

Cynthia Grey

Believe Nothing You Hear, and Only Half of What You See, Is Cynthia's Advice to Woman Whose Home Is on Verge of Being Broken Up.

Dear Miss Grey: I would like your opinion, also of your readers, for a case like this. A few months ago I was very ill with influenza and was taken to my mother's home. A much-pretended friend offered to take care of my home until I would be able to return. Her husband was employed the time on a tug owned by my husband, so her offer was accepted, and she "moved in." She had two small children and a very kind and considerate husband who trusted her implicitly.

Shortly after my return home I was told she had remarked that she was going to break up my home.

To make a long story short, they owned up that they had been untrue to their marriage vows. My husband wants to "forget and forgive" and come back as though it were not.

What course would you suggest?

Sincerely,
MRS. E. B. S.

Will you mention whether there are any children in your home. If so, are you should hesitate to give your husband a second chance, or is there no other possible solution to the problem, and that is for you to decide.

Your husband has actually added his guilt, then, of course, you justified in seeking a separation from him. But you should take no stock in the prattle of gossiping neighbors. "Believe nothing you hear, and only half that you see," is always a safe and sane way to meet the rumor.

That is one of the things I do not do. To advise men or women to divorce their respective wives, I must be guided wholly in this decision by your heart and your own judgment. Surely one of the things you will dictate your course. It is a matter that concerns you alone, and if you make your own choice, whatever the future may hold, you will then place the blame only upon yourself.

Miss Grey: I am the daughter of an unmarried woman and am named by my father's name. It is a national name, so I want to give it to a name similar, but of different nationality.

Many of my friends already know me under the new name. What I want to know is: Would I be legally married by using that name?

Please answer at once; it means so much to me.

For a marriage would be legal as far as the name is concerned as there is nothing in the marriage laws relative to marriage under an assumed name.

Letter From Shut-ins

Dear Cynthia: We, the girls of Ward B at the Firlands, were discussing grass widows—a woman that has a divorce from her husband, or a woman that is separated from her husband and has no divorce, or if either is called a grass widow. We could not settle the argument without your help.

WARD B. A divorced woman whose husband is living is commonly called a "grass widow."

1921 FISH STORIES

CROSS SECTION SQUAWKING SPOOL

LUMBAGO, VA.—GUS EGGNOG CAUGHT A FISH AFTER IT HAD SWALLOWED 1,050 FEET OF LINE. HE FOUND IT WOUND UP SPOOL INSIDE FISH. HIS WIFE, A SEAMSTRESS, NOW USES FISH AS A BARRIN.

THE UPHILL ROAD

By RUBY M. AYRES

(Continued From Yesterday)

Richard laid a hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Not to fear, my boy; I haven't got my sea legs yet. Wonder what was they gave me?"

"Devils," said young Hastings.

"Well, I'll be on my turn," he seemed confident of success, he was like a bloodhound who had found the scent and strains at the beach.

Richard caught his breath hard.

"Not my fault—not my fault; you'll understand and be forgiving."

Richard seemed ringing with the cry—the soft night breeze seemed to whisper it—the senuous up of the slimy river-water against the stone wall seemed to murmur it.

Hastings crossed the road to the box; he left Ferrier waiting on the opposite curb.

Poor delinquent of manhood slunk him close to the wall, as if anxious to escape notice; his feet shuffled apologetically over the pavement and he disappeared like a shadow into the dusk.

Hastings came back and the two retraced their steps slowly.

The yellow glare of a street lamp the younger man saw the fatigue of Ferrier's strong arm. He asked him an anxious question—

"Feel rotten?"

"No, only my head. I'll be all right in the morning."

"You look quite knocked," Hastings turned into the Adelphi woman came along the pathway, stepped in a long coat, her bare shining golden in the starlight.

And then she ran a step or two and she stopped and looked over her shoulder half fearfully.

Hastings glanced at her curiously, she slacked her speed as she shared them, and for a moment it seemed as if she was going to speak to Ferrier, then she drew away quickly.

Hastings looked after her.

"Did you see that girl?" he asked.

"No," Ferrier's voice was listless.

"I didn't look at her."

"I thought she was going to speak to you," said Hastings, he laughed sidewardly. "Wonder why she wasn't running?"

"I didn't see her."

They entered the house and began to climb the stairs; Ferrier stopped more than once, leaning against the iron banister.

"You're dead beat," said Hastings; "trust a kindly hand thru his arm and helped him up the remaining stairs to his own bedroom."

"You just tumble in—I'll sleep on sofa."

Hastings waited till Ferrier was in, then he went off with a quilt blanket and tucked himself in the big coach.

Hastings woke with a start in the early hours of the morning; gray daylight seeped the room, yet everything was as quiet. He listened a moment, and turned over again.

