

In The Realm Of Woman--Some Interesting Features

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

MRS. SEXTON CALMS HELEN

CHAPTER CX.

"Don't allow yourself to become so excited, my dear," Mrs. Sexton said calmly. "You are feverish now. I know it is hard to think out such a question, so with a thing quietly, but unless you do you will surely regret whatever decision you may make." Then she asked: "Are you positive that you no longer love your husband? Think carefully. You have much to make you happy."

To my astonishment Mrs. Sexton had not once mentioned the right or wrong of what I purposed doing. I now know it was simply her own clever way of helping me to decide without attempting to bias me because of that. I now realize perfectly that most people would have, at once spoken of that side of the question; would have made that the principal factor in the decision I had to make.

"That is what I tried to decide last night. I love George very much at times, when he is nice to me, even just pleasant. But when for days he is fault-finding and critical; then added to that he is so attentive to another woman, and leaves me alone so often—he scarcely ever spends an evening with me unless we are going out or are entertaining at home. But I wouldn't mind anything if he had acted as if he loved me—and—"

"Has he never acted so?" Mrs. Sexton interrupted.

Many Kind Acts Recalled.

"Yes indeed!" I confessed quickly. "You remember the taxi accident, the theatre fire, and that time in Newport, when I was nearly drowned. He surely must have loved me a little to talk as he did, to say the things he said."

"That's something in his favor, isn't it? Now let us see what other

things we can find. You have a beautiful home; all the money you need, lovely clothes, motor cars, servants—"

"But I'd rather be poor—poor as can be and be loved. But—I hesitated. "I would have all those things you mentioned with Merton. He may not be quite as rich as George; but he could give me all those things."

"I know dear. We'll come to him soon. Suppose we finish with Mr. Howard first," she patted my hand. "Let me see—oh yes, we had finished with all the material home-fits you have from him. Now tell me aren't there days at a time when he is thoughtful and kind, when he forgets to criticize, or when you give him no cause so that he can make no complaint?"

"Yes, often. But that makes it all the harder. I think many times that it would be easier to bear if he would always be cross and always find fault with me. It hurts so after he has been nice."

"I know. Then dear there is another thing you haven't thought of. As George Howard's wife you are respected, envied. If you leave him and go with Merton, you will surely be ostracized—not by everyone, but by the very people you would like to know. I am not sure, of course, I but I doubt if you could get a divorce save on some flimsy pretext that would not deceive anyone. I do not believe your husband has been untrue to you. Do you?"

"I don't know! I wish I did."

A Plain Question.

"Would it make any difference if you did?"

"Of course! What a funny question."

"A plain question rather. If you knew he had been true to you since your marriage you would hesitate to

leave him, is that right?"

"Yes—yes, I think if it had not been for my doubt of him I could perhaps have borne the rest better—his neglect and criticisms, hard as they have been."

"And if you knew he had been untrue, you could more easily decide in Merton's favor?"

"Why, of course! Naturally."

My face flushed scarlet. No one, not even my mother, ever had talked to me of these things.

"I know the world, my dear, know it far better than you do. I do not for one moment believe that your husband has been actually true to you. He has known Julia Collins, and others, for years. His manner with them takes on a degree of intimacy that looks to mean more than it does. They call each other by their first names, they take liberties with each other because of their friendship, that to you may look like a very intimacy. But I would be very slow to think it was true. Mr. Howard is a great stickler for convention. He has a beautiful young wife of whom he is very proud—I know, she added as I tried to stop her, "I was not with you so long without finding that out. He is proud of you, my dear. Your youth, your loveliness, and I am sure he would be unhappy to lose you."

I looked at her in amazement. That it would make George unhappy to have me leave him I never had thought.

"But why does he act so if he cares for me?"

"We cannot alter people's natures very radically. Many people have uneven dispositions. I imagine he is one of those. Business or some other matter goes wrong, it upsets them, and they sore of take it out on the wife."

(To be Continued.)

prove that your husband still loves you more than all else. Remember that the WIFE ALWAYS wins, the other woman loses whether she wins or not. Deep in his heart, no matter how he may wander, a man reveres the mother of his children; the other woman no matter how nice she may be always seems less good in comparison, and that is only ONE of the penalties the other woman must suffer for loving "not wisely."

