

SANDRA THE JEALOUS

By Jane Phelps

AN UNEXPECTED LUNCH PARTY

CHAPTER XXXVI

Barrett Edmonds had been gone but a very few minutes when Everett came in. I started to tell him Barrett had been calling, but before I had even mentioned his name Everett said:

"Don't keep me talking, Sandra. I have to catch a train. Send Richard to me at once."

I did as he asked, then queried "What's the matter, Everett?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand. One of my managers, in a branch office, has been speculating with the customer's accounts and ran away when he lost their money."

"Oh, isn't that dreadful!" I returned, altho as he had said, I did not understand at all. "Shall you be gone long?"

"I don't know! Don't bother me." In about half an hour he was ready to start. I knew he must be awfully troubled because he didn't give me a single order. He just kissed me carelessly, and said:

"Good bye, Sandra. Be a good girl until I get back."

Tears filled my eyes. I wondered if ever he had left Leola so indifferently. Of course he hadn't—He loved her! I wandered idly from room to room. What in the world should I do with myself? I did not know how long he was to be away. Perhaps a long time. He had not taken a trunk, but a man could get along with less luggage than a woman, and he had taken a bag and suitcase.

The next morning I went down town to get some new music I had seen advertised. I thought perhaps I might call Barrett up and tell him about it. He might come up and have another "sing," as he called it.

I ordered the car and soon was browsing about in the music store. I had selected several pieces to take home when I heard a voice exclaim:

"How do you do, Mrs. Graham?" and, turning, I saw Alice Sloane.

"Where are you lunching today?" she asked, after we had chatted a few minutes.

"At home, as usual," I tried to say it brightly, but a little of the loneliness I felt must have crept into my voice for she said:

"You poor dear! Come and lunch at Rappelye's with me."

"Oh, I'd love to!" I had been there after the theatre with Everett, but never in the daytime. It was an awfully smart place, also a very gay one. "But I'm not dressed for a luncheon party."

"You look lovely! You are dressed sufficiently to put everyone else in the shade. That shade of blue you wear is simply adorable with your hair."

She dismissed her chauffeur and we both rode in the car. She was about twenty-five or six, but she was so vivacious, and so animated that she seemed younger. It was perfectly delightful to be with her.

"Why aren't we better friends?" she asked laughing. "You have lots of time on your hands, haven't you?"

"Indeed I have! Some days I scarcely know what to do with myself."

"We must meet and lunch together once or twice a week. We can shorten first then go somewhere and have a good time."

"I shall enjoy doing so immensely," was the answer.

Arrived at Rappelye's, I found she had engaged a table.

"Were you coming alone?" I asked, astonished. I never should have dreamed of going into a public restaurant alone.

"Yes—I always run into some one I know. And if you don't engage a table it is hard to get a good one without waiting a long time."

We had scarcely ordered when she should I see coming towards us but Barrett Edmonds.

"Hello, Barry! all alone, or have you some fair dame tucked away in a corner?" Alice Sloane laughingly queried.

"Alone and lonesome," he replied as he shook hands. "But why the question? Be careful! you are raising hopes!"

"Don't be silly! sit down and lunch with us. Two lone females should appeal to your sympathies."

"May I?" To my surprise Barrett addressed the question to me. The look in his eyes was an appeal for me to say yes.

Why, certainly! I replied foolishly blushing because of that look "This is Mrs. Sloane's party, and she invited you."

"I have a horror of butting in," he said as he sat down. "I saw you coming in, and would have spoken of my desire then, but I thought one or both husbands might appear on the scene and scalp anyone who had the temerity to usurp their places."

"Mr. Graham is out of town, so he



WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY

Best of all Fly Killers 10c per Packet at all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

couldn't come," I informed him.

"Duane never can get away at noon. At least, he says he can't," Mrs. Sloane added.

"Then I'm safe. On with the lunch," he said, as he called the waiter and without looking at the menu told him to make the order he had taken from us sufficient for three. I was glad Alice Sloane had ordered. She knew better how to order a meal than I did. Graham always did the ordering when we were out together.

SANDRA RESPECTS HER HUSBAND'S WISHES

CHAPTER XXXVII

We were rather early, but the place soon filled up. The music was delightful, and I scarcely could keep my feet still. Soon people commenced to dance. As I never had seen dancing in the day-time, I was so interested in watching them that I almost forgot to eat, or that I was supposed to talk to the others.

