

Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by MAY TUTTLE

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Illustrations by V.L. BARNES

SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister, Louise, are left orphans. Their property has been swept away with the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Louise answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion.

CHAPTER III.

Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. I know there's an all-wise Providence who directs the universe so much better than we could do it, although sometimes it seems that Providence gets twisted; because the things we aim at we don't get, and the things we don't aim at we do get. I came back from my interview with the wealthy woman who was recovering from nervous prostration and just sat down and cried. She lived in a gilded prison on Commonwealth avenue with all the windows tight-shut for fear of drafts in the uncertain spring weather. No wonder she had nervous prostration. Anybody's nerves would shriek for air in that place. In exchange for what she demanded and knowing I had named three thousand a year, she offered me eight hundred with the reservation of letting me go on two weeks' notice. I began practicing tact on the spot and left the matter pending; then I went into God's sunshine, took some deep-sea breaths of the uncertain spring weather, and when I got back home, poured out the whole meaning on Jo's motherly bosom. Then—well I've said it—I sat down and cried. I always do cry when I'm angry.

I had hardly dried my eyes and was trying to get rid of the horrid tear-streaks down my face—I'm in a fright when I cry—when the bell jangled and the postman came in with a "special." I looked at the letter and for one wild instant I thought perhaps the mine had been pumped dry. Then I noticed that it was directed to the initials we had signed to the advertisement. The "special" was written from the Somerset, and I stood there gazing idiotically at the envelope, turning it over and over trying to guess who it might be from—like every woman does, except Jo—when Jo came in and I ripped it open. I looked at the name first, of course, and my knees gave way. I passed the letter on to Jo.

"Maria Crowninshield Hazard!" she exclaimed. She, too, had read the name first—Jo is feminine after all. "Mrs. Frederick Hazard!" "Do you think it's actually true she wants a companion?" "Why not?" demanded Jo, and she read the letter, which of course was the only way to find out. "I didn't know she lived at the Somerset," I remarked, my mind grasping only tangible things. "She's doing over her house. Her daughter came out this winter. Surely, you've seen about the reception next week, presumably to announce an engagement?"

"I do hope she doesn't want me for a sort of sublimated lady's maid," I cried. "You certainly would be an accomplished lady's maid," Jo replied sarcastically, and she was seldom sarcastic.

"True," I laughed but Jo didn't. The note was short and to the point, but it had a cordial undertone that I knew Jo liked. Mrs. Hazard wanted me to telephone to her as soon as the note reached me and arrange an interview as quickly as possible. She couldn't explain in a letter just what she wanted, as her proposition was to be rather intricate and unusual, but she thought from the tone of the advertisement that I'd do. I had borrowed that about speaking French, bridge, foot-ball, et cetera. I pondered over the "intricate and unusual," but in all the wild flights of my imagination I couldn't land on anything that seemed to be just that, unless she wanted me to do all these things. Gracious, I'd have to draw the line at foot-ball and base-ball; I could rot, but—

Now I've always denied that I had nerves. I like it back. I'm sure I was a groove in the floor up and down the hallway that afternoon before she came. I couldn't sit down long enough to eat my luncheon, but caught it in relays at the dining-room door each time I passed. Finally we heard the hum of a big car—you can always tell from the sound when a car is big—which stopped, snorted and stood still in front of our place. Then came the jangle of the bell in just the space of time that it would take a dignified old lady to get from the car to the bottom.

I had searched every newspaper and magazine for a possible picture of her, as much to kill time as to satisfy an impetuous curiosity, but the only one I could find was a snapshot in a Sunday newspaper, taken at a charity bazaar, showing her with one foot in the air and her mouth open. I crumpled the paper and hung it into a corner, hush to Jo's disgust. For she prizes herself on the smart way I've

been brought up, but I kept thinking of it as I heard the elevator going down and then coming up again. I giggled hysterically, and my mouth was still stretched in a broad grin when Mrs. Maria Crowninshield Hazard entered. It's another instance of an all-wise Providence taking care of us when we can't take care of ourselves, for she liked the smile—I knew it from the way she smiled back—and from the minute I looked into her beaming, fat face—it is fat and I'll have to say so—I knew if she wanted me for lady's maid I'd try to qualify for the job. She examined first myself, then Jo through her lorgnette, but I wasn't one whit frightened; she looked so motherly.

"But which one is Miss Codman?" she asked. "I am Miss Codman—Josephine Codman," Jo answered her, "but my sister, Louise, is the one you came to see."

