

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

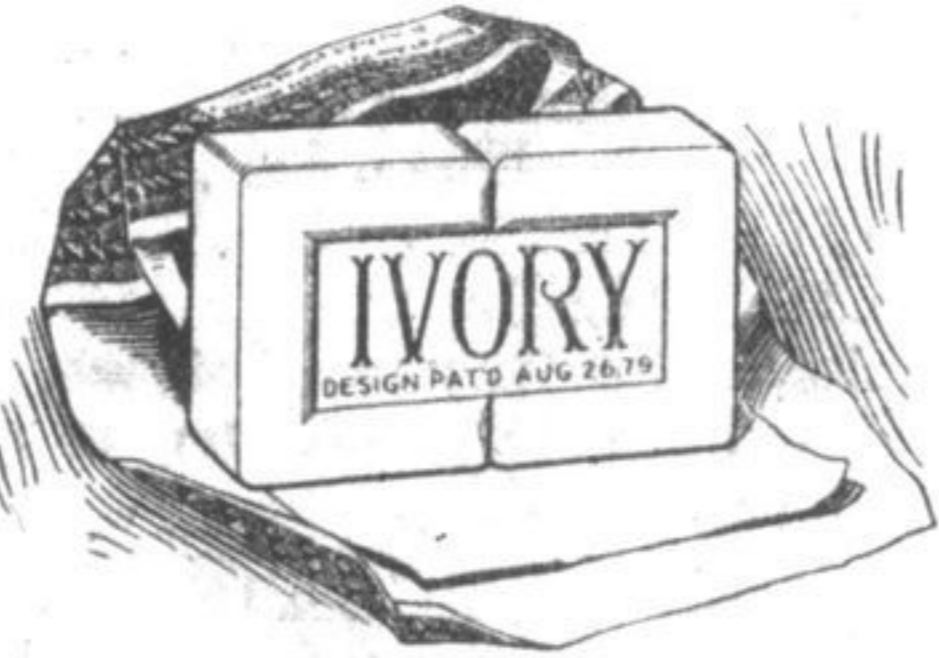
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The great drawback to the best fish stories is that they are wholly unreliable. The girl who uses a gold hook when fishing for compliments needs no bait.

The Promoter's Wife

NEIL PRAISES BLANCHE ORTON

CHAPTER XI.

That many men made quick fortunes in New York, I did not know. So it is not to be wondered at that I thought my Neil the most wonderful man because he could so quickly rise from comparative poverty to a position very nearly resembling affluence. I was a bit frightened, more than a little disturbed, as well as very happy. Frightened because of the way it appeared to affect Neil—he could talk of nothing but his success, what it would mean to us. Disturbed for fear I, a simple country girl, would not be able to hold my own with the people with whom he said we could mix now.

In Huntington one had been almost, if not quite, on a social par with all the rest save only for a few in the laboring class. Now he had not thought we lived handsomely enough to even know his bachelor friends until he had made all this money. He had long ago explained that a bachelor could live for very little because of the demand of hostesses for single men; that we could not hope to keep up with them for the simple reason that our income would not allow us to entertain on the scale to which they were accustomed.

"If we can't do things right, Bab, we won't do them at all," he had said rather impatiently when I remarked that we might do a little entertaining in a simple way. Then when I expressed a fear of meeting any more of his grand friends, he had declared: "You are all right, Bab! You can hold your own with any of them—when you get the right sort of togs. It is like everything else. You play the part better when you are dressed for it. When you met Lorraine Morton you were embarrassed because of her clothes. Honest now, weren't you?"

"Of course I was. She was so stylish, and I looked so ordinary." "Well, unless your grand friends can order all the clothes you want to in another week. And Bab, go to the best. I'm sick of staying at home. Get yourself togged out and we'll show the natives a trick or two."

Among the few women I had met in the year we had been married, was a Mrs. Orton, a handsome, rather bold-looking woman. She had made a remark in my hearing which had called my attention to her. She had said: "What I want, I get—if not in one way, in another. Don't you? You are foolish if you do not. There's always more than one way to manage."

I had repeated her little speech to Neil, and he had replied: "Blanche is right. It is easy to get what you want—if you want it badly enough."

"Blanche—do you know her well?" "I have known her for a long time, two or three years. She's a peach, too! the kind of woman who would push a man on to success."

"What kind of a husband has she?" "A nincompoop—he's a semi-invalid, so he claims." "He has lots of money hasn't he?" "No. She has, tho'."

"Somebody, I didn't like her very well."

