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THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES

The Promoter's Wife

BARBARA AND NEIL ARE MARRIED

CHAPTER VII.
It may require more to make one man or woman feel joy or pain than it does another, but the joy or pain they feel is about the same. So if I were happy in my engagement, I was probably no happier than others have been, yet it seemed to me that no one ever had been so happy as I, in those busy summer months preceding my marriage.

I needed indefatigably. Of necessity there was no elaborate trousseau, but what I had was good of the kind, and as every stitch was put in with a thought of love, I am sure no bride ever had a more satisfactory trousseau.

How kind and faithful mother was. She pined and considered me, that I might not go to my husband unprovided for. Father, too, I never knew it until long afterward—insisted that his old overcoat was good enough to last through another winter so that I might have another dress, although he had fully intended to buy a new one.

Women and money—women and money! Had I realized how they were to be my undoing—how my very life was to revolve about them—I should have been willing to be clothed in sackcloth and to have considered myself fortunate if only I might have held the love of my husband.

The weeks flew by. On the eighteenth of September, Neil came. We were married the following day in the little church where I had been baptized, and where I had taken my first communion. The whole village attended my wedding. No chirob invitations were necessary. But afterward, at the house, only the minister, two of my most intimate girl friends and Mr. and Mrs. Carter—Neil's aunt and uncle—had breakfast.

Father made all sorts of fun because we called it "breakfast." It was at twelve o'clock.

"If I had to wait until this hour for my breakfast I'd get a divorce," he told mother. "I suppose he said it more to cheer her up than for any other reason. Mother couldn't hide her feelings as well as he could, and her eyes had been full of tears all the morning.

"I didn't really feel I was Neil's wife however, until we were alone on the train, speeding away from all I knew and loved. Then I just laid my head on his shoulder and cried a little. Not because I was not happy; I guess

it was because I was happier than I ever had been; and because I felt a bit of sadness along with my happiness because of father and mother.

But Neil was so kind. He talked to me so sensibly about having them visit us, that I soon was smiling. He told me of the fun we should have flat-hunting; but he made a wry face over it, so I sort of imagined he had called it "fun" to cheer me up. But he had had his raise. When he told the firm that he was going to be married, they had given him a raise of \$25 as a wedding present.

I felt awfully rich and important. How we were to spend such a sum, seemed to be a very prodigious question. We should be really quite influential members of society, with all that at our disposal.

When I said something of this to Neil, he only laughed and replied: "New York isn't Huntington, darling. Money doesn't go very far in the big town."

I laughed at him when he talked that way. I knew mother never had had a title of that to live on, yet we had always been comfortable. When I said so to Neil he told me:

"Your people pay no rent; they burn gas and kerosene lamps. They have no car fares to pay. Why, dear, one could live better in Huntington on \$50 a month than in New York on three times that sum." But he also told me that the firm who employed him were very kind to him, that the head of the firm was an old friend of his father's, and that was the way he happened to be with them. "They will give me another advance as soon as they think I deserve it," he had said with all the optimism of happy youth. "I have other schemes in my head, too—I shall have plenty of money some day."

"Of course they will! If they didn't you might leave them and go with some one else. They wouldn't let you do that." Such a speech showed my faith in Neil, but proved also how little I knew of business; and of how easily a man could be replaced unless he were very much out of the ordinary—which Neil was not, at that time, although no one could have induced me to believe that there ever lived a more valuable asset to a firm than my husband, Neil Forbes.

To-morrow—A Honeymoon Spent at Atlantic City.

WOLFE ISLAND NEWS.

Ice Races to be Held—Farce Comedy Produced.

Wolfe Island, Feb. 12.—Mrs. William Hawkins and Mrs. Louis Larush have gone to Buffalo, N.Y., to visit relatives. Father Fleming is meeting with success with his weekly dances in the C.M.B.A. hall. He intends to put in a new hardwood floor, also first plant, give the interior a coat of paint, and erect a platform for concerts.

Local sports intend to hold horse races in the near future. George Bullis has put his speedy trotter into a trainer's hands to have him ready for the spring races.

John G. Greenwood and wife have gone to Watertown, N.Y., to visit relatives. Martin Kane and wife have returned home after a brief visit with relatives in Watertown.

The hockey club dance on Friday evening was a decided success.

There were 114 couples present and danced the light fantastic to the strains of Prof. Moran's orchestra. P. McDermott acted as prompter.

A farce comedy in three acts, "Safety First," was staged in the C.M.B.A. hall on Tuesday evening. The hall was filled and a great many had to be turned away. Mr. Woods, of Queen's University, entertained between acts. Vanessa McAdam, son of William Adams, sang Scotch songs to the delight of the audience. The characters in the play were taken by W. Keys, E. Horne, A. Keys, C. Laughlin, L. Allum, Miss Adela Horne, Miss E. Allum, Mrs. (Rev.) Workman, Miss E. Davis, and Mrs. A. Horne. All those who took part were highly commended. The proceeds go to Mr. Workman, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Sometimes people stop at a hotel in order to avoid home comforts.

TALKING IT OVER

With Lorna Moon

Turkish Bath a La Mode

I found her up to the elbows in soapy suds and looking as rosy as a healthy baby. Little beads of perspiration sat like jewels on her row and lip, she never looked prettier than she did at that moment.

"Just take a seat—when I got these white things into the boiler I am going to stop," she said.

