Some of the caddies were poor as sin and lived in one-room houses with a neurasthenic cow in the front yard, but Dexter Green’s father owned the second best grocery store in Dillard—the best one was “The Hub,” patronized by the wealthy people from Lake Erminie—and Dexter caddied only for pocket-money.

In the fall when the days became crisp and grey and the long Minnesota winter shut down like the white lid of a box, Dexter’s skis moved over the snow that hid the fairways of the golf course. At these times the country gave him a feeling of profound melancholy—it offended him that the links should lie in enforced gallowness, haunted by ragged sparrows for the long season. It was dreary, too, that on the tees where the gay colors fluttered in summer there were now only the desolate sand-boxes knee-deep in crusted ice. When he crossed the hills the wind blew cold as misery, and if the sun was out he tramped with his eyes squinted up against the hard dimensionless glare.

In April the winter ceased abruptly. The snow ran down into Lake Erminie scarcely tarrying for the early golfers to brave the season with red and black balls. Without elation,
without an interval of moist glory the cold was gone.

Dexter knew that there was something dismal about this northern spring, just as he knew there was something gorgeous about the fall. Fall made him clench his hands and tremble and repeat idiotic sentences to himself and make himself all the more contradictory in the eyes of his imaginary audiences and armies. October filled him with hope which November raised to a sort of ecstatic triumph, and in this wood the fleeting brilliant impressions of the summer at Lake Erminie were ready grist to his will. He became a golf champion and defeated Mr. T. A. Hedrick in a marvelous match played over a hundred times in the fairways of his imagination, a match each detail of which he changed about untrivially—sometimes winning with almost laughable ease, sometimes coming up magnificently from behind. Again, stepping from a Pierce-Arrow automobile, like Mr. Mortimer Jones, he strode frightfully into the lounge of the Erminie Golf Club—or perhaps, surrounded by an admiring crowd, he gave an exhibition of fancy diving from the springboard of the Erminie Club raft.... Among those most impressed was Mr. Mortimer Jones.

AND one day it came to pass that Mr. Jones, himself and not his ghost, came up to Dexter, almost with tears in his eyes and said that Dexter was the——best caddy in the club and wouldn't he decide not to quit if Mr. Jones made it worth while, because every other had not realized how her line of vision—if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her——For a moment he had not realized how her nurse in an obviously unnatural conversation illumined with a white linen nurse and five small new golf clubs in a hundred times the year before—in bloomers.

The little girl who had done this was eleven—beautifully ugly as little girls are apt to be who are destined after a few years to be inexpressably lovely and bring no end of misery to a great number of men. The spark, however, was perchance to be inexpressibly lovely and bring no end of misery to a great number of men. The spark, however, was perceptible. There was a general ungodliness in the way her life had dawned at the corners when she smiled and in the eyes and in the—Heaven help us! in the almost passionate quality of her eyes. Vitality is born early in such women. It was utterly in evidence now, shining through her thin frame in a sort of glow.

She had come eagerly out on to the course at nine o'clock with a white linen nurse and five small new golf clubs in a white canvas bag which the nurse was carrying. When Dexter first saw her she was standing by the caddy house, rather ill-at-ease and trying to conceal the fact by engaging her nurse in an obviously unnatural conversation illuminated by startling and irrelevant smiles from herself.

"Well, it's certainly a nice day, Hilda," Dexter heard her say, then she drew down the corners of her mouth, smiled and glanced furtively around, her eyes in transit falling for a moment into the line of vision—if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her——For a moment he had not realized how young she was. Now he remembered having seen her several times the year before—in bloomers.

"Oh, that's all right——the smile——I'll fix it up."

The smile again radiant, blatantly artificial—convincing. He didn't want what we're supposed to do now," said the nurse, looking nowhere in particular.

"Oh, that's all right——the smile——I'll fix it up."

He looked perfectly still, his mouth faintly ajar. He knew that if he moved forward a step his stare would be in her line of vision—if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her——For a moment he had not realized how young she was. Now he remembered having seen her several times the year before—in bloomers.

"Boy!"

Dexter stopped.

"Boy——"

Beyond question he was addressed. Not only that, but he was treated to that absurd smile, that preposterous smile—the memory of which at least half a dozen men were to carry to the grave.

"Boy, do you know where the golf teacher is?"

"He's giving a lesson."

"Well, do you know where the caddy-master is?"

"He's not here yet this morning."

"Oh." For a moment this baffled her. She stood alternately on her right and left foot.

"We'd like to get a caddy," said the nurse, "Mrs. Mortimer Jones sent us out to play golf and we don't know how without we get a caddy."

Here she was stopped by an ominous glance from Miss Jones, followed immediately by the smile.

"There aren't any caddies here except me," said Dexter to the nurse, "And I got to stay here in charge until the caddy-master gets here."

"Oh."

Miss Jones and her retinue both withdrew and at a proper distance from Dexter became involved in a heated conversation, The conversation was concluded by Miss Jones taking one of the clubs and hitting it on the ground with violence. For further emphasis she raised it again and was about to bring it down smartly upon the nurse's bosom, when the nurse seized the club and twisted it from her hands.

"You darn fool!" cried Miss Jones wildly.

Another argument ensued. Realizing that the elements of the comedy were implied in the scene, Dexter several times began to smile but each time slew the smile because it reached maturity. He could not resist the monstrous conviction that this little girl was justified in beating the nurse.

