

# In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features



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The Paramount Star  
Praises  
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## The Promoter's Wife

### ONE OF NEIL'S DEALS GOES THROUGH

CHAPTER XIV.

"Hip-hip-hurrah!"  
Neil it was whose voice had rung out in the cheer I was waiting dinner for him, but had not heard him come in.  
"What's it all about?" He had grabbed me round my waist and was whispering me about the room for all the world like a mad Dervish.  
"It's over! The deal went thru today. My boy your husband's some money-maker! Say you're proud of the deal! Say it quick or I'll go and find someone who will." Anxious as always for praise.

"Of course I am proud of you, you dear boy. I'm always proud of you. Come, you shall tell me all about it while we have dinner."  
Neil was very gay all thru dinner, yet he really told me nothing. Again and again he reiterated that the "deal had gone thru," and more than once I had to tell him that I was proud of him.

"We'll go and look at those apartments I told you of, on Sunday, or would you rather have a house?" he asked.  
"Oh, let us have the apartment. A house isn't half so pretty nor so easy to manage. But Neil, why not stay here until our year is up? We'll have to pay unless we find someone to take it."  
"Stay here! Well, I guess not! We'll get out of this joint just about as fast as we can, then we'll show them a few things." ("Them" being his friends of course.)

He was so boyishly happy, I said no more. Yet I dreaded the thought of change. The apartment, while not large, was comfortable and was almost luxurious in its furnishings. With the two servants I had little real care, and we had been happy there--our first home.

After Neil's first ebullition of joy had somewhat subsided, as we were sitting in the library, sipping our coffee, I tried again to question him. "Never mind the details, Bab. The thing is done. You couldn't understand if I tried to tell you."  
"Lorraine said to-day that if she married she would want to know all

about her husband's business. It made me realize I knew absolutely nothing of yours."  
"She probably would have to take it out in wanting. Men aren't apt to tell their wives very much of their business. Women gossip too much, for one thing; and for another a man has to talk business all day, and he doesn't want to talk it all night as well."  
I said no more about the business, but told him of the conversation I had heard at the Waldorf. I described the men, and asked if he knew them. He said he did not recognize them from my description, so I repeated what they had said. It was some other Forbes, there was no reason why I shouldn't tell Neil. I watched him as I repeated the conversation I had overheard. I had forgotten no word of what they had said--it had made me too anxious. Just as I finished I looked up and was surprised and puzzled to see a wave of crimson rush across Neil's face. But at the same time he said carelessly:

"There are several families of Forbes in New York. But we are not related."  
Once again I had been uneasy for no reason. I must stop imagining things, I decided.

The remainder of the evening we spent planning when we should move--always supposing we found an apartment that suited us--and what we should do about the disposal of the one we were then occupying.  
"If you rent it furnished or unfurnished you may have the rent," he said.

"Oh, I'll surely rent it, but I hate to let anyone have our things."  
"We shan't need or want them. Might as well let them stay here."  
The very next day I found a tenant for the apartment who would take possession whenever we were ready to vacate. I had spoken to the superintendent, and he sent this man to me--a bachelor who would take it off our hands if we would leave the furniture.

To-morrow--Bab's Mother Gives Her Good Advice.

Old, indeed.  
"So Topsy's married," said the first caller, lowering her voice so that hostess shouldn't hear. The remarks about her daughter.  
"Yes," said the second caller; "and married to an old man, too."  
"I should think he is old," said the first. "Why he's twice her real age, and three times the age she is!"

When a woman of forty laughs heartily she really means it.

## TALKING IT OVER

---With Lorna Moon---

### Nothing But a Slave

"I'm nothing but a slave," said the prosperous business man of forty-five. "You ask me if I like golf, and if I like Maeterlinck, I have no likes of my own. For twenty years I've had no time to indulge in them. I spend eighteen hours of the twenty-four trying to gratify the wishes of an expensive family. I am the slave of a family of Aladdins."  
Of course, the old dear was feeling just a little peevish when he said it. There had been an unexpected stack of bills because pretty daughter was going to Florida to rest after her war work; but just the same there is a lot of truth in it. A slave of the lamp for a family of Aladdins! And how they o rub the lamp!

"I have no likes of my own--I have no time to indulge in them." It isn't an unusual case at all; it's just the truth about the average Canadian business man. It may be that business is for him the most engaging sport in the world, or it may be that he dedicates himself to work in order that his women folks may have money to burn; in any case it is true of ninety per cent. that they spend "eighteen hours of the twenty-four trying to gratify the wishes of an expensive family."  
Who is really to be pitied--the wife who complains that her husband is interested in nothing but business, or the husband who says he has no time to have likes of his own? I would like to hear both sides of the story, especially the husband's side, and would welcome letters sent (care of this paper) on the subject. Names will not be used on letters in which personal experiences are related, nor on other letters if the writer so wishes it. Now's your chance, husbands, to air your grievances!

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HIS AVERAGE

"I can't believe more than half Dogge tells me."  
"He's improving. Half is a pretty high average for Dogge."

## Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. David Gillies, Carleton Place, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. J. S. R. McCann, Kingston, was among the guests.

Mrs. Frank Phillips, Johnson street, entertained on Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. W. B. Campbell, Toronto, the guest of Mrs. R. Uglow.

Mrs. C. T. McKay, Ville St. Claire Apartments, entertained on Thursday evening to an enjoyable bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Woodrow are in Picton again after spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Collier, Kingston.

