

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

How Grace Draper Lost the Game for Dicky.

DO not think I shall ever forget the tennis game which Harry Underwood and I played against Dicky and Grace Draper at our home in Marvin.

Lillian, ostensibly reading a magazine, but in reality watching every move keenly, sat in a rustic chair under the big oak tree which was one of the landmarks of the place. She had refused to play because, by not doing so, she was better able to carry out her plan of spoiling the friendship between Dicky and Grace Draper.

To my great astonishment, Dicky was a bit sulky. He was too clever to let anything of his feelings appear on the surface, and I am sure that neither Grace Draper nor Harry Underwood guessed it in the first stages of the game. But I, who know every change of expression on my husband's face, realized that he was distinctly out of humor, because I was not his partner in the tennis doubles. I was sure from a sly twinkle in Lillian's eye that she also had already read him.

I was clear-headed enough, however, to realize that it was only because of my superior skill in tennis that Dicky wanted me. The dreary miserable days of the late summer, when he had seemed to forget my very existence in his infatuation for the girl beside him, were fresh in my memory. I dared not hope that her hold on him was loosening in spite of Lillian's chattering assurances.

But the knowledge that Dicky wished my small skill in the game to range beside him instead of Harry Underwood served me to my very best efforts. With the touch of feminine malice which any woman would understand I grimly resolved that if I could help it, Dicky should lose not only the sets but the match to Harry Underwood had made with him.

"There! I think that will hold you for a while," Harry Underwood laughed gleefully, as I made a cross court shot returning one of Dicky's strokes that landed entirely out of his reach.

"Set one, game one, Underwood," shouted Lillian in imitation of a megaphone.

An involuntary little frown drew down Dicky's eyebrows, but it was gone in an instant, and he laughed in sportmanlike fashion. "We'll laugh last and best," he prophesied.

"Now, Mr. Maurice McLaughlin, Jr.," he waved his hand mockingly at Harry. "let's have some of your famous drives."

Not a Match.

I never had seen Harry Underwood play tennis, although I had heard from Dicky that he was remarkably skillful. Privately, I had thought that he was far too indolent and sleepy looking to excel in any sport.

But on the tennis court he was a man transformed. His drives were magnificent, smashing ones, and he appeared to be everywhere on the court at once, moving with an agility that astonished me. Only his quickened breathing and a brightening of his usual ruddy color betrayed the fact that he was somewhat out of training.

With a little thrill at my heart I saw that good player as he was, Dicky's skill was almost, if not quite, equal to his.

I realized the reason for Dicky's desire to have me at his side in the game. In singles he had the chance to defeat his friend, but in doubles whichever man had the less skillful partner would be practically certain of defeat.

We played practically all the afternoon, stopping only for the iced tea which Kate brought out proudly on my new tea wagon.

Had the consciousness, which was like a savior to my wounded pride, that I had never played better in my life. How I blessed the memory of my brother-in-

law, Jack Bickett, who had taught me to play tennis when I was a very young girl, and who had seen that I kept up my practice whenever he was in the city. He had belonged to a tennis club with grounds near Mrs. Stewart's boarding house in Brooklyn, where I had lived for so many years with my mother. And our games there had been many and exciting.

If I had not known that Grace Draper was deliberately trying to take my husband's love away from me I should have felt sorry for the girl as the afternoon wore away.

She belonged to the tennis club of Marvin. She had evidently practiced very little. She was a very mediocre player. Game after game she lost for Dicky, both by her failure to return easy balls that came within her reach, and her foolish, futile attempts to return balls which Dicky easily could have gotten if it had not been for her interference.

What Harry Said.

The last game of the fifth set, which we finished as dusk was coming on, was practically played between the two men. Dicky rushed back and forth madly, calling to Miss Draper "T! take it," whenever the balls came near her position.

"Underwood 40, Graham 30," chanted Lillian; then maliciously, "only one point more, Dicky bird, and you'll win your bet even if you do lose the game."

I remembered that Mr. Underwood had wagered that no game would go even to Dicky, and I watched tensely as Mr. Underwood made another of his forehead drives.

Dicky returned it skillfully, and then the two sent the ball back and forth in a pretty exhibition of volleys as one would wish to see.

At last Harry Underwood saw his chance. He cunningly dropped the ball almost at Grace Draper's feet. She had been so intent upon admiring Dicky and his skill that she was not ready for the ridiculously easy return which the lob required.

She gasped, struck at it wildly, but failed to hit it, and Lillian's aggravating chant again rose:

"Set five, game six, Underwood wins—game and bet."

