

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

MRS. CHARLTON IS JEALOUS

By the slight contraction of the muscles of Mrs. Charlton's face I saw that she sensed, as I did, that the Major's most cordial handclasp meant nothing more than good comradeship and the cordial liking that sometimes comes from long acquaintance. She looked at me suddenly and suspiciously as though wondering if I were the cause of his cooling ardor. And although of course I was perfectly innocent, I felt the color rise to my face, for I did know about the Major's proposal to Eliene.

All this was wholly lost on Theo and the Major, but both Mrs. Charlton and I knew immediately that, because she believed I had taken the man she cared for away from her, she had begun to actively suspect and dislike me.

Instantly I determined to keep her thinking I was the reason for the Major's defection, because it seemed to me that Eliene would have enough trouble to steer her love-laden craft through the troubled waters that were before her without any obstacles that Mrs. Charlton might throw in to wreck her happiness.

I rose so quickly and went forward so very cordially to greet the Major that I saw he was a little surprised until I found a chance to whisper, "Eliene has told me." His face became transfused and he reached out to clasp my hands.

"Do you think she will consent to make me happy?" he asked, eagerly.

"I am quite sure Mrs. Symone makes everyone happy," said Mrs. Charlton, who to my surprise I found standing near, and I knew she had caught the "consent to make me happy" of the Major's sentence, and she thought that he was asking me to make him happy, or that I had promised to do so.

Because I saw that Mrs. Charlton was going to make a fight for what she considered her own, at the next chance I had for speaking to Major Gordon I said, "You must be very careful not to let Eliene or anyone else realize that you are so greatly in love with her, for Eliene is very shy about her personal affairs and until she definitely accepts you I would not act more than friendly to her."

At this moment Theo said: "What are you doing tomorrow, Margot? Why don't you take Mrs. Charlton out to the camp?"

"Yes, do," said the Major quickly.

"All right, if Mrs. Charlton wishes," I said. "But I think I had better take the big car and perhaps Eliene will go with me."

I could see that the look of gratitude the Major gave me for including Eliene in the party was quite misinterpreted by Mrs. Charlton.

"Are you coming with us, Mr. Symone?" she asked.

"Can't," said Theo, laconically, "but I may come out later and bring you and Margot back in my racing car. It is a good road into town and we can burn it up."

"Would you come with us, Mrs. Symone?" she asked pointedly.

"Not me," I answered lightly. "I have intrusted my happiness to Theo, but really I do not feel I can intrust my life to him and his racing car in combination. I'll drive Eliene home and I warn you you had better come with us."

"I haven't the usual physical fear of most women," she said "and I am sure I would like the exhilaration of that ride."

"Aren't you feeling up to the mark?" asked the Major solicitously, as he sensed the weary tone of her voice.

"No, I haven't been well since you left. You remember I wrote you to that effect."

"We will fix you up in no time," said Theo cordially, "and if taking a ride in my car will help do it, consider me yours to command."

I rose to go, and Toddy followed.

We had hardly gotten out before he said: "I wonder what is the matter with Mrs. Charlton, she looks very unhappy as well as ill, don't you think?"

"You must be very nice to her, Theo. I think she has been very unhappy lately and I have an idea she is very fond of the Major."

"Did you have a good time with Bebe Waverly?" asked Theo, changing the subject, for he hated to think for more than a minute of anyone as being unhappy.

(Tomorrow—"Theo Gets a Shock.")

LITTLE TALES GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY

(New York Sun)

"The lack of money is the root of all evil," one wise man wrote. And wealth has its advantages, the Women has been told. But she does not recommend the one of which she has just heard to those who may be "rich beyond the dreams of Havre de Grace."

Her informant was a plutocrat who had been playing the stock market on a tip from a money magnate with an elastic conscience, and he had been "stung." Personal punishment was out of the question. But there are ways and means! "I can't lick him, the big stiff," he said, "but I can be meaner'n Hades and I've the money to back it."

An Unregenerate Vocabulary

Manda comes from the "Easte'n Sho", that land flowing with milk and honey, beloved by its inhabitants and cherished by those who have wandered from the fold. And so it happens that letters from Willie Joseph, Manda's only brother, are real events. The Woman, who hears them occasionally, shares this feeling.

