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JOSSELYN'S WIFE

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Heart of Rachael," "Martie, the Unconquered," "The Story of Julia Page," "Mother," etc.

But at this memory the thick tears would blind Ellen's eyes. She had mourned her baby, her delicate, wistful little Rose, but she looked back at that sorrow now as something sacred, something precious, something that had bound Gibbs and herself together more strongly than joy.

She would go into the nursery at "Villino dell' Orto" and begin to busy herself about Tommy's little person. Was he going to bed? Let Mother undress him. She would fall into deep musing over the little buttons and straps.

"I can undress myself, Moth'!" Tommy would protest, wriggling. She would catch the warm, hard little face to hers in a hunger of love. Perhaps the child would glance at her in surprise.

"Are you crying, Mother? What for?"

"Indeed, I don't know, Tom!"

Their first real estrangement came this summer. Not that Ellen and Gibbs, as normal young persons, had not quarrelled before. There had been occasions, in the very early days, when a fancied coldness in his tone, or a letter that Ellen must write to Joe in the hour Gibbs wanted to read to her, had caused them acute wretchedness for hours, or minutes that seemed like hours. And then there had been the day that Gibbs was so rude to the Lanes, innocent callers at the studio, and there had been the awful day he whipped Tommy, after, as Ellen put it, deliberately goading a baby of less than four years into such a state of excitement that he didn't know whether he was telling the truth or not.

But this was different. Gibbs had taken a dislike to Joe and he and Ellen could hardly mention Joe without feeling. Gibbs told Ellen impatiently that Joe was all right, he might be a decent enough fellow and all that, but that he, Gibbs, did not like to have Joe chocked down his throat all the time. Josselyn, Senior, was inclined to be hospitable to Ellen's brother, to bring him home to Sunday lunch, or to keep him for dinner after the Saturday tennis. George Lathrop was often at "Villino dell' Orto," and Harriet and Joe naturally drifted together. But Lillian, Ellen divined at once, did not like Joe; Joe had absolutely nothing to contribute to Lillian's life, and Ellen suspected that Lillian, in her languid and indirect manner, had influenced Gibbs without his knowing it.

One hot evening late in June Ellen went upstairs tired and exasperated after a wasted day. She had motored to Huntington with Lillian for a luncheon and bridge party, and had been talking and eating and laughing all day. Now her skin felt dry and hot, her head ached and she was experiencing the exhaustion of a suddenly lessened tension. She had stopped at the nursery to find Lizzie alone and sulky. Mr. Latimer had not yet brought Tommy back'm. Yes'm, it was quarter past six.

Ellen went on to her own room to find Gibbs flung across the bed in one of the heavy naps with which he sometimes recruited his forces for the evening's demands. He rolled over when she came in, and lay there blinking and staring between yawns at the ceiling.

"Time is it? he asked presently, and when she told him he added: "Damn a seven o'clock dinner anyway! My head feels rotten!"

"You smoke too much!" Ellen suggested dispassionately.

He himself had often admitted it, and also admitted that he could not drink as steadily as the other men. But he scowled at this reminder. The truth was that late hours, rich food, hot weather, alcoholic stimulants, and the unnatural life they were leading were bad for them both, and any pretext would serve in these days for a quarrel.

"Where's Tommy?" Gibbs now asked. Ellen knew that he knew, and that he had deliberately selected a question that would imply a criticism of her management.

"Joe's coming over to dinner, Gibbs, with the Lathrops. And he isn't to dress, you know, for they've been out in the boat all afternoon. So I said not to bother to get Tommy home before seven, he can have a simple dinner and pop into bed as soon as he gets here."

Gibbs was now sitting on the edge of the bed with his silver hair in a mop over his flushed face, and his head in his hands.

"I must say I don't approve of this constant upsetting of Tom's routine!" he observed.

Ellen, now at her dressing table, with the stiff lines of a silk robe falling about her, flushed in her turn.

"Last night you kept him up until quarter of eight," she answered lightly. She scored here, for Lillian had had friends for a later dinner the day before and had captured Tommy, and made him bring down his violin. The child had been reluctant to play the simple little airs he knew, and Gibbs' paternal authority had been needed, and the threat of a whipping. Ellen had been excruciatingly uncomfortable during this scene, and had presently escaped with Tommy upstairs, almost as near tears as the child was.

(To Be Continued.)

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HOME-MAKING HELPS

"Everything About the House Helps to Make the Home."

By WANDA BARTON

Have You a Dutch Shelf to Ponder Over?

