AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bellairs' ward, Eve Rochester, has obtained a position through Julian Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick owns and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there.

"I LOVE YOU!"

THROUGHOUT the evening Dick Calardin had no opportunity afforded to speak to Mary Drew.

Every time he tried to engineer a meeting something came between. The large form of Carrington Bellairs, for instance—planted by Mary's side at the piano, and turning over the pages of her music like a faithful satellite.

MAY CHRISTIE

Or Eve Rochester, very sweet and pretty, insisting on instructing him in the very latest dance.

Or, again, Eve would introduce him to some girl or other—friend of her own from Winston Towers. He couldn't be uncivil. * * *

But as the hours went by and Mary seemed the more remote, hedged in behind the form of Carrington Bellairs, or talking to some other person between the intervals of music, Dick's heart sank. She was showing him—deliberately—that she didn't care for him.

Bellairs' whole attitude, too, was so possessive. To reach that stage Miss Drew must assuredly have encouraged the man.

Mary, meantime, had made up her mind that Dick no longer wished to speak to her. Eve Rochester seemed to fill his whole horizon. That young woman buzzed about him constantly, like some pretty, pink-winged butterfly.

"He likes her—he must like her—or he'd hate the way she sticks to him," Mary told herself. Her reflections ran along the same channels of reasoning as did Dick's own—resulting, too, in the same acute misery.

Twice today she had found him revealing an attitude of intense interest in Eve. That old song in the library—their intimate little tea this afternoon at the Barley Mow—yes, he was attracted to Eve without a doubt.

Oh, if this long-drawn evening would only come to a finish!

Peace—and silence—how she longed for them!

She'd resign her job tomorrow and get away from memories. Memories were painful poignant things. This house—this countryside—was full of them. How happy and light-hearted all the dancers looked. Those pretty carefree girls—the visitors from Winston Towers—they didn't know what real life meant.

Tomorrow lonely, unfortunate Mary Drew would have to face the world again, without money, lover or position. Life was very difficult.

At half-past ten the dancers trooped into the dining-room for ices. Mary saw Dick disappear in the wake of the alluring Eve. * * *

Now was her chance to slip away for a moment's respite. At one side of the library was a tiny conservatory, and through it she could pass down a corridor and thence escape. * * *

She got up hurriedly and crossed the floor. No one was in sight. * * *

It was quiet and dark in the conservatory—damp with the scent of dewy flowers.

Mary paused for a moment to inhale their fragrance.

Oh, the rest and peace of this retreat.

Dick hadn't made the slightest effort to come near her all this evening, so she told herself. Oh, he'd been cruel—utterly cruel—he had never truly cared for her.

She leaned her throbbing head against a tall fronded plant. The scent of lilies filled the air. They made her think of marriages or funerals.

She would never marry now. Of course not. She would never trust another man again.

They were all the same, these here today and gone tomorrow creatures. Julian Vandaveer was only rivaled by the faithless Dick. Men pleased themselves—pursued each new fancy till it palled.

Great tears welled up in Mary's pretty eyes. Her head sank lower on the fronded plant. Life could be very hard when one was young, emotional and inexperienced.

"Mary! Oh, Mary! I've been longing for this moment!" Dick's tall figure stood beside her and Dick's arms clasped her in a tight embrace. "Mary, dearest, say it isn't true. I love you, Mary, O," and Dick's warm young lips were pressed against her tear-stained face.

Monday—"I Haven't Changed"

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

There Is No Jinx

Have you seen the headlines, "Mrs. —— Injured; Blames Hope Jewel"?

Mrs. —— is famous in serial pages and Sunday supplements for her checkered career which she blames on the baleful influence of a jinx jewel.

Of obscure origin, it was by her own enterprise that she elevated herself so that it was possible for her to become a peerless leader in the creme de la creme of British society, and, better still, the idolized wife of a real man. Nobody attributed this to luck or any kind of unearthly omnipotence. Back home they just called her a "smart girl."

Among the millions of dollars' worth of jewels that her devoted husband showered upon her was the Hope diamond, notorious for the number of people who had owned it who had got themselves into trouble.

Then along came a handsome and ingratiating young ne'er-do-well; and forgetting duty to the good man who loved her, forgetting even her sense of self-preservation, she ran away to Japan with him and ruined her life. And they said the Hope diamond did it!

