

### Too Many Beaus

By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

"I'm sorry that wasn't the case," he said, and tried to smile reassuringly. "But I don't believe this is really very serious. Mrs. Le Masters will realize what a mistake she has made when we get this straightened out. I'm on the trail of a clue."

Mother let him lead her to her sitting room. She sank into a chair. "I'm a little shaky, young man. Would you please go into my bedroom there and get a black coat hanging on the right hook in my closet? And there's a black hat on the shelf right above it."

"Gladly," Scoop went in search of things. He helped Mother into her coat, and she did not seem to notice that her hat was turned around the wrong way on her head. Then Scoop put his arm around the old lady's shoulder again.

"I've a confession to make, Miss Friddle. He hesitated to look down the floor. "But I hope you'll forgive me."

Mother nodded, and waited. "I'm a newspaper man," he blurted boyishly. "Not a lawyer. I didn't really have a client who wanted to learn the identity of Sugar Friddle. I wanted to find out myself, for her sake. You must believe me when I tell you I meant no harm."

The old maid chuckled. "You weren't fooling me, young man! I knew who you were, all the time. Sugar had told me about the nice New York newspaper man who had been so good to her. I was sure of your honorable intentions, but your curiosity and ability to bluff gave me a scare I'll never forget."

Scoop grinned foolishly. Then he sobered. "Are you at liberty to tell me now? Do you know who Sugar Friddle is?"

"I do," the old maid's eyes clouded with pain. "But I wish I had never found out. Come along, young man. Take me to Mrs. Le Masters."

#### CHAPTER 25

Mother Friddle dismissed Scoop in front of the Le Masters house. "This is a matter that must be handled in private, Mr. O'Reilly. She put a shaking hand on his arm."

"You wait at the hotel and when it's all over I'll send for you. I promise you that. Sugar will be out of that dirty old jail in a few minutes."

"The mystery deepens. But I'll try to keep from dying with curiosity. If you've ever prayed in your life, the old maid looked into his face beseechingly, "go down to that hotel and get down on your knees and ask God to help me. This will be the hardest task I have ever performed."

"I will," Scoop promised solemnly. All the way back to the hotel he prayed reverently. He hadn't prayed so sincerely since he was a little boy. He dropped on his knees by his bed and buried his face in his hands.

Lincy let Mother Friddle into the reception hall and went in search of her mistress. But she came back with the message that Mrs. Le Masters was not in.

Mother settled herself into a chair and spread her skirts. "Tell her I will wait all day and

all night—until next year, if necessary. I won't leave this house until she has seen me."

Jane Lee was furious. But she was afraid the old maid meant what she said. So she sent Linxy back to tell her to come to her room.

The sullen blonde was propped up on numberless pillows, resplendent in lemon colored negligee. But she was not her usual pale self. Two spots of color burned in her hollow cheeks. She motioned Miss Friddle to a chair with a nod. The old lady sat down and clinched her hands in her lap.

"Say what you have to say, Miss Friddle," Jane Lee began impatiently, "and get it over with. But it won't do you any good. I believe Sugar took that money. She must be punished for it. At least she knows where her boy friend Johnny is, and she won't tell."

Mother's face was the color of chalk. For several seconds she measured Jane Lee with stilled de- liberation, and the blonde squirmed uncomfortably. Finally Mother shook her head sadly.

"Jane Lee Le Masters," she said slowly, "I wouldn't be in your place right this minute for all the money in the world. And when I tell you what I came here to tell you, you are going to wish you were dead."

Something in the sombre tones of the old maid sent a sudden tear to Jane Lee's heart, but she laughed nervously.

"Let's not be dramatic now, Miss Friddle. I know who you are and the girl. But after all I have my interests to look after, too."

Mother nodded pitifully. "You are going to hear me through. And you are going to answer every question I put to you. If you do, you may learn something that will be the greatest shock you have ever had. I beg of you not to take me lightly, or you'll be sorry to the longest day you live on this earth."

For a few seconds Jane Lee stared back at Mother Friddle as though she thought her mind might be rambling. Then she settled back on the cushions and nodded curtly.

"If you wish to ask me some questions, do so. If I think they are any of your affair, I'll answer. If not, you must excuse me. I'm very tired and upset."

Mother sat forward in her chair, and put her thin old hands on the arms for support. She began with painful slowness.

"On September the fourth, 1916, you were married to Dale Peters, whom I had taken in at the orphanage when he was a baby."

"I—how did you know? All the color left Jane Lee's face. "And what has this to do with anything that concerns me now?"

