

At Cupid's Call

By MAX CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with Dick Colman, Bellairs' secretary. Eve Rochester, Bellairs' stenographer, has obtained a position through Julian Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is sure to get a diamond ring for her and always carries Dick in his pocket with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying in Philadelphia, to do some work for him there, and offers Eve a large sum if she will become engaged to Dick. She succeeds in tricking him, but is afterwards discovered by Mary and Dick, who are in the arms of Julian, and Dick breaks the engagement. He persuades Mary to come in town to meet him, and in her absence they are engaged to be married. Bellairs is not warned of this.

MARRIED IN HASTE: MARY was completely taken by surprise. Her breath was taken away. Her heart beat fast. But she did not raise a single protest. She cared for Dick tremendously. What Dick did must be right.

"Mary, don't tell me that you've just accepted Dick's proposal," she whispered. "I just had to do that! I must have you."

Her little face was pale. But she managed to smile up at him.

"It's all right, Dick," said Mary very softly.

Dick squeezed her hand, and she added, "Only—only I must go back," she added. He gave the girl a reassuring smile.

The justice now motioned Dick and Mary to appear before the court for further conversation between the two of them. For apparently the justice was a busy man these days and wanted to hurry the ceremony through.

As in a dream, Miss Mary stood by Dick's side. She was marrying Dick. All her past troubles seemed to sweep away. The dingy office was all recolored. Mechanically she signed her name. Her hand did not tremble, and she wrote her name distinctly.

Then came congratulations. Mary and Dick were really wed. As in a dream, she seemed to hear Dick's voice. The two young naval officers were shaking her warmly by the hand. And Dick was clinging tightly to her arm.

"I'm sorry there isn't a proper wedding breakfast," Dick was saying, "but we'll give you two champagne and have tea with us."

The naval men refused. They guessed they would be "de trop."

Mary was glad that she and Dick were going to be alone. The dream-like feeling came over her. Her heart felt light. It seemed as though she were actually walking on air.

Within a few moments she found herself at Dick's side in a taxi. The vehicle darted through the busy streets.

"Mary, my dear, I'll do everything in the world to make you happy. I swear that I'll be good to you. Dick's young voice was full of genuine emotion. He could not yet believe that pretty Mary Drew was now his wife! The news was too good to be true. He was almost afraid that she would wake up suddenly and find it was a dream.

"Oh, Dick," said Mary faintly. "Don't have me both gone crazy? What—what have we done?"

"I know what I have done, sweetheart," answered Dick. "A letter that I've written before we were married. And—And, Mary, you never will regret it. That I promise you."

She smiled into his eyes. He caught her in his arms and kissed her fondly. "Oh, Mary, I'm so happy! I—I wish this taxi ride would never end! It's—It's so incredible. To think that I was—the dearest, sweetest, prettiest girl in the world, the most desirable and adorable—am actually my wife."

"Dick, you've taken my breath away. Why, Mary, from the first day that I saw you, you did that."

"You're sure, Dick, sure that you do care for me?"

"Sweetheart, I'm crazy over you, and I always shall be. Fifth avenue. The taxi turned into Fifth avenue.

"Where are we going?" Mary asked.

"I thought of having tea," Dick answered.

"I wish such a lovely afternoon now that—mightn't we take a longer taxi ride?" said Dick's young bride. "And how long later on?"

"Anything that you say, sweetheart, goes," Dick replied.

Dick popped his head out and gave instructions to the driver. The letter turned northeast and they rattled merrily along.

"Now you never looked so beautiful to me," said Mary simply.

"We're going to the park," her newly married husband pressed her hand in his. "Then, if you like, we can get out for a little walk."

"I'm so happy," Mary smiled into his eyes. "I don't get any more wrong—like Rochester—your engagement."

"Why, Mary dear, that engagement was just about as honorable as any supposed engagement with Carrington Bellairs."

"I never loved him," Mary said.

"Besides, it's quite evident that her affections are all centered round that fellow Vandaveer. Poor girl! She's got a bad bargain, that's all. I've got to tell you, Mary, I feel rather tolerant toward the fellow, for in a way, he made it possible for me to get you, coming down and making love to me."

Mary looked a little worried.

"Dick, I'm afraid there will be tremendous opposition when they hear that you and I are together. I—I'm frightened, Dick—"

"You silly little sweetheart!" He caught her in his arms once more and kissed her very fondly. "I don't care a fig for the opposition. Why, Mary, you've got me to back you up! What do the others matter?"

Tomorrow—Dick's Gift.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Swamp Pirates By DADDY

CHAPTER II Prisoners of the Pirates

"HO, MY ARMY! We must fight these imps," cried Billy to the monkeys as the blue-faced winged creatures swarmed toward the wigwam.

