

# In The Realm Of Woman---Some Interesting Features

## The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

### MY FIRST LESSON IN SOCIAL CUSTOMS

CHAPTER XXII

At ten o'clock the next morning I sat primly waiting for my etiquette teacher to arrive. In spite of all that Evelyn had said, I was not yet resigned to the lessons, nor to the idea. But I should have to go through with it, that was unavoidable.

"You must learn to quell la certain spontaneity; it's almost a hoidenish manner you have," was one of the first pleasant things she told me. She had never seen me show any enthusiasm, so I was sure George had spoken of this as a failing.

"I was never called hoidenish before," I told her. She paid no attention.

"You must be careful that you do not criticize women older than yourself," was another of her rules. I knew that she meant George's older friends, the women of his world.

Then she told me of books I must read, that I must keep up on the new ideas constantly put forth—but she spoke of only those which had to do with polite society; with social problems. Evidently she thought nothing else counted. Afterward she told me it didn't, not for the wife of a rich and socially prominent man. Society was her fetish.

I tried to pay attention to become interested, but I failed utterly. Always in the back of my mind was the thought that George was ashamed of me and that this woman knew it. I hated her stifled ways and expressions, I hated her. After she left I clenched my hands while I knew it would do no good to rebel, slow tears oozed between my eyelids. I should have to go through with it; but I hated her.

#### A Safety Valve.

"Oh, Evelyn; it was awful! simply awful," I declared in the afternoon. Evelyn had come over to see how I got along with Mrs. Sexton, and to have passed on anything which I had learned.

"In what way?" she asked.

"In every way! She started in by calling me a hoiden, told me I must not be spontaneous, that it was bad form to show my feelings; and a lot of such stuff. Maybe I won't show my feelings when I get as old as she is! I won't have any to show. She hasn't, I am sure."

Evelyn laughed merrily. Then said:

"I guess we are apt to show our feelings too plainly, Helen. My mother-in-law told me almost the same thing. She said that 'the public didn't care to be bored with gushing girls.'"

"Didn't it hurt you dreadfully to have her talk like that?" I asked, really shocked.

"Yes—until I thought of how much Kurts cared for me; and how anxious he was that his people should like me—they never had a daughter—then I told her I would try to be more dignified. You see, I reasoned that as Kurts had always been brought up with those notions, perhaps he might be ashamed of me if I was—well like I was at home."

"Do you know, Evelyn, I have care a tharreen meself about the old title, but 'Lady Rafferty' would not dhrame of drooping it." And the title had to stand.

thought just the same about George. But one thing puzzles me dreadfully. Why did they marry us? Why did they not marry a girl in their own set, brought up just as their own mothers would bring them up, instead of going into the country and marrying just the opposite kind of a girl? I laughed and talked and joked a great deal more than I do now, yet George never criticized me. I can't understand it.

"I'll Provide a Man." "Neither can I. Perhaps they saw we needed polishing off, and that's why they married us. But never mind, I have had news for you."

"What is it? Don't you dare tell me that you won't come to my party!"

"That's just it. George has an engagement." I blushed. It was the first time I had ever lied about him.

"But you will come?" she pleaded.

"Won't it make an odd number?"

"No, goosie! I won't let it," and forthwith she began to name over different young men she thought she could invite to take George's place.

Before she left she had decided upon Van Dyke Lawrence, a young man whom she described as being particularly desirable as a guest.

"He is very popular, however, and perhaps I can't get him."

"Have you invited Merton Gray?" I asked.

"My no! he'd never come! why he's one of the most sought after men in town. Do you know him well?"

"No, I met him at Mrs. Loring's dinner. We got on famously, however. I liked him so much. He was so like the boys at home."

"I'll just call him up from here if you will let me. If I am fortunate enough to get him I shall tell him he is to take your husband's place. Though I don't believe for a minute he'll come to my little party."

"Try him and see," I said, some way sure that he would accept.

"All right, here goes," and she called Mr. Gray's studio. He was in, and I stood by while she gave the message. Although I listened I could not catch what he said, but I distinctly recognized his voice.

(To be continued)

#### Once a Lady, Always.

Talking of titles and the excuse put forward by those who accept them that refusal would disappoint their wives, the best story on this subject is that told of the Duke of Rutland who happened to be Irish.

At the end of the eighteenth century, he knighted an innkeeper named Rafferty with all due formalities in a drunken frolic one night.

Repentance came with the morning, and he sent for his latest host and told him that it was, of course, a joke—and let it be forgotten. Pat.

"Ver excellency," said Pat, "I don't care a tharreen meself about the old title, but 'Lady Rafferty' would not dhrame of drooping it." And the title had to stand.

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Low And Damned.

A bright youngster upped his arny hand during the geography lesson in a public school. "Say, teacher, I got one for ya," he said.

"Why is Germany like Holland?" "It isn't!" indignantly replied the teacher.

"Yes it is, too; it's a low-lying country, and is damned on every side," chortled the boy.

## LESSONS FOR THE Home Embroiderer

Specially prepared for this Newspaper by 'Pictorial Review.'

