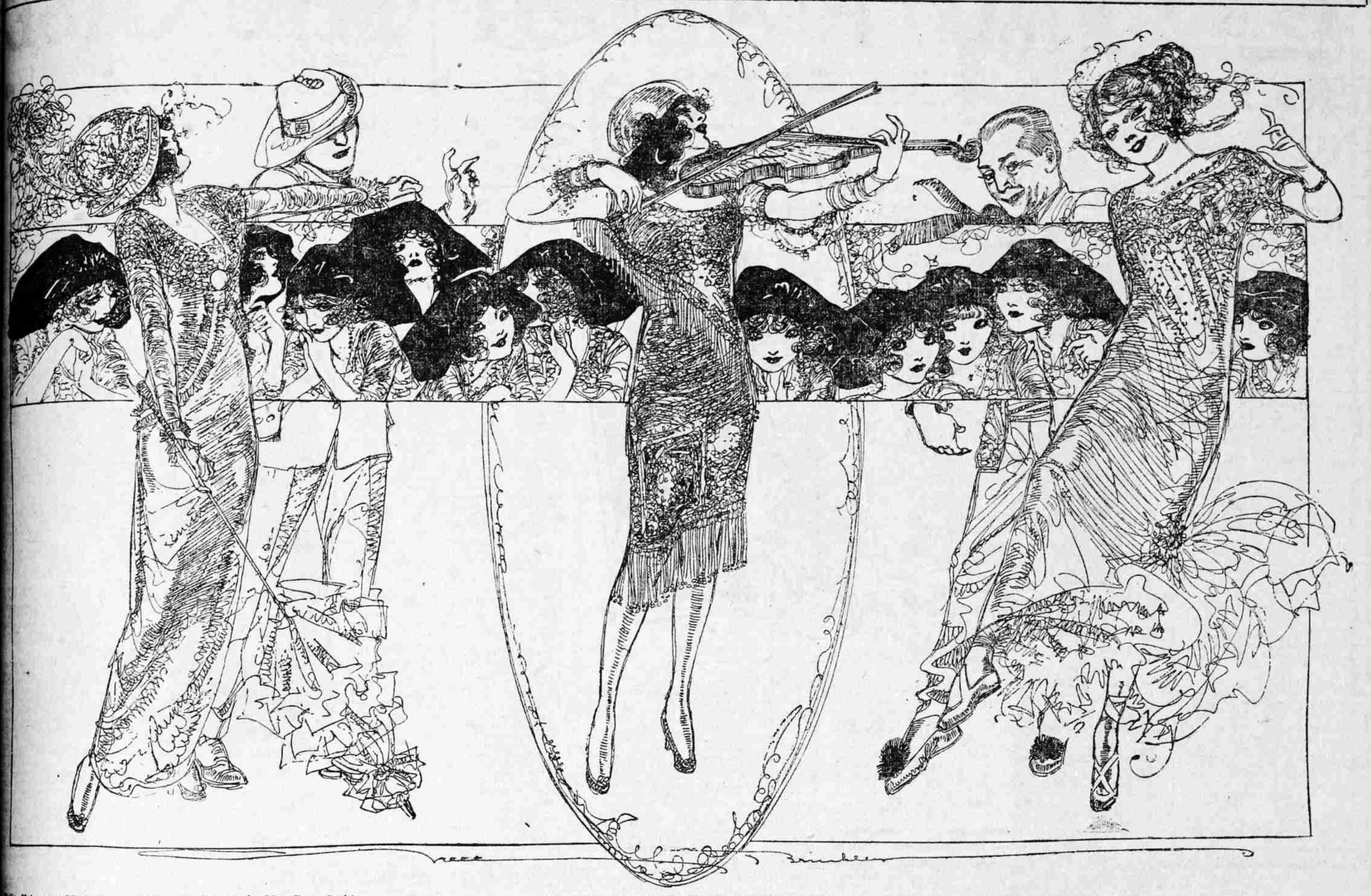
"THE MAN FROM COOK'S" AS SEEN BY NELL BRINKLEY



Della Hoban as Marjorie. Walter Percival as the Man From Cook's. Nonette Lyle, Playing "Darling, I Am Growing Old." Fred Walton as Toto. Eleanor Pendleton as Estelle.

Married Life the Third Year

Warren Was Not Displeased---It Was Only Helen's Imagination

ISABEL HERBERT URNER.

HELEN was never a brilliant conversationalist. No one could ever accuse her of trying to scintillate. As a rule when she was in company, only when Warren was present was more or less self-conscious and much preferred to listen to talk.

Tonight she was unusually quiet. We all have occasional moments of exhilaration, when we give away with unconscious vivacity when we "let ourselves go" and often regret it afterwards. And for Helen this was such a moment.

