

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

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

I BECAME RECONCILED TO LOSING BILLY BENT

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Misfortune affects different persons differently. It is like wine in that respect. Some it makes cynically gay, while others become tearful. Furthermore, the same person may be affected differently by misfortune. At one stage of life it may prove a heavy burden, while at another one may be able to shake it off and go on about his or her affairs much as if nothing had happened. A hidden scar is all that may remain. Billy Bent's selfishness and cruelty might have overcome me at another time of my life, but its effect now was not nearly so serious. It may have been because I already had drunk deeply of the cup of misery, or it may have been because my heart was largely an illusion. It is doubtful if, down in my heart, there was very much love for Billy. He had merely touched the surface of my life, leaving the depths of my woman's feeling unaltered. Perhaps there was more recklessness than love, after all, in my attitude toward him. In an effort to forget Arthur and the tenderness which he had shown me I had, probably unconsciously, encouraged Billy's attentions, vaguely hoping that that great love which at one time existed between Arthur and me might again be found under different circumstances.

But Billy was not the type of man that Arthur was. Arthur's business had always been a secondary affair with him. He took it very seriously when he was at his office, but when he left it business was forgotten. Billy lived and breathed politics, and everything else in his life was subordinated to politics. I have no doubt that every friendship he made was dependent upon by him to further his political ambitions. Everything he did, with the possible exception of the few years since we separated on my front porch. He has won by casting aside everything which stood in his way and clinging to everything that could aid him.

The net result of my affair with Billy, therefore, may be described in a few words. At first there were a few silent tears, but it wasn't long before I realized that I was just a trifle foolish. Afterwards I discovered that I was very foolish indeed. I remember that I was considerably astonished to find that I did not grow altogether hopeless when I contemplated the future without Billy. From this condition I gradually came to a realization of the fact that I had not loved him at all.

In making this confession I know that I am again placing myself under the condemnation of my readers, but, as I have said before, this shall not deter me from telling my life's history just as it occurred. I can console myself with the reflection that I am not the only woman who has found herself in a similar position. Have you, my dear woman critic, never allowed a man to kiss you? Have you never found yourself enclosed in the strong arms of a person of the opposite gender? And after these things happened did you not awaken to the fact that you did not love him? What then did you do? Hide yourself in a cloister and do penance for the remainder of your days? Not at all. Some of you who have had such experiences have half a dozen children and your husbands do not know anything about your earlier loves. Is it not so?

It all comes down to what I said in a previous chapter about the weakness of human nature. Just think what the world would have missed had there been no such thing as human weakness. Our own Mother Eve who set the example, would never have been the appealing creature she

had she not eaten the apple. Peter, the great disciple, lives as much in history because he denied the Master as because he was the rock upon which the church was built. The most touching chapters of our masterpieces of prose; the tenderest lines of our poetry would never have been written had there been no frailty in the human heart. Indeed, the normal woman is weak, and in acknowledging my weakness I am but saying after all that I am a woman.

So I not only easily reconciled myself to forgetting Billy, but I was convinced that I had done nothing seriously wrong in allowing him to hold me in his arms. I did not feel at all tainted. I regretted the error of heart and head which had made such a thing possible, but I did not lose any sleep over it. When it was all over, however, I did determine that I should be more careful. I did not propose to allow anyone else to take such liberties with me unless I was sure there was an abiding and very definite reason why I should. It is one thing to be mistaken in love and quite another to allow yourself to be used to satisfy the appeal of sex.

I said nothing to mother about these things. Soon she noticed that Billy had ceased visiting me and sensed something was wrong between us, but she said nothing at first. I believe she was so much relieved at this turn of affairs that she feared to make inquiry. She dreaded the possibility of learning that Billy's visits had not ceased altogether, but that for some reason he was staying away only a little while. But as the days wore on and Billy did not come the cloud which had come to be part of mother's face lifted and she soon became her own dear placid and happy self again. She never spoke of Arthur, but I was convinced that she knew more about him than I did. I had detected her several times reading letters which the maid had somehow smuggled to her, and I did not doubt that they were from my husband. But what they contained remained a mystery as far as I was concerned. I could not bring myself to ask any questions, and mother never volunteered any information. I had been at home more than six months before Arthur's name was spoken either by me or mother. I expect, of course, the first day, when I told mother of my troubles and received her comforting caresses.

