumbo Was Ten Feet Nine Inches High, While Dunda Is Only Eight Feet Nine Inches.

Elephants are growing smaller in size, as is shown by this diagram, which compares the largest elephant of today with Jumbo and the masto-



Elephants Becoming Smaller.

don. Jumbo was ten feet nine inches high. The largest elephant of today, according to the New York World, is Dunda, in the Bronx zoo, which is eight feet nine inches high.

RIDDLES.

Why are musicians fortunate? Because when they want a change of air they can change it.

When is a woman dressed like an Indian war chief in all his feathers? When she is dressed to kill.

What is the greatest surgical operation performed? Lansing Michigan.

What kind of wild animals are allowed on the lawns of the public parks? Dandelions.

Why is the man who wears spectacles greatly to be pitied? Because he can't read eyes (realize) anything.

When is a vessel like a mug or drink? When it's a schooner.

Shaking Hands.

Did you ever ask yourself why you shake hands with persons whom you know? Here is the reason:

In the old days, when every man who had any pretensions to being a gentleman carried a sword, it was customary for men when they met to show that they had no intention of treachery to offer each other their weapon bands, that is, the hand that would be used to draw the sword, and to withhold the hand was usually the signal for a fight.

So fixed did this habit become that long after men ceased to wear swords they still offered the weapon hand to a friend and declined to offer it to an enemy. To this day when you refuse to shake hands with a person it signifies that you are at war. Among savages, who never carried swords, the practice of shaking hands is unknown, and it affords them amusement to see the white men do it.

Protective Colors.

Have you ever stopped to question why some caterpillars, snakes, wasps and butterflies are black and yellow in color? Or black and white? These colors are the danger signals of nature. In order to protect themselves from birds which feed upon them, the creatures named have taken this form of dress which frightens away their enemies. Other creatures take on the colors of their surroundings so that one scarcely can detect them from the trees, the grass, or the ground, wherever they happen to live.

Love One Another.

"Lola, dear," said her mother, "do you know the meaning of your Bible text, 'Love one another'?"

"Why, of course, I do, mamma," she replied. "It means that I must love you and you must love me. I'm case and you are another."

LOTION EASILY MADE

CLEANSING CREAM SUITABLE FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

In Many Ways Better Than Can Be Purchased, Because Desired Quantity May Always Be Prepared as Desired.

Do you like to mix your own lotions and experiment with the attractive looking formulas for creams which you so often see printed? It is a very delightful occupation and when the lotion comes out beautifully blended and with the delicate fragrance of a high-priced article; when the cream is white and smooth and dainty, one feels well repaid for one's time and effort.

There is another side to this story, however, because sometimes the lotion comes out all curdled looking and queer and the cream disintegrates and will not blend, no matter what you do. Then you register a vow that you will never, never again attempt to prepare your own cosmetics, but will spend your dollars for the prepared articles gratefully.

One great difficulty with many of the published formulas is that they are too complicated for any one but a chemist to prepare and another is because the directions are seldom clear. It is not wise to use much guess-work when mixing creams and if the formula leaves you in doubt, lay it aside for a simpler one, or take it to your druggist and ask his advice about how to put the ingredients together.

I have had frequent requests for the following formulas and I am sure you will experience no difficulty in preparing them even though you are the veriest amateur, provided you follow the directions carefully:

For a cleansing cream, heat two ounces of oil of sweet almonds and melt in it a lump of white wax as large as a walnut; when these two ingredients are well blended add a rounding tablespoon of white vaseline and a few drops of oil of rose geranium, and beat the mixture while it is cooling till it is light and creamy.

A good nourishing cream contains one-half ounce each spermaceti and white wax melted in a double boiler or dish set in a pan of boiling water; add one ounce cocoa butter, one ounce imported lanolin and three ounces sweet almond oil. When melted and thoroughly blended remove from the fire, add two ounces rose-water and one dram tincture of benzoin and beat steadily till cold.

An excellent lotion for the hands (the formula for which was sent me by one of my readers) is prepared from two ounces of glycerin, one ounce each tincture of benzoin, bay rum and alcohol, one-half ounce rose-water and five cents worth of quince seeds. Scald the quince seeds with about one quart of boiling water, cover the dish tightly and let steam. Do not remove the cover for twelve hours, then strain through a thin cloth and add the other ingredients. This is especially good to prevent the hands from chapping.