"Everything," Miss Friddle wet her lips and went on. "You eloped and were married in Roanoke. Dale was eighteen and you were seventeen. There was only one person in the world you felt you could trust with your story. Your Uncle Zeb. You knew your father would disinherit you and send you away from his home forever if he found out."

"You went to your Uncle Zeb and he gave your husband a job in his band. After that you saw Dale sec-

### No Happiness In the Home When the Mother Is Sick



The tired, worn out mother cannot make a happy home if she is sick and worried by the never ending household duties. She gets run down and becomes nervous and irritable, downhearted and discouraged, can't rest at night, and gets up in the morning as tired as when she went to bed.

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retly whenever you got a chance. On June 17, 1917, you gave birth to a little daughter."

Jane Lee let out a cry, and covered her face with her hands. "Don't—please, don't tell me any more. How did you know?"

"I know a great deal more than that. And you must listen. It was just a few weeks before the birth of your child that your father and your mother learned your secret. It was when you came back from a visit to Virginia Beach."

"There was a dreadful scene when your father found out you had married a penniless orphan. And he sent you out to his tobacco farm in the hills under the guard of a practical nurse by the name of Hazel Simms."

"I know, I know," Jane Lee broke in. "You don't have to tell me about it."

"But I do," Mother interrupted her, a little more tenderly because the recalling of her young love had released a flood of tears all commingled between you and Dale. This same week the safe at the bank was robbed of \$25,000. They caught your husband in Richmond and brought him back. But neither your uncle nor your father wanted your foolish marriage to a bank robber to become known. So they gave Dale his choice of enlisting in the army and going to fight in France, or spending the rest of his life in jail. He went to France."

Jane Lee's sobs were so violent that Miss Friddle waited a few seconds before she continued. When the younger woman quieted she began again.

"He was killed in action at Chateau Thierry. You almost lost your life when your baby was born, because your father did not want it known, and would have no one but the practical nurse. When you were able to ask questions, you asked for your baby. Your father told you it was dead—it had passed away at birth. For days you lay in a stupor."

"Four days after your baby was born your mother gave birth at the farm to Zanie Lou. She refused to go to a hospital and demanded that her child be born under the same conditions as yours had been—with only the practical nurse in attendance."

Jane Lee was a crumpled little heap in her bed. Mother Friddle's tender heart went out in deepest pity as she suffered. No matter how hard she had seemed, and how much Mother had thought she despised her for her inhumanity toward Sugar, she could not steel herself against Jane Lee's suffering any longer. She went over and sat on the edge of the bed, to pat her shoulder.

"There, there," she soother tenderly, "you mustn't break down like this. I know it's cruel to bring it all back."

She waited until Mrs. Le Masters

raised her head and dried her eyes. "Who—who told you all this?"

Jane asked then, dully. "Your father," Mother Friddle turned away and wiped her own eyes. "He sent for me a few months ago, just before he died, and unburdened his heart."

"But—how does it concern you?" "That's the hardest part of my story to tell," Mother's old shoulders sagged with her burden. "I hardly know how to go on."

"Please—do," Jane Lee straightened up and lay back among the pillows, waiting. "I—must know."

Mother went on with a supreme effort. "Your father's last words to me were the plea I tell you, and undo the terrible wrong he had done. All these months I have prayed and waited. And it seemed, suddenly, that providence had shown me the way."

She stopped and her hands trembled when she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Jane Lee," she turned waken in spite of her tears, "your baby did not die. Your father paid Mrs. Simms a large sum of money and cancelled a mortgage he held on her home to keep his secret."

The younger woman raised in her bed slowly. Her eyes grew wide with horror at the import of the old maid's words.

"No, oh, no—," she said in a dazed whisper. "He wouldn't do that—my father."

"Yes, my child," Mother nodded pityingly. "He did. You must believe me. For the last month I have been searching for Hazel Simms through a private detective agency. She went to Atlanta. I had a wire last evening that they are bringing her here today to tell her story."

Jane Lee seems to shrink. For several seconds the ticking of the little boudoir clock beside Mrs. Le Masters' bed was the only sound in the room.

Finally Jane Lee asked dully, "And my baby? What did he do with it?"

"They brought it to me," Mother drew nearer and took the younger woman in her arms. "You child is—Sugar Friddle."

With a wild scream Jane Lee fell back among the pillows, in a death-like faint.

(To Be Continued.)

#### W. C. T. U. Notes

##### CHRISTMASTIDE IN FLANDERS.

(To Canon Scott)

There is a farm on Flanders' plain To which my thoughts turn back again. The fields, which once the peasant tilled Were then with weary soldiers filled.

