ATTRACTIVE MEALS FOR SMALL FAMILIES—GETTING OUT OF A RUT—LITTLE BOOKMARK

TEMPTING RECIPES MEANT FOR TWO ARE GIVEN BY MRS. M. A. WILSON

Two Cakes From One Mix, One With Delicious Orange Frosting—Three Good Puddings and Suggestion About Cooking Chicken for Small Families—The Best Meats to Order for Just a "Couple"

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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QUITE frequently there come to me queries from those who want to know how to prepare something just for two. Most recipes are too large for the little housewife, and when she has finished making something from a certain recipe she finds that she has enough to last her several days.

This wise little woman will know that roasts are not for her, but she may have steaks, chops, pot roasts, goulashes, stews, meat pies, etc. When cooking chicken she may use the wings, thigh and legs for fricassee and chicken a la Maryland, and the breast for chicken a la king and chicken salad or have the breast grilled.

She also knows that when baking it is necessary to use smaller pans or else to divide the mixture, thus making a variety.

Two Cakes From One Mix

One egg,
Three-quarters cupful of sugar,
Four tablespoonfuls of shortening.

Place in a bowl and cream together until light and frothy. Now add

Two cupfuls of flour,
Three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
Three-quarters cupful of water,
One level teaspoonful of flavoring.

Beat to blend thoroughly and then pour one-half of this mixture in a well-greased and floured deep pie tin. Place in a separate bowl

Three tablespoonfuls of flour,
Two tablespoonfuls of sugar,
One and one-half tablespoonfuls of shortening,
One level teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Rub between the hands until crumbling and then spread on top of the cake. Place in a moderate oven to bake for twenty minutes.

Place the balance of the dough in a well-greased and floured muffin pan and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Cool and then ice the tops of one-half of the cup cakes with an icing made of

Juice of one-half orange,
Sufficient XXXX sugar to spread.

Add two tablespoonfuls of cocoa to the balance of the orange icing and ice the rest of the cakes with this. Reserve two cupfuls of cakes to make into shortcake. These two may be laid away without icing.

To make the shortcake: Split the cake and cover with canned fruit, pouring over each shortcake two tablespoonfuls of the fruit sirup. Serve with either plain or whipped cream.

Sponge Cake for Two

Yolk of one egg,
Six level tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar.

Cream until light and frothy, then add

Two tablespoonfuls of water,
One-half cupful of sifted flour,
One level teaspoonful of baking powder.

Beat to mix and then carefully fold in the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Bake in a small tube pan for thirty-five minutes in a slow oven.

Lemon Pudding

Soak the stale bread in cold water until soft and then press dry. Rub through a fine sieve to free from lumps. Now add

Juice of one lemon,
One teaspoonful of grated rind,
Five tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Now place three-quarters cupful of milk in a saucepan and add one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Dissolve the starch in the cold milk and bring to a boil. Add the prepared bread. Let cool and then add yolk of one egg. Beat well, pour into greased pudding dish and bake for twenty minutes. Beat the white of egg very stiff, adding two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Place meringue on top of pudding and let brown slightly.

Cornstarch Pudding

Place one cupful of milk in a clean saucepan and add three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Dissolve the starch in the milk and then bring to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and then add

Yolk of one egg,
Four tablespoonfuls of sugar,
One-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Beat for a few minutes and then pour into custard cups that have been previously rinsed in cold water. Set aside to mold. Now place one-half glassful of jelly in a bowl and add the white of one egg. Beat until it forms into a stiff meringue. Use part of this whip for custard and part on a rice pudding.

Tapioca Cream

Place three level tablespoonfuls of granulated tapioca in a double boiler and add

One-half cupful of water,
Three-quarters cupful of milk,
Five tablespoonfuls of sugar,
Pinch of salt.

Cook for thirty-five minutes and stir frequently. Add one well-beaten egg. Beat well and then pour into sherbet glasses to cool. Canned or fresh fruit may be served with the tapioca.

Ask Mrs. Wilson

If you have any cookery problems, bring them to Mrs. Wilson. She will be glad to answer you through these columns. No personal replies, however, can be given. Address questions to Mrs. M. A. Wilson, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Wilson Answers Questions

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you be good enough to give a recipe for a small raisin loaf cake? I have tried several without success, but feel sure you can help me. Also a recipe for a raisin pie. Your articles have been most helpful to me. Thanking you in advance, I am E. B.