Perhaps it was because the day had been a very happy one. It was Sunday, and Warren had been with her all day, and he had been unusually companionable. In the morning he had read the papers, and then reading something aloud while she sat happily by her mending basket. In some way Helen was a little heathen. She would never see why it was wicked to sew or mend on Sunday instead of doing anything else. And she never happier than when on Sunday morning Warren would read to her while she sat idle in a low chair beside him.

This afternoon they had gone for a long walk, and came home in time to dress and get over to the Stevenses, with whom they had promised to dine.

Warren's mood seemed infectious. He was told some very clever stories. And even Warren, who usually told stories, but when he did he told them with inimitable humor. He related some incidents of his Western trip.

Her Kitten.

Helen found herself telling about Purrmew's antics. How he always nosed her way into the hat box, and how she had found him in Delia's bandbox on top of her new Easter hat without knocking off the lid, and how pleased and angry Delia had been when she found her there. The story in itself was very trivial, but it was the way she told it gave it charm.

"Now, Helen, give us that imitation of the woman at the suffrage meeting," demanded Warren.

"No, no," blushing. "I can't do that."

"Why, why not? Of course, you can!" Then, turning to Mrs. Stevens, "She went to a suffrage meeting the other day and came back and took off one of the speakers. Jove, it was out of sight! Give it to us, Kitten; let's see."

Any other time Helen could not have been persuaded to do this before any one but Warren, but now she yielded to their insistence. She even stood up to better give the effect. If she had done well before, she surpassed herself now. She gave as much of the speech as she could remember, and then made up a great deal more. All in the same shrill, ranting tones of the suffragette who was making her first speech in public, and who felt that it was only necessary to make many vigorous gestures and use many high-sounding phrases about "woman's rights," "woman's independence" and "down-trodden womankind."

Helen had a natural talent for mimicry. She could come home from the theater and imitate the actors with an irresistible drollery all her own.

And now while they were still convulsed with laughter at her suffragette impersonation, Warren insisted that she take off the star of a play they had just seen. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Stevens had also seen the play, and they all shouted at the clever mimicry.

Flushed with excitement and urged on by their roars of laughter, Helen gave one imitation after another until she finally sank breathless into her chair.

Warren Is Pleased.

"Bravo, Kitten, bravo!" exclaimed Warren. "We'll have you in vaudeville yet."

"Why, dear, you're WONDERFUL," and Mrs. Stevens leaned forward with genuine admiration. "Why didn't you let any of us know you could do this?"

"That's what I want to know," demanded Mr. Stevens. "Think of what we've been missing."

"Oh, it's a different little Kitten, and it doesn't often show off in public" laughed Warren.

But in spite of the lightness of his tone there was an unmistakable note of pride in his voice that set Helen's heart a-flutter.

She was intoxicated with it all, with the sense of her own success and with the praise and admiration they had showered upon her, and above all with the realization that Warren was proud of her.

She was conscious, too, that she was looking unusually well. Every now and then she caught her reflection in the mirror of the sideboard opposite. The dainty pale blue chiffon gown, that she had bought since Warren's return, brought out all the fairness and delicate coloring of her skin. And she knew that several times that evening there had been a look of admiration in Warren's eyes as they rested upon her, that had not been there for many months.

"Shall we have some coffee in the other room?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

"Oh, no, let's have it here," answered her husband. "There's something companionable about sitting around a table that you can't get anywhere else."

And so they lingered long over their coffee, laughing and talking with the sense of well-being that a good dinner and good company sometimes brings.

Never had Helen been so animated. Never had she so "let herself go." She was vaguely conscious that for her she was talking a great deal but she was conscious, too, that she was talking well. Never had words and ideas come so fluently. Usually in the evenings they spent with the Stevenses she would listen quietly to Warren and Mr. Stevens, but tonight they were listening to her.

But suddenly at the very height of her animation she felt Warren's foot touch hers under the table. She glanced at him quickly to find him frowning disapprovingly.

She Is Warned.

It was as sudden and as subduing as a dash of cold water. All her exhilaration instinctively faded into an anguished self-consciousness.

What had she said? What HAD she done? She looked at him in mute inquiry. He was still frowning, but he was looking away from her now. Plainly he did not wish to exchange glances for fear the Stevenses might notice. But again she felt the warning nudge under the table.

For the rest of the evening she was as silent as she had been talkative before, and she was unutterably wretched. Oh, why had she so let herself go? It seemed to her now that she had talked much more than she really had. Her imitations, too, seemed now very foolish and undignified.

Oh, how could she have let a little applause lead her on to make such a spectacle of herself? And so in her mind she exaggerated everything and tortured herself with the exaggerations, as only a sensitive, imaginative woman can.

The rest of the evening seemed interminable. She was feverishly anxious to get away. When at last they left she sould hardly wait until they reached the street before she asked quiveringly:

"Warren, what WAS it? What DID I do?"