His last described a recent camp meeting revival, attended by devotees of the "Sabberday Babbis'" persuasion. The converts were immersed in a nearby river, where a sunken wharf provided safe footing for clergyman and candidate. But in his excitement Brother 'Rastus stepped too near the end of the wharf and let go of one aspiring soul, who sank in deep water. Fortunately the "newly-born" could swim. And Willie Joseph with delightful fidelity to detail, recounted that as he regained the string piece and freed his capacious mouth from river water, he growled, "Some nigger drowned yit wid dis yere 'ligious damn foolishness!"

Orders is Orders

The young girl teaching outdoor kindergarten in summer so as to get enough funds to finish her senior year at college, was bending over little George, spic and span in his cool white sailor suit, and showing him how to put paste on the little paper box he was making rather than on his chubby fingers. It was a pretty scene; five little girls in short waisted, pastel colored organdies standing out stiffly above little bare knees, five little boys in freshly laundered suits of white or khaki, and the young teacher, a child herself in her green and white checked gingham.

The children were out in the yard of one of the good old-fashioned brownstone houses, of which there are still a few in New York. The sun shone benignly on the green of the grass plot, on the rose bushes, their flowers gone, but their red seed vessels making a pleasing contrast against the dark leaves.

It was then the Woman heard a snuffle. The young teacher raised her head as the sound was repeated. Turning to a prim little girl sitting with her hands folded demurely over her pale lavender lap, she exclaimed: "Why, Elizabeth, haven't you a handkerchief?"

Shaking her dark curls, the child looked up and gravely answered: "Oh

FUNERAL OF MOSES POND AT MARYSVILLE

Marysville, Sept. 11—The funeral of the late Moses Pond took place from his late home Bridge Street yesterday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Pinkerton, pastor of the Methodist Church conducted service at the home and grave. Interment was made in the Lower Durham cemetery. The floral tributes were very beautiful comprising a bouquet from the employees of the Machine Shop of the cotton mill, a wreath from the family and bouquet from Mr. and Mrs. Bertman Manzer. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved family in their untimely loss. The youngest son of the late Mr. Pond gave up his life in the world war.

Mr. Fred Youmans, and Miss Faye Youmans of St. John are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dolphin, Miss Mary Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Collett are in Milltown attending the ball game between the local team and the Milltown team in the Canadian Cottons League series.

Mrs. Horace Pond who recently underwent an operation at Victoria Hospital for appendicitis is resting quite comfortably the operation having been successful.

Mr. J. Curtis Collings of Moncton was in town today visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Collings who have been visiting relatives here have returned to Moncton.

The Ladies Pythian Temple will meet this evening in regular session.

HER OPPORTUNITY.

Wife (during the argument) — My dear John, don't harbor the idea that I am ignorant. I know a good deal more of some things than I care to tell.

Hub—Then I wish, dear, that you'd fill up with that sort of knowledge.

THE VERY HARDEST.

"What do you consider the most difficult feat in the world?" "Well, there may be things harder than proving to your wife that she is extravagant, but I don't know what they are."

yes, Miss Graves, but mother never allows me to lend it to any one. I'm so sorry."

The New Cuisine

Jack has a brand new wife and a brand new cottage and a brand new domestic of the general variety now so rare; also a brother, not brand new, but newly established in a suburb further up the line, who has the pleasant habit of stopping over to dinner uninvited, bringing with him a contribution to the feast in the shape of something not readily attainable by Mrs. Jack at the village grocery.

Recently it was a big watermelon the sort to tickle the palate of a pickaninny. Tom left it with Karen, whose English is as limited as her knowledge of American cookery, with instructions to have it for dinner. Karen received the offering graciously, but with dismay.

Soon after a firm step was heard on the side porch and a blunt Danish voice demanded: "Please, how long I boil the green t'ing? And do I skin?"

The Benefits of a College Education

The Woman on the Country Club porch became very much interested in an animated conversation between two mothers as they enthusiastically discussed the advantages of their respective sons' colleges. Finally the mother of Harvard exclaimed proudly, "I never receive a letter from Robert but that I have to go for my dictionary."

"And I," said the mother of Yale ruefully, "never hear from Jim but that I have to go for my check book."

Judging by Appearances

"I used to pay her \$18 a month, and my goodness! the work she used to do! But of course, she was a greenhorn. There aren't any greenhorns any more."

The Woman began gathering up the things in her lap. She looked about to see if there were another vacant chair in the comfortable waiting room. The matrons behind her, on the cretonne couch, had taken to talking of maids, and the Woman, a bit weary of that subject, wanted to get out of the reach of their voices. However before she could get away she heard:

"No greenhorns now? Well, maybe they're not green as far as money goes but they are certainly green enough when other things are concerned. Susie told me this morning that she bought a package of grape nuts at a department store last night. Well, I have it, so she thought she'd like to try it. But she was awfully sorry she got it there she said, because when she opened it it was nothing but sand."