The best proof that no such things as luck or jinxes can take our lives out of our own two hands is the fact that you never hear happy or successful people talk about such influences; it is only those who have made a mess of things and want an alibi who claim superstitious and hidden domination.

I once heard a wise mother say to her little girl, "Before us always are two roads—the right and the wrong. God has given us the power to choose which we shall take; the rest is up to us."

Needless to say, that girl has taken the right road always. No woman with a consciousness of the supreme power in her own hands ever takes any other. She knows that without her consent no tide of circumstance can carry her off her course, no rocks of temptation wreck her ship, that she is the pilot, the master of her destiny. And she keeps her hands firmly on the wheel.

No, it is only those upon whom the nefarious propaganda of the failure about luck, hoodoos and jinxes has taken hold, who pull in their oars and drop their sails, who sit back and just float—anywhere. To float is to head downstream. And then they blame it on a jinx!

There is only one influence above us. And that is the Almighty beneficence that has endowed us with the power to shape our own lives and work out our own destinies—the wise and benign Providence to which we may turn always for guidance and aid in our perplexities and which never fails to light the road for the sincere and resolute traveler who has momentarily lost the way.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Names of Step-Parents

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please inform me what name is used by step-children in speaking to their new parents? Assuming that the use of "father" or "mother" is not desired, is the word "uncle" or "aunt" used to any extent?

F. B. S.

This is entirely a matter of choice. The names "uncle" and "aunt" with the first name of the person addressed, are very often used, and sometimes when the new parent is younger than the mother or father, and the children are grown up, the first name alone is used. If the children are very young the name "father" or "mother" is generally used.

Seven Whole Questions

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would appreciate it very much if you would answer my questions as soon as possible.

Through an accident last week my eyelashes were nearly all burnt off. Do you think that if I use the so-called eyelash growers that they will hurt my eyes? If so, will you please tell me Something that will be good to use?

What is good to use on a sunburned neck and face?

Are those water-wave combs any good and do they produce a pleasing result?

What kind of pumps are now in vogue?

What is Cynthia's address?

What should a girl five feet six inches weigh?

Is a home dressmaking course by mail good to learn from?

Will you please describe a pretty simple dress of dark blue Canton crepe?

FLORENCE

It is too bad about your eyelashes. They will grow very quickly, though, and if you apply vaseline every night this will make the growth more rapid. The eyelash-growers will certainly not hurt your eyes if you want to use it.

A cold cream or face lotion, which can be longer at any drug store, is best for a sunburned face and neck. Something cool and refreshing.

The water wave combs are fine for any one whose hair has a slight tendency to curl. Of course, if a person's hair is perfectly straight, they would not be of very much use, although they do give a wave that lasts for a short time.

All kinds of pumps are worn now, but perhaps the strap slippers with baby French heels are more in vogue than any other kind of low shoe.

Address Cynthia in care of the Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.

A girl of five feet six should weigh about 128 pounds.

You can get some very good ideas and suggestions from a home dressmaking course by mail. Consult the various schools for their terms.

The prettiest way to make a dark blue Canton crepe dress is to have the skirt straight and gathered, not very full, and the waist cut kimono with short close sleeves and a round neck, finished with a cord of the material and worn with a fine collar and white cuffs. Then have a long waist and a soft sash of the material. No trimming is necessary, but a bit of embroidery or some beading on the front of the waist and the sides of the skirt would be right if you want it.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What handy and unusual feature does a charming new white wicker tea wagon have?
2. Describe an attractive bag which is of a substantial material and is still dainty enough to carry with sheer summer dresses.
3. If a fern is being destroyed by insects, what simple method will remove these?
4. What do the French mean by "carte blanche"?
5. Describe a voile dress in which the color combination is extremely effective.
6. How is a strikingly novel bathing cap fashioned?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Miss Emma and Miss Margaret Peterson, of Alaska, have chosen as their life work the running of a gold mine in which they do all the work, even to the shoeing of the mules.
2. A heavy silk gauntlet glove is decorated with a pearl buckle on the back of the strap which fastens it at the wrist.
3. A quaint curtain for a summer room is made of heavy filet net, embroidered in woolen flowers.
4. "En passant" means literally "in passing" and has come to mean "by the way."
5. A new white pump which is striking when worn with black stockings has a Colonial tongue, which is striped with black.
6. A pretty summer frock has a piquant simulation of pockets made by three little down-turned ruffles.

