

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

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"THE WIFE"

By Jane Phelps.

BRIAN JUNIOR APPEARS ON THE SCENE

CHAPTER CXXI.
Twice again, before Mrs. Clayborne came, Arthur Mandel took Ruth to the theatre. Once she consented to have supper with him; but his pleasure was so patent, his love for her so obvious, it made her uncomfortable; while she was scarcely aware of the reason.

Ruth was singularly modest for one of her attainments and physical attractions. She hadn't a particle of egotism, save as regarded her knowledge of interiors. So what would have been perfectly plain to most women, simply made her uneasy. Yet, that night, she used to have supper with him and went immediately home.

She had heard once more from Brian. A glowing letter filled with the spirit of adventure, and delight in being "Over there." He was full of enthusiasm, and described minutely the welcome the "Yanks" received and told of little incidents which had happened on the trip over.

Ruth shuddered when he told of sighting a submarine.
"We showed her a clean pair of heels. Our boat was too swift for her. I'll bet there were a lot of ships pointed Huns when we shook her off." He had told it lightly, as was his way, but to Ruth it was tragedy.

He told her how to reach him, and promised from her, but was looking anxiously for a letter. He did not mention business or money.

"He takes it for granted that I can take care of myself," Ruth muttered bitterly. Then she shut her lips tightly as she remembered that it was her own fault; that had she been content to remain in the little apartment they had rented when they were first married, and had done her own work, Brian, who he would doubtless have been drafted later, would never have enlisted. She would then have been dependent entirely on him.

Ruth wondered idly if she wished she had acted differently. Then came to the same conclusion—as always: that if Brian cared for her—her happiness—he would not object to what she did, as long as she hadn't allowed it to interfere with his comfort. She figured that he had been even more comfortable, forgetting that his principal objection had been to her frequent absences from home.

"No—it wouldn't have made any difference," she always ended by saying aloud.

One day she had a fainting spell in the office. Fortunately—so, she

thought—Mandel was away. She called a taxi and went home. Then she wrote her employer that she would not be able to keep her place as she was not able to work. Something she said in her short note had told Mandel the reason.

"Poor girl!" he said as he ordered some flowers sent her, and answered her note, telling her that when she was ready to come back, her position would be waiting. This in a way was a relief to Ruth. She was proud, and while she might accept checks as presents from Mrs. Clayborne, she did not care to be dependent upon her. She had opposed her marrying Brian because he could not support her, and she would not belittle her husband by throwing her support upon her aunt even when he was away.

The day after she left the shop, her aunt came. Never was anyone more cordially welcomed. Ruth changed to her in the days that followed, and when, about six weeks later, her baby boy was born, she declared she would have died had she been alone.

"Shall you cable Brian?" her aunt asked.
"No—he doesn't know anything about it—I—guess I'll wait until he comes back—to—tell him."

"You mean that he went away not knowing you were to have a child?"
"Yes—I was afraid he would want me to give up my position so I did not tell him until it was too late."

"Too late!—what do you mean?"
"Until he was going—I intended to tell him that night—but I—changed my mind." Her face flushed crimson as she thought of her reason—Mollie King (she was sure it had been her voice she had heard over the telephone).

Mrs. Clayborne said no more; but her face wore a peculiar look, and her thoughts were all of Arthur Mandel. She felt sure that Brian and Ruth had parted for good. She would wait until Ruth was stronger, then question her.

Ruth insisted upon calling the baby "Brian" although she agreed with her aunt that he would probably be called "Junior." Instead of by his father's name, Old Rachel was in the heaven of delight.

"I sholy never that I'd see missy Ruth wif a baby of her own. She ain't no mo' dan a baby herself, she ain't!"

"You'll have two to take care of now, Rachel, instead of one," Ruth answered as she hugged her baby close.

(To be continued)

TALKING IT OVER

With Lorna Moon

"O Wad Some Power."

I sat next to her in a moving picture show, and overheard her remarks. Everything was cunning from Curuso to the father in her heroine's hat. She even greeted the mountain scenery with the same exclamation; so, when they launched a ship, just to see if she had any sense of words at all, I remarked, "Isn't her cunning."

Isn't it, she agreed fervently!
What's the use? Some people just seem to be wedded to a single track vocabulary. Think of all the perfectly good words in the English language lying idle while the word cunning is used to describe a two or hundred pound tenor, a mountain seven thousand feet, a battleship and a father!

