

# In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

## The Luck of Geraldine Laird

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS,

Author of "The Story of Julia Page," "Heart of Rachel," "Josselyn's Wife," "Sisters," etc.

"Yes, well--" the other woman said decidedly. "You see I get my girls mostly from other houses--you had better--" She looked sharply at Geraldine. "I was going to say you had better try one of the department stores," she said, evidently a trifle puzzled, "but I should think you would rather go into stenography, something of that kind! Josie," she said, quickly, "take this young lady to the office, and take her name and address--then in case anything turns up--"

Her words trailed off vaguely, as she hurried away. Geraldine, with hot cheeks, realized she was dismissed. She went with the girl called Josie into a small office, and, after a second's hesitation, gave the new name and address. This was no sooner done than Geraldine threaded the surging rooms again, and returned to the streaming Avenue.

"What possessed me to do that!" she wondered, shamefacedly. And she walked down to the library, and wandered through its cool big rooms, trying to forget the indignity.

The boarding house dinner was hideous. The effect of the drab, discouraged landlady, and tasteless food, the heat and odor, was appalling--to Geraldine at least. She found the cheerful ones as dreadful as the gloomy and silent; the cackling maiden lady who got her name so pat, and referred so breezily to Mrs. O'Brien, the young men who gulped their dinner, after shoving a folded newspaper firmly behind them against the chair, muttered a refusal of dessert, and were gone. It was all very terrible to Geraldine. Well, she would see Dean tomorrow, and then something must happen. The matter could not go on in this way, that was clear. She would put on her pretty new dress, make herself look her best, and walk in upon him, as he worked.

The omnibus, jolting along in the morning sunshine, went straight to the Square. Geraldine, tightly veiled, with an unusual neatness of appearance, looked dreamily down at the world as she was rocked to and fro. The mornings were later now, and the evenings earlier, and even at ten o'clock there was a certain freshness clinging to the green squares and the parks. Windows of conservative old clubs were wide open, curb-carts of bright fruit were still wet; and yet the day was going to be hot, and all this freshness would be inexorably crushed and jaded in an hour or two.

She visualized--rumbling on past the Waldorf, and the Flatiron Building--a repentant Dean, a Dean who simply wanted a little humoring, who would welcome the idea of a reconciliation. How simply--how quickly--they could settle into house-keeping again! He had some sort of a small studio; she could share it; she saw them laughing over tiny meals

on a gas-stove; trooping off arm-in-arm to little Bohemian adventures. He might write his plays, of course. Some day they would send for the girls. Geraldine's heart was beating fast, as she descended in Washington Square and walked the hundred yards between the terminal of the line and Dean's studio.

It was one of a shabby brown-stone row on the south side. Some of the old houses had little Bohemian restaurants in the basements, there was a church breaking the line. Cards stuck in the mail-boxes bore half-familiar names, many of the cards hand-drawn with exquisite dash and precision.

Reaching Dean's doorway, which like many others stood open, she heard the bell buzz in invisible upper regions, when she pressed it with a firm finger-tip, but she stood waiting at the open doorway for several minutes. Trembling, but forcing herself to this last supreme effort, Geraldine rang again.

Again she heard the buzz, and as she waited an appetizing odor of frying floated down. Presently, among the laughing voices, one seemed to be calling something directly at her, and clearing her throat nervously. Geraldine called up.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Do you want Mr. Laird?--He isn't in!" said a girl's voice. Geraldine went up a flight, and saw a pretty creature, with clipped hair and a blue smock and with a small blue sash in her hand, leaning over the railing.

"He isn't!" she said disappointedly. "I don't think he is!" said the creature sweetly. "He said he was going down to Long Island some where, for the week-end, and asked me to take in his cream and his newspapers, you know--and I guess he's gone!"

Geraldine, disheartened, hesitated. Beyond the blue smock she saw another woman or two, clipped and smocked, and easels and a painter's litter, and a primitive luncheon equipment scattered across the end of a long bare table.