Things You'll Love to Make

Pointed Ruffle Beach Cap

This POINTED RUFFLE BEACH CAP is very good looking and becoming. Make an ordinary cap-shaped crown of surf satin. Run an elastic through a casing around the bottom. Cut the pointed ruffle as shown. Trim it with ribbon of a color to contrast with that of the cap. Stitch a band of ribbon loosely around the crown. Finish at each side with a covered button. This POINTED RUFFLE BEACH CAP falls grace ully over the neck at the back, it helps, too, to keep the neck from getting sunburned. FLORA.

SHORT SLEEVES ALL DAY LONG

Photos by Central News

In the morning we wear short sleeves for tennis, golf, housework or the office; on the street we wear short sleeves, slightly longer than the morning ones, with an unusual cuff, edged with little balls; in the afternoon we wear short sleeves on a silk frock which carries out the white line of its design in the facing of the interesting sleeve end; in the evening, at the informal summer dance, at dinner, at the theatre, at home, we wear short sleeves of indestructible voile over lace just like the simple but correct frock

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Hot Hottentots

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

Saved by Sneezes

PEGGY had given the African village an exciting upsetting with her sack of red pepper. Chief Mighty Spear and his warriors and the women and children, who had eaten the peppered stew, thought they were burning inside. They danced as though they were being stung by a swarm of bees. And while they danced they sneezed for the fumes of the red pepper which had fallen into the fire tickled their noses.

Billy, Peggy and Folly Wisher, the goblin, covered their mouths and noses with handkerchiefs so the red pepper would not make them sneeze. Then they swiftly climbed down from their hiding places in the tree and dropped among the dancing savages.

They were not afraid of the savages now, for the black men and women were too busy dancing and sneezing to pay any attention to these strangers. The three ran to the Youth of the Lion Heart and quickly unbound him. Then taking him and the captive girl, Flower of the Forest, by the hands, they drew them toward the gate in the village wall.

The Youth of the Lion Heart and the Flower of the Forest had not tasted the stew, so they were not burning like the others, but the red pepper fumes were tickling their noses. They sneezed so hard they could scarcely walk. Billy, Peggy and Folly Wisher fairly had to drag them along.

The dogs of the village came bounding toward them, snapping and barking. They were in danger of being bitten and torn. But Peggy reached into her sack of red pepper and threw a handful of the pepper into the faces of the dogs. That finished the dogs in a jiffy. They stopped short and howled and tried to dig the smarting pepper out of their mouths and eyes. And while they were doing this the children and the goblin unlocked the gates, drew the chocolate youth and girl through, and fled into the forest.

Peggy, looking back at the dancing, gasping, sneezing savages, was sorry for them. "I wish they had sense enough to cool their insides by drinking water," she said.

She had no sooner spoken the wish than the entire villageful of savages rushed toward the river. There they tried to wash away the burning red pepper and get rid of the sneezing fumes. Peggy was glad then for having made that wish, but she was sorry a little later.

She was sorry because, as they fled far away through the wilderness, trying to find a place where the captive girl and her brave sweetheart would be safe from Chief Mighty Spear's warriors, they happened to look back. In the distance they could see hurrying forms—forms that stopped every few moments to throw back their heads and sneeze. They were Chief Mighty Spear and his savages, already on the trail.

"Oh, we shall be caught again," sobbed Flower of the Forest, clinging to Youth of the Lion Heart.

"Not while the red pepper holds out," cried Billy. He picked up wood and built a fire. As soon as it was blazing he and Peggy threw handfuls of red pepper into it. The pepper fumes floated back through the forest to meet the chasing savages.

Peggy, Billy and the others fled onward, but soon there came to their ears a chorus of explosions. "A-chew! A-chew! A-chew!" It was Mighty Spear and his warriors, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing so hard they couldn't run.

The children laughed, but their laugh soon stopped short. They had come out on the banks of a broad river. They couldn't cross it. They were sure to be caught by the savages as soon as the savages got through sneezing.

"Oh, I wish we had a boat," cried Peggy.

Instantly a pretty sailboat came gliding around a bend of the river. It drifted gently to the shore beside them, and they quickly stepped aboard. The sailboat turned to the wind and sped swiftly out into the river.

