

Told in the Twilight --- In the Realm of Woman

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

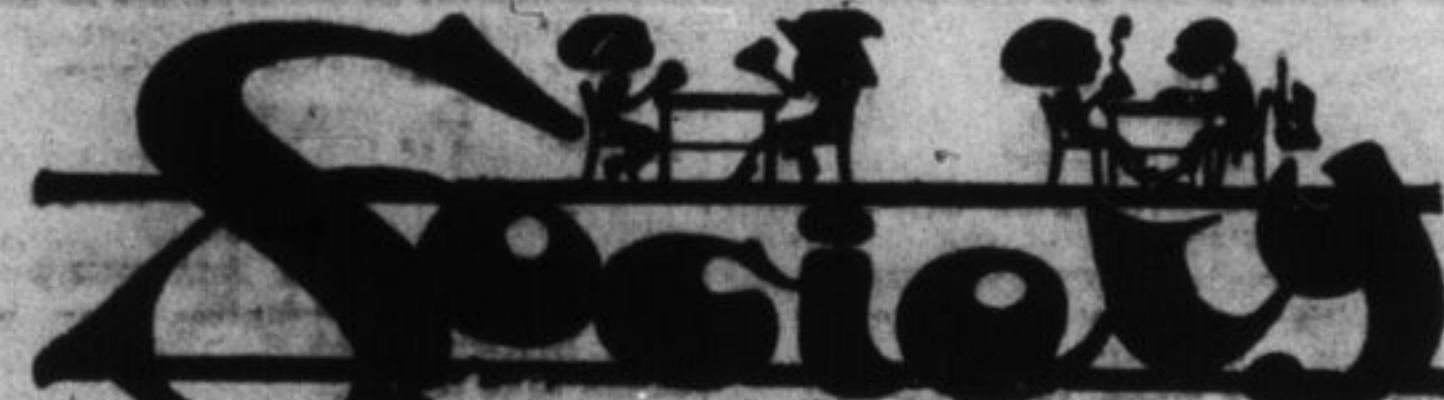
By Frances Walter.

DECIDE TO RETURN TO MY OLD HOME

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate) So this was the end of my dream of married happiness! It seemed only a day or two since Arthur and I had entered into our compact. How little did he know himself then! How little did I know myself. What a series of rapid changes had come over our lives since we in our simplicity had started forth hand in hand with only a platonic bond between us! How rapidly had things moved with both of us! Held together at first by a philosophy that was almost childish, we had become so strongly attached to each other that we had swung to the opposite extreme of passion and fervid devotion, and then—how completely were our idols shattered! I had raised him to a pedestal before which I had almost worshipped. He, in turn, had come to regard me as his sun total in life. Then the disillusionment! A fair face, a subtle perfume, the soft voice of a woman, and I was forgotten. But my love had resisted. Claiming my right as a woman to the man of my choice, I had dared my rival to take him from me. I had succeeded in gaining him back, only to see him lured away again by the next siren. My own heart, fluttering with anxiety and fear, had found quiet and comfort for a moment in the confidence of a great, strong man—John Gordon. Yet I had remained faithful in every particular to my husband, only to find that for the third time he had been unable to resist a beautiful face. So it was all over! Deserted by my husband, the debtor of my rival, it was now necessary for me to call upon my mother for a sum necessary to relieve me of this humiliating obligation. I went to the window and looked out behind a bank of clouds, its trail of fire and glory on the western horizon. Shadows were falling upon the world. So it was with me. The sun, my life was setting. Soon only shadows and gloom would be about me. I was aroused from my reverie by the entrance of Miss Thompson, returning from her walk. Ordinarily her presence would have filled me with repugnance, but we had grown to be such staunch friends that my heart beat faster when I realized that at least there was one friend left me. I was not destined to bear this trouble alone. This gentle little woman who had been sent to me in my illness was now a prop and a comfort in this time of anguish. She noticed at once that something was wrong and came swiftly to me. "You are not so well this evening, are you?" she inquired. "I have left you alone too long."

"No, no," I murmured, "you are not to blame at all. Something has happened. Some one has been here." "Who?" she inquired. "That woman," I returned. "The one who employed you." "Miss Regnier?" she exclaimed. "She here?" "Yes," I replied bitterly. "She came to see if I required any further assistance." Miss Thompson was silent. I do not know how much she knew of my affairs or how much she had guessed during my illness. Perhaps in my delirium I had spoken of Miss Regnier, but if Miss Thompson knew that she was my rival the knowledge was concealed. "Did she tell you she employed me?" Her voice was low, but there was a steadiness in it which I had seldom detected since she had been with me. "She told me that much and I guessed the rest," I returned. Miss Thompson bit her lip and kept back words which she was about to utter. Suddenly she arose and went to the window, where she remained for some time lost in thought. It was evident that I must notify her at once that her term of service was approaching an end. As soon as I could telegraph my mother and receive a reply I would be prepared to leave New Orleans. And there was but one place for me to go—back to my home, back to mother. "Miss Thompson," I began, "it is time for you to look about for another position. You have done so well by me that I am no longer a patient, but a very well woman. I expect to leave the city in a few days, perhaps in a few hours. After all that you have done for me it is hard to think that I cannot be of some service to you; but that is not the fate which awaits those of your calling. You coax those of comfort and happiness out of disease and pain, and after you have restored the sick ones to health they go their way and forget you, while you, in turn, move on to another bedside and take up a new task. It is a noble profession. Would that I had some such opportunity to do good. In helping others I might forget myself. My own selfishness might be replaced by a desire to bring happiness to some one else, and in doing so I might bring contentment and peace into my own life. "One never knows until one is ill how much suffering there is in the world or how much one individual can do to ease pain. Whatever my future holds for me I cannot escape the influence of your example, and I shall always remember you as a very devoted friend in time of trouble." Tears stood in my nurse's eyes as she listened to me. "You are indeed sad," she said. "I have cured your body but I fear your heart is not healed. But there is one consolation and one hope. Time may not cure but it will enable you to forget. You are young. A long life is before you, and I hope the day is not distant when the roses will be back in your cheeks and the light of laughter will again be in your eyes." She took my hand and looked at me tenderly. I could not resist the impulse. I laid my head upon her shoulder and wept. (To be continued.)

