

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Faith in Womanhood.
One of the magazines is setting forth marriage failures. "Why American Marriages Fail" and "Why American Mothers Fail" have been the questions thus far discussed. The titles beg the question. Every one who keeps his eyes open and who is not a hopeless pessimist knows that only a small proportion of American women do fail as wives or mothers.

That the failures are much in the popular eye is true. The woman of fashion and the woman in public life court attention, and both are sometimes conspicuous for their lack of the virtues on which the family rests. There is a third class of women equally selfish—the women who live in hotels by preference, and who regard their husbands as the mere makers of money for their easy spending. All three of these classes put together make a total relatively small. Meanwhile, on both sides of city streets and country roads live thousands of strong, tender, wise women, who are working at their tasks with courage and intelligence. From the writer's window can be seen the windows of not less than five homes within which are growing up families of children, all trained to ways of courtesy, industry, patriotism, reverence.

The over-dressed child of 8, alone in a hotel dining-room, ordering "dressed crabs and pink ice-cream" for dinner, is truly an awful warning. The need for wise mothering is so great that it will find our voices should cry aloud and spare not in the demand for it. The dignity of motherhood and the glory of patriotism ought to be made clear to every soul in our country. Meantime we must not be tempted, even for rhetorical effect, into disregard of the great wrong of wise wives and mothers who stream steadily along the ways of American life, making cheer and leaving noble memories behind them as they go.—Youth's Companion.

Visiting.
It will be a sad day when the art of calling dies out. It will mean we shall either have no friends at all, or only those friends we can count on by bribery or payment, namely, the offer of a meal.

Every one is not a millionaire. Every young married couple can not afford to give a luncheon or a dinner; but every one—yes, even the poorest, can afford to offer a cup of tea.

When a man or woman calls they pay their hostess a real compliment. They go to see her uninvited, unbidden; in fact, they go for the pleasure of seeing her and renewing her acquaintance. An afternoon call is a compliment to a woman. The acceptance of an invitation where food is offered is quite the other way round; the compliment then comes from the hostess, and is sounded long ago. Nothing was prouder or more aristocratic than the bolero, and nothing ever enjoyed more popularity in the world of dress. That was proved by its long life; women refused to have their couturiers make anything else for them. For five years it influenced Paris cuts. That is a long time, for even when things are known as a great success they rarely do more than lapse from one season into another.

Passing of the Bolero.
The jacket has altogether replaced the bolero. The latter's death knell was sounded long ago. Nothing was prouder or more aristocratic than the bolero, and nothing ever enjoyed more popularity in the world of dress. That was proved by its long life; women refused to have their couturiers make anything else for them. For five years it influenced Paris cuts. That is a long time, for even when things are known as a great success they rarely do more than lapse from one season into another.

Life is too short to call! some one utters. Life is nothing of the kind. Life is rarely too short to accomplish what we really want to do; but its brevity is an excuse to cover our laziness and our sins. The people who have nothing to do never find time to do anything of value to any one; but the really busy people bring so much order and method into their lives they find time to accomplish practically everything they want. In cities it is certainly difficult to make calls at long intervals on particular days, but even that can be accomplished, and should be at least once a year.

Queen of White Serge or Cloth.

The accompanying cut shows a very graceful model for an evening or carriage wrap for summer wear. The original garment was made of white rajah pongee, and was unlined, but chiffon broadcloth makes up in such a style to great advantage, and is very smart even when very plainly trimmed, the band of lace or embroidery being omitted, if desired. The white pongee wrap had a little turndown collar of black velvet, outlined with inch-wide flat silver braid and silver cord. The insertion about the lower part of the upper cape was of very heavy white lace.

Education and Matrimony.
A teacher in one of the local grades says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, was speaking to the mother of one of her girl pupils not long ago about Elsie's frequent absences from school.

Stovepipe Hat for Women.
Stovepipe hats for women are the latest idea imported from London and Paris. The right color for them will be green, and the favorite material satin. An ostrich plume makes still another difference from the masculine hat. The proper name for it given in the foreign fashion journals is the Botticelli hat.

