

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

START THIS STORY TODAY

WHEN Natalie heard the door slam on Jack and realized that she would be alone for the evening, and that he had not cared enough even to ask her what she would do, she felt almost desperate. It wasn't that she minded so much being alone, it was Jack's manner of leaving her that hurt intolerably and made her restless.

Natalie was really nothing but a child and she was facing for the first time big forces in life. At last she was forced to realize what she had been desperately fighting against since she had first married Jack. Jack didn't love her! What then? What would happen? What did happen to couples who did not love each other? Only she did love Jack, it was Jack who didn't love her.

Rapidly her moods changed. At first she was just wretchedly unhappy, then she began to get angry, and to dwell on what she would do. Of course Jack would hate her if she insisted upon forcing herself on him. She would begin new tactics, she would act cool and mysterious and dignified; she would laugh in a wry fashion and pretend bored nonchalance when people questioned her. In this mood she wandered to the window and looked down into the silent street, and then back into the loneliness of the lamp-lighted room.

Liza, the colored maid, came in and said good-night softly. Natalie delayed her on some trifling excuse. She was hungry to talk, hungry for human sympathy, but Liza was finally gone and now she was alone in the house. She wandered over and peeped into the bedroom. Liza had opened the beds for the night, and under the covers of pale gold were spread over the cream enameled beds, her own bed was piled high with little pillows in embroidered slips over pale yellow silk. It looked like a nest. Several new novels lay on the table and a pale gold light flooded the room with soft luxury. But Natalie instead of feeling comforted, felt worse, and thoughts again wandered off at a tangent.

Suppose Jack grew to care for some other woman, suppose she would have to stand back and watch an affair. Suppose she would know when he went out where he was going. Oh, she couldn't bear that. She put her hands over her face and shuddered. If anything like that happened, she would have to leave him.

And then her mood changed again and softened. How silly she was, Jack did not like to be bothered, that was all. He had told her so many times, that he did not care for demonstrative loving, that he couldn't bear her, that he hated to be nagged with questions, and what had she done all evening, but bother him? After all, he had not done anything so awful. He had decided, perhaps, to go down to the club and instead of acquiescing as she should have done she had raised a scene. She would never keep his love unless she practiced tact and diplomacy. No man liked a woman who whined. Might not all her gloomy comminations with herself be the result of an enlarged imagination? Of course they might, and she simply would not allow herself to be so silly about nothing. Jack had never looked at another woman, not seriously, and now just because he did not want to stay at home and lavish love-making on her every evening, she was imagining all kinds of silly things.

It was in this softened mood that Natalie finally undressed, carried an armful of magazines to her, and climbed into bed. She looked very sweet and fair lying against the pillows, her pale gold hair streaming out from under the dainty cap, her pale yellow negligee about her shoulders.

She grew tired finally and turning out the light by the bed slipped down lower and fell sound asleep with her hand beneath her cheek. It seemed hours later that she was aroused by the harsh ringing of the telephone. She was out of bed when she was only half awake, sleepily conscious of the fact that Jack had not come in yet. She stumbled over to the telephone and shrilled a sleepy "Hello" into it. Her mother's voice reassuringly natural and yet somehow unnatural, spoke to her.

"Natalie, your father is very ill; you had better come over. Ask Jack to bring you as soon as you can get ready." Then there was the click of the receiver and Natalie turned back to the room. She glanced at the clock and the hands pointed to 1:30. Jack had not come in yet.

Then she went back to the bedroom and began to get into her clothes. She ached with fatigue and it had never seemed so difficult to force enough energy to dress. Back of everything too, lurked that awful feeling that she hadn't had time to explain to her mother that Jack was out. Would she have to go out at 2 o'clock in the morning, past the gaping hall boys, all alone? And where could Jack be?

When she was finally dressed, she pulled a little hat down over her hair and sat down to wait a minute. It was then that she thought of her father. Was he dying, and oughtn't she to care more than she did? And yet she did

not seem to care very much. Natalie had never seemed very close to her father, a tall spare man, who never kissed her.

She welcomed Jack's key in the latch with almost hysterical gladness, and he, astounded at finding her dressed even to her outdoor things, showed unusual tenderness when he discovered what was wrong. Natalie was happier that night on her way over to her old home, than she was in many weeks afterward.

(In the next installment Ruth makes a call and stumbles on the wrong party.)

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Meaning of French Words

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly translate the following: Qui je vous comprends. Qui il me faut. Que dites vous? Pouvez vous bien me dire?

PEGGY.

The first line means "Yes, I understand you." The second, "Yes, it is necessary." The third, "What did you say?" The fourth, "Can you kindly tell me?" The fifth line you quoted meant nothing as you copied it. Are you sure you copied it correctly?

Man Member for Hope Club

Dear Cynthia—Just a little note to-night in answer to Lieutenant B. And must say that he has the right idea. And that "Common Sense, Keeping Up Hope Club" would be just about the right thing. I think that you will find a lot of us thinking the same way about it. Lieutenant B.

