

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

START THIS STORY TODAY

WHEN Ruth returned that evening the apartment seemed in perfect condition. She rushed into the living room first, everything was as she had left it, and she stopped to pull the string off a box of flowers and to arrange them in a vase before she gathered up the box and string and hurried out to the kitchen. The kitchen, too, was in order, but there was no Mrs. Jones. Through the door of the kitchen Ruth could see the dining room all ready for the feast. Tired as she was, it thrilled her with its appearance.

She hurried to the bedroom and there open the door. She had always asked Mrs. Jones to leave the door of the bedroom open, and yet she always found it closed, just as she always found the tea wagon on the wrong side of the room after having repeatedly spoken about it. Mrs. Jones simply could not remember things.

But where was she? Could she have gone out to buy anything? Ruth went back to the kitchen to investigate, but everything seemed to be there excepting for the fact that the grapefruit was not fixed nor the potatoes peeled, nor anything fixed that Ruth had left orders for.

The lockbox revealed the chicken, plumply promising, everything in the apartment was all right, but for the fact that Mrs. Jones was missing, and inasmuch as Mrs. Jones was to serve the dinner and to do the preparing, with Ruth to supervise, matters began to be serious.

Suddenly as Ruth stood in the center of the kitchen trying to think what had happened, she happened to glance toward the dishtowel where only that morning she had placed careful instruction. On it was pinned a piece of paper. Could it be her own note that Mrs. Jones had forgotten to take down? She might have left it there so as to refer to it often. Ruth hoped so, but she was actually afraid to look.

She unrolled the paper and took it to the light. It was undoubtedly a note from Mrs. Jones, and as Ruth read on she saw that it revealed the worst possible news.

"Dear Mrs. Raymond—I got everything ready for you, but I couldn't stay. My husband is home sick."

"That was all, no signature, no anything, just the bald fact that she had deserted her and that somehow Ruth would have to make do as best she could. If there had been time she would have stopped to cry, but time was flying, and she began hastily to arrange things in her mind. She would do all the small things first, like preparing everything. But the small things stretched away into eternity as she hurriedly began to make the dressing for the chicken, and at last the tears began to force their way down her cheeks. Scott found her crying over the salad, which was an elaborate affair, and still not dressed, although the time was 6:15 and the dinner at 7.

"Well, after this," he exploded, as Ruth handed him the note, "we'll fire her."

"Oh, yes, it's easy for you to say that," Ruth flamed, the knife slipping and cutting her finger as the tears clouded her eyes. "It's easy for you to say we'll fire her, but what about me? It will mean breaking in another one, and at best Mrs. Jones is honest."

"Here, let me fix that," said Scott, as Ruth held her bleeding finger under the cold water. And he bound it tightly with a strip of cloth. "I think it will be all right for you to take off the bandage by the time you've dressed."

"I don't think I'll dress, I think I'll stay just as I am," said Ruth perversely. "I'll have to wait on the table and cook and everything, what's the use of it, and I did want to have things nice tonight, just once in a while I do think things might be arranged a little bit or my comfort. I don't see what I have ever done to be so utterly miserable. I work in an office all week, and never have any pleasure, and the first time I plan anything goes wrong."

"Not was rather ominously silent and his lips had set in a straight line. But Ruth was too angry to see and went on talking.

"I'm miserable, I tell you, miserable."

"Because of your work?" Scott's question was even.

"Yes, it is; I hate it. Who would like working in a position like mine; what glory is there in it? I wouldn't care if things ever went right, but they don't."

"But you couldn't work, I have never asked you, to you know."

"No, but it means more money, it means that we don't have to struggle quite so hard; that's something."

"If that's why you're working, Ruth, I want you to stop. I can take care of you. I'll make more money somehow." And Ruth, looking up at that moment, met Scott's eyes and saw a great hurt there, a hurt which seemed to open up a terrible, unbelievable gap in their mutual understanding.

(In the next installment Ruth faces the possibility of Jack again.)

Today's Anniversaries

1743—George Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom, born at Marham, England; died at Hastings, England, October 30, 1823.

