

Women AND THEIR Interests

Why We Quarreled

WHY WE QUARRELED By Virginia Terhune Van De Water (Copyright, 1915, Star Company)

One of the hardest problems I have had to face in my married life is trying to reconcile my duty to my husband with that to my mother.

Looked at calmly and dispassionately, I know the fault is not my parents'. Her one desire is for my happiness, although it is entirely natural that she should long to have me with her often. Yet my husband regards this wish of hers as a form of selfishness and feels that my indulgence of her is weakness on my part and equivalent to neglect of him.

Last month when my mother was ill and I ran in to see her several times each day, and the last thing at night, John expressed his dissatisfaction at this state of affairs.

"Your care of her wears you so that you are not in a fit condition to attend to your regular duties," he complained.

"She is one of my regular duties," I rejoined. "I am her only child, and it is my right and pleasure to be of service to her."

"And she imposes upon you!" he insisted. "I really think that a man has some rights. You woman are fond of quoting to us, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife.' But it is only fair for a wife to do the same thing."

"Don't I?" I asked. "Would you respect me if I neglected the mother to whom I owe a debt of gratitude I can never pay?"

"You mean for caring for you when you were a kid?" John queried. "Well, since she brought you into the world that is the least she could do. I do not see that she had done such lots for you that you need be her slave now."

I looked at him in wonder at the ease with which a man forgets. I hesitated to remind him that two years after our marriage when he failed in business, my mother lent him money to put him on his feet again and that she would not allow him to pay any interest on this loan.

"You are like a son of me," she told him then. "I have no boy of my own, and I feel as if you belonged to me."

Even now she is paying the tuition of our ten-year-old lad at the private school to which John went as a boy and where he has always longed to have his son go. The boy is my father's namesake, and my mother never forgets this matter of hers.

"Well, what are your thoughts about?" John demanded, as I kept silent while I pondered on these facts. "I was just thinking," I said, "of the many obligations on my mother's side. Since you ask me, I tell you this—although I did not mean to

mention it."

"Obligations!" he exclaimed. "Is that what you call them? I don't! I suppose you mean that she helped me with money at one time. Well, I paid it back. And she is paying Lawrence's tuition—but she insisted on doing that. I never asked her to send the lad to a private school. I always supposed he would have to go to a public school—as thousands of others nice lads do. She loves the boy and likes to do things for him."

"But you benefited by her love for him and us," I insisted.

"If I do I pay well for it in the lack of my wife's society whenever her mother wants her," he retorted. "Yes, only last week, when he asked me to take a little trip to the mountains with him, and I protested that I could not leave the children, he said easily, 'Oh, send them over to your mother.'"

"They might worry her," I ventured. "She is not very strong now, you know."

"Nonsense! She would love to have them. It will be a real kindness to her, to let them get here and amuse her and get her out of herself. Of course the nurse will accompany them so she'll have no work to do for them."

"That is the way she regards the matter. He takes all that my mother does for granted, because she is my mother and loves me and mine. Yet he rebels if she takes much of my time."

Another phase of the subject over which we quarrel occasionally is his habit of making silly jokes about mothers-in-law. I consider these in wretched taste as long as his wife's mother lives. But John thinks me absurdly sensitive on this point.

"There you go again, looking at everything through your mother's eyes and seeing harm and taking offense where none in the world was meant," he accuses.

The strangest phase of it all is that he protests that he is fond of my mother. If this be so, why can't he be nicer to her?

He is polite to her with a patronizing tolerance that would drive me to the very verge of exasperation were I in her place and which actually makes me ashamed of him. If she notices it she hides from me the knowledge that she does.

Yet he is quick to call my attention to any fault of hers.

"Did you notice," he asks, "that your mother was cross to-night?" or, "Why must your mother tell the same story over and over again?"

All of which only proves to me the truth of my contention that a mother's love is on a higher plane and of a less selfish nature than is a husband's. My mother wants my happiness above all else; my husband wants me, myself.

Neal of the Navy

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cats-paw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

Perilous Places.

Ponto shaded his mouth with his hand. "Whisper," he returned, "whisper. No one—not even he—shall hear."

For a moment he whispered into the ear of Hernandez. When he had finished Hernandez rose to his feet—with glittering eyes.

"It's here," he said, in his turn tapping his forehead. "I have it. By heaven, this time they shall not get away."

Ten days later Annette Ilington, now called the little white angel even by the shore squad from the cruiser, felt her skirts plucked by a clutching hand. She looked down. A native—a mere bag of bones in a jumble of rags—crouched at her feet.

"Little white angel," whined the native in Spanish—and Annette had learned enough of the tongue to listen to appeals for help—"my daughter—just like you—so kind, and pretty. She lies at death's door. You have food, you have medicine—and you can lay your hand on her. She will get well. What you have done for others you can do for her."

An officer from the Albany turned the corner. Annette's heart leaped. The man was Neal Hardin.

"Neal," she cried, "listen to him—talk to him for me. Ask him where his daughter is—I'll go unless it's too far."

Neal spoke to the man in his native language. The man jabbered back eloquently.

"Only a short distance out of town," said Neal, "over that hill."

"I'll go," said Annette.

Neal pondered for a moment. "All right," he said, "and I'm free just now. I'll go with you."

