



The Husbands of Edith

By GEORGE BARR M'OUTGHEON

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That's why I'm asking you to go on to Vienna and pose as Roxbury Medcroft, while I sneak back to London and set the charge under these damned bloodsuckers. Really, you know, it's a terribly serious matter, Brock. It means fortune and honor to me, as well as millions to the rate payers of Greater London. All you've got to do is to register at the Bristol, get interviewed by the papers, attend one or two sessions of the convention, which lasts three days, and then go off into the mountains with the Rodneys. The society reporters will do the rest.

"With the Rodneys? My dear fellow, suppose that they object to the substitution? Really, you know, it's not to be thought of."

"Don't you see, the Rodneys are not to know that there has been a substitution. Perfectly simple, can't you see?"

"You're a stupid as you are, Brock! The Rodneys have never laid eyes on me. They know of me as Edith's husband, that's all. They are to take you in as Medcroft, of course."

CHAPTER II. Mrs. Medcroft.

she'll do anything for me. You see, Brock," and his voice grew very tender, "she loves me. I'm sure of her. There isn't a nobler wife in the world than mine. Nor a prettier one either. He concluded with a flourish. "You won't be ashamed of her. You will be proud of the chance to point her out as your wife, take my word for it." Then they set out for the Ritz.

"Roxbury," said Brock soberly when they were in the Rue de la Paix after walking two blocks in contemplative silence, "my peace of mind is poised at the brink of an abyss. I have a feeling that I am about to chuck it over."

"Nonsense! You'll buck up when Edith has had a fling at you."

"I suppose I'm to call her Edith?"

"Certainly, and I won't mind a dear or two when it seems propitious. It's rather customary, you know, even among the unprincipally married. Of course I've always been opposed to kissing or caressing in public. It's so middle class."

"And I dare say Mrs. Medcroft will object to it in private," lamented Brock good naturedly.

"I daresay," said her husband cheerfully. "She's your wife in public only. By the way, you'll have to get used to wearing a suit of clothes like that and an eyeglass and—good Lord! spats!"



an otherwise overly healthful life of plattitudes, Society had become the supplier of youthful inspirations. She welcomed the resurrection. The exquisite delicacy with which she analyzed the cost and computed the interest won for her the warmest regard of her husband's friend, fellow conspirator in a plot which involved the subtlest test of loyalty and honor.

"Yes," said Medcroft simply. "You won't have reason to change your opinion, Brock." He hesitated for a moment and then burst out, rather plaintively: "She's an awfully good sort, domme, she is. And so are you, Brock. It's mighty decent of you. You're the only man in all the world that I could or would have asked to do this for me. You are my best friend, Brock—you always have been."

"I know you will. Goodbye, then. I'll see you late this afternoon. You leave this evening at 7:20 by the orient express. I've had the reservations booked, and—"

"By Jove, you shall wear this very suit!" cried Medcroft, inspired. "We're of a size, and it won't fit you any better than it does me. Our clothes never fit us in London. Clever idea of yours, Brock, to think of it. And good! We'll stop at this shop and pick up a glass. You can have all day for practice with it. And, I say, Brock, don't you think you can cultivate a—er—little more of an English style of speech? That twang of yours won't—"

"Heavens, man, I'm to be a low comedian too?" gasped Brock as he was fairly pushed on to the shop. The minutes later they were on the sidewalk, and Brock was in possession of an object he had scorned most of all things in the world—a monocle.

Arm in arm they sauntered into the Ritz. Medcroft retained his grasp on his friend's elbow as they went up in the lift, after the fashion of one who fears that his victim is contemplating flight. As they entered the comfortable little sitting room of the suite a young woman rose gracefully from the desk at which she had been writing. With perfect composure she smiled and extended her slim hand to the American as he crossed the room with Medcroft's jerky introduction dining in his ears.

LITTLE BEAUTY CHATS BY BLANCHE BEACON

The Useful Pumice-stone

They are not at all expensive—and goodness, how useful. Just for the fun of it, I am going to enumerate a few of the uses of the pumice-stone, just to see how many I can think of off-hand.

For removing corns, both the hard and soft variety, and callous spots on the feet, try the pumice-stone. Soak both in very hot water, and then rub gently with the stone. Use it as a file.

For taking off the little black line that comes on the edges of your nails it is equally useful. Use it as a file.

For removing corns, both the hard and soft variety, and callous spots on the feet, try the pumice-stone. Soak both in very hot water, and then rub gently with the stone.



THE USEFUL PUMICE-STONE.

Pensions For Mothers From Public Funds Wrong

By Dr. EDWARD T. DEVINE, Social Worker

AS AN ADVOCATE OF SOCIAL INSURANCE I SHARPLY CHALLENGE THE PROPOSAL FOR WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO MOTHERS FROM PUBLIC FUNDS RAISED BY TAXATION AS NOT IN HARMONY WITH THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL INSURANCE; AS NOT BEING INSURANCE AT ALL, BUT MERELY A REVAMPED AND IN THE LONG RUN UNWORKABLE FORM OF PUBLIC OUTDOOR RELIEF; AS HAVING NO CLAIM TO THE NAME OF PENSION AND NO PLACE IN A RATIONAL SCHEME OF SOCIAL LEGISLATION; AS EMBODDYING NO ELEMENT OF PREVENTION OR RADICAL CURE FOR ANY RECOGNIZED SOCIAL EVIL; AS AN INSIDIOUS ATTACK UPON THE FAMILY, INIMICAL TO THE WELFARE OF CHILDREN AND INJURIOUS TO THE CHARACTER OF PARENTS.

Whatever they are called, money payments to mothers from public funds are relief—PUBIC CHARITY. No hysterical denunciation or passionate protest will change the fact that the transaction is a GIFT FOR WHICH THE PERSONS AT WHOSE EXPENSE IT IS MADE HAVE RECEIVED NO DIRECT EQUIVALENT.

GOOD CROPS IN STRATFORD

Stratford, Aug. 4.—Dame Nature is compensating the farmers and truck gardeners of this town for the poor crop of berries this year with bumper crops of other products. The demand for good sweet corn is larger than ever this year and growers are not able to supply the demand.

NOT WELL ENOUGH TO WORK

In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a wage earning woman who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It creates the vitality that makes work easy.—Adv.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

The Warner Bros. Co. are advertising in today's paper for girl help for their corset factory.—See Adv.

Don't walk.—Phone 2184 for Taxi. Best service in the city—night or day.—206

206 Princeton graduates correspond with 579 girls, but it might not be safe to use carbon copies.

Advertisement for 'Every Woman' featuring an illustration of a woman and a product box. Text includes 'The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that recent British quotations were very disappointing and for her part she supposed it was because Mr. Kipling wasn't writing much now.'

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