# JUST A GIRL

BY JANE PHELPS

TOM'S AND MARY'S PROBLEM

Chapter 147.

A week passed. I had not answered Kenneth's letter. I had, it is true, written three of four, but burn them up as soon as finished. In one I begged for more time. I felt I could not go with him, but neither could I tear from my heart and thoughts the ideal I had kept all the hard years of my life—my dreams of him—the only man I had met for whom I had thought I could care.

Then, too, I had none of that feeling of—something very closely resembling inferiority that I had with Frank Claxton—a feeling almost impossible to overcome because of our relations. Kenneth was a working man, a ranchman. There was no question of equality, no social questions to worry me. But—did I, now that I had met him again, grown to know him better, care enough for him to leave my work, which I had learned to love; my friends, Tom and Mary; my employer, who was so kind to me—and give myself to him?

How I wished that Dad were alive, that I might ask him what to do. But—I must decide! That kept me awake at nights. It made me uneasy at all times, even when I should have been entirely engrossed with my work.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Zena?" Mary asked. "I had telephoned Mother I would stop at the shop and have dinner with Tom and Mary, and we had waited until the rush was over and could talk."

"I don't know, Mary. I wish I did!"

"Well, I do."

"Then tell me," I said laughingly.

"You're in love! Don't I know the symptoms? Go away, Tom—you ain't supposed to hear this."

"I won't go away! I'm just as interested in Miss Zena as you are," he answered, flashing a look at me that asked as plainly as words if I wished him to leave us.

"That's right, Tom, don't let her boss you. You stay right here."

I had no idea of putting my problem up to these two dears, but I always felt better for being with them. They really loved me, that I knew. And they never questioned, never intruded. I sometimes wished I were more like Mary—that I had never known anything different She was so happy, so perfectly contented, that it was a joy to be with her and to watch her.

And Tom! He adored her, yet did not spoil her—which he might easily have done. Mary was volatile, and at times had to be held with rather a tight rein. I had found that out when we lived at Mrs. Fagin's. While her ideas or right and wrong were clearly defined, convention meant nothing at all to her. But Tom, like most men, was jealous of appearances. His masterful manner at times, so different from his ordinary loving indulgence, was amusing to me, but quite effective as far as Mary was concerned.

"When are you going to marry that Mr. Lawrence?" Mary whispered just before I left.

"I don't know, Mary. Perhaps never."

I was astonished at the look of gladness in Mary's face.

"It would be awful to have you go way off there, Zena," was all she said, however.

"There, no secrets!" Tom broke in. 'Come, Mary we'll take Miss Zena home."

As we walked the five or six blocks Tom explained to me how the business was going, and several ideas he had for increasingg it. He had been approached by some men with capital as regarded a chain of restaurants, "Pancake Shops"—men who had watched the growth of the tiny place Mary and he had opened, and had seen the success they had made of the business.

"I couldn't think of advising you, Tom. I wish I could," I told him. "Why don't you talk to Mr. Betts, the manager of the Whites Front Cafe's, or—to Mr. Claxton. I am sure he would be glad to advise you."

"Do you really think so, Miss Zena? I had thought of him, but hated to act fresh."

"If you want fe to, I'll ask him if he will see you."

"Thank you, Miss Zena, I wish you, would."

ANOTHER DINNER WITH FRANK CLAXTON.

Chapter 148

The next day I told Mr. Claxton of my visit to Tom and Mary, and of Tom's desire to consult him about the chain of restaurants.

"I shall be glad to see him at any time, and to do all I can for him. It sounds like a good idea, but of course there are a great many things to consider when a young man without much capital goes into a thing of that sort— the character of the men he associates with, and so on"

I called Tom and made an appointment for him to see Mr. Claxton the next day That was the way he did things—he never put any thing off but gave it his immediate attention.

Tom was delighted, and assured me, as he and Mary so often had before, that they couldn't get along without me.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You would do just as well if I were away. It is in you to succeed."

"Perhaps, Miss Zena, but you make things easier for us—a whole lot."

I knew Tom meant it, and it gave me a little happy thrill to think that I was of use to these two I loved so well. I had felt a little, anxious about Tom's branching out until he had proposed asking Mr. Claxton's advice. Then I dismissed all worry. I knew he would be steered rightly.

"Have you written to Kenneth?" Mother asked me.

"No—not since I received his last letter. I am trying to decide."

"And you haven"t yet?"