"Tragedy, entitled 'The Washlady Who Didn't Show Up?'" I asked as I perched on the preserve shelf near the cellar window.

"No," she answered with a laugh. "Drama, entitled, 'The Washlady Who Wasn't.' Sent 'For'."

"Sudden burst of economy, or desire for exercise?"

She tossed the damp little cork-screw curls back from her forehead with a soapy hand, and said, "Have you any idea what my laundry bill was last month?"

I protested my complete innocence.

"Seventeen dollars!"

"Where! But why not have a washerwoman?"

She gave me a look which meant I-pity-your-ignorance, and said, "There ain't no such animal! They run elevators, do farm work, work in factories, clean offices, work in freight sheds, anything, except wash clothes for a dollar and a half a day. I sent my clothes to the laundry for a month—result, about three times as expensive as a wash-

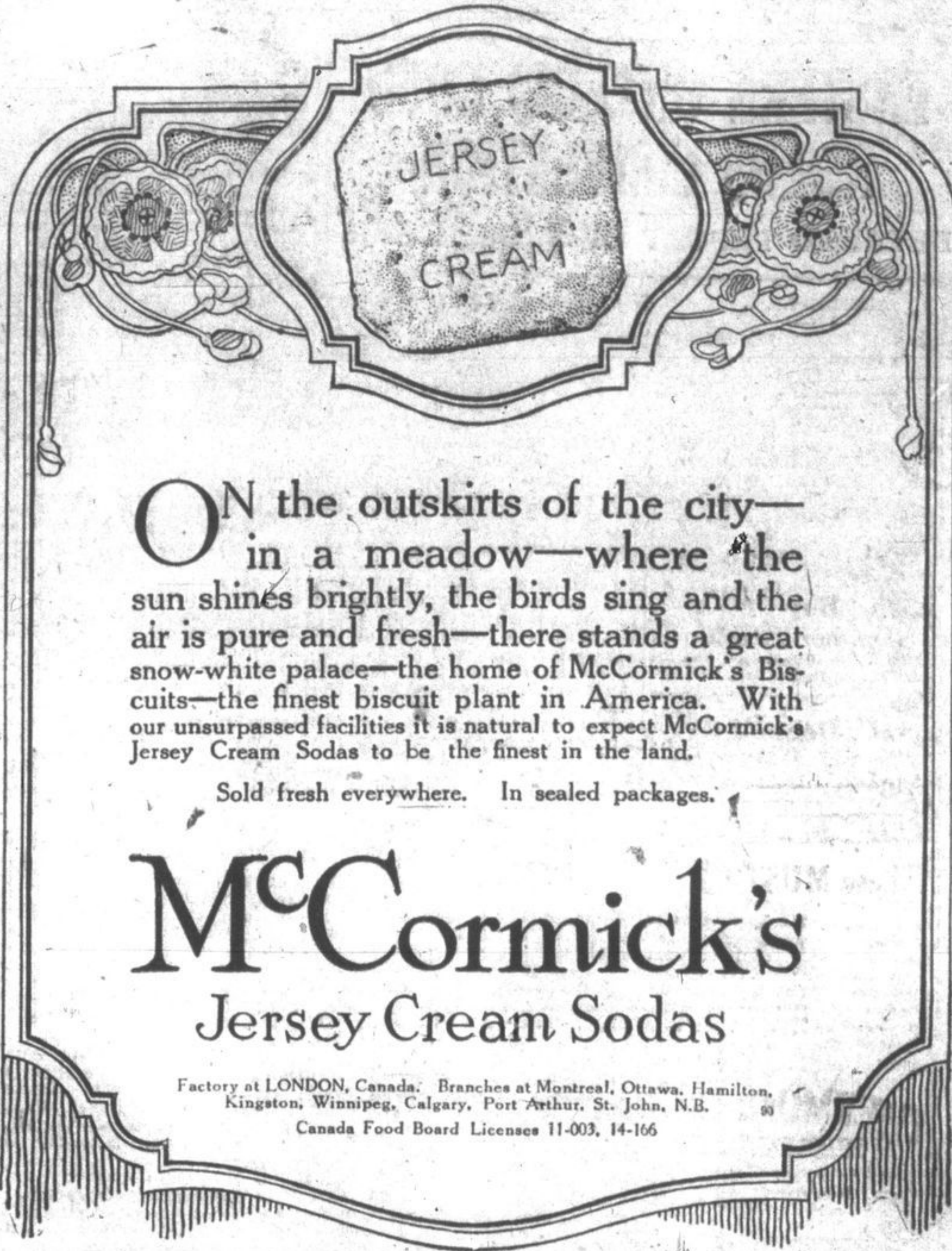
erwoman and most of my good things torn to bits. Now, I send only the sheets, tablecloths and hard collars. My bill this month is two dollars, with about a dollar more for soap, electricity and gas—and the expense is doing me a lot of good. I am going to take the three dollars a month I save on the price of the washerwoman and apply it to buying an electric washing machine, then I will be independent. I never did the family washing before this month; I thought it was a formidable job that was quite beyond me—but now—take a look at that line." She pointed to a line of white garments flickering lazily in the wind—"and I hung them up myself right under the eyes of my neighbors—shucks, I've been paying two dollars a week to get a Turkish bath, and I can get one at home and save money while I'm getting it." She wiped the moisture from her face and neck and returned to the steaming boiler, her eyes dancing with amusement as she plunged vigorously with the boiler stick.

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