"We will have a turn as soon as we finish," Barrett Edmonds said, as he noticed by interest. Then he turned to Mrs. Sloane: "Mrs. Graham is a wonderful dancer, as light as this-tie-down."

I blushed at his praise, but said regretfully:

"I won't dance to day, thank you."

"Why not?" it was Alice Sloane who asked the question. Everybody dances at Rappelye's."

"Really, do you mean that you will not dance?"

"Really I mean it," then I explained, stammering a little; "Mr. Graham does not like me to dance in a public place."

"What's the matter—afraid he'll lose you?" Alice asked, but Barrett made no remark.

"Perhaps," I tried to say it brightly, but I failed. It seemed that I never had wanted to do anything so badly in my life as I wanted to dance with Barrett Edmonds.

"You won't mind if Barry and I do?"

"No indeed! I shall love to watch you," which was quite true. I loved to watch people dance. That is if they were graceful. And I knew that both Alice Sloane and Barrett were.

When we had finished they rose and, with a laughing apology, left me alone.

"Not dancing, Mrs. Graham?" I looked around at the voice and it was that fat Mr. Leveridge. I hoped he wouldn't sit down, but he did, saying: "It's too bad to leave you alone. Shall we take a turn?"

"No thank you, I'm not dancing," I replied, glad that I could say so honestly, as I treated Everett's desire that I treat this man nicely because of their business relations—and almost reconciled to not being able to dance with Barrett, when I remembered how Mr. Leveridge trod on my toes and how miserable he made me when I danced with him at Mrs. Norton's.

"Not dancing!" in surprise. Then "I thought you were devotee of that particular indoor sport."

"I do love to dance. But Mr. Graham does not approve of my dancing in public places."

"And like a good wife you refrain! Graham is getting mighty particular, but I don't know that I blame him. You are too attractive, too noticeable with that wonderful hair to let out alone. I am surprised he allows you to lunch with him."

I was on the point of telling him that Everett was away, and that it was my first luncheon without him in a public place. But his tone was rather nasty, and I just kept it to myself. He could think what he pleased.

He chatted a moment with Alice and Barrett said something he thought facetious about my being such a demure little wife, then returned to his own table, just a little ways from us. My back had been toward him which accounted for the fact that I had not seen him until he spoke to me.

We had coffee and then Barrett and Alice danced again. I was afraid Mr. Leveridge would come over again, but he didn't. When the music was soft I distinctly heard him say to his companion, a man of about his own age:

"Yes, Graham's second wife. Look enough like the first one to be her sister. That one led him a pretty dance. I can't quite make this second one out. She's awfully young and unsophisticated, and he's pretty strict with her I imagine. She wouldn't dance because he didn't want her. The first one would have danced all the afternoon. But she was a peach. There wasn't a man in our crowd that wouldn't have crawled on his hands and knees for Leola Graham. She was the most fascinating creature I ever have seen. No wonder he loved her and was so insanely jealous of her—I never thought he would marry again."

"Wasn't there some gossip about him and Irene Alston?"

"Yes, everyone thought if he ever married, she would be the second Mrs. Graham. But—well, she's not young, and I guess Graham is ready to settle down with a family. It looks like it to me, marrying that child. He isn't—just then the music swelled louder and I could catch nothing more although I listened intently."

Was I never to get away from that Leola, that first Mrs. Graham? A fierce jealousy of her, her influence over Everett, her ability to do as she pleased, possessed me. I was

his wife just as much as she had been, and I hardly dared make a move for fear of displeasing him. Again I muttered as I always did when thinking of her:

"It isn't fair! I won't stand for it. I'll be indiscreet too."

We left immediately after that—Barrett Edmonds promising to come up the next afternoon to try my new songs; and Alice and I making an appointment to lunch at Rappelye's again in a few days.

SANDRA FINDS LIFE A PUZZLE

CHAPTER XXXVIII

So everyone had thought Everett would marry Irma Barton. Perhaps he was sorry he hadn't! He always acted so gay and interested when he was with her—not at all stern and quiet as he was when with me. I had felt a little jealousy of Mrs. Barton ever since the first time I had seen Everett talking with her. Now that jealousy was increased. She acted flattered by Everett's attentions—but if he had cared for her, why hadn't he married her instead of me?

Then I remembered what Mr. Leveridge had said:

"She's not young, and I guess Graham is ready to settle down and a family. It looks like it, marrying that child."

