# Revelations of a Wife

## Being the Confessions of an Average Married Woman

By Adele Garrison

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**An Accident Avoided—How Madge Explained the Psychology of "Being Guided" Across the Street.**

"Is this Mrs. Graham?"

"Yes, Mrs. Smith."

"Yes."

I flashed a joyous glance at Dicky. Our outing was safe as far as this telephone message had power to disturb it. After my experience with Mrs. Smith I knew no request of hers would have any effect upon any plan of mine.

"Pardon me for calling you up so early," the smooth tones of Mrs. Smith went in, "but I wanted to be sure of catching you in. My masseuse telephoned me late last night that she would be unable to give me my hour today, and I wanted to reach you before you made any other engagement. Will our original appointment be all right?"

"I am very sorry," I used the conventional phrase without thinking until I saw Dicky's wide grin. "But my husband and I are just taking the train for a long day in the country, and it will be impossible for me to get back in time to meet you."

"Oh! dear!" to my astonishment the smooth tones took on a tinge of impatience. "I have some unexpected engagements for the rest of the week. Wouldn't it be possible for you to get back, say, by half after? Then we could have our appointment today after all."

I was so amazed at her effrontery that I could scarcely gather my wits together to answer her. She had broken a business appointment with me for a visit to her masseuse. The fact that I had insisted upon keeping the appointment before I heard from her and almost brought on a serious quarrel between Dicky and myself. Now that her masseuse had disappointed her, she calmly expected me to give up part of my day to suit her whim. There was a patronizing note in her voice which I resented. It was almost as if she were speaking to a prospective employe.

**Paying Her Back.**

"It will be absolutely impossible for me to do as you request." I purposely made my tone deliberate and cold. "You will pardon me for hurrying away now. I am afraid I will miss my train. I will call you up when I return. Good-by."

I heard a shocked, protesting "Good-by" as I hung up the receiver. Evidently Mrs. Smith was accustomed to having other women accommodate themselves to her whims. I felt a rapidly growing dislike to her. But overshadowing everything else was an unholy joy at having paid her back for the unpleasantness she had caused me.

"Was the old girl peeved?" Dicky asked as we walked down the street with the early crispness of the morning air filling our lungs and stimulating our nerves. "I gather her dear masseuse or chiropodist fell down, and she was trying to ring you in as second fiddle."

"You are eminently correct in your deductions, however puzzling your language," I returned mischievously. "I know it's wrong, but I am so glad to have had the chance to get even with her for all the unpleasantness she caused me.

"It gives just the right kind of filling to the day's enjoyment, eh? That's a good feminine feeling, isn't it?"

"Of course a man never enjoys getting back at anybody," I returned spiritedly.

**A Narrow Escape.**

"Pure Nothing like winning a good knock-down fight to give a man an appetite. You can't start any argument with me on that question. Great morning, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is," I returned, glad of an excuse for getting away from the subject of Mrs. Smith. "It must be splendid in the country."

"Just wait till you get there," Dicky rejoined in the manner of a barker describing the virtues of a sideshow attraction.

We are both rapid walkers, and it seemed no time at all until we reached the imposing station of the Pennsylvania railroad.

"Come on, this way," Dicky grasped my arm and started across Seventh avenue, along which street to the taxi entrance, a bewildering procession of automobiles was rushing.

But I hung back, pulling on Dicky's arm. As I did so, an auto horn sounded right behind us. Dicky jumped forward, pulling me with him by main force, and the auto glided past, missing us only by an inch or so.

I did not realize the danger we had been in until we reached the curb on the corner of Thirty-third street and Seventh avenue. Dicky had rushed me across the road with such a tight grip on my arm that the flesh fell bruised.

"Dicky!" I gasped. "Drop let my arm go. You are hurting me terrible."

"I hope I am hurting you," Dicky growled savagely. "Perhaps if I hurt you sufficiently you will have sense enough next time to keep from killing both of us."

I looked at him in amazement. He was white to the lips and his eyes were blazing.

"What do you mean?" I faltered.

**A Perfect Dependence.**

"What do I mean?" He almost shouted the words. "Haven't you grasped the fact yet that you've been about as near death as you could be and get away with it? You hung back there just as we were starting and that machine just missed us as I jumped. You are always doing it. Some day you'll kill both of us."

