

CONFESSIONS OF AN EVERY- DAY WIFE

By Idah McGlone Gibson.

THE BLOW FALLS.

"This table is engaged, sir," said the waiter in answer to Theo's question, "but this one next you can have at one o'clock, sir."

"All right. Reserve it for us every day until I tell you we do not want it any more."

"Since Washington went on the water wagon," Theo said turning to me, "the luncheon hour, instead of the after-theatre supper entertainment, has become the most interesting time in the hotels. We will probably see and be disappointed in the appearance of almost all the men connected with the administration. Many of them lunch here daily."

Theo left me soon after we had finished breakfast, and I went directly to my room. I had determined to surprise him at luncheon with a new thin frock, as the day was already growing warm and somewhat sultry.

I spent the morning shopping and found an exquisite lingerie gown that fitted beautifully and was not too expensive. I also indulged in a black maline hat which showed my red hair through its transparent crown.

I saw admiration in Theo's face even before he complimented me enthusiastically.

"You are the prettiest girl in the room, dear heart," he said.

While I knew there were a number of men dining there who would contest that speech, because there were some very beautiful girls at the different tables, yet I was very happy to think that my husband was like the quaint old English poet who sang

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

Theo had an engagement right after lunch and as I had rested so badly

the night before on the train, I went to my room and soon was sleeping. I know my slumber must have been sound and dreamless, but all at once I awoke with a feeling that something terrible had happened.

The room was dark and it had grown suddenly damp and cold. Outside it was evidently stormy. Indeed, the sudden gusts of wind brought great sheets of rain into my room through the open window.

I stood up shivering—for a moment I did not realize where I was or what had happened to me. Then I managed to close the window and snap on the electric light just as the door opened with a bang and Theo literally burst into the room. He was without his hat and he had evidently been out in the rain and his face looked white as a paper mask with his hair flattened in ludicrous wisps about it.

"What is the matter, Theo, where have you been?" For a moment I had a wild idea that he had been drinking and then it came over me that that was impossible as Washington had been dry for a long time. For answer he took a damp newspaper from his pocket and held it out to me. In growing horror I read the headlines:

**PROMINENT MAN MURDERED
JOHN N. SAUNDERS FOUND
DEAD IN HIS LIBRARY
EARLY THIS MORNING**

I was just beginning to comprehend

that this was a telegram from our own city and that John Saunders was Sallie Saunders' father, when I became aware that Theo had grasped me in his wet arms and was protesting frantically.

"I didn't do it, Margot. You know I didn't do it, don't you? You will believe me, won't you, when I say I did not do it?"

"Theo, have you suddenly gone mad? Of course you didn't do it. Why should you murder Sallie Saunders' father—and besides, how could you do it when you were speeding to Washington?"

Theo sank into the nearest chair. "Read the story," he said in a whisper, although there was no reason for not speaking out loud.

Tomorrow—Theo Tells His Story.

REVISED VERSION.

It's easy enough to be pleasant.

When sun is on valleys and plains,
But the golfer worth while is the one
who can smile.

When he's dated a game and it rains.

Few men are able to achieve greatness without advertising the fact.

There are dull days in the life of every married woman when she would rush right out and be a "vampire" or a siren, or something, only that children and the housecleaning interrupt her so.

MAINE MAN MAULED BY A BIG BEAR

Sebec, Me., Nov. 5—Christopher Preble, the noted bear hunter and trapper, is recovering from a set-to with a big black bear, in which he received one of the worst clawings in his long experience. He got the bear, which is No. 129 on his list.

He was on a line of traps on Alder stream when he found that one of his bear traps was gone. The trail showed that a big bear was dragging it with the clog. He hurried along the trail and in jumping over a log ran plump into the bear.

Before he could back out of reach the bear hit him a terrific wallop with his paw in the side and hip, tearing his heavy clothing through to the skin and inflicting deep flesh wounds and knocking Preble all of six feet into the bushes.

The bear made a rush at the hunt-

er but was held back by the trap and clog, and Preble who had held on to his rifle managed to roll over and, while lying almost on his back, fired, the shot going through the bear's brain. The animal fell almost upon the hunter. The bear was one of the largest seen around there for years.

PEPS
FOR
**COUGHS, COLDS,
SORE THROAT,
LARYNGITIS,
AND
BRONCHITIS.**
SOPAL DEALERS

Keep the Cobwebs away

YOU know that times are good to-day.

You know that business is humming, that your pay envelope comes regularly and is well filled.

But do you know why this is so?

Canada is prosperous—and you are prosperous—because the Victory Loan 1918 was successful, enabling Canada to give credit to Great Britain and other countries who, as a result, were enabled to place orders in Canada for the goods YOU make.

But the proceeds of the Victory Loan 1918 are exhausted.

Great Britain and her allies have more orders to place—but they are not yet in a position to pay cash.

If Canada is to get these further orders, she must extend credit.

The Victory Loan 1919 will provide the necessary money to establish these credits.

Every workingman wants prosperity to continue. Therefore every workingman will buy Victory Bonds.

Buy to the limit of your ability.

Keep the cobwebs away

Buy Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

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