"No—but, Mother, I don't think I shall marry him—or anyone. I feel today that I would prefer to go on in business. I am doing well, I like the bond department and the work there very much. I would like to go on with it. Women are doing wonderful things in business, Mother. I would like to become expert in that line. There ain't men enough in the world to go 'round, anyway. Some of us must be bachelor girls."

"But, Zena—"

"But me no buts!" I quoted. "I know how you feel, Mother, and perhaps you are right. I don't know. Home may be the place for most girls, but—well, I shall write Kenneth tomorrow. I may change my mind by that time and prefer a ranch to office work."

I spoke lightly, more to hide my real distress from Mother than anything else. I was decidedly unhappy, terribly upset. I hated to hurt Kenneth—not the Kenneth who had visited us, but the Kenneth of my thoughts and dreams. Now that he had been gone so long he had taken on some of the old fascination for me. I saw him oftener as I had thought of him as he was.

It was in that mood I accepted another invitation to dinner with Frank Claxton.

"I want to tell you all about Tom and this will be a good opportunity," he had said when I made objection to going.

He had brought Mother and Aunt Susan a lovely basket of fruit.

"To partly make up ofr taking Miss Zena away," he had told them.

"You are very thoughtful of two old women," Aunt Susan had said in her blunt way. "Not many men think of old folks nowadays."

"Not many elderly people are so well worth thinking about," he had replied, making Aunt Susan preen her self like one of her pet peacocks.

"Ihave advised Tom to go ahead," Mr. Claxton said to me after he had ordered the dinner. It had been a lovely ride ot the inn where we were to dine a new place to me, and a new road. He had put himself out to entertain me during the ride, pointing out the places of interest.

"Yes—you think the men with whom he will have to associate himself all right.

"Perfectly! I had Betts look them up. I believe it is a wonderful chance for the boy. Then, too, it will allow Mary to stop at home. He seems to think a great deal of that, and I don't blame him."

"You are as bad as Mother. You think a woman should stay in the home—if she can."

"Decidedly—if she can! I have every respect for the woman who works because she has to. But I guess I am a bit old-fashioned."

It was laughable to hear my up-to-date employer talg of being old-fashioned Yet I could not help a slight thrill of delight to hear him speak as he had.

ZENA MAKES HER DECISION.

Chapter 149.

I thought a good deal of what Frank Claxton had said. He had every respect for a woman who worked—because she had to. I knew from my own experience and observation that this was so—that every girl and woman in his employ was not only treated with the greatest respect by him, but that he compelled the same attitude from the men in his office. But, like Mother, he thought the real place for a woman was at home. I wondered if all men, so matter what their station, felt this way. And I concluded that they did.

There was Tom, a poor, uneducated (in the sense we use the word) clerk in a coffee house until he met Mary now running a small eating room, who felt just the same as did Frank Claxton, the broker. Perhaps it was a good thing there were not men enough to go around if they all felt the same. It would be terribly hard on women who cared more for their independence that for—a man or a home. My thoughts always hesitated when I came to that.

Mother once had said:

"There are women, girls, who should be wives and mothers. You are one of that sort, Zena. You think you are a business woman. You are now. But it isn't your vocation, although it is your present necessity. You are a potential mother, just as I was, my dear."

All these things, conversations with Mother and Aunt Susan, were disturbing elements in my life, although it was farthest from their thoughts to make them so. They both tried to spoil me to save me from all kinds of anxieties and worries as far as they were able. Mother made my salary go farther than I ever could have hoped to; Aunt Susan kept us well and good tempered by her delicious and economical cooking. I was so much better off than most girls who had no home, so much happier than I was when I lived in one room and cooked my scanty meals over the gas jet, that I felt guilty to even feel depressed or unhappy.

And everyone was so good to me, Frank Claxton was so thoughtful, so kind, that I used to say to myself—"it hurts." Mother and Aunt Susan, Tom and Mary, even Mr. Betts and Jennie Wilcox seemed always to be doing something for me—something unusual. I may have given things undue importance because of my state of mind; but it seemed to me that everyone was making life pleasant for me, here in Chicago. And so making it hard for me to tear myself away!

Mother talked often of our old life in New York when Dad was alive. She spoke of our old friends, especially the young people with whom I associated. She seemed ony to regret our lost fortune, our position for my sake. Her grief at Dad's loss had never lessened and to her it dwarfed everything else even after so long a time.

"I wonder if he—knows," she said one day when we were talking of Kenneth.