He still held my arm. I wrenched it free.

"At least you can let go my arm," I said tolly.

"Come along, let's get somewhere where we can sit down," he returned. "I'm as weak as a cat. When I think how near that machine came to killing you right before my eyes!"

He stopped short, evidently unable to continue the sentence. My resentment at his manner vanished. After all it was his concern for me that had worked him up to such a pitch.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dicky," I said as we walked rapidly down the incline leading to the Long Island station. "I'll try not to hang back another time. But you cannot know the mortal terror that seizes me when anybody takes my arm to pilot me across the street. When I am alone I can get across all right, measure my distances and everything. But the minute I find myself being guided, all my wits leave me. Didn't you ever feel that way when somebody was guiding you?"

Dicky stopped and looked at me as if some new idea was percolating through his brain.

"I never thought of that," he said. "That's probably what ails you. You see being a man, I never had anybody guide me across the street."

"Being a man you have missed many experiences which would make you understand what a woman feels," I retorted.

Young people need clear complexions

If you find yourself "left out" because of a poor skin, and want a clear, fresh complexion, use Resinol Soap at least once a day. Wash thoroughly with a warm, creamy lather of it, then rinse the face with plenty of cold water.

It does not often take many days of such regular care with Resinol Soap to show an improvement, because the Resinol medication *soothes* and *refreshes* the skin, while the perfectly pure soap is *cleansing* it.

Resinol Soap

should be used by a little Resinol Ointment, in serious or stubborn cases. Resinol Soap and Ointment are sold by all druggists. For trial free, write to Dept. 2-R, Resinol, Baltimore.


## REPUBLICANS ATTACK SHIPPING MEASURE

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Provisions of the administration shipping bill authorizing the proposed federal board tax rates are characterized as "an attempt to carve at once in a given way and to ascertain the nature of the disease at leisure" in a minority report on the measure submitted to the house Friday by republican members of the merchant marine committee. The minority contends that the primary functions of the board should be to investigate shipping conditions and report to congress. The provision for government ownership and operation of vessels is assailed in the report, as "abortive and mischievous."

Pacific telephone bills for the month of May are past due. If not paid by 3 p. m. of the 15th service will be discontinued. Pioneer Tel. & Tel. Co.—Adv.

## Sarah Bernhardt Visits Front Line

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT

PARIS, May 13.—Sarah Bernhardt returned saturday from the front where she gave six performances in three days to the soldiers.

"Nothing could be more touching," said Mme. Bernhardt. "The soldiers behind such heroes. It was the unforgettable event of my life. I never was so moved. Every Monsieur seemed to personally feel bereaved by my sorrows. The general refused to force her than convinced, saying, 'Since you could very well. You are weary, madame, to be at the point of danger.' I regard that as the highest compliment I ever received. It is the glory of my life."

(Mme. Bernhardt's tour of the provinces has been postponed because of the heavy engagement by an attack of pleurisy.)

## Mary Pickford Talks

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### OUT ON LOCATION

SO MANY people are eager to know what we mean when we say "we are going out on location to take a picture" and why we have to travel to the north for one or two scenes and to the south for three or four more.

If our studio is in New York and scenes in part of the story are laid in Arizona, we have to travel to that part of the country nearest to New York which will photograph atmospherically like Arizona.

There are some stretches in Florida where the vegetation looks as if the geography had intended it to be the southwestern desert wastes; then again, we only have to travel a few miles farther to strike highly tropical cases.

In California, more of the moving-picture studios are located in the southern part of the state, within a short ride of the high mountains, the burning deserts, the crooked inland rivers and the great caves beaten into the shore by the force of the ocean breakers. It does not involve much of a journey to find the desert environment there or the other extreme, rugged pictures taken in the snow of the high mountains. Even exotic plays are put on to great advantage in the beautiful luxuriant suburbs of Los Angeles. It is true they have the advantage over us in winter, especially as we have to go south for all the scenes which are not those of snow-capped winter.