E. B.—

Raisin Cake

Three-quarters cupful of sugar,
Four tablespoonfuls of shortening,
One egg.

Cream well and then add

Two cupfuls of sifted flour,
Three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
Three-quarters cupful of water,
Flavoring if desired.

Beat to mix and then pour in well-greased and floured pans and spread the raisins over the top. Knock the pan gently and then place in the oven and bake for fifty minutes in a moderate oven. Do not worry about the raisins, the dough will rise and permit their distribution.

Your description about raisin cake is very vague; if this is not what you mean, write again, giving me a better description and just what you desire.

Raisin Pie

One and one-half cupfuls of seeded raisins,
One and one-half cupfuls of water,
Juice of one lemon,
One-quarter cupful of brown sugar.

Cook gently for twenty minutes and then thicken the mixture with

Four level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, dissolved in
Four tablespoonfuls of cold water.

Bring to a boil; cook for five minutes and then cool and use for either pie or cake filling.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To the Twins

You went a bit ah ad of me in guessing what I would say. You are too young to be bothering in such a silly fashion about any boy. Make good pals of the boys and let worries about any particular one wait until you are older. You will find that the boys you most want to like you will dislike you if you run around after them and try to think up ways to make them like you.

Had Hair Boxed

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—My hair was falling out ever since I had the influenza, so I had it blocked. Do you think that is all right? Some people ridicule me. But it looks all right.

DIMPLES.

It was quite all right to have your hair boxed. I know some girls who went as far as to have their heads shaved on account of influenza hair troubles What do our readers think of the idea?

Girl Wasn't Deceitful

Dear Cynthia—As I am a daily reader of your column I noticed the article signed "Unbeliever." I think the young man is very unjust to the girl he loves when he accuses her of deceitfulness. Being a girl myself, I understand the weakness of this girl in keeping her promises. I think that he is also very selfish to ask her to give up corresponding with a fellow whom she regards, most likely, only in the light of a chum. Hoping the young man will change his opinion,

DOROTHY.

The Right Kind of Girl

Dear Cynthia—In answer to F. M. I wish to say that I am a young man not yet twenty-one, but have seen more life than 75 per cent of the men who have reached the age of thirty and have learned who is the best friend of man. Not the frivolous kind of a girl, but the one who can make a home as it should be. Powder, paint and clothes do not make the woman. I am good-looking, dress nice and act as a gentleman should.

Any young woman who will put powder and rouge on her face so thick that you can hardly see her skin, and wear skirts eight inches above her shoetops, and twelve-inch shoetops at that, has but very little respect for herself or mother either.

F. M., keep at your present way of life and you will win in the end a true husband and a happy home.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Boy Was Discourteous

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl eighteen years of age and go with a young sailor two years my senior. I have been going with him three months and had a quarrel, and I have not seen him for the last three weeks.

I love the young man very much and he has told me that he loves me and he asked me to marry him.

Now do you think he still cares for me?

My parents think a good deal of him and my mother asked him to take dinner with us on Sunday, but he never showed up or as much as recognized her letter. I am greatly puzzled as this and I think you would be kind enough and tell me what to do. Thanking you in advance, I am,

PUZZLED.

It was very ill-bred, to say the least, for the young man to ignore your mother's letter, no matter what his trouble may have been with you. I wish you had gone into more of the details of the quarrel. Was it his fault or yours? If it was yours it might be possible that the young man still cares for you but is too stubborn to give in on the matter. If it was his fault then I should say I do not think the young man shows signs of caring very deeply. In either case I should now write him a letter myself, telling him you feel he owes an explanation to your mother for not replying in some fashion to her letter. Keep yourself entirely out of the letter. Simply say you do not like to see your mother treated in this fashion.

There is just one extenuating circumstance to consider. Is there a chance of the boy not having received your mother's letter?

Rouge and Powder Again

Dear Cynthia—I am going to speak about the use of powder and rouge. I approve of powder and a little bit of rouge. I would like to ask the boy readers of this column to answer my questions.

Would they rather go see a girl with pale faded skin, shiny nose and dull, listless eyes or a girl with flushed, pink cheeks, cherry red lips and sparkling eyes caused by shapely eye-brows and dainty white nose?

Now, Cynthia, please do not think me ridiculous, as I am considered pretty sensible and real good-looking among my friends, both male and female, and must honestly say I use camouflage once in twenty-four hours

TOOTSIE.