She looked me over again and a thought struck me. "If you want Jo," I said hastily, "it's just the same. It's all in the family." But I could see Jo a lady's maid. Goodness!

"I want the one who speaks French, bridge, foot-ball, base-ball, automobile and golf," she smiled. "It's an experiment."

She sat down and waved the lorgnette at the open window. "I see you like fresh air—that's good, splendid!" She raised the lorgnette and took in the room, the walls, the pictures, the furniture—that furniture is all right. "Good taste," she murmured; then she looked at us. "You don't mind my being personal? I have a delicate proposition to make and I must be sure of myself and you before I make it."

She got up and made an excursion around the room, but it wasn't offensive or Jo's eyebrows would have gone up; she examined the books and noticed the music that lay open on the piano. There was a copy of Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, a book of MacDowell's Woodland Sketches, the Slumber Boat and a copy of the latest rag. I would have enjoyed kicking that rag into the waste-basket, for I did want her to approve of us.

"Varied taste in music," she remarked. "That's good, excellent!" Then she sat down and her next question was rather startling. "Do you really understand base-ball?" "I do, really," I answered. "I know the game as well as Ty Cobb or Hans Wagner, although they might think different on the subject."

"It's an accomplishment so few girls in society seem to care about," she sighed. "Well, you see I am not in society," I hastened to explain. The lorgnette went up! It was the only pose she had, which wasn't a pose after all. I think she always used up her mind about a person from what she saw, not from what that person said. She finally chuckled an odd way as if she were trying to keep her laughter in, and it just would come out. I really hadn't intended to be witty.

"And that brings me to a most important question before we proceed," she said. "Who are you? Of course you know who I am."

"Of course," both Jo and I answered. Then I went on rather breathlessly: "You were Maria Crowninshield; you have only one country place besides your town house, but you have the best private golf course in America; you are interested in numerous charities; you will grant an interview to a reporter in the middle of the night if necessary, for fear the poor fellow will lose his job; you are arrested for speeding now and then; you dislike newspaper notoriety—I could go on—" your husband is dead; your son is an '89, and came out of Harvard with all sorts of honors." She

made a wry face; I knew they were athletic honors. "He is nicknamed Hap—old Hap Hazard! Your daughter made her bow to society this winter and you are doing over your town house in the event of her rumored marriage; you—"

"Awful to be so important that one gets into the papers like that!" She chuckled and held up her hand for me to cease. "Now, yourself. The name is good—Codman. "We really ain't anybody in particular—Jo and I—I told her, 'for you see we've come down to making our living. But our ancestors are all right—or were. My mother was a Steptoe—"

"Josephine Steptoe!" she interrupted, making the connection between Jo's name and Steptoe—she always noticed trifles. "And your father was Joshua Codman? Good gracious! Why I went to school with your mother, but I haven't thought of those names for years."

"We've been rather out of sight for years," I assured her, "although to be exact we were never in sight. We were never distinguished for anything except being just good, sturdy stock. Our financial downfall was not even spectacular. We belong to the Country club, but we've never been in the Sunday newspapers."

"Thank heaven, you have a sense of humor!" She almost winked at me through the lorgnette, or at least one eye was curiously a-twinkle. "You really are exceeding my fondest hopes. Now to business. I will tell you what I want."

Which was what she came for, and we had seemed to waste time in preliminaries, although perhaps they were necessary. In the light of all that happened afterward I'm glad that she folded the lorgnette as if the inspection were all over and that part satisfactory.

"As my proposition is somewhat unusual," she went on, "I'm at a loss just where to begin or how to put it. I've never had a social secretary, although the newspapers have said I have, because until now I've never needed one." She held up a hand suddenly. "It isn't just that I want. I remember distinctly you said companion; and yet it is in a way, except entirely different."

"I wanted to put out my hand and say 'Shake!'—I get mixed up that way myself—but I sat still compressing my lips firmly or I'd have been gazing at her with my mouth open. "My daughter's coming out necessarily thrust me into a season; all the usual things that make a girl know she's out, or in, whichever way you want to look at it; each particular function outshining another, and outshining anything else anybody can conceive. Now I've got to go through a summer just as brilliant, but I'm going to have help—good intelligent help, some one who can speak French, bridge, and all those other things; some one to be my Secretary of Frivolous Affairs." She chuckled and gave me a hand a playful pat with the lorgnette. "Society is like a coffee-pot—it won't shine unless somebody stands around with the polish always ready to give it a rub."