"Dreaming," he muttered sleepily, had fancied he heard a voice calling to him. In a moment he was again a man's high-pitched voice. He was out of the coach in a flash, and into the room where he left Ferrier. He switched on the electric light as he opened the door. Ferrier was sitting up in bed; his eyes were glaring across the room unseeingly, he was talking and muttering and laughing deliriously.

Hastings darted over to him.

"What's up? Here, lie down." He tried to force him back on the pillow, but his own strength was as nothing compared with Ferrier's resistance.

"Fool me twice," he said sulkily, "twice; but not a third time—never a third time."

"You broke off, breathing heavily, your head on the pillow."

"The name rang busily thru the silent room. Hastings watched him, white-faced. He

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

She Doesn't Know Freckles!

BY BLOSSER

BY ALLMAN



THE CRAZY QUILT

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

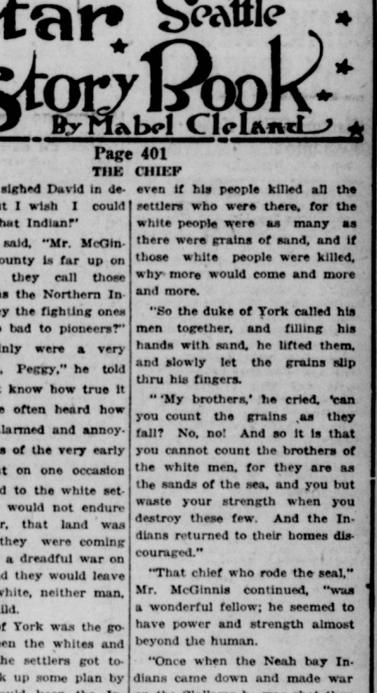
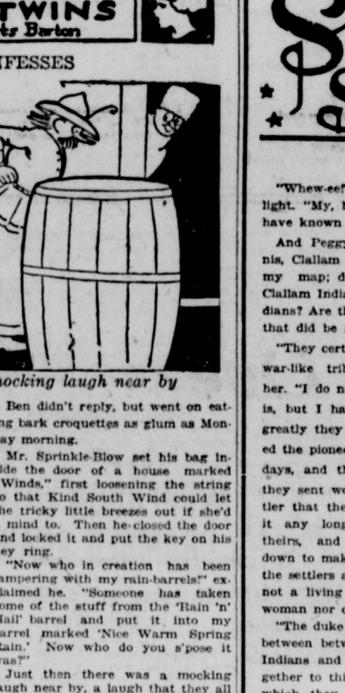


JACK CONFESSES

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

thru every available chink. Ferrier lay on his back, breathing heavily.

The girl looked at him interestedly, she laid a cool hand on his burning forehead. The heavy breathing quieted for a moment.

"Joan! Joan!"

Brother and sister looked at each other; the girl's eyes asked a question, and Hastings answered it shortly.

"It's a woman he knows, she made a fool of him; she was married all the time."

"Oh!" The brown eyes glistened; she looked at Hastings' averted face with tender sympathy; she had heard the tragedy of Kitty's inglorious death, and knew that Ferrier was not the only man who had been fooled to the top of his bent by a married woman.

Later, Hastings attempted further explanations.

"It's a long story and an odd coincidence. Ferrier got mixed up with a gang who knew Mickey years ago. They played the game properly—the same woman, too, at least I am almost sure of it."

"The same woman?"

"She schooled his words breathlessly. 'What do you mean, Ralph?'"

"Only that Mickey cleared out because of a woman. Didn't you know? Well, that's what it was. She led him on, and then threw him overboard. Ferrier got mixed up with a gang of sharpers. It's odd Ferrier should have tumbled across them too."

know how far he was justified in speaking of Ferrier's affairs.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, there it is! You must have a night nurse. Miss Hastings can do everything; besides, if he gets violent—" He glanced toward the bed again meaningly.

"Of course, I want everything done that's possible," said Hastings.

The night wore away slowly—it was a terrible time. Hastings was afraid to undress, so he wandered in and out of the sick room, longing for daybreak. When the first streak of rosy light broke thru the gray sky, he pulled up the blinds in his sitting room and flung the window wide with unutterable relief.

"Things never seem so bad when the sun is shining."

He made some tea on a small stove in the sitting room and carried a cup to his sister.

"Is he any better?" He asked the question in a whisper.

She shook her head.

"No." She lifted her eyes to her brother's face.

"Ralph, is there no chance at all of finding that girl Joan? If only she would come."

"I don't know where she is. I don't know how—" He stopped, a sudden flash lit his somber eyes.

"By Jove!" His whisper shook with excitement; he had remembered suddenly that this was the day for which Ferrier had made the appointment to meet Joan's maid.

"There's just one chance," he said eagerly. "But I can't leave you here alone, and I must go myself. I— you couldn't even manage if I asked Mrs. Freer to come up—she's no good either. Wait a moment!"