The native leaped to his feet with alacrity and ran crookedly ahead of them. Outside of the town they plunged into undergrowth and then through woods—but the ground was dry and the trail was fairly good.

At the door of a hut the native paused and motioned them in.

Neal and Annette entered side by side. In a dark corner was a huddled shape under a filthy cloth. Annette sprang toward it. At that instant the native dropped to the ground and clutched Neal's ankles tightly in each hand. At the same instant the huddled figure in the corner leaped to its feet—it was no stricken girl—it was Hernandez, with the light of triumph in his eyes. And at the same instant Ponto and the brute sprang into the fray.

It was only a matter of a moment before Annette and Neal found themselves bound and lying on the floor.

Neal, after a few gasps for breath, smiled at Annette forlornly.

Hernandez stamped his foot. "I will give you two minutes to produce the map of Lost Isle," he said, "and if it is not then forthcoming."

He paused. "Go on," said Neal, "what then?"

At the end of two minutes he thrust his watch back into his pocket. He signed to Ponto. "The helmets," he commanded, "and the gloves."

Ponto produced two sets of crudely-fashioned head nets and hand gloves made of mosquito netting. Inez had told him how to make them. Hernandez donned one set and Ponto donned the other.

Neal and Annette, each with a guard of two behind, were forced to leave the hut, and forced down the trail on the farther side of the small hill.

After fifteen minutes' walk they halted. Ponto spoke sharply to the native who was with them.

"Lead on," he commanded; "you know the way."

"Ah," said the native, "I and mightly few beside. Be careful now."

Ponto turned to Hernandez. "This," he said, "is the cause of all the pestilence—this is the quagmire at the bottom of our hill—mosquito swamp."

"There are not so many mosquitoes here," returned Hernandez, "not enough in fact."

The native grinned. "Not now—but at night they are legion—they are fiends, foul fiends. And they breed pestilence. On. Follow me."

Back at the Inn of the Spanish Don Neal Hardin's mother began to grow restive—Annette had not returned—Neal was nowhere to be seen. Once the surgeon stepped in and inquired for Neal. After that Mrs. Hardin made inquiries of her own. No one knew where he was—no one had seen the little white angel.

Out in the swamp Neal and Annette were conducted to a small, swampy islet, green with dark growth—upon which there was barely foothold.

"This," said the native to Hernandez, "is the place of which I told. From this there is no escape."

Hernandez bowed. "You have chosen pests and pestilence, your friends," he said. "Good-night, and pleasant dreams. Now take us back."

Back at the hut, the native was bowing low. Hernandez poured much coin into his hand. "And mind," said Hernandez, "close mouth for two days at any rate, you dog."

In one way he was close-mouthed. In another way he was well. He started for the nearest tavern, and bent his elbow with great frequency and every time he bent his elbow he opened his mouth—and to some purpose—after awhile he began to treat—and talk—and show his money. And then, to prove he was an honest

man and no thief, like others there, he began to tell just how he had become so very rich in such a short space of time. . . . they listened to him open mouthed. Among them were men, sober men, whose families had been ministered to by the angel sent from heaven—a little white angel. One of these men suddenly sprang to his feet and grabbed the boaster by the scruff of the neck—and, notwithstanding struggles, carried him, pell mell, from the wine shop.

Back in the Inn of the Spanish Don, the proprietor was protesting that he had not seen Gunner Neal—had not learned of the whereabouts of the little white angel—Senorita Annette Ilington. A dozen bluejackets were on hand—the surgeon was there. Mrs. Hardin, wild-eyed in the glare of the smoky lamps, was sobbing hysterically. Inez looked on calmly. Suddenly into the midst of this company was propelled an intoxicated native—a bag

of bones clad in a jumble of rags. Another native pounced upon him and shook him like a terrier shakes a rat.

"This man, senior," said the sober native, "curses on him—he knows where the little white angel is. Come, he will guide us there. Tell them, you dog."

The dog told. He didn't want to but neither did he like the prick of bayonets through his hide—so he told, and then he led the way. By the time they had reached the outskirts of the town, the whole town was with them.

Hernandez, in his hut, heard the commotion. He knew in his bones what it was. "Come on," he cried to Ponto, "we're going back into that swamp—I swore they should not get away—you swore it, too."

"How will we get there," shivered Ponto.

"The Brute is a brute," said Hernandez, "where he has been once, he can always find the way. Come. Lead on—lead on."

The Brute, under the usual stimulant of cuffs and blows, led on. Ponto followed. At the edge of the swamp, Hernandez, with a wicked smile, dropped silently to one side and crawled behind a clump of bushes.

Out on that fateful islet in the center of the quagmire, Neal, his eyes heavy lidded with sleep, was holding Annette in his arms. She was oblivious. Suddenly he woke her up and sprang to his feet, drawing her with him.

"Someone comes," he whispered. No sooner had he said it than the Brute was upon them. He seized Neal as in a vise. But Neal—a trickster in a wrestling match—wriggled out of his grasp. He seized a heavy stick and lunged at the Brute. The Brute engaged him once again. Ponto tore the stick away from Neal, and whirling it about his head, brought it down with a resounding crack upon Neal's head.

Neal dropped like a log.

Ponto, knowing the reason for haste, turned and looked about him. He was puzzled by Hernandez' absence, but this was no time to wonder. He drew a knife and started toward Annette.

(To Be Continued.)

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