The blood rushed to Dicky's face, and I saw him bite his lip. I knew the quickness of his temper, and had a sudden quick vision of the impatient words with which he would have greeted a similar mistake if I had made it.

"Oh, Mr. Graham," Miss Draper cooed, "I am so sorry. What a perfectly awful thing for me to do! But I was so busy watching your splendid playing that I really forgot I had anything to do with the game at all."

Her face was flushed out of its usual pallor, her eyes were shining, her lips, luscious, crimson as the draped silken scarf about her waist, were parted like a child's as she looked up at him. She was absolutely the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life.

It was just enough to acknowledge this, although my heart throbbed with a primitive hatred of her and a fierce jealousy of Dicky as I saw his face light up in admiration of her beauty.

"Don't you care," he said brightly, "there are other days and other things beside tennis."

I heard her murmur something, the words of which I could not catch, and then she thrust out a dainty foot, and Dicky dropped down on his knees to the lace which had become unfastened.

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FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw

THE CLOTHES THAT HAVE AROUSED THE GREATEST INTEREST.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Get-in-the-Way Folks

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A CLERGYMAN resigned from his job in New Jersey the other day, and went out to look for another, all because he had a definite idea of how his work should be done and proposed to do it according to his convictions or not at all.

Perhaps he should not have acted so—clergymen never have much saved up for any such rainy day as that, and it may make it rather hard for him and for his family until he can get the new position. But some way I like the man for having ideas, and for having the courage to say he has them. They belong to him. He's not ashamed of them. And I like him because he's ready to fight for them—don't you? Maybe you don't agree with me—I mean that I like people who are in the way. Sometimes they make me very angry at first, but pretty soon I'm sure to find that they are my best friends.

I was hurrying as fast as ever I could to get to a meeting on time the other day—just to surprise the friends there who knew me. I started to cross a busy street with my eyes so fixed on the building where that wonderful surprise was about to take place that I was nothing less than furious with an awkward little woman who fell against me and shoved me back on to the safety zone.

In two minutes we were exchanging cards and I was trying as best I could to thank her for saving my life. She belongs on my list of the Get-in-the-Way Folks now, and we are going to have tea together in my garden next Saturday. We set that day because I wanted to be sure to have several other Get-in-the-Way Folks there and that's their only "time off."



Winifred Black

Others of the Clan.

There's the girl in the big shop who followed me from one department to another, making herself very annoying standing so close. I finally complained and found she had been getting between me and the rich Mrs. Blank, a kleptomaniac, whose eyes had been attracted by a foolishly ornate handbag I had bought, right over the heads of two Get-in-the-Way Folks, and into which I had just thrust a sum of vast proportions—for my purse. It seems Mrs. Blank makes up all amounts taken by Mrs. Blank, but the shop thinks it better business to get in the way—when possible.

If it hadn't been for that girl, I might never have known what became of my little fortune. The lack of it would have been all I could have accounted for.

I want the children to be at the tea—oh, how much I owe them for getting in the way! I can't begin to count the regular bores they've saved me from, and the unhappy letters I'd have read through to their doleful denouncements if the children hadn't been in the way.

Have you ever noticed how children are sure to get in the way when you are in the midst of a fast-reaching-the-boiling-point discussion? Why! I'd have lost dozens and dozens of friends if the little Get-in-the-Way Folks hadn't happened in at the right moment and asked for a biscuit or a bit of cake.

The clergyman in New Jersey said his parish was asleep. They were all highly respectable and comfortably lazy. They didn't want any one to bother them about the hardships of the girls who worked in their shops, or of the men who toiled in their factories, or the widow in the cottage down the road who was trying to bring up her little family against terrible odds, or the children in their own families who were being raised in the midst of the poisonous weeds of luxury.

Those were all Get-in-the-Way Folks and the clergyman was the worst Get-in-the-Way of all, and they'd thank him to hand in his resignation and

seek other fields where the people wouldn't be so frightfully annoyed if he got in the way.

I wish I could have the joy of spending one long, wonderful day selecting people for public offices, positions of trust, heads of departments, teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, nurses, wives, husbands—oh, what a day it would be of tremulous hope in the future!

What They Would Do.

Every Get-in-the-Way person I know, I'd choose. All my good friends, the Get-in-the-Way Folks, would get a message from me that day, for I'd be good or bad—that were gaining the mastery of doing men and women. They'd turn the traffic down new roads while the deep worn ruts in the old ones were filled with fresh earth.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

How She Actually Made a Summer Frock at a Cost of Only Five Dollars.

HAVE been sewing like a madwoman for two days in order to "make good" something I said at Clare Thompson's tea. We were discussing dress, and I remarked that the reason the majority of women were not becomingly and smartly frocked was not that they lacked the means, only good taste.

