

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

It is not what you eat—

but what you assimilate that does you good.

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The Home of Good Shoes.

"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

RUTH HAS A DELIGHTFUL TRIP TO NEWPORT WITH MR. MANDEL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The gasp Ruth heard was not reassuring.

"What's that you say?" Brian asked, and his voice was so raucous, it made Ruth shiver with dread of what he would say when he realized she was really going.

"I am going to Newport to look at a house to be done over. I'll be back to-morrow night. If I find I can't, I'll wire you, then, before he could answer she glanced at the clock. She must go at once. "Good-bye, I can't wait another minute!" and she hung up without waiting for an answer.

It was hard to go away without even hearing him say "good-bye," but perhaps it was best. He perhaps was angry, and by the time she returned would have cooled off. Nevertheless her eyes were swimming with tears when she gave her final instructions to Mrs. Crawford.

"Be sure you give him all the things he likes to eat," she cautioned, showing she, like other women, knew one way at least to placate a man.

"Indeed I will! and don't you worry, ma'am," Mrs. Crawford had soon understood how matters were; had sensed Brian's dislike to having his wife work, even though it made him more comfortable.

Mr. Mandel was waiting at the station.

Just on time!" he said pleasantly, as he took her bag and helped her into the train. He had two seats in the parlor car, on the shady side and had laid late magazines on both of them. His own luggage also had been placed in the car before her arrival.

"This is comfortable," Ruth said as she sank back in the chair, and the porter in response to a motion from Mr. Mandel, brought her a basket.

"Travelling is hard enough at any time and under all circumstances. I believe in being as comfortable as

possible," he returned, then picked up a magazine, and was soon buried in its contents.

Ruth was thankful she did not have to talk. Her mind was full of her own affairs. She could not forget that gasp she had heard when she first told Brian she was going away, and she felt decidedly uneasy as to what he would say on her return. He would be terribly put out, that she knew—perhaps angry. But she would have nearly two days to think it over. Perhaps he would be sensible and not be so angry as she feared. With an unconscious sigh at his lack of sympathy in her venture, she also picked up a magazine. She had failed to notice the sharp glance Mr. Mandel gave her when he heard that sigh.

Neither spoke until luncheon was announced. Then he laid aside his magazine and said:

"Suppose we go right in. I reserved a table, and the food will be better if we go at once."

Ruth rose obediently. She had travelled so little, was really unfamiliar with dining cars to such an extent that she, like a child, considered it a treat to eat in one.

She ordered a very simple luncheon, which he insisted upon supplementing with a dish or two.

"You will find your appetite when you commence to eat," he told her. "One always does when travelling."

Luncheon finished, Mr. Mandel went into the smoking car and did not reappear for an hour. He had chatted pleasantly through luncheon, not mentioning business, and so preventing Ruth from doing so, although there were several things in connection with their errand to Newport she would have liked to discuss.

"Perhaps he doesn't believe in talking business when he's away from the

shop," she thought. So she contented herself with reading the magazines he had provided and in looking out of the window. She never had been east of New York and so was interested in all she saw.

After Mr. Mandel returned from the smoking car, she asked a question which proved her unfamiliarity with the country through which they were passing.

"Have you never been to Newport?" he asked.

"No, I never have been much of anywhere," she confessed naively. "Aunt Louisa didn't much believe in girls leaving home. I reckon she thought it wasn't good for them. She and I visited New York once before I was married, and we, my husband and I, stayed at Atlantic City for a while. You see I am not much of a traveller."

"So I see!" he replied, looking at her with an added interest. It was wonderful that this delicately nurtured southern girl, who still "reckoned" when she talked, should have become so proficient in an art to which he had given many years' hard study.

From that time until they reached the end of their journey, he pointed out all places of interest they passed, giving her a little sketch of that part of the country at the same time.

"You will revel in New England homes," he said explaining that, as one went further east, the homes were still filled with gems of old-fashioned furniture; chippendale chairs, and Windsor tables and cabinets. In fact he made himself so entertaining that Ruth was almost sorry when they reached Newport, and she had bade him good-night in the hotel to follow the boy to the room reserved for her.

