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WHAT POPULARITY COSTS

A WEEKLY SHORT STORY

All the other girls at high school had "beaux." They usually were invited to all the dances by the same boys. The only boy who paid any attention to me was Hugo Winters, and none of the other girls wanted him. He was the town bore, and my only hope. Rather than stay at home, however, I accepted his attentions, and we went to the parties and dances sometimes, but we always seemed to be "at" them, not "of" them.

Of course the other boys asked me to dance sometimes, but I always felt they did so at the suggestion of the hostess, rather than from any desire on their own part.

My lack of popularity with the boys helped to make me tremendously popular with the girls. Their fondness for me was no doubt due to the fact that I could be depended upon not to "vamp" their male friends.

As I look back on those days, I find it difficult to understand my complete lack of popularity. I was rather pretty, in an undeveloped sort of way, with the longest curls in school, the prettiest dresses, and a nice home in which to entertain. These things, one might think would make for popularity. But I was shy, dreadfully shy.

One day Cecily Arnold and I were walking home from school together. We were going to my house to make fudge. Cecily seemed preoccupied and worried.

"What's the matter with you?" I demanded at last.

"Oh, nothing much," she replied and then decided to confide in me.

"Oh Joan," she said, "I'm in a pickle. Last night while I was saying good night to Harry, Father came in and made a terrible row. 'But why,' I asked, 'should your father make a row because you were saying good night to Harry?'"

"DISILLUSION!"

"Oh, don't be so dense," she said testily. "We were standing in the vestibule for about an hour, whispering and making love, and we didn't notice Father's car drive up. He stood outside the door for about ten minutes before we knew he was there. Well, the upshot of it is, Father says I can't see Harry any more."

"But what were you doing that made your father make such a strenuous request?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing that all the other girls don't do. He was kissing and petting me, and Father was so furious he wouldn't even speak to me at breakfast today." So, kissing and petting, of the variety that a father would be so angry about that he would behave so, was partly the reason for Cecily's popularity.

When I was 17 my family moved to the city I obtained a position as reception clerk in the office of a publishing company. It was lots of fun. I had made up my mind to keep my own standards high, and the bluestocking was just as blue as ever.

Then one day a good-looking young illustrator, who was doing some work for one of the magazines, asked me if I would pose for him. Naturally I was pleased, and arranged to go to his studio one evening after work. He was charming and we talked pleasantly while he made the first drawing.

I went again and again to his studio, and we became great friends. He usually took me to dinner the evenings I posed for him, and always escorted me home afterwards. Finally I knew quite definitely that I had fallen in love. He kissed me, I let him. He made love to me and

I permitted that.

I was so afraid of losing him, and I remembered how my coldness had affected my childhood. I was not going to risk losing this. He did not ask me to marry him, and I wondered why. He vowed he loved me, and he would do anything for me. For a few months things went on like this and I was happy.

Then one evening I arrived at the studio unexpectedly. Imagine my horror when I discovered my lover tight in the embrace of a girl—a model, I found out later, who was posing for him.

I wandered around the streets that night in a dazed condition. He hadn't even been sorry, merely annoyed at my intrusion.

The next day no word from him, nor the next, or next. Weeks went by, and I grew desperately lonely. Other men asked me out to dinner and the theatre and I refused.

Then I made a decision. All my life I had been bluestocking. My girlhood had been influenced by it, and now it seemed as if my whole life were to be ruined by it. I no longer had any pride. It used to keep me awake night after night to think that I had given my love to this man who had treated it so lightly.

But I nated the thought of this idle love-making. I wanted to give all or nothing. But this, I had learned, was a foolish thing, either way.

"Love a little." That should be my motto. I definitely decided to become a flirt of the worst order. Why not?

From that time on I played with men. I had discovered that flattery would invariably lead a certain type of man to ask me out to dinner. I learned to use gold-digging methods—to make a man buy flowers, candy and perfume. And as soon as I found he was tremendously interested in me, I would send him away. There were always other men to play with. And so, from being decidedly an unpopular girl I became quite a belle. Simply through a little bunch of tricks I discovered, a girl can attract any man.

Through my disillusionment I lost all my high standards. I became callous, but I had achieved popularity.

Then I met Norman. He was as gentle as a lamb, all tenderness and consideration. He was at a musical at a studio one evening, where I had gone with one of my men friends, one who had had his full share of petting so far as I was concerned. He was getting difficult to hold off.

Norman sat next to me and we were introduced. He didn't say a lot of silly things about my hair and eyes, but he did ask if he could call upon me at my home.

Toward the end of the evening I went in search of my escort, only to find that he was in a disgusting condition in the cellar of the house, where the coat room, and evidently the improvised bar, had been set up.

Norman asked to see me home, and I accepted his thoughtful invitation. From that evening on we became friends. We went to concerts, the theatre, charming dinner parties at the homes of his friends. I gradually ceased going out with my "petting party" friends. All of a sudden I seemed to regain my sensibilities, which I thought had grown hard and calloused.

Then one evening, just as he was about to leave me, he very gently took me in his arms and told me he loved me. He didn't say he "wanted" me, but he did say he wanted to marry me.

ACCUSATIONS!

I was happy again. I would forget the old life and the old friends and live quietly and beautifully with Norman. I began to prepare for our wedding.