We were sitting behind the honeysuckle vines at dusk one evening. Mother had been unusually silent during the day, and I knew she was either thinking of my father or of Arthur and me. It was early autumn, and the leaves as they fell upon the brown grass compelled me to think with a heavy heart of the world of flowers and trees that were about to die. Those early autumn days always brought a lump into my throat and sorrow into my heart. And it was the same with my mother. Finally she spoke:

"This is the anniversary of my marriage, Roxane. Did you know it?" I went to her and kissed her on the cheek. "How forgetful I am!" I cried regretfully. "I should have remembered it." "No," replied mother. "I do not expect you to remember this anniversary. It is one which always brings the keenest pain to me, for it makes me remember the keenest happiness of my life." "She was silent for a moment, then went on: "Your father was the finest man I ever knew. In all our married life I never knew what it was to have a moment's pain which was caused by him. Life went on so placidly, so beautifully, that I did not realize my deep joy until I lost him. As I look about me now I know that he was a wonderful man—a man among men."

"And you are just as wonderful—a woman among women," I replied. "Half your happiness was due to you, I am sure." "It was all due to the love which we bore each other," replied mother. "If your father could have avoided giving me pain by thrusting his hand in the fire he would have done it without hesitation and then concealed his act from me. And I would have done as much for him. He often told me that as he went about his daily work he felt that he was to some extent set apart from other men because he was enveloped by my love. He used to call it his 'coat of mail' because in the early days of our married life it protected him from the temptations which came to young lawyers. It was the same with his love for me. When I was a bride I sometimes looked in the mirror expecting it to appear as a halo about my head."

I had resumed my chair and sat there unable to speak, my heart a great lump in my breast. "It can be the same with every one," mother continued after a pause. "The love of a good woman can envelop her husband just as mine enveloped him. The love of a good man is indeed a halo about any woman's head. Even though it is invisible, the woman knows it is there. It is the saintliness of womanhood—real womanhood."

I looked again at mother. Perhaps it was the moisture in my eyes; perhaps not, but above her head was an unmistakable radiance. (To be continued.)

Miss Edna M. Beckett of Detroit, seventeen years old, is conceded to be the best recruiting officer in that city. She is enlisting men for army, navy and marines and has averaged three enlistments a day for the last month.

From the sales manager of the great government sawmills at Neopit, Wis., Miss E. S. Gallet has blossomed forth as a wholesale lumber dealer for herself. She is now one of the largest dealers in lumber in Wisconsin.

Miss Dorothy Burton, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. F. Mooers, Barrie street, left this week for Belleville to resume her studies at St. Agnes College.

Miss Saunders, who has been visiting Miss Porteous at the Isle of Orleans, returned home on Thursday.

Miss Elsie Robinson, Alfred street, returned from Sydenham Lake on Thursday.

Colonel and Mrs. S. A. Thompson, Kingston, are in Ottawa. They will stay at the Chateau.

R. J. Elliott, Kingston, is visiting his sister, Mrs. William Baynard Scott, 249 Roxton road, Toronto.

Miss Edith Gore, Toronto, after spending the past three weeks with Miss Mabeth Nesbitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Carr, 196 Halton avenue, South Hamilton, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Ida Irene, to William James Asselstine, South Porcupine, Ont., son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Asselstine, Verona, Ont., the marriage to take place on the 27th of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Slater, Barrie street, returned from Toronto on Thursday.

Miss Jessie Dyde, Johnson street, has been visiting Mrs. Robinson at Sydenham Lake.

Mrs. H. F. Mooers, Barrie street, is in Tamworth the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jones.