The way it looks to me is that the more we try to act on the square the harder it is. I am, hoping for your friendship and that of "Two Old-fashioned Girls" and "Nobody's Girl." I hope to hear more of the "Keeping Up Hope Club."

ANOTHER YOUNG MAN.

Ask an Explanation

My Dear Cynthia—I know a young man and I consider him one of my best friends. On his birthday I gave him, as a token of my affection, a gift. First he accepted it, but immediately he returned it without giving any reason for his action, and as far as I could see he had no reason.

I have received a great many gifts from this young man, and I do not know whether to return them or write him, asking for an explanation.

BFD.

It would be quite all right to ask the young man why he has decided to return your present. If he has given presents to you it was in no way forward for you to give him a gift on his birthday. His behavior was certainly such that an explanation would be quite within your rights. In fact you should ask it.

Take Things for Granted

Dear Cynthia—At last I have decided to confide in you. He has just been home two weeks after a splendid fight for democracy. He was away nineteen months and God alone knows how glad I was to see him. He did not ask me to "wait for him," but he spoke of "coming home to me." For nearly two years he has spoken of love to me and has proved it in many ways. I love him and he is sure of it, but he does not suggest marriage.

Oh, yes? Cynthia, I know your advice in this matter, but we are different. I save his money for him. He is here a great deal more than home. We have discussed marriage (for all of our friends are taking that big step) and he knows I belong to him just for the taking.

Through my father's influence he has a good position now; of course not to compare with what I am accustomed to, but the harder I have to work for a thing the more I appreciate it. I do nothing but dream of a bungalow, cute house, work to please his every fancy, but—what am I to do?

Now, Cynthia, I am not a child except in years. I have gone the rounds a great deal and have thoroughly made up my mind as to what I want. Please try to help me. If you tell each other that you love each other, why not take it for granted in your conversation that you are to be married. Talk about "when we are married" and say sometimes something

about a home in which to live and make various other allusions. If he does not want to marry you he would quickly show it or say so, and if he does and is just taking things for granted it would be the best way to take him. It would probably relieve his mind if he is shy about coming to the point. Be sure to say it casually and easily as if you have never thought of any other continuation of your friendship.

Ask a Doctor

Anxious fourteen-year-old girl: My dear, the only way to find out all you ask would be to take a course in first aid. Or if you have a special reason for knowing these things, ask a doctor, or go to the Board of Health for instruction. Cynthia does not answer questions which have to do with the care of the sick.

Checked Silk Suits

Black and white checked silk taffeta suits are extremely clever for summer wear at the elaborate sashore resorts. A little white taffeta hat with our little note of color makes a charming crowning touch to this costume.

Adventures With a Purse

LET any woman talk to you about her home—the home she would have could her dreams be realized, and somewhere in that talk she will mention candlesticks. Somehow, in order to be quite perfect, the living room at least must have a mahogany candlestick or two. Why, take the plainest of rooms, and by my faith, can she but put a clock on the mantle with a candlestick on either side, behold the room takes on an entirely different atmosphere. Candlesticks have a way with them.

And these I have found, slender, graceful, well standing straight and white, will lend dignity to any room. The nice part of it is they cost but sixty cents each. And you know yourself that sixty cents for real mahogany candlesticks is most reasonable.

Do you remember the foolish little poem about the druggist who said that powder was good for bugs? But I think that the druggist had a good reason for good a tall, for the poor little bugs, they died. Well, here is some powder that is particularly powerful in doing away with potato bugs, and insects that prey upon plants. Of course you will want some if you are having a garden this year. You can get a pound package for twenty cents. And when you use some of this on your plants and flowers it's good-by bug.

"How do you like my new gloves?" I asked Dorothea, with conscious pride. "They're beauties," she replied enthusiastically. "How much—\$2.50?" "My dear girl," I said, in my most superior manner, "don't you know by this time that I am the 'champagne' bargain finder? These ten gloves which you see on my dainty hands," just here I was interrupted by a disdainful sniff from Dorothea who does not, I am afraid, treat me with the respect due a person of my years—"these gloves, soft and well made, cost but \$1.65."

They come in tan and white, in most sizes and certainly if you are looking for gloves, now is the time to buy a pair.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 3300.

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A JERSEY DRESS FOR STREET WEAR



A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

THERE is no denying the fact that the best looking dresses made of jersey are those which are made very simply. There is something about the material which, somehow or other, does not seem to lend itself to fancy designing. I have noticed that even the frocks which are extravagantly embroidered are, for all of that, simple in style. Then, too, jersey is not a dressy material, but for general wear there is no material that will give the wear or stand the strain of continual usage as does a good, firm piece of jersey.

To my way of thinking, the tans, browns and blues are by far the best looking colors to select in jersey. For either street suits or street dresses, this is, however, only a matter of personal opinion, and one may these days get almost any color that strikes the fancy, as well as black and white.