The situation was resolved by the fortuitous appearance of the caddy-master who was appealed to immediately by the nurse.

"Miss Jones is to have a little caddy and this one says he can't go."

"Mr. McKenna said I was to wait here till you came," said Dexter quickly.

"Well, he's here now."

Miss Jones smiled cheerfully at the caddy-master. Then she dropped her bag and set off at a hasty mince toward the first tee.

"Well?"

The caddy-master turned to Dexter. "What you standing there like a dummy for? Go pick up the young lady's clubs."

"I don't think I'll go out today," said Dexter.

"You don't?"

"I think I'll quit."

The enormity of his decision frightened him. He was a favorite caddy and the thirty dollars a month he earned through the summer were not to be made elsewhere in Dillard. Beauty, he had received a strong emotional shock and his perturbation required a violent and immediate outlet.

It is not so simple as that, either. As so frequently would be the case in the future, Dexter was unconsciously dictated to by his winter dreams.

NOW, of course, the quality and the seasonability of these winter dreams varied, but the stuff of them remained. They persuaded Dexter several years later to pass up a business course at the State University—his father, prospering in the world, would have paid his way—for the precarious advantage of attending an older and more famous university in the East, where he was bothered by his scanty funds. But do not get the impression, because his winter dreams happened to be concerned at first with musings on the rich, that there was anything shoddy in the boy. He wanted not association with glittering things and glittering people—he wanted the glittering things themselves. Often he reached out for the best without knowing why he wanted it—and sometimes he ran up against the mysterious denials and prohibitions in which life indulges. It is with one of those denials and not with his career as story deals.

He made money. It was rather amazing. After college he went to the city from which Lake Erminie draws its wealthy patrons. When he was only twenty-three and had been there not quite two years, there were already people who liked to say, "Never lost a ball!" And Dexter was the —best caddy I ever saw," shouted Mr. Mortimer Jones. He wanted not association with glittering things and glittering people—he wanted the glittering things themselves. Often he reached out for the best without knowing why he wanted it—and sometimes he ran up against the mysterious denials and prohibitions in which life indulges. It is with one of those denials and not with his career as story deals.

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"The name is Judy Jones. Ghastly reputation but enormously popular." She favored him with an absurd smirk—rather, what tried to be a smirk, for, twist her mouth as she might, it was not grotesque, it was merely beautiful
commercial Course," but Dexter borrowed a thousand dollars on his college degree and his steady eyes, a deal bought a partnership in a laundry. It was a small laundry when he went into it. Dexter made a specialty of learning how the English washed fine woolen golf stockings without shrinking them. Inside of a year he was catering to the trade who wore knickerbockers. Men were insisting that their shetland hose and sweaters go to his laundry just as they had insisted on a caddy who could find golf balls. A little later he was doing their wives' lingerie as well—and running five branches in different parts of the city. Before he was twenty-seven he owned the largest laundries in his section of the country. It was then that he sold out and went to New York. But the part of his story that concerns us here goes back to when he was making his first big success.

When he was twenty-three Mr. W. L. Hart, one of the grey-haired men who like to say "Now there's a boy"—gave him a guest card to the Lake Erminie Club for over a week-end. So he signed his name one day on the register, and that afternoon played golf in a foursome with Mr. Hart and Mr. Sandwood and Mr. T. A. Hedrick. He did not consider it necessary to remark that he had once carried Mr. Hart's bag over this same links and that he knew every trap and gully with his eyes shut—but he found himself glancing at the four caddies who trailed them, trying to catch a gleam or gesture that would remind him of himself, that would lessen the gap which lay between his past and his future.

It was a curious day, slashed abruptly with fleeting, familiar impressions. One minute he had the sense of being a trespasser—in the next he was impressed by the tremendous superiority he felt toward Mr. T. A. Hedrick, who was a bore and not even a good golfer any more.

Then, because of a ball Mr. Hart lost near the fifteenth green an enormous thing happened. While they were searching the stiff grasses of the rough there was a clear call of "Fore!" from behind a hill in their rear. And as they all turned abruptly from their search a bright new ball sliced abruptly over the hill and caught Mr. T. A. Hedrick rather neatly in the stomach.

Mr. T. A. Hedrick grunted and cursed.

"By Gad!" cried Mr. Sandwood. "Do you mind if we go through?"

"You hit me in the stomach!" thundered Mr. Hedrick.

"Did I?" The girl approached the group of men. "I'm sorry. I yelled 'Fore!'"

Her glance fell casually on each of the men. She nodded to Sandwood and then scanned the fairway for her ball.

"Did I bounce off into the rough?"

It was impossible to determine whether this question was ingenious or malicious. In a moment, however, she left no doubt, for as her partner came up over the hill she called cheerfully.

"Here I am! I'd have gone on the green except that I hit something."

As she took her stance for a short mashie shot, Dexter looked at her cloeely. She wore a blue gingham dress, rimmed at throat and shoulders with a white edging that accentuated her tan. The quality of exaggeration, of thinness that had made her passionate eyes and down turning mouth absurd at eleven was gone now. She was arrestedly beautiful. The color in her cheeks was centered like the color in a picture—it was not a "high" color, but a sort of fluctuating and feverish warmth, so shaded that it seemed at any moment it would recede and disappear. This color and the mobility of her mouth gave a continual impression of the intense life, of passionate vitality—balanced only partially by the sad luxury of her eyes.

