

In The Realm Of Woman--Some Interesting Features

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

HELEN TELLS HER HUSBAND SHE SAW THE SUPPER PARTY

CHAPTER CXXIX.

When I told Mrs. Collins that George knew I had seen the supper party, she sneeringly returned: "You are very clever."

I made no reply—simply nodded and left the table. But up in my room, I walked the floor wringing my hands and excitedly talking loudly to myself. I knew I had won the conversation from every point; but instead of being elated, I was horribly depressed. Must I always be subjected to such things? Should I always have to be fighting to prove my right to my husband's love. It wasn't a pleasant thought, nor one I could think of with equanimity.

"But—where were you?"

"I was in the corridor. I couldn't sleep and had gone down to get a book."

"Why didn't you speak to me, if you were there when we came out? Were you spying on me?"

"I was getting a book," I parried. Then I told him "Mrs. Collins was very insulting. She said I owed her a vote of thanks because she had not told you. I said that I had told you, myself, so I owed her nothing."

"I told a lie, George, and I shall tell as many more as are necessary to let people know I am not the abused, neglected wife they think I am—and that at times I am."

"What else did you say to her?"

"I can't recall all that passed, but I remember she said you told her you had not invited me to join the party. Of course that gave her all the liberty she needed."

"Yes, I said I would not disturb you, as you had not been well."

"She also asked me why I was not jealous, implying of course that I had reason to be."

"What reply did you make to that? This is most interesting."

The sneer on my husband's lips made me feel like crying, but I stubbornly resisted. I had started, at last, to show my independence. I would not weaken.

"Why, when she said I was very sure of you, calling you 'George' as usual, although I never speak of you to her save as 'Mr. Howard,' I said: 'I was sure of you—that, had you cared for any of the Moreland women or girls, you would have asked them to marry you instead of me, as you had known them all for years, before you met me.'"

Ambulance men were there in force. They climbed into the carriages and commenced to help the infirm to alight. The exits were all so stiff with travel that they could scarcely move at first. The windows of the train were gray with faces. Such faces! All of them old, even the little children's! The Boche makes a present to France of only such human wreckage as is useless for his purposes. He is an acute man of business. The convoy consisted of two classes of persons—the very ancient and the very juvenile. You can't set a man of eighty to dig trenches, and you can't make a prostitute out of a girl of ten.

"As they were herded on the platform a low, strangled kind of moaning went up. I watched individual lips to see where the sound came from. I caught no movement. The noise was the sighing of tired animals. Every one had some treasured possession. Here was an old man with an alarm-clock, there was an aged woman with an empty bird-cage. A boy carried half a dozen saucers, a string of buttons. Another a spare pair of patched boots.

"Quite a lot of them clutched a bundle of umbrellas. These were the remnants of families who had been robbed of everything that they had in the world. Whatever they had saved from the ruin ought to represent the possession which had claimed most of their affections, and yet what did an alarm-clock, an empty bird-cage, a pair of patched boots, a string of saucers, a bundle of ragged umbrellas signify in any life? What utter poverty, if those were the best they could save!"

An Unexpected Rejoinder.

I turned quietly away and commenced to lay out my clothes for dinner. After my excitement had abated, I had spent the afternoon trying to plan my future conduct toward George, and towards his world. I would be dignified and calm; I would not be sat upon; and I would, in all things, try to become a woman of poise and character—a woman of the world.

"By Jove! that must have taken Julia's breath away."

I could scarcely believe my ears. I had expected faint-finding—perhaps unpleasantry—resulting from my confession, particularly as he had received it so sneeringly. And this was his only comment! Was there ever so strange a man?

"I think it did," I replied going on with what I was doing.

"What queer creatures women are," he soliloquized. Then, to me: "I don't see why women cannot be friends the same as men, but evidently they cannot."

I made no reply, and the matter was not referred to again by either of us, although I could not put it from my mind for days.

(To be Continued.)

What Mother Said.

Nellie was entertaining Mr. Noble, and little Tommy was hanging about. At length Nellie told him it was time for him to retire.

"Oh, can't I stay up a little longer?" pleaded Tommy.

"What do you want to sit up for?" asked Nellie.

"Why, I want to see you and Mr. Noble-play cards," answered Tommy. "But we are not going to play cards," said Nellie.

"Why," said Tommy, "mother said you were. I heard her tell you that everything depended on the way you played your cards to-night."

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No. 7 Mail	2:50 p.m.	3:40 p.m.

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No. 18 Mail	1:40 a.m.	2:17 a.m.
No. 16 Express	3:10 a.m.	3:52 a.m.
No. 5 Mail	12:20 p.m.	12:52 p.m.
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TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

The Universal Cloak of Charity.

"I had tea with my Brilliant Friend the other day," said the Feminist with that underlying gurgling of mirth in her voice which usually bespeaks something good to come.

"Tell us," cried the Four ceasing their needle-war on the khaki wool.

"He was in great form twinkled the Feminist with a reminiscent chuckle.

"What is it this time?" questioned the Fair Divorcee.

"The unreasonableness of our sex? the wasteful extravagance? or our lack of philoprogenitive inclinations?"

"None of these! Listen oh ye afflicted ones!" said the Feminist, her voice vibrating with mock tragedy. "'Tis woman's imagination that is the curse of mankind."

"Rats!" said the Newspaper Woman, picking up her knitting with contemptuous indifference which she went to display towards the opinions of a mere man.

"Go on," coaxed the Divorcee.

"Well," continued the Feminist, "you must know that it is woman's over-stimulated imagination that fills the divorce courts, the lunatic asylums, and the homes for drunkards!"

"You're sure you haven't forgotten anything? That hardly seems enough!"

