

In The Realm Of Woman—Some Interesting Features

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

HELEN GIVES HER HOSTESS PLEASURE

CHAPTER CXXXII.

The library was a massively beautiful room with bookcases running about three sides of it, and an immense fireplace. Wonderful etchings hung on the walls. The furniture was solid and substantial, but so comfortable; and the lighting, softly subdued, was fascinating.

The business was discussed for nearly an hour, both Mr. Babcock and George occasionally appealing to either Mrs. Babcock or me. I felt so flattered and happy. The unusualness of it all was stimulating, and I realized that I never had appeared to better advantage.

Mrs. Babcock had told us her niece was dining out, that night, for which I felt like saying "thank goodness!" It was so nice to have just the four of us.

After they had finished discussing the business matters, they asked if I was musical. George did not wait for me to reply, but at once said I had unusual talent.

"You will play for us, then?" Mrs. Babcock asked. I, of course, agreed—not only because I loved to play; had I not, I should have been more than willing to do anything to please them.

Helen Delights With Her Music. If the library had been attractive, the dining room in perfect taste, I fairly held my breath at the beauty of the music room. The baby grand piano, the harp, and the violin showed a family of music lovers. The dainty coloring of the rugs and draperies—the pictures—all were in perfect taste, perfectly harmonious.

As much as I loved music, as much as I loved to play, I never enjoyed playing more than I did that night—never felt that I was more appreciated. After I stopped, Mr. Babcock took the violin and we played a duet. Then Mrs. Babcock joined us on the harp. It was delightful. When we finished, they explained that the daughter who died was a pianist of wonderful ability. That music had been their great recreation, because they were all so extremely fond of it. Then they asked me to sing.

I sang a cycle of songs, then the folk songs of the Scotch. Mrs. Babcock was of Scottish descent, and had spoken of her delight in the music of Robert Burns.

It was nearly midnight when we left, after promising to dine with them once again before we went home.

"Aren't they delightful?" I said to George, as we drove back to the hotel in their luxurious limousine. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much.

"Indeed they are!" he heartily agreed. "And Helen, if I put that deal over, I shall have you to thank for it. They both were charmed with you."

"I am glad, if I have been of help," I returned, rather stiltedly, yet thrilled by the thought.

Helen Brags to Julia Collins. The next day, as I was eating lunch, Julia Collins came into the dining room, and, as she did before, joined me without being invited, or even wanted.

"I looked for you and George last night! I had some charming people here to dinner. I wanted him to meet them," she said. ("I noticed it was 'him' she wanted, not 'you.'")

"We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Babcock at their home," I returned. "You did!" her tone expressed surprise. She had not heard the invitation extended to us, the night in the grill; she had been too busy talking to the others.

"Yes, and their home is delightful. It is really gorgeous. The dinner and service were wonderful. We had music all evening; they both play—he the violin, she the harp, and—"

"Of course, you shone if you had music," she said, in a peculiar tone. "I don't know that I shone, but I do know I was glad I could play. It seemed to give them so much pleasure. I sang for them also, before we left. She is Scotch, and I sang Scottish songs."

"You must have had a nice time. I suppose George was proud of you," I hope so," then I changed the subject. I still wondered at her tone.

After I had gone up-stairs, I recalled the conversation, and blushed for shame. I had done nothing but brag; and Julia Collins, much as I disliked her, I knew would not be guilty of such a thing. I was terribly ashamed of myself, and could only hope she would not repeat what I had said.

When George came in, I knew at once he had seen her and that she had repeated it.

"What need to brag, Helen? I don't think either Mr. or Mrs. Babcock would be pleased. And it is very bad form."

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TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

Whose Soldier Boy Is That?

"I was LUCKY for Mother, hardly let a mail pass without writing to me. But some of those poor devils didn't get a line in a month, and when they did it was one long grouch telling them all the small worries at home. THAT'S no kind of a letter to write to a man out there! I don't know which is worst, to get a letter that is one long whine or to get no letter at all. I've seen a man who had gone through the very thickest of it with a smile, sit down and cry when one of these dolorous epistles came; or when there was no letter at all. If women could only understand that it isn't fair to wait for an answer before they write again. They should just write, write about anything and everything as long as it is as cheerful as possible.