She swung her mashie impatiently and without interest, pitching the ball into a sandpit on the other side of the green. With a quick insincere smile and a careless "Thank you!" she went on after it.

"That Judy Jones!" remarked Mr. Hedrick on the next tee, as they waited—some moments—for her to play on ahead, "All she needs is to be turned up and spanked for six months and then to be married off to an old-fashioned cavalry captain."

"Gosh, she's good looking!" said Mr. Sandwood, who was just over thirty.

"Good-looking!" cried Mr. Hedrick contemptuously, "she always looks as if she wanted to be kissed! Turning those big cow-eyes on every young calf in town!"

It is doubtful if Mr. Hedrick intended a reference to the maternal instinct.

"She'd play pretty good golf if she'd try," said Mr. Sandwood.

"She has no form," said Mr. Hedrick solemnly.

"She has a nice figure," said Mr. Sandwood.

"Better thank the Lord she doesn't drive a swifter ball," said Mr. Hart, winking at Dexter.

"Come on. Let's go."

Later in the afternoon the sun went down with a riotous swirl of gold and varying blues and scarlets, and left the dry rustling night of western summer. Dexter watched from the verandah of the Erminie Club, watched the even overlap of the waters in the little wind, silver molasses under the harvest moon. Then the moon held a finger to her lips and the lake became a clear pool, pale and quiet. Dexter put on his bathing suit and swam out to the farthest raft, where he stretched dripping on the wet canvas of the spring board.

There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake were gleaming. Over on a dark peninsula a
piano was playing the songs of last summer and of summers
before that—songs from "The Pink Lady" and "The
Chocolate Soldier" and "Mlle. Modiste"—and because the
sound of a piano over a stretch of water had always seemed
beautiful to Dexter he lay perfectly quiet and listened.

cently attune to life and that everything about him was
radiating a brightness and a glamor he might never know
again.

A low pale oblong detached itself suddenly from the dark­
ess of the peninsula, spitting forth the reverberate sound of a
racing motorboat. Two white streamers of clef water rolled
themselves out behind it and almost immediately the boat was
beside him, drowning out the hot tinkle of the piano in the
drone of its spray. Dexter raising himself on his arms was
aware of a figure standing at the wheel, of two dark eyes re­

garding him over the lengthening space of water—then the
boat had gone by and was sweeping in an immense and pur­
poseless circle of spray round and round in the middle of the
lake. With equal eccentricity one of the circles flattened out
and headed back toward the raft.

"Who's that?" she called, shutting off her motor. She
was so near now that Dexter could see her bathing suit,
which consisted apparently of pink rompers. "Oh—you're
one of the men I hit in the stomach."

The nose of the boat bumped the raft. After an inexpert
struggle, Dexter managed to twist the line around a two-by­
four. Then the raft tilted rakishly as she sprang on.

"Well, kiddo," she said huskily, "do you—she
broke off. She had sat herself upon the springboard,
found it damp and jumped up quickly, "do you want
to go surf-boarding?"

He indicated that he would be delighted.

"The name is Judy Jones. Ghastly reputation but enormously popu­
lar." She favored him with an absurd smirk—rather, what tried to be
a smirk, for, twist her mouth as she
might, it was not grotesque, it was
merely beautiful. "See that house
over on the peninsula?"

"No."

"Well, there's a house
there that I live in only
you can't see it because
it's too dark. And in that
house there is a fella
waiting for me. When he
drove up by the door I
drove out by the dock be­
cause he has watery eyes
and asks me if I have an
ideal."

There was a fish jumping
and a star shining and
the lights around the lake
were gleaming. Dexter
sat beside Judy Jones and
she explained how her
boat was driven. Then
she was in the water,
swimming to the floating
surf-board with exquisite
crawl. Watching her was
as without effort to the eye
as watching a branch waving or a
sea-gull flying. Her arms, burned
to butternut, moved sinuously
among the dull platinum ripples,
elbow appearing first, casting the
forearm back with a cadence of
falling water, then reaching out
and down stabbing a path ahead.

They moved out into the lake
and, turning, Dexter saw that she
was kneeling on the low rear of the now up-tilted surf­
board. "Go faster," she called, "fast as it'll go."

Obediently he jammed the lever forward and the white
spray mounted at the bow. When he looked around again
the girl was standing up on the rushing board, her arms
spread ecstatically, her eyes lifted toward the moon.

"It's awful cold, kiddo," she shouted, "What's your name
anyways."

"The name is Dexter Green. Would it amuse you to
know how good you look back there?"

"Yes," she shouted, "It would amuse me. Except that I'm
too cold. Come to dinner tomorrow night."

(Continued on page 30)
A "Jack of All Trades" is usually Master of None

A chiropractor is not a "Jack-of-all-trades." He is master of one.

All that the properly trained chiropractor pretends to know is how to adjust the spine. He doesn't know much, but what he does know is true. What he does know works so well that Chiropractic has been built upon the failures of those who know so much that isn't true.

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B. J. PALMER President
9th and Brady Streets DAVENPORT, IOWA

December 1922

hat in hand, handsome, untroubled, a proper gallant, made them a bow most courteously as he stepped backwards towards the door.

