

## Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

THEO'S BUDDY.

I knew that I was attractive when I looked in the mirror. I knew that if physical beauty counted for anything I was more attractive than Sally Saunders. Calmly I inventoried my charms, for I sensed that some time I would have to use them all to keep my husband.

When I reached the first floor I met Theo at the elevator door.

"Hurry up, Margot," he exclaimed, "we have just time if we disregard the sped rules, to get to the pier to meet the boys."

The decks of the ship Theo and I had come to meet were literally swarming with soldiers—and most of them were smiling. All of them, I could see, as the ship drew near the dock, had a bit of wistfulness about them as if they were not yet quite assured of just the kind of reception they were going to receive.

But here and there a man on the deck would espy a face he knew among the crowd, and then he would throw himself into the most frantic gyrations and yell himself hoarse until he had caught the eye of his friend.

"Hello, there's Bill," excitedly exclaimed Theo.

"Bill!" he shouted, and at least a dozen Bills leaned so far over the rail I feared they would fall overboard in their anxiety to see who was calling to them. At last, however, Theo succeeded in attracting the attention of his Bill and the first words that blessed boy said were:

"Say Bill, this is Margot! You know, Margot! Do I win the five bucks?"

"What do you mean, Theo?" I asked, as I clutched his swaying arm.

Theo paid no attention. "Come on down and get a close-up and fork over the money," was his command.

"Hush, Theo," I said, "everyone is looking at you."

"No, they're not, Margot," said Theo, "and what if they are? They're all busy with their own affairs, and a look at us means nothing."

By this time Bill had squirmed through the crowd and had reached us.

"Good Lord, Buddy," said Bill, "you are a sight for sore eyes. I almost wish I were a Frenchman."

"Oh, that's all right," said Theo, "if you feel as bad as that, kiss Margot."

I looked up in consternation and surprise, but much to my relief found that Bill was not gazing at me, but at Theo, with his heart in his eyes. Instantly my brain registered: "Women never think as much of each other as these two men," and I wondered if it were because women seldom have such cementing experiences—experiences which try the soul. After all it is men who do the big things in the world and we women should be satisfied to look on and help when possible.

At that moment we heard a raucous voiced messenger shouting "Lieutenant William Branscombe! Lieutenant William Branscombe!"

"Here," answered Theo and Bill in unison, as Bill grabbed the telegram. Quickly he tore it open and his ruddy face turned white.

"Theo," he said huskily, "see what time I can get a train for San Francisco while I'm waiting to get out of this damned custom house. Get me the tickets and I'll follow as quickly as possible to the ticket office."

Theo started without a word, but I, woman-like, lingered a moment for explanation.

"My mother is very ill," Bill said, and then Theo shouted, "Hurry up, Margot, here's a vacant taxi."

I got in without a word and we drove directly to the ticket office. Theo never even speculated on the reason for Bill's hurried departure.

"He said his mother is very ill," I finally explained, but at

## MURDERED FATHER OF JAZZ MUSIC

Some day when ragtime and kindred forms of music become recognized as distinctive and valuable material for the artist, such a man as the Negro band leader, James Europe who was murdered the other day, will be considered more than a mere entertainer.

A few years ago James Europe came to New York, unknown. When he died he had made a name for himself in France and England as well as in America. He started his career with a small band or orchestra that grew into popularity because of its inspiring power in playing dance music. James Europe's band was in great demand for dances. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle were all the rage, and the dances that they introduced and made popular fitted the kind of music that Europe's band could play to perfection. There was a sort of partnership between Europe and the Castles.

It so happened that there was a fire in the Negro quarter up in the northern part of New York city, and most of the Negro "talent" were assembled to give an entertainment to raise funds for relief, and Europe's band was the chief attraction. There were very few white people in the audience and not a white person on the stage until the end, and then it was that the Castles came on and gave an exhibition of dancing. It was partly their appreciation for what Europe's band had done to make their art popular. After America went into the war, James Europe became bandmaster in the American Army and acquired the grade of lieutenant. His Negro band became renowned throughout the A.E.F. and people of distinction in France and England gave it notice.

