Love's Reawakening

The Story of a Wife's Triumph Over Jealousy

By ADELE GARRISON

"Auntie Madge! Auntie Madge! What's the matter?"

Mary's anxious young voice came dully to my ears, and I hardly felt her firm hand upon my shoulder as I sagged against the cushions of my favorite chair in the library. I had slumped into it the second Philip Veritzen—Jack had disappeared into the little room where he had said he would wait for me, and I immediately family that I must have some local swooning. Mary's voice was the anxious one used in dealing with a fainting person, and Nora's voice complemented hers.

"What did I do?" Slowly I recalled my father.

The accusation was like a spur. [illegible]

"No!" I cried, vehemently. "I shall be [illegible] I must you [illegible] and try to [illegible] Mrs. Hudson [illegible] Ask [illegible] to come to me at once."

"You're sure—[illegible] all right to leave you alone?" Mary asked.

"Perfectly sure, but go quickly."

My voice was explosive, though low, for I wished so hot of my plight to reach Philip Veritzen in the next room. And they hurried away, [illegible] though less than a minute, when Katherine hurried into the room and closed the door softly behind her. Then at her first look at me, locked it.

Madge Rallies Bravely

"Steady," she said, and, moving swiftly to a lavatory opening from the library, where she keeps an emergency shelf of remedies, she brought me back some drops which I recognized as a powerful stimulant she keeps for my mother-in-law's occasional attacks, and put them to my lips.

"Swallow this, then lean back and keep perfectly still until I tell you you can speak," she said. "Shut your eyes."

I obeyed her, feeling her steady fingers upon my pulse, but it was not until several minutes after I felt the tonning effects of the stimulant, that she took her fingers from my pulse and spoke.

"You may open your eyes now," she said, "while I think out how I can get you upstairs without this mob outside catching sight of you."

I put out my hand and caught hers.

"But, I must leave now, Katherine," I said. "I'm out of the question. There is something I must do. Tomorrow I'll do whatever you wish—obey you implicitly—"

"Yes, I think you will," she said, and there was something in her eyes. Was it possible that she—but she was speaking again, imperatively, and I listened, with rising panic.

"And you'll obey me tonight, too," she said. "I'm not going to be responsible for—"

"You won't be!" I clutched her hand frantically. "Katherine! Listen! Haven't I always obeyed all your professional edicts unquestioningly?"

"Yes, and you're going to keep on obeying."

"Not now!" I sprang to my feet, desperation giving me strength. "I promise you, dear, that when I have greeted my guests and attended to something I have promised to do, I will turn over the hostess job to Lillian and go upstairs with you, and stay there—that is, if you still think it was for me. But not for you, or anybody can I go now."

She put her fingers on my pulse again, then looked at me searchingly.

"All right," she said. "Needs must." I suppose. But when you've dealt with the particular devil who's driving you, let me know, if you're able to send a message. Now fix up your hair a bit, and we'll get out of here. They'll be swarming all over the place in another minute or two."

I did as she advised, and a minute later, having, by good luck, crossed the hall unobserved, I was in the living room greeting the merry party from The Laurels. I took particular care to speak to each one of the group of young people, who responded in glorious taste and evening dress, to a beautiful picture of the [illegible] rooms. I spoke for a moment to Hosea Biddle, whose eyes kept searching the rooms—I guessed for the appearance of Mr. Veritzen and I went down to the basement and warned Dicky and Harry that they both could not stay down in the playroom, that they must take turns until Junior and Roderick went to bed, in coming upstairs and entertaining the guests.

"All right, I'll take the first beat," Dicky said, slipping his hand through mine and running me up the stairs. I was a bit dismayed for I was not sure how I could get away for more than a minute or two without his suspicion, indeed, I need a direct subterfuge. But to my relief Helena Brixton, hailed him as soon as we reached the stairs.

"This is never allowed," she said gaily—"talking to your own wife. Let me have him!" She laughed impudently at me.