and Miss Agnes Wildman, West Point, were the guests of Miss Zora Leavitt, East Lake. Miss Eleanor Power, Rockwood hospital, is spending her vacation with her cousin, Miss Mary Cotter, Hamilton. Mrs. E. M. Story and two daughters, Misses Bessie and Alice, Regina, Sask., are in Kingston. They will visit friends before returning to the West. Miss Isabel G. Bureau, Kingston, Miss Helena Vandewater, Belleville, with Mrs. W. R. Munro spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Redmond and Miss Josephine Redmond, Picton. Mrs. W. Leadbeater, Wallaceburg, after two months' visit in Kingston, Ottawa and elsewhere, left for home on Thursday, her father, Rev. W. G. Jordan, Barris street, accompanying her. George A. Allen and wife, New Westminster, B. C., formerly of Kingston, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gow, Union street. Miss Daisy Merrifield, Port Hope, is the guest of Mrs. T. G. Smith, Gore street. Miss Mary Fraser has returned to Hamilton from visiting at Kingston. Miss Irene Worth, Ottawa, entertained at a dance at her home on Florence street for Gunners L. Harding and D. Batterton, Barriefield Camp. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul, Napanee, announce the engagement of their daughter, Edna Marion, to Robert Francis Holland, Napanee, son of the late W. H. Holland and Mrs. Holland, Toronto. The marriage will take place quietly in August.



(Continued from page 7.) Mrs. E. H. Pense was hostess at an informal bridge on Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Whiting, Clergy street, and their guest Mrs. Scadding, Toronto, will leave early next week for Muskoka. Miss Julia Horsey, Clifton Springs, who has been spending the past two weeks in Kingston left to-day for Rochester, N. Y., where she will be the guest of Miss Louise Quinn. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gingham, Rochester, N. Y., spent a day or two in town this week with Mrs. H. E. Richardson on their way to Cape Vincent. Miss Nan Paterson returned yesterday from Winnipeg where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Paterson. Miss Nina Kinghorn who has been

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ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN The woman suffrage movement in Germany began in 1895. Thousands of women in France are doing piece work in their homes. Over 30,000 women held a prohibition demonstration in Glasgow recently. The increase in marriages of 1915 over 1914 in Great Britain indicates that there were no less than 80,000 war brides last year. Four of the 22 candidates who obtained 80 per cent. of marks or better in the banking examinations held at King's College of London, were women. In 45 larger German cities last year 10,500 women held honorary (unpaid) positions and only 897, (excluding school teachers) received salaries. Miss Annie Morgan, daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, recently gave a real circus in New York, the proceeds of which will go toward her vacation idea for poor working girls. Miss Anne George, who is head of the most successful Montessori school in Washington, has been called to Spain by Mme. Montessori, whom she will help remodel the educational system of that country. Mrs. William P. Anderson of Tashkend, Russia, wife of the Russian agricultural commissioner to the United States and Canada, is the first woman to take the regular course in animal husbandry in the Missouri College of Agriculture.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Sunday BREAKFAST Cantaloupe Cold Boiled Cereal Poached Eggs Crisp Rolls Fruit Juice Coffee or Cocoa HOT DINNER Fried Chicken Maryland Sweet Potatoes Corn on Cob Lettuce and Cheese Salad Grape Juice Frappe Coffee COLD DINNER Sliced Tomatoes Peppers Stuffed With Japanese Salad Pickled Beets Fruit, Cake SUPPER Golden-glow Salad Toasted Crackers with Cheese Fried Peaches Cocoa Sponge Cake Iced Tea or Buttermilk Fried Chicken Materials—Four to five pound chicken, salt, pepper and flour, 2 tablespoons bacon drippings, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk. Utensils—Knife, cheesecloth, teaspoon, tablespoons, frypan, measuring cup. Directions—Single, wash and clean the chicken; cut into pieces as follows: Two thighs, two drumsticks, two wings, the breast cut in two pieces, the backbone cut into four pieces. Wipe on piece of cheesecloth; dust with salt and pepper, dredge in flour. Put into frypan with 2 tablespoons bacon drippings. Bacon drippings are best, but if you do not have bacon fat, use half drippings and half butter. Put pan over fire, lay chicken in and brown chicken quickly. Then cover, add a little water and reduce heat and fry slowly on both sides with cover on. You may have to add a little more water. Remove the chicken from pan and add 1 tablespoon flour, mix with whatever gravy or fat is in the pan; then add 1 cup cold milk; boil a few minutes. This gravy should be a rich cream color. Lettuce and Cheese Salad Materials—One neutraphat cheese or 1 cup grated American cheese, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley,

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