A crop of precious human grain. High overhead a drifting plane Circling about its constant drone Assuring us it was our own. Even the distant guns were stilled. Yet to and from the soldiers drilled.

Within the barn an altar rude— A packing case, up-ended, stood Bearing the symbol of our God. Before it knelt a priest, rough-shod

With spurs. Ourselves in khaki clad Had little reason to be glad; And yet within that barn was peace.

The very sounds of war did cease. Only the stirring of a steed. At the soft cadence of the creed, The breathing of the captive kine Accompanied those words divine That weary hearts with comfort filled;

And yet outside the soldiers drilled. As to again the Christ was born As on that first December morn Within a stable rude and bare. We felt His presence with us there. And there we found the only way In which the world's salvation lay; Dependence on no force of arms To shield our homes from war's alarms.

We left that barn with rapture filled. And yet rejoined our ranks and drilled. Brockville —Frederick C. Curry.

#### WAR INSANITY

It is 17 years ago since the Armistice was signed. What is our attitude in regard to war? Is war right or wrong? What are the causes of war?

If nationalism, perverted patriotism, fear, injustice, lack of natural resources, lack of room for surplus population are some of the causes, as intelligent women members of an international organization, let us study each one of the reasons and come to a just and sane conclusion while we have peace. Nations at war always have a distorted vision.

Following are a few figures taken from the book "The World Since 1914," by Walter Langsam, P. H. D., Columbia University. He writes: The World War, which lasted 1,565 days, was the bloodiest and costliest war ever fought. About 65,000,000 men were mobilized, and forced to participate, for a longer or shorter time in the economically unproductive activity of organized destruction. Of these men, some 7,000,000— one in seven—died in action or of wounds. 22,000,000 one in three— were wounded of these 7,000,000 were permanently disabled. More than twice as many men were killed in battle during the world war as in all the major wars from 1790 to 1913 together. Two-thirds of the men mobilized, and two-thirds of those killed were on the allied side.



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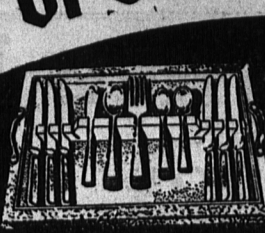
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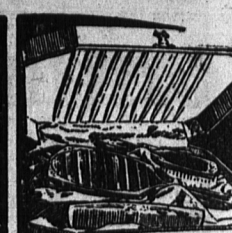
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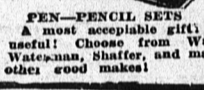


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Then he goes on to tell of the appalling number of civilian deaths due to disease, massacres, epidemics, raids and starvation, and gives the staggering monetary costs — one item only which I shall quote: In 1918 the daily cost was over \$10,000,000 per hour.

#### THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT VERSUS THE LIQUOR CONTROL ACT

To refresh the memories of readers Tidings reiterates that back in 1878 the Canada Temperance Act was passed by the Dominion government. It contained the wise clause that if any more restrictive legislation was enacted it simply stood suspended unless it was voted out by a majority vote. This has never been done in Perth, Peel, Huron or Manitowish counties. This law simply applies to counties and cities and was adopted on the British principle of a majority vote.

Its greatest recommendation of this law to the electorate should be the repugnance shown by that part of the population who are in favor of a trade in intoxicants. There now is a move to force the Liquor Control Act upon those dry communities, with the alternative of a local option contest with its unjust sixty per cent. majority. The test of whether the Canada Temperance Act or the Liquor Control Act is in force in these counties has been initiated by a prominent Moderation League, who on September 17, bought a bottle of whiskey in Toronto and then proceeded to Cooksville Inn, Peel

County and openly quaffed to invite arrest. He was taken before a magistrate, pleading not guilty and was remanded until September 25.

During this year the Supreme Court of Canada pronounced the Canada Temperance Act more restrictive than the Liquor Control Act, and that it was the law in force in these counties.

A professed sore spot with the wets is that the Canada Temperance Act requires but a majority vote, but if the cover was torn off the hopes in reality were that the sixty per cent. majority required by the local option provision of the Liquor Control Act would not be reached in an election. Later when the case came into court the defence counsel pleaded

for a dismissal of the charge of illegal consumption and possession of liquor: in a place other than his client's private dwelling so that the case might be carried to the Appellate Court of Ontario. The presiding magistrate reserved his decision. "Millions have found that the best thing to keep in a liquor bottle is the cork."

#### DENOUNCED AMERICAN MAGAZINE'S

JOHANNESBURG—Literature of today seemed to be deteriorating, agreed a municipal candidate, acknowledging a complaint regarding "the American fifth in the form of cheap literature" in shop windows of this city.

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