Domenico stayed him. "Ah, but wait. Let me know your name, young gentleman. Think how much I am your debtor."

A ghost of a smile flickered on Angioletto's lips.

"Since you tell me this was the Duke's son, I had rather say nothing, but take my leave."

Domenico flashed a proud glance at him, at the body, at Adelesa, and he replied, "This was the Duke's son, but I am what I am, and the Duke shall abide his family's mischance. At least, at some later time, visit me."

Adelesa suddenly intervened.

"Husband," she said pleadingly, "let me be strange—Sir," to Angioletto, who heard her gravely, yet still with that faint smile on his lips. "Sir, my heart is overflowing with gratitude, to you, and to heaven, but I will ask you never again to set foot in this house."

Domenico stared, but held his peace. Angioletto regarded both him and Adelesa for a second. Then, "You have my promise," he said.

She clasped her hands together in a cestyas of thanks.

"Thank God."

Angioletto bowed, again went towards the door, stopped as he reached it, and again looked round the apartment. Adelesa was in her husband's arms.

Alessandro on his back near the couch, seemed to be lying there, if not with an air of boredom, at least with an almost ostentatious disregard of all about him.

Angioletto shrugged his shoulders.

"Amen," he said...

Winter Dreams
(Continued from page 15)

He kept thinking how glad he was that he had never caddied for this girl. The damp gingham clinging may have frightened the girl, but he was far from frightened by her. She was beautiful and strange to him.

"—At seven o'clock," she shouted, "Judy Jones, Girl, who hit man in stomach. Better write it down,—and then, "Faster—oh, faster!"

HAD he been as calm inwardly as he was in appearance, Dexter would have had time to examine his surroundings in detail. He received, however, an enduring impression that the house was the most elaborate he had ever seen. He had known for a long time that it was the finest on Lake Erminie, with a Pompeian swimming pool and twelve acres of lawn and garden. But what gave it an air of breathlessness intensity was the sense that it was inhabited by Judy Jones, and it was as casual a thing to her as the little house in the village had once been to Dexter. There was a feeling of mystery in it, of bedrooms upstairs more beautiful and strange than other bedrooms, of gay and radiant activities taking place through these deep corridors and of romances that were not musty and laid already in lavender, but were fresh and breathing and set forth in rich motor cars and in great dances whose flowers were scarcely withered. They were more real because he could feel them all about him, pervading the air with the shades and echoes of still vibrant emotion.

And so while he waited for her to
appear he peopled the soft deep summer room and the sun porch that opened from it with men, and the men had only loved Judy Jones. He knew the sort of men they were—the men who when he first went to college had entered from the great prep-schools with graceful clothes and the deep tan of healthy summer, who did nothing or anything with the same debonair ease.

Dexter had seen that in one sense, he was better than these men. He was newer and stronger. Yet in acknowledging to himself that he wished his children to be like them he was admitting that it was but the rough, strong stuff from which this graceful aristocracy eternally sprung.

When, a year before, the time had come when he could wear good clothes, he had known who were the best tailors in America, and the best tailor in America had made him the suit he wore this evening. He had acquired that particular reserve peculiar to his university, that set it off from other universities. He recognized the value to him of such a mannerism and he had adopted it; he knew that to be careless in dress and manner required more confidence than to be careful. But carelessness was for his children. His mother's name had been Krimslie. She was a Bohemian of the peasant class and she had talked broken English to the end of her days. Her son must keep to the set patterns.

HE waited for Judy Jones in her house, and he saw these other young men around him. It excited him that many men had loved her. It increased her value in his eye.

At a little after seven Judy Jones came downstairs. She wore a blue silk afternoon dress. He was appalled at first that she had not put on something more elaborate, and this feeling was accentuated when, after a brief greeting, she went to the door of a butler's pantry and pushing it open called: "You can have dinner, Martha." He had rather expected that a butler would announce dinner, that there would be a cocktail perhaps. It even offended him that she should know the maid's name.

Then he put these thoughts behind him as they sat down together on a chair-covered lounge.

"Father and mother won't be here," she said.

"Ought I to be sorry?"

"You're really quite nice," she confessed, as if it had just occurred to her. "I think my father's the best looking man of my age I've ever seen. And mother looks about thirty."

He remembered the last time he had seen her father, and found he was glad that the events were not changed tonight. They would wonder who he was. He had been born in Keeble, a Minnesota village fifty miles farther north and he had been born in Keeble, a Minnesota village fifty miles farther north and he always gave Keeble as his home instead of Dillard. Country towns were well enough to come from if they weren't inconveniently in sight, and used as foot-stools by fashionable lakes.

Before dinner he found the conversation unsatisfactory. The beautiful Judy seemed faintly irritable—as much as it was possible to be with a comparative stranger. They discussed Lake Erminie and its golf course, the surf-board riding of the night before and the cold she had caught, which made her voice more husky and charming than ever. They talked of his university where she had visited frequently.

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New York
during the past two years, and of the nearby city which supplied Lake Erminie with its patrons and whither Dexter would return next day to his prospering business.

During dinner she slipped into a muddy depression which gave Dexter a feeling of guilt. Whatever petulance she uttered in a cryptic voice worried him. Whatever she smiled at—at him, at a silver fork, at nothing—it disturbed him. A smile could have no root in mirth, or even in amusement. When the red corners of her lips curled down, it was less a smile than an invitation to a kiss.