Widow's Hat.
It is by wearing their hats too far down at the forehead in an endeavor to cover up a queer idea of beauty. They cut the hair with shells, keep the wounds open for a long time, and when they had huge scars are the result. These scars are deemed highly ornamental.

and how to make money by new processes, says Vogue. The higher interests of life, such as art, books, pictures, fit furnishings and the proper training of their children are also brought to their attention, and all of these subjects, so far removed from the deadening grind of the isolated woman's life, help to lighten her burdens and make her more capable as a housekeeper and a better qualified help-mate.

Danger in Flowers.
Several cases of serious heart failure due to the presence of hyacinths in living rooms have been recorded recently. The latest instance was that of a healthy young girl in Bromley, Kent, England, who after sitting for a couple of hours in a room in which there were several pots of these flowers began to feel somewhat faint. Two hours later, after she had gone home, she fell into a deep sleep. Her doctor stated that the defective heart action, leading to the insufficient supply of blood on the brain, which caused the fainting, was due to the effect of the hyacinth scent on the nerves which regulate the heart's action.

Stomach Protects Itself.
The reason why the stomach and intestines do not digest themselves was once thought by Weiland, a German experimenter, to be that they defend themselves by antienzymes, or antiferments. Dr. Nandor Klug of Budapest now reports these antiferments

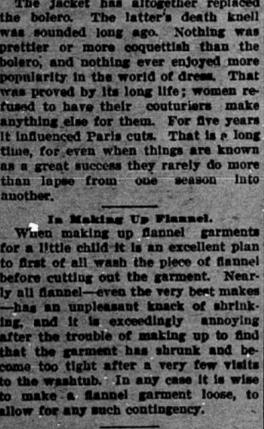
Independence of the Ears.
Dr. F. Larroque reports to the French Academy of Sciences that his studies of the action of sounds upon the human ears prove that the auditory apparatus of each ear operates inde-

Blouses for Spring and Summer.



pendently of the other. This appears to have a bearing upon the question whether loss of hearing by one ear exercises an injurious effect upon its mate.

Summer Evening Wrap.



The accompanying cut shows a very graceful model for an evening or carriage wrap for summer wear. The original garment was made of white rajah pongee, and was unlined, but chiffon broadcloth makes up in such a style to great advantage, and is very smart even when very plainly trimmed, the band of lace or embroidery being omitted, if desired. The white pongee wrap had a little turndown collar of black velvet, outlined with inch-wide flat silver braid and silver cord. The insertion about the lower part of the upper cape was of very heavy white lace.

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is a fact that should always be borne in mind by amateur maudliners, or the damage they will do can never be repaired.

To Strengthen the Hair.
This hair wash is very strengthening; one ounce of tincture of cantharides, one ounce and a half of olive oil, one ounce of rosemary; shake all well together and apply to the roots of the hair with a small sponge once a week. Then rub the scalp with the finger tips till the grease has sunk into the skin.

Marking Linens.
Curling irons are quite an acceptable substitute for a flatiron when marking linens. After marking the articles heat the irons, but not hot enough to scorch, and press each mark between the irons. A number of linens can be marked without reheating the iron very often.

Starching Clothing.
For starching muslins, gingham, etc., dissolve a piece of alum the size of a filbert for every pint of starch. By following this hint you preserve the bright colors of the fabric a long time. This hint is especially useful for dresses, and the cost is most trifling.

What We Need.—The greatest need today is not more men, but more man. Not more women, but more woman. To be rich in deed and in truth is ultimately a consciousness.—Rev. James Montgomery, Methodist, Denver.

God-Given Powers.—God gives to some people the money making faculty, as He gives to others the power to write poems, paint pictures, carve statues or lead an army.—Rev. Charles B. Mitchell, Methodist, Cleveland.

The Star of Hope.—May the Star of Bethlehem, the star of hope, the star of the year and the new era, forever beckon us on to higher planes of devotion, love and service.—Rev. Walter R. Tourtelot, Episcopalian, Providence.

Doctrines that Satisfy.—The Christian religion proclaims doctrines which satisfy the highest aspiration of the human intellect, and gratify the legitimate cravings of the human heart.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

Eulogy.—Don't wait until a man is gone to express your sympathy and eulogies. The flowers and kind words will not do him any good then. The world now has too much epitaphy and too little taffy.—Rev. Thomas Uzel, Independent, Denver.