One evening we were invited to a party in somebody's studio. There were several men there who had been "heavy beaux" of mine. After dinner the women left to powder their noses and readjust their hair, and the men gathered in front of the open fireplace. We couldn't have been upstairs more than ten minutes when we heard a fearful noise issuing from the large studio room downstairs. We rushed out onto the little balcony which ran around the studio's second floor and looked down.

My heart stood still as I saw what was going on. There was Norman in the center of the room, his hair all mussed up and his collar awry, aiming to swing his fist at Jack Mathews, one of my erstwhile "petters." Two other men were trying to restrain Norman and the whole room was in an uproar.

"Ask her for yourself!" Jack shouted out when he saw me on the balcony.

Norman looked up, and I saw that one of his eyes was blackened.

The girls came stumbling down the stairs, demanding to know what it was all about. I came down with fear and trembling. My fears were soon substantiated, for when I reached the bottom of the stairs Norman came toward me with a fierce look in his eye.

He took hold of my arm with such a fierce strength that it was black and blue for days afterward.

"This rat here," he began by pointing at Jack, "has said some very dreadful things about you, Joan, and two or three of the other fellows here seem to feel the same way. Joan, tell me it isn't true! Tell me they lie!"

"What—what have they said?" I asked unsteadily.

"They said that you were the sort of girl who would pet with anyone and that they knew because they had been your—lovers!"

"It's not true!" I cried. "Not one of them can say he has been my lover!" This was true enough, but I knew that the rest was, more shame to me, all too true.

"Then I'll kill him!" yelled Norman and made a lunge for Jack.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" suggested the host, catching Norman by the coat. "Look here, Norman. I'm sorry about this. I like Joan. She's a good little kid, but—well what Jack said isn't so far off the mark. Joan's been rather frivolous."

Then turning to me he added: "I'm sorry for this, Joan. Sorry to have to say it in front of you. But these fellows have been talking for months behind your back."

"Tonight, when some one mentioned how pretty you looked, Jack and Larry exchanged glances and one of them chuckled. Then the truth came out. Norman heard it suspected worse things, probably, than they are, and this is the result."

Norman stood there staring at me. There was a dreadful silence in the room. The room began to swim before my tear-filled eyes. I felt my knees grow unsteady under me, and the next thing I knew somebody was saying: "Better take her over to the window. She's faint."

Norman was gone when I reached the stage again where I recognized faces. I never saw him again. He walked out of that room in the midst of the hubbub, and out of my life. He wrote me a short note:

"Dear Joan: "It all seems hopeless. I have tried to tell myself that nothing mattered but our love. But I loved another girl—not the one the rest of the world seemed to know so well. I am going to Europe to try and forget you. But I am afraid I never shall."

After I received this note I hurried around to Norman's house, only to learn that he had sailed that very morning. Anyway, what could I have said? Simply that the real me was the girl he had known, and

that the other me, whom he had heard about, was just a sham, an imposter on my real character.

And now—I'm not popular any more. I don't want to go out with men. All I want in the whole world is Norman. Will he forgive and come back some day? At any rate, I am waiting, hoping, praying. I feel somehow that he will understand some day and come back. Until then I must try to make myself worthy for so great a love.

YOUR NUMBERSCOPE

According to the science of Numerology there are just nine types of people in our modern civilization and according to the addition of the numbers of the letters of the name given at birth, it is simple to tell in which type every one is.

I am taking up now the description of the "number 3" type. In the ordinary sense I should not be far out of the way if I called this the chatterbox or "show off" type—but judge for yourself after reading the following.

Natural Salesmen

The "number 3" has quite a few characteristics in common with "number 1," only the idea which was just an idea to a "number 1," has become something to express to a "number 3." A "number 1" and a "number 2" and a "number 3" person make a wonderful combination for success as partners in business. The "number 1" has the idea, the "number 2" can do the engineering and preparatory detail work and the "number 3" can take the work of both 1 and 2 and promote it, advertise it and sell it. In fact each of these types need each other very much in order to complete their own ability. If you are a "number 3" then you have a natural ability as a salesman or an advertiser, and this is so, whether you have found it out yet or not.

You should make your personality the basis for whatever work you undertake, dress well, pay attention to your manners of speech and your appearance in general, for this will prove to be a very valuable asset in your attempt to gain success.

A number 3 is able to dress ideas up in an interesting manner, the same as they are inclined to dress themselves up, and our friend who is quite good looking, has good taste in dress and is always up to the minute in style, clever in conversation and quite critical and a little impatient, probably is a number 3.

Three being the number of expressions, if this is your number, you ought to be careful not to develop into a chatterer. For talking will come very easy to you, after you have overcome any natural sensitiveness with which you are born, but as long as you are going to talk, you might as well try to say something. The 3 in number of social success, personal ambition and self advancement, and it is sufficiently creative and progressive to be able to successfully lift itself out of any rut or inferior position in the earlier environment. Handicaps by birth of health and lack of money, are somewhat easily overcome by our number 3 friend. This is the number also easily attracted by and attractive to the opposite sex. A "number 1" person thinks a little too much and says too little; a "number 2" person thinks a little less than it should, and a "number 3" person is inclined to say too much and think too little.

There is not a single type of person whom we have met that we shall not find explained under the grouping adopted by the numerologist. Memorize the explanations of the nine types and pick your friends and acquaintances by number. People looked at as people are one thing. People looked at as numbers are often a whole lot more interesting.

How to get a Numberscope
For a general numberscope send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Chesley, Box 77, Varick Street Station, New York city. In close self-addressed and stamped envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

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