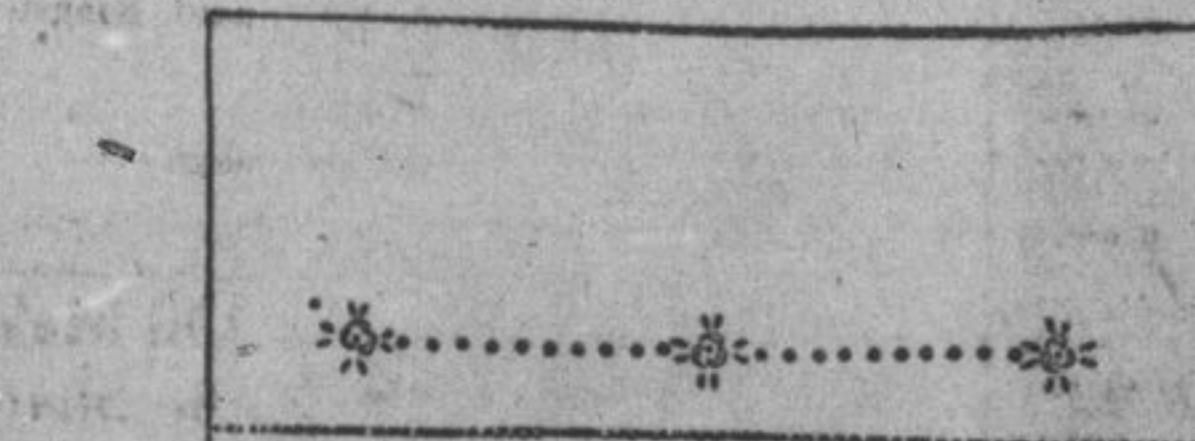
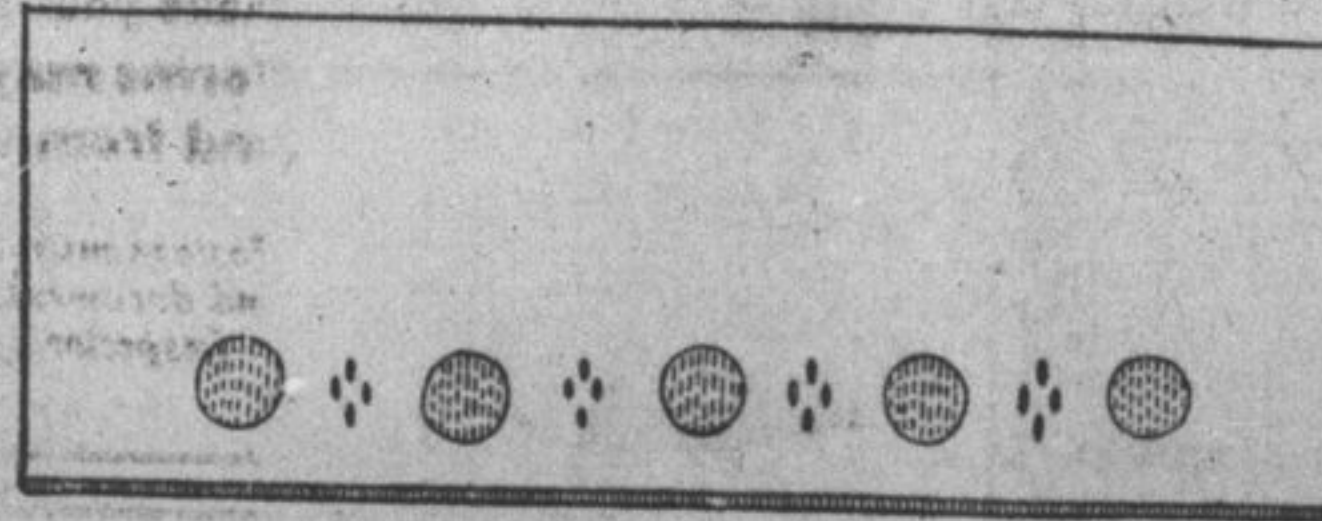
### New Embroideries Adaptable to Separate Blouses.

By KATHRYN MUTTERER.

The new embroidery designs are not anything if not adaptable. Here are shown two patterns for towel ends that may be utilized in several other ways. The sewing stitch is used to develop the little circles of

worked in satin stitch.

Both patterns have a distinctly new note and are designed to meet the demand for "expensive simplicity." It requires but little time to develop either pattern and on a background of linen huckaback for tow.



#### No. 12441—Designs for Towel Ends That May Serve Other Purposes.

The first design, the small motifs or some silken dress material the being executed in solid satin stitch, effect is equally charming.

The edge is of close even blanket stitch and all of the work is carried depends upon the care with which it is done in Delft blue cotton.

The design would be most effective in colored wools, ways just now, not being confined to which is now a popular form of embroidery on dresses and waists, especially those fashioned of crepe for the living room consisting of pillowcases, chifton cloth, crepe de chine, etc. It is 2 1/2 inches wide by 22 inches long.

The unusual pattern below has the designs would be most unique in blossoms and dots done in rose embroidery. The work is fastidious section, solid satin or eye-finishing because it develops quickly lets being used for the latter. The and looks a lot for the time spent is carried out in a soft green, upon it.

Embroidery No. 12441. Transfer pattern, blue, furnishes duplicates of two towel ends, price, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review patterns on sale at local agents.

### SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Confucius.

If thou art master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.—Fuller.

Nor knowest thou what argument Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.—Emerson.

They who know not how to act agreeably, though they have learned many things, are still ignorant.—Gural.

Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. 30:5.



# BOVRIL

## Take it as Soup before Meals

Not every man according to his mood and fancy, according to other people's giving or other people's ability, but "every man according to his ability."—H. C. Trumbull.

No Herbert, you cannot have your boss arrested because he fires you.



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