The dress shown in the sketch today is intended for the slender woman, or the miss. It is one of those straight-line dresses which have been found by women to be so comfortable, as well as becoming, provided the figure is not stout. This dress is made of lightweight jersey, very good for this time of the year, and is made in brown, navy and taupe. The upper part of the frock is cut with a yoke, both front and back. The opening is at the back and buttons trim the back from the yoke to the hem of the garment. The narrow neck binding, the small cuffs are of a contrasting color of jersey. The sash is of the jersey and crosses at the front and ties at the center back.

Worn with this dress is one of the smart little sailor's straw. The crown is banded with a ribbon and small ostrich trim decorate the hat at either side of the back.

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The Woman's Exchange

Red Cross Will Tell You

Dear Madam—My husband is a member of the United States Marine Corps Reserve, and was released from active service in January, 1919. Is he entitled to the \$500 bonus awarded to discharged service men? If so, to whom should application be made? Mrs. H. A. F.

The home service section of the Red Cross, 1807 Walnut street, has written a special note to the Woman's Exchange, very generously offering to furnish any information to soldiers, sailors and marines and their families, and announcing that it is ready to help them in any way that they may desire. I am sure that many readers will be glad to hear this, and I know that the home service will be able to give you this information that you ask for.

Can Some One Supply This?

Dear Madam—Having noticed how

The Question Box

Today's Inquiries

- 1. What chance does the United States civil service extend to teachers to teach in other lands?
2. What is an experience party?
3. How can the summer months which can really help to make an attractive one piece dress?
4. What small piece of material makes the very best sort of brush for velvet?
5. How should a velvet dress be hung?
6. Suggest a number of simple pieces that can be worked for the bride's kitchen shower.

Yesterday's Answers

- 1. A very pretty centerpiece for the Maytime luncheon is a miniature Maypole which may be simply a sawed-off broomhandle stuck firmly into a flower pot. This is decorated with ribbons just as a real Maypole is. The flower pot is hidden with bunched flowers. Sticks of candy (tiny Mopsies) are tied to the other ends.
2. Mary of France was one of the earliest women writers on record. In the thirteenth century she put the old traditional tales of Arthur into "The Lays of the Romance Languages."
3. In the Greek mode of fixing the hair popular this season in Paris the hair is pulled down rather low on the forehead and not over the ears, without, however, the puff effect. Then the back hair is drawn into a Psyche knot placed just at the crown of the hair. These bands are usually worn with this coiffure.
4. If pieces of cord are basted around the edge of buttonholes before they are worked they will never tear out. This is a specially good idea for the buttonholes in little boys' clothes.
5. The newest sort of spats are white knitted ones, to be worn with the white sports costume.
6. Earrings are being noisily used as hat trimming. They hang down just as though attached to the ears.

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successfully the exchange finds no many things which seem impossible to locate in the usual ways, I am venturing to ask you to aid me.

In the March issue, 1918, of the Ladies' Home Journal was printed a reproduction of "the Christ-head," by Hoffman. This picture I am most anxious to secure; I have tried very hard without success.

If any of your circle have a copy of that issue they are willing to sell, I will most gladly purchase it.

Mrs. W. M. G.

If there is any one who can supply Mrs. W. M. G. with this magazine I will be glad to send them her address, so that they can communicate with her. One of the rules of the column is that we do not buy and sell through it, but no doubt any reader who has this magazine, and is saving it, will be glad to oblige you.

Probably at Camp Dix

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me if the boys of Section 545, U. S. Ambulance Service, American Expeditionary Services, that were in Italy, have arrived home yet? I read some time ago that they were to sail, then about ten days ago I thought I read of their arrival, but I have a brother in the Ambulance Corps and have not heard from him. If this is not clear I will write again. H. H.

It is very difficult to follow the troop-marching from overseas, as a rule, but it happens that I do know about the troops that you refer to. The Ambulance troops that were in Italy did arrive in New York about two weeks ago and were sent to Camp Dix to be mustered out. A number of them have been discharged, so no doubt your brother will walk in some day. I cannot say definitely that that particular section is at Camp Dix, but as the majority of the men went there, I am almost sure that 545 was among them.

Night Classes in Dressmaking

Dear Madam—Would you please inform me through your valuable column if there are any schools in this city where I could take a course in dressmaking in the evening free of charge, or for a small sum? The boys of the high schools have such evening classes? H. M. S.

Several of the high schools have evening classes in dressmaking. If you ask the board of education, Least 30, you can find out which schools offer this course, and choose the one most convenient to you. Of course, there are classes at the Y. W. C. A., for which there is a small charge.

Saluting Cat Found Home

Dear Madam—I am sending back the story and hope these kind people will be able to get a nice cat. A lady cannot talk my cat Monday, and I wish to thank you and the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for finding her a good home.

I have been a reader of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for over a year and a half and will miss it very much.

MISS B. M. J.



The above letter comes from the owner of the tiger cat who can salute and play hide and seek. The talented kitty was given to the first applicant. If any of these readers would like me to try further for pet cats I shall be glad to put the question to readers.

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