

## Married Life the Second Year

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen stepped back and gave a last anxious glance at the table. The pink-shaded candles, the shining silver, the glistening cut-glass and dainty chinaware, it was an attractively set table.

She moved the dish of shimmering blackberry jelly an inch nearer the celery and changed the salted almonds to where the olives had been. Then she remembered that Roy, Carrie's little boy, was to sit there. Perhaps she had better not leave the almonds so near his plate.

At last there were no further touches to be given, every dish and piece of silver was placed to the best advantage.

"Now, Della, be sure and not put the whipped cream on the soup until just the moment before you bring it in."

"Yes, miss."

"And, don't forget, when you serve the turkeys to put them on the platter so that it will be toward Mr. Curtis—and then he won't have to turn them around to carve. And, you know, the gravy dish is to be placed here and the dressing over here."

A GOOD DINNER—IF!

"Yes, miss."

With the consciousness of a beautiful table and an excellently prepared dinner—if everything would only "go right" Helen opened the folding doors—that led into the sitting room and announced that dinner was ready.

There was an awkward moment in setting them all. Warren who had been previously posted as to where each one was to be, made a mistake of putting his brother Frank in Carrie's place.

"Oh, no, Frank," laughed Helen. "You're to sit next to me. Carrie's to sit there—so Roy can be beside her. And Edith, that's your place by your father."

At last they were all properly seated. Warren at the head with his mother, father, Edith and Frank on one side; his sister Carrie, her husband and two children on the other with Helen of course at the end.

The first of the dinner went very well. It was while Helen was anxiously watching Warren carve the turkey afraid lest he was slicing the breast too thick for every one to have some, that she was suddenly conscious of Carrie asking:

"Don't you think so, Helen?"

Helen turned with a start and mused vaguely "Oh, yes" ashamed to admit that she had not heard.

"But do you think it's good policy for a store to do that?" asked Lawrence, Helen's husband.

"Helen doesn't know what you're talking about," said Warren with an unpleasant laugh, as he disjoined the wing. "She's too busy criticizing my carving. Now if you think you can do it any better—you can come up here and try."

"Oh, Warren," said Helen flushing at this needlessly rude speech before his people.

HELEN IS HURT.

"Then if I'm to carve—I'll do it my way. And I don't need any mental suggestions, either."

Helen flushed deeper, dropped her eyes to her plate, and did not again look toward him while he was carving. In her heart she felt more bitter at this discourteous remark before his family than at almost anything he could have said to her alone.

"Want the pulley bone? Want the pulley bone?" demanded Roy.

"I can't get at it now," said Warren, who always thought Carrie's children badly spoilt. "You'll have to wait a while."

"Roy, Warren," said Helen flushing at this needlessly rude speech before his people.

"Candy! Candy!"

"No, no, you must have your dinner first—and candy afterward," said his mother.

"Candy?" demanded Roy.

"Well, I suppose one piece won't hurt him," and Carrie reached over for the dish. "Now which one do you want?"

"That one."

He pulled the cherry off the top, then broke open the pink coated bonbon and let the syrup inside drop on Helen's best tablecloth. When he had eaten this he promptly helped himself to another, as Carrie had thoughtlessly left the dish within his reach. And as she was busy talking and did not notice he took another and still another.

Helen was watching him nervously. She had bought only a pound and at this rate there would not be enough left to go around. And now as Roy reached over to take still another she asked:

"Carrie, aren't you afraid Roy will be sick, eating candy before his dinner?"

"Oh, are you eating that candy? Now you mustn't have any more," pushing the dish back a little, not enough, Helen thought, to be out of his reach. "You must eat your dinner and then you can have the candy."

"That's a very pretty centerpiece," said Mrs. Curtis to distract the attention from Roy, who began to whimper. "You had so many given you when you were married—but that isn't one of them, is it?"

"No, I bought that several months ago," answered Helen, "when they were having a sale at A—'s."

"All women are alike—they buy things at sales whether they need them or not," said Mr. Curtis pointedly.

Helen made a laughing protest, but she could not help but think that this was a most unnecessary comment.

There has always been a smoldering antagonism between Warren's father and herself. And almost always when opportunity offered he would

Applied With a Sponge

“VERY POPULAR.”