"Of course he knows, Dear—has known all that has happened, every single thing."

"I feel that way too," Itold her, "I have felt Dad so near me at time that I almost believed he was really beside me—that he never had left us I am sure he knows we are together at last, and that we are happy."

"But are you happy, Zena?

"Yes, Mother happy to be with you. And later, Dear, when I have written Kenneth, I shall be less restless."

Does it seem that my story is tame? If so the only excuse I have is that I have nothing to record at this time save Frank Claxton's goodness, and my uncertainty.

On my birthday, Kenneth had sent me a long letter, filled with good wishes. If I was disappointed that he had not remembered me in anw other way, I tried not to allow myself to feel it. But when a box of lovely flowers and a late and popular book came from Frank Claxton, I couldn't help wishing Kenneth had sent me some trifle—a book, a box of bon-bons—anything.

But I wouldn't allow myself to dwell upon thought derogatory to Kenneth. He was so far away.

So I struggled. And daily the struggle grew harder; my strength to carry on, less. Then one night came the thought, awakening, illuminating—

I hal no right to hesitate. I was cheating both Kenneth and myself.

A LETTER TO KENNETH

Chapter 150.

This thought, that I was cheating Kenneth and myself, took such possession of me that I could not sleep. So I arose, and moving quietly so that neither Mother or Aunt Susan would be disturbed, I commenced a letter to Kenneth.

Just as soon as I started to write all my indecision left me. I felt happy, peaceful, and the struggle that had been going on in my minds ended. I felt so light-hearted—so different from what I had during the time since Kenneth had left us with my promise to decide in six months whether I would marry him or go on being a business woman, caring for myself and Mother—that I scarcely could realize I was the same girl who had been so anxious, so worried.

"Dear Kenneth," I commenced, "I have been long in replying to your letter, but I could not write before. Now my indecision is ended, and I feel that you will understand and forgive if I have to cause you either pain or regret.

"The six months is nearly up. I cannot let you take this long journey unless you come knowing exactly how I feel. Not that I would not be glad to see you. I would But you say you are very busy, that your ranch needs your personal supervision, so it would be unfair for me to cause you to neglect anything because of a misapprehension.

"I have been very unhappy, Kenneth, for the past six or eight weeks. Unhappy because I have not known my own mind, because I could not decide whether I cared for you enough to marry you. Do you think this strange? Do you think I'm fickle? Please do not.

"You see, Kenneth, I scarcely knew you at all. Scarcely know you now, really. You represented a girlish dream because I endowed you with all the virtues I felt the man I would marry must possess. I do not say that you haven't them, and many more. But I have realized in these last weeks that to marry, one should love. And, Kenneth, I do not love you—not in that way.

"I would be cheating you and cheating myself did I marry you. Cheating you because some day you will find the girl who will love you in the right way—if I am not there to prevent. Cheating myself because I would not be happy. I am happy in my work now that I have Mother with me. And now that I have decided to continue to be a working woman, I shall be still hapiper, because al lindecision is gone and I can devote myself to business with my mind at rest.

"I hope and pray, Kenneth, that you will not be unhappy over losing me. Really I am not worth a single regretful thought. I have tried to be fair, to do what is right, I made the mistake when I encouraged you to come to Chicago. But you will forgive thatfi I know. I should like to feel that we are still friends. We never have been lovers you know—have we?

"I shall not seal this letter until morning—it is late, after midnight. Mother will want to send you some message, I am sure. She will be glad that I have decided—sorry that I have determined to be a business woman, instead of a wife. She doesn't quite believe it the right thing for any girl, so of course hates me to devote myself to a business career.

"I shall stop now, and say good night."

"Morning:

"Mother sends her love to you, and thanks you for your kind thought of her in wishing her to be with you if it had been possible for me to marry you. She said. "Tell Kenneth I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for him," and she isn't the only one, Kenneth, who will always cherish your friendship. It will mean much to me.

"Now I must close. It is time to go to the office.

"Always your friend,

"Zena Stewart."

ZENA TELLS MR. CLAXTON HER DECISION

Chapter 151.

I was so happy that day after my letter had gone to Kenneth, that even Mr. Betts noticed and said.

"Something good must have happened to you, Miss Stewart. You look very happy this morning."

"There has—something very good," I replied, then added to myself—I have decided.

Mr. Claxton caught me humming a little tune over my work.

"You are feeling very gay this morning," he said.