You must keep silent; it is only safe to mention suspicions when you KNOW there is nothing to be suspicious about. Become a little more attentive to your toilet, and arrange to have a room of your own, but do that very tactfully, mention the heat, etc. Become a little more mysterious (that is the only advantage she has over you—SHE can be mysterious about her toilet, prettiness, doesn't count for much and her youth is a drawback for her).

You have a dozen advantages over her—your husband can enjoy your society without feeling guilty (nice men don't like to feel guilty). You know the things he likes and can make him comfortable—take an interest in his work. Then you have the children—Why! Everything is on your side. Start the fight today and in a few months you will be laughing at a vanished ghost of your imagination.

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mrs. Norman Wormwith, after over a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wormwith, Earl street, returned to Toronto on Friday.

Miss Louise Walsh, Clergy street, spent a few days at camp at Varty Lake with relatives.

Rev. Frederic Gill, after two weeks' stay in Kingston with his sisters, Mrs. W. H. Wormwith and Miss Gill, Earl street, will go on to Toronto on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. St. Pierre Hughes, Ottawa, has gone up to Toronto, where she visits her son-in-law and daughter, Capt. and Mrs. Grosvenor.

Miss Gwynneth Carr-Harris, Ottawa, left on Thursday for Bathurst, N.B.

Miss Kate Fraser, Ottawa, is with her sisters at their home on Barrie street.

Mrs. Arthur Nelsh, New York, is in the city with her brother, Joseph Hanley, Earl street.

Mrs. G. Munro, Iona, Ont., a former bright Kingstonian, is with her sister, Mrs. Kennedy, Johnson street.

Miss Elva Dillon, Kingston, spent the week-end the guest of Miss Elsie Law, Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Drysdale and child, Kingston, have been visiting in Lindsay.

Master Byron Revill, Kingston, is spending a couple of weeks with his grandmother, Mrs. D. Buchell, Mississippi.

Prof. and Mrs. F. A. Storr, Kingston, have taken Mr. Sherrin's flat in the Kelso, McDonald street, Ottawa, for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. R. Travers, Montreal, has opened her cottage at Fernbank, near Brockville.

Mrs. George Hunter, Collingwood street, went to Toronto on Friday to visit her sister, Mrs. J. T. Greenwood.

Miss Edith Pennie, West street, is leaving on Monday to visit Mrs. Horsey at Pitts Ferry.

The last of the June teas was held at the Country Club this afternoon. Mrs. Walsh, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Brown, Barrie street, returned to Brampton to-day.

Mrs. George Graham, Belleville, has been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. James Hamilton, Sydenham street.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Rees and their family, Bagot street, have moved to their summer cottage at Dead Man's Bay.

Miss Houston and Miss Houston, Ottawa, who were the guests of Mrs. R. W. Rayson, University avenue, returned to their home on Wednesday. On Tuesday Miss Gouge, Earl street, entertained informally at the tea hour in their honor.

Miss Millie Ferris, Albert street, has been spending this week with Mrs. H. E. Richardson, at Wolfe Island.

The success obtained in handling all marital difficulties in Brooklyn since Miss Helen P. McCormick has appointed assistant district attorney has surprised legal circles in that city.

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Dr. Tremaine's Natural Hair Restorative, used as directed, is guaranteed to restore gray hair to its natural color or money refunded. Positively not a dye and noninjurious. Price \$1.00. On sale in Kingston by T. H. Estabrook, Druggist, Princess and Montreal Sts.

Women home teachers are being employed in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Fresno to conduct Americanization work in the home of the foreign population.

The first western woman to enlist in the navy is Miss Nina Conley of Arkansas, who crossed the country three times before being accepted.

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TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

From My Mail Box.

"Dear Lorna Moon: I wonder if you can help me. I'm afraid that I have lost my husband's love. He has not told me so, in fact he is more thoughtful for me than ever, but we have grown apart; also there is another woman. No, not the sort of girl who usually makes the third in a triangle—she is a nice girl, young, pretty and clever. I am fifteen years older than she, and I was never VERY pretty. Their work brings them together a great deal. If there is anything more than friendship between them, I don't believe either he or she sought it deliberately. I cannot believe that my husband is unfaithful but I DO believe that he loves this girl, and I have reason to believe that she loves him."

"We have children and I love my husband. What am I to do? I cannot go on pretending that I do not care, and yet I have not the courage to speak."

