

The Wall Flower

by Marion Rubincam

NEW DAY

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters
Pandora Nicholson is so shy that meeting new people is a painful experience. She lives as a sort of poor relation with her aunt Maude, her uncle Peter, and their daughter, Gladys who is hearty, buxom, and the most popular girl in Norris City. Pandora is in this "set" too, but generally ignored and overlooked. She has been neglected or snubbed so much that she believes herself repulsively homely, too unattractive mentally and physically ever to make friends.

So when Morton Newberry begins to like her, she returns his affections to an intense degree. The little friendship became love—when Gladys decided she wants Morton, possibly because he was the only boy who never paid any attention to her—goes after him—and succeeds in marrying him. Pandora is heartbroken. Then suddenly Mrs. Gates, a decorator from New York whom she had met in the summer before, asks her to spend the winter with her.

Chapter 43

In spite of her tiredness, Pandora was awake early next morning. Her tiny room was so attractive she lay looking at it for some time, taking in with pleasure each tiny detail.

Gloria had used her decorative ability to make her cheap little flat into a perfect gem of a home. The guest room, too small for a bed, had a couch instead, with a silky rug of varying tones of blue thrown over it in the daytime. The one window was veiled with yellow net, and had long curtains of French blue lined with orange—the gaudy lining just showing now and then. The dressing table was veiled with yellow net, and had long curtains of French blue lined with orange—the gaudy lining just showing now and then. The dressing table was a kitchen table with orange enamelled top and glass over it, and a ruffle of blue silk that fell to the floor—orange and blue silk roses edged the top. Gloria, not able to afford a nice dresser set, took wooden-backed brushes and painted them orange with colored flowers.

There was room for a tiny table holding a lamp, and one armchair done in blue and orange cretonne. Pan's trunk went under the bed.

"And you limit your supply of clothing to the size of your closet," Gloria had said. But the girl's few things had more than enough room, even in this small closet.

Pandors got up and began to dress. She was sure she had overslept; she slipped out to the kitchen to find it was 8 o'clock—unheard of hour for the country. But the flat was silent, even. Frankie was asleep.

The girl began hunting around for supplies, lighted the gas stove and began making hot biscuits for breakfast. She started coffee too, and found eggs for an omelet. It was a mystery where on earth the dining room had been made into a bedroom and playroom for the boy.

She turned at an exclamation from the doorway. Gloria, roiled in a flaming scarlet silk robe, her straight black hair hanging around her shoulders, was standing there smiling with amusement.

"I was wakened by the most delicious smell," she was saying. "I was sure I was dreaming, for I haven't smelled such good coffee for weeks. I had to come back here to be sure it was true."

Doris laughed. She moved about competently, at home in any kitchen, poor child! Gloria began putting dishes on a tray—it appeared that breakfast was eaten in the living room. Gloria sat curled up on the couch, her feet under her, about six daily papers scattered about, and took her eggs and coffee that way. Frankie appeared in a dimly bathrobe.

"I'm interviewing six cooks today," Gloria said after she had dressed and was ready to go to her office. "I'll send one along to you. I didn't bring

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young married woman of eighteen years. I have a little baby girl sixteen months old. She has light hair, which is almost red, and I am afraid it will turn red as she gets older. I rarely have red hair, but I adore dark hair as her daddy has black hair. I am a blonde. Will you please tell me what I can do for her hair to make it dark and yet not injure the growth of it or make it streaked?

Let nature take its course with your child's hair. There is nothing you can use that will not injure the growth and spoil the hair. Since it is not red now, there is no use in imagining that it will turn red. Children's hair usually turns darker as they grow older. Red hair, however, is considered very beautiful.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: My sister has asked me to be bridesmaid at her wedding and I am very anxious to know whether I should ask a friend of mine to serve as best man or whether my sister's fiance should ask him.

Is it proper for the best man to pay the minister, or should the groom?

ANXIOUS.

Your sister's fiance should choose the best man.

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Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes



you here to work, you know, but for a rest and a change.

"I'm so glad to be here—I'd rather work to show how glad," Pandora answered.

"Darling child!" Gloria's eyes showed amusement, but her mouth was tender and trembled a little, as it did when something touched her—or hurt her.

Dora decided Frankie was too ill yet to go out. So she put him on the couch with some books, and then began a systematic cleaning of the much neglected apartment. No cook appeared—none came for weeks, but Dora was perfectly happy.

"We haven't had a maid for ages," Frankie informed her. "And all the last ones were sumpin' awful. We only had nurse, and she was so busy taking care of me she couldn't do any work. Mummy says I take a lot of looking after."

"He never got it, if he needed it," Gloria laughed when she got home and this remark was repeated to her. "Nurse fell in love with a sailor, and found the chap reluctant to marry—so she kept Frankie, herself, myself, and everyone else in such a state of nerves and excitement that we were ready to collapse when she did go off and marry him. They eloped somewhere."

"Maryland," announced Frankie who knew all the details of the affair.

"You young wretch!" Gloria said with an affectionate laugh, picking him up in her arms. "Will you be a good boy and have your bath and go to bed now? Mummy has people to tea."

People always came to tea, Pandora discovered, except when Gloria was out.

"I haven't enough money to entertain," Gloria said once. "But tea costs nothing. It's only necessary to get enough interesting people to sit about and talk."

The girl refused to appear that afternoon. She couldn't face a roomful of strange people. She stayed back in the flat, gave Frankie his bath and supper and put him to bed. She had a glimpse of men and women sitting about and laughing. Bobby kept coming into the kitchen for more tea and hot water. She saw exquisite dresses, heard new voices and laughter, and cheerfully went on working in the kitchen.

She was happy to be near this gaiety, without being in it. But this state of affairs Gloria refused to allow.

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New York Cream Cheese
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Wireless Equipped Car Gives Concert Sunday

A radio equipped automobile, carrying a wireless aerial mounted above the top, passed through Richmond Monday on its way to the Indianapolis fair from Columbus. A receiving set installed in the tonneau and connected to the aerial, is used to give radio broadcasting stations from the various broadcasting stations as the car moves about the fair grounds. A radio concert was given at 635 South Main street on Sunday evening, when Atlanta, Ga., was heard in an extensive program. As the Atlanta station finished, E. H. Murray, operator of the set, tuned in Davenport, Ia., in time to get the time signals.

ORDERS GENERAL ROUNDUP OF SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS

PORT WAYNE, Ind., Sept. 4.—Following the shooting of a patrolman by a negro here, Chief of Police Moeller has ordered a general roundup of suspicious characters in an effort to rid

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Respectfully submitted,
GEORGE MATTHEWS,
Deputy Collector Internal Revenue.

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