1827—George Canning became British premier.

1854—Marriage of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria.

1870—The waterfall Kaieteur in British Guiana (over 800 feet high) was discovered.

1871—London matchmakers paraded in protest against the proposed tax on matches.

1877—The Russian Czar declared war on Turkey. "The night the wrongs of Christians."

1891—Lower house of Ohio Legislature passed a measure granting school suffrage to women.

1916—Revolt broke out in Dublin under the direction of the Sinn Fein.

HOT SPRINGS WAITER WINS FRIENDSHIP OF GOVERNOR

Pennsylvania's Chief Executive Reveals His Kindliness of Nature in Letter Commending His Personal Attendant

Staff Correspondent Evening Public Ledger Hot Springs, Va., April 24.—The human side of Governor Sprout was revealed in a most striking manner by John Frazier, a negro waiter at the Homestead Hotel, where the Governor has been staying.

John has been a servant at the hotel for many years, and during the visits of Mr. Sprout, has been assigned to serve him. Today the negro exhibited a letter written by the Governor on his official stationery.

"He's a great man and this letter is worth a thousand dollars," said John. "He never bleeks and never frowns. I tell you, he is a real friend of mine."

"That John has not overestimated the quality of Governor Sprout's friendship is certain. The letter, an extraordinary document, says:

"To whom it May Concern:

"I have given this letter to my friend John Frazier—not that I have not given twenty many other things during the years of our acquaintance—but whatever I have given him 'hasn't' spoiled him. I have always thought a lot of John, but I have had a chance of getting very well acquainted with him while I have been unable to go from my room during the last few weeks and have been John's especial charge.

Does Everything Well

"Everything John does he does well, even carrying a tray on the tip of his head. He is the best tray-juggler I have seen, and I know a better all-around waiter nor better servant. One thing, John is cheerful—he chases away the blues and his solicitude for you often determines you to stay in your room and pay a room charge for your meals when you are perfectly able to go to the dining room.

"Then John remembers—he brings what you want and knows what you like. He observes what looks good in the kitchen and tells you about it when you need a little encouragement to appreciate. He is patient, too, and can soothe the nervous guests like a scientific healer. He is a self-respecting citizen, too, and if you ask him he will tell you about his home in Westmoreland county, and the three boys he has devoted himself to, giving them a good education.

"I have enjoyed John so much and he has been so good to me that I want him and his friends to know of my sense of appreciation of him and my thankfulness that we have in this country nearly ten millions of John's folks who can never be induced to become enemies of the republic nor advocates of Bolshevism. With every good wish and thorough respect for John Frazier, I take pleasure in signing myself,

"His friend,

"WILLIAM C. SPROUT,

"Governor of Pennsylvania."

My dear John—Having noticed a debate on the ideals of a girl and also of a fellow, I would, with your kind aid, like to say a few words to Lieutenant B.

My dear Lieutenant B, you are one out of a thousand who would confess to the type of girl you like or admire and all in your conversation is very striking. I having read it could not help but think of answering you or, as you say, keep the ball a-rolling.

We girls find it hard to get acquainted with many sensible men nowadays, for the simple reason that they are not satisfied with a girl who is advanced in music or the literary world or enjoys a conversation of some topic that is daily discussed. If we talk about foolish things in a babyish way we seem to please the fellows more, and then if we become sentimental nothing pleases them better. Will you tell me this, when the boys refuse to notice us because we do not exactly possess sentimentality but are only common sense girls and do not allow it to enter our thoughts? You might think that some of these fellows would invest in some common sense instead of nonsense, and take a pattern from those who have

way to cure it. This fickleness is rather general on the part of girls and boys, and due to your suggestion an article will shortly appear on the woman's page that will answer your question more in detail. In the meantime try out your will power.

From Nobody's Girl

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Two Old-Fashioned Girls.

Dear Cynthia—I have a very serious problem, and you give others such good advice and help I am going to ask you to please give me a helping hand. I am a young girl of nineteen years, fairly good-looking and a good dresser. I have a very nice appearance, but here is my trouble. I go to a dance or a party, and the very next fellow I meet, if he is a little better looking than the other, I fall in love with, or, rather, I think I do. In fact, I regret to say, I am one of the "new-face-new fancy" kind.