I have an acquaintance who uses the word ghastly on every occasion. A chocolate is ghastly if she doesn't

happen to like it, so is the fit of a dress. She phoned to say that she had been to church and had heard a ghastly sermon, also that Jack was having a ghastly time with a troublesome furnace. There is some excuse for the gushing school girl who calls everything divine, from fried sausage to Beethoven. But what excuse is there for a rot-like way of speaking? Ghastly, we are told means—having a hag-gard or deathlike appearance—fearful—like a spectre. How do any of these terms apply to a sermon, a furnace, or a chocolate cream? And think of a cunning battleship!

Better than beauty of form or face, and rarer and more lasting is the ability to voice a thought or emotion in fitting words. Yet here are our girls studying foreign languages when they have not even crossed the threshold of the store house of English words. I want to misquote Robert Burns and say, "O wad some power the giftie gae us to hear ourselves as others hear us."

RETURNED THE BONUS.

Plant Not Operated Long Enough to Retain Money.

Trenton, Dec. 20.—When the British Chemical Company, located at Trenton, the municipality contributed a bonus of \$10,000 toward the establishment of the industry. The shutting down of the large plant following the cessation of hostilities rendered it impossible for the company to carry out its part of the agreement and on Tuesday Mayor Ireland was handed a check for \$10,000 by G. N. Barclay, superintendent of the British Chemical Company, thus returning the bonus without question.

The outlook is very favorable for

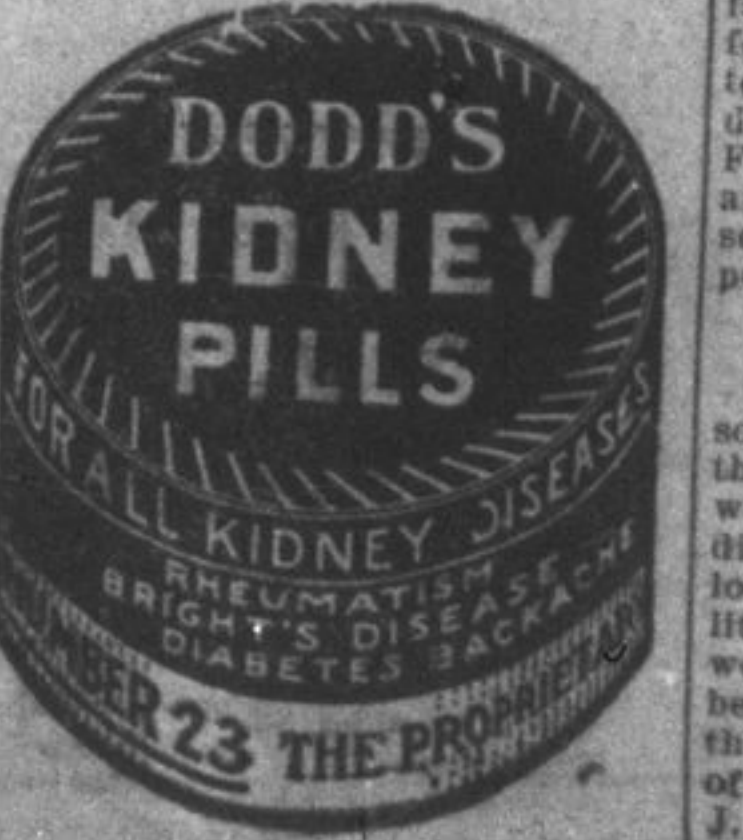
the resumption of operations on a large scale at the plant of the British Chemical Company. Several of the experts employed by that company have been engaged by a large syndicate to make experiments as to the feasibility of turning the plant into a manufactory of commercial acids and also fertilizers.

Address and Presentation.

Pictou, Dec. 21.—On Tuesday, Nov. 26th, a pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Manly Fluke, Cherry Valley, when about thirty-five neighbors and friends with well filled baskets took possession of their home in the form of a surprise party, to bid them farewell as they are about leaving for their new home in Pictou. After all had done ample justice to the delicious dainties, Mr. and Mrs. Fluke were called to the parlor and an address was read by C. Anderson and a beautiful mahogany pedestal presented by Mrs. Bushell.

The Late Garfield Harrison.

Pictou, Dec. 21.—Garfield Harrison, a well-known young farmer of this place was buried in the Glenwood cemetery last Thursday. He died after an attack of influenza followed by acute pneumonia lasting a little more than a week. Services were held at his home where a number of friends gathered to sympathize with the mourners. Words of comfort were spoken by Rev. E. J. Capman.



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