"Pardon be, I thought I was alone. I didn't hear you come in." I was enbarrassed that he had caught me singing.

"Sing away—but won't you tell me why you are so happy?"

"Why—yes, I will tell you." I suddenly thought it would be easier to get it over than to have it brought up again later. "I wrote Mr. Lawrence this morning—rather, last night."

"But the six months isn't up." He had turned white.

"No—but I felt it was only fair to Kenneth to let him know that I couldn't marry him. So I wrote him just as soon as I was sure of myself."

"You mean—you refused him?" The color surged over his face.

"Yes, I found I did not care enough for him. I loved my work more than I loved him. So if you will keep me, and let me go on learning to be a business woman, I shall be very happy."

"I certainly shall do all I can to make you happy," was his criptic answer.

That morning I had quite a surprise. Jennie Wilcox came to me and asked me to lunch with her. had done so occasionally, although I still preferred the small restaurant I had gone to the first day I worked in the office.

"I am going ot be married, Zena,' she said as we walked down the street arm in arm.

"Really! Oh, I do hope you will be happy!" I exclaimed. It seemed strange that on the very day I had refused to marry, Jennie should tell me her good news.

"I think I shall. It is Mr. Betts."

"Of course, you will! He cares a great deal for you, I think. When is it going to be?"

"Very soon. You see we have known each other ever so long. I am going to tell Mr. Claxton today so he can get someone in my place. Mr. Betts has taken a nice apartment, and we shall go right to housekeeping. I am so happy over the thought of having a home of my own, Zena! I have lived in rooming houses ever since I was 18. I am 23 now—five years of it. And I am tired of office work. Mr. Claxton raised Henry's salary only the other day. He can give me everything I need."

I am very glad for you Jennie. But aren't you afraid you will be lonely after being in the office so long?"

"No, indeed! And Henry wouldn't think of letting me stay. He says a wife's place is in her husband's home if he can afford to keep her there. And then he adds that if he can't afford it, he shouldn't marry. I guess most men feel that way."

"They seem to. Even Tom is planning to have Mary remain at home when his new ideas are worked out." Jennie had become quite well acquainted with Tom and Mary through going to the restaurant for pancakes with Mr. Betts.

"Really! That will be nice. I shall ask her to come and see me. I like her so much."

"Mary is pure gold, Jennie. And Tom is also. I never saw anyone hapiper than they are together. If you are as happy you will be very fortunate." Then, fearing Jennie might thing I doubted she would be as happy, I added: "And I am sure you and Mr. Betts will be just as congenial."

"I think so, Zena. I used to be teribly jealous—I was jealous of you at first, you know. But he says I never need fear again, that he is sure I am the one girl for him. I wish you were going to be married, too Zena, and have a home of your own."

"I have a home with my Mother, you know. I shall stick to business."

OTTAWA, Oct. 28.—The tariff commision resumes its travels on Monday. It will proceed direct to Charlottetown, where it will sit on Nov. 4, and thence to points in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec.

The eastern itinerary of the commission is as follows:

Charlottetown (P. E. I. ,Thursday, Nov. 4; Sydney (N. S.) Nov. 6; Halifax, Nov. 8; St. John, Nov. 9; Moncton, Nov. 10; Quebec, Nov. 11; Sherbrooke, Nov. 12; Three Rivers Nov. 13; Montreal, Nov. 15.


# SAVED FROM LIFELONG MISERY

And a Dangerous Operation, by Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

MRS. M. J. GORSE

3928 Union St., Vancouver, B.C.

"I suffered withall the symptoms of Female Trouble, with chronic Constipation and constant Headaches. *I had pains low down in the back and sides of the body.* I tried various remedies withoutrelief, and then put myself under a doctor's care and he advised me to have an operation. I refused.

Then, I started taking "Fruit-a-tives"; and from the outset, I felt better, and *this medicine has completely relieved* me of all my misery and suffering. My weight was only 143 pounds and now it is 168 pounds. *I am free of pain* and headaches and the terrible Constipation; and what saved me from misery is the splendid fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives'."

MRS. M. J. GORSE.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited Ottawa, Ont

*Makes a Family Supply of Cough Remedy*

Really better than ready-made cough syrups, and saves about $2. Easily and quickly prepared.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

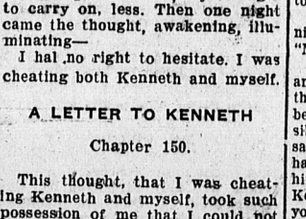
Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made and saves easily $2. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



Now She Enjoys What She Eats!

