

PALLADIUM'S MAGAZINE AND HOME-PAGE

Married Life
the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

SUNDAY morning—a warm sun-shiny morning with all the softness of spring in the air. It was the first Sunday of Helen's life. She had awakened to find the sun streaming in at her window, and the room filled with the fragrance of cherry blossoms. She drew back the white muslin curtains and looked out on the old cherry tree that had blossomed just as profusely every spring since she could remember.

The lilac bush by the fence was also in bloom, and a bed of pink and white hyacinths added their fragrance to the air.

Over everything was the lazy peace and quiet of a village Sunday. At ten, the stillness was broken by the ringing of the church bells. Helen knew the sounds of them all—the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist. The faint one in the distance was the old Roman Catholic church.

Aunt Mollie insisted on staying home to take care of Winifred, so that Helen might go with her father and mother to church.

As they went down the walk and through the front gate, which swung to after them with the old familiar click, Helen felt as though she were living through again a Sunday morning of her girlhood.

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The dazzling sunlight filtered through the vivid-yellow green of the maple trees and lay in wavering patches on the walk. Now and then a buggy rattled by raising a cloud of dust from the dry dirt road.

Already several buggies and surreys were hitched to the white-washed palling of the trees before the church. The horses drooping heads and slowly switching tails were part of the whole lazy atmosphere.

Helen paused to glance at the old graveyard beside the church. There were a few stones, marked by their whiteness among the weather-beaten. The moss-covered slab under the willow tree was her grandmother's. How often as a child she had wondered long its inscription.

Here lies Sarah Joyce, the dearly beloved wife of Samuel David Joyce, who died at the age of 52 in the year of our Lord 1874. A faithful wife and a loving mother.

"The dearly beloved wife"—that phrase had a different meaning for Helen now. How much it meant! Had her grandmother been that—a "dearly beloved wife"? Had her grandfather been a happy one? Had her grandfather been tender and gentle, or had he at times been as coldly indifferent as Warren?

She thought of the quaint, old, du-guerr-type of her grandfather, standing beside his young wife, who was sitting stiffly in a straight-back chair, her hands primly folded. They had looked very simple and happy.

But even with an imagination as vivid as Helen's—it is difficult to picture romance in the life of one's grandparents. And she smiled now at her own whimsical sentiment.

Inside the church her father led the way to their family pew.

The carpet of the aisle and pulpit was a little more worn, the gilt glittering the same—even the red satin marker that lay between the leaves of the pastor's open Bible.

It was not the same pastor, but the droning monotonous notes of his voice were no different from his predecessors.

The hymn, a prayer, the announcement of the weekly prayer meeting, and the ladies' aid society, the reading of the text and then began the long and tedious sermon.

Helen settled herself back in the pew, her eyes on the nodding flowers of a child's hat in the seat before her, and her mind on Warren.

Where was he this morning? Would his Sunday be lonesome without her? Would he go to his mother's for dinner? Would they speak much of her? When they asked him about her—what would they say? Oh, if she could only know just how he would speak of her. If she could just hear the tones of his voice when he said "Helen" it would tell her so much.

While the minister droned on, Helen lived over scene after scene of the last year of her marriage. Had it been in her power to have made things different? That was the maddening question which was ever beating in her mind. With another woman—might he have been more loving? Had she been colder and more elusive—had she loved him less or shown it less—might he have loved her more?

After the service and benediction, Helen was surrounded by relations and friends. They stopped and talked in the aisle and again out on the steps. Uncle Martin and Cousin George were invited home with them to dinner.

As they walked slowly back, the village seemed even more lazy and sleepy than it had in the morning. Here and there some one lay in a hammock on the porch or under trees in the yard. An occasional dog stretch-

HAS PARIS GONE FASHION-FREAK CRAZY?

Here Is the Latest Fad of the Gay City.



Here's the latest? What next?

Of course there is nothing new under the sun—we all know that. But! But the wooden shoes of Holland would seem new if they appeared on Fifth avenue instead of on the dykes of the Netherlands.

Now consider the nose-ring.

A popular French actress has set all Paris to considering it, and when you introduce the favorite ornament of the Fiji Islander on the boulevards and boards of Paris, you get a new combination. To us a nose-ring suggests a painted savage or the prize bull at a county fair. To some of the giddy ladies of the gay French capital it has suggested a chance to appear with something novel, daring and attention compelling decorating (???) her just where it is sure to win attention.

Pug nose, Greek nose, straight nose, Roman nose, per-

haps they are going to swell the ring of ringed noses. A fashion from the Cannibal Isles! Paris, in taking up this freak fashion, daringly suggested by an amusing little actress, is watching to see if we will add the accomplishment of wearing this ornament (?) to our other accomplishment of dancing a la our newly popular friends, the savages.

The ankle bracelet has quite a number of followers—now the nose-ring has made its debut, and the question before the house is what next? But if we ever see one of our pretty little New York girls parading up the avenue with a ring in her nose, we either cut out Welsh rarebits forever or march straight to the best insanity expert we can find.

