

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs

Circles

SOCIETY

Suffrage

Philanthropy

Fashion Hint

Adele Garrison's New Revelations of a Wife
"Their Second Honeymoon"

WHY IT PROVED UNNECESSARY FOR MADGE TO BREAK THE NEWS TO DICKY.

There was no need, after all, for the haste with which Lillian Underwood rushed me away from her house after luncheon.

She was afraid that I wouldn't reach home in time for her to telephone Dicky that she wished me to get up some historical data for some illustrations. Of course, this was but a mask for the real work she had set me to perform, but it was highly important that Dicky shouldn't guess the bizarre task which I was to undertake at Lillian's bidding.

I was to make no explanations to my husband that day, however, for when I reached home Katie greeted me with an excited:

"Oh, Meesa Graham, Meester Graham, he telephone two, three times for you. He say you call him up as soon as you coom in."

I hurried to the telephone without removing my hat or even gloves. Dicky's voice, with more than a trace of irritation in it, answered when the operator secured the connection with his studio.

"I say, Madge, where the devil have you been? I've wasted hours and almost missed my train trying to get you."

"I went into the city to do an errand for your mother. I returned quietly, although I was consumed with curiosity at the word 'train.'

"Where was Dicky going?" He suddenly didn't mean the train to Marvin.

"Must have been a lengthy errand to take you all day." Dicky retorted dismally. It was fortunate for my self-possession that I am used to my husband's exaggerated statements—a few minutes' delay is always hours to him—else I would have been much disturbed at the idea that Dicky had an inkling of my long conference with Lillian.

"You're Not Sore?"

"Lucky for you I got you now," my husband went on, "else you wouldn't have known where I was tonight until about midnight. I'm going to Philadelphia with a bunch of the fellows—there's a stag dinner down there tonight, and I won't be back until late tomorrow evening."

"But where could I reach you by telegram if anything happened?" I asked with all a woman's instinctive aversion to being ignorant of her husband's whereabouts for any length of time.

"Telegram!" exploded Dicky. "Well, of all the rot! I'll be gone twenty-four hours, and you want to know where you can reach me by telegraph? What's the matter, think I'm lying to you?"

The cross vulgarity of the speech made me shiver mentally. But it had one effect: I would not have repeated my request for Dicky's address if my life itself had depended on the knowledge.

He gave me no chance to answer, however, even if I had wished to do so.

"Agatha says mother is very comfortable," he went on, and his tone had an apologetic tinge, "so there's no reason in the world why I shouldn't go. So, you see, my dear. You're not sore, are you?"

I struggled hard to answer him pleasantly, but the hurt of his carelessness ignoring of my wishes was too poignant. And the little jeering devil who never is far away when there's any unpleasantness between Dicky and me surely must have prompted my answer.

"I Wait Oop."

"I don't see that my state of mind would either concern or affect you," I said frigidly.

"Oh!" Dicky gave a long-drawn whistle. "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, good night!" And he hung up the receiver with a bang.

I turned away from the telephone with my eyes filled with tears of self-pity. Woman-like, I hadn't expected the conversation to end so suddenly. In the back of my brain there had lurked a hope that Dicky would give me an opportunity to say something kinder before he left the telephone. His sudden termination of our conversation startled me as much as it hurt me.

The stairs seemed interminable as much as it happened to him.

YANKS RELEASE SCHNEIDER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—The New York American league club Wednesday announced the release of pitcher Pete Schneider to the Vernon, Cal., Pacific coast club.

Kitchen Economics

WAYS TO SAVE MONEY AND IMPROVE COOKING BY CARE-FULL MEASURING.

A scale and correct quart and pint measures should be as much the equipment of every kitchen as a tape measure in the sewing room. Every business man checks up in his own establishment the goods he receives—why should not the housewife weigh and measure the things that are delivered to her to make sure that the tradesmen have made no mistake, and that she isn't paying for more than she receives?

In addition accurate measures are a guide to perfect cooking. You may guess ingredients without going for wrong, but you can't guess a pound by looking at it. Weigh everything you buy and everything you cook and you may be astonished.

Are You Superstitious

By Imogene Burch.

Can You Explain This?

A professor at the University of Michigan says that with one exception he had found an explanation for every ghost story he has ever heard. This exception, told by the late Prof. Veitch of the University of Glasgow, is an account of the incident as it happened to him:

After a hard journey, Dr. Veitch arrived at an old castle in Gallo-

way where he was to make a week end visit. Being very exhausted from his journey his hostess suggested that he sleep late in the morning.

The next morning he was dozing in bed when he was surprised to see the door of his room open slowly. There

entered an elderly woman dressed in a curiously antique gown and carrying a bunch of keys. The thought that ran through his mind was this—she is the housekeeper; she does not know of my presence; she is wearing the Sunday gown of her mistress some years back.

But to his amazement, the woman

was apparently seeing him plainly,

did not retire with an apology, but

crept around to the foot of his bed

and leaned toward him with the

most devilish glance of hatred he

had ever seen on the glance of a

woman who was wearing the very

dress and who had the same expression as the human being. Then seemingly satisfied she walked out and closed the door.

In due time Veitch appeared for luncheon, and over the coffee cups he proceeded to inform his hostess of the incident, saying:

"Your housekeeper must be a curious person."

"Would you know the woman if you saw her again?" his hostess asked.

"Assuredly," said Veitch, "for I never saw such concentrated hatred in any face in my life."

The unshot was that he was taken into the picture gallery and told to scan the family portraits to see if the "housekeeper" was there. This he did, selecting the portrait of a son on her face as the visitor who had puzzled him.

"Yes," said the hostess. "That is our ghost. A couple of hundred years ago this lady murdered her husband in the very room which you occupied."

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