Looking over some plays the other day, I was interested in making note of how scattered the artists of our studio would be when all of the companies were at work upon these different scenes. One of them called for scenes in Alaska. For the exteriors they will probably go to the Adirondack mountains, near Saranac lake, where the snow lies almost as deep during the winter as it does in the great northwest.

Another play had its drama laid in the coal mines, and the company will travel to Scranton, Pa., for wonderful, interesting scenes taken in America's largest coal mine, while another play involves the social life of the south. This means that a company will migrate to Virginia, and as part of the picture behind the life of the mountain folk, where they have finished, taking the beautiful plantations they will go to the peaks of the Blue Ridge. There, from dazzling heights, will they photograph the valleys, which are raspberry now because spring is on the wing!

In my last play, "Hulda From Holland," we had to look for exteriors in some country which resemble the geography of Holland and strangely enough we found what we wanted at Bridgehampton, Long Island.

Many have written to ask if we went to Japan for the "Madam Butterfly" picture. That had always been my dream, but when our studio came from California to New York, Japan dozedved into the dim romantic distance. For a Japanese location, we drove only sixty miles from the New York studio, but that was the ride which faced us morning and evening for several weeks. It was to a beautiful estate, an artistic replica of a Japanese garden, which had been tended for so many years by native gardeners that even the most obscure plants were essentially those of old Japan.

If the scenario describes the action as taking place in summer, we cannot show our actors and actresses wearing furs or walking through streets where the snow is banked against the sides of the houses, but we are transferred to some of the southern cities for all of the exteriors. It doesn't matter where the interiors are taken, as they are mostly studio sets.

Marvelous tricks have been done on the screen which have fooled even the professions, who thought them beautiful country exteriors, but were later informed they were built upon the stage in the studio. Sometimes this latter course is cheaper than and just as successful as taking a large company over many miles of country through many different states.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

J. K. L.—I am so glad you took my advice and did not elope. Isn't it much nicer to have your engagement approved by your parents? I'm glad you wrote and told me—it will always help to encourage me to advise other young girls as I feel I should and not as they wish me to.

Mary F.—Your suggestions are very good, and I will try to use them in my next story. I'm glad you take such an interest in this column, and will indeed enjoy your letters when you write from time to time.

Anna H.—My mother has not appeared in pictures lately and Lottie is at present resting. Jack is with the Selig company. I answered your letter once before through this column—strange you did not see it.

H. H. K.—White does not photograph well but sky blue and yellow look white in pictures.

John M.—I regret I cannot very well give your message to the actress you admire, but why not write to her direct?

Irene C.—In scenes such as you describe, a dummy and not the actor falls over the cliff to a machine, as a general rule.

Mary Pickford.

## Heart and Home Problems

By MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 23 years old and I have been married seven years. I have four children and a husband who is the only man I have ever loved. He is good about giving me as much money as he can and he is very favorable to the children, but he never gives me any love. I do all I can to make him happy and comfortable, but he doesn't seem to appreciate it. Every afternoon I get myself and the children dressed up and we walk to meet him. Sometimes I am so tired I don't know what to do, but even then he doesn't say anything kind to me or show that he appreciates what I do. I go up to him and put my arms around his neck to show that I am willing to be loved and he shakes my arms off and walks out of the room. I can't stand being this way any longer. It nearly breaks my heart to have the man I love so indifferent to me. When my husband come home I ask him what is wrong, but he won't tell me—he refuses to tell me anything about himself. When his father or mother come to the house he talks about things to them that he never mentions to me and I am very much embarrassed. It is terrible to be married and live this way. I love him so much I can't live without him and he knows it.

UNHAPPY WIFE.

My poor little woman, in sacrificing yourself for your husband and giving him all your love without the love you crave, you are making the very thing you so much want. If you don't seek his love or show interest in affairs that concern him, I feel sure that he will be anxious to have you do so. Let the children go to meet him, but remain at home yourself preparing some dish for supper or tending to a task that needs attention, for him to take notice a change in you will be the best thing in the world. After supper keep busy and give him a chance to miss you. Don't question him when he seems to have something on his mind, and you just see if he doesn't tell you of his own accord and just as thoroughly as he would his mother or father. Let him put his arms around you if he wants to, but don't try to force him to do so. A man likes to be the "pursuer after marriage as well as before and if his wife doesn't give him the chance he loses interest in her.