Doesn't Like to Write Letters

Dear Cynthia—I have hesitated a long time before writing to you, but your advice to others seemed so good that it encouraged me. I have a friend who formerly lived in this city, but who is no longer here. For a year and a half before he left here he showed me a good deal of attention, calling at least once and sometimes twice a week. Since he has been away he has written infrequently and his letters come at incressingly long intervals. I know he is very busy and that he does not write to his own people more than he does to me, but don't you think that he would write to me if he really cared for me, as he appears to do when with me? He has come to the city several times and spent most of his time with me while here and seemed to be as fond of me as he used to be.

Now, Cynthia, will you tell me if I can get him to write to me at reasonable intervals (he hates writing letters) or what shall I do? Has he tired of me or is he indifferent?

MARY.

I wouldn't let this matter of letters worry me. With some, of course, it is an indication of indifference, but with the man you describe it seems to be a mixture of being very busy and naturally hating to write letters. It is queer but true that men frequently hate letter-writing to such an extent that they will not pen letters to the girls they care most for. From your statements I believe this man cares for you. Do not try to force him to write frequently and do not answer his letters too soon after you receive them. Just by the way of no harm give him a little dose of his own medicine.

Adventures With a Purse

HOW about nightgowns; do you need any everyday ones? Personally, I think it is a very good idea to buy one or two when they can be purchased for a low price, because if a body waits until she needs some, seems as if there never were such things as bargains, and oh the coarse material which goes in some of the lower-priced gowns! But anyhow, the ones I saw today are of soft, smooth material and they are simply made. Costing but $1.50, there is no attempt to make them fancy with lace. Some have a simple band of beading and ribbon about the round neck. Others Empire style, are even plainer, while one model, kimono sleeved, is trimmed with a bit of design embroidered in pink and feather stitched in the same color. You'll find that they are uncommon good value for $1.50.

"Meet Me Where We Parted Last," is the clever little line appearing on one of the bookmarkers I found today. These bookmarkers are of soft brown leather, about six or eight inches long, and some of them bear little sentences like the above. For the friend who loves to read or to send to some one to whom you want to give a little more than a birthday card, one of these bookmarkers would be ideal. And they cost but ten cents.

"I have a perfect horror," said my friend who is a business woman, "of being unable to keep fresh and wholesome. By the time 3 or 4 o'clock comes, and I am tired and overheated, I often wonder if there is any odor of perspiration about me." So when I heard about this antiseptic deodorant, which although unscented, will destroy all traces of perspiration or anything, I of course, called her up immediately. "The shopkeeper says," I concluded, "to sprinkle some of it on your clothes when you dress in the morning." My friend bought some—a generous portion costs but twenty-five cents—and she is delighted with it. I thought you might be glad to know about it.

For names of shops address Editor Woman's Page, phone Walnut 3000.

Odd and Interesting

Nearly 15,000,000 acres in Canada are devoted to wheat growing.

Forty-nine declarations of war were made between 1914 and 1918.

Great Britain produces a fourth of all the coal used in all the world.

The uniformed force of the New York city fire department numbers 5000 men.

Greater New York's daily consumption of water amounts to nearly 600,000,000 gallons.

It is a popular superstition in England that winding one's watch on the train means a safe journey.

Statisticians estimate that for every death there are, on the average, two persons constantly sick.

AUTHOR OF "AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED"

The charming person with her typewriter and her pussy is Mrs. Hazel Deyo Batchelor, one of the editors of a well-known woman's magazine and the writer of "And So They Were Married." Mrs. Batchelor is one of the pioneer writers of married-life serials

WOMEN DON'T WANT TO TAKE MEN'S PLACES; AIM FOR OWN

Hazel Deyo Batchelor, Author of "Married Life" Serials, Asks That Feminine Rights Be Based on Definite Qualities Which Set Her Sex Aside

WOMEN do not want to take men's places in the world. They want to create their own.

This was the trenchant summing up of the woman movement given today in the course of an interview by Mrs. Hazel Deyo Batchelor, a well-known woman writer and one of the editors of a woman's magazine. This brief platform came to answer the now prevalent accusation that thousands of women let "out of the coop" during the war refuse to make way for men and get back into it now that the war is over.

"Women are not and never have been men's equal," Mrs. Batchelor maintained. "In some ways they are far superior, much finer, in others not so fine. But they do have their own place in the world, and there are things that they can do far better than men. The urging of right and privileges should not be based on equality alone, but on the qualities women possess that set them quite apart from the other sex. Women don't want to take men's places in the world; they want to create their own."

