

BY POSTAL CARD

A LITERARY FLIRTATION

IT began by the literary girl sending what she thought was a joke to the editor of the comic monthly.

He promptly returned it with a single word scrawled across it in blue pencil—"Old."

"So are you," she answered by postal the same day.

"Do you think so?" he scribbled under a photo of himself that he sent to her.

"Not at all!" came the shy answer, after she had admired its good points.

"Are you?" Evidently this editor wanted to know things.

"What woman is?" was the enigmatic sentence on the postal.

"Prove it." This young editor was nothing if not insistent.

"Here 'tis." And the photographs of some literary girls are not half bad.

"Very fine," was as much as he dared say by postal.

"Same to you!" And the girl thought the queer matter closed.

"Why don't you write at length?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Am otherwise engaged."

"To whom?"

"My future husband, you silly! My postals have given out. Good-bye!"

ANNA COSULICH.



PRUDENT HEIRS

THERE are some who, inheriting fortunes free,
Show closest discriminations,
And prune their genealogical tree
By cutting their poor relations.

DOROTHY DORR.



SWEET CONSOLATION

MRS. COBWIGGER—You must feel dreadful about having your bric-à-brac stolen.

MRS. PARVENUE—Yes, my dear, but I realize that it was the act of a kleptomaniac. I'd have felt awful if a common thief had taken it.

A TRICK OF THE TRADE

By Curtis Dunham

PEG WOFFINGTON, standing on the mantelpiece, dainty and graceful in her garb of bisque, seemed to be smiling at her congenial surroundings. Her standpoint suggested that of the prompter's box, with the stage set for the cozy interior scene of a rural play in the seventeenth century. "Down centre," within a yard of her, was a breakfast table invitingly laid for two, with unopened letters beside each plate. But Peg's eyes did not rest on this evidence that the curtain was about to rise. Her gaze was fixed on the charming country landscape visible between swinging windows, "back," which opened on a broad veranda cool with clinging vines. In all other respects the stage setting was appropriate, and while dainty bisque Peg continued to smile approvingly it only remained for the actors to make their entrance.

And when the heroine presently entered, "up L," the illusion was heightened rather than destroyed, though the landscape visible through the swinging windows was that of a valley in Westchester County at this present day, and the heroine the modest heiress of a deceased country clergyman. But she was absolute mistress of this bit of Elysium, and although she was only three months from school and had set foot within a playhouse just four times in her life, was she not bride of a month to Spencer Jordan, who had played *Romeo* to the world-famous *Juliet* of his cousin, Sylvia Grahame? And in his wooing of her had not Spencer declared that she was Nature's own ideal for the fair daughter of *Capulet*?

Moreover, had she not already, with encouraging results, opened communication through the mails with her new and famous relative, Sylvia Grahame, with a view to compelling the world to coincide with Spencer's rash admission of her gifts? She had never met Sylvia, but that great joy was now imminent, for recent advices had set forth that the actress had returned from her annual trip abroad and established herself in her Madison avenue apartment.

So the manner of Grace Jordan's entrance on this pleasing scene is so conventionally correct, according to the best stage traditions, that the smile of the bisque Peggy seems to grow still brighter in approval and admiration of her. She wears a flowing morning gown adorned at the breast with a bunch of yellow roses. She approaches the breakfast table with measured, graceful step, and standing by her chair, calls in clear tones, nicely modulated:

"*Romeo, Romeo!*"

Receiving no answer she glides to the swinging windows and repeats the summons.

"Perhaps he's in the garden," it is plain she is saying to herself as she raises her voice and calls once more.

There being still no answer she seats herself at the table, and while she opens her letters Peg on the mantelpiece distinctly hears her say:

"I know—Spencer's sulking. Until this morning he thought I was joking about going on the stage. Now he realizes the inevitable. What! I go on rusting in this country hole—I, with a favorite leading