

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs Circles SOCIETY Suffrage Philanthropy

Revelations of a Wife

My Heart and My Husband

BY ADELE GARRISON

WHAT LILLIAN SAID TO MADGE WHEN HER STORY WAS ENDED.

I lost no time in going to Lillian Underwood with the problem of my father's inexplicable actions.

I made the excuse of a desire to see Mrs. Cogrove, Robert Savarin's sister, who was still with Lillian, watching over the slow convalescence of her artist brother, and so effectually lulled any lurking doubt of my mission which my father's general uneasiness might have conceived.

Lillian was, heavy-eyed from in part sharing the vigil of the sick room with the nurse and Mrs. Cogrove, but more from the uncertainty as to Harry Underwood's fate and Robert Savarin's part in it, which was consuming her, put her arms around me in convulsive greeting when Betty had shown me into the library.

"Miss Madge, do you's got anything in de world to tak Miss Lillian's mind off what's her trouble?" I wish you'd spill it," Betty had whispered to me earnestly as we mounted the stairs, and I was afraid of the injunction. Otherwise I never would have dared to trouble the fragile figure my friend presented with any problem of my own.

"You Always Understand—" "Oh, my dear, my dear, I'm so glad to see you!" Lillian said as she drew me to a chair, and in her old, loving, deft fashion removed my hat and coat.

"Is Robert—no—better?" I asked fearfully. "Physically, yes," she answered, "although his progress is slow, and he is terribly weak. But mentally—oh, Madge—I wonder sometimes—"

She paused, struggling bravely for composure, gave it up, put her head against my shoulder, while, hand straining, sobbed over her throat.

"There!" she said harshly a few moments later, "I know I'd do this if you ever came near me. What is it about you anyway that makes me do the baby act whenever I'm in trouble and you come anywhere near me?"

"Because it isn't human nature to face everything as bravely and composedly as you do," I said quickly. "You simply have to break some time, and I'm very proud and thankful that I am near enough to you for the little comfort I can give you."

"The little comfort," she repeated scornfully. "Child, you haven't any idea of what your loving comfort means to me. You always understand so, without my having to explain all over the place. And if anybody else but you saw me making an idiot of myself this way—well—I think there'd be a double job for the nearest undertaker."

"But that's enough of me," she went on brusquely. "You're looking sort of groggy yourself. What's the answer—that principal's wife you told me about?"

I started with surprise. My father's affairs had so engrossed my mind that for days I had forgotten all about the terror with which Miss Stockbridge had inspired me upon the night of her reception.

"It isn't she that's troubling me," I answered quickly, though awkwardly.

"Although she's raising Cain, a little more than usual," Lillian commented shrewdly. "Well, we'll dislodge her for the present and take her case up later. What's the real trouble? I hope it's some trouble about which I can do something. I think I shall go stark staring mad if I don't have something to take my mind off things. Work doesn't help me a bit any more."

"Is Lillian Right?" "If you cannot help me no one in the world can," I answered, and was rewarded by seeing a look of interest flash into her strained face.

"Go ahead, and talk slowly," she

replied, setting herself into an attitude of attentive listening.

I began at my father's enthusiasm over our cutting together, and reviewed the whole series of incidents which had so impressed themselves upon my mind. Lillian didn't interrupt me with a single question until I had finished. Then for several minutes later she sat motionless, her chin in her cupped hands. Then she lifted her head, looked at me steadily.

"A ghost from the past," she repeated. "Madge, dear, pardon me for raking up unpleasant things, but you told me once your mother's unhappy history. Do you know whether or not that woman's father deserted her or whether he is living or dead?"

Why Lillian Asked Madge For a Minute Description of The Woman.

Lillian's question opened a dark avenue of thought, the gates to which I had resolutely kept closed ever since my father's revelation to me of his identity. Queerly enough, the old actions of the woman in the cafe had suggested no connection with my mother's tragedy, although at Lillian's words I wondered at my own blindness.

"Of course, that's all!" I exclaimed, then answered my friend's question. "My father told me a long time ago, when he first revealed his identity to me, that he hadn't seen that woman for 20 years, and did not know whether she was living or dead. It was the only time he ever referred to her, and I have no reason to think he has learned anything about her since, except—"

Is Lillian Right? "Except for that night in the cafe?" Lillian finished the next sentence. "Depend upon it, Madge, that woman is the answer. From what you tell me, the sight of her was a complete surprise and shock to him. Your father is, of course, old, and much reduced in physical strength, but the vigor and power of will from what he used to be, but he's too much a man of the world to be so upset by the sight of any woman unless she has the power to make you suffer. You are the darling of his heart, the one person on earth whom he loves, and his love for you is adoration, nothing less. Because of his love for you, he's suffering, he's suffering, his love for you, his wish to keep suffering away from you, might lead him into all sorts of absurd Quixotic actions, especially if he thought that the suffering were coming from the same source that caused your mother's unhappiness."