Then, after dinner, she led him out on the dark sun-porch and deliberately changed the atmosphere.

"Do I seem gloomy?" she demanded.

"No, but I'm afraid I'm boring you," he answered quickly.

"You're not. I like you. But I've just had rather an unpleasant after­noon. There was a—man I cared about. He told me out of a clear sky that he was a church-member. He'd never even hinted it before. Does this sound horribly mundane?"

"Perhaps he was afraid to tell you." "I suppose he was," she answered thoughtfully. "He didn't start right. You see, if I'd thought of him as poor and about to lose his poor men, and fully intended to marry them all. But in this case, I hadn't thought of him that way and my interest in him wasn't strong enough to sur­vive the shock."

"I know. As if a girl calmly in­formed her fiancé that she was a widow she might not object to widows, but—"

"Let's start right," she suggested suddenly. "Who are you, anyhow?"

For a moment Dexter hesitated. There were two versions of his life that he could tell. There was Dillard and his caddying and his struggle through college, or...

"I'm nobody," he announced. "My career is largely a matter of futures.

"Are you poor?"

"No," he said frankly, "I'm proba­bly making more money than any man my age in the north." And he knew this to be an obnoxious remark, but you advised me to start right."

There was a pause. She smiled, and with tongue of honey she spoke.

"You sound like a man in a play."

"It's your fault. You tempted me into being assertive."

Suddenly she turned her dark eyes directly upon him and the corners of her mouth drooped until her face seemed to open like a flower. He dared scarcely to breathe, he had the sense that she was exerting some force upon him; making him overwhelmingly con­scious of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, the freshness of many clothes, of cool rooms and gleaming things, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

The porch was bright with the bought luxury of starshine. The wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably when he put his arm around her, commanded by her eyes. He kissed her curious and long-merited lips, and committed himself to the following of a grail.

It began like that—and continued, with a growth of intensity, on some a not a right up to the denou­ment. Dexter surrendered a part of himself to the most direct and unprin­cipated personality with which he had ever come in contact. Whatever the beautiful Judy Jones desired, she went after with the full pressure of her charm. There was no divergence of method, no juggling for position or premeditation of effects—there was very little mental quality in any of her affairs. She simply made men conscious to the highest degree of her physical loveliness.

Dexter had no desire to change her. Her definition with his was knit up with a passionate energy that transcended and justified them.

When, as Judy's head lay against his shoulder that first night, she whis­pered:

"I don't know what's the matter with me. Last night I thought I was in love with a man and tonight I think I'm in love with—you.

"—it seemed to him a beautiful and roman­tic thing to say. It was the ex­quisite excitability that for the moment he controlled and owned. But a week later he was compelled to view this same gentleman in an entirely different light. She took him in her roadster to a picnic supper and after supper she dis­appeared, likewise in her roadster, with another man.

"Perhaps she was afraid to tell you," she answered thoughtfully. "He didn't start right. You see, if I'd thought of him as poor and about to lose his poor men, and fully intended to marry them all. But in this case, I hadn't thought of him that way and my interest in him wasn't strong enough to sur­vive the shock."

"I know. As if a girl calmly in­formed her fiancé that she was a widow she might not object to widows, but—"

"Let's start right," she suggested suddenly. "Who are you, anyhow?"

For a moment Dexter hesitated. There were two versions of his life that he could tell. There was Dillard and his caddying and his struggle through college, or...

"I'm nobody," he announced. "My career is largely a matter of futures.

"Are you poor?"

"No," he said frankly, "I'm proba­bly making more money than any man my age in the north." And he knew this to be an obnoxious remark, but you advised me to start right."

There was a pause. She smiled, and with tongue of honey she spoke.

"You sound like a man in a play."

"It's your fault. You tempted me into being assertive."

Suddenly she turned her dark eyes directly upon him and the corners of her mouth drooped until her face seemed to open like a flower. He dared scarcely to breathe, he had the sense that she was exerting some force upon him; making him overwhelmingly con­scious of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, the freshness of many clothes, of cool rooms and gleaming things, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

The porch was bright with the bought luxury of starshine. The wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably when he put his arm around her, commanded by her eyes. He kissed her curious and long-merited lips, and committed himself to the following of a grail.
mornings when she was fresh as a dream and almost shy at meeting him in the clarity of the rising day. There was all the ecstasy of an engagement about it, sharpened by his realization that there was no engagement. It was during those three days that, for the first time, he had asked her to marry him. She said "maybe some day," she said "kiss me," she said "I'd like to marry you," she said "I love you," she said—nothing.

The three days were interrupted by the arrival of a New York man who visited for half September. To Dexter's agony, rumor engaged the man. The man was the son of the president of a great trust company. But at the end of a month it was reported that Judy was yawning. At a dance one night she sat all evening in a motor boat with an old beau, while the New Yorker searched the club for her frantically. She told the old beau that she was bored with her visitor and two days later he left. She was seen with him at the station and it was reported that he looked very mournful.