It was while this band was on a tour that one of the members in a fit of passion struck the leader with a knife and killed him.

Dance music has been one of the two or three primitive elements in the development of musical art. There is bad rag, of course perhaps most of it is bad; but there is no reason why the fox trot or other forms of ragtime music should not contribute their share to musical progress, just as in their day the minuet, the gavotte, the jig, and the waltz have done. We wonder how soon an American composer will write a symphony in which the third movement will not be a minuet or a scherzo or a waltz, but some form of rag. The really American musicians of today are unfortunately not as a rule the "high-brows" who are composing according to the German model, but the men who in Broadway shows and in the cabarets are supplying the music that gets to the toes and finger-tips of the average American.

## FIELD DAY AT MARYSVILLE A GREAT SUCCESS

### PARADE OF RETURNED MEN THROUGH STREETS

### Motorists in Collision With Telegraph Pole—Many Visitors Over the Holiday.

Marysville July 2—The field day which was held on base-ball hill yesterday afternoon and evening was a decided success. The weather was all that could be desired and a large number were in attendance from outside places in addition to practically the whole population of this town. An interesting feature of the day was the parade of returned men from this town headed by the Marysville Brass Band. The route of march included the principle streets of the town and was witnessed by a large gathering. Different games and amusements were well patronized during the afternoon and evening and supper was served from four to six o'clock. The financial results of the affair were very satisfactory and the amount realized will

this Theo didn't seem particularly impressed. The mere fact that his pal felt it necessary to make the next train for San Francisco was enough for him.

By the time we had arrangements made Bill had arrived and made the train.

"Awfully sorry, old man, you had to go," said Theo. "Hoped you were going to be able to play around with us a while. I'm sure your mother will be better, so don't worry. Wire us as soon as you arrive. We will be home by that time."

Lieutenant Bill wrung our hands gratefully; so gratefully that mine was cramped for a long while after he had boarded the train and we walked back through 42nd street and down to the hotel.

(Tomorrow—"We are Called Home.")

## BEARS GET THE WORST OF IT SOME TIMES

While bears are certainly dreaded antagonists, they have been known to get the worst of it when out of their element. Curious and unequal combats occur when beasts of prey attack creatures under unusual circumstances. The pursuer in such a case is likely to incur more risk than the pursued, a fact that was illustrated in a novel encounter in a harbor in Florida between a bear and a turtle.

The crew of a schooner while ashore heard a strange rumour and, pushing around a turn on the beach, saw a huge loggerhead turtle in deadly combat with a big black bear.

From the men's position it seemed that the bear had sprung upon the turtle as it was retreating toward the water and had tried to overturn it. In some way the bear had stepped in front of the turtle, which, thrusting its head out, had quickly seized one of Bruin's hind legs and held it.

At this the bear roared loudly, pawed furiously at the turtle's back and tried to force it over. The turtle resisted with all its strength and weight. He settled down close to the ground whenever the bear made an extra effort. Then, as the bear would relax its efforts, the turtle would suddenly start up and endeavor to get nearer to the water, keeping his firm hold on the bear's leg all the while.

Finally by a sudden push and a powerful muscular effort of his head and paws, Bruin managed to get the turtle half set, one side being raised a foot or two. Pursuing his advantage, he seized one of the turtle's big bippers in his jaws, and the snap that followed showed that the bear felt that things were coming his way.

He continued to chew the flipper and endeavor to overthrow the turtle. But his antagonist worked around and finally got in a stroke with its sharp claw that badly ripped the bear's underside. This infuriated the bear to such an extent that he let go his grip on the flipper and, reaching his head down tried to reach and free his hind leg. Herein he committed a terrible tactical error and the enraged loggerhead quickly improved the opportunity thus afforded him.

