

Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Jane Phelps

Chapter 3
We had been married but a few weeks when I discovered that Walter was terribly quick-tempered. He would fly up at the slightest thing, but was over it just as quickly. He could not bear the slightest criticism, or to be disagreed with. He was quickly sorry when he said anything to hurt me, but often was unreasonable in his rage.

I had thought to spend many hours with him in the studio, but soon found that my going there annoyed him. One day—he had a particularly pretty model—he flared up at me before her, sent me home practically, said he couldn't work with me looking on.

Jealousy gripped me as I went out. Did he wish to get rid of me because of the model? What did they talk about shut up in the studio for hours? I was miserably unhappy all the afternoon, but when he came home he took me in his arms, called himself a brute for speaking to me as he had, and explained that he always had been that way—never could work if an outsider was in the studio.

"But I'm not an outsider," I pouted.

"Yes you are—the same as anyone else when it comes to the studio."

I felt terribly hurt but said no more. Somehow, though, it was hard for me to dismiss my suspicions, my jealousy. Then one day Grace Harter increased them both. Could she have done it purposely, I wondered.

"I'll bet you don't go to the studio often," she said. "Walt used to be horribly put out of anyone came in when I was posing."

She always called him "Walt" and invariably her tone and manner took on a degree of intimacy I resented.

"I have no wish to interfere with his work unless I have some particular reason for visiting him," I replied coldly. "I don't think wives of business men visit their offices—why should artist's wives make a habit of running to studios?"

"Oh, you are right, of course. Doreen! But I couldn't be so practical. Then I'd be terribly jealous—painting pretty women with or without clothes."

"Walter seldom paints a nude," I returned, determined to keep my jealousy from her.

"Once in a life-time would be enough for me if I were his wife!" she replied adding to my discomfort.

I felt I almost hated her, that whatever liking I might ever have had was gone. Had she been jealous of Walter? Was she still fond of him?

"Why does Grace Harter call you Walt?" I asked him that night at dinner. "It doesn't seem in good taste to me when I never shorten your name."

"It's a wonder she doesn't call me Walter! She used to." He laughed at the recollection.

"How horrid!" I replied.

"Made me feel like a fool!" Walter said, then changed the subject.

His reply had comforted me a little, yet increased my feeling toward Grace, "Walt!" a great six-footer like Walter! It was insulting. No wonder he felt like a fool.

When Walter was annoyed with anything that had happened he would be impatient with me. And this before we had been married but few months. He was sorry afterward, always, but it left a sting.

I found out very soon after we were married that had no patience with tears: that a woman who cried was an abomination to him. I had wept over something he said to hurt me, and my eyes were still red when he came in.

"You can't expect me to eat my dinner sitting opposite such a sight as you have made yourself," he declared. "If you are going to cry and have red eyes, a swollen nose and puffed cheeks you can have the place to yourself!" And he went out slamming the door while I went to my room and cried bitterly.

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Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes



The arms need this treatment.

An extraordinary number of women

write to me and complain of large pores, blackheads and a curiously rough condition of the skin on the arms and legs which some of them aptly describe as "gooseflesh."

It doesn't seem at all polite to write them and say that this is simply due to careless washing, yet that's the plain truth of the matter. The arms and the legs, not being as heavily protected from the flying dirt of the atmosphere as the rest of the body, need a rather more vigorous cleansing and seidom get it. The lower part of the leg is particularly apt to show coarse black pores because the fine down that covers the skin turns into quite noticeable hairs at this point, around which small blackheads develop.

The arms and the legs should be scrubbed with hot water, soap and a moderately stiff brush, either the small hand scrubbing brush or the large bath kind. If the large pores and the hardened matter under the skin that looks like gooseflesh is at all developed, then this hot water and scrubbing treatment should be performed every day; if not, once a week. You will be amazed to see how soon

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