Thinking.—Wrong thinking may be just as disastrous as no thinking. Thinking is seed-sowing, and the fruit of your thoughts is either wheat or tares, good or evil, according to the sowing.—Rev. J. W. Francis, Presbyterian, Parkersburg.

Calamity.—We save the heart from the stagnation of selfishness by the opportunity offered by a calamity. We put less value on things of time and learn to weigh the things of the spirit when calamity speaks.—Rev. William C. Covert, Presbyterian, Chicago.

Charity.—If our Christian people had the spirit of their Master, would there not be as many coming to the doors of the bureau of charities in these trying days saying, "What can we do to help?" as there are saying "What can you do to help us?"—Rev. Willard B. Thorpe, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Race Suicide.—The children of the nation of a century ago numbered about one-third of the entire population; at present they are hardly a fourth. Relatively to the present population of the United States there is a decrease in births of nearly seven millions.—Bishop McPaul, Roman Catholic, Trenton.

Future Progress.—Our future progress must be spiritual. Physically we have done the best, and intellectually we have made our giants. Man is as yet being made, and he has the tools of his perfection. Psychological power is aiding man to see his sphere and real power.—Rev. C. J. Harris, Universalist, Atlanta.

Proof of the Soul's Existence.—Responsibility, the praise or blame a man incurs for his deeds, the inevitable deduction therefrom that he might have acted differently, and the element of choice—these are the strongest evidences of the existence of the human soul.—Rev. Dr. Felix Adler, Society of Ethical Culture, New York City.

Conversion.—Profession is not conversion. There must be something back of profession. How many there are who profess to know God, but in act deny Him. Joining the church is not conversion. Simply joining the church never saved a man yet. You may be a member of any church and still be on the wrong road. Morality is not conversion. It is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, and it is not conversion.—Rev. J. O. Boswell, Evangelist at Pawtucket, R. I.

The Strenuous Life.—There is a lamentable disposition to discount the quiet ways and judicious conservatism of days gone by and to estimate progress by the speed with which we become distanced from the spirit by which our fathers were animated a century and more ago. If a man is not going the right road, he is very velocity with which he travels only postpones instead of hastens the date of his arrival. The directness of the route is incomparably more important than the number of miles an hour.—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

A Bargain.
"What?" exclaimed the husband. "You drew your savings from the bank, went to a broker's office and bought Z. X. and Y. stock at 14, when it has been dropping like a rock!"

"But, my dear," argued the wife. "It was such a bargain. Why, during the short time I was in the office I saw the man mark it down to 14 from 45!"—Success Magazine.

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Sermons of the Week

Square Deal.—The square deal for every man should be our ideal.—Rev. Charles Steitz, Presbyterian, New York City.

The Bible.—The Bible does not hold the place it once did. It holds a better place.—Rev. Dr. Eakin, Episcopalian, Toronto.

Satan's Work.—God follows Satan to turn the grindstone while his jewels are being polished.—Rev. C. T. Russell, Congregationalist, Cincinnati.

Progress.—Humanity is ever progressing, though human nature may remain always the same.—Rev. John Howard Melish, Episcopalian, Brooklyn.

Practical Religion.—Religion is never more practical than now. We care less for creeds and more for deeds.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York City.

Experience.—Life holds many lamps that shine in the night, but the brightest is the lamp of experience.—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

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LEARNING THE BEST.

A tired little worm went to sleep one day in a soft little cradle of silken gray. And he said, as he snugly curled up in his nest, "Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best."

He slept through the winter, long and cold. All tightly up in his blanket rolled. And at last awoke on a warm spring day. To find that the winter had gone away.

He awoke to find he had golden wings. And no longer need crawl over sticks and things. "Oh, the earth was nice," said the glad butterfly.

"But Heaven is best when we learn to fly."—Weekly Bouquet.

The Summer Boarder

The rolling ranges of the Blue Ridge and the Smokies have become the camping ground of ambitious artists and art students. Amaryl was accustomed to see them pass along the road, with camp stools and other paraphernalia, to meet youths and maidens in the pursuit of art wandering through the forests, valleys and fields, intent on hopeless and fruitless attempts to capture the glories of sunset and sunrise down a vista of far-distant peaks.