"What did you do?" blankly.

"Oh, I know—I know I talked too much! I know I was excited all evening—but what did I say or do just then that made you stop me?"

"Stop you?" still blankly.

"Why, yes, when you frowned and nudged me at the table?"

"What ARE you talking about, anyway?"

"Oh, Warren, don't! Couldn't you see I anguished over it all the rest of the evening? I don't know WHAT made me run on so at dinner—you know I'm NEVER like that!"

"Well, you were a darn sight more attractive than I'd ever seen you. Don't know what you're talking about now."

"Why, WARREN!" in bewilderment. "Then what made you frown at me? What made you nudge me with your foot?"

"Guess you dreamed it." And then as something dawned on him he threw back his head and roared. "Jove, you ARE a little goose! That must have been when my foot went to sleep under the table. Didn't know I was frowning—but was moving it around to stop the tingle. Well, that is good! So that's what you thought? By George, that's rich!" and again he roared.

"Oh, Warren, I don't think it's a bit funny," indignantly. "It's simply spoiled my evening. It made me feel that I talked too much and that I'd been too—too" faltering for want of a word. "And, oh, I anguish over it so!"

"Oh, well," indifferently "you anguish over anything. Half your trouble comes from anguish over imaginary things, anyhow."

The Importance of Breathing Deeply

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"THE properties that we have been wondering at and labeling as almost miraculous in the new element radium are possessed in small but measurable degree by the internal organs of our own bodies. Our brains are especially radio active, the heart is less so, and the kidneys still less. As our means of detecting radio-activity become more delicate we are discovering it in more and more natural objects and substances. How do our organs acquire it? From the food we eat, or from the air we breathe? We do not know; but possibly the latter alternative is more probable, since the lungs are very radio-active."

That is what science says about radium.

Now since science has spoken the word for the breath, perhaps the men and women who have given no heed to the voice of the seers will listen and learn the great FACT.

A well-known physician said years ago:

"Excepting troubles resulting from physical violence, every physical trouble can be traced to the imperfection of blood supply of the body. Blood is the agent that gives life to every cell in the body, and the health of every individual cell depends on the quantity and quality of the blood that nourishes it.

"The quantity and quality of blood depends on the food and on THE AIR WE BREATHE."

Then the doctor (who is an eminent metaphysician as well as physician) urges us to drink two quarts of pure water daily and to BREATHE, BREATHE, BREATHE often, deeply and long.

Deep breathing acts as a massage for the internal organs.

Too great stress cannot be laid on the important part the MIND PLAYS in stimulating the organs of the body to perform their proper functions, he says again.

Here is a part of his mental formula:

"I am breathing in the air; it is reaching every part of my lung cells. It is creating good, rich blood and supplying every part of my body. Health is my birthright. I am obtaining it from the life essentials, nutritious food, pure water and fresh air."

The physician insists that this mental assertion, made with the deep breathing and the partaking of pure food, will benefit every invalid and eventually cure any malady.

Thought is a positive dynamic force that takes form in action.

But he adds:

"THE BODY REQUIRES THE LIFE ESSENTIALS—AIR, FOOD, WATER—AND ALL THE AFFIRMATIONS OR AUTO SUGGESTIONS OFFERED BY NEW THOUGHT WILL NOT CURE UNLESS the physical body is given proper attention."

And, first of all, comes BREATH as a life essential.

Here is a rule for deep breathing:

Take a full long, deep breath that extends the chest and the abdomen.

Then hold the chest distended and let the breath go out by drawing the abdomen in and up.

Repeat this exercise seven times, and not less than three times daily.

This exercise, done while walking, is earnestly recommended:

Breathe through the nostrils, AND MAKE THE MENTAL ASSERTIONS OF HEALTH AND PHYSICAL PERFECTION WITH EACH BREATH.

Here is a Rosary to use in breathing. Say mentally:

This fresh air I am breathing in, is RADIUM.

It contains undreamed of power to rejuvenate, heal and strengthen. It is filling my whole system; and driving out every undesirable condition. It is bringing me health, quiet sleep and pure blood. It is making my mind clear, and enabling me to do, and have whatever I wish.

Think of your breathing exercises as SCIENTIFIC methods of obtaining and keeping health.

Remember science has declared that the human body is radio-active. And that the lungs must draw in the qualities in the atmosphere which produce the wonderful thing, radium, we know.

The brain, which is the seat of radium, must be fed by the blood; and blood must be produced by air; and air must be pumped into the veins by BREATH.

Therefore, whatever your belief, or lack of belief, whatever your malady, or trouble, give deep breathing a trial.

Take the exercises three times a day for one month, never missing one day or one time.

Make your mental assertions while you breathe.

