

**SMILES**

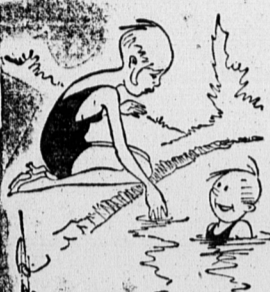
GABBY GERTIE



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"That dog of yours is no good; he never catches anything." "You mustn't expect too much of a police dog, my friend."



She: Is the water warm? He: Warm as a flapper's heart. She: Guess I'd better wait a week or so.



"You say she is just a nodding acquaintance?" "Yes; she's so dull we go to sleep talking when I call."



"How did you like the address of the president of the gas company?" "Excellent—full of illuminating remarks."

**One Man's Wife**

By BARBARA WEBB Copyright

**"WEREN'T YOU JEALOUS?"**

Mrs. Ogden considered. That she cordially disliked Anne Lovelace added zest to her experiment with Yvonne.

"Weren't you jealous?" she asked with a little laugh.

"Yes," said Yvonne simply. "For Mademoiselle Lovelace still admires my husband. But he does not care for her, so I am content."

"Some day," said Mrs. Ogden slowly, "Richard Ross is going to give up this kind of life. Then when he re-enters society he will want his wife at his side. Yvonne, why don't you quietly, without telling him, educate yourself, be ready to take that place when the time comes?"

"I have promised him that I would not change," Yvonne answered.

"But that was a wicked promise to make. Think of it. Here you are, far more beautiful, far more talented than a dozen Anne Lovelaces. You owe it to your husband and yourself to become a lady, to learn to speak English, to read and write and travel. Some day Richard will need you as a companion and unless you are ready, there will be much unhappiness for you both."

Yvonne shook her head, her eyes filled with tears. "When Richard tires of me as I am, I shall return to my own people," she said quietly.

Thus ended the first argument. Mrs. Ogden did not press the matter then. But she returned to the attack again and again. Slowly she could see Yvonne weakening. Then, being a wise general, she said nothing further, but began entertaining Yvonne. They went to matinees, Mrs. Ogden provided a long cape for Yvonne to wear over her quaint dress and persuaded her to lay by her cap. Yvonne loved the music, was puzzled by the plays, but enjoyed all this new contact with a new world.

Several times she tried to tell Richard what she was doing, wanting his approval, but he was absorbed and busy and paid little heed. The time came when Mrs. Ogden played her trump card. There was to be an amateur performance of Junior League girls in the ballroom of one of the hotels. Many of them would be in costume, so Yvonne need not be too conspicuous and Anne Lovelace was one of the performers.

Mrs. Ogden took the precaution of arriving late with her protegee. A stage had been raised at one end of the ballroom and most of the audience was assembled when she and Yvonne slipped into their seats. Shortly the curtains parted and the program began. There were the usual choruses and dancing and then a series of tableaux, "Girls of All Times."

Anne was in several of the scenes and on her first appearance, stunning in her old English riding habit, Mrs. Ogden heard Yvonne catch her breath sharply. Later Anne sang in her lazy soprano voice, and after the performance as Yvonne was leaving she saw Anne, the centre of an admiring circle of men and girls.

Yvonne was quite silent on the way home. It was not until they neared



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her house that she laid her hand on the older woman's and said: "I have thought earnestly and prayed over what you have been telling me. I have decided you are wiser even than Richard. Let us begin our lessons at once."

Mrs. Ogden kissed her "You will never be sorry my dear," she said. That night Yvonne added attention to her usual ones, "Dear Lord, let me learn fast so that Richard may love me."

**YVONNE'S JEALOUSY**

Having burned her bridge, Yvonne went wholeheartedly into the business of getting an education. She meant Richard to know nothing of what she was doing. She told him Mrs. Ogden had a class of little girls whose mothers wanted them to learn French, and that she, Yvonne, was to teach it every afternoon for charity. He was quite willing, suspecting nothing of her real intent. So it was that each afternoon at 2, Mrs. Ogden's limousine drew up before the Ross house, Yvonne entered it and was whisked away to her tutor's. Promptly at 5 she was back, returning from the new world to the old.