The monkeys grasped clubs and stones and jumped behind the fort of rocks they had built about the camp. They were eager for battle.

All around buzzed the evil-faced creatures. Peggy, Billy and the African girl and youth stared at them curiously, never in their lives anything like them before. The imps were as tiny as the fairies, but their wings were not so gauzy nor so pretty. Their faces were dark blue, and a peculiar light about them was that their noses were like swords, long and sharp as needles.

"They look like pirates!" whispered Peggy to Billy.

"Yes," agreed Billy. "They are swamp pirates. No wonder the tiny fairies were afraid of them."

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Folly Wisler. "Who is afraid of a swarm of gnats?"

At that moment a noisy tribe of the winged pirates—the imp who had first darted at Billy—gave an angry hum. He leaped through the air at Folly Wisler and, holding a sword up to the light in Folly Wisler's nose.

"Wow!" yelled Folly Wisler. "Help! Save me!" Folly Wisler tried to run, but the imps caught him one right and left until Billy caught him.

"Smash that pirate," cried Billy to Young of the Lion Heart. The African youth aimed a mighty sweat at the imp on Folly Wisler's nose. But the nimble imp drew out his sword and jumped aside just in time to escape the sweat.

The sweat hit Folly Wisler square on the nose and knocked him flat on his back.

"Oh, I am killed," cried Folly Wisler. "That pirate killed me on the spot."

Folly Wisler looked so funny Billy and Peggy couldn't help laughing at him. But they quit laughing in a hurry when the imps came bounding toward the pirates and slapped to keep the pirates away.

"Perhaps these pirates are not really bad, but just think we are fools come to learn this about imps," said Billy.

"No," said Billy. "The imps are really bad. But the swiftness were answered by grins so evil, the children knew there was no friendliness behind them. The pirates meant to do them harm. One showed it by sinking his sword in Peggy's cheek."

"We must fight," cried Billy, knocking the pirate off Peggy's face. And every one did fight. The monkeys threw a shower of stones among the buzzing pirates, but the stone did no more harm than floating feathers, for the pirates easily dodged them.

Then the monkeys looked out with their clubs, hitting at the pirates right and left. But the pirates either ducked away from the clubs or lighted upon them to enjoy a thrilling ride. The imps were too small to be fought with clubs or stones. Their very size protected them. Billy and Peggy, aided by the two savages, the gozbin, the army of monkeys and the stone fort, could have beaten back a dozen real pirates, but they could not fight off these nagged foes.

"I wish we could fly swifter," cried Peggy. "I wish we could fly swifter." But the pirates dodged the fly swatters as they dodged the clubs. They could be hit only when they alighted to stab with their tiny poisoned swords.

And as they alighted only upon humans or monkeys, some one was swatted every time a blow was aimed at a pirate.

"Swat! Swat! Swat!" The monkeys swatted at the pirates and thus swatted each other. They found the swatting of the imps very amusing. The hours they were having a big swatting fight, just as children have a pillow fight or a splashing fight. They forgot all about the pirates and jumped out of the fort to enjoy each other about the island. And they were no more use in fighting the pirates after that. Which proves that monkeys do not make good soldiers.

But the pirates kept on fighting. They stabbed Peggy, Billy, Folly Wisler and the two savages until the humans could stand it no more.

"Run into the wigwam and close the door," shouted Billy.

And that is what they did, cutting the pirates buzzed about the door, whiffing all changes of escape. The five were prisoners in their own camp. What happened then will be told tomorrow.

The Garden Path

The most satisfactory material for a garden path is stone, for though a stone path is more expensive to put down than one of gravel or brick, it wears little subsequent attention, and improves its appearance with weathering. It is cleared, small spaces may be left here and there, and between the stones the planting of such hardy flowers like moss pink and saxifrage—some and Garden.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What interesting relics are the treasured possessions of Mrs. Lydia Spufford, of Lewistown.

2. For the driver who is susceptible to drafts on the back of his neck, what kind of windshield has been invented?

3. In what way can a stone be tested to prove whether it is a diamond or a piece of glass?

4. With what flowers can "Let the words of marriage unite us" be said?

5. How can decoration and utility be combined in the finishing of the ends of a ruffled stole collar on an evening dress?

6. When a striped material is used for a dress, how can it be made trim itself in the newest style?

Yesterday's Answers

The addition of twenty-five women to the police force in New York is a sufficient indication of the vigor of women's activities.

A hat with tall base has four holes in the closed top so that flowers can be held firmly in place without the need of a wire holder.

When the handle of a tin water-carrying can breaks, mend it by fastening it lower down on the can by means of a small bolt screw.

