

The I. K. B. Girl

(Continued from page 5.)

want to know me any more now."

A small, still, smile played deep in Ethel's grey eyes.

"I am angry now that I have promised to go to dinner with you next week, and, since a promise is a promise, I must go, I suppose."

She turned to Rosa.

"Let me introduce Mr. Appermann; the gentleman I met on the boat."

"Mr. Appermann, my cousin Mrs. Samuels. I am staying with her while I am in New York, and she is showing me the city."

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Samuels," said Herman, bowing as well as the load on his shoulder would permit.

Rosa acknowledged the introduction with her doubts and criticisms written large in her face. Her disapproving eyes swept Mr. Appermann from the toes of his muddy old shoes to the crown of his rough derby hat. His obvious need of a shave erased all his bright, good looks from her consideration, and she made it so plain that she did not care to linger and did not intend to allow Ethel to do so, that he was hurt.

"Perhaps I had better not call to see you to-night, Miss Maurice. I won't come if you—"

She held out her hand. "If you do not come, Mr. Appermann, I am never going to forgive you, never."

"I'm coming then," he promised enthusiastically, to Mrs. Samuels' evident disgust.

From far down the block, and rising high above the din of the busy street, came a commanding call: "Herman! Commere! A customer! Herman!"

"I got to get back to business. Goodbye until to-night. But wait a minute." He still held her hand and he came close to read her eyes through the obscuring curtain of fast descending twilight. "Why are you angry about the dinner, Miss Maurice? I'll not have these furs with me then!" This last mischievously added for the benefit of Mrs. Samuels.

"Because I see that you can't afford it. A boy who works hard all day in the cold street should not waste his money at night buying dinners in restaurants for girls."

"Oh," said Herman, and laughed, and said goodbye, and gave her hand quite a bold squeeze before he finally released it and ran to answer the still continuing summons.

"HERMAN," repeated Ethel, looking after him, "it sounds sweet, that name, doesn't it, Rosa?"

"No," said Rosa dryly, "the other part, 'a customer,' sounds sweeter to me. A peddler you stand and talk to and hold hands with in the middle of Grand Street! You! In a forty dollar suit and a twenty dollar hat, and me in my best Persian Lamb coat and my diamond ear-rings. How did it look for us to be jabbering to a loafer with cheap furs on his shoulder? I shudder to think what your Popper could say if he could 'a seen us."

"Isch ka bibble. It's too cold a day to be shuddering, Rosa. Let's go up-town where you can get warm. And Rosa, you see Mr. Appermann works, so it's not fair to call him a loafer."

"Why couldn't you tell me? Secretive like a whole family of clams you are. I had the idea that this feller off the boat what's coming to call on you was a somebody great. I thought he at least had one nickle to rub against another in his pocket, and here you bring me to the Ghetto to see a peddler. Now I know what is making you so flighty all the time; you're in love with an empty purse. Oi Oi!"

"I didn't know a thing about him. Do you suppose all the trains in the subway could haul me down here if I'd known he was here?"

That evening Mr. Samuels had hardly begun on his soup before his wife related the whole story in exhaustive and exhaustive detail, concluding:

"The feller's a beggar; he was in rags! I got no use for a young man that's satisfied to wear clothes that

look like the stickers out of a second hand clothing shop. A man ought to show some pains on how he dresses. I betcha he is so stingy that a kiser looks like a spendingthrift beside him. I can't deceive myself, the feller looks like a second mortgage on last year's hats. He's the kind that never makes money or gets it given to him. He's a dead broke and a always going to be broke, and I took a dislike to him the minute I seen him. Now, Bennie, you got to show Ethel that she better have Rifka tell him she ain't in."

Mr. Samuels shrugged and devoured two thirds of the wiener schnitzel by way of reply.

After dinner Ethel went to her room, removed her ultra stylish dinner dress and emerged attired in a white shirtwaist, clean, but patched, and a plain skirt which showed signs of hard wear.

ROSA threw up her hands in surrender. "Mein Gott! I give you up!"

You are the queerest girl alive. I thought you went to curl your hair and put on your best dress, but instead, here I see you dressed out of the rag bag. I ask you, with the tears in my eyes, WHY?"

"Well, I wore all my good things on the ship and to-day I had on my new suit. I want Mr. Appermann to see that I can be economical."

"Bennie!" cried Rosa, appealing to her husband, "ain't she trying to make a hit with the man?"

"Am I a judge? I got a auction pinochle game on to-night; don't bother me." And Mr. Samuels departed for the evening.

"Ethel, I hope you ain't got the notion of getting married," said Rosa, heavily. "Because you are twenty-five you don't have to get afraid that you are left forever and marry a schnorrer. A married woman don't have such a easy life. You are very well off now alone with your Popper and no worries. A Eastside peddler is no one to fall in love mit. If you got to love somebody, pick out one with money. You'd never like to be living in the Ghetto. He looks like a feller that would be mean to his wife."

The maid announced Mr. Appermann.

"My fine parlour and my velvet and gold furniture to be wasted. A hundred dollars a month rent my Bennie pays and the first company our cousin gets is a nobody from the Ghetto," moaned Mrs. Samuels.

"I don't care if he is from the Ghetto. Grandpa selig began there and just think how everybody bowed to him before he died and articles were in all the papers about him. Come on in and see Mr. Appermann; he's human, if he is from Grand street."

"No. If the parlour ain't too good for your caller this here dining room is good enough for me. If he should try to sell you a neck piece to match your muff I'll be close enough to hear and to come and help you out."

Ethel found Mr. Appermann as prosperous in appearance as he had been shabby earlier in the day. They chatted more or less easily for some time before he ventured to ask, "What evening will be convenient for that dinner, Miss Maurice?"

"Mr. Appermann, I thought I told you to-day that I'm not going to let you throw away your hard earned money like that; on me, at least. You must not be extravagant."

Taxed with it, she confessed that she already liked him too much to be indifferent to considerations for his welfare. They fenced, as is the manner of man and maid, Herman ever advancing and Ethel ever retreating.

At length it narrowed down to, "You are not ashamed of me that I got a business selling furs out of a pushcart and from over my shoulder?"

"Oh! so the pushcart is yours?" cried Ethel joyfully. "I'm so glad; I thought you only worked for the other man. It's very nice that you are in business for yourself."

HERMAN looked at her with a long, soul-searching look before which her colour rose again. Suddenly he leaned over and shook her hand

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