"That's too bad, because I do." "It makes me nervous to be with those women. They look so smart, and they talk about things of which I know absolutely nothing." I did not add that I had been happier not to know them. It would have displeased Neil.

It is said that it is in her own drawing-room that a woman is most certain of social success. That it is her battle-field upon which she prepares herself for victories. But with me it had proven almost a Gettysburg. Not that anyone was really aware of it; I had learned to cloak my feelings. But there was always the constant fear that I would do something to embarrass Neil—perhaps that I was not gowned to please him. I was so in love with my husband that the thought of displeasing him seemed to me terrible, and often made me self-conscious.

Neil had told me when we were first married that the secret of a woman's popularity lay in an unlimited ability to listen to what others were saying. I had tried to become a good listener, as a consequence. But often when I heard women like Blanche Orton chat and fling back gay repartee, I thought that it required something besides listening to be as popular as they were.

To-morrow—Blanche Orton instills a Doubt in Barbara's Heart.

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mrs. W. J. McManus, of 273 Queen street, received on Thursday for the first time in Kingston, The table was prettily decorated with a basket of ferns and daffodils. Mrs. A. G. Fleet was in charge of the table. Assisting her were Mrs. J. A. Gorrie, Mrs. John Gilbert and Miss Smart.

Misses Gibson, University avenue, are leaving this week to tour England and to see the devastated sections of France and Belgium.

Mrs. F. B. Carvell, accompanied her husband to Kingston on Saturday and spent the day the guest of Mrs. W. F. Nickle, Earl street. Mrs. Henry Joseph, Montreal, entertained at luncheon on Monday in honor of her aunt, Mrs. F. C. Bartlett, Devonshire, England.

Mrs. W. B. Fullerton, Gananogue, is the guest of her niece, Mrs. H. G. Barber, Ottawa.

Mrs. G. T. Fulford left Brockville on Monday to spend two months in the Southern States.

Hubert Osborne, formerly of Kingston, who for the last two years has held the Macdowell Fellowship at Harvard University, has been at the King Edward, Toronto, this week.

The marriage of Miss Ellen DeBoucherville MacMahon, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James MacMahon, Merriekville, Ont., to S. C. McCarney, of College avenue, Ottawa, will take place quietly on Thursday morning, in Ottawa.

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

The-Next-Year-Umbrella

"I'd like to cut February out of the calendar altogether," said the impetuous young matron.

"The weather?—Or the after-Christmas poverty?" I asked, amused at her vehemence.

"Oh, NOT the weather, and not exactly the after-Christmas poverty DOES add to the general gloom; my REAL dislike of February comes from the fact that every year we go over the household accounts on that month. And, it just seems that every year SOMETHING must be cut down—last year it was the car, and this year I must do without the second maid and reduce my taxi bill one half!"

"Of course, the boys are growing—every year they seem to become more expensive—why, to buy their sport outfit for a season costs a small fortune in itself! And then, one must send them to a good school, and we must live in a good district, and husband must be a member of at least one good club—but, oh dear, all the scheming and paring it entails is nerve racking! And Fred never fails to remind me that we are getting older every year, and that it's time we began to provide for the rainy day. If I only had the courage to back off into the country and wear old clothes, instead of going to the beach this summer—but then—one can't very well do that, can one?"

she looked at me appealingly, a little pucker of vexation between her pretty brows.

"That's the whole trouble. It's courage that most of us lack. Courage to live within our incomes. It takes REAL courage to arrive at a dinner party a-foot when everybody else has come in a limousine. It takes real courage to move to a locality where rents are cheaper. It takes courage to be honest with oneself and the world and just say, 'The price is too fast, I cannot afford to live here, rather than acknowledge to the world that our whole method of living is out of proportion with our means. We INTEND to build an umbrella to shelter us on the rainy day—BUT we will start building it NEXT year—it should be called the NEXT-YEAR-UMBRELLA!"

POSTTOASTIES "make a feller think its summer time"



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Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when 7 months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONTANA, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during and after maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Giving Herself Away.

Certain members of a well-known ladies' club were discussing the merits of their respective husbands when one very young matron made her hearers gasp by boldly asserting that her hubby had no bad habits whatever.

"But—but—doesn't he ever smoke?" enquired one of them. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "He does like a cigar after he has eaten a good meal. But," she continued reflectively, "I suppose on an average he doesn't smoke more than once a month!" Then she wondered why her friends laughed.

If you would have others think well of you set an example and think well of yourself.

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