

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.

"I did not presume to advise you, except as a friend," he said, his face reddening. She lifted her beautiful level brows and gave him a direct look.

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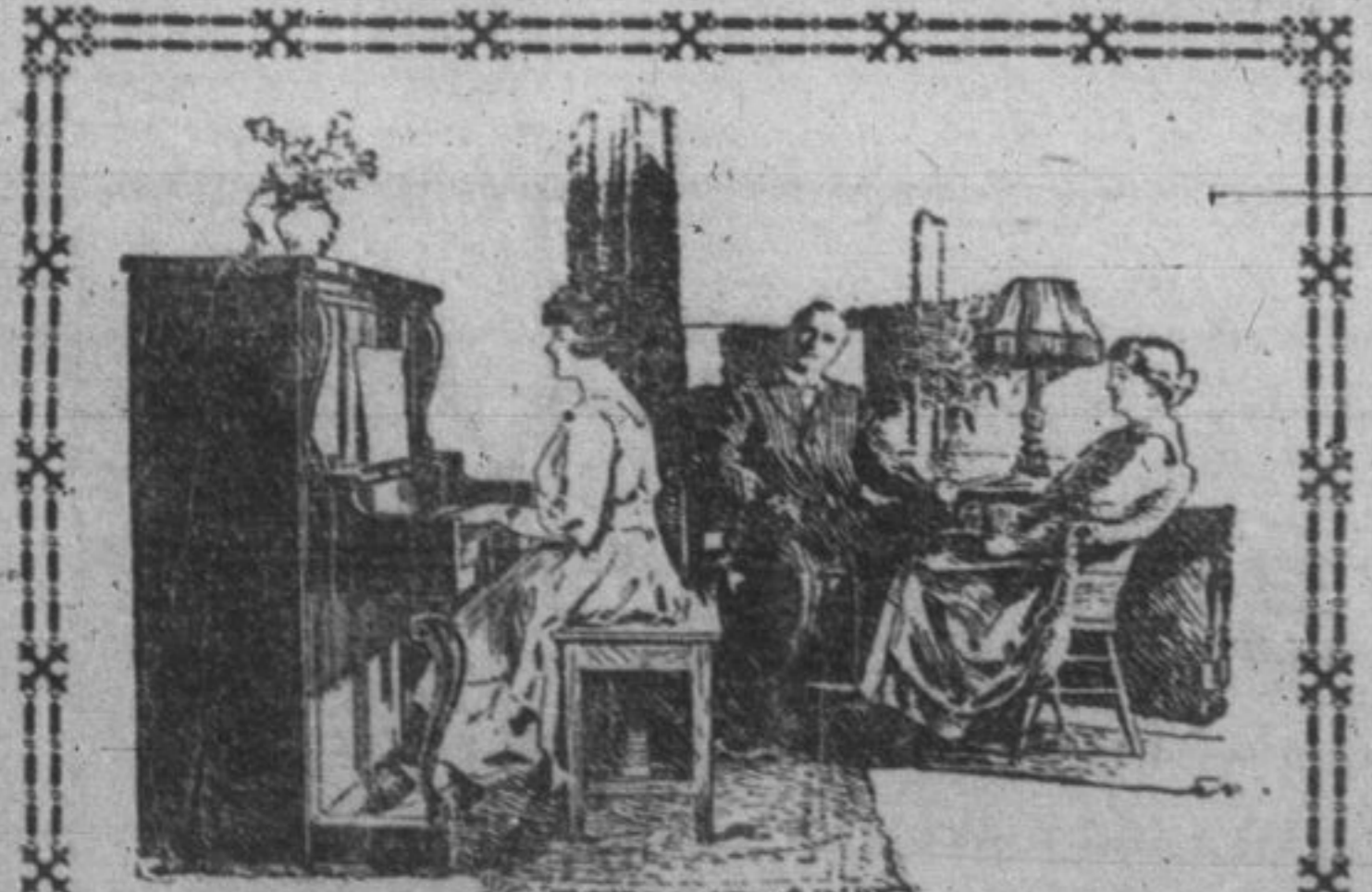
The black spots on the diagrams above indicate the wear points at the back of the handle and bowl of spoons and the back of forks. The shaded area shows the tip of spoon bowl.

These are the points at which the wear shows soonest on ordinary silver-plated ware, because of the wearing away of the silver deposit. But in **HOLMES & EDWARDS "Silver Inlaid" flatware**, a piece of sterling silver is welded in at the two spots while the spoon tip is super plated. In "Super Plate" flatware, all three points are protected by a heavy extra coating of pure silver, giving spoons and forks protection at the wear points.

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we can't go back—people can't, somehow, after a thing like this!"

Again he was silent. She looked at him almost appealingly.