Mrs. Batchelor, who came from her home in New York to Philadelphia today on a brief visit, was herself a vivid and charming refutation to all the fears of the anxious man who is afraid things are never going to be quite the same for him since Uncle Sam invited his fair sisters to try their slim but capable hands at his some thousand varied jobs. Feminine and all real woman she looked from the tip of her smart, close-fitting hat to her trim shoes, which were not what one might call ground grippers.

And yet Mrs. Batchelor is a believer in careers for women and progress.

"The women workers to whom the war has been somewhat of a revelation will never go back to the old ways of living," she claims. "Where they do it will mean sacrifice. And right here I want to say that there will be a struggle from now on between the sexes that can mean nothing but progress."

Behind the scenes in the life of any writer of note is supposed to be particularly interesting. But Hazel Deyo Batchelor' has a special, well-defined claim to this popular attention. Mrs. Batchelor was one of the pioneer writers of the daily and intimate serials of married life that have during the last five years or so taken newspaper-readers by storm.

For readers of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER Mrs. Batchelor has especially intimate interest, for she is the author of the "And So They Were Married" serial now appearing daily on its woman's page, and also of the "Maid and Two Men" serial which preceded it. In that first story readers followed her famous character Scott to the trenches and then saw him returned to Ruth, the girl who almost married the wrong man and whom it took a world war to lure from a match which spelled luxury to one which meant only love and a workaday life in a little New York apartment. Now readers are watching the married life of these two young persons, fraught, as such life sometimes is, with shoals.

Mrs Batchelor has distinct and clear-cut ideas on trying to manage careers and families at the same time.

"I don't think a woman can rear a family and have a career at the same time, as a general rule," she contends. "People have quoted Ethel Barrymore to me many times when I have said this, but, somehow, she seems to serve as an example in every way, which somehow fails to convince me there are many women like her. I think raising babies is a distinct career, and I do believe that when women begin to think so there will be less chafing and restlessness."

In spite of the fact, however, that Mrs. Batchelor speaks of the progress of women, she does not take the stand of so many progressives. She is not a woman booster just because she is a woman.

"I am afraid I never could picket, nor could I address a mob from an automobile. But I know I can vote, and that's what matters, after all," this author holds. "Seriously, I believe that women still have to justify themselves as far as voting is concerned. I am afraid I simply can't say that women have simply been given what they deserved—not yet. But I do believe that when they have emerged finally from the transition period they will be able to vote intelligently—as a class, I mean."

Mrs. Batchelor, although a young woman, has had wide and varied experience as a journalist. She is a graduate of Smith College, where she was winner of the Ivy day song contest. In January, 1915, she made a trip through the Panama Canal to San Francisco and then across the continent for a New York daily. Mrs. Batchelor believes writing ranks first as a career for women, because it leaves them time for other interests.

FOULARD COMBINED WITH GEORGETTE

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

LAST year the printed foulards and other printed silks made their appearance among the smartly dressed women, and had the season been more favorable they would very likely have struck a very popular chord. But it was, as you will well remember, a very dark, drab season and even the dark silks with the prints of white were looked upon by most of the women as far too gay. As it was the few that were worn served as an introduction for this season.

Women as a whole are very fond of the printed silks and there is every reason why they should be, for of all the silks the foulard makes up about the best kind of all-around dress. Foulard can not be classed as a dressy material, nor can frocks made of this silk be anything but semidress affairs. But it is the semidress-up frocks from which we get the most satisfaction, to say nothing of the most wear.

The foulard dress shown to you today depicts the use of georgette combined with the foulard. In this instance the georgette matches the shade of the background of the silk. The foundation skirt which is of the foulard is draped. The georgette is used as an apron and is barred with jet beads, the ends of this apron for a sash which ties at the center back. The bodice is of the georgette, with a band of the foulard encircling the lower part of the waist, beneath the georgette. Jet beads also trim the bodice and the sleeves.

The large hat is of dark blue straw, with a soft crown, banded with dark blue ribbon. The right side of the hat is decorated with a feather, shaped to conform with the lines of the hat.

