of them could be facilitated by a bit of accurate self-evaluation and the simple realizations that one should ask no better than one can give, and that error—being human—is both male and female.

As for the "ideal" husband—or wife—the existence of that species is a question for dispute. No human being is the same at all times and in all company. A shrewish woman can make the mildest man lose his temper, as a tactful, considerate wife can soothe the most irate of husbands. People tend to absorb and reflect the conditions and attitudes around them. In flesh and blood people, no ideal of abstract qualities can exist *per se*, ready to spring into flawless behavior on all occasions and in response to all provocations.

True marriage has been defined as "that relationship between man and woman in which the independence is equal, the dependence mutual, and the obligation reciprocal." Such a concept suggests that prospective mates should steer clear of tyrants, parasites, ego-centrics, and dead-beats. But presupposing a fairly equal, or complementary match of characters and personalities, the rest is up to the couple; and a girl's best recipe for an ideal husband is to be an ideal wife.

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**A Flirtation**

*Judy Job*

He stood outside the bakery, gazing wistfully at the people treading their way in and out of the shop. He had been standing this way for some time when his eyes fell upon a girl jauntily coming out.

It seemed rather queer that he had not noticed her enter, for he had been watching everyone closely. With his first glance at her, he concluded that she was different from the rest. As she walked past him, she left in her path a most enchanting smile. He stood staring after her. She must have felt it, for she turned and smiled, this time rather amusedly. That smile did it. He made up his mind then and there to follow her.

She suddenly turned into an alley. He did likewise, and, as the alley was not at all well-lighted, he realized that now she might appreciate his protection. She was walking more rapidly, and he practically had to run to keep up with her.

While he was trying to make up his mind whether to go up to her, she turned into the yard of a little house on the corner, ran up the steps, bolted through the door and slammed it, just as he entered the yard. That certainly was discouraging, but he did not give up so easily. As he started up the steps, the door flew open, and the girl stuck her head out. She was laughing.

"Here, boy," she said. With a joyful bark, he ran up the steps and into the warm house.