"But I'll quote him," she went on after the interrupting laughter had ceased. "A woman will sit at home and lash herself into a frenzy of jealousy because her husband is at his office dictating letters to a female.—No woman is capable of realizing that her husband has no desire to hold said female's hand.—No woman can realize that to most business men, or cannot spell, who has, on the front parting of her hair! (My Brilliant Friend says that all stenographers, whether they can spell or not, have dandruff. After a good deal of argument he admitted that there may be a few who have not, but that he has never been fortunate enough to engage one.)"

"But you never were mad enough to let him rave on uncontradicted?"

"I did! I agreed with him fervently! I admitted that women were scandalously imaginative, and then some! I let him mount the dizzy heights of victory, then I brought up my big artillery! I showed him that his very imagination of which he disapproved was all that made

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matrimony bearable for women. I quote myself—"A woman's love for a man is mostly based on imagination. There are few men capable of inspiring a woman's love if she views him in the light of stern reality; but wrapped in the bright garments of her imagination he becomes a hero, a God, naturally therefore she thinks a being so desirable must attract other women. Far from being a curse, woman's imagination is the universal cloak of charity hidden under which, the poorest kind of a man can lay claim to a woman's life devotion."

"Good enough! What did he say?"

"I didn't give him time to say anything. I suddenly remembered an appointment." The Feminist had the grace to blush a little—but who had a better right to employ female tactics when it was necessary to have the last word?

The Backwash of War.

Louise Beebe Wilder in July Good Housekeeping.

They come pouring into Evian by the hundreds—old men women and children—refugees fleeing from the Hun. In the July Good Housekeeping Lieut. Coningsby Dawson tells what war has meant to these people.

"I was on a platform at Evian when a train of repatriates pulled into the station. It might have been a funeral cortege, only there was a horrible difference: the corpse pretended to be alive. The American

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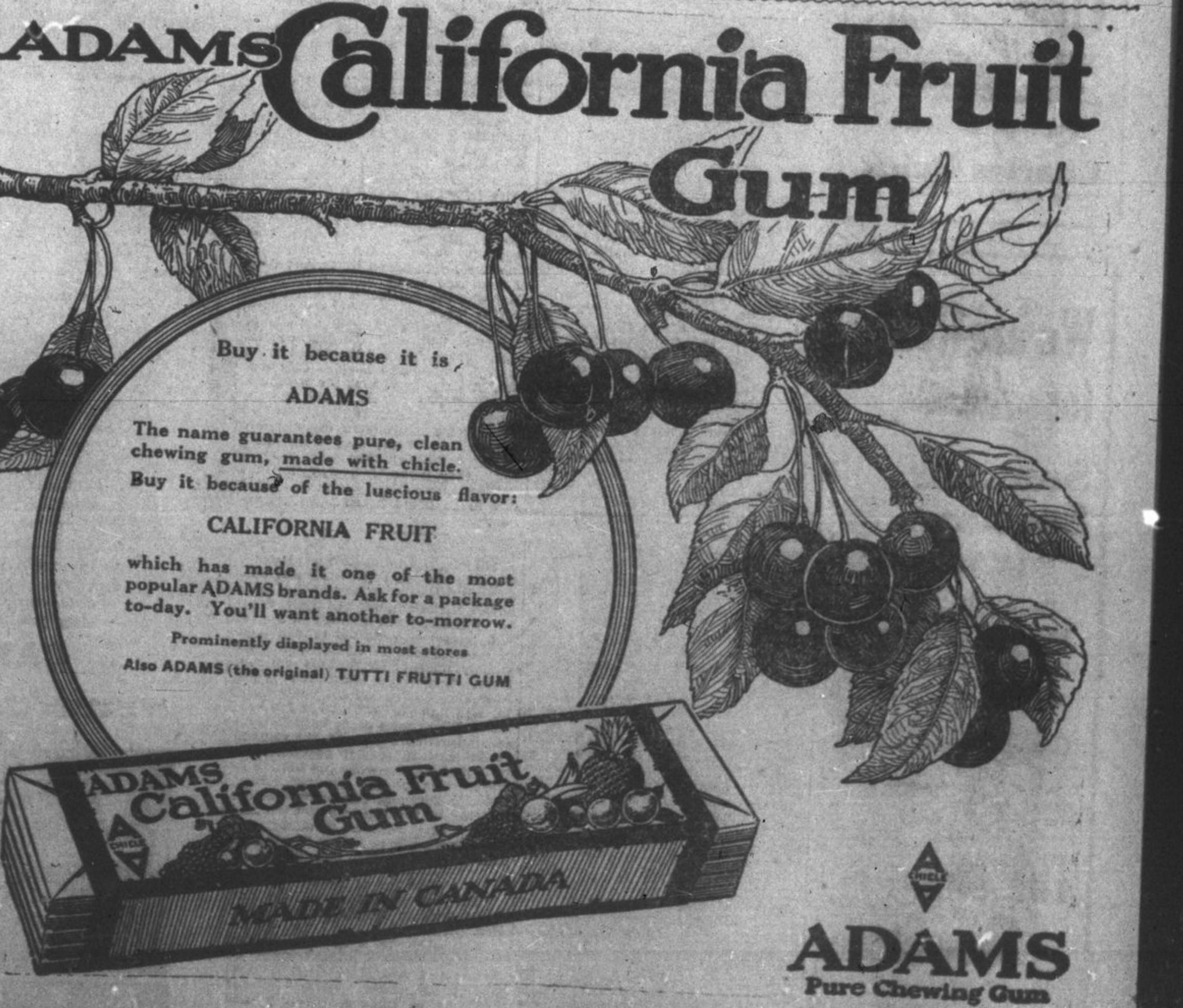
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