"You see that, Dean?"

Dean straightened up suddenly, loved submissively.

"Then there is nothing more to be said!" he said quietly.

She gave him her hand, for a minute the whole lovely and fragrant beauty of her was close to him, the dark head with its big diamond comb, the white shoulders from which her spangled black gown receded, the thoughtful face with its humorous Irish mouth and earnest blue eyes.

"Then you are a little rustic and stiff, she was gone. Dean stood looking after her.

"Isn't she great?" Roger asked him, at his elbow. "We'll get her to sing 'The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes,' after a while!"

"Then you know much about her?" Hardisty asked. "Nobody seems to. She spoke of children—"

Dean, suffocating, dared listen no further. He drifted to the other side of the table, mechanically joining in some conversation there. Before the men rejoined the ladies, he made his excuses and disappeared. Geraldine was secretly watching for him; but she did not see him again. From their manner she knew that neither her host nor Hardisty suspected the truth, but later she quite voluntarily took Roger into her confidence.

It was almost midnight and they had been singing, odds and ends of song, and amusing the entire company. She was flushed, laughing, radiant in her loose fur wraps, as Roger handed her into the limousine; she made no protest as he insisted upon accompanying her.

"Do—if you like," she told him.

"I rather dread being alone, to-night!"

For answer he gave her a sharp look—his smile of pleasure fading into something more like concern.

"Not blue, tonight, Mollie Bawn, after the way you've been making us all laugh?" he asked, seating himself beside her, as the car moved on its way.

The glittering eyes so near his own tried to smile through a sudden film of tears.

"Oh, horribly blue!" she confessed childishly. "I'd half forgotten—but it all came back!"

"What, dear?" he said tenderly, very much puzzled.

"Roger," she confessed gravely, "that man was my husband!"

"What man?" Roger Catherwood said, aghast. The car swept about a corner, and she swayed toward him in the dim light.

"Don't you realize that I am really Mrs. Laird, and that that man—"

she began, and paused.

Roger Catherwood stared at her with a stricken face.

"My God—my dear Mollie—you don't tell me—Hardisty's friend—Laird, his name is Laird—"

She nodded at him over her high furred collar. They looked at each other in silence.

"My dear Mollie, how can I apologize—?" Roger began presently, his strong gloved hand laid over her own.

"You sat there with your own husband—"

"I'm an actress—" she conceded, smiling.

"You're more than an actress, my dear! You're a good sport. You—! But, by George, I wouldn't have had you go through that for anything in the world! To let you walk right into him—! You couldn't warn me—but of course you didn't know!" He was shaking his head and murmuring incoherent regrets and protestations as they drew up before her apartment house, and the car stopped. "I'm coming up with you," he said, glancing out absently. "I want to speak to you!"

Thrilled by some new and dominant quality in his voice, she gave him a shy swift glance as they crossed the foyer and entered the elevator.

In silence she preceded him into the long drawing room, and touched the switch that flooded it with subdued light.

"Just for a minute!" she said then, flinging down her wraps, and pointing toward the clock, which announced midnight.

"I—somehow—can't let this evening end," the man confessed, with a confused and embarrassed smile, and with a boy's self-conscious manner, "I feel as if I'd come a little closer to you—Mollie Bawn!"

He took her hands, making her very uncomfortable. She tried to smile up at him unconcernedly.

"It's taken it out of me, rather, of course!" she said, deliberately bringing Dean back into the conversation. She freed her hands and went to her favorite chair, dropping into it wearily.

"That man is your husband, eh? That quiet, decent chap?" Roger Catherwood mused, taking her lead obediently. "He is the last fellow I should identify with what you told me. It was another woman, was it?"

If he had intended to rouse in her the old resentment, he succeeded. Into her face he saw the color slowly creep.

"Not—not in the ordinary sense. I don't believe that!" she answered unasily.

"So that now that you are—what you are, he might be glad enough to come back?" Roger pursued.

"That," she said, looking at him reproachfully, "isn't like you!"

He laughed shamefacedly, taking the chair opposite her, and running his hands restlessly through his hair.

"I'm sorry," he said briefly. Geraldine gave him a quick forgiving smile, and fell into deep thought. For a while there was silence between them. "But of course you know what I feel, my dear," the man began, presently. "Shall I tell you, Mollie Bawn?"

(To be Continued.)

TALKING IT OVER

—With LORNA MOON—

Cherish Your Argumentative Friend.

There are two kinds of people that it is not worth while bothering with—the ones who agree with us about everything; and the ones who agree with us about nothing. With the first we are robbed of the zest of conflict; and with the second we find no ground pasture of concord on which to brouse when we are tired of the thorns of dissidence.

