

of her suitors, doesn't it? She has become critical—very naturally. All suitors seem to her more or less alike; they have the same good points, the same weaknesses. They don't really understand her ambitions.

Why then should she pick out one more than another when she can dispose of half a dozen?

Why should she inflict upon herself the monotonous society of anyone when she can be surrounded by any number?

Why should she submit to the annoyance of being bound when she can exercise her caprices as though they were laws, and enjoy her liberty at the same time?

Don't you suppose that our young American men are disconcerted by such procedures? Don't you realise how discouraged they are to feel that the girl they love requires constant amusement, luxury, wealth, diversion in order to be happy?

Perhaps she benefits by all these advantages simply because they are at hand and because her father provides them for her. Perhaps they are not an indispensable part of her happiness. But how is the poor young man to know this?

In his uncertainty he hesitates to declare his love. He dreads seeming presumptuous if he supposes that his devotion alone can make up for so much liberty, so much gaiety, and the alluring frivolity that any girl would necessarily have to renounce in marrying him.

If he makes a timid advance the chances are he will be discouraged. So he withdraws disheartened, bitter. And who knows? Perhaps two people have missed their opportunity for a real, enduring happiness—two people who were worthy of each other, who might have led useful lives, and who together would have added to the general advancement of the whole country. Who knows?

Let us suppose that I address myself to a girl who is postponing the moment for saying "Yes" simply because she fears to appear ridiculous in the eyes of her friends. It is understood that I am thinking of her, not of you, and with her I am quite at ease; so I say:

"You don't want to be married before you are twenty-five?"

"Not before I am twenty-eight!"

"And until then?"

"I'll see; there's plenty of time."

"You'll see what?"

"I'll see if I find a man who suits me well enough to give up my liberty for him."

"And if you don't find this man who comes up to your ideals?"

"I can still have a good time just as I am."

"And after that?"

"I will try to take up something interesting."

"Or somebody?"

"Perhaps, I shall do as the rest do. I'll go in for philanthropy."

Ah! This is just what I hoped you would say. You fell into my trap delightfully. You recognize that, at a given moment, you will have had enough of yourself, and that in order not to hate life you will have to take up some outside work, a charity. Why do you end there?

Why not begin there?

Why occupy yourself with a charity when you are already worn out and half through existence? Why not give your attention at once to the "neighbour" who "loves you as you love yourself"? Why not do this, while you are young and lovely, with every right to hope, and to be happy?

What neighbour do I mean?

Reginald, of course!

Oh, but I forgot! It wasn't with you, it was with the other girl I was talking!

V.

To the same:

I am sorry not to see you before you sail. Not that I would prevent your departure if I could, even though it does mean turning your back upon poor Reggie!

I should like to talk over with you your plans and enjoy in advance all that you are going to see. But you sail in a week!

I cannot come to New York, you can't come to Baltimore; so we shall have to continue in this way our intercourse.

It is perhaps not the worst of ways. Shall you write to Reggie? Do you want me to write him about you while you are gone? How long shall you stay? As I where shall you be?

Let me hear from you, if only a line, before you leave.

VI.

To the same:

Your note, sent back by the pilot, has just reached me. So you saw him the night before you sailed and he "almost" proposed.

How does a man "almost" propose, I wonder!

There are among the friends of every girl I know about a dozen men who have "almost." I should like some day to question them and have their views on the subject of this semi-achieved proposal.

But what touches me even more is something you tell me of yourself: "You 'almost' accepted Reggie. He never looked so attractive to you as he did that night in his evening clothes—his eyes were so dark—he really is much the best-looking man you know, and he seemed to care so terribly about your going away. So you 'almost' accepted him."

I can't say that my anxiety for Reggie's fate is altogether calmed. No, not that. But I am glad you are going away in this lenient attitude toward my friend.

Women are so impressionable before they really love. It is characteristic of us to consider every incident with the man for whom we are forming an attachment, as final. The least little thing he does weighs ponderously for or against him in our hearts. If it is some small neglect we observe, instantly the protest rises to our lips: "He's not the sort of man I could ever marry!" If, on the contrary, he has surprised us agreeably we are pleased at our own good taste which murmurs contentedly: "That's the sort of man I could care for."