As it did so, its passengers heard a strange farewell chorus. "A-chew! A-chew! A-chew!" Mighty Spear and his warriors were on the bank waving their fists, and between waves they sneezed. But Peggy, Billy, Folly Wisher, the chocolate youth and the captive maid only laughed.

What happened on their voyage in the pretty sailboat will be told this coming week.

At Your Wedding

If a bride tears her bridal dress it is a sign of much trouble.

For the groom to step on the bride's dress is an omen of ill to her from his hand.

If the bride's dress on her way to the altar catches on anything so as to detain her, it is a bad omen.

If you marry in fawn color you will cross the ocean once.

Bad luck to cut up your wedding dress. Keep it for luck.

To be married in a dress that has been born or has a hole in it is disastrous.

If the bride wears some article at the altar worn by her own mother at the altar, she will insure a long married life to herself.

If you hold a wedding dress on your lap for five minutes you will be a bride in a year, and if you make a wish it will come true.

HISTORY OF FOODS HELPS VARY MENU, SAYS MRS. WILSON

An Edible Seaweed Has High Nutritive Value—Lobster Is Daintiest Seafood and Litchi a Nut Which Flavors Chinese Dishes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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CLASSIFICATION of foods brings variety to the menu; their history often has a bearing on the methods of cooking and serving.

Lamb's lettuce—Is a name given to a species of corn salad plant, sometimes called lamb's quarter.

Lamprey—A species of the eel family with some of the fish family characteristics.

Lard—Fat from the hog. Leaf lard is from the fat near the kidneys. Compounds are mixture of other fats with the lard, usually cottonseed oil and stearin, which is obtained from beef fat.

Lasagne—An Italian pasta of the macaroni family, cut in broad ribbons like noodles.

Lavender — An aromatic perennial plant; flowers are dried and used in the linen closet to keep away moths and insects; used for flavoring by the old-time housewives—also used for pickling and preserving and in jellies.

Laver—Called sloak or slook in Scotland and Ireland—an edible seaweed which is first boiled and then fried in bacon drippings and seasoned with salt, pepper and vinegar. Do not cook in metal pans; this seaweed has a high nutritive value.

Leaven—A term used to explain a process of breadmaking. This method is used in making rye and pumpernickle breads. A portion of the dough is kept from day to day and this is used for the process of fermentation.

Leavened bread—Bread raised or fermented with yeast.

Lieben—Milk scalded and fermented.

Liebkuchen — Cakes made usually like oblong crackers—made as Christmas time of honey, nuts, spices, flour, etc. The recipe is over 600 years old.

Leek—A member of the onion family cultivated in the kitchen garden. Used for flavoring soups, stews, goulashes, in potherbs and cooked in a manner similar to fried onions.

Legumes—Are the dried pea, beans and lentil; they contain a vegetable protein content that replaces meat in the menu.

Lemon—A member of the citrus family; was a native of India; its appearance is well known and its tart, acid flavoring needs no description. This juice is anti-scorbutic and has an important place in the diet.

Lemon balm—An aromatic garden herb used for flavoring soup, stews, in pickling and salads.

Lemon extract—The essential oil of the lemon distilled in alcohol.

Lemon peel—This product is sold as plain dried peel and also in the candied form; it is used for cooking and confectionery.

Lemon sirup—Made from pure cane sugar and lemon juice, filtered and sterilized.

Lemonade — Water flavored with lemon juice and sweetened to taste.

Lentils—A member of the legume family, containing rich amounts of vegetable protein; soaked overnight and used in stews and also in the lentil loaf or pudding.

Lettuce—A popular salad plant that needs little or no description. There are many varieties found in the markets; the Boston head and California lettuce, which have some of the characteristics of the cabbage family, are two well-known varieties.

Lima beans—An American product—the dried bean is included in the legume family; this is also known in the South and West as the butter bean owing to the fact that it requires quite a bit of butter to season them.

Limburger cheese—A style of cheese of creamy texture which comes wrapped in tinfoil.

Lime—Grown abundantly in the West Indies, India and many parts of Europe. The lime belongs to the lemon family and is tart and of acid flavor, combined with an agreeable flavor all its own; is perhaps better known in the bottled form of lime juice.

Liptin cheese—Is made by special process from goat's milk.

Litchi—A nut which is a native of China and is a popular product used in Chinese cooking. Sometimes spelled tichi. It can be purchased at the Chinese groceries.