"And you want me to stand around with the polish?" I asked eagerly. "Yes," she laughed, "Society, too, gets in a rut. I want a sort of social stick to stir it up."

"And you want me for the stick?" "Yes, a sort of social guardian angel," she smiled. "A sort of social doctor to administer the smelling salts," suggested Jo from the window.

"Yes, a sort of social adjustable peg," Mrs. Hazard finished with a flourish. "It all sounded terribly exciting. I sat up very straight, clasped my hands in my lap most correctly and felt awfully important with this social vista stretching away before me. I was to be the polish, the stick, the guardian angel, the doctor, and the adjustable peg! I couldn't help wondering about that leading question—I think a lawyer would call it that—about base-ball, and how she was going to dovetail that into the social scheme of things unless she was going to outdo monkey dinners and such with a team of her own. I was sure she'd make a dandy coach."

"A summer season in the country is an awful thing to contemplate," she went on. "It isn't like winter in town, where customs are regulated. A household in the country is usually stupid. People are fagged from the winter and lack initiative. They must be amused—manipulated. Now I can hire singers, or bridge players, or golf experts; but if I had a singer I might need a bridge player; and if I had a bridge player I might need a golfer, and so on. You can't talk bridge to a golfer; anyhow, if I hired such people they would be stiff and uncompromising and not at all what I wanted. So when I saw your advertisement—it really was the way you put it, my dear—I knew I wanted a young, well-bred, well-educated, well-read, tactful girl, speaking French, bridge, foot-ball, baseball, automobile and golf, to settle down in the bosom of my family and help me hold the horses."

I sat there and held on to my chair, wondering if I hadn't bitten off more than I could chew, when up went her hand suddenly, and I felt like the moment in the play when you're afraid it won't go on and you know it will. "And now I have come to the part that's intricate and unusual."

Jo's eyebrows took on an astonished, staid, and my mouth inelegantly dropped open again. I snatched it shut and prepped my fat under lip. "My son has started out to settle his matrimonial future, and of course, he has started out wrong. My daughter, although she has been on the market officially only a very short time, has started out the same way. She is all eyes and ears for a bucolic gentleman who runs a farm and dabbles in literature on the side, although it may be the other way round, dabbles in the farm on the side. She really doesn't know what she wants, and she's such a butterfly—it's in the blood I guess—that life with the bucolic gentleman would spell disaster in six months. Now, I want you for a sort of social pace-maker for her." Face-maker I mentally added to the list. "And you may be sure she won't be blind to the eligibles when she sees them fluttering around a candle set directly under her nose."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, as if some one had jabbed me suddenly with a pin. I kept thinking about the baseball, too. We seemed never to be coming to that. "And the son?" I asked. "He's in love, or thinks he is, with a girl six years older than himself and totally unsuited to him. And the trouble is she's about to be in love with him, for he's a persistent lover. Perhaps opposites attract, but they don't keep out of the divorce courts. She's languid, ethereal, I believe it is considered; anyhow, she hasn't enough energy to brush away a mosquito. She doesn't get up until noon, has her coffee and rolls in bed; and that's not the kind of wife I want for my son. I poured the coffee for my husband every morning of his life, and I want to see my daughter do it for him. Moreover, she doesn't know a football from a football, or a golf-ball from a tennis ball, or a golf-ball from any of them and has no desire to learn. Now, you've heard of Hap?"

I nodded. Yes, I had heard of Hap, and all those athletic honors he brought out of Harvard. "Why, he'd be neglecting her before the year was out," she almost moaned. "So you want me—" I began. "I want you to put Hap on the right track."

I looked at Jo's back. It had grown rigid, like Mrs. Fiske's does when the horrible moment comes, and I was wondering where Mrs. Maria Crowninshield Hazard would be when the cyclone struck. "So you want me deliberately—" I began again. "Yes, my dear, Mrs. Maria Crowninshield Hazard smiled as I paused, a bit shocked. "I'm afraid that's what I do want."

"But what shall I do with him when I get him?" I cried. "I haven't the slightest wish to get married!" "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazard. "You don't have to marry him! Just get him on the right track. Get him turned around so he can see other girls. There are plenty of other girls, too, suited to him if he will only turn around and look."

"Oh!" I breathed, relieved, and Jo's back settled into place. "But per-haps I'm not capable of all that. I've never had the least experience in love."