The first thing, of course, was for Yvonne to learn to speak and read English. She pursued the lessons with a sort of passion. Later when she had mastered the first lessons, she carried books home with her, hiding them in the folds of her full skirt and putting them under the mattress of her bed until such time in the evening as she might be able to go to her room to study. She did not neglect her music, but she decided on only one lesson a week instead of the two she had been having. Richard's comfort must not suffer.

Fortunately Yvonne was young and strong. Her peasant constitution stood her in good stead. Often she was up at 4, cleaning, washing, getting her chores done, baking and broiling for Richard's breakfast. After that came the daily trip to market in her little car. Then an hour of practicing before time to prepare the lunch tray which she carried daily to Richard in his work room. Lunch was over another hour at the piano, and then the exciting journey to new studies.

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W. N. RIPPEY

Superintendent of the Moncton Division of the Atlantic Region of the Canadian National Railways, left recently for Mexico City to attend the annual convention of the American Association of Railroad Superintendents, to be held there in June. This is the first time this Association has met in Mexico, and Mr. Rippey is the only representative from the Atlantic Region of the National System who is attending this convention.

Mrs. Ogden wisely left Yvonne to her teacher, a young English girl, for the first few weeks. After that she spent some time each week, making Yvonne talk English with her and giving her lessons in deportment. Yvonne had all the natural instincts of good breeding. She was almost overeager to learn, and at this time took all her efforts with great seriousness. There were times when she caught her breath sharply in fear of Richard's discovering her duplicity.

"But I will cast myself on his goodness," she thought. "I will tell him I only did it to make myself worthy of his love. And he will forgive me."

She had no desire beyond fitting herself to compete with Anne Lovelace, when the time came. Nor did she doubt the time would come. Mrs. Ogden skillfully fostered the idea, and Yvonne's jealousy grew into quite a definite thing.

One day a note came to Richard in feminine handwriting. Yvonne read the name in the upper corner, Anna Lovelace. She burned the letter and said nothing to Richard, nor did she feel any sense of guilt when he asked her several days later if she had seen a note addressed to him in the mail.

It was in the evening after dinner. Richard had been called to the telephone. Coming back into the living room he said: "Mademoiselle Lovelace was telephoning to ask us to come there for dinner. Said she had written asking us and wondered why we hadn't answered."

"The note was only addressed to you," Yvonne thought to herself. Aloud she said: "But I saw no note, Richard. I always put the morning mail on your lunch tray and in the evening it waits for you at your place at the table."

"Well, it doesn't matter," Richard said yawning. "We wouldn't have gone anyway. Maybe Anne forgot to have it mailed."

Yvonne's heart leaped first for joy; he did not wish then to see this Anne Lovelace. Then it dropped. He could not go and take her because he was ashamed of her. The little incident dissolved the last lingering doubt in Yvonne's mind about the rightness of her course of conduct.

**THE CALL OF ART**

In due time Richard would tire of living always alone. He would want to go out in society. And she would be ready to go with him. She often dreamed of the day when she would tell him, when they could begin to be happy together as other married men were happy with their wives.

At the end of three months Yvonne had finished her first and second readers. She had a fairly large store of English words which she could pronounce correctly. She had progressed far enough with her music so that she could sit and play for Richard in the evenings, simple things which he said he liked. His enjoyment of her music gave her confidence, too, that he would not be too hard with her over her having learned other things.

The strain of the work she was doing began to show in her face. Mrs. Ogden swooped down on her and demanded that she take a few days' rest from her lessons and see some shows.

"The Denishawn dancers are giving a recital this afternoon, she said to Yvonne one day. "I have tickets. Let us go. It just happens that you haven't seen any fine dancing. I think you will love it."