Liver—Of steer, calves, sheep and hog, is used as an article of diet; in appearance it must be firm and of a clear, bright color with a pleasant odor.

Lobster—Shellfish belonging to the crab family. The daintiest delicacy of the species of seafood. It is sold fresh and canned. Purchase lobster alive; to boil, drop in a large pot containing plenty of boiling water and cook for eighteen minutes to the pound; to broil, split alive with a large knife and broil for same length of time. Serve broiled lobster with melted butter and boiled lobster, chilled with mayonnaise dressing.

Lobster butter or paste is made by pounding the lobster roe or coral to a fine paste with butter and then rubbing through a sieve to make smooth.

Locksoy—a preparation prepared by Chinese from rice; used in Oriental cookery for thickening soups, stews, etc. Sold in Chinese grocery shops.

Loganberry—a Western product—a cross between the red raspberry and blackberry; has a peculiar and pleasantly tart flavor.

Longan—a nut that resembles the lichi—used for the same purposes and is also used for making sweetmeats and preserves.

Lovage—a volatile aromatic plant used as a salad plant and also for confectionery and flavoring sirups.

Luncheon tongue—a preserved meat, either chopped and formed into a roll or canned in tin or glass.

Macaroni—a paste made of seminole flours, well and popularly known.

COOL CREPE DE CHINE FOR STREET OR TRAVEL

By CORINNE LOWE

For the trip into town from sea or country many women are selecting frock or tailored suit of one of the crepe family—crepe de chine, Canton crepe, crepe Marocain, et cetera. And certainly nothing could be cooler, smarter, or more serviceable.

This model shows jade green crepe de chine, banded about the whimsical scallops of coat, skirt and sleeves. A waistcoat blouse of white organdie shows here and there, and the last touch of smartness is achieved by a huge bow of black satin tied about the high collar. A gray crepe de chine hat bound and trimmed with jade green in the same material completes this suit.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

The Park Ave. News

Weather Better. (It couldent be worse).

Sports—Some yello cat ran up a tree last Wensday and Sid Hunt tried to teetch his fox terrier Teddy to be a pointer dog by standing underneeth and pointing at it with his nose and one foot, but Teddy was too bizzy trying to climb up the tree to pay eny attention. Sid Hunt saying he was too ambitious to be a good pointer dog.

Business and Financial—The wacky pardnership between Sid Hunt and Sam Cross to divide up half of everything they each got to eat has bin disbanded on account of Sid having found Sam with the core of a apple, proving he had ate both halfs.

Pome by Skinny Martin

Home Sweet Home

This is the ony life for me,
Cried the fish as it leeped through the foam.
It may be wet to other fokes
But to me its Home Sweet Home.

Sissiety—Miss Loretter Mincer is taking singing lessins and she sang a song at Mr. Leroy Shoosters party last Thersday taking about twice as long as ordinerry songs, and everybody clapped but it made her sing another one so nobody clapped eny more.

Facks You Awt to Know—Bees wont sting unless they are annoyed but its best not to tempt them because it takes a expert to tell jest wat ixact second they are going to feel annoyed.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Apprehends Operation

Dear Cynthia—I just have to write again. I have enjoyed reading your column very much. So "Johnnie Blue Eyes" thinks the girls are blind, does he? Well, perhaps they are, but not always so blind as you think they are. I enjoyed "Nom de Plume's" letter, and am going to do as he said—wait awhile.

Some one said to meet the good fellows at church. That is all very well but they are not all good that go to church, and besides my work keeps me away. I work every Sunday and have Monday off, and I also work every night until 10 o'clock. Sometimes I have Wednesday nights off. I think in my first letter I said I had had two very serious operations. Well, the doctor wants me to have another one during my vacation next month, but I have not thought much about it, as it will not be a very pleasant vacation. Now, what would some of you readers do, as it will not get any better, only worse?

Thank you, Cynthia, and tell me what you would do. BLUE EYES.

Consult another physician, and if he too, advises an operation better have it.

