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"Of course," she remonstrated, "I don't think I'm much of a celebrity but then what's my opinion against thousands of college students?" We could not refute this argument, so we let her talk on, after offering her a stick of Wrigleys which she chewed charmingly.

Through her mask of indifference we could see the same mystical allure which decided the masculine note in her favor. "Even at home she is the same captivating little devil," explained her mother, straightening the pillows behind the embryological Cleo's back. "Pull your dress down, dear," said her mother. "Hell, mom, whatcha want me to look like—a monk?" yelled the gentle little prom queen. "Go down and look at the furnace, wontcha?"

The mother was very accommodating and fired the furnace noisily so that we could break before she returned. But we were left alone for a long time and accomplished much in the interim. When one o'clock struck we jumped up excitedly. "It slipped our minds," we said to this little bundle of sex appeal, "but we came here to interview you."

"Oh-ho," she cried, brandishing her rapier. "What long ears you have, grandma. But you shall either pay your rent or be thrust out into the cruel, damp world."

We tried to quiet her, for it seemed the little celebrity's nerves were unstrung due to the showering of masculine attention on her lately. "Oh, don't tell that joke," she blushed, putting her hand to her ear. Nevertheless, we persisted and managed to restring her nerves neatly, and she sounded sweet and mellow for the nonce.

"But," we replied, "we have been sent here by the public, who demand to know how you do it, how you muster up this charm and allure, what makes you so popular, what are your ambitions in life, have you ever been in love, and do you like asparagus tips with or without vinegar and why?"

"You call me successful," she finally answered, adjusting her dressing gown to reveal an unwashed knee. "But I'm just beginning. I want to do things—big things. Everyone who is someone, is never satisfied, but wants to climb higher, is always straining, reaching ahead toward something yet unattained or unaccomplished. So there is, after all, no such thing as success if it is always ahead of you, is there?" And she laughed with a wholesome girlish giggle.

"Popularity is like love. It is so fickle, so hard to grasp, always just beyond, beyond. Here today, gone tomorrow. If you know what I mean."

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