When their summer boarder, therefore, unpacked an easel, paints and brushes, Amaryl was delighted. "You could make lovely pictures if you would copy the scenes around here. I will take you to see our wonderful falls and cascades, and there is nothing lovelier than Mission Valley when the moon floods it with light. A river runs through it like a silver thread and the sawmill and little settlement below the cays are wonderfully picturesque."

"I came to your mountains seeking the loveliest thing in Nature," the artist answered ambiguously. He was watching Amaryl through half-closed eyes while she transplanted some ferns. She was too intent on her task to notice his steady gaze.

The artist seemed to be lazy. He was content to spend hours in his room, idling, presumably; then he would wander off with Amaryl when she could spare the time in the sweet, late afternoon, to visit some beautiful spot she told him of. No one knew of the glorious canvas which he kept locked in a closet of his room.

He would sketch for a few moments, then, throwing himself on some moss-covered rock by Amaryl's side, would drift into desultory descriptions of scenes of far-distant lands, or would wander into dreary speculation on the problems of life, whose charm was accentuated by the murmur of waterfalls or the wind playing its Eolian harp in the pines and hemlocks overhead.

Their summer boarder had offered to give a price for the room he occupied, with its quaint mountain-made furniture, that Susan Wilbor's sad face brightened visibly and a faint color came into her pale cheeks. "He's a gentleman," was Sam Wilbor's comment when told of it after he had come home weary from his usual work in the field.

The days passed swiftly that summer, and never had Amaryl been so happy. She was always busy, but found time to take pleasant strolls with Philip Armstrong when her day's work was done.

"What a pity you are not more ambitious," she said to him childishly. "I am sure you could paint better than all of them if you would only try," at which the artist laughed gaily.

Many long unknown comforts crept into the cottage, and the artist seemed to think it only natural to buy lavishly from all the country wagons as they came lumbering by.

"He is pleasant and kind-hearted," was Susan's comment. "He is much more than that," Sam Wilbor said, glancing down at his toll-worn hands. "He has the fine instincts of a man of true breeding. He ought to be wealthy!"

he would make a good use of his wealth."

The artist and Sam Wilbor were congenial. They had long talks together in the gloaming on the porch, and the weatherbeaten toiler and former clubman saw the summer draw to a close most regretfully.

In answer to a letter of inquiry which was shrewd, kindly and worldly, the artist wrote to Mrs. Dartmore: "The child is divine, fair in face and form, and, oh, my friend, what sweet freshness of heart and spirit! It must be the grandeur of Nature in those vast rolling ranges, always pointing to lofty ideals and immeasurable heights, which has made Amaryl the perfect being she is."

"My picture requires but a few more touches. I have studied her face under all aspects and emotion. She lives on the canvas a spirit of flame and beauty. I will send it to the Paris salon. Would that I could keep it. But our compact holds good. It's price is Amaryl's."

"As to the other clause of our engagement, I will bring her to see you some time this winter."

Mrs. Dartmore folded the letter and put it slowly back into its envelope, and there was a faint smile on her lips and a gleam of keenest pleasure in her clever eyes. "Poor, dear Susan, and Sam—that hero, Sam. I am glad," she murmured.

The tourists, art students and art professors all left the mountains, and went back to their various vocations amid the grind and struggle of daily life in big centers. The old ranges were left to themselves. The little ham-



NEVER HAD AMARYL BEEN SO HAPPY.

lets and villages dropped back into sleepy ways, and the four-ox wagons passed slowly along the public roads unmolested by smart traps, fashionable road carts and well-dressed people.

The approach of fall was felt in the air, these late September days, and the leaves of the forest were crimson and purple and gold. Amaryl was disquieted and unhappy. "He leaves us next week, mother. How delightful the summer has been," she said, sadly.

"His coming to us was a great blessing. Perhaps he will return next summer, child," her mother answered.

"Yes, a great blessing. We have not been so comfortable and happy for many years," Sam Wilbor said, musingly, from where he sat smoking by the fire, for the evenings were cool and the blaze cheery.