"O. Henry, Jr.'s" Idea of a Sport

Dear Cynthia — No, McWizzburgh, I fear you are wrong as regards "your sport." By this time I hope you have seen the folly of your statements and sought to correct them. Eventually your friend's sin will find him out. And I ask you, Why connect the word "sport" with riotous living at all? The latter has no place in any line of endeavor. You say "without vice there can be no literature." Well, you are wrong again. Anything having the semblance of good, with lasting qualities, can get along perfectly well without the aid of evil. Evil is bound to fall. Even now it is fast losing its hold upon humanity and disappearing into its native nothingness. Riotous living (one of the most significant forms of evil) is merely an indication of mental depravity. The fine type of mind will not resort to sensual diversion. This great truth is becoming more and more apparent. And why? Because mind rises far above matter and seeks only those pleasures which are beyond human cognizance. This may seem a trifle deep, but nevertheless it is the absolute truth. Your friend emerges from his dissipations no wiser or better; if anything his faculties are confused and scattered. Also, he has broken the laws of God, and incurs the censure placed upon sinners. You mentioned his being sent to the hospital, where he suffered severely. Without wishing to offend, I might say, "Sin punishes itself."

And so, McWizzburgh, I think your theories are smashed to jelly. The world has no need for your type of sport. He is a menace to society and a hindrance to spiritual growth. Perhaps his suffering has made him a better man; you know it usually does, though sometimes in such a small degree that it is not always apparent.

And, lastly, I will tell you about "my sport." I haven't met him (or her) yet, but I hope to some day. "My sport" is the one who can, after undergoing all phases of human hardship, suffering and discouragement, look the whole world in the face—and smile.

O. HENRY, JR.

You are quite right, O. Henry, Jr. Your idea of a sport is the true one.

What of Mixed Marriages?

Dear Cynthia—As you have helped so many people through your column I am writing to you for advice. Please do not publish my letter, but just the answer in your evening paper.

For the last two years I have been going with a man whom I knew when we were school children, but who is of a different religion than myself. He has asked me to marry him and I have accepted him, as I love him very dearly and we both get along beautifully together. But for the last six months I have been worried by what people have told my mother and who then tells me of the trouble and terrible times that other couples have had who married under the same circumstances. They never think of telling about the happy cases. His people treat me lovely and my people think he is a perfect gentleman. It is only when other people talk to my mother and feel so sorry for her that I begin to wonder if religion does in the end make such an awful big difference as to wreck the lives of those who really love each other for themselves alone.

He is twenty-eight and I am twenty-five, so you see we are not looking at things as children do. I never say anything to him about it, as I think it is silly myself.

What would you advise me to do?

WORRIED.

It depends very much on what religion each professes. If the marriage is between Protestants of different denominations, it is not likely that there will be unhappiness, but if one is a Catholic and the other a Protestant, or one a Jew and the other a Christian, Cynthia would advise against a mixed marriage.

If a Protestant marries a Catholic he must be married by a priest, must promise never to interfere with the practice of the Catholic's religion and must be willing, if there are children, to have them instructed and brought up as Catholics. If a Jew marries a Christian he is rejected by his own people and there is a constant source of unhappiness.

There is nothing closer to a person than his or her religious belief, and even if both promise never to interfere, the fact remains that one of the things which is closest to you and means most in your life—that is, your faith in God and your belief in His teachings—must ever remain a closed subject or be a source of endless, stubborn discussion.

The reason, dear, that you hear of few marriages that have been happy under these circumstances is that there are very few. Even where there is no interference the one is always wishing and hoping that the other will change and invariably tries to bring about that change. Of course, there have been some that have been happy, but the majority are not. Think it over well, and if neither of you feel strongly on the subject you are of age and should decide yourselves, but Cynthia would never advise a mixed marriage. She knows of too much unhappiness as a result of such unions.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

What was said in a former article about the greater social independence of business women extends to their week-day evenings as well as to their Sunday afternoons at home. If a girl, busy all day, has her parents home for the entertainment of her friends everything is easy for her. The girl who lives in a boarding house or who shares an apartment with one or more of her business associates has to do some planning in order to give a homey effect to her hospitality.

When two business girls share one room which they wish to use occasionally for a reception room they have draped couches instead of beds, and a screen to conceal the dressing-table. Their writing-table, covered with a linen cloth, holds the refreshments, which are served in buffet fashion. It is only in institutional homes that 10 o'clock retiring rules are observed; elsewhere the business woman, like the business man, is sole arbiter of her own leisure hours.

THE NATURAL-BORN COOK "JUST SORT OF KNOWS HOW"

Other Women Fuss and Study and Measure, but Anna Serenely Judges the Amount She Needs and Always Has Success

"I DON'T see how you make such wonderful fudge," said Millicent, gloating over a delicious piece of it. "What do you do, put cream in it?"