"All the better," she answered heartily. "And perhaps, being a pace-maker, and there being so many eligibles, I'll come a copper myself!" She looked a little startled at that, then she chuckled. "Then again, perhaps not," she argued. "You might pick a plum from the social pudding. I've no objection." She shook a forefinger playfully. "But no dark corners while my social things need attention. And you must not hold me responsible for any lacerated affections."

I suddenly leaned back my head and laughed. "Oh, it's all too absurd," I cried. "Delightfully, deliciously absurd, and if you think I'll do, why I'm just crazy to start right in. I'm quite sure I can take care of myself."

"Then I remembered I hadn't asked Jo what she thought about it, but I ought to have known she wouldn't have waited to be asked. Just then she turned, and I saw an amused, crinkle around her gorgeous eyes. And I knew something—she was sure, too, that I could take care of myself. Jo's teaching has been sound and good."

"As I want so much, I'm willing to pay for it. But I am rather at a loss—" Mrs. Hazard looked first at Jo, then myself tentatively, expecting help. I looked at Jo and my eyebrows asked: "Three thousand a year? But Jo didn't even blink, and I had to wade in alone. "I expect so much," Mrs. Hazard reminded me. "Up early, to bed late, and on duty all the time!" I took my plunge. "Three thousand," I said quickly, for fear I wouldn't get it out, and choking a bit at that. Of course, I meant a year.

"Well," she said, "if you do me a good summer's work it's worth it." Heavens! She had understood summer! "And the two-weeks clause!" I asked, feeling sure I was going to get a bump somewhere. It all sounded too good to be true. "Oh, there's no such thing. I can't afford to lose you." After all, a clause works both ways. "If you don't realize my expectations, why it's my bad judgment and I lose, but I've never yet made a mistake in estimating a person. Now, your clothes—"

Yes, there it was! A good, sound bump, too! A girl's clothes for a summer traveling in that set would make an awful hole in three thousand. I just wanted to weep. "I suppose," she reflected, "your clothes will have to be profit and loss, or stock in trade, or whatever you call it when one starts in business. As it's my business, I guess I'll have to

stock it. Besides, if I pay for them I can dictate what you shall have. You must always shine just a little brighter than any one else."

I know I should have pinched myself, and rubbed my eyes and wondered if I had heard aright and all those other things. What I did do was to put out my hand, which she took with a squeeze, while I said: "You talk like a fairy godmother, and I haven't the slightest doubt you can change a pumpkin into a coach and four, but if you want me to scrub the kitchen, all you have to do is to say so."

She patted my cheek. I suppose she knew she was buying my love and affection, but it was none the less sincere. Finally she put out her fat hand to Jo. "I'll take care of her," she promised simply, and started for the door. "Just one question," I implored. "Will your son and daughter have to know the reason of me?"

"Not the real reason," she replied. "To them you are to be just a member of my cabinet—Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. I would never do to handicap you by letting them know you are to—manipulate them. And do you know I'm rather looking forward to enjoying our little secret?" "And the baseball?" I wanted to know, suddenly remembering it. "Oh, that's Hap's hobby just now. Beginning of the season or something of that sort. Talk it to him. It's the quickest way to attract his attention; the way I expect you to, get him turned around."

She chuckled in that odd way she had, and when the door closed on her somewhat stately, albeit portly, back I fell on Jo's motherly bosom and had another cry—this time a cry of pure, unalloyed joy. Aren't women silly? Later that afternoon, on my way down to see Mr. Partridge to tell him about the Aladdin's lamp I had

rubbed—I felt I just had to talk it over with some one besides Jo—I dropped a letter in the box. It was addressed to the gilded prison on Commonwealth avenue, and although the tone was far from rude—Jo won't stand for rudeness, even to a cat—it was so terse and direct you would have thought I was writing a telegram. I told her I hoped she would have no trouble getting some one. I wonder if she ever did?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Earning College Expenses. Miss Florence McArdle, a senior at Boston university, is in charge of the girls' department of the students' employment bureau. This year about one hundred women students have been supplied with work. Boston university was one of the first colleges to realize the value of an employment bureau for its students.

Miss McArdle says that one of the best ways for girls to work their way through college is to get into a family where in return for performing certain household duties they get room, board, laundry and car fares. Never before have so many girls been working their way by this method as this year, and the supply was not equal to the demand. Miss McArdle is working her way through college and in return for a specified number of hours at the bureau gets her tuition free. Before taking up this work she had tutored, done office work and many other things to support herself while getting education.

