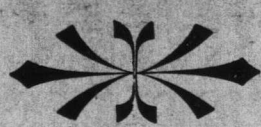


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MARSHALL BROTHERS.

Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Fuenke

The Skeleton in the Closet

The Barkers had returned from their visit, and again Marian saw a good deal of them. The day after Mrs. Walther's dinner, Marian took a stroll with Miss Barker, and gave her a vivid description of her evening with the scribes. "Do you care for that sort of thing?" inquired the Boston woman. "I've seen a little bit of these Bohemian circles, and can't say that I care for it. They lead such a free-and-easy, slipshod, unconventional existence. Not merely occasionally, but all the time. I should hate to see you mix too much with them. Cigarettes, liquor, outlandish hours, and all that sort of thing, don't make women womanly. I may be old fashioned, but it's the way I feel."

Marian instinctively assumed a defensive frame of mind. "The things you speak of are quite as objectionable to me as they are to you," she said hastily. "But I'm going to tell you something you didn't know. I'm divorced. I've nobody but myself to depend upon. I've got to make a living. I've tried vainly to get started in many different lines of work. More by accident than any other way, I seem to have turned toward writing. I'm the merest amateur at writing, and can't help feeling that a certain amount of association with people who write will help me."

"Possibly," replied Miss Barker. Marian divined that her declaration about her divorce, a piece of information she had carefully withheld from the Barkers, had nearly knocked her companion off her feet. Honed to sensitiveness by past experiences, Marian thus far since her arrival in New York had kept her secret to herself. To-day she had blurted it out in defense of conduct which seemed to fret Miss Barker. She regarded Bohemia solely as a means to an end, and had felt called upon to explain the circumstances of her course to this young woman whose regard she valued.

"Do you know," said Miss Barker, after a moment's silence, "I sometimes think that it is better to suffer

almost anything rather than to resort to divorce."

"Please let's not discuss it," Marian made haste to reply. The subject had become a nightmare to her, and its discussion odious. Why had she mentioned this skeleton in her closet?

The conversation veered into other channels, but it lacked the spontaneity of former chats with Miss Barker. The unpleasant fact of Marian's domestic misfortune seemed to have reared a wall, unseen but keenly felt, between them. Marian knew with deadly certainty that she had fallen a degree in the other's estimation. The knowledge brooded like a shadow over her. She rebelled against this development. She felt that she did not merit it.



"You're a suffragette, I suppose," remarked Miss Barker abruptly.

"You're a suffragette, I suppose," remarked Miss Barker abruptly, in a tone of kindly curiosity, yet not without a hint of that patronizing attitude which one woman sometimes assumes toward another whom she regards subconsciously, as a trifle inferior.

"I certainly am," declared Marian impulsively. "Men have made a good deal of a mess of things. Women can't possibly do any worse. Perhaps they can do a little better. I feel a pitying contempt for a woman who doesn't want and demand the ballot."

Wedding Bells.

At the Methodist Church, Clarendon, on Thursday, July 23rd, at 5 p.m., by the Rev. J. C. Winsor, Mr. Philip Stanley and Miss Mary Vardy were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride's trousseau was beautifully arranged. After the ceremony a reception was given at 7 p.m. in their new residence to upward of a hundred of their friends who wish them both an unbroken period of conjugal felicity. Miss Susie Stanley and Mr. W. Wiseman acted as chaperones and made things hum at the reception room. Mr. P. Stanley was formerly a locomotive engineer with the R. N. Co., and while working in that capacity gained a good knowledge of his work and was liked by all. His new home which he prepared for his happy young bride, is evidence enough that he considered the seriousness of that matrimonial contract before entering the field for better or for worse. Next to his young bride, we wish to congratulate him on his nice home and trust he will always enjoy the same. His present to the bride was a handsome gold watch and chain. Both were the recipients of many useful presents, and all their friends here wish them many years of wedded bliss.—M.L.B.

Old Mother Hubbard.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, but when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog got none. Then old Mother Hubbard she sat down and blubbered, and roasted the scandalous trusts: "They're surely inhuman, to rob a poor woman of even the bones and the crusts. I'll write to the papers and show up their capers, and prove that we need a reform; I'll skin them completely, and do it up neatly, while I am indignant and warm." The old woman's neighbours, who stuck to their labours, had plenty of grub in their flat. They promptly made payments for bonnets and raiment, their bow wows were rolling in fat. But old Mother Hubbard, she idled and rubbered, at suffragist meetings, and such, and so she was hollow, with nothing to swallow, while sensible beldames got rich. The wise dames are baking the johnnycakes making, they work the old stove till it busts, with ladylike ardor they stock up the larder, and so they can laugh at the trusts.

Visitors' Race.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir.—Seeing that we have so many of our fellow countrymen visiting us for the Regatta, perhaps a race could be gotten up between them. Say, for instance a crew could be found to defend the "Hub" against New York. Many of the returned countrymen are good oarsmen, and may be they would relish a race on Kitty Vitty just for old time sake. It would add considerable interest to the Derby to see some of our visitors take a hand in the game.

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Our Regular Customers are enthusiastic over our Underwear Values, 90c. per suit up to \$3.10 for Silk Underwear.

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