TENDERS FOR COAGULATING BASIN

Tenders will be received at the City Clerk's office, City Hall, up until noon Friday, September 19th, 1919, for the construction of a Coagulating Basin at the Pumping Station here.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the City Clerk's office.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. R. PERKINS,
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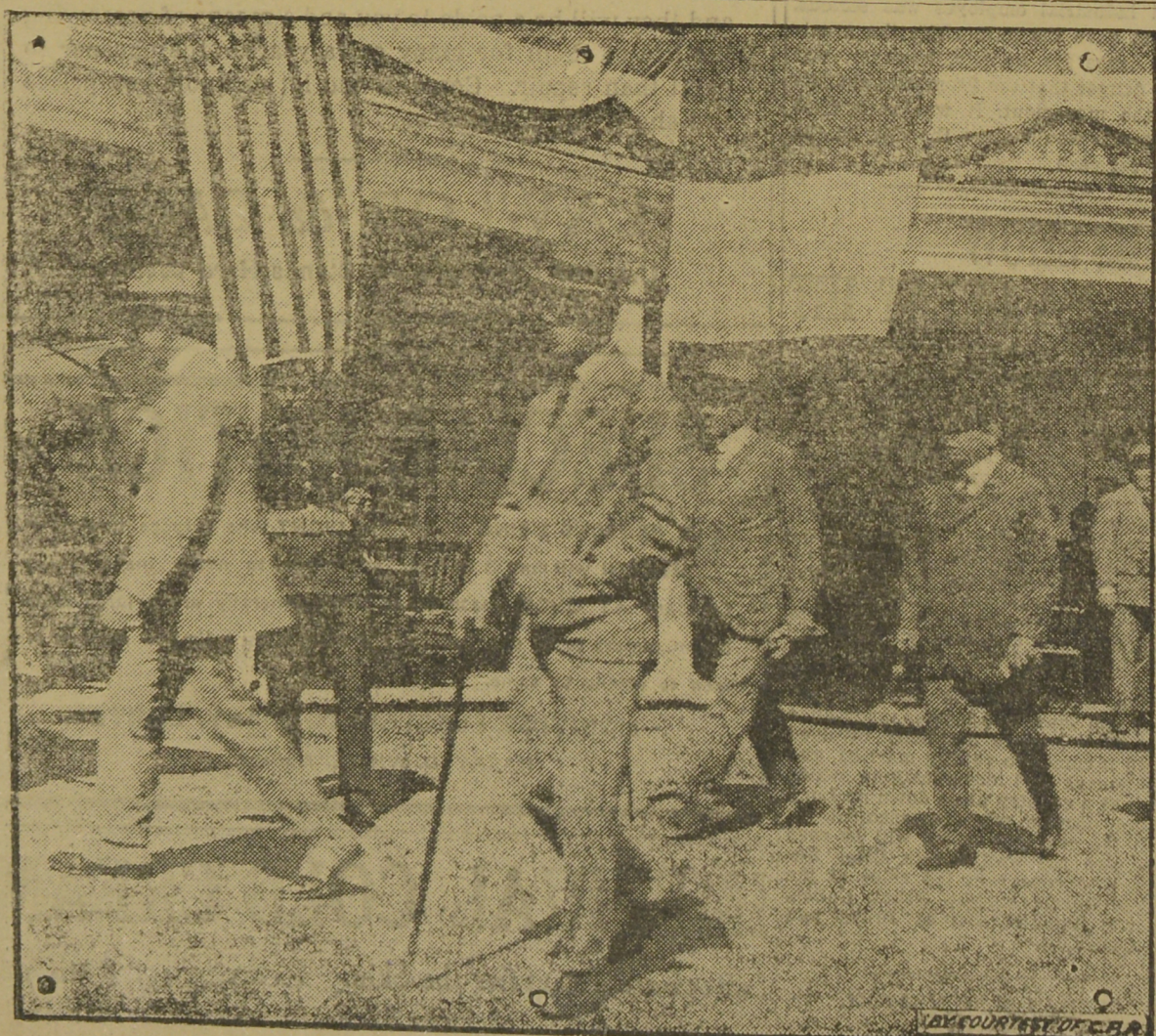
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