Nose-rings! Never! And you all agree, don't you, girls?

—OLIVETTE.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

On Flirting—The Flirting Woman Is Peculiar to America; Abroad She Is Regarded as of Light Character, and Even Here No Man Respects Her.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE was a handsome Spaniard passing along a New York street; and he glanced, no doubt, admiringly, at a beautiful woman, sitting in her carriage before a shop entrance.

The woman met his glance with a half smile. The man opened the carriage door and took a seat beside the woman.

She screamed and ordered him out. "But you smiled at me," the man said. "When a woman smiles at me, I think she likes me to sit beside her."

"You fool, I was only flirting," the woman retorted.

"I am a Spaniard and we do not understand the word flirting," the man replied. "And I am no fool. The wom-

an who flirts with a strange man is the fool."

The man was quite right. Only in America is that type of woman found—the woman who claims to be respectable, and who in reality is not vicious; yet who, by her conduct in public places, and toward strangers, compels an observer to question her morality and respectability.

There are women who do not seem to know the fine distinction between a man's admiration and his curiosity to test her good sense. Such women not only encourage the attentions of strangers, but frequently boast of these attentions as a proof of their own powers to attract admiration.

The wife of a successful business man, and a woman possessed of every earthly blessing, a good man's love, a

beautiful home, health and youth, was heard relating her experiences on a railroad journey.

A man had stared at her continually; finally he had walked past her two or three times; and at last had offered her a newspaper. She had accepted it; and the man had talked to her until she reached her destination. Again she had been followed on the street by a man for blocks; and still again a man had met her, and stared at her, and after she passed he had continued to stare.

"But how did you know," she was asked, "unless you turned and looked at him? It takes four eyes to make a stare objectionable."

Every decent-looking woman, under eighty years of age, is subjected to more or less of this experience on the streets of American cities. But if she conducts herself in a seemly and self-respecting manner she will not be annoyed by its continuance.

No man will presume to address a woman who is traveling alone if she does not return his glances.

No man will follow a woman many blocks if she gives him no encouragement—not unless he is a highwayman or a lunatic. If she refuses to look at him he will give up the chase finally.

There are many men of a cheap type who make advances to women in public places without any cause. But if the advance is ignored or resented it is not repeated.

Let no woman imagine she is possessed of peculiar or unusual attractions because she has these experiences.

And let her rest assured, if she responds in any way to the advances of

strangers—of men to whom she has not been properly presented—that she will be regarded lightly by these men, and her name will be used by them in ways which would bring the blush to her cheek could she listen.

Fathers, brothers and husbands are always indignant when women of their own are subjected to such attentions from strangers, even when they are subjecting other women to such attentions.

It is a curious fact that most men have higher ideals for their daughters, sisters and wives than most women have for themselves. This is because women so frequently allow their vanity and self-conceit to blind their judgment.

Over in foreign lands (in all foreign lands) a woman who permits any man to show her the least attention in a public place (any stranger) at once brands herself as a woman of light character.

And that is what she is, here or anywhere in reality; even though she may be guilty of no immoral thought or act; yet she is so devoid of the finer instincts and attributes which make up worthy womanhood that she is light-weight in character.

Ouch!

He (bitterly)—I suppose you consider it quite a triumph to make a fool of a man.

She—Oh, dear, no! A triumph is something done that was difficult of achievement.—Boston Transcript.

TALE OF A TIGHTWAD.

Every Man Should Take to Heart the Moral It Points.

We once knew a man who was too stingy to take the newspaper in his home town and always went over to borrow his neighbor's paper.

One evening he sent his son over to borrow the paper, and while the son was on the way he ran into a large stand of bees, and in a few minutes his face looked like a summer squash.

Hearing the agonized cries of the son, the father ran to his assistance and in doing so ran into a barbed wire fence, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$4 pair of trousers.

The old cow took advantage of the hole in the fence, got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the stingy man's wife ran out of the house, upsetting a four gallon churn full of cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. She slipped on the cream and fell downstairs, breaking her leg and a \$10 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream into the parlor and ruined a \$40 parlor carpet. During the excitement the daughter eloped with the hired man, taking the family savings bank with them.

The moral is that every man should be a subscriber to his home newspaper.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Foolish Virgin

By Nell Brinkley



SHE deliberately blinds one lovely eye on the side where Love sits in the balance, hardens her tender heart against the pining of his golden head upon her breast, and sees only the glitter of that which clinks in the swollen bag on the other measure!

Sometimes she ties the blind-fold, lifting her white arms about her own eyes.

Sometimes some ambitious relatives, singing all the while a little song about using one's head and not the heart, smothering her rebellious "nays,"

knots the cloth over the eye of her heart so she is blind to that side.

"Foolish Virgin," the living gold of Love's head is a sweeter thing to hug to your breast than the cold gold in the swollen bag. NELL BRINKLEY.

SMATTER POP

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By C. Payne