A simple lotion which is said to possess bleaching and refining properties is made from a half ounce of glycerin mixed with a half pint of orange flower water and a level tablespoonful of powdered borax dissolved in the mixture. Another lotion which is often recommended requires one ounce oil of sweet almonds, one ounce glycerin, two ounces strained lemon juice and ten drops of carbolic acid. A few drops of rose may be added for perfume if desired and the special benefit of the lotion is to cure the chapped and roughened condition of the hands caused from the cold weather.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

California: Exercise will do more to harden your muscles and increase your appetite and digestive powers than anything else I can suggest. Go out every day and dig in that lovely garden and thank your lucky stars that you have the garden to enjoy. The pleasure of active work will do more to clear away the cobwebs from your sky than any other thing you can undertake and an hour a day out in the sunshine and fresh air and among the growing things will work marvels in your health and also your looks.

New Reader: You will never succeed in restoring your hair to its natural thickness and beauty by the methods you are following. Quite the contrary effect will result, as they are altogether too strenuous. The hair and scalp are never benefited by harsh treatment any more than the aloe would be. You can do more harm by such treatment than you can undo in years. Gentle brushing is advisable, but it should never be carried even near the point of irritating the scalp.

Nettle D: If you will keep a bowl of corn meal, moistened with vinegar, on the shelf near the kitchen sink and rub this mixture well over the hands immediately after taking them out of soapy water, it will counteract the harmful effect of the soap and will also remove ordinary stains. Rinse the hands in clear water and just before they are perfectly dried rub a soothing lotion well into the skin. If you will do this regularly you can keep your hands in very good condition.

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Social Forms and Entertainments



From a Perplexed Girl.

Your columns have been so helpful to others I would like to have your advice. I have been going with a boy for about two or three months and like him very much, and he has told other people he liked me better than any girl he ever knew. When at a "leap year" dance how many dances should I give him? Do you think it considered unladylike to wear small pearl earrings or would they make me look coarse? What should a girl say when asked to have a dance? Is it really wrong to let a boy kiss you if he is in earnest?—Perplexed B.

I hope from henceforth these columns will prove helpful to you and that you will come just as often as questions bother you. It depends upon how many dances there are. I should think you could give him every other one. Girls are wearing earrings now, and if small I see no harm, for the ears are not pierced these days and it is only a harmless passing fad to wear them. I think it is really wrong to let a boy kiss you and perhaps you will think I am very prim to say so. If the boy really thinks a lot of you, you can explain in a satisfactory manner why you'd rather not permit familiarity and he will appreciate and understand your situation and like you all the better.

A Short Contest.

Please give me little game to while away a few moments before refreshments are served after a card party.—Madame Grundy.

After a card party, while the hostess was busy putting the finishing touches to her refreshments, the guests had this interesting pastime. Printed on little paper bags were the following questions:

1. Bag—A city.
2. Bag—A trifle.
3. Bag—A musical wind instrument.
4. Bag—Luggage.
5. Bag—A kind of cloth.
6. Bag—Caught in a sack.
7. Bag—A fish.
8. Bag—Stretching or pouching.
9. Bag—A game.
10. Bag—Where packages, etc., are kept when traveling.

Answers:
1. Bagdad; 2. Bagatelle; 3. Bagpipe; 4. Baggage; 5. Bagging; 6. Bagged; 7. Bagro; 8. Bagging; 9. Bagatelle; 10. Baggage car.

To the one answering the most the hostess presented a dainty silk bag and then she filled the little bags on which the contest was written with home-made candy.

Progressive Candy Jack Straws.

I wish to entertain twelve little boys and girls at an afternoon party. Will you suggest a novel scheme with which to begin the party?—Puzzled Mother.

Provide a quarter of a pound of twisted candy sticks known as "opera" sticks in most candy shops. They come in all colors and there must be a different color for each table, four at a table. A pair of candy tongs must be in readiness for each player and a box for containing the candy "straws." The game is to see how many sticks may be withdrawn from the pile without breaking or throwing the pile into confusion. Progressions are made and the score kept. Children enjoy this entertainment and eating the sticks is permissible after the game is over and the scores settled.

Entertainment for Bride-Elect.

I am to entertain a bride-elect and am puzzled as to what to do in the way of entertainment. What can you suggest?—A. L. T.

I wonder if you have had either a magazine, book or a "den" shower? At the first the guests decide before hand what subscriptions to magazines to give, each one contributing 50 cents. This assures pleasure for the whole year. The book idea is carried out in the same way.

For the "den" there are so many attractive things to get. A suggestion is for five or six to club together and give all the pieces for desk set, all to match. Those of leather are especially attractive. Copper or dull brass are also much liked. Then there would be candlesticks, waste paper basket, etc.

A "Western Girl's" Answers.

You are rather stout for your height, but no doubt will grow much more slender as you grow older, so take all the exercise you can every day, especially walking. Never lead a man on; it is the most unkind thing when you just intend to turn him down. I think it is decidedly wrong to allow boys to kiss you. Perhaps your letters went astray and the boy may not have received the last one; there will be no harm in writing to find out.