Miss Lulu Woods White, who has been Mrs. G. W. Mylka's guest, left on Wednesday for her home in Savannah, Georgia.

Miss Ellwell, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. K. M. Saunders, Allee street.

Miss Josephine Yronman, Napanee, left on Thursday for Guelph, where she will take a course at Macdonald College.

Miss Helen Lewis, Brockville, is the guest of Miss Veta Minner, Hillcroft.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Sunday

BREAKFAST: Grapes or Melon, Cold Boiled Cereal, Fruit Syrup, Steamed Eggs on Buttered Milk.

DINNER: Noodle Soup, Stuffed Breast of Veal with Sweet Potatoes, Lima or String Beans, Stewed Tomatoes, Grape Frappe Coffee.

SNACK: Cold Sliced Meat Loaf with Cold Spiced Tomato Sauce, German Potato Salad, Stewed Plums or Peaches, Apple Cake.

German Potato Salad

Materials—One quart potatoes, 1 tablespoon bacon or ham fat cut fine, 1 tablespoon cut onion, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon salt, dash white pepper.

Utensils—Saucepan, knife, tablespoon, teaspoon, frypan.

Directions—Wash, boil and slice

Old-Fashioned Vegetable Soup

Materials—One and a half pounds soup meat and bone or shinbone, 2 tablespoons barley, 1 cup onions, 1 cup carrots, 1 cup potatoes, 2 cups cut cabbage, 2 cups tomatoes, 1/2 cup green peas, if you have them, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon white pepper.

Utensils—Large saucepan, two measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon.

Directions—Wash the bone and meat, and put on with three quarts of boiling water; boil slowly one hour; then add the barley and onion and boil twenty minutes; add the carrots, potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, peas, and boil forty minutes. If the peas are left over they are not put in until ten minutes before the soup is ready to be served.

Menu for Monday

BREAKFAST: Cereal of Choice, Egg Omelet Flavored with Ham, Warm Roll, Grape Butter, Coffee or Tea.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Baked Sweet Potatoes, Baked Stuffed Tomatoes, Corn on Cob, Fruit, Tea or Milk.

DINNER: Old-Fashioned Vegetable Soup, Brown Betty, Coffee or Iced Tea.

ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

New Brunswick, Can., has a nurses' union.

Egypt has nearly 60,000 women agricultural workers.

France still has 300,000 women ready for munitions work.

Miss Pearl Beavers is manager of a bank in Jefferson, S.D.

Female trained nurses in this country number over 75,000.

The United States leads the world in the number of divorces.

One fifth of the tailors employed in this country are females.

Pragically all mail delivered in Berlin is now entrusted to women.

About one out of every four women in the United States is a wage-earner.

The wages of women workers in Germany varies from 2 1/2 to 13 cents an hour.

Over 5,000 women are employed in various Government departments in Washington.

Mme. Joffre, wife of the French general, is of a very untiring disposition.

Both candidates for governor of West Virginia have endorsed woman suffrage.

Russian women predominate among foreign born students of their sex in Paris.

Finchley, North London, Eng., has employed a woman to drive the municipal water cart.

The last census shows that there are ten women stationary engineers in the United States.

Mrs. Waldo Pierce of New York city is the only licensed amateur air pilot in this country.

More than 2,000 women are working about the coal mines in England and 100 in the quarries.

Mrs. Margaret Ruf of Syracuse has five daughters all nurses and all members of one order.

Out of the 68,981 persons engaged in the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, 13,032 are women.

Women are being trained as bell-ringers in England to take the place of men called to the front.

England has over 2,000 women who have qualified as army cooks and have gone to the front with the troops.

Mrs. James E. Ferguson, wife of the governor of Texas, is a member of the Texas Girl Rookies camp at Lake Worth.

Dr. Julia Lewandowska is one of the very few Polish doctors in Massachusetts and the only one who is a woman.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was decorated by King George of England with the Royal Red Cross of the first class.