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The Woman's Exchange

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. In what year was George Washington born?
2. How old was the first President of the United States when he died?
3. In pressing after sponging, how should the material be held on the ironing board?
4. How can the baby's playthings be arranged so that he can pick them up when he drops them from his high chair?
5. Name an enjoyable party that can be given in honor of men who have returned from service.
6. What comfortable feature is noticeable in the new spring coats?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Miss Ethel Bagley, of South Carolina, is the sister-in-law and confidential secretary of Secretary Daniels.
2. The person who impersonates George Washington should wear a black velvet suit made in the fashion of his day, with knee and shoe buckles, yellow gloves, a cocked hat with a blue and buff cockade, and the edges trimmed with black feather trimming, and a long sword in a white leather scabbard.
3. If the American flag is edged with a piece of tape about an inch and a half wide, it can be left out in the wind and it will not tear.
4. A wedding invitation should be accepted with the regular formal acceptance.
5. Straw braid in various shapes is used a great deal in the new hats.
6. In arranging the hair, precaution should be taken to place the knot in such a position that it will be becoming to the profile.

Can a Reader Answer This?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly advise me where I can locate a Knights of Friendship lodge?

FLORENCE.

This is not in the city directory under this head. Perhaps some reader of the column who is a member of the organization will write in and tell us where it is.

Remedy for Enlarged Pores

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you kindly print in your valuable column a remedy for enlarged pores on the nose and cheeks? Do you think rouge and powder cause the pores to become large?

RUTH.

Enlarged pores can be refined by cleansing the face with a good facial soap and warm water. Rinse with warm water, follow with cold water and then rub ice over the face. This softens and refines the skin and will make the pores smaller. The constant use of powder and rouge will coarsen the skin unless it is carefully removed with cold cream and the ice treatment is used.

Stretching May Help You

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there anything you can recommend for a small person who in any way can get a little taller than she is?

DAILY READER.

Consult a physician before taking medicine of any kind. The only possible way for a small person to make herself taller is by using stretching exercises and by holding herself very straight. Even then the additional height will be hardly noticeable. Wearing the hair high on top of the head and wearing narrow, high-crowned hats will make a short person look taller and also long-waisted dresses made with long, slender lines.

Son Left Home

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Having seen that you give valuable advice to other readers I will ask you for some.

I have a son who is not quite twenty-one years old. He has left home against my wishes for more than three months. I have not heard anything from him, although he was not angry with any one at home. Now, I would like to know how I could locate him. Thanking you for your good advice, I am.

WORRIED MOTHER.

Write a letter to the superintendent of police, City Hall, and explain the details of the case briefly to him. Ask to make an appointment with the person in whose hands he places the case and then you can give full explanation. Perhaps your son has enlisted. So at the same time write to the adjutant general of the army, Washington, D. C., asking if there is listed on army records a boy of your son's name and description. Write to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., to get the same information from the navy. He will come back, "Mother." Don't worry. Write to me again.

WHY THIS YOUNG MOTHER KEEPS UP WITH THE TIMES

Even Though She Has All Her Own Work to Do and a Little Son to Mind—The Woman Five Doors Away Is Content to Stay in Her Own Little Rut

DOWN the street lives a married woman of twenty-seven, with a little boy of three. And five doors away from her lives another young married woman about the same age, with a youngster who is also three. A little girl this time. Neither of these mothers keep a maid; they do all their own work with the exception of the washing. I draw this parallel in circumstances first because it throws into relief the utter "differentness" of these women's lives.

The first young woman mentioned is as much interested in what is going on in the world as if she were a man out among men or a woman who had the advantage of going to club meetings and various other places of enlightenment. Of course, this little mother has not that advantage. She belongs to one club, but that is all the time she can afford.

The second mother might as well be living in the back hills of Kentucky for all she knows of affairs. She had the same educational advantages as our other friend had, but has somehow slipped into a state of knowing nothing more than whether she will have ham and eggs or bacon and eggs for breakfast; whether she will or will not wash Martha's corduroy coat this morning or tomorrow morning.

NOW these things are important, and the extremists who imagine they can ever lure women entirely away from them are sadly mistaken. But why in this age when the world is ateem with things to know must a woman allow herself to become a piece of wood mentally? While there are books and magazines and newspapers to read there never can be any necessity for it.

The first woman to whom I referred tells me she would no more go to bed without reading the newspaper all the way through than she would put her little son to bed without washing his face and hands. In fact, she connects reading newspapers and magazines with the welfare of that small young person.

