

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

MY DECISION TO WAIT.

When Aunt Margie and I entered Sally Saunders' home next morning an air of profound quiet had seemed to settle over everything. For a few moments I wondered if death had solved the problem that confronted us.

Aunt Margie and I went slowly up the stairs. She seemed quite as overburdened with her thoughts as I was with mine. When we reached the landing the nurse came to the door with her finger on her lips.

"The crisis is passed," she said; "Miss Saunders is sleeping soundly. When she awakens she will be conscious and Dr. Symone says she will live."

Just then there was a faint sigh from inside the door, and the nurse came back, saying: "Mrs. Symone, Miss Saunders asked if you were here. If you can come in for a few moments I think it will do her good."

Hastily I composed my features as I walked in beside Sally Saunders' bed. Although she is my brother's wife, I have not yet learned to call her by his name.

She looked up with a little wistful smile, and I could not help thinking how childishly beautiful she was. Slowly her hand stole out toward mine and I gathered that she wished me to bend down toward her.

"Who knows?" she asked, with her lips close to my ear.

"No one," I answered, "but Dr. Symone, Aunt Margie Edie, the nurse and myself."

She drew a long sigh of relief. She seemed to feel that her secret was safe. She was sure of the doctor and nurse professionally and she knew that neither Aunt Margie nor I would tell.

"What did I say while I was delirious?" she asked.

"You told us that Emil Baur was the father of your coming child."

If anything, the waxen face grew a shade paler; a look of terror came into Sally's eyes, and then:

"Where is he?" she whispered.

"They have sent him to the federal prison for thirty years. He was found to be a traitor to his country."

Without a word, Sally turned her face toward the wall, and watching, I saw two great tears force themselves between the closed lids of her eyes and roll down her thin cheeks. The nurse beckoned to me: "Perhaps you should not stay longer" she said. "Miss Saunders is very weak."

I went down to the library where Aunt Margie was waiting for me and there found my brother-in-law, Dr. Robert Symone. For a moment a little smile curled my lips, for even in this great trouble I realized that Budge, the childhood playmate I loved so dearly, to whom I had taken all my troubles, had become my brother-in-law—since that episode in New York—Dr. Robert Symone—my brother-in-law.

"How did you find the patient, Margot?" he asked in his most professional manner.

"She is conscious," I said in cool tones, which matched his.

"She is going to live," was his verdict.

"And the child?" I questioned.

"I cannot tell," Robert answered.

"But what shall I write to Tim?" I asked impulsively, as I

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LIEUT. BROWN'S SWEETHEART DELIGHTED

London, June 16.—"Magnificent." I never doubted your success," this was the congratulatory message sent to Lieut. Arthur Brown by his fiancée, Miss Kennedy, at whose home there were rapturous rejoicings when the news arrived that the flight of Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown had been successful, says the Daily Mail.

The house was immediately decorated with flags and throughout the day the telephone brought congratulations. The suspense of waiting for the news was terrible," said Miss Kennedy. "I will sleep sounder tonight. A message from the Daily Mail Saturday evening told us the flight had begun. I did not expect to hear anything further before noon Sunday at the earliest, and when I learned of the safe arrival of the plane during the forenoon I was almost beside myself with joy."

Prudence is the wing plucked from some past folly.

When you lose money and gain friendship by it your loss is your gain. Don't measure your industry by the things you are going to do tomorrow. This is the season to begin taking a cold bath every morning for a year, to be continued until mid-September.

looked into the troubled faces of both Aunt Margie and my brother-in-law.

Almost simultaneously they answered, and the answers were characteristic of each sex. Aunt Margie said "Wait, wait," and Robert said, "Write nothing. A man should find out a thing of this kind for himself. It hurts twice as much if someone tells him."

"But Robert," I expostulated, "Tim will have to know everything some time."

"It is time enough for him to know the story later," he said. "Do not make him any more unhappy than he is now over there. You would break his morale. You surely would smash him as a soldier."