How I wished the music had not just then started up. I couldn't help wondering what more he would have said. He had started "He is—then I heard no more. She had said she was going to marry me just to make a mother of me, he was mistaken! Let him adopt children if he wanted them." I said to myself, then blushed at my immaturity in thinking of such things. Yet hadn't he as much as told me that his reason for not asking me to marry him, was his wife and family, wife and children," he had said when I asked him what he had married me for when he loved Leola.

Sometimes I thought no girl ever had such a queer sort of a puzzle to solve as I did. If I could have written or talked it over with Mother, I think she would have found some way to have helped me. But she was so far away, had been so averse to marrying an older man, and would be unhappy if she thought I was not contented, that I couldn't bring myself to let her know anything about how I felt.

I blushed whenever I thought of how I had told Rose Graham that Everett was "crazy over me, wild to marry me."

I treated Leola, the woman he was in love with, and of whom he was so jealous. And I knew the way he treated me, the woman he had married for those other reasons.

Oh, if I only dared to do the things Leola did! If when Everett told me not to dance in public places, I had the courage to dance all I wanted to, and when he treated me coldly or flared up at me, I dared to make such a fuss that he would have to do something to quiet me!

Some day when I was a little older, and had been his wife a little longer, I would do things too—the things Leola used to do. I was learning a lot about her. Perhaps I would soon learn some of the indiscreet things she had done; then I would do the same things. If they made Everett love her, they might make him love me too. He might also be jealous of me. And I, like all young girls, thought jealousy a sign of love, instead of lack of faith.

I did not reason that it was not because of the things Leola did that Everett loved her, but because of what she was—she herself; that he loved her so well that he was willing to bear with her because of that love, and that not having that same feeling for me, that same intense love, he would not be willing to put up with the same things from me.

The next afternoon Barrett Edmonds came up to practice the new songs on Rose, but he simply would not. He just said nice things to me. Not silly, babyish things like fat Mr. Leveridge and that horrid Mr. Cantwell did—Barrett treated me as if I at least knew a little something and had passed the stage when all I could do was to play with dolls. We had a delightful time even if he wouldn't talk about Rose. I called him Mr. Edmonds, of course, but he asked me if I didn't think we knew each other well enough for me to call him "Barry," as Alice Sloane did.

"Oh, no!" I replied, blushing furiously. "I never called anyone in Hendon by their first names."

"Why not in Hendon as well as any other place?"

"Oh, I don't know!" I wanted to say I didn't think Everett would like it, yet hated to. "You see I haven't known you very long."

"I won't urge you. But if you"—he left his sentence unfinished.

"May I join you and Mrs. Sloane Friday at Rappelye's?" he asked a moment later.

"I should enjoy it," my reply sounded stilted.

"Please expect me then. Tell Mrs. Sloane I hope to be host on that occasion."

The rest of the time he stayed just talked and laughed. I told him of home and the boys and girls of Toddes and Buster.

I laugh heartily when I told of some of their pranks; and how they used to tease me. I had not meant to be so confidential; Everett had told me to keep my home affairs to myself—that people were not at all interested in what belonged solely to one's own family. Yet Barrett Edmonds said when he left that he had not spent so happy an afternoon in a long time. I was very sure I hadn't.

"Until Friday," he had said when he left—then raised my hand to his lips!

I had read of men who did this, but it was the first time a man ever had kissed my hand. Somehow it kept him in my thoughts.

SANDRA LUNCHEONS ALONE WITH BARRETT EDMONDS

CHAPTER XXXIX

The house was awfully lonely. The evenings seemed endless. I had not thought I should miss Everett as I did. But the excitement of dressing for him; watching until he came in to dinner, then either talking a while or playing for him unless we went

A RECORD THAT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU

Of the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla as the standard blood purifier, appetizer and tonic. Originated in a famous physician's prescription more than 50 years ago. Adopted as the regular family medicine in thousands of American homes. Has met the tests of a half-century with universal success. Made from the best known roots, herbs, barks and berries named in the Dispensary. Will prove its merit to you if you will give it a trial. As a good cathartic, Hood's Pills.

never lunched with another man unless her husband was along.

I began to fear Everett would be terribly angry.

I wouldn't have coffee, but excused myself and hurried home. I knew by his expression that Barrett was surprised by my actions. But I could not help it. He never had seen Everett angry. I had, I couldn't forget the time he had been so angry when I sat in the hotel corridor when we were on our wedding trip. Perhaps he would think this worse.