From, meaning "humility," white jasmine, meaning "nobility," and myrtle, meaning "love," are combined to make the message, "Your humility and nobility have won my love."

The latest Paris gloves to be worn with summer frocks are made of white taffeta.

If last year's silk frock is slightly swayed in places cover it with a slip-on dress of georgette crepe or chiffon to match, bound with some of the silk, and make it good enough for best.

TAKING CARE OF SILK STOCKINGS

WITH short skirts and fancy shoes it is absolutely necessary to have plenty of silk stockings in good condition. How to make them last, so that their work of beautifying may go on indefinitely.

First, then, a separate washday, when your undivided attention may be given them, is recommended; otherwise they are apt to suffer.

A smart trick with black silk stockings to prolong the life of them is to soak them overnight in cold water before wearing them the first water being worn. Again, wash them out after each wearing. A light wash and rinsing is all that is necessary.

A protection some women take is to sew over the toe of the stocking a piece of narrow, fine tape to keep

the toe from breaking through. It is not only the hole that results and makes trouble, but with silk stockings, when broken in any place, the trouble extends in rips.

Again, you may reinforce the toe by a darning cross-stitch. At the heel, of course, this cannot be done. But a saving trick at the heels is to paste a tiny piece of velvet inside the shoe heel to prevent the friction from low shoes. Many stockings carry reinforced heels to take care of this friction.

Buying hosiery of the right size is important. Too short stockings will run not only the fabric but the shape of the toes, too.

If you wear a 2, 2½ or 3 shoe you should buy an 8½ stocking; 3½ or 4 shoe, size 9 in stockings; 5, 5½ or 6 shoe calls for No. 10 stocking; 6½ or 7 calls for No. 10 size stocking; for

larger feet there are 10½ size stockings, and what are called outside sizes for heavy women are made to correspond with the shoe size, but have larger calf and knee.

In the daily dressing of the foot the slipper is the most important. Why, you should not sit down with stocking held at full length and work your foot into it. Instead, somewhat the same principle as putting on a glove is required to avoid trouble.

First you "heat" the stocking. Slip the thumbs inside the top of the stocking and gather it nimbly with the fingers right down to the toe, holding the gathering and stretching it slightly at ankle and toe to allow the foot to slip right into it without running against the leg part of the stocking. Hold the gathering until the toe is in place, and then gradually loosen the gathering as the foot requires.

Photo by Central News

"The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Because she is disappointed in one way, Nancy Hathaway decides never to trust another. In order to get away she accepts a position as governess to a young girl on the coast of Massachusetts, and from the first day of her arrival she learns that Bruce Henderson, little Miss Henderson's cousin, is despising her, incurs his enmity, but she is determined to protect Trix from whatever it is that threatens her.

CHAPTER XIX Trix Comes Home

NANCY went through an agony of doubt while she waited for Bruce Henderson to bring Trix home. She would have gone after them, but she realized that it would be impossible to take Trix away from him by physical force, and she knew that she must wait until she had some amount of reasoning power.

With that he turned and strode out of the room, leaving Nancy trembling and frightened. There had been an ominous prophecy in the way he had thrown those words at her. But what had he meant, and why should she feel as she did? It was as though because of her interference he had drawn her into his toils, and struggle as she would she could never free herself from them.

Tomorrow—The Doctor's Verdict.

Colored Girl's Honors

An uncommon feature of Smith College commencement this year was the awarding of the year one of the directors of the college to have made the two in a four years' course. Miss Hunton won extra honors as well and has been during the year one of the directors of the college to have made the two in a four years' course. She was also appointed on the reception committee of the college to welcome Miss Curie on her recent visit. Her background is rather notable, her father having been the first colored national secretary of the W. C. A., also having been one of the three colored women sent to France in war service.

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ECONOMICAL because it yields more cups to the pound than any other tea.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

No Introduction Allowed Dear Cynthia—I have read with much interest "Unknown X's" letter and deeply feel for her, as I think she is the very class of girl I would like to get acquainted with. I am very fond of all sorts of sport myself, except dancing, which I think is overdone nowadays, as there is too much fasting, etc., that spoiled the good old-fashioned waltz.

I would be very glad to get her address, when I would be delighted to write a friendly note, being a stranger myself in a strange land, but would like to know some nice, refined girl as poor lonely "Unknown X."

Lonely Exile. If you have read Cynthia's column steadily you will see that she has found it necessary to refuse to bring about introductions. It is not my intention to do so. I hope you will meet some good friends soon.

Advocates Informality Dear Cynthia—in answer to the query that "A Good Girl but Disgusted" inserted in your column, I would like to tell her the following:

When a young man takes out a young lady to a dance, he does not expect in her the following: "NINETEEN."