"Mother used to tell me when the beets came through and when the rose bush was in bloom and how it looked. She kept me posted on the controversies in the newspapers—I never felt that I was out of touch with home so I rarely felt homesick. Those letters of hers were read by

dozens of fellows. In fact many a time when we got back to billets and found that the mail hadn't come through we would fetch those old letters out and read them over again. Lots of fellows did that, read their letters over and over, so you see if it was a bright, cheerful letter they had it to back them up time and again, and if it was a weepy one they could get an attack of the blues. Any time they read it. Just as long as cheerful letters keep coming in the fellows can stand most anything with a grin. Socks are great, cigarettes are a blessing but OH BOY! a letter from home is what puts the pep into you!"

That is what he told me, the boy who had been over there for two years. He described the rush for mail, and the joy when a letter was received. He said you could tell the fellows who had received mail of the right sort by their walk. They had forgotten that limbs ached or that feet were sore, they swung back to billets with a happy song on their lips—but the unfortunate ones, the way was long for him, he KNEW that his limbs ached, there was no cheery message tucked inside HIS tunic, there was no song on his lips.

Where is the woman who is to blame for that? Whose soldier boy is it that who drags his feet back to billets, whose lip carries no song? Is it YOUR soldier boy, reader?



A QUEEN DOING WAR WORK

Queen Amelia of Portugal is a graduate nurse and is devoting her whole time to war hospitals. The picture was taken in London.

THE WAR OFFICE REPORT

FRENCH OPERATIONS IN ALBANIA GLORIOUS SUCCESS.

Entire Mountainous Region Dominating Right Side of the Devoll Valley Occupied.

Paris, July 26.—Dealing with operations in Albania, the War Office report said:

"In Albania our operations terminated in the occupation of the entire mountainous region, dominating the right side of the Devoll Valley above the confluence of the Holla River. On the left we occupied the villages of Isyuta and Koshore. We repulsed several counter-attacks. The number of prisoners taken by our troops on July 21-22 has reached 642, including six officers. On the other hand, our losses have been insignificant. Our operations which have been completely successful in Albania in two months, were conducted with effectiveness very inferior to those of the enemy. Our attacks have succeeded by reason of perfect preparation and the bravery of our troops, who, in the course of engagements, carried out sometimes in snowstorms and sometimes under an unbearable sun in a very difficult country, have by their skill and resolution taken indisputable ascendancy over their adversary."

\$25,000 IN PRIZES.

Central Canada Exhibition List Has Been Published.

The 1918 prize list of the Central Canada Exhibition is just issued and is a very attractive booklet. It contains eighty pages. The cover is nicely designed and the whole volume is well printed. It contains photographs of the directors of the association.

The booklet gives all necessary information regarding the exhibition, such as admission, entry fees, space allotments, manner of payment of prizes, railway, telegraph, and post office conveniences, rules for making entries, etc.

The patron of the exhibition is His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, and the honorary presidents are Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, William Hutchison, Sir William Hearst, T. Cameron Bate, Sir Lomer Gouin, and Hon. T. A. Crerar.

The prize list is a larger one this year than any previous year. For live stock alone \$25,000 in prizes is posted. Prizes are offered for all kinds of animals and fowl. Attractive awards are also posted for all other farm products. Special prizes are provided for the best products of vacant lots cultivated by boys and girls.

The prize list of which the directors of the Exhibition are proud, may be obtained upon application to J. K. Paisley, manager of the Exhibition.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Pin a towel to your belt when you bake or cook. It saves many steps.

Bread will rise quicker and lighter by warming a thick cushion and slipping it under the pan.

A red handmaiden handkerchief makes the finest kind of dust cloth for many or highly finished furniture, as it will not leave a lint that shows.

To prevent rusting, place a small piece of oyster shell in the tea kettle. When the shell becomes discolored change it for a fresh one that is perfectly clean.

An old piece of garden hose may serve as a carpet beater. While stout enough to dislodge the dirt its flexibility prevents the wear and tear given by the ordinary stick beater.

Keep melted meat fats in a small pitcher, with an inch wide brush to grease cake and bread tins with. It saves time stopping to wash the hands after greasing the tins with paper.

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