Dear Little Woman: Your fears may be well founded, but I think that they are only based on the imaginings of an over sensitive nature that lives too much within itself. One can imagine ANY calamity is upon one when the imagination gets full in. It is brave and sensible of you to admit that the girl is nice; so few women would have the justice to do that under like circumstances (always provided of course that there ARE any circumstances).

A Cupid is such a wayward little fellow—it seems to me sometimes that he shoots his arrows just for the sake of mixing things up a bit. But—if I were you I would try to put that suspicion away altogether. Put it remotely out of your mind and then begin to look instead for things that



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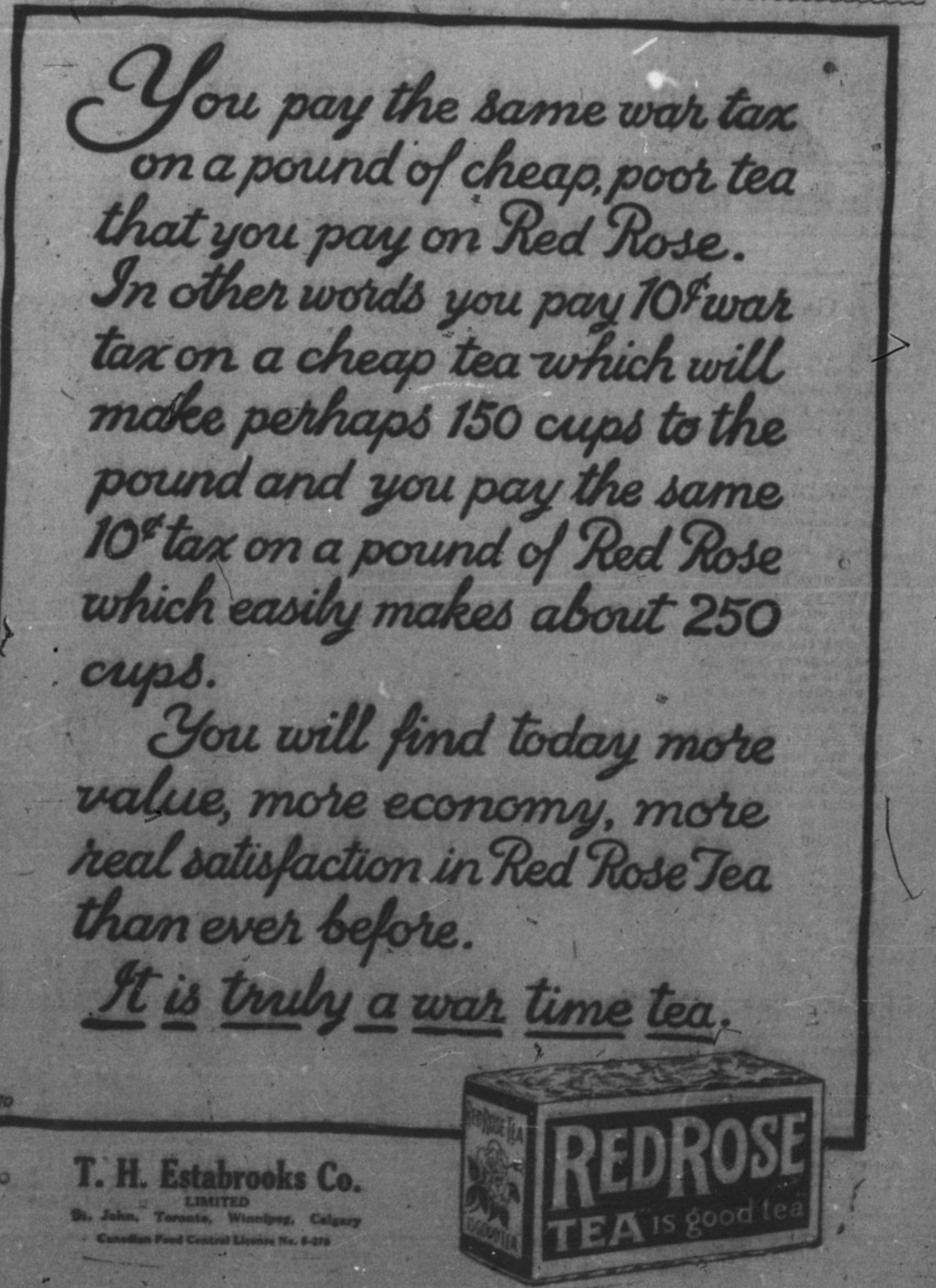
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