"No," replied Anna easily, "I make it just the way you do, milk and sugar and chocolate and a little butter."

"Well, I never get anything quite like this—how do you do it? Will you give me your recipe some time? I know you must put more of something in than I do, and I'd like to find out what it is."

"I really can't give you a regular recipe," said Anna, after a moment's thought. "Because I don't know how much I put in—I just sort of know when to stop—but you can watch me some time if you want to."

She is one of those wonderful cooks who "just sort of know" what to put in, when to do it and how much to use.

Other people worry and fret about level measurements, swiped off with a knife, sifted and weighed—and get questionable results.

But these natural-born cooks say to themselves: "Well, that's about a cupful, I guess. I think I'll try putting the eggs in last."

They put the eggs in last and get away with it every time!

THERE are some home dressmakers who do this same thing.

They see a dress they like and go straight home to make one like it.

No pattern, no direction, "no nothin'"—they just cut.

With quick, confident snips of their scissors and fearless shapings and pinnings, they cut.

The result always fits well, is always just what they expected it to be and invariably has that look which is the envy of every other woman—that well-cut, stylish, distinctive air which suggests Paris, fashion books, exclusive shop windows.

WHY is it?

You cannot follow their example.

Any cooking expert would throw up her hands in horror at the thought of "just judging" the proper amount of this and that to put in.

She would predict all kinds of failures for Anna if she could see her break recklessly into an egg, mix it haphazardly up with some milk and sugar and add it to the rest of the ingredients.

But Anna slaps it into the oven, goes on serenely about her business—and her cake is a wonderful success.

Millicent couldn't do it that way in a hundred years; if she took any chances she would get too little sugar, too much milk, and somehow or other the egg would refuse to mix with the other things—and the cake would be a total loss.

She couldn't sew that way, either.

She would have to have a pattern securely pinned on her material, measured a dozen times, to be sure she could get the sleeves out and have enough left for a girdle—and then probably have to piece something to make it all come out right.

You can call Anna skillful if you like; but it isn't skill, it's luck. Other cooks, who have gained their knowledge by hard study and work can be called skillful, but Anna was born that way.

COOKS, like artists, singers, musicians are born to it and the woman who hasn't the natural knack of putting ingredients together properly has a difficult task to learn the art.

Dressmakers have natural instinct which enables them to see why this seam should be further forward and those gathers should be spread out more—and the woman who has acquired the ability to make her own clothes has done some deep thinking before she has mastered it.

They are women to be greatly admired.

But the women to be envied are the ones who "just sort of know" how to cook and sew.

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Her husband in prison for a theft that he did not commit, Harriet Neil conceives the daring idea of getting a job with Barry's concern, and finding the guilty person for herself. Her position is dangerous, for the police connect her disappearance with the theft, and the situation is further complicated by the fact that her employer's son, Charley Harmon, falls in love with her and Harriet thus incurs the enmity of Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer. But she does not give up even in the face of possible discovery, for a jealous girl, Sadie Howard, recognizes her and makes trouble. Just when things look darkest Harriet stumbles on the truth, for Lucy Pratt overhears an impassioned plea of Charley's after office hours one day, and, bursting into the room, denounces him as the real thief. Charley is banished to a ranch out West, but he first confesses to his mother what his love for Harriet has meant to him.

The Pledge of Faith

OF COURSE, Mr. Harmon wanted to reinstate Barry. He came himself to Mrs. Baxter's boarding house, where that estimable woman, all smiles now and highly flattered by the amount of publicity given to her house through Harriet's presence there, had installed Barry and his wife in a large, fairly comfortable room in the front.

"I don't know that I can ever make things up to you," he said when Barry met him in the ugly front parlor. "But your job's there, the one we talked about before this thing happened. I'd like to think that you'd take hold of it and make yourself of real value to the firm."

But Barry shook his head. In his heart of hearts he knew that his presence in the office would be a reminder to Mr. Harmon of what had happened, and the connection would not be a successful one. He had talked it all over with Harriet and she had advised him not to go back, and Barry would have taken a job as lion tamer these days if Harriet had suggested it.

And so the two men parted, Mr. Harmon thankful that Barry had turned the job down, and Barry accepted an offer from one of the largest banking houses in the city at a salary three times what he had received in the capacity of underclerk at Harmon & Graves.