"With pleasure!" I returned as lightly, making a little face at Dicky. Then I went straight to Lillian and Katherine, drew them out of earshot of the crowd and told them of what Philip Veritzen had promised Noel and Mary.

"That's the reason them," Lillian commented, "that they look as if they had just ascended into the seventh heaven. But—you wretch. However did you do it? Oh! You don't need to deny it. There's nobody else—"

"Never mind that now," I said crossly. "Mr. Veritzen was interrupted in talking over the final details by the arrival of the Brixton party, and I promised to come back and see him about them. He's in the little room off the library, and—and—"

"Naturally you don't want the Dicky-bird flapping his wings in that direction," Lillian replied easily and I was furious that I could not keep my cheeks from flushing. "We'll do our little best, though we can't promise."

But Katherine went with me into the side hall.

"Take things easy," she warned. "Don't get excited. It's very bad for you."

Madge and Phil Veritzen

Again that odd inscrutable look at me, which, curiously enough, was far more exciting than anything which Philip Veritzen could say to me. And I knocked at the little door adjoining the library with nerves keyed to the breaking point.

At my knock Philip Veritzen opened the door, and when he had shut it again after me, the music and laughter and chatter of my Christmas guests sank to a low murmur. I had the curious feeling of having travelled to some far distant place with the man who was drawing forward a chair, and wondered childishly when I should be able to get back again.

"Sit down," Mr. Veritzen said, softly, and I felt his hands upon my arms as he put me into a big chair. I sank into it gracefully, for my knees were shaking, and all up and down my spine was the sensation known to sufferers from nerves of a giant hand seizing the muscles and twisting them agonizingly. I was glad, indeed, that my employer, who had drawn up a chair opposite me, seemed disinclined for speech. His silence, his apparent pre-occupation, for his eyes were fixed upon the floor, gave me a chance to pull myself together, and when he finally looked up and his eyes met mine, I was calmer, better able to cope with whatever the next few minutes might hold for me.

For I knew that I must meet and vanquish for all time, something unpleasant, something which I had been warding off for months, but which now—I could read it in my employer's brilliant eyes with the steady flame in their depths—I could put off no longer.

Philip Veritzen's chair was drawn close to mine, not exactly opposite, but with the sides adjacent, and he leaned toward me deferentially, yet with a little air of possessiveness that made me shrink back against my cushions as he said softly:

"I wonder if you realize how happy you have made me tonight. It is the most memorable Christmas of my life."

"I can readily understand that," I said coolly. "A reconciliation such as you have experienced tonight would make any day memorable. If I have had any share in it I am very glad. But you exaggerate—"

The Truth

"And you scare," he countered quickly, coming nearer to me and grasping my hands, which he theatrically held close to him. "You have evaded me for months. I almost had despaired of ever making you understand. But when tonight through your wonderful tears you confessed that you could not bear the shattering of your ideal of me then — my dearest, I had a little foretaste of heaven. Don't struggle my darling. My whole life is at your feet—my——"

His face was drawing closer to mine. With an effort that wrenched every muscle in my body, I tore my hands loose, pushed my chair back and sprang to my feet, my hands outstretched, pushing against his breast as he came close to me.

"Oh! Oh!" I gasped, sobbingly. "You have misunderstood! I did not mean I couldn't bear your cruelty to Noel and Mary because of you. It was because of them, because I could not bear them to be so unhappy. Oh, can't you see? Please do not make me loathe you! I have no—no—feeling for you, except admiration and friendship. I never have had, I never could have."

I stopped speaking because I had not breath for another word. And then I heard Mr. Veritzen draw a long sibilant breath, and follow it astonishingly by a low sardonic laugh.

