

**And So They Were Married**By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR  
Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.**START THIS STORY TODAY**

MRS. MOORE took to watching things that happened. Not that she wanted to spy; she hated herself for the feeling that Beatrice had given her and yet she was unable to shake it off. Of course when one is looking for things to happen they generally do, and little things that might have passed by unnoticed were now greatly magnified in Mrs. Moore's eyes. For instance, she noticed how George Everett followed Ruth about with his eyes, although she was bound to admit that Ruth did not return these surreptitious looks herself, but maintained for the most part a thoroughly same attitude toward the boy.

Another thing that was quite obvious was Dot Salisbury's attitude toward Scott. Scott was no match for her at all; she was too clever for him and she made her plans cautiously. Everything that she did was calculated, and yet she was utterly naive, pretending to be unsophisticated and yet using the tactics of a woman of the world.

Often Mrs. Moore would scold herself half angrily, half laughingly when Dot was playing with Scott.

"I'm imagining things," she would say to herself, "Beatrice has put my nerves on edge." And then she would wonder just what Dot hoped to accomplish by this little flirtation of hers.

It was at a beach supper that something happened to actually worry Mrs. Moore. Up to that time she had looked at matters broadly. She was that wonderful thing, a fair woman; she realized quite well that she must not hold the reins of government too tightly, which was wise, because the younger set in this, the twentieth century, cannot be driven.

There were eighteen of them, in three cars, and they left about 4 o'clock in the afternoon with picnic baskets, thermos bottles and all the rest of the paraphernalia necessary to a picnic supper. Things began rather well. Crowded together, wedged in as tightly as possible, there was a gay camaraderie that was general. They talked back and forth, they sang, there was an absence of subtle under currents, it was almost as though every one had agreed that a picnic was no place for the carrying on of flirtations.

As it happened Ruth was not even sitting next to George Everett. He was not even in the same car, but seated between Beatrice and Grace Lovett in the car behind, he seemed to be having a good time. Mrs. Moore could not know that it was not because he had tried his level best to be with Ruth, but because she had seen to it that they were not together. There had been times of late when Ruth had been somewhat worried about George. She had been frightened by his intensity, unable to flirt with him lightly when he looked at her with a certain expression in his eyes. She certainly did not want him to fall in love with her; that would be an unexpected denouement.

Dot, however, was looking out for things, and what Mrs. Moore did not see was the fact that Dot in the last car was sitting very close to Scott, and that she was unusually attractive, almost good-looking with a flaming color in her cheeks, and her constant render.

They built a fire on the beach and ate supper just at twilight. Afterward there was more singing. George had recaptured Ruth and they were sitting side by side. Beatrice, lying flat on her young back, sat up suddenly and turned to Grace Lovett.

"Where is Dot?"

Grace looked around helplessly at the crowd on the beach. Grace always gave that little air of helplessness whenever she did anything. She had found it successful with men, that is for the most part.

"I haven't seen her lately."

"Neither have I, Mother," raising her voice so that others could hear, "where is Dot?"

Ruth looked up quickly. She had been too lazily content for the time being to notice anything. Now she was instantly alert. Where was Dot? She was not anywhere on the beach. And where was Scott? They had disappeared together.

Of course the incident was almost immediately covered up. Mrs. Moore made some laughing remark, and the talking and low slung began again. Ruth forced herself to be natural. Not for the world would she have given Beatrice the satisfaction of knowing that she cared one way or another. Thus passed, fifteen minutes, half an hour, an hour, and some one mentioned going home. Then out of the darkness appeared two figures, and Ruth's heart beat frantically. Not so long ago, she had watched Dot Salisbury and another man come up together out of the gloom. Then the man had been some one Ruth hardly knew, this time it was her husband.

**Be popular—clear your skin with Resinol Soap**

Does an unattractive skin shut you off from admiration and pleasant associations?

Each time you cleanse your face with Resinol Soap you give it a "beauty treatment" with the soothing, healing Resinol medication. If aided, in severe cases, by a little Resinol Ointment, this usually leaves the complexion naturally clear and fresh.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment. For sample of each, free, write to Dept. U-N, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

**The Woman's Exchange****Can't Be Done**

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—Will you kindly answer how I can possibly regain a cotton voile dress. I dyed it an indefinite shade of rose or purple instead of pale pink. I would like to make it pink again.

OFFICE LASSIE.

There is no way to make the dress light pink again. A garment is always dyed darker never lighter. A dark voile dress is always seizable, so you can probably make good use of yours.

Will you kindly send your name and address so that Miss Rose can send a personal reply to your second question? None of her answers are printed in the paper.

**Clothes for Week-End**

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—I expect to go away soon to spend the week-end at the sea-shore home of some friends of my husband. I have never met them and therefore feel a little shy. I would like to know what clothes I ought to take, as my husband says I must look right. Still, I am only taking a suitcase. Thanking you many times for an early reply.

WORRIED.  
If you have a dark silk dress, wear that on the train so that you will look nice in arriving. Have dainty collar and cuffs on it. Wear a good hat and put it in a paper bag on the train so it won't get soiled. Take with you either some sort of a pretty summer dress to wear in the daytime, or a good-looking white skirt and shirt waist. Then for evening take a dresy summer frock such as a georgette crepe or an organdie or very fine lawn. If there is a little party given or you go out Saturday night, then you will be all ready.

**To Marcell' Y**

I do not know of any place where such courses are given. Sorry, Marcell' Y.

**III-Treatment of Cats**

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—in answer to Mrs. C. C. S., who wishes to find a good home for a little female maltese kitten which she cannot conveniently keep, may I ask her to send it to a peaceful oblivion? I am fond of cats and being at home most of the summer, my heart aches for the stray pets, coddled all winter and either turned out to shift for themselves in summer or left to the questionable care of some one who does not bother much with them. The females are the worst sufferers.

Children are thoughtlessly cruel and some sickening cases of their methods have been forced upon my notice. Only Saturday I was obliged to send a beautiful maltese cat or, rather, what had been fine one, all bones now, an eye gouged out and a skinned tail with a tight string wound around it, to be put out of its misery. A hurry call to a certain society which attends to such matters had puffy put out of its misery within half an hour. This is but one case.

Do not turn the kitten out to ill treatment; beter end it's trouble now.

E. W. C.

It is rather a coincidence that before your letter came today, E. W. C., the article in the right-hand corner of the woman's page today had been written.

**Birthday Party Games**

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—Could you let me have a few games for a birthday party of children between the ages of six and eight years? Your page is delightful. I am a steady reader.

The games have been mailed and, I trust, will help the little ones to have a good time. If you had given me a few days more your choice would be better end it's trouble now.

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**Don't Confuse the "LOVEKIN" WITH ANY OTHER HEATER!**

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