Upper White Head, N.S.

"I suffered for years with Stomach Trouble and Indigestion and could not get anything to help me. I shall never regret the first day I started taking OLIVEINE EMULSION; now I am practically well. I recommend OLIVEINE EMULSION to anyone suffering from Stomach Trouble."

MRS. CHRIS ARMSTRONG.

OLIVEINE EMULSION

The Great Health Restorer

builds up and strengthens the whole system, and is the best possible tonic for children as well as grown folk.

Druggists and General Stores have this favorite medicine. Ask for it by name and insist on having the genuine.

Prepared by Fraser, Thornton & Co. Limited, COOKSHIRE, Que.

# Rich, Red Blood The Greatest Need

Nearly All Ills Are Due to Poor, Watery Blood—How to Improve Its Condition.

To be in a healthy condition the human body requires a constant supply of new rich blood. Nearly all ills from which people suffer arise from one cause—povery of the blood. If the blood is rich and red it absorbs nourishment from the food which passes into the stomach and distributes that nourishment to the brain, nerves, muscles and all the organs of the body. When the blood is weak and poor in qality it cannot do its natural work of feeding the brain and body, and the result is weakness and disease.

Headaches and backaches, loss of appetite, poor digestion, nervousness, pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin, all indicate that the blood has become impure—that it is not dong its appointed work. If this condition is not remedied it will grow worse and worse, and a complete breakdown will eventually occur. To bring about a healthy condition of the blood no medicine can equal Dr. William's Pink Pills. Their one mission is to make new, rich blood, which reaches every part of the body bringin it new health and increasing vitality. Thousands have testified to the benefit they have found in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when run down in health. Among these is Mrs. Bertha Kendall, Darling Avenue, Toronto, who says:—"In the summer of 1918 I was in poor health. My appetite was variable, and I was weak and unfit for work, and I suffered a great deal from nervous headache and palpitation of the heart. A lady friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which I used with splendid results, as by the time I had taken six boxes I felt like a new woman. I think Dr. William's Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold to every nervous, sick woman, as they cure quickly and save big doctor bills."

Dr. William's Pink Pills may be had from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50c a box or 6 boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Young Men Use Cuticura To Save Your Hair

Nothing like shampoos with Cuticura Soap and hot water, preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching to keep the scalp and hair healthy. They are ideal for all toilet uses. In the morning shave with Cuticura Soap. After shaving and before bathing touch spots of dandruff or irritation with Cuticura Ointment. Then bathe face, hands and scalp with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Making Your Choice

YOU MAY find it difficult to choose your new Stole and Muff from our 1920–21

*Style Book of Furs*

but it will be only because of the enormous variety of splendid examples of Holt, Renfrew

*Style • Quality • Value*

Our pictures suggest two effective sets, one of soft, rich Squirrel, the other a smart Fox Set of rare beauty. They are only two. If you wish to see scores of equally handsome sets write to-day, to our nearest store, for a copy of our *Style Book of Furs.*

Holt, Renfrew & Co. Limited

QUEBEC MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

These illustrations are drawn by our own artists from our actual fur models

"My, You Are Looking So Much Better!"

"YES, I am feeling fine, too."

"And how is baby?"

"He is just dandy and as good as can be."

"And what have you been doing to look so well?"

"Oh, I got run-down nursing baby and began to get discouraged I was feeling so miserable. I suppose it was my nervous condition that got baby restless, and then, of course, it worried me trying to look after him."

"I thought you looked so worn-out when I was in last time."

"Well, I was feeling so discouraged that I sent for mother to come and she was not here a day before she had me using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

"I should have told you about it, for we always use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when any of us get nervous or run-down."

"For the first few days I could not see that it was doing much good, but soon I found myself sleeping better and feeling less worried and irritable during the day. My appetite improved and as I gained strength baby seemed to sleep better and be less trouble. He is just fine now and as good-natured as any baby ever was."

"How do you take the Nerve Food?"

"One pill after each meal and at bedtime. I will soon be able to discontinue using it, but want to be sure that my system is thoroughly built up before quitting."

"That is great. It gives me more confidence than ever in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and that is saying a good deal, for you know what it did for me when I had that nervous breakdown. Has your mother gone home?"

"Yes, and I tell you it was a lucky day for me when she came to the rescue with her help and good advice. Her experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proved to be a blessing for me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.