ON this note the summer ended. Dexter was twenty-four and he found himself in a position to do as he wished. He joined two clubs in the city and lived at one of them. Though he was by no means an integral part of these clubs he managed to be on hand at dances where Judy Jones was likely to appear. He could have gone out socially as much as he liked—he was an eligible young man, now, and popular with downtown fathers. His confessed devotion to Judy Jones further solidified his position. But he had no social aspirations and rather despised the dancing men who were always on tap for the Thursday or Saturday parties and who filled in at dinners with the younger married set. Already he was playing with the idea of going East to New York. He visited his father and told him of his plans. No disillusion as to the world in which she had grown up could cure his illusion as to her desirability.

Remember that—for only in the light of it can what he did for her be understood.

Eighteen months after he first met Judy Jones he became engaged to another girl. Her name was Irene Scheerer and her father was one of the men who had always believed in Dext­er. Irene was light haired and sweet and honorable and a little stout and she had two beaux whom she pleasantly re­linquished when Dexter formally asked her to marry him.

Summer, fall, winter, spring, another summer, another fall—so much

Where To Find
A Husband For The New Girl

(Continued from page 40)

rillary qualities, that is frank or in­tille has got out of the habit of saluting within that broad designation, "society girl," you will find the girl who greets you with so masculine a line of slang that you cannot match it, the girl who is just as reactive as her great-grandmother, the girl who refuses to come out and is taking up a career in medicine and the girl who has broken away from her family and is living in Greenwich Village. The majority was as conservative as ever. I agree with her that they may be conservative, but that it is because they have decided themselves to be conservative, and not because their mothers told them to be so.

Breakfasting one morning, not long ago, with a clergyman in a sleepy little town in Vermont, I listened to his account of his problems relating to the girls of the parish, and if you could have heard the conversation, I am sure you would have agreed with me that so far as the problems were concerned, his pastorate was located in a crowded section of New York City.

We may discuss now this new self­determination of women. For the most part, at present writing, we are to the world in which she had grown up that she might be as desirable as she was. Remember that—for only in the light of it can what he did for her be understood.

Eighteen months after he first met Judy Jones he became engaged to another girl. Her name was Irene Scheerer and her father was one of the men who had always believed in Dexter. Irene was light haired and sweet and honorable and a little stout and she had two beaux whom she pleasantly relinquished when Dexter formally asked her to marry him.

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(Continued from page 40)

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The New Girl and Her Future Husband

What Do YOU Think About Mr. Farrar's Ideas on this Subject

PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

For the best letter of not more than 500 words we offer these prizes: $20.00 first prize; $15.00 second prize; $10.00 third prize. Competition closes December 5th. The winning letters will appear in the February Metropolitan.

Address Editor The Girl of To-day, Metropolitan Magazine, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contest letters cannot be returned.
Winter Dreams
(Continued from page 102)

he had given of his active life to the
curved lips of Judy Jones. She had
treated him with interest, with encour­
agement, with malice, with indifference,
with contempt. She had inflicted on
him the innumerable little slights and
indignities possible in such a case—as
if in revenge for having ever cared for
him at all. She had beckoned him and
yawned at him and beckoned him again
and he had responded often with bitter­
ness and narrowed eyes. She had
brought him ecstatic happiness and in­
tolerable agony of spirit. She had
caused him untold inconvenience and
not a little trouble. She had insulted
him and she had ridden over him and
she had played his interest in her
against his interest in his work—for
fun. She had done everything to him
except to criticise him—this she had
not done—it seemed to him only be­
cause it might have sullied the utter
indifference she manifested and sin­
cerely felt toward him.

When autumn had come and gone
again it occurred to him that he could
not have Judy Jones. He had to beat
this into his mind but he convinced him­
tself at last. He lay awake at night for
a while and argued it over. He told
himself the trouble and the pain she
had caused him, he enumerated her
glaring deficiencies as a wife. Then he
said to himself that he loved her and
after a while he fell asleep. For a
week, lest he imagine her husky voice
over the telephone or her eyes opposite
him at lunch, he worked hard and late
and at night he went to his office and
plotted out his years.

At the end of a week he went to a
dance and cut in on her once. For
almost the first time since they had met
he did not ask her to sit out with him
or tell her that she was lovely. It
hurt him that she did not miss these
things—that was all. He was not jeal­
ous when he saw that there was a new
man tonight. He had been hardened
against jealousy long before.

He stayed late at the dance. He sat
for an hour with Irene Scheerer and
talked about books and about music.
He knew very little about either. But
he was beginning to be master of his
own time now and he had a rather
priggish notion that he—the young and
already fabulously successful Dexter
Green—should know more about such
things.

That was in October when he was
twenty-five. In January Dexter and
Irene became engaged. It was to be
announced in June and they were to be
married three months later.

The Minnesota winter prolonged it­
self interminably and it was almost
May when the winds came soft and the
snow ran down into Lake Erminie at
last. For the first time in over a year
Dexter was enjoying a certain tran­
quility of spirit. Judy Jones had been
in Florida and afterwards in Hot
Springs and somewhere she had been
engaged and somewhere she had
broken it off. At first, when Dexter
had definitely given her up, it had
made him sad that people still linked
them together and asked for news of
her, but when he began to be placed at
dinner next to Irene Scheerer people
didn't ask him about her any more—
they told him about her. He ceased to
be an authority on her.
May at last. Dexter walked the streets at night when the darkness was damp as rain, wondering that so soon, with so little done, so much of ecstasy had passed. May, one year back had been marked by Judy's poetical, unforgivable, yet forgiven tur­bulence. Judy had been one of those rare times when he fancied she had grown to care for him. That old penny's worth of happiness he had spent for this of May. He knew that Irene would be no more than a certain spread behind him, a hand moving among the trees of other girls choos­ing to children. Fire and loneliness were gone, magic of night and the hushed wonder of the hours and sea­sons... slender lips, down turning, drooping to his tips like poppy petals, bearing him up into a heaven of eyes—a haunting gesture, light of a warm lamp on her hair. The thing was deep in him. He was too strong, too alive for it to die lightly.