So I am glad, dear, that it was under this impression you separated from Reggie.

Travelling, for a woman, is, as a matter of fact, the most dreary of occupations if she has not some sentimental pre-occupation for which to make a setting with all the changing scenes she visits.

If she can say to herself: "He has been here, he has seen this," or, "Perhaps we'll come here some day together," or "How much more we could see if he were only here," then the perpetual packing and unpacking, the climbing in and out of omnibuses and trains, the visiting of museums and churches, lose their prosaic monotony and become the action in an imaginary romance.

It is something in this spirit that I fancy now you will see Europe. You are coming north from Naples through Italy, and then to Paris. Write me only when you reach the French capital. Until then you will be too busy sight-seeing. But in this traveller's activity the heart is wonderfully at leisure.

And who could traverse Italy untouched? I have seen elderly, gray-haired women grow flushed and agitated in listening merely to a gondolier retail some one of the amorous legends of Venice. The story may have been silent a hundred years, but its echoes sound like magic; ears grow young again and eyes grow luminous as the picture rises in such admirable surroundings. There is something in the very atmosphere of Italy that stirs the longing to be loved which has no age. In youth we nourish it with hope; in the later years we sence it with memories.

What a pity Reggie could not follow you!

Good-by, dear, until Paris. Address me always here.

VII.

To the same:

I have kept my promise. Not a line have I sent Reggie about you since you left. You, of course, have written to him "now and then." It would be too much to expect that you should send him really long, good, comforting letters! I can fancy his gratitude for the little foreign post-marked scraps you have deigned to address him. But just the same, haven't you been glad to receive his faithful messages? There were four waiting for you, and a cable, when you reached Paris. They made you "awfully homesick." It seems as though you had been away a year and you don't even talk of coming back yet. Your father is deep in the old-book question, hunting editions, having bindings copied, and so on. You say there is "nothing especial

for you to do." In fact, you seem frankly bored!

A woman bored in Paris?

There is only one thing to account for it. Paris is the best place in the world to be when you're not in love, or when you're with the person you love—but separated from him. I confess, it is mor-

tel. The very resources contribute to aggravate your ennui.

In America everything is arranged for the woman. Utopias we possess New York. What is there we can't do, and alone?

(Continued on page 53.)

Williams' Shaving Soap

Produces a lather that differs from all others.

First, in body. It is thick and close and profuse.

Second, in lasting qualities. It holds its moisture and remains on the face, thick and creamy, without the drying and smarting effects of other kinds.

Third, in its action. It softens the beard and soothes the face as no other lather does.

Fourth, in its after effect. Unlike the lather of other soaps, it always leaves the face cool, comfortable and refreshed.

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

Sold by chemists, druggists and perfumers all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps, 125, Williams' Luxury Tablets, 125, Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 81. (Trade size of Williams' Shaving Soap, 81.)

The J. B. Williams Company


65 St. Russell St., London, W. C.; 4 Rue Chauveaux Le-cardie, Paris; 161 Clarence St., Sydney, New South Wales. Head office and factories, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.



Painless Dental Operations!


That is the kind of work you are assured of at
AMERICAN DENTAL PARLORS.

Our five dentists are graduates of high standing and long experience. WE DO NOT EMPLOY STUDENTS. The most difficult dental operations are accomplished absolutely without pain. We make No Extra Charge for the Extracting when Teeth are Destroyed. Your teeth are precious. Nature demands they receive the best treatment. All that skill and experience can accomplish is at your command here.



Our guarantee is as good as gold. No more Dread of the Dental Chair. Open in the Evenings Examination and Estimates Free. Nurse in Attendance.

Dr. RAYNER, American Dental Parlors,
Queen and Wellesley Streets.

By Royal Warrant to  His Majesty The King.

BOVRIL

The flavour, essence, nutriment and all that's good in prime ox-beef is concentrated in Bovril. A little Bovril added to soups and made dishes renders them more appetising and nutritious.