Opera Cream is now used by Actresses and Society Women in all the cities, when making up for the street or fancy occasions, when desirable to look nice and still not have powder showing on the face.

OPERA CREAM

A LIQUID BEAUTIFIER. For the complexion, when properly used, imparts a velvety loveliness and softness to the skin that is unobtainable with any other preparation. It never roughens or irritates.

TRY IT.

For sale by all druggists, or by mail direct from manufacturers on receipt of price, 25c. Manufactured by Dayton Drug Co., Dayton, Ohio.

## “Now Good-Bye, Old Horsey!”

Even the Poor, Underfed, Little Girl Has Heartfelt Sympathy for the Overworked Dub Beast.



BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

She went out in the street with her little tin pail, on an errand for her over-worked and underfed mother.

She herself was overworked and underfed; she had never in all her nine years known a satisfied appetite.

She had been thinking as she walked along, how wonderful life must be to those people she saw driving about in great motor cars; wearing just such rich garments as she saw displayed in shop windows when she passed the big shops.

She had never known the comfort of really warm clothes any winter since she could remember.

It had seemed to her that morning that she and her mother and all the other children in the family were the most miserable creatures in the world.

Then she chanced to look right into the face of the tired old horse who stood beside the curb, while his driver refreshed himself in a nearby saloon.

make some slighting unpleasant remark.

"I say, Helen, this is bully good dressing," said Frank, the one member of the family of whom Helen was really fond.

"I'm glad you like it," she smiled. "I think the chestnuts do make it nice."

"It's the best ever," he declared.

This was the first complimentary thing that had been said about the dinner, except when Mrs. Curtis sat down she had murmured vaguely, "the table's very pretty."

But Helen did not expect them to praise the dinner. If they had she would have been much surprised. All she hoped for was that everything would go smoothly—that there would be no unpleasantness.

"What's that?" demanded Carrie, hurriedly pushing back her chair. "There's something under the table. Why it's a CAT!"

"Oh, it's Pussy Purr-mew," laughed Helen. "I wonder how she got in here."

"Pussy Purr-mew."

DOESN'T LIKE KITTENS.

"Yes, Winifred's kitten—didn't I tell you about it? A beautiful Persian kitten, some one sent it to Winifred—we never knew who."

"Cats are not fit to have around children," Mr. Curtis broke in gruffly.

"The breed disease. Nothing worse for carrying germs."

"Oh, but not Pussy Purr-mew. She's so sweet and clean. Look! isn't she pretty?" as the kitten bounded lightly across the room.

"Oh, a kitty, a kitty!" cried Roy, wriggling down from his chair. "Now stay right here," said his mother drawing him back. "You know you're not allowed to play with cats!"

It was only a trivial incident, but to Helen it seemed but another proof of the antagonism of his people, directed to her through the kitten.

Later, when they were all having coffee in the sitting room, there was still another incident which proved the same thing. Carrie was turning over some magazines on the table.

"What a lot of magazines! Do you subscribe for all these?"

"Oh, no!" answered Helen, quickly conscious of the lurking criticism of her tone. "Occasionally Warren brings one home and I buy one now and then."

"Well, we get the Cosmopolitan and

The horse had been dragging an enormous load from nobody knows where, for nobody knows how many weary miles.

He stood with bowed and dejected head, breathing hard, while he rested for a few moments, before his driver returned to urge him on.

The heart of the little girl swelled with a sudden feeling of comradeship. She took possession of her and drove out self-pity.

She slipped her thin arm about the long nose of the old horse, and pressed her cheek close to his.

"It's harder for you than it is for me or mother," she whispered to him. "We can take off our shoes and soak our feet in warm water when they ache too hard. But you can't. And we can go to the hospital when we are sick, mother did. That was after she told the boss at the factory how her head and back ached, and about the chill. Then he knew she was sick,

and he told her to go to the hospital. But you can't tell anybody; and you just have to keep on till you are ready to drop.

"You can't tell about the hurt in your feet; and you can't ask for more to eat, or stand in the bread line, the way we children did when mother was in the hospital. M's! but the coffee they gave us was good! You have to eat out of a nose-bag that hasn't enough in it; and then they let the bag stay on, and almost choke you, long after you are all through eating.