"A pleasant companion. A true gentleman, Amaryl, daughter. He will come back some day," he added, placing his hand on Amaryl's head, for she sat on a low stool close to him. Amaryl drew his arm lovingly around her neck.

And when, an hour later, Philip Armstrong stood with Amaryl on the rustic porch to watch the moon rise in a blaze of glory behind the distant hills, this last night of his stay in the mountains, there was a suppressed triumph in his eyes. His great picture was finished.

"I came to your mountains for a sublime inspiration, and I found it in you—Amaryl, child of beauty. I am a poor devil or an artist, always striving and straining after impossible ideals. Without you I would fail. Will you marry me, little one, and be my inspiration? You will always have my undying devotion."

Some months later a carriage rolled up to Mrs. Dartmore's door, and two people got out.

"I have brought my wife to see you, dear friend," Philip Armstrong said on being ushered into an elaborately hand-some morning room.

"Philip Armstrong, you don't think that you have surprised me, do you?" Mrs. Dartmore asked scornfully, after clapping Amaryl lovingly in her arms. "Why, child," she said, holding her

off to get a better view of her, "you are handsomer than his painting of you."

"You know you have been awarded the gold medal," she added, turning to Philip, her face aglow with pride and satisfaction. "Here's the cablegram. Paris and London are raving over your picture, Amaryl. Here is your check-book, child. The money is fairly yours. Ask Philip. Baron Von Stamer bought it for \$20,000. Philip does not need the money. You can play ducks and drakes with it if you choose. He has more than he knows what to do with, child. You may not know it, my dear, but you have married a very great artist."

"Come upstairs with me, dearie; your rooms are ready. You and Philip are to stay with me until Susan and Sam arrive. I am having the house next door prepared for them. Philip can take you abroad after they come. He has not done you justice, but his picture is glorious."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A PRESENT DAY UTOPIA.
Moorea Island, the Happiest and Fairest Spot on Earth.

Hugo Parton, writing in the Outing Magazine, says that the happiest and most beautiful spot on earth to-day is the island of Moorea, one of the Society Islands, in the south seas. As a contrast to strenuous American methods this description sounds alluring:

"Whenever you are thirsty a word will send a lithe brown body scrambling up a tall palm tree trunk, and in two minutes a green coconut is ready for you to quaff—the nectar of the Polynesian gods. It is worth the trip down here to eat the native 'vitalls,' for you get at every meal things you never tasted before, and each seems better than its predecessor; to see your dinner of fresh water shrimps, sharks' fins and roasted sea urchins. The bananas you eat—there are eleven varieties—baked, raw, fried, dried—grow a few rods back in the valley; ditto the breadfruit, the pineapples and about everything else on the board. It's nice to have your morning coffee grown in the back yard. Guavas grow in such profusion they are used as pig food, grated coconut is fed to hogs, while sensitive plant is considered excellent fodder for cattle.

"For perfection of the human body the Tahitian is unequalled. If, indeed, he is anywhere equaled. They are a large race, both men and women being noticeably taller and more fully developed than Anglo-Saxons. I doubt if any Society Islander ever went through a whole day in his life without having a wreath of flowers on his head or a blossom behind his ear. The love of flowers is innate with man, woman and child. They can't pass through a patch of woods without emerging with a garland. Every gay mood calls for flowers on their hats, in their hair, behind their ears, and their life is an almost unbroken sequence of gay moods. Scarcely a native on the island of Moorea can speak a sentence of English, but every one you meet greets you with a courteous smile and the welcoming word 'fa-ora-na' (Yorana)."

Poetry Defined.
George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a general of the New York militia and a favorite with all who knew him. Mrs. Sherwood, in her reminiscences, tells how another poet associated the general with a definition of poetry.

Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon her in New York in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose.

He replied: "When Gen. Morris commands his brigade and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords!' he talks prose. When he says, 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords!' he talks poetry."

What He Had Missed.
"Graciosa!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodley, "just listen to that clergyman! I'm positive he's swearing. Evidently he's missed his vocation."

"No," replied her husband, "I think it was his trait."—Philadelphia Press.

The surer a girl is about a man's being in love with her the less sure she is about being in love with him.