

The Way of a Woman

By Juanita Hamel



JUST as everybody knows the old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so surely should every girl be able to convert that adage to suit her own convenience.

For instance, it behooves every girl to bear in mind that where THE MAN is concerned an ounce of uncertainty is better than a pound of assurance. With some women the ability to dispense suspense is an inherent quality, with others it must be acquired. If you are not one of the former remember this converted adage if you would keep a fellow dancing attendance and leave him no room to doubt when he summons the courage to play the final trump for his Queen of Hearts.

But, mind you, this is not intended to be an infringement on writers' "advice to girls." It's a story of what I know happened to one man and somebody (I don't know whether it was a Mrs. King Solomon or who), but somebody has said that when you know one man you know them all.

Elmer was not our hero's name, but we will call him so because in the language of names Elmer means that which

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is good, noble, and in Felicia's eyes he was all of that, aye, and more. But this he did not know and, as Shakespeare would have said, thereby hangs a tale.

Felicia didn't intentionally keep Elmer guessing. She wasn't in the least—what would you call it—diplomatic? If one wished to be "catty" one might say scheming. Felicia was just natural. I have heard it contended that no credit was due an individual who possessed a virtue endowed by nature, inasmuch as no effort or no amount of intelligence was responsible. But be that as it may, Felicia wasn't diplomatic.

Ever since Felicia's sister Alice, who had been the first by a couple of years to do up her curls, had indifferently accepted Elmer's candy and flowers and invitations to prom dances, Felicia had known that some day she, (Felicia) was going to marry Elmer. Then when Alice had disregarded Elmer's pleadings and proceeded to marry a man who was as many years older than she as Elmer was

younger, he had found balm in Felicia's consolation. On a memorable day shortly thereafter he had awakened to the conviction that he had been the victim of that undignified malady ordinarily known as "puppy love."

Just as the brilliancy of the rising sun dispels the glimmer in stars, so did Elmer's dawning love eradicate even the memory of past amours. He became an ardent worshiper at Felicia's shrine. Hungrily he accepted the crumbs of kindness she doled out. She gave not sparingly, nor yet enough that her favors, by reason of excess bounty, should be less appreciated.

Also, the vacillation of her furnished him with many delicious, miserable hours of speculation. It takes but a short time to tell of the romance which in reality spread itself over a number of years. But to Elmer there were times when—if he thought he detected an unusual coolness in Felicia's manner as she

bade him adieu—one night in itself seemed an eternity.

At last Elmer's wooing reached that stage where he determined to know his fate. He would have waited with less anxiety the word upon which his happiness depended had he the slightest conception of the thoughts that were running through the pretty head of his adored one.

Even in that supreme moment Felicia kept him waiting—wondering! A naive smile curved the line of her delicate lips as she recalled the first sight of him—her sister's suitor. From that moment she knew him as her ideal, and now—now—she hesitated. She hesitated only to drink deep of the cup of bliss that was hers.

"Never in after years did Elmer forget that moment of suspense. Never did the memory of that deliciously happy moment when she murmured "yes" desert him. The intoxicating sweetness of her lips was more nectoreal for the waiting.

So, you see, it isn't always true that "he (or she) who hesitates is lost."

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