Now, Cynthia, I do wish to break myself of this habit, for I think it will do me harm. So if you will please tell me how I can overcome this nasty thing you certainly will oblige.

A WEAKLING.

The only way to get over being feeble is to use your will power and make up your mind at the beginning of the evening that you are not going to be silly and get a case on the first nice-looking boy you see. The way to strengthen your will in this way and make yourself realize the foolishness of wasting your time and your affections is to take up some worthwhile course of study a couple of nights a week. This will teach you there is something in life besides falling in and out of love, and the association with more serious-minded girls and boys, too, will make you a little ashamed of yourself. And being ashamed of a weakness is a very good

Sorry She's Fickle

Dear Cynthia—Three cheers for Lieutenant "B's" letter! We are two girls, almost twenty years old, and we have as yet to meet a young man who thinks like he does, but we certainly do wish we could. We are not vamps, like some girls claim to be, and we don't wish to be. We have found that almost all of the young men are the same. If you don't tell them hold your hand or talk "manusly" talk to your drop or for some one who is more sociable.

As for talking about anything sensible, it simply can't be done. We have found that most fellows will talk for hours about dances and silly chatter, but shut up like a clam if you venture to say anything about your work or topics of the day and hunt a girl who is more interesting.

We certainly would like to have a nice young man for a friend, but if all we are fortunate enough to meet are like the so-called "young gentlemen" we have met in the past we will remain friendless as far as the opposite sex are concerned.

Invest in Patriotism

Women Delighted—All Supplied by Quick Action of Parisian Sage

FAMED PAINTER DIES; BROTHER A SCULPTOR

Darius Cobb Expires at 84. Noted for Canvas Entitled "The Master"

Newton, Mass., April 24.—Darius Cobb, painter of portraits and landscapes, is dead at his home in Newton Upper Falls. He was eighty-four years old.

His most widely known painting is "The Master," a bust of Christ, completed when the artist was eighty-one years old.

Mr. Cobb was a twin brother of Cyrus Cobb, the sculptor, who died about fifteen years ago. They were born in 1834 in Malden, Mass. Both were quite accomplished musicians as well as artists. The resemblance between them was so great that it is said to have been necessary for them in their adult years to wear their beards differently in order to make identification possible.

Both served in the Civil War in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. It was in 1861, just before his three-year term, that he pledged himself, should his life be spared, to make a painting of Christ his life work. He passed several years in research of biblical history for inspiration to produce a like-

ness adequately to represent his conception of "The Master's" strength and character.

Several years ago he toured the United States, giving lectures on art. Another of his well-known scriptural paintings is "Christ Before Pilate."

Today's Birthdays

General Henri Philippe Petain, the famous French commander who has announced his intention to visit America, born at Garches-la-Tour sixty-three years ago.

John L. Stoddard, widely known as a traveler, lecturer and writer, born at Brookline, Mass., sixty-nine years ago.

Cyril Maud, one of the foremost authors of the English-speaking stage, born in London fifty-seven years ago.

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"I have enjoyed John so much and he has been so good to me that I want him and his friends to know of my sense of appreciation of him and my thankfulness that we have in this country nearly ten millions of John's folks who can never be induced to become enemies of the republic nor advocates of Bolshevism. With every good wish and thorough respect for John Frazier, I take pleasure in signing myself,

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Ladies A Word With You About Your Skin

Why not make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Talcum, now and then in most cases a clear fresh complexion, a clean scalp (free from dandruff and irritation), good hair, soft white hands and a wholesome skin free from blemish, without resorting to tiring, expensive "beauty" lads? Cuticura costs little and does much. Sample sent free by mail of "Cuticura, Dept. 6M, Boston." Sold everywhere, price 25 cents each.

Do not fail to test the fascinating fragrance of this exquisitely scented face, baby, dusting and skin perfume powder, delicate, delightful, distinctive, it imparts to the person a charm incomparable and peculiar to itself.

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