"No doubt he is buying her off, the most ridiculous scheme in the world when you consider the power he could wield if he wished it. With his affiliations, just a word from him of attempted blackmail on her part and she would be landed so deep in jail that she couldn't dig her way out in a hundred years. But he, no doubt, is so afraid that you might in some way get a hint of her that he's submitting to any extortion, perhaps even himself proposing to pay her for silence and exile from your vicinity."

"She stopped and looked at me questioningly. I nodded my head in confirmation of her words.

"I am sure you are right," I said. "Everything about that incident in the cafe fits your theory perfectly. For instance, I bear a striking resemblance to my mother—at least people have always told me so. And when that woman first saw me that night—I had my back to her and toward her, or she saw my father first—her eyes showed horror as well as unmistakable recognition, though I am sure that I never saw her before."

"Exactly!" Lillian replied, and followed her assent with a question. "In what cafe did you dine that night?"

I told her. She drew a tiny note-

Training Little Citizens Changing Order of Education.

BY HELEN M. CRAMP.

Many changes are impressive in our day, but none more so than the great change that is taking place in our schools and in our whole attitude toward education. It is a hundred years since Froebel began to labor in the interest of free education, but we are only beginning to apply his principles.

The interest of children cannot be held if they are taught in a cut and dried way. From early childhood they should be led into joyous activity. At first, only the parents stand by to help and sympathize, later teachers, friends and society assist. The early home influence is of great importance. Comenius, Froebel and Rousseau studied mothers. They knew that the mother should be the first educator, they emphasized the importance of her sympathy and care, which, though it faltered and halted and fell pitifully short in many places was necessary for right start. Pestolozzi expressed this fact in the words, "Maternal love is the first agent in education."

In the ideal school of today we find the children choosing their own material, directing their own studies, learning indirectly rather than directly, getting their studies linked up with life, and learning to help us well as for actual instruction.

The school should be a sort of miniature world in which the child is prepared for life in the real world. In a kindergarten worthy of the name the child moves freely, though in obedience to law. In old-time

schools of which there are still far too many, he is confined by a sort of prison-like rigidity.

The hatred of the average child for school is a real misfortune. For the child's natural instinct is to learn and know, that is why he is always asking questions, questions that we in our arrogance and impatience too often set aside.

But the school doesn't always answer the child's questions, doesn't always prepare him for life's work, doesn't usually make things interesting to him, although there is much more vocational training than formerly. The unknown must be linked with the known. Arithmetic in the abstract is uninteresting to any child, but having five cents to spend in the knowing how to spend it, is a matter of practical experience.

The reason why the kindergarten method of education is superior is because it teaches the child through actual experience. As a parent, then, you wisely send your child to kindergarten. But you are not equally wise when, later on you say "Oh, Mary's school is all right—a school's a school anyway!"

We have not all the advantages of schools where sympathy and imagination are used, and we know that most classes are over-crowded and that a teacher gets the best results when she works with small groups and in the right environment. But we all assist in moulding the public opinion that shapes the schools and in paying the taxes that underpay teachers for the most important work in the world.

And until we carry the spirit of Froebel right up from the kindergarten through the grades and high school and college, we cannot expect to have the fine flowering of manhood and womanhood that is potential in our civilization.

The date, day and hour?" I have them to her.

"Now," she said, looking up. "Please exercise that marvellous memory a little. I want as minute and perfect description of that woman and her escort as you can give me."

A Decision Made. I sat back, closed my eyes for a moment, and summoned from the memory pictures in my brain the vision of the couple in the cafe. I found that I had observed them more closely than I had thought, for little details of their dress and appearance flashed out at me with photographic fidelity. When I opened my eyes I was ready to give my friend a description which made her nod emphatic approval when I had finished.

"If I only had that memory of yours!" she said enviously, then thoughtfully: "Can you locate the table at which they sat, and describe their waiter, without taking me down there?"

"I am sure I can," I answered, and proceeded to describe the section of the big cafe in which we had been seated upon that night. Lillian was familiar with the place, and after a few minutes professed herself satisfied.

"I have something to go on now," she said, "and it ought not to take very long to trace the lady. When I've marked the dotted line leading to her door I'll let you know, and we'll make her a little social call. I can summon to mind now at least 57 distinct varieties of conversation I'd like to hand her."

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Sample Pack Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories Dept. B, Malden, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 12c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 50c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

"I had been troubled with eczema on my hands, arms, and neck for over two years. It was in pimples which itched and burned in hot weather and caused me to lose lots of sleep. The pimples soon got into watery blisters and I was disfigured for several weeks."

"I was treated but to no avail, but after using two full-sized cakes of Cuticura Soap and not quite one full-sized box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. Sasher, R. 2, Greensburg, Ind., Aug. 22, 1919.

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DINNER PAIL COMES BACK IN WINDY CITY BUT NOW DISGUISED

CHICAGO, April 17. — The dinner pail and lunch box are coming back in Chicago. Disguised as baskets and boxes of sporting design, in many cases, they travel the elevated and surface lines incognito now-a-days. But they carry home made lunches—slices of bread held apart by real meat and pies covered with crust instead of dough.

Girls working in downtown stores and offices are taking the lead in this movement but the men are slow to follow. They are content, however to wrap their lunches in plain paper.

