

## Married Life the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Mrs. Prentice, with a magazine, a tiny workbag and a parasol, paused uncertainly in the door-way.

"Won't you join us?" asked Helen cordially, from the depths of a big wicker chair at the end of the veranda.

Mrs. Prentice smiled. "Not just now. I've such a headache, I won't inflict myself on anyone at present."

And she passed on to a shady corner and settled herself in a hammock. She made no effort to sew or read, but gazed out at the sea through wistful half-closed eyes.

"I'm afraid I'm heartache, not a headache, that's troubling her," murmured Mrs. Stevens.

"A heartache," Helen repeated, wonderingly. "Why, I thought she was very happy."

"Then, you're not a very close observer, my dear. Haven't you been here long enough to know the gossip? Haven't you seen her husband with that Mrs. Kline?"

Helen shook her head.

"Well, you will if you'll take the trouble to notice. They're together constantly."

"But she's so much prettier than Mrs. Kline—so much more dainty and refined."

Mrs. Stevens shrugged her shoulders. "Unquestionably. The wife is almost always more charming and refined than the other woman."

Helen, who was cradling a silk tie for Warren, worked on in silence. She wanted to know more about Mrs. Prentice—to know why her husband was interested in this other woman, who was so much less attractive than herself, but she had always shrunk from gossip. And now she hesitated to put her questions into words. However, Mrs. Stevens went on without prompting.

"Don't you remember the other night at the dance how he spent the whole evening with Mrs. Kline—and left his wife to take care of herself. We tried to keep her in our party so she wouldn't seem so alone, but she soon excused herself and went upstairs."

Helen glanced over at the slim, white-gowned figure in the hammock. The magazine and work bag lay untouched beside her as she still gazed out at the sea. Was she thinking of that same night, or of some other instance of humiliating neglect?

"The next day she stayed in her room all morning, and when she did come down her eyes were red and swollen. She said it was only one of her bad headaches—but of course we knew better. She's such a proud little thing, that's why she keeps so much to herself. She's so afraid we'll sympathize with her."

All the time Mrs. Stevens had been talking of Mrs. Prentice, Helen had been comparing his attitude with that of Warren's.

However, neglectful Warren had been of her, at least it was not because of any other woman. That was the consolation she always had and somehow now it seemed to mean more than ever before. She felt that could the little woman in the hammock change places with her in this respect—that she would gladly do so. Any wife would prefer the neglect which arose to that caused by admiration for other women.

That evening at dinner, Helen glanced across the dining room to where Mr. and Mrs. Prentice were sitting. He was rather a good looking man, yet there was something in his face she did not quite like. Mrs. Prentice looked very sweet and delicately frail in a pale lavender gown.

And then Helen's gaze wandered around the dining room to Mrs. Kline. She was strikingly dressed in black and white. Unquestionably a handsome woman, but of the most obvious type, with none of the subtle charm and femininity of Mrs. Prentice.

"Warren," Helen asked abruptly, "do you know anything about the Prentices?"

"The Prentices? Why, no, nothing more than that they are here at the hotel. Why?"

"Don't you know Mr. Prentice at all?"

"Oh, I've had a game or two of billiards with him."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Decent enough chap, so far as I know."

"Haven't you heard anything about—"

"Helen hesitated—"about Mrs. Kline, and his neglect of his wife?"

"For Heaven's sake, Helen! Are you taking up some old woman's gossip?"

"You know I'm not! But I couldn't help but hear something today that made me wonder."

"Well, suppose we let the Prentices take care of their own affairs. I dare say they can, without our assistance."

Helen flushed and said no more. But in spite of Warren's curtness, she was conscious of the sense of pride which she always felt at his swift rejection of gossip in any form. That was one of the fine things of his nature. He never gossiped about anyone. It was part of his creed to attend strictly to his own affairs.

Later in the evening, while Warren was playing billiards, Helen strolled

This picture is

not of a trick or circus elephant,

but one in the

Bronx Zoo, New

York city, that

fell ill the other

day. Poor Mr.

Elephant, who is

only a baby, was

so poorly that he

couldn't eat a

thing. He fasted

for so long that

his keeper became

alarmed and con-

sulted with sev-

eral elephant doc-

ters (if there are

as to what was

best to do.

Various

experiments were

tried with the re-

sult, as shown in

## THE QUEEREST NURSE IN THE WORLD



PRETTY SOFT—BUT PRETTY SICK JUST THE SAME.

the picture, that

the elephant fin-

ally took to the

bottle—milk

only. Within a

few days the bot-

tle diet restored

the baby ele-

phant's strength

and today he is

as lively as a

cricket. Great

credit for the

elephant's re-

covery must be

given to the keep-

er who acted as

nurse continually

to his charge.

