

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

"The Wite" By Jane Phelps

BRIAN SHOWS JEALOUSY WHICH PUTS RUTH'S FEARS AT REST

CHAPTER LVIII.
Ruth noticed that Brian was listening. I think Mr. Beckley was very good to ask us. It isn't every young man who waits an old married couple with him when he asks a young lady to dinner, even though the man does happen to be the young lady's lawyer.

man. She would not know what to say to her. The only time she had seen Mollie, she had thought her very pretty and bright. It had been at the dinner Mrs. Curtis gave. But now she was more critical. She wanted to know well, this woman whom Brian seemed to like so much. Not that she wished for any intimacy; that was farthest from her thoughts. She wanted to understand her character—her point of view.

Beckley had joined them on the Roof Garden the night before. Brian was silly, of course, to be jealous of anyone; but of a man like Claude Beckley—it was really ridiculous. Then came the thought. If I am attractive to others, perhaps he will care for me more and want him to care for me leave me or to take the risk of making me angry by being so much with Mollie. So she commenced to talk brightly with Beckley, simply laughing at his extravagant compliments and leaving Mollie and Brian to entertain each other.

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"Enough of one, I guess, to attend to any business Mollie can have," Claude Beckley's sarcasm was not lost upon Ruth.
Mollie King, tactful as she was, blushed at the implication, but quickly recovering herself, said brightly: "Is this your first visit here, Mr. Hackett? If it is, we must point out our celebrities to you."
"I never have been here before," Ruth replied. "Please tell me all I should know."
"Claude is about as famous a character as we have," Mollie said with a mischievous glance at Beckley. "He both writes and paints."
"How interesting!" murmured Ruth, thinking if he didn't write more sensibly than he talked, it might account in part for his frayed appearance.

So as Mollie told her of the different people dining, she watched the while she listened. Mollie's speech, while in a way refined and showing education, was plentifully sprinkled with a gay, innocuous sort of slang that gave it point. She occasionally told a story about some one of whom she was speaking, and told it well. Ruth had to acknowledge, even before the dinner was scarcely commenced, that Mollie King was an interesting talker and would prove a delightful companion to any man if she was so inclined.

With a little smile, she saw Brian getting restless. Occasionally he would break into the conversation with some impatient remark when Mollie had been particularly fulsome. Finally he said: "Here, you two! This dinner is a foursome. Suppose we talk about something in which we are all interested."
"Or suppose we finish our dinner, and then dance?" Mollie broke in.
"Oh, do!" Ruth agreed at once. She knew she was a good dancer, and she loved to dance. To tell the truth, she was becoming tired of Beckley's compliments.
"Thank the gods I can dance!" Beckley said so fervently that all laughed. Ruth danced first with him, then with Brian. When it came time to go, acting on the spur of the moment, she invited both Beckley and Mollie King to dine with them a week from that night.

"Yes, you must get him to write some poetry—not for you, but to you," Mollie added, her eyes twinkling.
Evidently she sees through his pretense as well as I, Ruth thought, and was rather pleased that the woman whom her husband admired was not dense. It would be impossible to be at all at her ease with a stupid woman. She would not know what to say to her.

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

The Whole World Is Buying Khaki Wool
"I wish they would make this wool thicker," said the business like girl examining various shades of olive drab wool with disapproval. "All the boys like the thick sweaters, but it just seems impossible to get the wool the right thickness."
"Do you like this greenish shade?" asked the pretty blond with the Blanch Sweet eyes. "I made a helmet of this last week. I think it's the nicest wool I've used."
"It looks as if the whole world is buying khaki wool," said the bustling girl, glancing around at the crowd of waiting women gathered around the wool counter.
She is right. The whole world is buying khaki wool. Just to prove it, just at any hour and you will hear remarks like these: "How many tanks to make a sleeveless?" "This isn't as good quality as the last wool I bought." "I made a nice helmet out of three," and so on.
Where do they come from these buyers of wool? What did they do before they knitted sweaters, helmets and socks?
Ask the girl who used to sell art beads, or the one who sold stencil. The girl who sells the crochet cotton and the embroiderer silk will tell you an enlightening tale of sales shrunk almost to zero. Ask her for a frame for doing drawn thread work, she hasn't got such a thing in the place! Ask for a set of pokers for leather burning, as well as for a set of "minelines or farthingsale!"
The pastimes of peace, they are laid aside in the garret, with the spinning wheel and the godding iron; they are gathering the dust along with the flat iron which had to be heated on the coals, and the frame on which Aunt Betty wove rag rugs. They are the relics of other times lying all together collecting the rust of disuse. No one has money to spend on Art beads and crochet cotton and the like, for the whole world is buying khaki wool.

Jap Prince in Canada.
Ottawa, Oct. 11.—Prince Fushimi of the Royal Family of Japan, who has arrived in Canada, will be accompanied on his trip across Canada by Sir Joseph Pape, representing the Dominion Government; Hon. Lieut.-Col. Henderson, Military Secretary to the Governor-General, representing his Excellency the Governor-General. The Prince will make several stops on his way eastward, including Banff and Niagara.

THEY'RE PICKING THEM CLEAN!
That dog of yours looks thin. Yes. By the time we get ready to give him the bones there isn't nearly the meat left on them. There used to be more for the war.

Sudden Thunder Works a Wonder.
A sharp peal of thunder during a severe electrical storm at Ormskirk is credited with restoring his sight to a blind soldier. The veteran, who had been sightless for a year as a result of shell-shock and gas, was asleep at the time. The shock awakened him suddenly and he immediately fainted. When he recovered consciousness he discovered to his amazement and delight that his sight had been completely restored.

An Extensive Yawn.
Two soldiers in the front-line trench were watching an enemy plane circle overhead.
First Soldier—(opening his mouth in an extensive yawn) Aw—got it.
Second Soldier—For the love of Mike, man, shut your mouth. Fritz might think it's a dugout, and shell it!

Hatchery Provides Many Fish.
The Dominion Fish Hatchery at Belleville has in the past four years provided for distribution in various provincial lakes and streams up fewer than 21,539,000 salmon trout fry, the total being made up: 1915, 1,500,000; 1916, 5,900,000; 1917, 6,089,000; and 1918, 7,050,000.

Motor Had Through Ticket.
A young lady of Fredericton who had just learned to drive a motor car essayed to return the car to the garage recently, but failed to gauge accurately its impetus, the result being that she passed completely, if not neatly, through the end of the building.

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