

She Married an Average Man

BY ZOE BECKLEY

"And now I'll tell you about the people in the little green house with the trellis," began Mrs. Pardoe on the day of her second visit. "My sakes alive, Miss Salsbery, I want you to take notice of Stella and Archie Sims!"

"There is a woman that has been through fire and water for a perfect goop of a man and glad to do it!" I asked her one day, I says, "Stella Sims, you're a wonderful woman; how did you ever come to marry Archie? He's such a poor stick," I says, right out plain like that.

"Stella just smiled—such a beautiful smile! She didn't get a bit offended. 'Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Pardoe,' she says, 'Archie don't seem a stick to me. It's all in what a man means to a woman, you know. Archie means love and honor and generosity and kindness and—and—the kiddies. Oh, if you knew how he has remade my life, Mrs. Pardoe, you'd see why I love him so and find it a joy to do what I can to make him happy.'"

"That's what she said. And she said it with a Joan of Arc look in her eyes and her hands held tight against her bosom as if she didn't know how to be earnest enough. But, law sakes! I do know what her life was, Miss Salsbery. Everybody in the village knows. She comes from some place up in Canada where they speak in French, and she married an old skeezick from Albany—a rich politician he was. And you know what sort of trash that is!"

"He treated her something terrible. They say she stood it seven years before it occurred to her there was anything in life for a woman but to stand things from men. Then she woke up and ran away to New York."

"She had a tough time of it; he saw to that with his crooked friends and his money. But she wouldn't go back to him. She got work, but always lost it through him conniving. Finally she got sick and had a siege in the hospital. When she came out she struggled along somehow, but finally she went under. You know what I mean, Miss Salsbery. She was too pretty to escape."

"Well, I don't know the ins and outs of it, but Archie Sims came along and found her in some place that she hadn't ought to be. Instead of treating her contemptible, Archie set her straight. Got her a place with some friends of his in a big business house."

"She followed at Archie's heels like a setter pup, poor child. They had nothing but trouble. Arch fooled around with art and poetry and such stuff and couldn't keep a job. She did, though. Worked like a galley slave to support them both, and never let out a peep."

"Then Arch came into his money and the little house yonder. Gradually Stella blossomed out, happy-like, same as she is today. There are folks who say they never had marriage lines said over 'em. But I'm brazenfaced. I give 'em the benefit of the doubt."

"They've got two of the sweetest young ones that ever drew breath, and as long's Stella's satisfied with Arch what does it matter?"

"That's the way with some women, you know, Miss Salsbery. Whatever belongs to them they can't see no fault with. Just out of gratitude they dress up the men-folks in virtues they make believe are there. And they end by convincing themselves they are there."

"Stella never got decent treatment from fine, successful men, so poor Archie looked good to her, ornery as he is. She's as happy as the day is long. And who's to tell her she ain't?"

"But I must run along now, Miss Salsbery, and see to my soup bone. I'll run over tomorrow and tell you about the yellow house next to the blacksmith's."

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Solomon Says—

Being The Confessions of The Seven-Hundredth Wife Concerning Masculine Caprice, and Feminine Versatility.

BY HELEN ROWLAND

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"Holla, holla, holla!" cryeth the Reformer, "Consider the shocking fashions of women! For each fad is more freakish than that which preceded it, and every one more foolish than that which went before."

"And all is forwardness and folly and vanity and pneumonia!"

"Lo, evening-gowns are sleeveless and backless, and ALMOST skirtless, and the bathing-suit is but a scrap of paper."

"Vamps have passed away, and sirens are no more, and the flapper and the baby-doll shall soon follow after them."

"And WHAT will women do next?"

"But I say unto you, my daughter, no woman knoweth what she will do next. For she knoweth not what men will demand of her!"

Behold, men said:

"We are weary of the bread-and-butter damsel in muslin and blue ribbons! And the 'sweet young thing' that quoth Harold Bell Wright and singeth 'The Rosary' is a constant diet of breakfast food!"

"Give us women of understanding and experience—and a little spice!"

And lo, all the women hearkened.

And straightaway, they donned long earrings and rice-powder and sinuous draperies and sophisticated ways, and became show-girls and Loreleis and 'vampires' and Kitty Gordons.

And the men were at first rejoiced, but, seeing them all ALIKE, they soon sickened, and yearned for something new.

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May Open Hat Shop

ACCORDING to a recent dispatch from London, Lady Bingham, the American wife of Major General Sir Cecil Bingham, is about to open a millinery establishment in the west end of the British metropolis.

Lady Bingham is one of the most beautiful of American peeresses. She is a daughter of the late Colonel H. Montgomery Carr, of Louisville, Ky.

Her first husband was Samuel Sloan Chauncey, a Brooklyn millionaire who died in less than two years after their marriage.

With her infant daughter, her mother and sister, now Lady Newborough, the young widow went to Europe.

Among her persistent suitors were Lord Rosebury, his son, Lord Dalmeny; Prince Miguel de Braganza of Portugal, Lord Kitchener, Andrew Monley, millionaire London merchant; James J. Van Allen and numerous others.

She forgot them all when General Cecil Bingham appeared. Their marriage took place early in 1911.

During the war, while Sir Cecil was in France, she was active in relief work in London. One of her successes was at the great fair at the Caledonian market, where she conducted a French hat stall.

It may have been from this experience Lady Bingham got the idea for a hat shop.

In Billy Benedict's society comment in the New York Evening Journal, there appears a picture of Lady Newborough, sister of Lady Bingham, and daughter of Montgomery Carr, for several years a resident of Richmond.

There is also comment about Lady Bingham going into "trade" to fight the high cost of living.

Lady Bingham was Miss Alice Carr, and Lady Newborough, Miss Grace Carr. They resided on South Twelfth and Thirteenth streets during their residence in this city. Both, though one was a decided blond and the other brunette, were considered girls of exceptional beauty.

From Richmond the Carrs moved to Louisville, Ky., where an old friend, Dr. Griffith a fashionable physician, saw to it that they had many of the advantages bestowed upon his own daughter. Alice was asked to spend a few weeks in Florida, the guests of the Griffiths, and there she met the wealthy Samuel Sloane Chauncey, of Brooklyn, whom she married after a short courtship.

"Within a few years," writes Billy Benedict, "he died leaving his widow a fortune of several million dollars and then Mrs. Chauncey was able to realize her girlhood hope."

She soon married Lord Charles Newborough, a peer of considerable wealth who stood in high favor with late King Edward. Her sister was soon married to General Cecil Bingham, who was recently promoted, and his wife is now entitled to "Lady" on her calling cards.

Lord Newborough made the supreme sacrifice during the late war, and his still lovely widow is in this country, in Florida.

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