That the elephant

appreciates this is

shown by the

manner in which

he follows his

queer nurse

wherever the

keeper goes.

reason why the unnecessary middle-

man should be abolished, and one of

the most unnecessary—where the

farmers have found it out—is the man

who buys produce from the farmers

at low prices, ships it to the commis-

sion man in town and sells it for high

prices.

Wiping Out Middleman.

All through the country the farmers

are wiping out this kind of middle-

men by performing themselves, at a

trifling cost, the service for which he

used to charge a very high percent-

age of the total price paid by the ul-

timate consumer. These co-operative

associations are handling every kind

of farm produce imaginable—potat-

oes and grain and apples and ber-

ries and oranges and grapefruit

and pineapples—and while the farm-

ers are getting higher prices, the town

dealers, in many cases, are able to

buy for less than they paid before.

Even if the dealers had to pay just

as much as before, the net result to

any town surrounded by farming

country would be benefited if all the

farmers were organized into co-opera-

tive shipping associations. Every dol-

lar the farmer makes, helps the town

in which he does business. That goes

without saying.

Here's a job for your Commercial

Club.

It's a job that similar organizations

in other towns have undertaken and

carried out successfully.

How To Co-operate.

That job is showing the farmers how

to co-operate in shipping associations,

and making sure that conditions in

Richmond are such that it is the mar-

ket to which they will ship by prefer-

ence.

It takes some thinking, a good deal

of careful planning, a lot of hard work

and genuine co-operation by everyone

who wants to help the town to devel-

op as it should. But it can be done.

It can be done in Richmond.

It's one of the things the "help-the-

town" organization that you now have

would do, and do gladly, if it had

funds enough and support enough from

the people who are benefiting by its

work.

The only way—or at least, the prin-

ciple way—in which such an organi-

zation as this one can get funds, is

through its membership fees. That's

the best way, because it brings not

only the money but the personal in-

terest of those who give it in the work

the organization is trying to do for

the town.

How much did your membership

fees cost you last year?

Whatever the sum, it's a safe asser-

tion that you got more out of it than

you put in.

Now, didn't you?

Kindling Wood for sale.

Richmond Furniture Mfg.

Co.

29-2wks

## THE AMAZING MINARET

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



Here is  
a tunic-skirt  
that can be  
made to fit  
the pocketbook  
as well as the  
wearer if  
the direc-  
tions given  
by Olivette  
are followed  
out.

The model is  
one that  
has just  
arrived  
from Paris  
and sent  
to this  
exclusively  
page.

TUNICS, lamp-shade draperies  
and minaret skirts seem to be the  
order of the day in skitdom.

The tunic skirt is the chief  
feature of this gown of bois de rose,  
satin. The tunic of Roman striped  
satin, in rose, corbeau blue, taupe  
and white. I would most earnestly  
advise all but the very tall, slen-

der woman to have her tunic of  
the same rose satin that makes  
the gown.

The line of stripes running

out around the veranda and through  
the gravel paths. She sat down on a

bench in the moonlight, when from an-

other bench, behind a clump of bushes,

just back of her, came the sound of

voices, Mr. Prentice and Mrs. Kline.

Helen listened breathlessly for sev-

eral moments before she realized that

she was listening, and then with a

quick feeling of revulsion she hurried

back to the veranda.

She had not heard much, but enough

to fill her with a fierce indignation

that a man with so charming a wife

should be so disloyal—that he should

pay such sentimental insane compli-

ments to another woman.

As she came up on the veranda,

Warren was just coming out of the

billiard room. Impulsively she took his

arm and pressed against it.

"Oh, Warren, in some ways you are

good to me—very good to me."

"Heh! What's come over you?"

"Oh, nothing. Only sometimes I

think I don't appreciate the ways in

which you are—are—very good."

"Humph! Well I'm glad my virtues

are gradually dawning on you."

"Now don't tease me, dear," press-

ing his arm closer. "I'm very much in

earnest. You are good and true in

many ways." And then as Warren

turned to enter "Oh, let's not go up

just yet."

"Now, if you want to stay down here

and ponder on my scrupulous traits you

can. But I'm sleepy. I'm going to bed."

## Co-operative Shipping Associations

By LEO L. REDDING.

One of the things Richmond can do

to help increase the prosperity of the

farmers in the neighborhood, and so

directly increase the prosperity of

Richmond, is to show the farmers how

they can get more for the things they

produce, and at the same time show

the produce merchants of the city how

to buy cheaper.

Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it?

It's as simple as can be.

According to the United States de-

partment of agriculture, the farmer of