It was May when the weather balanced for a few days on the thin bridge that led to deep summer he turned in one night as he walked. The entrance of June was to be announced in a week now—no one would be surprised at it. And tonight they would sit in the lounge at the College Club and look on for an hour at the dancers. It gave him a sense of solidarity to go with her. She was so ardently popular, so intensely a 'good egg.'

He mounted the steps of the brown stone house and stepped inside.

"Irene," he called.

Mrs. Scheerer came out of the living room to meet him.

"Dexter," she said, "Irene's gone upstairs with a splitting headache. She wanted to go with you but I made her stay." "Nothing serious I—"

"Oh, no. She's going to play golf with you in the morning. You can spare her for just one night, can't you, Dexter?"

Her smile was kind. She and Dexter had become very close friends. She had told him many things in the doorway. He leaned against the door post, nodded at a man in the room who talked for a moment before he said goodnight.

Returning to the College Club, where he had the habit of going for a moment in the dashboard. He leaned against the door post, nodded at a man in the room who talked for a moment before he said goodnight.

"You're handsomer than you used to be," she said thoughtfully, "Dexter, you have the most rememberable eyes.

He could have laughed at this, but he did not laugh. It was the sort of thing that was said to sophomores. Yet it stabled him.

"I'm awfully tired of everything, kiddo," she called everyone kiddo, endowing the obsolete slang with careless, indifferent comradery. "I wish you'd marry me."

The directness of this confused him. He should have told her now that he was going to marry another girl but he could not tell her. He could as easily have sworn that he had never loved her.

"I think we'd get along," she continued, on the same note, "unless probably you've forgotten me and fallen in love with another girl."

Her confidence was obviously enormous. She had said, in effect, that she had sought such a possibility to be be­lieved, that if it were true he had merely committed a childish indiscretion—and probably to be forgiven. She would give him, because it was not a matter of any moment but rather something to be brushed aside lightly.

"Of course, you've never love anybody but me," she continued, "I like the way you love me. Oh, Dexter, have you forgotten last year?"

"No, I have not forgotten."

"Neither have I!"

"Was she sincerely moved—or was she carried along by the wave of her own acting?"

"I wish we could be like that again," she said, and he forced himself to an­swer:

"Have you a car here? If you haven't I have."

"I have a coupe."

In then, with a rustle of golden cloth. He slumbered into so many cars she had stepped—like this—like that—her back against the leather, so—her elbows on the door—wait­ing. She would have been soiled long since had there been anything to soil her,—except herself—but these things were all behind them.

With an effort he forced himself to start the car and avoiding her sur­prised glance at the street this. This was nothing, he must remember. She had done this before and he had put her behind him, as he would have slashed a bad account from his books. He drove slowly downtown and af­fecting a disinterested abstraction traversed the deserted streets of the business section, people here and there, where a movie was going out its crowd or where consumptive or pugilistic young men fought in front of pool halls. The cink of glasses and the slap of hands on the bars issued from saloons' chiming of glassed glass and dirty yellow light.

She was watching him closely and the silence was embarrassing yet in this crisis he could find no casual word with which to profane the hour. At a con­venient turning he began to zig-zag back toward the College Club.

"Have you missed me?" she asked suddenly.

"Everybody missed you," he wondered. She knew of Irene Scheerer. She had been back only a day—her absence had been almost con­temporaneous with his engagement.

"What a remark!, Judy laughed sadly—without sadness. She looked at him searchingly. He became absorbed for a moment in the dashboard.

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"I wish we could be like that again," she said, and he forced himself to an­swer:
I don't think we can.

I suppose not... I hear you're giving Irene Scheerer a violent rush.

Then, as he turned up the street that led to the residence district, Judy began to cry quietly to herself. He had never seen her cry before.

The dark streets and the dwellings of the rich loomed up around them, he stopped his coupé in front of the great white bulk of the Mortimer Jones' house, somnolent, gorgeous, drenched with the splendor of the damp moonlight. Its solidity startled him. The strong walls, the fine steel of the girders, the breadth and beam and pomp of it were there only to bring out the contrast with the young beauty beside him. It was sturdy to accentuate her slightness-as if to show what a breeze could be generated by a butterfly's wing.

He sat perfectly quiet, his nerves in wild clamor, afraid that if he moved he would find her irresistibly in his arms. Two tears had rolled down her wet face and trickled on her upper lip.

"I'm more beautiful than anybody else," she said brokenly, "why can't I be happy?" Her moist eyes tore at his bosom with an exquisite sadness, "I'd like to marry you if you'll have me, Dexter. I suppose you think I'm not worth having but I'll be so beautiful for you, Dexter."

A million phrases of anger, of pride, of passion, of tenderness fought on his lips. Then a perfect wave of emotion washed over him, carrying off with it a sediment of wisdom, of convention, of doubt, of honor. This was his girl who was speaking, his own, his beautiful, his pride. "Won't you come in?" he heard her draw in her breath sharply. Waiting.

