



RALPH ROSE had nothing, on Jane Limpkin when it came to hammer throwing, and the particular nail that she liked to hit on the head was any pretty young thing who was a bit careless with her starboard eye when it happened to light upon a good looking gent. —

Jane Limpkin looked upon any young woman who attracted the admiration of man as a brazen hussy, whose job as a stenographer was nothing but an alibi.

Ten years in the business world no man had ever tried to squeeze her hand. No strange man had ever smiled at her, and when the little blonde typist confided to her one day that a tall dark fellow had followed her the evening before and tipped his hat she never could account for the cold way Miss Limpkin spoke to her ever after. Miss Limpkin had decided ideas about things like that—for no man had ever followed her.

But while Miss Limpkin's face in general was a bit hard to look at there was something rather pretty about her eyes, and sometimes, for

instance, they had a twinkle in them—almost devilish.

When the order for masks came to her office she put hers on with the comment that they were a good thing, and, so far as she was concerned, she'd just as leave that they'd keep on wearing them forever, as they'd keep some certain parties from grinning at every man that came into the place.

When 5:30 came Miss Limpkin put her hat on abruptly, took her coat off the rack, and started out to get some yarn. But on the way to the table-d'hotel, she couldn't resist stopping to be horrified by a window display of orchid colored transparent lingerie, and just as she turned away, disgustedly wondering what on earth the world is coming to if shameless creatures are actually going to wear such things, a good looking fellow tipped his hat and walked alongside of her.

"How do you do?" he said.

"I don't know you," she managed to say, although she wasn't nearly as offended as she expected to be.

"Oh, I'm sure we've met; can't I buy you a nice little dinner?"

She knew she oughta call him down, she always had said she'd fan a jaw like his, but somehow she felt a little thrilled.

"I don't know you," she said again, "and anyway, I've had my dinner," she added, which was not George Washington brand of conversation.

"Well, then, let's take a little ride," he said. "That's my car over there, the grey one with the tan hood."

"But I don't know you—HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME?" she said, and he knew she was mad.

"Don't get sore, girlic," he said. "You can't blame me. I thought I knew you; your face looks so familiar to me," he said, looking at her mask.

She turned to the left and he turned to the right. She smiled to herself underneath the gauze and took two kinds of salad by mistake at the cafeteria.

And now Maude Muller's got nothing on her either when it comes to wondering what "might have been," because it's the first time any swell looking guy ever called her girlic, and you can't tell what you'll do under the in-flu-ence of a mask!