

Surpassing Events

By BARBARA ANN BENEDICT

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IF Thelma Garrison's ideas had been as modern as her physical attractiveness she would probably have had no trouble in devising some means to win the attention of handsome and much-desired Chet Shields. But Thelma was an idealist, a dreamer of dreams, a builder of air castles.

Chet Shields was advertising manager of the Russell department store, where Thelma was employed as secretary. He was young for the position.

Besides being young and successful, Mr. Shields was strikingly handsome and possessed of a charming personality. Each morning when he strode through the office where Thelma and thirteen female co-workers labored over their typewriters, the course of his progress was watched by adoring and wistful eyes. At first Thelma had watched too, though her expression contained less of adoration and more of hope, for during the months that followed the first moment she had observed young Mr. Shields, hope fluttered in her breast. Hope that one day he would notice her; hope that he might single her out from the fourteen office girls.

But young Mr. Shields looked through and not at her, as he did the other thirteen.

And so Thelma tried to put her idol from her mind.

And then, a month after Thelma came to this momentous decision, something very surprising happened. Meticulous, be-spectacled, forty-year-old Miss MacReady was promoted from her position as secretary to young Mr. Shields to a similar position in the service of Mr. Harrison, vice-president. And Thelma was offered Miss MacReady's former post.

The advancement bewildered her. Chaotic thoughts rushed through her mind. Hope fluttered once more in her breast.

On Monday of the next week Thelma assumed her new duties. With pounding heart she awaited the arrival of young Mr. Shields. And when he finally came, because of the way he looked at her, she thought she was going to faint. But she didn't. She managed an outward composure, took down the let-

ters he dictated, typed them, made telephone calls, arranged for appointments, consulted clients. She did it all for a week, conscious of a great joy, a blissful feeling of ecstasy, provoked by nothing more than an opportunity to be of service to the man who was the idol of her dreams, even though his regard of her seemed as mechanical and businesslike as heretofore.

And then, entirely without warning, Chet Shields asked her to have dinner with him. He veiled the invitation with some talk of a business proposition about which he wanted her advice, but Thelma wasn't fooled. She knew his motive, and she was bewildered by it.

The first dinner led to others, to theaters and night clubs and Sunday drives and talks of poetry and all the other things that two young people who are in love are apt to do. Thelma lived in a world of unreality and disbelief. She was happy, though still faintly puzzled.

And then came the memorable night on which Chet parked his roadster near the shore of Lake Clearwater and turned to her with eyes that were tender and appealing. Thelma's face was radiant in the soft light of a white moon. She felt her heart thumping within her breast, felt her blood warming in her veins.

Mr. Shields took her in his arms and spoke words that caused the pounding of her heart to grow even wilder. Presently he kissed her and she clung to him and thereby was consummated something that was beautiful and eternal.

Long after it was over Chet Shields innocently explained the thing that had puzzled his future wife. "There were fourteen of you out there," he laughed, "and you were the only one who didn't look up every time I came in. You didn't seem to care whether I was around or not. You were different, and it made me feel that here was a girl who had some thoughts in her head beside idol worship. That's why I urged Harrison to take on Miss MacReady so I could make a place for you."

Whereupon Thelma regarded her future husband with nicely gauged astonishment and said: "Well, of all things! Imagine!"

Even a Genius Must Eat



Donald McMurray, the thinking machine who completed a four-year course in ten months, and who now races for a master's degree, a year's work, in seven weeks, takes his food and drink from the hands of his bride, the former Evelyn Ehrlich, as he studies.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

An Immortal Oration

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. —The future has a rotten trick of musing up the judgments of the present. What a pity it is that we can't wear our hind-sights in front.

When I read where some ponderous performing pachyderm of the literary elephant quadrille says, "This story will live forever," I get to thinking about a time-yellowed copy of a metropolitan newspaper that was printed on November 20, 1863.



Irvin S. Cobb

It devoted great gobs of praise and nine solid columns very solid—to the eloquence of the Hon. Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who, on the day before, after months of preparation had, on a battlefield down in Pennsylvania, spoken two hours and turned loose enough oratory to fill about nine gas balloons. But of the subsequent and incidental remarks of another man, an awkward, shy man from Illinois, who had spoken just two minutes, it said, "The President was also heard briefly. The applause was formal and scattering."

Self-Anointed Dukes.

OUT here we're waiting for that Spanish baron and that French count back in New York to form the mother branch of their Noblemen's club for the protection of holders of genuine titles in America and, presumably, as a guarantee to our own home-grown heirs that, when they marry foreign princelings or what not, the goods will be as described. There's been a lot of title-legging, you know.

As soon as the organization gets started we're going to open the Hollywood division. Since only the authentic nobility may qualify, it's figured that the active roster will be confined to a very limited group.

The State of the Nation.

FAR be it from me to turn alarmist right on the heels of the hot wave, but I feel it my duty to warn my fellow-Americans that this fragile and crumbling republic is doomed. That is, it's doomed if you can believe what comes out of our sainted political leaders in the way of predictions.

Hark to the quavering chorus which already has started up: A crisis exists. Every professional crisis-breeder in the land openly admits it. I can't remember when a crisis wasn't existing. But they come larger in campaign years. We are facing a dread emergency which has had no parallel since the last occasion when we faced a dread emergency. This very hour the nation totters on the brink of an abyss. It has been tottering ever since Washington was President.

Miracles and Misdemeanors.

ONCE upon an early time there was a man so holy that even the wild creatures would not harm him. He drew a thorn from the paw of a tame lion and the grateful beast followed after him. So he became a saint.

Only the other day in a court in Tanganyika, which is in Africa, a black man—a savage by our definitions—was on trial. It seemed the lions were raiding the stock, so the native authorities set traps for them. The accused found a lion in one of these traps and made a ladder and went down and helped the great brute to escape.

Being arrested, he explained simply that the lion was his friend. So they fined him \$12.50. In the olden times it was a miracle. Nowadays it's a misdemeanor.

IRVIN S. COBB

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Quilt of Applique Is Popular; Easy to Do



Pattern 1191

You can have good luck tokens 'round you year in, year out, if you make this Bluebird quilt, and such a simple one it is too, in easy applique, with each bird all in one patch. You may make the birds uniform in color, or vary them by using up colorful scraps. Thus using but three materials.

Pattern 1191 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Department, 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

As You Wish

Whatever you wish, that you are; for such is the force of will joined to the Divine that whatever we wish to be seriously and with a true intention, we become. No one ardently wishes to be patient, modest or liberal, who does not become what he wishes. —S. Smiles.

Need of Solitude

A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and therefore must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.—Novalis.

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