A Forfeit Demanded

"This is the first time," he began a bit unevenly, "that a woman has ever jooled me, but you certainly have. However, I am the gainer in more way. I never would have intended to my own heart in the matter of my son if your tears and your I thought was your capitulation had not compelled me to surrender. So—I cannot be as angry at you as you deserve. But—my dear, You must pay toll. You cannot permit me to make a spectacle of myself without a forfeit. I would rather you gave it willingly, but——"

He grasped my hands, in so strong a grasp that I could not free them, drew me close to him, and bent his head to mine. But I no longer had strength to resist him. That awful wave of dizziness was rising—rising—about me—it had reached my chin, and I heard only faintly the outer door crash open and Dicky's astonished, angry voice:

"What the devil——:"

I tried to speak, but could utter no sound, and Dicky's voice and that of my employer in recrimination sounded far away. Then, as Mr. Veritzen said sharply: "Look to your wife, man. Can't you see she's fainted?" I felt myself falling, and knew nothing more.

Katherine's Answer

It was hours afterward, I thought, that I came to myself, with the sensation of being at the bottom of a deep black pit. Then I seemed to shoot up through the darkness to the surface, and opened my eyes to see Dicky, Katherine and Lillian gathered around me. And with the unreasoning childishness of a nervously racked person, I burst into weak tears.

"Oh, my Christmas Day! What an ending to it!"

They disappeared into the next room, and I looked up at Katherine.

"What happened?" I asked. "Did I faint? But I never do. Why?"

She gave me the odd look I had seen on her face before, but it was inscrutable no longer. All at once I understood it, and knew the answer to the vague question which had been troubling me for days, but which I had been too rushed to consider.

"Oh!" I gasped, and then I closed my eyes, for the tears were coming fast. To think that this hour of all hours should be spoiled by the memory of Philip Veritzen's folly.

Understanding at Last

Vaguely I realized that someone was standing by my couch—I had been carried into the library— and then my husband's dear voice, with no anger in it, sounded in my ears.

"Look at me sweetheart, and forgive your boy."

I opened my eyes to see Dicky's smiling down at me, and I raised my arm and pulled his head down to mine.

"I want to tell you how it happened," I whispered.

"You don't need to," he said. "The old goat was decent enough to tell Lillian about it, and she relayed the information to me, flaying me alive on the side. But—girl of mine—isn't there some way you can leave. I know I'm unreasonable, but I can't bear your working for that old buzzard after this."

I kissed him warmly before I answered.

"That's what I meant to tell you," I said demurely. "I'm taking another position almost immediately."

"Why! What do you mean?" Dicky drew back and looked at me in astonishment.

"I'm getting ready to take care of Junior's little sister," I said softly, and in his exclamation of delight, and the tender embrace in which he folded me, my Christmas came to most blessed fruition.

(THE END)

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"HEART OF A WIFE"

Adele Garrison's newest phase of "Revelations of a Wife" begins on this page Friday. Herein Madge Graham is faced with that most serious of problems for a wife—can she reconcile motherhood and a career?

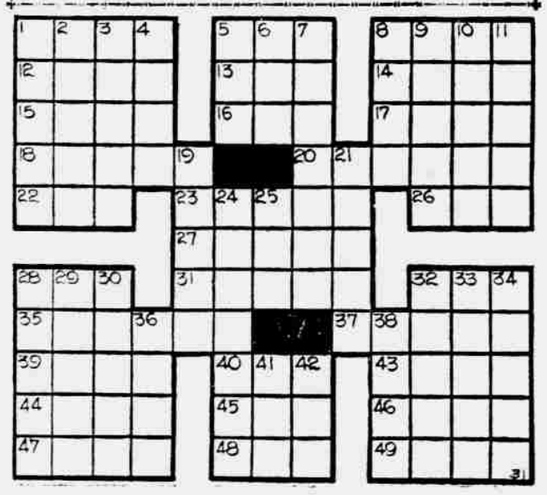
Once Overs

By C. D. Batchelor

Registered U. S. Patent Office

"You don't say!"

