

## Concessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

### THEO REFUSES TO HEAR ABOUT SALLY

Sally was looking the picture of tragic beauty, in the very latest mourning, with a long, white crepe veil underneath the black one, and a widow's white bow tied under her chin.

Evidently Theo was explaining, for Sally looked very sorry—whether for me or for Theo—I was of course not near enough to know. The poor Major was very polite, but even I could see he very reluctantly took the seat and turned the car. Eliene gave an impatient sigh and then a little exclamation. I turned back to the window just in time to see my father descend from his little electric car, tenderly helped by Letty, and calmly ignoring his dead son's wife, he slowly ascended the steps. Theo came after, his face rather blank. In a few minutes he came to my room and said, "Are you well enough to see your father and Letty?"

"Yes, if they will come up here."

Eliene slammed the door in Theo's face just as Dad and Letty came in.

Dad old dad is getting along splendidly and Letty looked so pretty that even Theo lost some of his arrogance while talking to her. Dad was much concerned about me, but I reassured him. "It is only a headache. I'll be all right tomorrow."

"But you never used to have a headache, little Margaret Ann," said my father. "Why don't you get Doctor Robert to prescribe for you?"

"I will if I do not feel any better tomorrow."

"By the way," said Dad most unsuspectingly, "where is Robert? He has not been over to see me for three days."

I looked up at Letty and caught a faint blush.

"You must come over and see the old house, Margot. Baby doll has made it look just fine. You have not been over for a long time, nearly a week, you know," said Dad.

"His Honor is going to his office tomorrow. Come over and have lunch with me, Margot, and criticize the new interior decorations."

"You will find nothing to criticize, daughter. I did not know that pretty things could be so comfortable to have round until I found Letty."

"Letty is quite the prettiest thing you have around, Dad," I said.

Theo could not keep still any longer, and he spoke up. "Did you not see your daughter-in-law, Commissioner, when you got out of your machine? She, too, is prettier than ever."

"Yes, I saw her," answered my father quietly.

"Tell me, what is the matter," said Theo. "Margot will hardly speak to her and you, sir, whom I have always thought very fair-minded, absolutely ignore this little woman. You may not know it, sir, but she has just gone down into the valley of that shadow and suffered, only to bring your son's son into the world—dead."

Dad clinched his hands on the arm of his chair. Letty moved over to him and laid a cool hand on one of his.

For a moment there was a silence and then he said: "Theo my boy, I do not want to speak of that woman nor to her. I have sworn an oath to keep silent about her. She, and she only reconciles me to the death of my son. I know he has escaped so much unhappiness."

With that he got up heavily and kissed me good-bye, shook hands with Theo and left.

Theo came back and said not a word. I had determined in my own mind to tell him the whole story if he gave me a chance, but at this time he did not do it.

Instead he sat moodily down at the window and began to read. Finally, when I was feeling I could not stand his silence any longer, Robert came in.

"What is the matter, Margot? Eliene told me you were ill." He took my wrist in his cool, practiced fingers and looked at me rather closely.

I felt myself growing hot and hold—I could not tell the reason why.

"You had better keep rather quiet for a day," he said.

"Oh, I do not want to stay in bed any longer," I exclaimed.

"You need not stay in bed," he said. "Indeed, I advise you to go out for a motor ride. Why don't you take her out Theo?"

"She has just refused to go with me," said Theo sullenly.

"I just refused to go with him and Sally Saunders. I did not feel up to talking to her."

"Quite right," said Robert, who of course understood my objection. "That is just what I am warning you against. People who make you nervous must be avoided."

Just then he stooped and picked up a dainty bit of cambric and lace that I recognized as one of Letty's handkerchiefs. He put it to his face and said: "Isn't this Mrs. Letty's handkerchief? I seem to recognize the perfume."

"Yes, Dad and Letty have just been here, and Dad says you

are neglecting him."

"He is well now, and I am very busy," Robert answered evasively. And then as though he was unconscious of what he was doing he slipped Letty's handkerchief into his coat pocket and left the room.

"Come over here, Theo," I said as Robert left, "and I will tell you the reason why we all dislike Sally Saunders."

Theo came over, but he said: "I'm perfectly sick of Sally Saunders, and I am not going to get into any family quarrel. I shall treat her as well as I can and we will drop the matter now, once and for all."

(Tomorrow—"Mrs. Charlton's Story.")



Scene from "Pals First," as presented by the Urban Stock Co.

Wednesday Night, October 1st.

## A MOTHER'S TRIALS A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

Care of Home and Children  
Often Causes a Break-  
down.

The woman at home, deep in household duties and the cares of motherhood, needs occasional help to keep her in good health. The demands upon a mother's health are many and severe. Her own health trials and her children's welfare exact heavy tolls, while hurried meals, broken rest and much indoor living tend to weaken her constitution. No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, headaches, backaches and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many and varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and the cure at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill she must make her blood rich to renew her health. The nursing mother more than any other woman in the world needs rich blood and plenty of it. There is one always unfailing way to get this good blood so necessary to perfect health, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood abundantly, and through their use thousands of weak, ailing wives and mothers have been made bright, cheerful and strong. If you are ailing, easily tired, or depressed, it is a duty you owe yourself and your family to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. What this medicine has done for others it will surely do for you.

The prettiest girl, so pretty that she reminded one of pre-war days before the worries of trenches and the agonies of having your best young man march away and the dread of never seeing him again set in—the kind of a girl that seemed somehow held over as a kind of a starter—boarded the Erie suburban, carrying a covered basket, and selected a seat midway of the car. All at once there was pandemonium in the car and no one seemed to know what was the matter, although everybody was standing up and the girl was trying to explain that her Persian cat had escaped from the basket. To a man each passenger ducked under his seat, and now and then one of them exclaimed: "Here he is!" only to find that like the flea, Puss was not there.

"Guard that back door!" commanded a Jersey farm woman, who looked as if she were catching turkeys for market. Meanwhile the pretty girl stood still and looked pretty as the hunt went on. A fat man grew red around the collar as he made an unsuccessful dive after the fleeing feline and a scholarly man with textbooks put the books down and peered over his spectacles. Finally the farm woman who had taken her stand at the front door, captured pussy just as the train pulled out. The pretty girl became prettier as every eye in the car was riveted on her and her restored pet.

"It makes me think of the time when I carried a live duck home on this very train," remarked the fat man wiping his forehead. "The thing got loose somehow, and not a soul helped me to catch the darned thing. Everybody laughed as I tore up and down the aisle. The whole car fairly yelled with delight while I chased the duck."

"Chasing the duck," mused his companion. He was thinking of something else. "Chasing the duck!"

The only thing that didn't get a boost during the war has been discovered—interest on bank deposits.

Anticipated calamities seldom show up.

Enthusiasm is too often a pleasurable sensation we experience over things that are none of our business.

While it hurts to break away from home ties, it affords an excellent opportunity for disposing of the old furniture.

Some people have consciences so darned active that they can't sin enough to keep them busy. So these people have to poke around and find out the sins of their neighbors and worry about them.

No man ever acquired a lasting brand of popularity by knocking.

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