"Well, thank you," she said, somewhat at a loss. "I'll have to wait and see him on Monday--" Until Monday in that awful boarding-house--until Monday in this horrible city--! "Well, I think that would be best," said the blue smock, and Geraldine went slowly downstairs again. "What name shall I say?" the girl called after her, evidently prompted by the curiosity of her companions, and Geraldine answered, after an imperceptible pause, "Mrs. O'Brien."

She paused again, in the lower hallway. Back in its dimness was a small table, and a telephone, and Geraldine thought that she might write a line to Dean--or would that be wise? Would it be wiser to come upon him unprepared? But then he might be back here before Monday--

In a confused and undecided mood she went slowly to the telephone table, and sat down. Tears came to her tired eyes.

It was twelve o'clock, and her breakfast had been early and unsatisfactory; her head ached, and she felt faint in the midday heat. Suddenly every fibre of her being was electrified into sudden rigidity by the sound of his voice. Two people had come quickly up the steps from the street, and were in the hallway, and one of them was Dean.

(To be continued.)

## Told in Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mrs. W. Y. Montgomery, Port Arthur, was the guest this week of Mrs. C. H. Boyes, Alfred street, Mrs. J. B. MacTavish, Misses Anna and Agnes, Division street, have returned after spending the summer along the lake shore.

Miss Annie Dunne has returned home after a two weeks holiday at Boatwick month.

Gen. Sir Arthur and Lady Currie will be the guests of Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt at Casa Loma during their stay in Toronto.

Miss W. Reid, Carmel, has returned home from visiting friends in Kingston.

Arthur Elias, Ottawa, was the guest last week of Prof. and Mrs. Callander, Kingston, at Algonquin Park, where they are spending the summer months.

Mrs. D. B. MacTavish, Ottawa, with her two sons and her daughter, who have been in England all summer, expect to sail shortly for home arriving next month. Duncan MacTavish will return to Queen's University, when it re-opens.

Dr. D. H. and Mrs. Rogers, accompanied by Hubert and Lieut. A. Rogers, Gananoque, are in Ottawa for the marriage of their son, Capt. R. A. Rogers, and Miss Emma Graham Richardson, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Hill, 56 Carling avenue, on Saturday.

Brig.-Gen. Sir Archibald Macdonell, Commandant of the Royal Military College, was in Kingston on Wednesday. Lady Macdonell and their daughter are still in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reynolds and son, Alex., Kingston, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sweetman, Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Mackenzie and their two children are leaving Ottawa for their new home in Welland. Mrs. Mackenzie is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Low.

Mrs. Herbert Tandy and children, Toronto, returned home on Wednesday, after spending several weeks at Loughboro Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Pulifer and the former's father, of Detroit, Mich., spent a couple of days with Mrs. Pulifer's sister, Mrs. G. H. Williamson, Brock street.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Caldwell, have returned to their home in Appleton after spending a few months in Europe.

Rev. John LaFleur, and family, Kingston, are spending the summer at the Maynard farm, west of Cape Vincent, N.Y.

Mrs. C. W. C. Bate and daughter, Margaret, Ottawa, are the guests of Mrs. G. Gamsby, Hale's Cottages.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Ryan and children, New York, who have been occupying J. Hayden's house on Earl street for the past ten days, left by boat to-day for Rochester, N.Y. From there they will motor to their summer home on Long Island, N.Y.

Mrs. Charles Abbott and little daughter Charlotte, Peterboro, who have been visiting Mrs. Broadwell, in East-bright, N.J., are now the guests of Miss Macaulay, King street.

Miss Jessie Smith, Wellington Apartments and Miss Mildred Jones, King street, are spending the week-end with Miss Nan, Skinner, at her summer home, "Cataract Lodge," Gananoque.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Hopkins and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Mattland Hannaford, Montreal, left to-day on a motoring trip to Sturgeon Point. There they will be the guests of Judge and Mrs. Hopkins at their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hayden, Earl street, who have been with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh, New London, Conn., for the past three months, are now enjoying a motoring trip through the White Mountains. They expect to return to Kingston next week and are bringing with them for a visit, Mr. and Mrs. Cann, New York.