Too much formality is a great mistake. People should pay attention to conventions, which affect morality, but the stickler for formality is generally a very stiff and unpleasant person.

You do not understand the writer, "NINETEEN," who is writing to you. She is a girl who is fair, but she is not a girl who is fair. She is a girl who is fair, but she is not a girl who is fair.

Thanks "Unknown X" Dear Cynthia—Thank you very much for your kind advice to me. You advised me to read books, ever since I've been able to read. I have been reading books first, fairy tales, then Alger and Meade, and so on through the rest of the dead and living writers. Since the first of the year I have read about thirty-five books of fiction, and I have been reading besides magazines and the daily papers. My desire for books is insatiable.

I am afraid that neither you nor Cynthia, nor your friend "Unknown X," can help me to talk entertainingly; it seems that the good fancies for my own mind are all gone. But you, "Unknown X," have helped me tremendously by your enthusiastic encouragement. I would like to meet you. I am sure that we would become good friends.

If only it were compulsory for every boy and girl in high school to speak before the class, I think I should be a very good speaker. I have been speaking for four years in high school. I am a Philadelphian, "Unknown X," but I'm hoping that we may meet some time.

A Modern Cinderella. She's All Upset Dear Cynthia—I am writing to you because I think you have helped so many of my troubles. I've been reading "Unknown X's" letter and I've been thinking about it. I've been thinking about it. I've been thinking about it.

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There Is Only One Thing More Agonizing Than a Remark Which Is a Bad Break

And That Is the Embarrassing Silence Which Always Follows It Because Nobody Can Think of Anything to Say

SOMETHING started Maud to talking about a friend who was ill in the hospital.

"Oh, it's awful," she said. "They don't know whether she's going to live or not and they say she screamed so with the pain when she was brought in that they had to give her something to quiet her. People don't often live through that illness, you know."

She stopped abruptly, and there was a sudden embarrassing silence.

Constance was sitting directly behind Maud in the car and it happened that Constance had been persuaded to come on the ride with the other girls after some hesitation.

She needed the rest and relaxation, but she hated to be out of the house while her brother was so ill with the same illness that Maud had spoken of.

He had escaped the operation, but his condition was still serious.

NATURALLY Constance did not want to be reminded of the thing she had come out for a time.

And Helen, who sat next to her, realized this.

Maud's voice stopped as if a hand had been put over her mouth as she remembered her morbid climax, and even when some one at last found something to say to start conversation again she still sat stupefied.

When they returned from the drive and stopped at Helen's for something cool to drink, Maud turned to Constance with a puzzled expression on her face.

"What did you kick me so hard for back there in the car when I was talking about that girl who's so sick?" she asked. "It was an awful shock, I'm black and blue all up my ankle!"

WHAT a muddle! If it hadn't been so serious a subject Constance could have laughed over it; if it hadn't been so utterly stupid all around she could have burst out.

Helen thought she was being tactful, springing Constance's feelings by breaking in upon Maud's story.

And indeed she might have been, if she had only chosen a more tactful way of being tactful.

Of course Maud might have been a bit more rapid about getting the signal that she was to stop, and having got it, might have guessed who gave it.

But a quick word of sympathy, and an abrupt change of subject would have been so much more graceful than the blow a well-meaning foot.

Photo by Central News

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

"Father Doesn't Want Me to Do Anything"

The other day I met a little girl who was about to end her school days. Asked before her parents for the future, she said, "Well, father doesn't want me to do anything."

What she meant was, "Father has always been a little bit of a tyrant, and he thinks I should follow that he maintain his daughters in parasitic luxury."

Strange, isn't it, that father does not realize that in his hands he has the benefit of his success, he is making himself their worst enemy. For he is neglecting the first duty of every father to his children, and that is to fit them to be independent, and if the necessity arises, to be able to make their own way in the world. The richest fathers and the best husbands have not withered their daughters into parasitic luxuries, and when no memories of leisure and indulgence in the past could compensate their helpless daughters in the future, which they found themselves, nor the unhappy fathers for having failed in their duty.

But aside from the importance of girls being prepared to take care of their own lives, there is yet another aspect to this question.

The Woman's Exchange

Grape Juice Stains

Dear Madam—I have written to you before and have received such a favorable answer that I am writing to you again. I have a blue spill grape juice on it and I would like to know how to get it off. I have a blue spill grape juice on it and I would like to know how to get it off. I have a blue spill grape juice on it and I would like to know how to get it off.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DEBE

A faithful subject for cartoon artists the man who invites an accidentally to go home with him for a "dinner."

Nowadays there's no such thing as a "dinner" unless it is a dinner. It is a dinner, it is a dinner, it is a dinner. It is a dinner, it is a dinner, it is a dinner.

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