"And you are so good, and so ready to do all you can, poor old horse. I just want you to know that I understand all about it; and that I am sorry for you. And I am going to little prayer for you, and I hope you won't have a bad man driving you today; that you will get more to eat than ever before; and that you will somehow know that a tired little girl who never had quite enough to eat in her life wishes she could put you in a

great big field such as she saw once when the Fresh Air Folks took her in to the country; and that she could let you stay there forever and forever, and that she could stay there with you.

"Now, goodby, old horse."

Then she picked up her pail and passed on.

And the driver passed out of the saloon and said "Get up" and the old horse moved stiffly.

But into the air of the street had gone a vibration of divine sympathy, making the whole better.

For just as the wireless message goes out upon the airwaves, and vibrates on and on, until received at wireless stations, so every impulse and thought of human hearts goes on until received at some other heart station.

Unconsciously the little girl had made the world better, and increased the foundation of sympathy by her impulsive action.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

had gone off well enough. Nothing had happened, and it had been perfectly served. But oh, what a strained uncomfortable unpleasant day it had been.

Why was it? She asked herself that again and again. What had she done to incur their continued disapproval? Was it often so? Did most wives have to endure this attitude from their husband's family? Or was it an exceptional thing? And if so—was it in any way her fault?

Unconsciously the little girl had made the world better, and increased the foundation of sympathy by her impulsive action.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



Miss Clara Catherine LaFollette, daughter of Congressman and Mrs. LaFollette of the state of Washington. She is still in school, but will be active in the social affairs of the capital this winter.

Good Housekeeping—and I find that's was growing more and more resentful under their repeated cutting remarks all we can afford."

Again Helen flushed, it seemed as though they were trying to find excuses for criticism and disapproval. When at last they did go, Warren went with them half way. And she was left alone to brood over it all and to straighten up the disordered house. The dinner? The dinner in itself

## Richmond of Today Contrasts

Strongly With Town of 1806

Sketches Written by Pioneer

April 25, 1852. Left Richmond at 1 o'clock a.m. in the stage. At half-past eight in the morning arrived in Hamilton and then took the gate and at 10 arrived in Cincinnati. For three days and evenings I was at the anti-slavery convention which met in Smith and Nixon Hall. The attendance was large and its acts laudable and spirited.

Sunday resolutions were discussed concerning the church for their pro-slavery religion and recommended a withdrawal from such organizations. I became if possible a more determined hater of slavery and the wicked subserve by which it is sustained. I will never cast another vote for a slaveholder nor support or listen to a proslavery speech. Cincinnati at this time has a population of 125,000 and is extending its limits rapidly.

I visited the Catholic cathedral, a huge pile of stone and mortar and in viewing the picture was impressed with a solemn feeling.

Meeting at Hillsboro.

Arrived safely home on the thirtieth of the month and on the first day of May I attended the quarterly meeting at Hillsboro. We had some good preaching and a very orderly congregation and eight seekers of religion added to the church.

May 18—Attended quarterly meeting in Centerville and heard the celebrated James D. Finley deliver an excellent sermon.

May 20—A killing frost and a chilly day.

Sept. 20—Fifty years ago this day my father left Randolph county.

Marked With Few Trials.

Although I thus speak I suppose my life has been thus far marked with few trials as generally falls to the lot of laboring men. There is a singular trait of circumstance in my father's family that nine children are all living after a lapse of fifty years, while the oldest is seventy-three, and the youngest is fifty-four. But that family will soon pass away, their sun is in the afternoon and night is approaching and may their sun decline in peace and set without a cloud.

NOSE SHOT OFF.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—George Moore had the end of his nose shot off while burning rubbish in his yard. George didn't know there was a cartridge in the bonfire.

## Out of Sorts

THAT IS, something is wrong with baby, but we can't tell just what it is. All mothers recognize the term by the lassitude, weakness, loss of appetite, inclination to sleep, heavy breathing, and lack of interest shown by baby. These are the symptoms of sickness. It may be fever, congestion, worms, croup, diphtheria, or scarlatina. Do not lose a minute. Give the child Castoria. It will start the digestive organs into operation, open the pores of the skin, carry off the fetid matter, and drive away the threatened sickness.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*.

## Thank You!

## The Best Fit I Ever Had

The same old story time after time. We are used to it. We like to hear it.

## GATZEK

Honest Tailoring

Regardless of Price.