EVERETT'S LETTER DISAPPOINTS SANDRA

CHAPTER XL

I went immediately home. To my surprise there was a letter from Everett lying on the table in the hall. I took it upstairs with me and waited until I had made myself comfortable in a negligee before I opened it. I did not try to explain the feeling I had, even to myself, but I had a sort of hesitation about learning the contents of this letter—an intuitive feeling that I should not be pleased.

"Dear Sandra," he commenced—"I had no time to caution you as to what you should do or should not do while I am obliged to be away. I find that I am to be detained here longer than I expected. I am sorry to find that it is so, and that you necessarily must be alone until I return. Accept no invitations until I return. Take a ride each day, also a walk would do you good and help pass the time. But I prefer that you receive no company, or rather that you invite none. Read, practise your music—you should spend more time at the piano—and you have enough to fill your days. Go to bed early. I desire you to keep your health as that is one of your greatest attractions—your perfect health."

"I shall probably be obliged to remain here a week or ten days longer. You may spend a few moments each day writing me what you are doing. I shall be glad to hear. Tell Peter not to drive you too fast when you use the car. He is apt to be reckless, and I hate to trust you with him when I am not there to caution him."

"Your husband."

Tears of disappointment and rage filled my eyes as I read his cold letter. I tried to derive a little comfort from the last sentence. He must care a little or he wouldn't care whether I was killed or not. But the letter was terribly depressing—terribly annoying also.

"I wouldn't be treated so. I'll not stay at home! And I will invite people to come and see me!" I said aloud, the tears flowing fast—people, meaning principally Barrett Edmonds.

I wiped my eyes and reread the letter. I was to "accept no invitations until his return." I might ride and walk—alone. I might read and practise.

"How kind!" I muttered. I was to go to bed early so that I might keep myself attractive for him; and he would do nothing for me.

I was to stay practically a prisoner for a week or ten days. He'd see whether I would or not. Leola wouldn't have paid any attention to such a letter; neither would I. But my anger passed. I began to sob again—this time because he had not once said a word of love to me, not even when he closed his letter. Long afterward I learned that he had a firm conviction that if a woman thought a man loved her, she took advantage of that love to do things which she otherwise would not dare do as a husband, the man who supported her and who gave her a certain position in society. Leola had always used his love in that way.

Mrs. Gray came upstairs and caught me weeping.

"Is there anything I can do, Mrs. Graham?" she said kindly.

"No! Mr. Graham is to be gone another ten days."

I said that to deceive her as to the cause for my tears. I should have liked to have sobbed out my misery to her; but Everett had warned me so many times not to be confidential with the servants that I restrained myself.

"I know it is lonely for you. But think how much you have that many women envy you for, and that few women ever have. You have a lovely home, a kind and generous husband, motor cars, jewels, no cars at all. There aren't many women as young as you are who have so much. Pardon me for talking to you like this, but I hate to see you fret and act so unhappy. You must get acquainted with some young people. You will after you have lived in Hendon longer."

"Oh, if I only could!" I exclaimed. "But Mr. Graham is so old, he wouldn't care for me to know real young people—I'm afraid."

"Mr. Graham is not old as you say. No man is old at forty-one or two. He is more settled than you are naturally, but don't think of

him as old. Pardon me again for the liberties I have taken in talking so to you, but I feel so anxious that you shall be more contented."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gray. I shall be in time I am sure," but even as I said it, I wasn't at all sure—I was only blue and lonely.

I was to go nowhere while Everett was away. And I had been seen in a public restaurant twice. I might find what was hidden there before Barrett, instead of rushing away because Alice wasn't there. I would be blamed just as much probably. I wouldn't really invite Barrett, but if he came I would not send him away. And somehow I knew he would surely come! Then suddenly came another thought: I would get that attic door open in some way and that attic door open in some way and Everett came back. I'd do it if I had to smuggle a locksmith into the house to open the door for me! The thought helped me to gain my self-control, and to stop crying because of my husband's cold formal letter.

Halifax Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music

Residential and Day School for girls and young women.

Complete Academic Course leading to Matriculation in Dalhousie and McGill Universities without further examination.

The Conservatory offers unrivalled facilities for the study of all branches of Music leading to the Teachers Certificates, the Diploma of Graduation and the Degree of Bachelor of Music from Dalhousie.

Re-opens 18th September.

For Calendar and Information apply to the Secretary, Halifax, N. S.