But of the two it is less profitable to choose our friends from amongst the people who entirely agree with us, for they stunt our true growth, and encourage a growth that is false. To have our opinions questioned is to set us flying down new channels in search of knowledge to defend them, and we hurry back with new strength for the conflict, or we find a new truth on the way. But to surround ourselves with people who merely echo us is to cut ourselves off from every avenue of enlightenment.

A person so surrounded is like a racer, who, in running a race with the world, encloses his track between high walls so that he cannot see his competitors. He pants along crying "I'm winning, I'm winning," and he takes the echo of his cry for applause. He never thinks to climb the wall and see if the world has out-stripped him.

In an individual this attitude is both pathetic and amusing; in a nation it is disastrous. As witness Germany and her downfall. For a century or more before the war that nation cried as one voice, "God appoints the German race to be rulers over the world, we are the leaders in a Kultur and science and war." If a small voice was raised in protest within the gates, it was promptly put down. They hypnotised themselves into this belief until they were ready to die for it.

The moral is, cherish your argumentative friend; perhaps as a nation we ought even to cherish our Bolsheviks and labor unions; anything is better than that, as a people we should take up the Germanic song and become as Milton says, "sworn with the wind."

Told in Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Dean Starr, attending the provincial synod, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gibson, Ottawa.

Miss Charlotte Flanagan, Barrie, who has been in Peterborough since December last has returned home.

Mrs. Earnshaw, Toronto, visiting her mother, Mrs. E. J. Lake, Alfred street, returned home on Friday.

Mrs. (Dr.) McCreath, Peterboro, will shortly come to Kingston to reside.

Dr. J. L. McKee, Queen's University left yesterday to spend a short holiday in Montreal.

Major H. E. McLean, King street, is spending the week-end with Mrs. McLean and little daughter, Margaret, in Brantford.

Mrs. Frederick Brownfield, Mrs. Van Lesslie and Harold Brownfield have returned from Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Craig, Gore street, are spending a few days in Toronto.

Miss Anita King, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. Hubert Ryan, Maitland street, left to-day for her home in New York.

Miss Luella Knapp, who for some years was a resident of Kingston, and latterly has made Pasadena, Cal., her home, sailed from San Francisco yesterday for China. Before returning she will visit Japan and Honolulu.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Anglin and the Misses Anglin, Earl street, spent the summer on Wolfe Island, returned to the city on Wednesday.

Mrs. Cecil Stuart, Stratford, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Stuart, Lower Alfred street.

Mrs. Bruce Hopkins, "Hazeldean," returned yesterday from Montreal where she spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. R. Maitland Hannaford.

Bishop Bidwell is the guest of Rt. Rev. J. C. Roper, Bishop of Ottawa, while in Ottawa this week.

Lieut.-Col. J. B. Dunbar, Mrs. Dunbar and their family are leaving Ottawa next week for Kingston, where in future they will reside.

Rev. James McLaughlin, Mrs. McLaughlin and their two sons, Grant and Ian, were recent visitors of Miss Blanche Gilbert, Edgeware road. Mr. McLaughlin, who has been president of the New York Educational College of the New York for the past thirty-two years, is home on a year's furlough. After a visit in Chatham Mr. McLaughlin will return to Kingston, where his sons will continue their courses at Queen's University.—St. Thomas Journal Times.

Mrs. Ellen Robinson has returned to Watertown, N.Y., from Kingston, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. William Drury, Queen street.

Miss Mary S. Fraser has returned

to Sydenham military hospital, after spending a few days at the home of her parents in Hamilton.

Major Eric Phillips, M.C., and Mrs. Phillips, formerly Miss Aileen MacLaughlin, Oshawa, have come to Kingston, and will make their home here.

Mrs. Gilbert has returned home to Appleton after spending two weeks in Kingston.

Charles Hodgins, Kingston, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. George Otten, Woodstock.

The marriage will take place in St. Andrew's church, Toronto, on Wednesday, October 8th, of Enid Strathearn, only daughter of Sir John Strathearn Hendrie, and Lady Hendrie of Government House and Hamilton, to Lieut.-Col. William Hugh Owen, C.E. Royal Engineers, Montreal, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Owen of Holyhead, Wales.

Tips To Housewives.

Beef fat is best for greasing a stove before polishing.

Fifteen minutes boiling is enough to sterilize the clothes.

All sour milk should be made into cottage cheese or used in cooking.

If pork is baked with beans, serve a pickle or sour sauce with them.

Tunny fish makes an excellent appetizer served in French dressing.

In the Cafeteria.

Knobs—What are you lurching on to-day?

Bobbs—Efficiency.

Knobs—Stop your kidding and explain.

Bobbs—Everything in one movement of the elbow.—Hash!

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