As the bear's nose came within reach the turtle let go the hind leg and quick as a flash fastened his iron grip upon the bear's jaw. The bear was taken by surprise and roared lustily with pain and rage. The turtle pushed on and dragged his unwilling captive along. The bear saw his danger and felt it, too, for they were so near the water's edge that the waves were splashing on them.

The bear continued to struggle ferociously, but his strength soon began to fail, for the turtle dragged him deeper and deeper. Fighting with his head half the time under water so exhausted the bear that presently he began to gurgle. That moment was fatal. The loggerhead marched off into the sea with his enemy and the last seen of the bear was the feeble kicking of his hind legs. Next day his body was washed ashore, cut into a dozen pieces.

be expended towards the erection of a suitable memorial to perpetuate the memory of the young men from this town who were killed during the great war.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh C. Titus of Campbellton are visiting relatives here.

Miss Edith Dennison of the teaching staff of the Campbellton school is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Dennison.

A car driven by a local young man was badly damaged Monday evening as a result of a collision with a telegraph pole. The occupants of the car escaped uninjured.

Misses May and Helen Henderson of Durham Bridge are visiting relatives here.

A number of persons from this place are attending the annual camp meetings at Beulah camp grounds.

Master Neil Cameron son of Mrs. Walter Cameron is rapidly recovering from the effects of a recent operation for the removal of tonsils.

Mr. Thos. Snider of St. John and formerly of this place is visiting friends here.

## ADA M. SCHLEYER,

FLORIST

CHARLOTTE STREET

POTTED PLANTS, FERNS, SPIREA, TULIPS, HYACINTHS, DAFFODILS, PRIMROSES, BEGONIAS, Etc.

CUT FLOWERS—Roses, Carnations, Violets, Sweet Peas, Daffodils, etc.

LETTUCE.

### MUNICIPALITY OF YORK

The Semi-Annual Session of the County Council of the Municipality of York will convene at the County Court House, Fredericton, on Wednesday, the second day of July, at 2 p.m.

Dated at Fredericton, June 23rd, A. O. GLEN, Secretary-Treasurer Municipality of York.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 8th August, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Kingsclear Rural Route, No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post office of Kingsclear and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS, Post Office Inspector. Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, N. B., June 23rd, 1919.

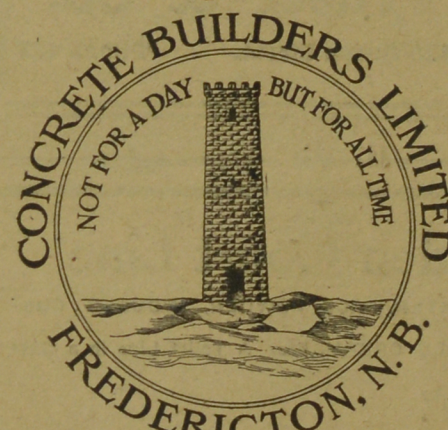
### REMINDER OF WATER RATES.

Water consumers are again reminded that Water and Sewerage Rates must be paid by MONDAY, June 30, 1919, in order to get the discount.

G. R. PERKINS, City Treasurer.

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## 1926 YEARS AGO IN FRANCE



the Roman Emperor Augustus built a tower on a Concrete Foundation—the foundation is still there.

Build not for today alone, but for the years to come a building that will require constant repair and repainting should be avoided.

Concrete Builders Hollow Blocks do not require repairs nor painting. The first cost is low, the cost of laying is low and the repair cost is low.

### FREE SERVICE COUPON

CONCRETE BUILDERS, LIMITED, FREDERICTON, N. B.,

Gentlemen,—Without cost to me, send the following which I have marked X: —Booklets illustrating Hollow Blocks, —Price List of Concrete Hollow Blocks, —Price List of Agricultural Tile, —Price List of Reinforced Sewer Pipe. —Estimate of Concrete Blocks required for the attached house plans or sketches.

Name.....

Address.....

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IDA H. MCGLONE GIBSON,

Author of "Confessions of an Everyday Wife," now running as a serial in The Daily Mail.