Vermonters' Failure. "The inefficient are necessarily the disobliging," said A. Munsey, apropos of a political leader who had failed. "A middle-aged failure got a summer job in a Vermont general store last month. A boy came in one morning and asked him for half a pound of melted maple sugar, the famous Vermont dainty, at the same time laying a pot on the counter. "The inefficient failure, without weighing the pot first, ladled a lot of the sticky syrup into it, then, of course, when he set the pot on the scales, it went down with a bang. Finally he ladled out all he could—but, again, bang went the scales. "Then the man returned the boy the pot and said: "Go back home and tell your ma, sonny, we can't make a half-pound of maple sugar."

Remarkable. Willis-Ho is a remarkable man and the best hod-carrier in the world. OUIIS—No great glory in that. Willis—Ah, but he has never written an magazine article on hod-carrying, nor delivered a Chautauque lecture on hod-carrying, nor even done a hod-carrying act in vaudeville.—Puck.

WEDDING RING IN HISTORY Not Always the Plain Circle of Gold That is Considered the Proper Thing Today. There are many people who probably do not know that the wedding ring has not always been a plain circle of gold. In bygone days it was set with rich jewels and worn on the first finger of the right hand. There is a popular superstition about the wearing of the wedding

PROMINENT PEOPLE

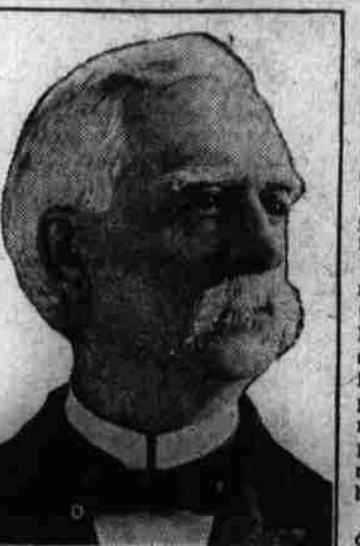
TO TEACH ART OF WAR TO STUDENTS

For the first time in its history the war department will hold this summer two experimental military camps—one on the historic battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa., and the other at the Presidio, San Francisco—for the military instruction of American university and college students during the vacation period. Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison has already issued the order for the encampments, and officers of the general staff, will "have a tremendous influence in revivifying among the youth of this country, especially the college youth, a proper appreciation of each man's responsibility to the country in time of war."



"I am greatly interested," said General Wood, "in the establishment of these camps, as I believe they will have a tremendous influence in revivifying among the youth of this country, especially the college youth, a proper appreciation of each man's responsibility to the country in time of war and of his obligation to so prepare himself as to be able to serve efficiently if called upon. I believe these camps will tend to implant in the universities, colleges and higher schools the seeds of a sound military policy. I do not mean a policy which ends in militarism, but a policy which means reasonable military preparedness. "In a word, we wish to bring as many as possible of our college men in contact with carefully selected officers of the army in order that we may give them a proper conception of the army and its relations to the country, and also make clear to them the military needs of the country and the part which we look to them and to men of their kind to play in case war comes upon us."

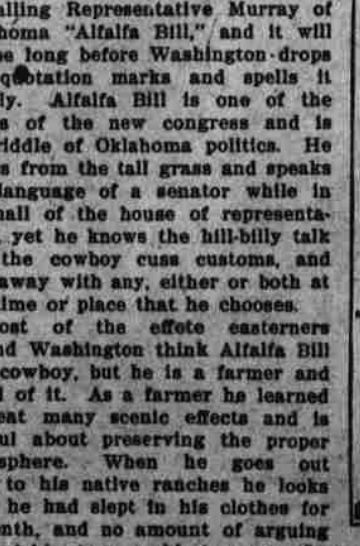
TARIFF EXUDED FROM SERENO PAYNE



Can you remember as far back as the Payne tariff? That's a long time ago and a whole lot of things have happened, but in those days Sereno Payne of New York was the Oscar Underwood of the day. Sereno was supposed to carry more secrets concerning manufacturers and rates and imports and to have a broader view of this perplexing and brain-bumming tariff thing than any man alive. Now in those old days, when Sereno sat at the head of the tariff table, you couldn't get near him. He would almost bite you. He was so full of tariff that it exuded from him, but at that no one could approach him with a quip without running the risk of an imperial "stand pat" Republican frown. Newspaper men trembled when they had to ask him a question.