(Continued Tomorrow)

Back to his star went Sprinkle-Blow again, followed by Nancy, Nick and the Magical Mushroom. He was determined to find out which one of the Nuisance Fairies had caused the hailstorm down on the earth, thereby hitting Ben Bunny on the nose and nearly knocking him over.

Of course, the hailstorm stopped as suddenly as it began, and when the cloud found that it wasn't needed any longer for the Weatherman to go sit on, it moved away. Mr. Sun showed his round, bright face then, to Ben Bunny's disgust (for Ben didn't like hailstorms), and Ben and Blossom went into their supper again.

"I don't pay to be too hopeful," said Blossom. "I knew that something would happen so that we wouldn't have new lettuce for our dinner a week from Sunday."

Ben didn't reply, but went on eating bark croquettes as glum as Monday morning.

Mr. Sprinkle-Blow set his bag inside the door of a house marked "Winds," first loosening the string so that Kind South Wind could let the tricky little breezes out if she'd a mind to. Then he closed the door and locked it and put the key on his key ring.

"Now who in creation has been tampering with my rain-barrels?" exclaimed he. "Someone has taken some of the stuff from the 'Rain 'n' Hall' barrels and put it into my barrel marked 'Nice Warm Spring Rain.' Now who do you s'pose it was?"

Just then there was a mocking laugh near by. It was Jack Frost. "I have to do something, don't I?" he mimicked. "If you won't let me be busy down on the earth, I have to get busy up here in the sky, don't I? I put the hall in your Warm Spring Rain. What are you going to do about it?"

(Copyright, 1921, by Seattle Star)

phoned to police headquarters to find out whether an automobile accident of any kind had been reported there.

But I might be worrying myself into a fever for nothing. Any number of little things might have made them late.

"Why not phone to Edith? Dot might have returned there with George, though in that case I could not understand why she had not let me hear from her."

"Hello. Yes, Tom, I recognized your voice."

"Have you heard from Dot and George? I tried to speak to her."

"No," Edith told me. "They took Dot's parents to the station, didn't they?"

"Yes, but the train left at 8 o'clock and now it's after 10."

"Well, that's still early, isn't it? Do you always get home by 10 o'clock when you leave your wife at night?"

"I don't feel like joking about this," I told her rather gruffly. "George isn't an experienced driver and I'm afraid they've had an accident of some sort."

(To Be Continued)

Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 401
THE CHIEF

"Whew-ee!" sighed David in delight. "My, but I wish I could have known that Indian!"

And Peggy said, "Mr. McGinnis, Clallam county is far up on my map; do they call those Clallam Indians the Northern Indians? Are they the fighting ones that did be so bad to pioneers?"

"They certainly were a very war-like tribe, Peggy," he told her. "I do not know how true it is, but I have often heard how greatly they alarmed and annoyed the pioneers of the very early days, and that on one occasion they sent word to the white settlers that they would not endure it any longer, that land was theirs, and they were coming down to make a dreadful war on the settlers and they would leave not a living white, neither man, woman nor child."

"The duke of York was the go-between between the whites and Indians and the settlers got together to think up some plan by which they could keep the Indians from coming."

"So they took the duke of York (you remember he was an Indian chief) down to the beach and showed him the sands and told him that it would do no good

even if his people killed all the settlers who were there, for the white people were as many as there were grains of sand, and if those white people were killed, why more would come and more and more.

"So the duke of York called his men together, and filling his hands with sand, he lifted them, and slowly let the grains slip thru his fingers.

"My brothers," he cried, 'can you count the grains as they fall? No, no! And so it is that you cannot count the brothers of the white men, for they are as the sands of the sea, and you but waste your strength when you destroy these few. And the Indians returned to their homes discouraged."

"That chief who rode the seal," Mr. McGinnis continued, "was a wonderful fellow; he seemed to have power and strength almost beyond the human.

"Once when the Neah bay Indians came down and made war on the Clallams he was shot thru the body. A bullet went in at his chest and came out under his shoulder blade, but he didn't fall—he turned and walked the five miles down the beach to his home."

Confessions of a Husband

(Copyright, 1921, by N. E. A.)

46. I WAIT AND WORRY

(To Be Continued)

I calculated that if Dot waited at the station until her parents' train left at 8 o'clock, even George's expert driving ought to bring her home by half past that hour.

But they were not home by then. I tried to console myself by remembering that I had not taken into account the long walk from the station proper to the car parked outside.

When 9 o'clock came and Dot had not returned home I was really worried. Of course, it was possible that George hadn't been able to start the car or that some minor mishap to the engine had delayed them, but I could not understand why she did not phone.

Half past nine. Ten o'clock! A thought suddenly occurred to me. Perhaps the train had not left on schedule. Such things sometimes happen. Dot and George might still be at the station.

I fumbled thru the book and got the telephone number. A voice assured me that No. 41 had pulled out on schedule.

Except for a man's fear of making himself ridiculous I would then have