

When Wiley Woman Woos to Win

By Margaret Burton

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THIS is a most deplorable tale from Alpha to Omega. The two dreaded m's—mumps and measles, had claimed an unprecedented toll that season. In a state approaching panic, the local Board of Ailments had issued a proclamation demanding the support of all citizens in stamping out the epidemic. Both front and back yards were ordered fumigated and any person using unsterilized air, either hot or cold, did so at his own peril. Undoubtedly the trouble lay in the fact that Pristhilymette, the most elite of apartment houses, boasted a yard neither before nor behind and that she lived way up in the ether zone. At any rate that malignant germ known to cupologists as "Eyewilhavim" slipped through the blockade, making straight for the thirteenth level where in a sumptuous suite, dwelt Danety Moreel.

From an authentic source I learned that during her infancy this girl was a mere child in size. In fact until she reached fifty per cent. of a year, she nightly journeyed to Dreamland incased by Mother's arms, but then expansion commenced a demonstration. By her twelfth birthday, so great was Danety's avoidupois, that every lift which she entered immediately dropped.

Without any encouragement every portion of the girl's anatomy thrived and grew, excepting her brain. Outside assistance being deemed necessary in that development, Danety was placed for five days each week in a substantial seat of learning. All went smoothly for a time. She quite enjoyed the novelty of getting an education and relished the attention her unusual figure accorded her. One day, however, when waddling home from school, a most self-satisfied feeling in her breast, a loquacious young upstart accosted her:

"Say, Hefty, why don't you cash that name of yours in a vase on the mantel, so as you won't smash it."

Who can conscientiously condemn the tears which sprinkled her homeward path? Repeatedly her mirror had volunteered the information that she merited a more solid title than "Danety", but never before had her name been publicly insulted. She pleaded with her parents to catalogue her otherwise but they only laughed and endeavored to dissolve her sorrow in caresses. No matter what her bulk might be she would always be their little darling. Thus her name stuck, but never more did Danety Moreel enter a schoolroom. With an imported tutoress she secluded herself within the pretentious walls of Pristhilymette and there absorbed such knowledge as she could not evade.

Time, proceeding on his travels, incidentally brought womanhood to Danety. As yet no knight had stormed her heart. Gladly would father have shared his family burdens with any willing youth. In vain mother tried to console herself by arguing that worse fates than spinsterhood might befall one's offspring. As for the maid—she was of an optimistic turn of mind, firmly believing that each fleeting hour but enhanced the charms by which she meant to some day land a husband.

For every self respecting female, Dame Fashion decrees an entire change of apparel at least once in three months. When these periods of wardrobe vicissitudes came round, consternation was monarch of the Moreel household. Day after day Nibs steered the costly limousine through the crowded down town district, stopping before each likely shop. It was no half hour's job to find clothes to encompass Danety.

"I do hope I can squeeze into one here," she sighed as on one of these trips the car drew up before a window of elegantly gownned models.

"I'm so sorry, my dear," apologized a trim little madame, "but we're just out of your size."

"Home," she snapped as Nibs held the door and helped hoist her weight. That expression of "your size" had been drummed into her ears for the past three days and was now mounting to her brain. Her eyes closed with weariness and disappointment. What cared she for dress? She wondered if shrubs were made with ultra measurements.

What was it? The car lunged forward,

then backward, stopping with a jerk. Danety sprang to her feet. Already a sea of pale faces surged around the machine. It came so suddenly she had hardly sensed the situation when a wave washed Nibs and a policeman ashore, the latter bearing a small bundle of humanity.

"Yes, yes," gasped Nibs, "we'll rush him to the hospital."

Hastily the door was opened, the unfortunate deposited at Danety's side and off they sped. She glanced at the victim's face, then scrutinized it with care. Her eyes told her that by some invisible link that visage was connected with her past. Where had she seen him before? If only his eyes would open she might remember then. His hands, lying limp at his side, were quite ordinary members—one thumb, four fingers each—no clue to his identity there. His feet—yes, sure enough—three tiny gold initials were embroidered on those wisteria socks—N.S.K. Could it be possible that there within her own limousine lounged the despicable individual who in by-gone days had so grossly insulted her appellation? Just then his eyes parted, disclosing two familiar brown orbs.

"You are—?" she faintly.

"I am," acquiesced Noe S. Kape.

The hospital expedition was apparently unnecessary and Nibs had driven straight to the portal of Pristhilymette.

"A not unpleasant incident," acknowledged Noe S. Kape, assisting Danety to descend.

Upon her reinforced, lace bedecked bed, Danety tossed through a restless night. The accident of the day before proved of minor importance, a five minutes' departure into oblivion being the only inconvenience the young man suffered.

Now as she lay there in the dark, she thought of scores of things she might have said and done instead of feigning indifference and coolly walking away from him. Evidently he had changed since that memorable day at school, for yesterday he had respectfully addressed her as "Miss Moreel". Whether or not he had improved in manners this was her nearest approach to masculinity and romance, and she had no intention of forfeiting her one opportunity. Most carefully she planned an aggressive campaign and by coffee time she had decided to enlist the services of the Bell System in her initial move.

The architect who supervised the construction of Noe S. Kape deserves congratulations on the finished monument. The exterior, of which an enticing, well groomed mustache formed no small part, was minus a flaw. Aside, however, from the usual amount of mechanism installed in each human body, his interior was unfurnished. Society noticed not the deficit. In every noteworthy aggregation he proved an asset to the decorative scheme and tickled the social column publicity seekers by his ravings of "my set". Now the family tree of Kape was ancient and firmly rooted but drooped from lack of pecuniary fertilization. Situation after situation, where ornamentation and a glib tongue were the only essentials, Noe had tentatively tried. Inevitably about the second day society had demanded his presence and—well, he concluded it was folly to tie himself with an occupation when he owned a father, who would clothe and feed him. At the moment he collided with Danety's auto, he was greatly piqued, not about a question, but about a trifle out of date dress suit which father maintained showed no signs of wear.

A morning meal in the Kape abode consisted usually of light breakfast and heavy argument. The beginning of this day was no exception to the rule. According to the head of the establishment one dress suit was good until its property of reflection made it bad. It was most lamentable that Noe had to tolerate such stinginess. Think of parents raising such a fuss about spending three-quarters of a hundred on dress togs for a promising scion.

"You think of nothing but girls and dress, dress and girls, from one morning to the next. Likely that's one of your social parasites at the phone now. In my day, a girl learned to busy herself at home and leave the telephoning and courting to the man". What but dis-

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