Double "T"

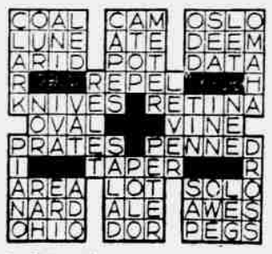


Horizontal

1 Crest of a fowl.
5 Cured thigh of a hog.
8 Reptile's foot.
12 Hodgepodge.
13 Cuckoo.
14 Food in general.
15 Mark.
16 Aeriform fuel.
17 Brink.
18 Manifest.
20 What is Lawrence Tibbett?
22 Carmine.
23 Redbreast.
26 Sea eagle.
27 Scarcity.
28 Shoemaker's tool.
31 To shade.
32 Bone.
33 Weakness.
37 Cash.
39 Male ancestor.
40 Peak.
43 Entrance.
44 Equable.
45 Female sheep.
46 Manufactured.
47 To slumber.
48 To embroider.
49 Coaster.

Vertical

1 Hue.
2 — branch, emblem of peace?
3 Dug coal.
4 South African farmer.
5 Ugly old woman.
6 Collection of facts.
7 Letter.
8 Last word of a prayer.
9 Solid tapering body.
10 Impetuous.
11 Horse.
19 Craft.
21 Sluggish.
24 Salt.
25 Morsel.
26 Genus of geese.
29 To relinquish.
30 Entices.
32 Pertaining to the tides.
33 To reside.
34 Allotted.
36 Delivered.
38 Male sheep.
41 To be indebted.
42 Long bench in church.



HOW'S your HEALTH

Edited by Dr. Iago Galdston for the New York Academy of Medicine

Poliomyelitis

Whenever public notice is given of the presence in the community of a disease, the cause and cure of which is unknown, a panicky feeling is aroused. In this connection one needs but to recall the stir produced by the few recent cases of psittacosis, or parrot fever, which developed in the United States.

The reports of a few isolated epidemics of infantile paralysis have recently been featured in the public press. In each instance the reaction of the local population almost amounted to terror.

The last serious epidemic of poliomyelitis in the United States occurred in 1916, during which time New York City was the chief sufferer. Since that time some progress has been made in our understanding of the disease. However, its cause and the method of its spread still remain a mystery.

The disease is evidently caused by an extremely minute agent. It affects the nerve tissues of the spinal cord and the brain. It destroys nerve cells, and in this manner produces muscular paralysis. Death usually results from paralysis of the respiratory (breathing) muscles.

The early recognition and the early treatment of this disease helps to minimize the ravage it produces. The development of poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis is usually abrupt. The child may suffer fever, headache, and stomach and intestinal upset. The child may be unusually restless, or else spiritless and sleepy. There may be a twitching of the muscles and uncertainty in movement. The child may also suffer a stiffness or rigidity of the neck.

Where there is an epidemic current children should be kept isolated, and the quarantine imposed on affected houses should be strictly observed.

For a number of years now immune serum, that is, the liquid part of the blood taken from persons who have had infantile paralysis, has been employed in the treatment of early cases of infantile paralysis. How effective this treatment is, still remains to be determined.

Talks To Parents

Santa Claus

By ALICE JUDSON PEALE

Along with fairies, witches and giants poor Santa Claus is now sternly ruled out of the lives of many modern children. The idea is that children should be told nothing but the truth.

There is, of course, much to be said in favor of telling children only the truth. It helps them to learn early the distinction between fact and fancy, between truth and falsehood.

These are sound arguments for telling the truth about even so pleasant a fancy as that of Santa and his toy shop located vaguely either in heaven or at the north pole.

But is the literal truth always necessary? Must the distinction between fact and fancy be made mercilessly clear to every child about everything whether he likes it or not?

Certainly when a child quite definitely asks for the truth on any subject, it cannot be withheld without shaking his faith in the person who has evaded his question. But most little children accept without question certain fictions which satisfy their conscious or unconscious wishes.

They enjoy animal stories and fairy tales without for one moment troubling themselves as to their truthfulness.