"I BELIEVE" she told me once, "it is positively necessary for me to keep up with what is going on all around me if I am to be a real comrade as well as a mother to my boy. He'll be learning things in school that his poor little mother won't know anything about if I'm not careful. It's the same way with his father. Here he goes down to an office and associates day after day with business girls who are very well informed. Do you think I could expect him to have a great deal of respect for my mind if I didn't know a thing or two myself? No, indeed; taking time each day to read and keep up with my one club are as important to me as any part of housekeeping and lots more important than some of it."

In the meantime the little woman five doors away is content to go along her narrow little way. Foolish little woman—picking out the path that leads to old age first. For a woman, mind you, cannot be younger than her spirit.

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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RUTH hesitated. Who could be coming here at this time of night? And then she realized that she thought it strange only because she happened to be alone. If Scott had been there, it would not have occurred to her that the happening was at all out of the ordinary.

Then she went out into the tiny hall, snapped on the electric light and opened the door. Nick Carson stood on the threshold.

A sudden feeling of not knowing how to cope with the situation swept over her, but she forced herself to be unnaturally gay, hoping that he would not notice. He brought a breath of fresh air from the cold out of doors with him, and a moment ago she had been lonely and had wondered what to do with the evening.

If, away in the back of her heart there was the knowledge that she was not doing right, she stifled it by remembering that she must be modern. If in her heart of hearts and her own discrimination between right and wrong she did not want to entertain Nick Carson here tonight alone, she forced herself to think otherwise by recalling that it was Scott who had begun this kind of thing.

And certainly there was nothing wrong with Nick Carson. He was the ideal friend. No girl could fail to be glad and proud to be seen with him, and he did not bother her to death with silly personal compliments.

She led the way into the living room and he followed her. She wished that it were a more fitting place to receive friends. It suffered by comparison with Polly's, and it was hopelessly bourgeois. All this was quite unworthy of Ruth, but she was struggling hard to be some one outside of herself, and the simple real things of life did not mean much to this other Ruth.

Then suddenly she remembered that she had told Scott she couldn't go to the theatre because she had made an engagement for the evening. Suppose Scott were to think that she had deliberately made an engagement with Nick Carson. She couldn't let him think that. But then, of course, how would he know if she didn't tell him? He was off somewhere having a good time himself.

Nick had seated himself in the one big comfortable chair the room afforded, and Ruth had curled herself into a corner of the davenport. He watched the light from an orange silk shade glint through her hair for a few minutes, conscious that her thoughts were far away, then he said lazily:

"You're not listening to a word I'm saying."

She came back to him then, and smiled a little.

"Shall I tell you what you were thinking?"

"You can't."

"Oh, yes I can. You were wishing I'd go."

Ruth flushed deeply. "Oh, but I wasn't. You're wrong this time."

"What were you thinking then?"

"I was wishing we could go somewhere." The thought had suddenly occurred to Ruth. It would solve all the difficulties and still save her pride.

"All right, where shall we go?"

Suddenly the bell rang again, and Ruth's startled face showed her true feeling. Who could that be? Could it be her mother, and if it were, what could be said to excuse the situation? Mrs. Rowland would never understand.

"Are you expecting any one?" Nick's question was casual. He saw that Ruth was terrified, but decided that there was nothing he could do to help her out.

"No, I don't know who could be coming here," she returned. And then knowing that there was but the one thing to do unless she meant to admit to him that she would not for the world have had any one find them here alone together, she went to the door.

Isabel and Bill Carter stood outside.

"Well," said Isabel lightly. "How are you? We've been to dinner in this neighborhood and thought we'd run in on you."

"Scott in?" asked Bill.

Ruth shook her head.

"Oh, are you all alone?" asked Isabel, following Ruth into the living room. Then she stopped and stared. "Well, Nick Carson, upon my word. What on earth are you doing here? Bill, look who's having a tete-a-tete with Ruth, and I never knew they were more than speaking acquaintances."

Isabel was rattling on gayly, but Ruth could see that Bill was surprised.

There was something in Isabel's attitude, too, that somehow made Ruth uncomfortable. It was as though Isabel admitted her to her own understanding of things, recognized in her something of the same quality that she herself possessed and marveled at it even while she knew it was true. Ruth didn't want to be classed with Isabel. Quite suddenly she wished she had never met Nick Carson. She wanted all the dear safe things that she had known and believed in with Scott. Somehow she felt that it wasn't going to be much fun playing this other game, only that she would have to go on with it now that she had come so far.

(In the next chapter an astounding revelation develops out of what has gone before.)

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