I turned to Aunt Margie and said, "I have decided to wait." When I reached home I was weary—irrepressibly weary, and yet my nerves were in such a condition that I felt I must do something. Again I took up Tim's letter and read it. This time I was trying to find something that I could read to my father, for I knew that he would ask me to read that letter to him. Just then I heard Letty's swift steps on the stairs.

"Margot, Margot," cried Letty, "let me in. We have awful news from the front."

Immediately my husband's face came before me. I saw him lying out there on "No Man's Land" in the unconsciously awkward shape that a body takes when it falls with a mortal wound. I saw his white face looking up his sightless eyes still open. "He is dead," I said. "I shall never see him again."

I could not move; I could not speak. I stood there looking out of the window where on the bark of my whispering tree Theo had carved our initials just before he went away.

(Tomorrow—"Tim Falls in Battle.")

MUSIC IS A NEW RIVAL TO MEDICINE

Chicago, June 15.—Does the rheumatism bother you these wilting days? Get out the talking machine and slap on a jazz record with plenty of spice to it. Think the heat will give you nervous prostration? Don't worry; just hum to yourself a few catchy bars from your favorite waltz.

Music—the new medicine—was introduced to Chicago today by the music industries chamber of commerce at the opening of the annual convention by 600 members in the Congress hotel. Representatives of the important organizations and firms in the music world are in attendance. The meetings will last all week.

Music-therapy is what the new medical treatment is called. Throw away your bottles of medicine, give the cat those bitter tasting pills—and heal yourself of your ills with music, say the musicians.

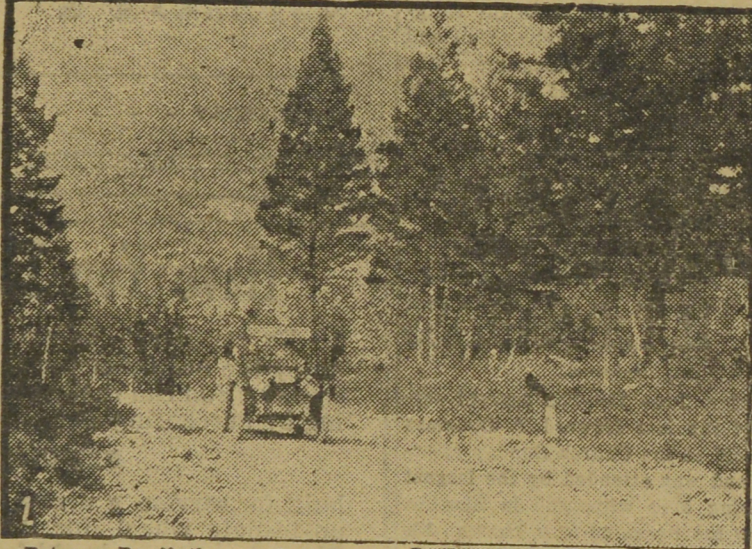
"Thousands of cases of shell shock have been cured both in the hospitals in France and here," asserted C. M. Tremaine, director of the committee for the advancement of music, today. "How? With music. Yes, ragtime is a good tonic. Sometimes it's too jumpy for the shell shock cases. Then tried Chopin—something light and full and comforting to the nerves."

"The new cure for sickness has reached such importance that a course has been established in Columbia University, New York.

"And we plan to Americanize hundreds of thousands of aliens in the industrial districts of the United States by teaching them to sing patriotic songs. They'll learn a new love for America when they can sing 'Dixie' and 'My Country 'tis of Thee' with a hearty spirit."