Only those fictions are harmful which later cause feelings of guilt and emotional confusion. A child should have the pleasure of believing in Santa Claus until such a time as his critical intelligence makes him discard it. He will hold no grudge against his parents for he will understand that their deception was all part of a scheme for giving him pleasure while he was yet a small child a year or more ago.

Menus of the Day

By Mrs. Alexander George

Broiled Steak

Broiled steak and mushrooms, mashed potatoes, buttered onions, bread, currant jelly, head lettuce and French dressing, date filled cookies, coffee.

Broiled Steak

(Serving 6)

2 1-2 pound sirloin steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Wipe steak with damp cloth. Place in frying pan and broil 10 minutes, 6 inches below a glowing flame. Turn once during this time. Sprinkle with the salt and paprika and dot with the butter. Add the parsley and serve at once on hot platter. If "well done" steak is desired, it requires 2 more minutes cooking. Steak from broiling should be cut from 1 1-2 inches to 2 inches thick. Only tender cuts of meat can be broiled.

Filled Cookies

1 cup fat, 2 cups light brown sugar, 3 eggs, 4 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1-4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Cream the fat and sugar. Add the eggs and cream and beat 2 minutes. Add rest of ingredients. Shape into 2 rolls two inches in diameter. Chill 24 hours. Use sharp knife and cut off thin slices. Spread half the cookies with the date mixture. Cover with the remaining cookies. Prick with a fork and press the edges down with the tines of a fork. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

Date Filling

1 cup seeded dates, 2-3 cup light brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 1-2 cup chopped nuts, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix the sugar and flour. Add the dates, butter, salt, water and nuts. Cook slowly until the mixture thickens. Add the vanilla. Cool.

Leftover cooked carrots, mixed with celery or cabbage and blended with salad dressing makes a good salad to serve with steaks or chops.

SILVER GLOVES

The very latest vanity for evening is the short silver glove. They have flaring cuffs and are worn only with the most romantic of evening gowns that affect gleaming silver trim.

COLORED BRUSHES

If you have a special color for each child's toilet articles there will be no squabbling. Have tooth brush handles match each child's towels and washrags.

NOT SO DRY

Upton, Mass.—David Shuber's well was nearly dry—yet it wasn't nearly so dry as David thought it was. He descended to the bottom of the well to see what was wrong. No water did he find, but he did discover, in the mud that covered the bottom, a dozen bottles of pre-Volstead beer. It is thought that the beer had been there for about twelve years.

FESTIVE FROCKS

Festive frocks for the Yuletide are in order right now. Everyone of you needs some smart little frocks to have at hand if the crowd should drop in for a morning of bridge, an afternoon dance or tea.

You will make no mistake if you choose a gay frock for such occasions. There are such lovely ones ready to slip into. Bright red has that holly look to it that will keep you cheery through the cold days that follow the New Year.

If you want more subdued color, you may prefer a little afternoon frock of one of the metal brocades. They are so glamorous. That little bit of bright color against a rich background will heighten the entire party.

Festivity Via Trimming

For casual morning wear, just the frock to slip into if a few friends descended upon you unaware about the time you get up from the breakfast table, there is a scarlet jersey (left) that is made festive by its sweet trimming. It is a two-piece little frock, with the skirt box pleated below the waistline, in tricky design.

The overblouse fits down over the hips, with its belt holding the blouse and lower portion in little gathers. There are fringed edges for the wee sleeves, the peplum and for the collar. But the piece de resistance of this frock is the twisted yarn lacing at the neck and the belt, which ends in pompons of chopped yarn.

For the festive later-in-the-day hours, there is a charming metal cloth frock softly tailored with shawl collar, fitted lines, a one-sided hip yoke and very short sleeves finished in beige fox. Beige colored flowers, with clusters of gold and black are posed on a bright blue background. The material itself is gay as any party can be. And the restraint with which it is tailored in dressmaker fashion makes it an admirable frock for wear on many occasions.