Mrs. A. D. Cadenhead, Shavynigan Falls, Que., visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Lake, Picton, for several weeks, left on Wednesday for her new home, Alice street, Kingston.

Dennis Murphy, who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Fagan, at Cornwall, has returned to Kingston.

Mrs. Casselman, Albert street, is on a brief visit to Belleville.

Clarence Galloway, Kingston, has been spending a few days in Trenton, the guest of his parents.

"Jack" O'Brien, Kingston, spent the week-end at his home in Gananoque.

Mrs. Arnold Jackson, Kingston, and Mrs. Annie Corkey, Collins Bay, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Lucey, Gananoque, for the past week.

W. J. Renton, University avenue, has gone to Toronto to spend the week-end with his son.

Mrs. Stenner, Lakefield, is in the city visiting her husband.

Mrs. C. T. McKay, St. Claire Apartments, has gone to Syracuse, N.Y., to spend a few days.

Mrs. I. G. Bogart, Wellington street, is in Ottawa for a short stay.

Mrs. John H. Sutherland, Gore street, was hostess at a tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. A. B. Haffner, 409 Johnson street, has returned after spending a pleasant two weeks with friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. Frederick Wood and Miss Phyllis Wood, Toronto, will spend the week-end in Kingston with friends.

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire will arrive in Toronto on Sunday for a week's visit and will be the guest of Sir John Hendrie at Government House. Lord Richard Nevill and Arthur Sladen, A.D.C., will accompany his Excellency.

Miss Gladys May, after a week's visit in Ottawa with her parents, has returned to the city.



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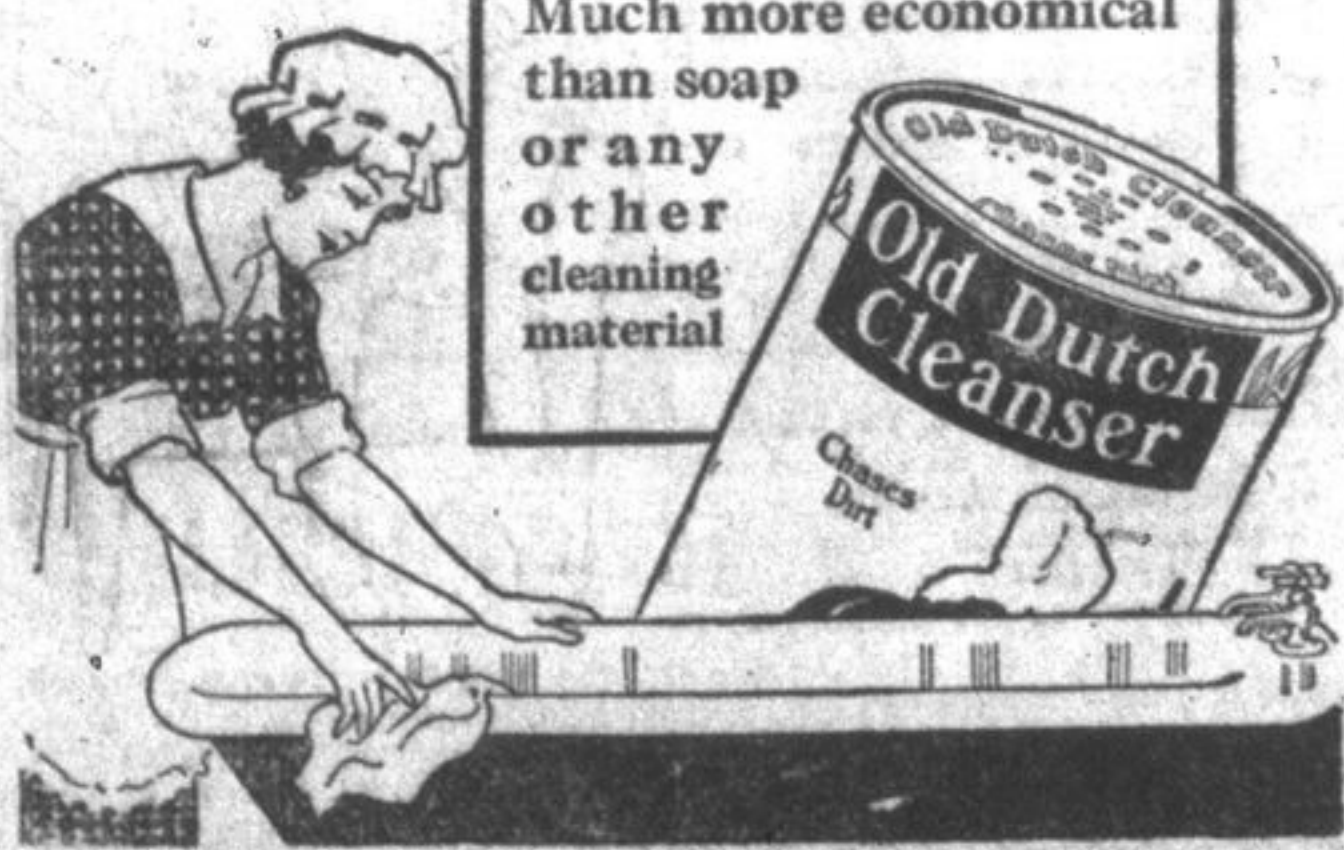
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--Tea Rhymer, 18th Century--

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necessities of life and often waits a long time for his money.

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