To have or not to have a Dutch shelf in the modern house dining room—that is the question under discussion today. Its decorative value hangs in the balance. In its native land the shelf had a meaning; it topped a settle, filled in an old wall space, ran from top to top of doorways, and it held rare old steins, shining copper and brass measures, plates and candlesticks which were the envy of all beholders.

Here, in America, the poor little shelf chases itself all around a room, from eighteen inches to a yard below the ceiling, and just dares you to put anything upon it that won't bear close inspection in other places—and most people take the dare. No wonder, as we go from house to house and from apartment to apartment looking shelfward, that its fate hangs in the balance. We think, then go home and look critically at our own shelf—for few of us renters escape its possession. Finally, on the steps of the kitchen ladder we rise to a decision.

The Japanese claim that it calls for a prodigious amount of appreciation to enjoy the constant sight of even a masterpiece, while a limitless capacity for artistic feeling must exist in order to live in the midst of the color and confusion of things with which the people of the western world surround themselves. Better the abode of vacancy than that of constant confusion. What must they think of our Dutch shelves?

They avoid in all things repetition—for instance, if there are living flowers in the room don't hang a picture of flowers on the wall. If you are using a round kettle on the tea tray let a pitcher of angular shape bear it company, and under no conditions should a teacup of black glaze associate with a tea caddy of black lacquer, no matter if it is relieved by a decoration of gold or silver. If a handsome bronze is placed on a mantelpiece, don't put it in the exact centre flagrantly to divide the space into two distinct halves.

One more abomination to people of the Orient is to try to converse with a man, sanely and sensibly, whose full-length portrait hangs just behind him, staring fixedly until the wonder grows as to which is real and which the fraud. They also are at a loss as to why pictured victims of chase and sport, and elaborate carvings of fish and fruits adorn our dining rooms, while the shelves hold a display of family plates that remind them of those who have dined and died.

Sitting on the top of the stepladder and conning this wise philosophy of decoration, we look at the shelf again and are surprised at the subtle Japanese understanding. Then we begin to look coldly, critically at the occupants of the shelf, and begin to weed them out. Our first though is "Ugh! how dusty and unsanitary this shelf is!" Then we marvel at the amount of things there is on it. Then everything comes down. The laundress takes her pick, the trash barrel gets its quota, the shelf is washed, and perhaps a half-dozen picked treasures go back upon it in state—at prescribed angles on its length.

Is it or is it not decorative? In most instances it is not. In artistic homes, where, perhaps, just the right things are purchased for the shelf, it does not offend good taste, and is decidedly decorative, but in other places, where ugly-shaped things, often too wide and bulging over the edge, things that are too tall, cracked pitchers, mended plates, and other modern antiques are used, the shelf becomes an eyesore. We, who live with an ugly shelf, get used to its enormity, and don't look up at it except on cleaning days, but to the artistic visitor who looks at it for the first time, and is, perhaps, waiting while the hostess puts a finishing touch to her toilette, thus having time to realize its awfulness, it must be an astonishing achievement.

Decorators say the shelf cuts off the top of the room, lowering the ceiling while it heightens the window frames in effect, so that it is very hard to make the effect of the whole harmonious. A broken line is much easier to work up to, and is much richer in suggestion. When a pink room is planned, the ceiling shading from the shelf to a pink cream, and some one comes along and sets a vase of lobster hue on the shelf where the light falls upon it, away goes the harmony, and discord reigns. It looks as though the cause was lost and the shelf would have to go. But don't be discouraged about yours, for there may be extenuating circumstances, as it may still be saved.

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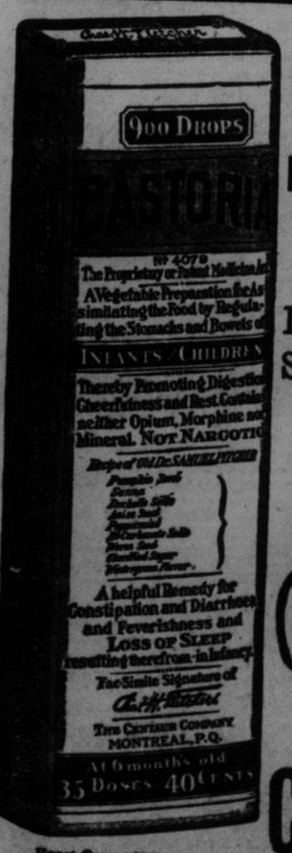

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The marriage of Arthur B. Whitelaw, Frankford, and Miss Ethel B. Bush, Toronto, was quietly solemnized at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bush, Frankford, on Wednesday evening.