



### MUST BE, OF COURSE.

DUDESON—"See that young lady across the street? I can marry her to-morrow if I want to."

JABBINS—"Er—which? The short-sighted one?"

find out her mistake in time, and now I must say good-bye. I only wish, Mag, that you had some darling like Jack to fall in love with you; but never mind, I love you. Write and send me your congratulations. Affectionately yours,

MILDRED RICHMOND."

Dropping this she picked up the second epistle with the same curious look of mingled pity and humour.

Thursday, June 20th.

"MY DEAREST MARGARET.—I have only time to drop you a line. I am staying with Mildred yet. I am dying to tell you the news. I have cut her out with Jack Lester—don't you ever breathe it! She doesn't know, she thinks he is madly in love with her. It is such fun. I know I'm a flirt, but I can't help it. He is awfully nice. I reciprocate—to use a big word—fully. Write and congratulate me. Oh!

'Life is a joke that's just begun,  
Everything is a source of fun.'

Tra la la!

Most lovingly yours,  
GLADYS."

As the letter fell from her fingers the gate was opened and a footstep crunched along the gravel walk. Margaret peered through the Virginia creepers; her lips parted suddenly, but she made no exclamation. The next instant Mr. Lester, whose appearance she silently awaited stepped on the verandah, crying, "You didn't expect me; pardon the surprise!"

MARGARET—"Well, no, I didn't expect you—however, I am glad."

HE—"Are you sure? Well, I've been very busy; but this morning I got sick of the office. I had nothing important on hand this afternoon, so I decided to take a run down. How are you? (*looking tenderly at her*)"

MARGARET—"I am all right, thank you."

HE—"What have you been doing with yourself? Come, I want to talk with you (*bringing his chair nearer*). I want—Why, what letters have we here?"

MARGARET (*folding and putting them away*)—"Letters from two friends of yours in the city; Miss Richmond and Miss Lightfoot."

HE (*nervously*)—"Oh! Do you correspond with them? I took them to a band concert last week. I hope it will be some time before I drag out another such night." (*Then indifferently*)—"Did they mention me?"

MARGARET—"I believe they did."

HE (*still more carelessly*)—"What had they to say?"

MARGARET—"Each asked to be congratulated."

HE (*wiping the perspiration from his brow*)—"About what?"

MARGARET—"You. (*After a silence during which she buried her face in the mass of roses he had just given her*) and, strange to say, I had just posted letters to them asking for their congratulations."

HE (*wildly*)—"Oh! my darling—my joy!..."

MARGARET (*fixing upon him her direct gaze*)—"Why, is Mr. Hartford a friend of yours?"

### HOW NOT TO PLAY TENNIS.

IF you are anxious to graduate as Public Nuisance on the Lawn Tennis Court, first realize that the prime qualification is a thorough badness of play, combined with an insolent assurance of manner.

State that you really haven't played for two years; that, 'pon your honor, your racket is somewhere at the seaside; that the one lent you by your host is not the kind of tool you are accustomed to; and that, of course, you are "terribly off your play." But do not *look* over-modest.

If there is anything to choose between the ends, silently assume that you and your partner are to play in the better one. In the same manner trespass upon the good-nature of your partner by taking it for granted that you are to serve first.

After having served eight consecutive faults, and lost a love game at the outset, you may, if you like, make a very faint apology to your partner. But a smile of indulgent astonishment at your performance is recommended.

In like manner, whenever you hit into the net, swipe out of court, or miss altogether, amused wonderment is the proper attitude to affect. Your vile play must be made to appear not only exceptional, but unprecedented. And the most appropriate gesture to convey this impression is a frequent scrutiny of your host's racket, accompanied by serio-comic shakes of the head.

Balk your partner at every stroke, and raise your eyebrows at him as though *you* were the balked party.

If your partner is such a fool as to apologize, receive his apology in churlish silence, but on no account give him back the same coin, even though you personally lose every point in the set.

Volley at the net with or without provocation. Accidents will happen, even to the poorest players; and when a swift ball strikes your bat with fortunate results, don't omit to make capital out of the event—not only look as though you meant it, but declare that you cal-