High cost and low satisfaction of eating in loop restaurants is said to be responsible for the return of the portable lunch.

Advices Ordinary Buttermilk for Wrinkles and Enlarged Pores

This Good Looking Young Woman Uses Old Time Recipe of Buttermilk Cream in a New Way—A Gentle Massage With Fingers Before Retiring All That is Necessary.

The old-time application of Buttermilk and Cream to whiten and preserve the skin and remove harsh little wrinkles and ugly sallowness is grand—another's country are again using it to ensure a beautiful complexion and snow-white hands and arms.

Buttermilk, however, is not always obtainable, but a specialist has at last perfected a method of concentrating buttermilk and combining it with a perfect cream, which you can buy in small quantities ready to use at the Central drug store; Mishawaka agents, Red Cross Pharmacy or any first-class drug store by simply asking for "Howard's" Buttermilk Cream.

There is no secret about it nor is there any doubt about the result—it's just common ordinary buttermilk in the form of a wonderful cream, gently massaged with the finger tips, around the corners of the eyes and mouth. Howard Bros. Chemical Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

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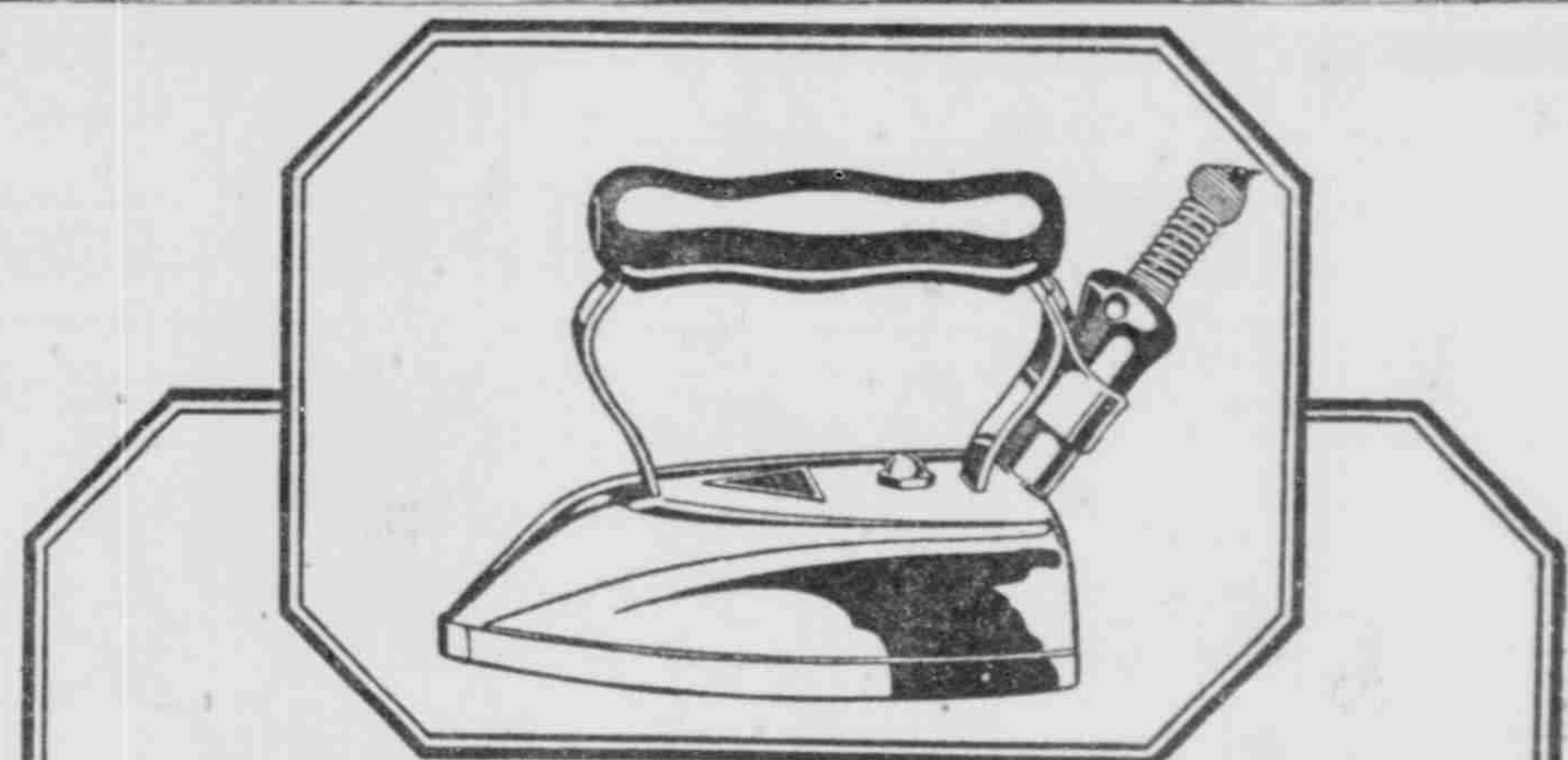
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