Give Baby the Right Food and He Will Thrive

The heavy summer mortality among bottle-fed infants is attributed by physicians largely to impure milk.



In towns and large cities it is difficult to get milk that is fresh and pure enough to be really safe for baby.

The Allenburgs' Foods

Milk Food No. 1 Milk Food No. 2 Malted Food No. 3

From birth to 3 months From 3 to 6 months From 6 months onward

provide an absolutely pure, germ-free and safe progressive dietary, exactly suited to baby's digestive powers and needs at the different stages of his growth.

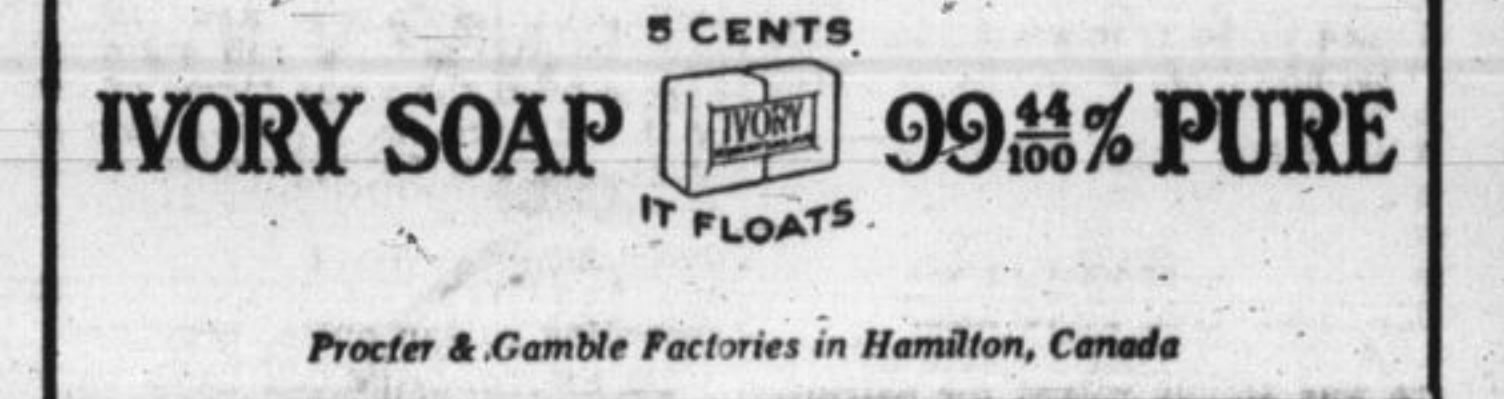
Using the 'Allenburgs' Foods, you can prepare baby's meal in a moment, at any time, anywhere, by simply adding hot boiled water to a portion of the food from the air-tight tins, as clearly indicated on the labels.

Write for Booklet: "Infant Feeding and Management"

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White Clothes

IVORY SOAP will not stain your white garments, nor will it harm their texture no matter how often it is used. There is nothing in it that can cause damage. It contains no free alkali, no materials of any kind that can harm color or fiber or leave a disagreeable odor. It is nothing but white, pure soap, and that of the highest quality.



Peaches

The most valuable of all fruits for preserving. Home preserved peaches give at small cost, autumn's most luscious fruit for our winter enjoyment.

Lantic Sugar

is best for peaches and all other preserving. The clear sparkling syrup develops all the exquisite flavor of the fruit. Pure cane, "FINE" granulation. Experienced housekeepers order it by name all through the preserving season.

Address ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES, Ltd. Power Building, Montreal

Advertisement for Magic Baking Powder, featuring a tin of the product and the text 'MAGIC BAKING POWDER' and 'E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED'.

Advertisement for 'To Help Nature Shed a Bad Complexion', describing a skin treatment and listing testimonials from various women.

Large advertisement for Lantic Sugar, featuring an illustration of a woman with a basket of peaches and a tin of Lantic Sugar, with detailed text about its benefits for preserving and its quality.