Augustus Hayward, a correspondent of a big New York paper, wanted to get a word of information from Representative Payne. He waited until the house had adjourned and then went down on the floor of the house. Sereno was in his chair, gazing thoughtfully into space. "Mr. Payne—" said Gus. "There was no reply. "I beg pardon, Mr. Payne—" "All was quiet. "I came to ask you, Mr. Payne—" "But he might as well have stayed away. "If it would not be too much trouble, Mr. Payne—" Nothing happened. Then Gus grew bolder. He snapped his fingers in front of Mr. Payne's face. The explosion was terrific. Sereno Payne almost bit him. Gus ran and has never been seen near him since. Yet all is different now. As the tariff tinkers chew over the problems before them, Sereno Payne smiles and smiles and smiles. He is the ranking Republican member on the ways and means committee and has written the minority report. He doesn't have to hear long and dreary statements from manufacturers and importers. The burden is all on Oscar Underwood, and Sereno, for the first time in a long while, is living up to his first name.

MURRAY COMES FROM THE TALL GRASS



Washington will grow accustomed to calling Representative Murray of Oklahoma "Alfalfa Bill," and it will not be long before Washington drops the quotation marks and spells it plainly. Alfalfa Bill is one of the sights of the new congress and is the middle of Oklahoma politics. He comes from the tall grass and speaks the language of a senator while in the hall of the house of representatives, yet he knows the hill-billy talk and the cowboy cuss customs, and gets away with any, either or both at any time or place that he chooses. Most of the effete easterners around Washington think Alfalfa Bill is a cowboy, but he is a farmer and proud of it. As a farmer he learned a great many scenic effects and is careful about preserving the proper atmosphere. When he goes out west to his native ranches he looks as if he had slept in his clothes for a month, and no amount of arguing will get him to press his trousers. It would kill him politically, he says. The first day he appeared on Capitol Hill he had a new suit and pressed trousers and made a grand fight for liberty and American principles in a speech about something or other about two minutes after he had been sworn in. He started to tell Speaker Clark all about the rules of the house and attracted attention generally, but the Oklahoma correspondents overlooked the fact that Alfalfa Bill had made speeches and things. The dispatches dwelt on the fact that Bill had pressed his trousers.

SAYS "HOG'S EYE" IS ALL RIGHT



Urey Woodson, of Owensboro, Ky., former secretary of the Democratic national committee, is still of the opinion that the "hog's eye is done sot." In 1904 Mr. Woodson, then secretary of the national committee, was so sanguine of the election of Judge Parker that he would not listen to any of his friends who suggested the possibility of Democratic defeat. "The hog's eye is done sot," declared Mr. Woodson, using the mountainous expression of old Kentucky. After the overwhelming defeat of Judge Parker Mr. Woodson was firm in his contention that the hog's eye was "sot," but that it was only looking into the future. Now, when politicians deem Mr. Woodson they do not joke him. "The hog's eye is surely done sot," said Mr. Woodson the other day. The former secretary of the national committee was in good spirits over the confirmation of a candidate for a collectorship at Owensboro. Mr. Woodson is not an aspirant for any position, but is content to help his Kentucky friends.

OWED SUCCESS TO LAZINESS

Johnston was in charge of the local street car company a few years ago, knew him intimately. "His first street car connection was in Louisville, Ky. There he had the job of taking the nickels out of the cars on each trip. The cars had no conductors and the passengers were required to drop their nickels in a box. It was the boy Tom's job to take the nickels out at the end of each run. "He concluded this was a good deal of trouble, so he invented a carfare box with sliding traps in it so that

the nickels could not be removed when they in and that would also register the number of fares. This made it possible to take the fares up twice a day in place of on every trip, and, more important a little later, it gave the young Johnston his start, for he patented the device and made enough money out of the patent to get a start in the street car business. He said he thought of the box because it was so much trouble to walk out into the street and empty the fare box every trip a car made.—Indianapolis Star.

WEDDING RING IN HISTORY

Not Always the Plain Circle of Gold That is Considered the Proper Thing Today. There are many people who probably do not know that the wedding ring has not always been a plain circle of gold. In bygone days it was set with rich jewels and worn on the first finger of the right hand. There is a popular superstition about the wearing of the wedding

ring on the third finger, and that is that there is a vein that runs direct from that finger to the heart. But that is by no means the real reason. It is not one of superstition, but one of religion. The minister who performs the service used to put the ring first on the thumb saying: "In the name of the Father;" then on the first finger he said: "And of the Son;" and on the second: "And of the Holy Ghost." Then the spouse was reached with the third finger and the ring was put on there.