## Hints for Housekeepers

**Salads.**

Shrimp Boiled Salad. Boil the shrimp until tender and clean free from all adhering starch in cold water. Cool thoroughly and cut in half-inch rings. Boil carrots until tender and cut in such dice. Mix two ingredients carefully, and serve on a bed of lettuce with mayonnaise or boiled cream dressing.

Water Lilies. Remove yolks from one dozen hard boiled eggs. Press through sieve and add salt, pepper and mustard, with a small piece of butter and enough vinegar to make mix smooth. Let this from the yellow center for the water lily. Cut whites and place either one around this to form petals. You can use lilies at your conference on your table as well individually. Use glass dish to represent the water in the place lilies to form the leaves of your water lily.

**Things Worth Knowing.**

Rest your feet for a short time before washing in strong salt water. This will remove the muddy taste that so often accompanies fish.

Make a shoe bag for those shoes that are under foot and in the dust. Take any kind of heavy cloth. Make the back about 2½ feet long. Put on four pocks, six large enough to hold the shoes. Gather them on at bottom and run a rubber cord into hem at top. This will hold the pockets shut and keep out the dust. The edges of back and bottom and sides of pockets should be bound with tape, and loop tape sewed onto corners to hang up by.

**The Table.**

Egg Shortcake. Mix two cups of flour with one tablespoon of sugar, one of shortening, three teaspoons of baking powder and a good pinch of salt. After beating one egg in a cup and mixing in it nearly a whole cup of milk, add to the dry ingredients, roll out and bake till light brown.

Perfect Salad. One can of fine shrimps, one cucumber, one stalk of celery, one hard cooked egg. Dice cucumber and celery and serve on lead lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.


Excellence Embodied

STEFFEN'S QUALITY ICE CREAM, everyone knows
THAT delicacy, pure as mountain-top snow
EXQUISITE in flavor, highest in grade,
FRESH and fine the ingredients from which it is made.
FAR and near, it's a favorite o'er the Southwest,
EVERY one likes it because it is best.
NEAREST perfection—a pure food supreme,
SWEET as a soul kiss is "Steffen's Ice Cream."

IT is made by best methods—the modern way,
CHOICE its ingredients and fresh every day;
EVER growing in favor, 'tis great in demand.

COOLING and comforting, 'tis at your command,
RELIABLE always on which to depend.
EVERY dish is a dainty, beginning to end;
AN Oklahoma product of merit that's great,
MAKING the city famous throughout many states.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

No Alum—No Phosphate


## BIG GATHERING TO HEAR SEVERAL SPEAK

In response to widely distributed post card and other invitations issued by the Judsonian club, a very large gathering assembled at C and Robinson streets last night to hear speeches by two waterbond speakers and several county candidates. There was great enthusiasm. It was apparent that in the audience opposition to the waterbond issue was practically nil.

Finance Commissioner Mike Donnelly and E. V. Hardcastle delivered addresses on the proposed bond issue. Messrs. Morris, Berry and McWilliams, candidates for the sheriff's nomination; Messrs. Hockhoven and Emerson, candidates for county treasurer, and Tom Hodine, candidate for county clerk, also spoke.

## GERMAN TAX SCHEME DECLARED WRECKED

LONDON, May 13.—"The German government has suffered a defeat in the reichstag which has voted against the 'tobacco tax' says an Exchange Telegraph company dispatch from Amsterdam. "The tax was stoutly opposed by the socialists. The defeat wrecks Dr. Helfferich's (secretary of the imperial treasury) taxation scheme."

**TEXAN Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY**

CLEVELAND, May 13.—F. W. Fryer of Philadelphia was chosen president of the thirty-ninth triennial international convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America by the nominating committee Friday. W. A. Scott of Texas was chosen secretary.