7429-8-2MBSat51.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE CANADA

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

FULL ACADEMIC COURSE FROM PREPARATORY TO HONOUR MATRICULATION, FULL COMMERCIAL COURSE, MUSIC—ART—HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—PHYSICAL EDUCATION—GAMES—SWIMMING

Mrs. GEORGE DICKSON, President Miss FLORENCE H. M. NEILANDS, B.A., Principal

School Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 17th. Calendar sent on application.

Royal Victoria College

MONTREAL

A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS ATTENDING MCGILL UNIVERSITY

(Founded and endowed by the late Rt. Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal)

Courses leading to degrees in Arts, separate in the main from those for men, but under identical conditions; and to degrees in music.

Applications for residence should be made early as accommodation in the College is limited.

For prospectus and information apply to The Warden.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C. V. O., President. A. S. VOGT, MUS. DOC., Musical Director

THE MOST SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED SCHOOL OF MUSIC IN THE DOMINION

A Well-equipped Residence for Young Women Students. Faculty of international reputation. Unrivalled opportunities for the thorough training of professional and non-professional students.

The Conservatory's Local Examinations in Music, conducted annually throughout Canada, constitute the most progressive and valuable standards of efficiency of any musical examinations now before the Canadian public.

Conservatory Year Book, Syllabus, Women's Residence Pamphlet, and Calendar of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression sent to any address on request.

Mount Allison Ladies' College

Founded 1854. Session 1919-20 OPENS SEPTEMBER 8

This is the largest Residential Ladies' College in Canada.

WE STAND FOR—High Ideals, Soul Culture, Intellectual Equipment.

WE GIVE COURSES IN—Music, Oratory, Household Science, Literature, Fine Arts and University Matriculation. Business Courses are provided by the Academy Affiliated with us.

WE POSSESS—An enviable reputation of almost continent scope.

Our Art Museum is a feature where we consider we stand without a peer. Free Calendar on application to

Rev. HAMILTON WIGLE, D. D.; Principal SACKVILLE, N. B.

Mount Allison University

Annual Session 1919-20 OPENS SATURDAY, SEPT. 20

Many Scholarships and Prizes are offered. For information regarding Courses of Study, Degrees, Scholarships, Prizes, Affiliated Relations, Expenses, etc.

SEND FOR CALENDAR

Incoming Students wishing Residential Accommodation—for which MOUNT ALLISON IS JUSTLY FAMOUS—should give earliest possible notice.

CouPees in

ARTS, SCIENCE, AND THEOLOGY.

Rev. B. C. BORDEN, D. D., : President SACKVILLE, N. B.

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

HALIFAX, N. S. Arts, Science, Engineering, Music, Law, Pharmacy, Medicine, Dentistry

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS: Three of \$200 five of \$100 each

Awarded on results of matriculation examinations, September 24-27, 1919.

One reserved for Halifax County, one for Cape Breton, one for New Brunswick, and one for Prince Edward Island.

FIRST YEAR SCHOLARSHIPS: Three of \$200 three of \$100 each

Awarded on results of first year, and tenable during second year.

Dormitory Accommodation is being provided for men-students. Work on Women's Residence has begun. Provision will be made for women students until new building is ready.

REGISTRATION DAYS in 1919: Facilities September 29th and 30th.

Halifax students must register on the 29th.

LECTURES BEGIN October 1st, 1919.

FOR FULL INFORMATION write to President's Office.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

WOLFVILLE Nova Scotia. Departments Arts and Sciences. Applied Science. Theology.

Degrees B.A., B.Sc., B.Th., M.A., and certificates awarded to the best technical schools. First two years in Agriculture given as electives in B.Sc. course. First year in Medicine, Law, and Theology given as electives in B.A. Course.

Special Courses Courses in Surveying, Drafting, Shopwork, Chemistry, Electricity, and Bacteriology, for returned soldiers.

Equipment Largest undergraduate faculty in the Maritime Provinces. Three new and splendidly equipped Science Buildings.

Expenses Expenses light, and over \$1,000.00 given in prizes and scholarships yearly. Send for calendar to

Rev. George B. Cullen, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., President.

Next term begins October 1st, 1919.

Acadia Ladies' Seminary

WOLFVILLE Nova Scotia. The Aim.—To prepare Girls and Young Women for complete living.

Courses.—Twenty; including College, Matriculation, General Course, Art, Expression, Household Science, Business.

The Faculty.—Twenty-four Teachers of fine personality and Special Training.

The Equipment.—Modern and First Class in every respect.