Yvonne consented and presently was seated beside Mrs. Ogden in a large hall with a stage heavily curtained in purple velvet, facing them. Yvonne watched fascinated while the orchestra tuned up. She listened to the preliminary music with pleasure.

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**TENDERS**

Sealed Tenders will be received until June 17th for turning around, and remodeling of Kingston School. Plan and specifications to be seen at the home of the undersigned. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

SAM B. NEWSON, Secretary. 5361-6-8-5l.

**P. R. A.**

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Rifle Association will be held in the Parlor of the Y.M.C.A. Grafton Street, Charlottetown, Wednesday evening the 8th June at 7.30 P. M.

H. M. DAVISON, Lieut.-Col. President.

CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut.-Col. Secretary Treasurer.

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her chin. "It hardly covers me," she half protested. "All dancers wear them. Don't be self-conscious, Yvonne." Somehow Yvonne got through the hours before the appointment. She scrubbed herself, washed her hair, scrubbed her fingernails, and groomed herself until she radiated health and cleanliness from every pore. Then they were in the car, then they had stopped before a dingy building,

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As the curtains parted she had no idea that a crucial moment in her life was approaching. She anticipated merely another pleasant afternoon's entertainment.

The stage was dim. Lights grew stronger and Yvonne saw figures, lightly clad, lying on the stage in poses of negligent grace. The music grew louder, the lights brighter, the figures swayed to their feet. The dance began.

All her life Yvonne was to remember that first number. She hardly breathed. She clasped her hands together in her lap until the knuckles hurt. She dared not move for fear of missing one single lovely moment of the dance. When it had ended, she did not join in the applause. She was stirred to the depths of her being.

When Mrs. Ogden asked her if she liked it, she gave a brief nod of her head and did not speak. The program went on. Excitement took the place of wonder in Yvonne's mind. It was as though she had taken strong drink for the first time. At the end of the program she leaned toward Mrs. Ogden, her eyes gleaming.

"Tell me—is there a place where they teach one to dance—dance like those people we just saw?" Mrs. Ogden nodded, gathering her wraps together. "Of course dear, plenty of them, would you like some lessons?"

Then she turned and saw Yvonne's face. All color had left it. Only the eyes, dilated and burning, showed her excitement. "I must learn," she cried. "It is what I have wanted all my life. It is all beauty—I cannot wait—I must dance."

Mrs. Ogden was startled. There was

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no doubting Yvonne's sincerity. Swiftly the older woman recalled that Yvonne's mother had danced, had sold flowers and led the life of the stage. She caught sudden fire from Yvonne's passionate look and words. "Of course you will dance. I will take you at once to a teacher—to a great teacher I know. He can tell you at once whether you have talent."

"Now?" Yvonne breathed the word, forgetting for the first time that Richard must have his dinner, that her house needed its mistress. "Of course not, silly child. I have to make an appointment. You must have some kind of costume to wear. These things can't be done in a minute."

Yvonne followed her meekly out of the building, and drove home as though in a trance. The figures of the dancers haunted her. After dinner she played and tried to imagine people dancing to her music. She tried changing the tempo of the piece to an imaginary dancer.

"Do you like it that way, Richard?" she asked, turning to the place where he had been sitting a little while before.

Silence greeted her. Richard had gone to his workroom, saying nothing to her as he passed. For the first time a slight feeling of bitterness assailed her. Richard was hardly polite to her. But she chided herself for the thought, and tried to recall all the kindness he had shown her, to assure herself that his very trust in her was proof that he loved her.

Her reason answered. "He trusts you as he trusts the furniture—because he does not think you capable of moving." Yvonne dismissed these thoughts by summoning her memory of the dancers. There was one thing which she must do. Not even her duty to him could stop that.

HER FIRST LESSON

The following day Mrs. Ogden came to tell her an appointment had been arranged for her with a famous master of ballet for the next afternoon. "I've bought you a costume and some slippers, we must see if they fit."

Yvonne slipped her foot into one of the soft heeled shoes. "It is just right," she said. "And will I wear that?"

She held the wisp of chiffon up to