The new apartment was the joy of Harriet's heart, for she had discovered herself three old-fashioned, high-ceilinged rooms, on one of the side streets off lower Fifth avenue. They furnished it piece-meal, haunting auction rooms together and laughing like two children over bargains in mahogany.

How they cherished their happiness, for even now Harriet would wake in the night with a start of terror, and sit bolt upright in the darkness trying to convince herself that the days of agony were over, that Barry was safe, and they were together again. Once she had cried for a long time there in the darkness at the blessed relief of waking up from a terrible dream to find Barry there beside her, and afterward she had curled up like a kitten, one of his hands held tight in both of hers, and her eyelashes lying long and wet on her warm, flushed cheeks.

Late in the afternoon on the day before Christmas, Harriet was alone in the living room of the apartment. She was kneeling on the hearth coaxing a fire to burn in the old-fashioned fireplace, when the bell rang and she went smilingly to the door.

A woman stood outside, a strange woman, richly dressed, with a calm, proud face, and beautiful sad eyes. She smiled at the radiant girl before her, and said softly:

"May I come in a moment? I am Mrs. Harmon."

Harriet led the way into the living-room, wonderingly, and the two women sat facing each other on each side of the fireplace. The fire which had decided to burn was leaping up merrily and it was very attractive in the large old studio room. Harriet herself was like a rare old painting in her straight red dress, and the eyes of the older woman took in every detail of her charm. Then she spoke.

"I suppose you are wondering why I came, but for a very long time I've been wanting to see you, and now I have a message to you from my son."

Harriet stiffened a little and Mrs. Harmon leaned forward impulsively and took her hand.

"My dear, he loved you very much and in a very big way. Perhaps you find that hard to believe, but I am his mother, and he told me so. He's making good out there, and I want you to know that, in my belief, your influence on him is largely responsible. He wanted me to give you this little gift, and he felt that if I brought it to you myself you might be persuaded to keep it."

Mrs. Harmon drew a small box from her hand bag and put it into Harriet's hands. Then she rose to her feet, drawing Harriet with her, kissed the girl on the forehead, and in a moment was gone.

In the stillness of the big room Harriet opened the box, and there, softly embedded in pink cotton wool, was the topaz bracelet that Charley had bought for her long ago. She sat there for a long time looking at it, but somehow the gift no longer offended her. It seemed to her now like a pledge of good faith, and her eyes were wet as she put it back into the box. Poor Charley, he had so little, and she had Barry! Which to a one-man woman was like possessing all the world.

The End

NANCY HATHAWAY and Bruce Henderson were

"THE LOVE COWARDS"

One had been disappointed in a man, the other had been deceived by a woman, and both were afraid to trust anybody. It was only Bruce's desire to hurt Nancy which brought them together and made them realize that love was not always false.

Hazel Deyo Batchelor

Has made the most of a tense, dramatic situation in this new serial, and action begins rapidly in the first chapter which appears

NEXT MONDAY

Adventures With a Purse

SINCE the days of early history silks have been the favorite fabric for dresses, and I suppose that it will remain so on through the years when you and I will be but a faint memory. Long ago silken dresses were regarded as one's best "bib and tucker" and worn only on very special occasions. But our modern woman of today is seen anywhere with a silk dress, and indeed she always looks her best, too. One of the stores is having a sale of foulard silks, thirty-six inches wide, priced at $1.95 a yard. There is a black with a white figure trailing a delicate pattern for the older woman and a brown with a white figure for the younger girl. The silk is of excellent quality and the store most reliable.

Helen has had her hair bobbed and religiously applies hair tonic that once again she may have a luxuriant growth of hair. I came upon her last night making a very wry face and mopping some hair tonic that was trickling down the back of her neck in an uneven course. "It does that all the time," she lamented. So I have solved her problem for her by means of a tonic comb. It has five teeth and a red rubber bulb attached to them. The teeth of the comb are hollow, which permits the sucking of the tonic into the bulb. When run through the hair the teeth start the blood circulating, keep the tonic from trickling from the scalp and keep the finger tips free of tonic. The comb sells for fifty cents.

For summer draperies, chair covers and porch pillows there can be had a very good quality cretonne for thirty-five cents a yard. It is reduced from seventy-five cents and $1 a yard. It is brightly colored and there is quite an array of distinctive and unusual designs.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or Phone Walnut or Main 3000.

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