Fifty Mermaids
—AND DIVING GIRLS—
FOLLY

SUNDAY, MONDAY and TUESDAY
In the Sensationally Beautiful
"BLUEBIRD" SPECTACLE

"UNDINE"

WITH IDA SCHNALL AND OTHER WATER SPRITES
GREATER THAN
ANNETTE KELLERMAN IN
"NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"
FIRST SHOW SUNDAY TEN O'CLOCK
"WORTH A DOLLAR"
ADMISSION FIVE CENTS


## SHRINERS' CARNIVAL TO AN END TONIGHT

Saturday evening will close the Shrine carnival, and it will be get-away-time for the C. A. Wortham organization. The program will be carried out as it has been each evening. All shows are prepared to take care of the crowds and give extra performances.


Pictures Start 12 Noon. Continuous—Drama Vaudeville at 2 and 8:30.
"A Theater for the Whole Family."

Metropolitan

Admission 10 Cents—Children 5 Cents.

This Program Beats the World.

Four acts drama, 4 acts vaudeville, 7 reels pictures, featuring the brilliant, captivating stock star, Elizabeth Morelli and her big company in "Gage's Ferry," grand old-time melodrama, with plenty of thrills. Four acts, by real actors. NOT a moving picture.

VAUDEVILLE BETWEEN ACTS.

PICTURES—Malcolm Williams in "The Idol of the Stage," five-part Mutual masterpiece de luxe. Also, "Hearts and Flowers," drama, also, "When Dough Was Cake," comedy.

Chaplin Coming—Starting Sunday—Charles Chaplin in his newest and latest picture, "The Floorwalker." FIRST RUN—never before shown in any other Oklahoma City theater, also "The Iron Claw." Elizabeth Morelli Company Sunday presents "At Pike's Peak," great drama.

Chaplin starts Sunday at 10 a. m.

Admission 10 Cents—Children 5 Cents



THE EMPRESS

OPENS SUNDAY AND MONDAY

Mary Pickford

World's Most Popular and Charming Photoplay Star in a Drama of Humanity With a Tremendous Human Interest Appeal.

"THE ETERNAL GRIND"

A Famous Players-Paramount Masterpiece.

TONIGHT

Victor Moore in "The Race," and a Keystone

Admission 10c Children 5c


## DANCING IN TOWN

Auditorium, dancing every night, popular prices. The popular playgrounds of Oklahoma. Also open for conventions, large or small.

Buttercup School of Dancing, Euclid Hall. Teaching class private and assembly dancing. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are assembly and invitation nights. A new class starts every Monday night, 8 p. m. You learn four for $5.

Lake Front, near Belle Isle. Sunday afternoon and night only. First street, Saturday nights only.—Adv.


SIX INTERSTATE ACTS
SPECIAL VAUDE PROGRAM

Big Special Show — LYRIC — Big Special Show

Sunday—Monday—Tuesday—Wednesday

Copeland, Draper and Company
A brisk comedy sketch they call "Room 44"

Kay & Bell
Two merrimakers with plenty of "the goods."

The Four Gillispy Girls
Harmony queens in a repertoire of songs and airs

Mabel Burnell
The Electrical Venus of Vaudeville—a wizard of the "magic current."

Trumna & Walters
Refined singing comedians with a batch of jokes.

Margot Francois and Company
Comic tumbling on stilts; a big feature

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 8th episode of the sensational mystery picture drama, "The Strange Case of Mary Page"



SUPREME IN VAUDEVILLE

LIBERTY

(OKLAHOMA'S FINEST AMUSEMENT PALACE)
COMING SUNDAY

REAL VAUDEVILLE

Jesse Sterling's HIGHLANDERS
Seven "lads and lassies" in Scottish Pastimes.

Helen and Olga Dorn
Character Songs and novelty dancing.

Agoust and Agoust
Presenting "Ten Minutes in a Dining Room."

Mole, Jesta and Mole
Cyclonic Comedy Cyclists.

R. C. Faulkner
"My Administration Under Wilson"

Frank Mills
Supported by an all-star cast in the dramatic Triangle Play.

"The Moral Fabric"

REAL VAUDEVILLE SHOW
TRIANGLE PHOTOPLAYS
COOLNESS AND SAFETY

REAL VAUDEVILLE



5c—STRAND—5c

SUNDAY

WALLY VAN, And all Star Cast

In Broadway Star Feature

The Man Behind The Door

A SCREAMING COMEDY IN FOUR PARTS