Clare agreed with me, backing up my statement with the argument that lovely materials can be bought at the sales for next to nothing, and that it is an easy matter to copy the model gowns if you know anything at all about sewing. Her guest, Aline Bradley, who is the daughter of a copper magnate, disagreed with us. She said that it was impossible for a girl to be well dressed unless she had a generous allowance, and that home-made frocks were not even to be thought of.

Clare looked at me and smiled, knowing that most of my clothes are home-made, and nodded for me to take things into my own hands. I told Miss Bradley that it was not only possible to make a good looking dress at home, but that it need not cost a penny more than \$5. She looked at me as if she thought that I belonged in a padded cell, but this didn't faze me. I said that before she left the lake I'd show her a stunning frock made by myself at a cost of \$5.

Bright and early the next morning I jumped into the roadster and was soon at the best shop in the "county seat."

Fortunately I happened to strike a sale of fine white organdie, and was able to buy the number of yards required for my dress for \$5. I selected organdie because it is extremely wide, is "classy looking," and is one of the popular materials this season.

Then I spent 50 cents for a remnant of fine white net—to be used for the sleeves—and 75 cents for a piece of cherry-red ribbon for the girde. I bought red because it was the only piece of faille ribbon on the table at that price. The re-



Youthful Frock of White Organdie.

with narrow loops of the material, which hang downward. This was the only way I could think of to trim the frock without using lace or embroidery, which would have added to the cost.

I turned up a deep hem and sewed it by hand. After gathering the top of the skirt I machine-stitched it to the waistband.

The following morning I began the bodice. I designed it to fasten in the back, and with dropped shoulders and a square décolletage. I trimmed it with narrow bands, edged with the loops to harmonize with the skirt, and softened the neckline with two narrow folds of white net.

The sleeves, however, are the truly "smart" feature of my \$5 frock. They are of the type known as "Henry of Navarre." First, I made tiny, puffed sleeves of organdie and gathered them into narrow, snugly fitted armbands. I stitched them to the dropped armholes, shaping them so that they ran up into a point over each shoulder. Then, from the set I cut long, glove-like sleeves, fitting them closely to the arms and extending them well over the hands. I used small, white, crocheted buttons and a row of buttonholes at the outer edge of each sleeve so that it would fit without a wrinkle.

The next step was to sew the snap fasteners in place, to attach the skirt to the bodice, and as a final touch, to add the cherry-red ribbon girde.

Nothing could be more dainty and youthful looking than this frock. And I felt almost as proud as Peter Pan when he flapped his wings and cried, "I am wonderful!"

Of course, the girls were too extravagant in their expressions over the success of the frock. I was thoroughly satisfied with Miss Bradley's hate-to-dell-but-I-must expression when she said: "It is a very pretty little summer frock, and I must admit that I never thought any sort of a dress could be made for \$5. It's wonderful, dear!"

Three Minute Journeys

By TEMPLE MANNING

WHERE THE SPIRIT OF RICE IS WORSHIPPED AT THE HARVEST.

AMONG the Sakai of Perak nearly every day of every year has its one precise way in which it must be begun, carried on and ended. Superstition fostered by the magicians is responsible for this ritualization of even simple duties. Therefore, it is not surprising that when so important an event as a harvest is begun that it should be entered upon with the most solemn rites.



Summoning the Rice Spirit.

When the rice is ripe all those interested in the harvest gather in the field at sunrise. The chief magician stands before the hut that is to house the rice-spirit and fills a sack brimful with rice—an obvious piece of symbolism. Then he inserts into the sack a "fusi" or reaping knife, to the handle of which is stuck a piece of beewax which symbolizes the waxlike nature of the rice when it is boiled. With his face to the rising sun the magician then invokes the spirit of the rice. Taking seven rice plants he then to the handle of the fusi, takes them with the "rice soul" into the hut and there leaves them for three days. During these three days only women

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I have been keeping company with a young man who has worked on the railroad for two years. He says he cares a great deal for me. He is away all the time, so will you please advise me what to do? Shall I continue to accept attention?

A LONESOME GIRL: This is a question for your own self, my dear, little, lonesome girl. You are the only one who can decide it. Of course it is hard to have your sweetheart away all the time, but if you are really in love you won't think of that at all. You'll just think how much more this particular man means to you, and while you will be sorry that you cannot see him often, you'll feel that you had rather have him for a day or two now and then than that some other man all the time.

So, remember that it is not how much he is with you, but how much you love him that counts. Then let your heart decide for you. Write me again, for I'll always be glad to hear from you.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.