Mrs. Arthur MacParland and little daughter, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James MacParland, at Tremont Park, Gananoque, left for their home in Calgary, this week.

Miss Helen Drury, Montreal, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Errol Laing, at the Birchdale, Halifax, N.S.

Dr. and Mrs. O. D. Skelton and children, Albert street, motored out to Bob's Lake on Friday to spend a week at the Queen's Camp.

Mrs. Edward Kenney, Tremont Park, is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. T. Hammond, at Syracuse, N.Y.

W. Cassey entertained at a jolly sailing party on his yacht, Sylvia, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. B. White announce the engagement of their second daughter, Christine Isabel, to Charles Douglas, B.A., Ottawa, marriage to take place quietly in September.

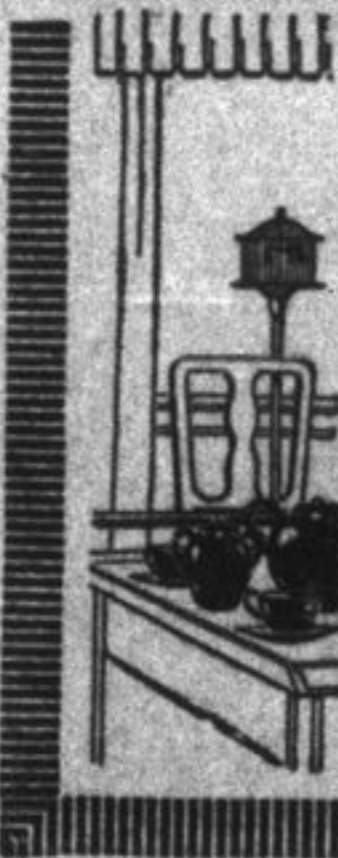
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kiell, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Evelyn, to Harvey Gordon Graham, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Graham, Portsmouth, Eng., the marriage to take place early in September.

Mrs. R. A. Fraser, 34 Aberdeen avenue, announces the marriage of her daughter, Evelyn Elizabeth, to Frank Willis Coates, which takes place the first week in September.

Training in American nursing to be acquired in America by Italian girls, who in turn are expected to bring home the benefits of their training and teach Italian girls is the purpose of nursing scholarships recently established by the tuberculosis commission of the American Red Cross in Rome.

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ABOUT 170 years ago tea sold in England for \$14.60 a pound. It was a luxury which only the wealthy could afford.

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A cup of "good" tea—Red Rose Tea—costs only a fraction of a cent. There is hardly anything sold in the grocery store that gives more value or more pleasure for the money.

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But in the HOLMES & EDWARDS "Silver Inlaid" and "Super Plate" Flatware all three wear points receive extra protection.

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## TALKING IT OVER

—With Lorna Moon—

### Rodger and Cupid.

The little god has laid Rodger low again; this time he is reduced to a trancelike silence, broken only by half-croaked, half-squeaked mutterings, which he insists on calling singing.

Rodger is at- tent. His affairs of the heart are as numerous as they are severe; they cause cold chills and hot flashes through the entire household. We have visions of a terrible future for him; his only safety lies in extreme poverty.

This time the fatal spell has been cast by a maiden of eighteen, who wears dresses trimmed with hieroglyphics--if you get me--and tells fortunes by palmistry and cards, and plays the ukelele on the beach in her bathing suit. She sings a song with these words:

"She can dance,  
She can twist,  
She can do a lot of things  
She can't resist!  
I'll say she does!"

It is this refrain which Rodger croaks in echo like a lily. The fair innamorata's mother--dressed in bath, and her father "chews plug"--need more be said?

Of course, the attack will pass as suddenly as it came, but meanwhile we have to face Rodger's call like expression at breakfast, and witness with horror the instantaneous disappearance of his lunch. Rodger always bolts his food when his admirations have reached their highest frenzy. In the evening he looms anxious-eyed like a searching ghost in her wake as she walks the beach; or stand stork-like while she plays the ukelele.

It's funny just now, when it isn't exasperating--but in the fall Rodger will go into long trousers and some girl may take him seriously--but why meet trouble halfway?