"All right," his voice was trembling, "I'll come in."

IT seems strange to say that neither when it was over nor a long time afterward did he regret that night. Looking at it from the perspective of ten years, the fact that Judy's flare for him endured just one month seemed of little importance. Nor did it matter that by his yielding he subjected himself to a deeper agony in the end and gave serious hurt to Irene Scheerer and to Irene's parents who had befriended him. There was nothing sufficiently pictorial about Irene's grief to stamp itself on his mind.

Dexter was at bottom hard-minded. The attitude of the city on his action was of no importance to him, not because he was going to leave the city, but because any outside attitude on the situation seemed superficial. He was completely indifferent to popular opinion. Nor could he see in it that it was no use, that he did not possess in himself the power to move fundamentally or to change. Judy Jones, did he bear any malice toward her? He loved her and he would love her until the day he was too old for loving—but he could not have her. Just as Judy Jones had, too old for loving—but he could not have her. Just as Judy Jones had, too old for loving—and he would love her until the day he was too old for loving—but he could not have her.

Even the ultimate falsity of the grounds upon which Judy terminated the engagement—that she did not want to "take him away" from Irene, that it was on her conscience—did not revolt him. He was beyond any revulsion or any amusement.

He went east in February with the intention of selling out his laundries and settling in New York—but the war came to America in May and changing his plans. He returned to the west, handed over the management of the business to his partner and went into the first officers' training camp in late April. He was one of those young thousands who greeted the war with a certain amount of relief, welcoming the liberation from webs of tangled emotion.

THIS story is not his biography, remember, although things creep into it which have nothing to do with those dreams he had when he was young. We are almost done with them and with him now. There is only one more incident to be related here and it happens seven years farther on.

It took place in New York, where he had done well—so well that there were no barriers too high for him now. He was thirty-two years old, and, except for one flying trip immediately after the war, he had not been west in seven years. A man named Devlin from Detroit came into his office to see him in a business way, and then and there this incident occurred, and closed out, so to speak, this particular side of his life.

"So you're from the middle west," said the man Devlin with careless curiosity.

"That's funny—I thought men like you would be born and raised on Wall Street," he said, "but I see one of my friends in Detroit came from your city. I was an usher at the wedding."

Dexter waited with no apprehension of what was coming. There was a magic that his city would never lose for him. Just as Judy Jones had, always seemed to him more mysterious and gray than other houses, so his dream of the city itself, now that he had gone from H., was pervaded with a melancholy beauty.

"Judy Simms," said Devlin with no particular interest, "Judy Jones was her name."

"Yes, I knew her." A dull impotence spread over him. He had heard, of course, that she was married,—perhaps deliberately he had heard no more. "Awfully nice girl," brooded Devlin, meaninglessly, "I'm sort of sorry for her."

"Why?" Something in Dexter was alert, receptive, at once.

"Oh, Joe Simms has gone to pieces," said Devlin. "He has, has..."

"No. Stays at home with her kids." "Oh." "She's a little too old for him," said Devlin. "Too old!" cried Dexter, "why man, she's only twenty-seven."

He had a notion of rushing out into the streets and taking a train to Detroit. He rose to his feet, spasmodically, involuntarily. "You've just apologized quickly," I didn't realize—" he said, "I'm not busy," said Dexter, "steading his voice. "I'm not busy at all. Not busy at all. Did you say she..."
Flaming Youth (Continued from page 25)

"I want it to be so. I love to have you pet me."

"And I haven't even the strength to resist it."

"Then you're going to run over when I visit Cissie?" she asked lightly.

"Of course."

With unwavering strategy Pat made opportunities for being with Scott thereafter. Each time they were together alone she came to his arms as sweetly and naturally as if she claimed him of right; each time until, even on the wedding when, as he drew her to him, she twitched away with a boyish, petulant jerk of the shoulders.

"What is it, Pat?" he queried.

"Nothing. I don't want you to pet me. That's all."

He had the acumen to suspect that this might be a first crisis in their newly established relations, though he did not fathom her purpose or how she could force him.

"I shall never set finger upon you except as you wish it."

"Well, I don't wish it. Not now."

A day later he watched through her clouded look, "I might tomorrow."

His brows lifted inquiringly. Mockingly, too. Pat wondered. You never could tell with Mr. Scott. What would he say? He said nothing.

"Do you know what I mean?" demanded Pat, who didn't clearly know herself.

"Perfectly."

"What?"

"Coquetry. That's a form of dis-honesty—between us. And between us there is no reason nor place for anything but honesty."

She came to him then, encried him closely, drew her lips from his, after a time, to murmur: "You understand me so. When you say things like that I'm crazy about you."

Against every judgment he said: "I wonder how much you really care for me, Pat.""

"Oh, so awful lot! Or I wouldn't be acting like this. But."

"You added, with pensive frankness, "I've been just as crazy about other people before."

"I see. It's the normal thing for you to feel this way toward someone."

"Oh, well; you expect to have somebody in love with you," she explained. "Think how I feel without it. And it's natural to play back, isn't it? Now I've hurt you."

She spoke the words with the marks of remorseful interest as an experimentalist might feel pity for the animal under his knife. That doesn't matter. One gets used to being hurt."

All woman, at this she tightened her