And then take mental and physical stock of yourself at the end of that time, and see if you are not richer in health, in strength, in mind and in happiness.

Is there anything in all this world that is of more importance to you than good digestion? Food must be eaten to sustain life and must be digested and converted into blood. When the digestion fails the whole body suffers. Chamberlain's Tablets are a rational and reliable cure for indigestion. They increase the flow of bile, purify the blood, strengthen the stomach, and tone up the whole digestive apparatus to a natural and healthy action. For sale by all dealers.

The Silly Girl Who Is in Love With a Married Man

BY DOROTHY DIX.

I HAVE a letter from a silly girl who writes:

"I am very much in love with a married man, who takes me out two or three times a week to dinners and the theater. This man swears that he worships me, but says that he doesn't intend to get a divorce from his wife because it would injure his business—he is a doctor—and that he doesn't want to give up his children. But he says he loves me better than anything on earth. Do you think he loves me when he frankly tells me that there is no chance of my ever becoming his wife?"

Does a man love a girl when he is deliberately ruining her good name for his own selfish pleasure?

Does a man love a girl when he places her in a position that he would shoot any other man down like a dog if he placed his own daughter or sister in?

Does a man love a girl when he takes the best years of her life and gives her nothing for them but shame and regret?

Does a man love a girl when he wins her love, knowing that he cannot marry her, and that he is keeping her from loving some other man who could marry her, and who would give her a home and the natural joy of woman, wifehood and motherhood?

Any girl who asks if a married man, who ruthlessly offers her up as a sacrifice to his passion, loves her is a fit inmate for an asylum for the feeble minded. She hasn't intelligence enough to be allowed out in public. She needs a guardian or to be locked up somewhere in a padded cell until she can take a good long think, and estimate just what such a love is worth—the love that brings her degradation instead of honor.

Over and above the folly and sin a girl commits in permitting herself to fall in love with a married man and accepting attention from him the idiocy of the thing appalls one. It shows such an utter lack of intelligence to play a game in which the cards are all stacked against you, and in which you are bound to lose out in the end. It brands one as such an easy mark to be lured into a game where one's opponent takes none of the risks.

For when a married man inveigles a girl into a love escapade he isn't even a square sport. She takes all the chances, he none. She gets all the blame, all the criticisms, she loses reputation and character, and people look at her askance. They jolly him about his new conquest, and about being such a devil of a fellow among the women. It's pretty unequal, isn't it?

And a woman's a mighty foolish, unsophisticated, soft kind of a mush to fall for it, don't you think?

How does the girl who has an affair with a married man figure out the situation? Where does she expect to come in? If she hopes to gain any advantage from it she must count on breaking up the man's home, and that's a cold-blooded piece of villainy that anybody short of a Lucretia Borgia might stop short of.

Certainly no girl with a married man's kiss on her lips dares to kneel down and whisper a prayer. She couldn't have the effrontery to ask God to bless her when she had been doing the best she could to bring sorrow on another woman's head, and rob a wife of the one dearest to her in life. Surely such a girl's dreams must be nightmares through which wail the cries of the little children from whom she is trying to steal their father.

It is an evil house, in which no woman lives happily or secure, that she builds on the wrecks of another woman's home that she has torn down. Yet if a girl isn't planning such a home for herself when she abets a married man in being false to his wife, what is she doing? If she doesn't expect him to divorce his wife and marry her what future does she conjure up for herself?

She knows that she is deliberately putting herself off from marriage with any other man, because there is nothing that so bespatters a girl's garments with mud as such an affair.

The girl may be really innocent of any actual wrong doing. She may have been more silly and sentimental than sinning, but the mere fact that she received a married man's attentions when she knew that they were bound to compromise her in the eyes of the world, and that she was willing to run such a risk, makes people invariably put the worst construction possible upon her acts.

Another way in which a girl's love affair with a married man is disastrous to her is that it almost always leaves her bankrupt in heart. She has given to him all the love, all the tenderness, all the faith and sweetness that were in her, and she has no more left. I have seen many such women, who developed into sour, disgruntled old maids. I have seen many other such women who married, and who were weary, bored, joyless wives, who gave a hard, cold duty to their husbands in return for the love that good men lavished upon them. These women had broken their alabaster box at the feet of false gods, and they had nothing to offer up to the true god of love.

I do not deny that there are real tragedies in which a married man, tied to a wife who is unworthy or uncongenial, and for whom he has no particle of affection, does sometimes meet a girl who is his real soul mate, and for whom he has an overwhelming love. But such a man, inspired by a real and honest love, would die before he would hurt the girl, or compromise her. If his love can bring her nothing but sorrow, he goes away and leaves her.

The acid test of a man's love for a woman is whether it cherishes and protects her, or hurts her. Try that, girls, when a married man makes love to you, and you'll send him back to the home where he belongs.

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