



SHORT STORIES

OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE



Silk to Match

By Joella Johnson

GRAT CAESAR! have I lost that sample?" Harry Beldon stood blocking the way of impatient shoppers while he searched his available pockets.

"I have, and Aunt Olivia has got to have that silk this afternoon. It's her only chance to be fitted by Mme. Cyr, or words to that effect. What was that stuff? It wasn't dope; it was something. Are the pitying angels looking down on me now?"

"Oh!" he gasped. "Are you sure? You see, it's for my aunt. She's making over something, and I have to get it."

Fatigued with his efforts, Harry rushed to the nearest lunch room and dropped into a vacant chair. Glancing at the demure face opposite, he recognized a pair of blue eyes. His vis-a-vis was the wearer of the identical taupe gown. Her gown was relieved by a few touches of rose color and her dark hair was crowned with a rose-colored creation that accentuated the lovely color in her girlish cheeks.

"That's just right of her—I mean in general. But is your aunt Miss Penelope Winter?"

"That's great. I'm to be head usher. Rather nice we should meet before the rehearsal, just in an informal way."

"It's two shades darker than the sample and satin instead of faille," Aunt Olivia announced with a "just-as-I-expected" expression on her resolute face.

ROGER AMES was young and husky and cut out for a regular farmer, but he wore spectacles and mannequins and sat in the chair of mathematics at the university, except when he chummed around with Flem Green and acted according to pattern.

right," said Flem Green in the tone of a man who doesn't. "When you get left, let me know. Some girl might put one over on you. Why don't you get acquainted with some good old-fashioned human nature first hand, some time? Come over to the house and meet my sister."

who would be sure to smile when you were forty minutes late for dinner and then produce a corking dinner into the bargain. Her nose proved it. Straight, thin, then tip-tilted and just the right shade—naturally pinky-white. Unusual, that nose! R. Ames had never seen one like it.

An Experiment System

By Elsie Endicott

An Experiment System

vicinity of his falling angel and walk to the lonely rooms or ask her to marry him at the next stop. What he did do was to trip glibly over the angel's sensible bag that had been projecting into the aisle, reel unbecomingly on one foot, clutch madly at the air and grasp something fairly supporting.

both on the same car always, I'm Flem Green's slater, so I suppose I'm Miss er—er Green. I'm in your Math A, Division 1 Class. Sit in the front row, third seat and I've gazed at you every day for three years, because you flunk me out regularly, and I take the stuff over because you—amuse me, and I plan to flunk you, see. Don't faint."

Flem told me about your silly newspaper hobby and about the noses and things. So tonight I got desperate and bought a glarey paper and made up my nose with a knob on the end. It can be done, and deceive, if one doesn't look too close. Wondered if you'd notice me at last. I've tried everything else. Did you?"

The Strange Liking

By Parke Whitney

WHEN you go to New York they show you the Woolworth building or when with craned neck or bulging eyes you merely gasp and exclaim "By heck!" then your Manhattan friend nonchalantly turns away with the remark, "Not a bad little building."

"Well, why under the sun doesn't he buy a real automobile? These Fords of his are camouflaged with wire wheels and made-to-order bodies so they almost deceive you, but still they are only Fords when all's said and done."

was not farming. Just after dinner he took a bath and donned his "city" clothes. When he walked into the kitchen, straw hat in hand, his mother appraised him with an expression of proud admiration.

for good. At any rate Ted was doing all he could to make the rumor true. Just now he was setting out for the station to meet the 3:45, which was bringing Ruth from the city. As the old horse jogged along the shady road, Ted's mind was filled with the pleasure of anticipation. For he knew that the two weeks of Ruth's visit would be a delightful break in the dull monotony of country life.

ten. Such a disturbance in this quiet lane was unheard of.

Here their dialogue was interrupted by the clicking of the telegraph receiver. Ted sauntered over to the gum machine and surveyed himself as best he could in the little circle of mirror. He bestowed a second or two on his tie and began to caress his mustache. At least Ted claimed it was a mustache; but were he not a six-footer some of his acquaintances might have differed. However, it was still very young and, like all young things, was rather weak, with its best days before it.

"What they say, Ira—what they say?" "He says they don't know for sure but they expect considerable injuries an' maybe some deaths." Ira was truthful but not tactful.

SYLVIA'S little foot tapped the station floor nervously. She was aware of the disquieting fact that there was a hole in the sole of her right pump. It really was foolish of her to wear that particular old pair just because they matched her dress. A hole in one's shoe was a calamity at any time, but doubly so today. Why, Breck might even carry out his mad scheme, so often proposed.

detriment of a perfectly good pair of silk stockings.

inelegantly, "he'll thaw out by and by when I'm rich and famous."

Soul of Providence

By Phil Moore

Soul of Providence

fact that she had been with Breck that afternoon did not protest acidly.

turous acknowledgment, then fled upstairs. In the seclusion of her room she prouetted and kicked one small slipper high in the air.

listened intently he would have heard these mystifying sentences badly mixed up with gurgles of laughter: