

"Thirty-three!"

"Ye gods! and unmarried! Well, get married right off."

Y.—"So easily said! But—"

O.—"Have you the cheek to tell me there's no girl?"

"That's the bare fact."

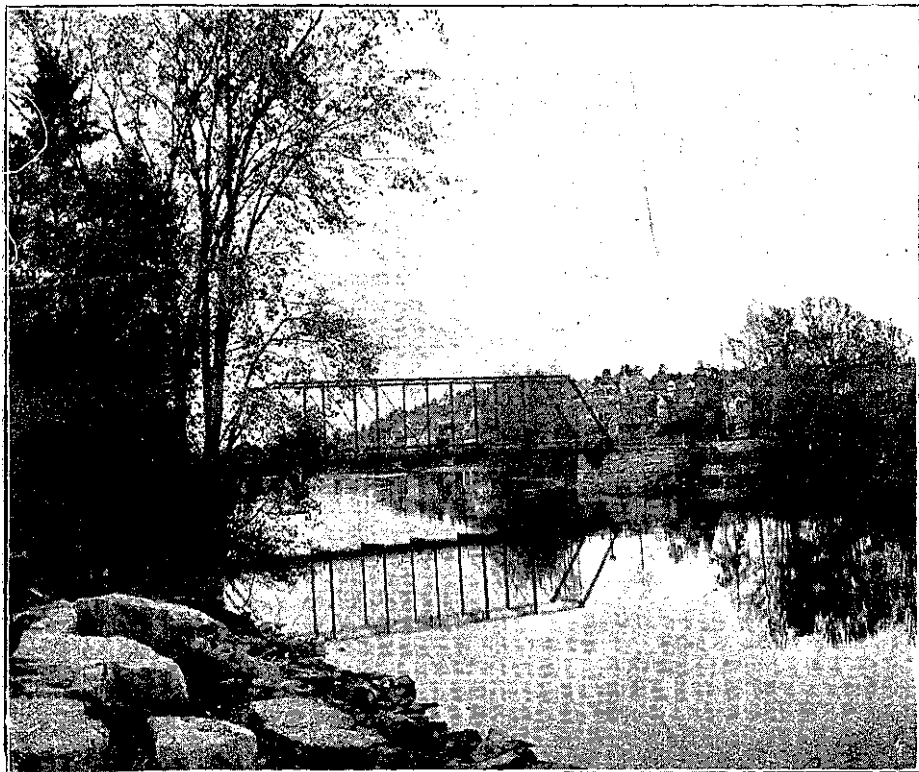
O.—"What about Mary Shaw?"

"Nothing."

"Thought you were er—rather touched there."

"No—no."

how, in the eyes of marrying men, nice girls just throw away their chances. And it explains what had always puzzled me, why really pretty, attractive girls, who seem to have what they style "a good time," remain season after season on the shelves. As to what marrying men do like in girls—well, another time we'll talk about that. Meantime, don't imagine that having a good time with butterfly men,



N. C. Crawford, photo.

Bridge on Crowe River, Canada.

"Good-looking girl, Mary; bright, knows people, and so on."

"Yes; but she's just the kind of girl I wouldn't think of marrying."

O.—"Why?"

"Well, if it's only this. I wouldn't marry any of these girls who are always down on the wharves; girls who 'love' going on warships, who boast of being asked by an officer to see his cabin. No. I know they're right enough. But I like some one less cheap."

That's all I heard. But it shows

officers or what not, will improve your chances. A man's hint on that subject is worth taking.

MISS EVA RANDALL, BARRISTER.

You no doubt read a chatty little interview given to a London journalist by Eva Randall. The latter hails latterly from Dunedin. Really, she is a Londoner, but she has been schooled in Otago, so it may fairly claim her. I like Miss Randall. She is just a bright, cheery girl, with