

she seems much to prefer the quiet of the little town of Niles, which hides itself under the high hills thirty miles back of the big western city.

Miss Valdez' present vocation is photo-playing. She belongs to the Bronco Billy Company.

FOOTLIGHT FLATTERY

"These musical comedies are like a course in astronomy."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Oh, two, or three stars and a whole group of heavenly bodies."—N. Y. World.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE SHOPPING WITH MOLLIE

Chapter LIV.

The more I see of Dick's sister, Mollie, the better I like her. She has the making of a splendid "big" woman.

To me "big," which we hear people talk so much about when speaking of men or women, means only the capacity to grow—a heart always learning to be more tolerant of others and a brain which is daily better able to find one's place in the world and endeavoring to fill it.

I love Mollie's enthusiasm. I love her frankness and sincerity, but, most of all, I love her sense of justice, which is wonderful in a girl as young as she. Mollie is only eighteen.

When I met her downtown she was just as pretty as she could be with her fair skin, her bronze brown, crinkly hair and her gold brown eyes. She looks much like Dick, although Dick's eyes and hair are darker.

We went into the fur store where Mollie looked at all kinds of fur neck pieces and muffs without being satisfied.

Commercialized fashion takes no account of either beauty or utility—its whole philosophy is change, and it is sometimes hard to find a tasteful garment in the whole season's ideas.

The long fur scarfs can only be worn over the shoulders as we do a soft piece of lace, and the muffs are so large they cover the whole front of one from waist to knees. These were "the only things worn this winter" we were told blandly.

Mollie is small and she looked very

ungraceful in these, but the saleswoman with mistaken zeal tried to sell them to her by saying that Miss —, one of the richest girls in town, had just purchased a set just like them.

She seemed so disappointed, because she could not be suited that I proposed going over to another place.

On the way over I said: "Mollie, if I were you I would try and buy a small neckpiece and a muff of martin. That fur will blend with your hair and I know it will be becoming to you."

At the next place we asked for martin and, sure enough, Mollie looked beautiful in it, but, alas, a muff and neckpiece of that fur cost fifty dollars more than her father had given her.

We shopped all over town to see if we could not buy something as becoming for less money, but nothing seemed suitable after the martin.

I had not used the money Dick had paid me on my allowance for the last two months, and I was surely tempted to give her the fifty, but my better sense whispered "that is just what Dick has always been doing and it only fosters in Mollie's mind the idea that she can have anything she wants."

Finally I said: "Mollie, I'll lend you the rest of the money." The dear girl was very happy and so was I, although I am afraid I have made a mistake, as Mollie has no settled income and hasn't the slightest idea when she can pay me.

Every day I see more and more of