ABOVE AND BELOW

By Thornton W. Burgess

The worst you have is not so bad
As some one else has surely had.
—Old Mother Nature.

For a time Stumpy, the crippled young Muskrat lived in constant fear of the return of Little Joe Otter or Billy Mink. Only when he was curled up with his father and mother in the snug but crowded bedroom in the bank of the Smiling Pool did he feel quite free from fear. You see two things had happened to make him fearful; he had seen his sister caught by Little Joe Otter and he had been chased right to the door of that very bedroom by Billy Mink. The Smiling Pool which, with its roof of ice, had seemed such a safe and wonderful place, the finest place in all the Great World, no longer seemed this at all. With that roof of ice over it he felt trapped. He said as much to Jerry Muskrat.

"That is because you have had two frights down here," said Jerry. "It might have been just the same had there been no roof. Your sister might have been just as foolish and probably would have been. Billy Mink might have seen you and chased you straight home just the same. You have learned something of two possible enemies to watch out for and with your experience you will be better prepared for them another time. You don't know what a bad winter storm is yet. When you do you will be thankful for the roof on the Smiling Pool."

Stumpy doubted this but wisely didn't say so. Afterward he was glad of this for it was only two days later that he swam to the open water in the Laughing Brook just above the Smiling Pool and as he put his head out of water it seemed as if his breath was fairly snatched from him. Rough Brother North Wind was howling and roaring and blowing such a cloud of icy particles before him that Stumpy was forced to close his eyes. They stung his face. He crawled out on his favorite tussock. The icy particles were blown into his fur and he was glad to dive into the water again.

Twice afterward that day he tried it and twice was driven back. And such a contrast as there was. Above that roof of ice the storm raged so that no living thing could face it. All through the Green Forest the little people in feathers and fur sought shelter where they could find it and shivered and went hungry and were utterly miserable. Over in the dear Old Briar-patch Peter Rabbit and little Mrs. Peter retreated down in the old house that had been dug by Johnny Chuck's father years before and were glad of that shelter.

Below the ice was serene and quiet. No more peaceful place could have been found in all the Great World. Of the shrieking and howling of Rough Brother North Wind nothing, not so much as a murmur was to be heard. Water plants on the bottom swayed in the gentle current in the Smiling Pool just as in midsummer. Trout and minnows darted about or lay motionless. They didn't know that up above it was storming and many little folk were in for hard times, much of their food buried and the snow and ice making getting about a matter of difficulty.

"I guess you were right," said Stumpy to Jerry Muskrat. "The Smiling Pool isn't such a bad place, even with a roof over it."

"Of course I am right," replied Jerry. "You are lucky to be living in the Smiling Pool. A chance visit from Little Joe Otter or Billy Mink is all we have to fear, and if we keep watch we needn't fear this much. I wouldn't change places with Reddy Fox or Peter Rabbit or any of the other folks who live on land in winter. Phew! It makes me shiver to think of just trying to keep warm in such a storm as is raging up above this very minute."

Herald's Daily Pattern Service

MAKE THIS MODEL AT HOME

For Chic and Warmth
Pattern 2077
Herald 15c Practical Pattern

By ANNE ADAMS

This swagger coat is a delightful model which serves double duty, as it may be worn with or without the cape. It is exceptionally easy to make, too, since there are no intricate details. The elbow length cape adds a surprising amount of warmth and does away with the necessity of an interlining in the body of the coat.

Pattern 2077 may be developed in tweed, chinchilla cloth, velour or a novelty woolen. It will prove serviceable in brown, blue, rust, rose or a mixture. An inexpensive fur collar may be made from lapin, seal, nutria or squirrel.

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BABY'S PLACE

Long before a baby can read his own name, if you put a little animal sign where he is supposed to hang up his towels, his clothes and his cap and coat, he will learn that that animal sign means him and habits of neatness are begun.

It is said that women own 40 per cent of the wealth of United States.