"To-morrow—Ruth sees Newport's Famous Ocean Drive for the First Time.

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TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

The Letter Which Keeps Him Sane.

"I would not care to handle boys in France who were not getting letters that was the burden of his lecture. And he was in a position to know. He had had many for two years out there, until twice wounded and gassed, he was rendered unfit for further service. Since that he has spent his time saying just this "Write letters."

He described the entrance into Langemarck after the tide of poison gas has swept over it; of men lying dead with their throats torn open in their last frenzied effort to breathe; of a little child jammed through a window pane and left to wriggle out its little life there; of the ghastly green pallor which made the faces of the dead seem like the phantasmagoria of a horrible dream; of ravished women gone insane; of the aged reduced to jibbering lunacy; wild horrors of war out running the power of words to describe or imagination to conjure.

He told of the long cold night, while the rats scamper about, and the "booties" that begin to banquet when one wants to sleep; of the gas, and the word to attack of the thoughts that pass through the mind of the soldier as he stands one foot up on the trench side and a hand grasping the peg ready to spring over at the word of command; of his thoughts when he is hit, and his comrades sweep over and back, and he is left out there, not daring to signal for help lest a Hun sharp-shooter see and end it for him.

Stretcher bearers at last! Thank God! Then rest, a clean bed, a quiet ward and a woman's voice, Heaven again!

But before a 'blightly' wound leads him back to quiet he must have letters. Letters that tell the simple homelike things. They keep him sane. As he passes through the mad-reminded of the sweet sane things at home, lest forgetting that they exist, he also go mad.

This is no surmise, reader of mine. This is a fact proven by the countries which have been in war much longer than we—the men who fill the military asylums for insane are the men who did not receive letters. Ponder that fact, and neglect to write to your soldier if you dare!

School Girls' Nerves

When an undue amount of nervous energy is consumed in the brain there is bound to be failure of the other functions of the body.

Digestion is impaired—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you are easily excited and irritated—feel tired and lack energy.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a creator of rich, red blood and a builder up of the exhausted, nervous system.

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No substitute has ever been devised that gives the quick, painless results you get from Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Its success is unequalled. It soothes, eases, heals and painlessly removes callouses, bunions, warts and corns in twenty-four hours. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed with 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Refuse a substitute preparation. Putnam's is sold by druggists everywhere.

Luxury is Not Hard Hit

"Don't try to sell luxuries in New Zealand." This is the advice United States Consul General Winslow gives American merchants in a commerce report.

No. New Zealand is not pinched for money. Its wallet is well filled. "There is no particular necessity for retrenchment," as the consul puts it, but the public is opposed to the purchase of luxuries, especially luxuries that have to be imported, thereby using tonnage needed to head off the U-boats.

Trinidad, too, and the whole of the British West Indies, is abstaining from use of imported goods. This has caused the population to change its whole menu, for many foodstuffs were formerly imported. Now the people eat home-grown plants that only the animals ate before. They like the new diet so well they say they will never again import any staple food except cornmeal.

Little Profit in Salt

A recent investigation by the bureau of mines proves that a salt famine in the United States is unlikely, says the Popular Science Monthly. At the same time it was established that owing to the low price of salt and the abundance of its supply there is but little profit in the salt industry, although the American salt works have supplied in recent years practically all the salt consumed in the United States. What a pity for the profiteers—salt is not used in munitions!

How He Knew

Officer (examining German prisoner)—So you knew there were Americans in the trenches opposite you, did you? How did you come to find out?

G. P.—Dot voss easy, Herr Oberst! It voss all quiet dere for a long time, und dann, von morgen, ve heard sompotty shout out, "You —!" Denn ve knew dere voss Americans dere,—Stars and Stripes.

Simple Menu

"You don't appear to object to these food restrictions."

"I don't see any restrictions worth mentioning," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I have been for years wishing I could sit down in the best restaurants and order cornbread and cabbage and potatoes right out loud."

The man who can put to rest trouble and distress is one kind of an evangelist.

Who knows but what a hearty "good morning" may carry with it much encouragement.

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