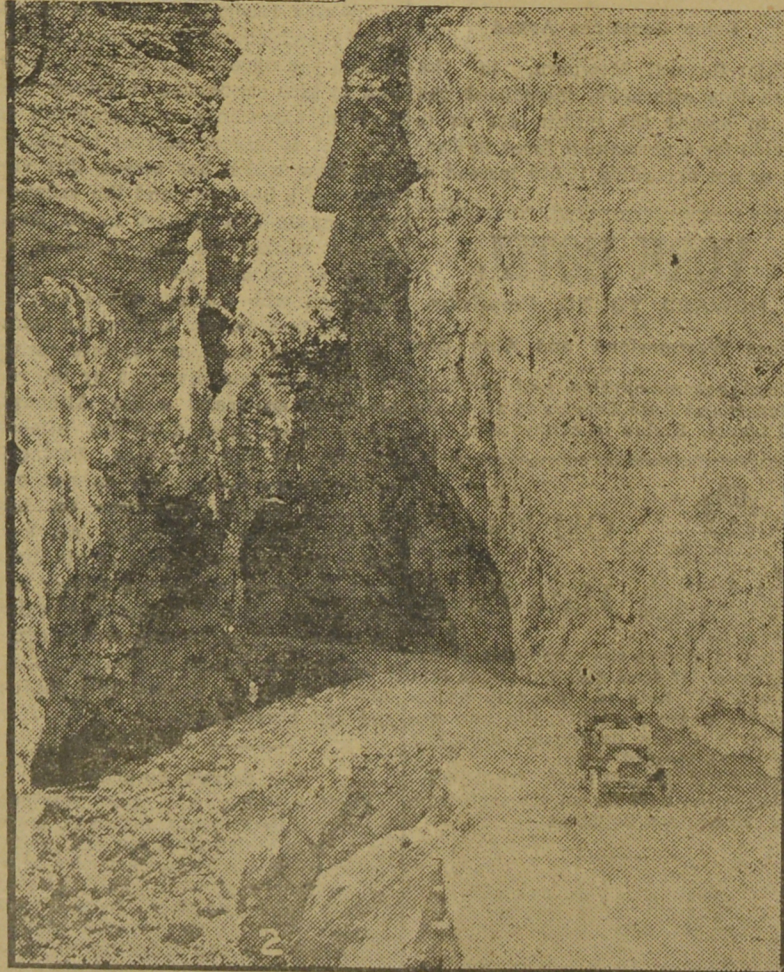
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Highway of the Great Divide



Between Banff, the popular summer resort in the Canadian Pacific Rockies and Lake Windermere, the head waters of the great Columbia River, lies an Alpine ridge of spectacular beauty, forming part of the Great Divide. This ridge is penetrated by two comparatively easy passes, the Simpson, and the Vermilion which lead into the Valley of the Kootenay River, a region abounding in game on account of its being well south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Between the Kootenay River and the Columbia River is a small range of mountains through which the Sinclair Pass and Canyon provide an easy road. When the first surveys were made for an automobile road between Banff and Windermere it was planned to use the Simpson Pass, named after Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who made this crossing in 1841. But the route over the Vermilion was found to be easier and at the same time more beautiful, and construction of the Highway of the Great Divide was commenced from opposite Castle Mountain in this direction. At the same time the road from Windermere through the Sinclair Canyon was also commenced and at the time of the outbreak of war a gap of only thirty miles separated the two roads. War put an end to construction, and a great washout destroyed several miles of the western end, so that the project seemed to have been abandoned. Now, however, the Dominion Government has made an arrangement with the British Columbia Government by which the route of the road comes under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parks, and a substantial appropriation has been allotted to finish the work. In this way there is every prospect of the early completion of what will be the most wonderful automobile road

in Canada, opening up an Alpine region of entrancing beauty. It will be possible to motor from Calgary to Windermere between sunrise and sunset through a hundred miles of the most glorious scenery in North America. A good automobile road runs south to Fort Steele and Cranbrook, and from Cranbrook there are excellent roads to Spokane, or eastwards through the Crow's Nest Pass, and back to Calgary. The Good Roads Association of Alberta is enthusiastic over the prospect as this will mean the advent of many tourists from all over America. The new road will also be of great benefit to the Upper Columbia Valley which has many attractions for settlers on account of the fertility of the soil and suitability for mixed farming. This valley is served by the Kootenay Central Railway, a recently constructed branch of the Canadian Pacific.



- (1) Sinclair Pass, Highway of the Great Divide.
- (2) Sinclair Canyon, Highway of the Great Divide.

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