

A Wife's Confessional

by Adele Garrison



How Lillian Inquires a Nice Quiet Chat.

Marion and I presented our names at the desk of the Tudor and were promptly taken in the lift to the next floor and ushered down a corridor to a tiny sitting room. There Lillian stood alone, with no sign of the mysterious girl who had accompanied her to the hotel.

"She's in the bedroom, asleep, I hope," she told us in a voice so low that no one outside the room possibly could have heard it. "I took this small suite here for the day, Madge."

"Has my baby missed her mother?" she asked in the universal foolish fashion of mothers. Lillian, despite her unusual mentality, remarkable poise and checked experience in her profession, and her emotional work is most feminine and emotional where Marion is concerned.

"Missed you?" Marion replied fervently, all the repressed feeling of the weeks of separation in her voice and eyes. Then for some time mother and daughter, between caresses, chattered in a fashion which would have made any self-respecting magpie tuck their heads under their wings in shame.

"You blessed, self-effacing person," she said, smiling, "you needn't bury yourself in that magazine any longer. We've quite finished our little petting party, and I'm dying to talk to you. Here, sweetheart," she turned to Marion, "if you'll rummage in this bag you'll find a book you've been talking about, and a box of your favorite bonbons. Just take them over and curl up in that arm chair by the window. They'll serve luncheon downstairs in an hour, and you mustn't spoil your appetite."

Marion flashed a merry glance at her. "I couldn't do that with the whole box," she said, "but I'll be good and take twenty twenty bites, the way I used to do."

In another minute, curled up in the armchair, she was so deep in the book that we knew from experience that her ears would be completely shut to any conversation of ours. Indeed, when Marion is absorbed in reading, we sometimes amuse ourselves by seeing how long a conversation concerning herself can be carried on in low tones without her noticing a word.

"Now," said Lillian, drawing up a chair opposite me, "what's on your mind?"

I suppressed the retort that I might more suitably ask what was on hers, but instead I made an inquiry concerning my father's health. "He's very fit, indeed," she said, and then she gave me a gamine-like grin.

SLEEPING BEAUTY



"You must go away now," ordered the good fairy. "You can move to another palace. I can not put you to sleep as I did the other people in the court, for your people need you to rule your country."

Possess your soul.

"You shall know all," she spread her hands theatrically—"in due time. But," with sudden sobering—"I can't talk, even to you, yet. I've got to get the thing straightened out in my own mind first. She only happened to me yesterday, and I haven't pulled her apart, classified her. When I do I'll tell you everything I know."

"Your psychic eyes are functioning altogether too well," I told her a bit pettishly, for I thought that I had concealed my consuming curiosity very well indeed. But at her appealing comradely grimace my resentment fled.

"I won't ask even a mental question concerning her," I said. "I've too much to tell you on my own account."

She put her finger to her lips, then spoke in a voice pitched to the tones of ordinary conversation. "Marion, will you please bring me your book?"

I followed Lillian's intent gaze, but the young girl's face held no consciousness of her mother's request. Instead it held the absorption of the imaginative reader in a treasured book, and I knew that she was traveling far afield with the characters in the story.

"Do you know, Madge, I believe Marion's dress is torn." This was Lillian's next sally in louder tones, but there was not the slightest indication that the child had heard, and with a satisfied nod she settled back in her chair, certain as I was that there would be no auditors of our colloquy.

The Kountzes in Cannes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Kountze arrived this morning in Cannes, France, according to a cablegram received by Mr. Kountze's son, Denman Kountze.

SOCIETY

Grand Island Girl to Wed



Miss Helen Louise Wylie

Invitations have been issued for the marriage ceremony of Miss Helen Louise Wylie, daughter of Mrs. Louise M. Miles of Grand Island, Neb., to Dr. William Ellis Pinner, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Pinner of Suffolk, Va., February 15 at Christ church, Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Nancy Brezelske Cobb, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. O. Cobb, now commanding United States marine hospital, Chelsea, Mass., will be Miss Wylie's only attendant. Dr. C. H. Allman of Virginia will be best man. The ushers, Lieutenants Turrentine, D. O. Bowman, J. E. Smith and W. H. Harrell, Lieutenants, junior grade; W. H. Turnley, M. R. Fox, D. W. Truscott and J. W. Parent are fellow officers of Dr. Pinner's from the United States naval hospital. The

bride will be given away by her cousin, J. W. Bettendorf of Bettendorf, Ia.

Miss Wylie's frock will be of blonde satin, with an overdress of fillet lace, with this she will wear a leghorn hat. She will carry sweet peas and orchids. Miss Cobb's dress will be of lavender green, with hat to match. Her bouquet will be salmon sweet peas and roses. The officers will be in service dress. The bride attendants will wear the blue A uniform with sword and belt. They will form an arch of crossed swords under which the bridal party will pass.

A reception will follow the ceremony at the rectory. The bride attended Mills college, California, and is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and Simmons college.

Dr. Pinner received his medical degree from the University of Virginia. Dr. and Mrs. Pinner will be at home after March 10, at 52 Garden court, Cambridge, Mass.

When people make liberal use of common sense and sanitation, the span of life is materially lengthened.



Your Problems Solved

by Martha Allen

Unhappy Young Mother. Dear Miss Allen: I was married about four years ago and am the mother of twin babies, 2 years old. My husband was a good provider and seemed to be satisfied with married life until after our babies were born. Now he does not want to be bothered with them or have any responsibility of the children. He does not care whether the babies and I have anything decent to wear out or not, though he wants to keep himself up in society. Every Saturday and Wednesday nights he goes to dances and parties. We have near relatives living here who offer to take care of the children for us so that I can go different places with him, but he always refuses and has excuses so that I have to stay at home. Then he goes without me. We had a machine and he would not take me anywhere, but was always riding with his lady friends. The company from which he

purchased the machine learned of the way he was doing and because he was neglecting his payments on it in order to have the money to sport around on took it from him. Often when people pass by our home my husband admires ladies' clothes, sizes, shapes, etc., but when I mention that I need something nice to wear he always has an excuse and says he needs clothes for me. He has three and four suits to my one dress. I have worn the same coat for three years. My husband makes good money, averaging \$12 daily. He does not save 1 cent and I seldom see any money. He tries to get me to put the babies in a nursery and go to work somewhere. He is a good provider for the table, but that is all. He tells me to leave and that he does not care any more for me. I am discouraged and would like real honest advice. GERTRUDE.

An unhappy mother has to consider her problem from two angles. It is necessary for her to contemplate life without her husband in order to decide which way she and the children are better off. Cultivate cheerfulness and make it a rule never to nag, criticize or complain. Your husband is just the type to respond to praise and if you look for the good in him

and show appreciation he will enjoy you as a companion and want you with him. You may also feel helpful to ask his advice about clothes and to show faith in his judgment.

Mrs. G.: I would have to know more about your case to give an adequate answer. Aren't you exaggerating things?

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What Becomes of the Girls Who Disappear?

YOU wonder what becomes of them—the girls who disappear—drop out of sight, many never to be heard of again.

There are hundreds of such girls. You read about them in the papers for a day or two—then interest lags, and except for a broken-hearted mother, a father prematurely aged and hair turned gray, each case is forgotten in the interest that the next arouses.

Late one night a young girl stepped from a train in the station at Youngstown, Ohio. She was attractive, beautiful and of excellent family.

She wanted to surprise her parents by her unexpected home coming and so, instead of telephoning to her father to come and escort her, she took a night-hawk taxi standing at the curb.

Later, a car came to a stop before a quiet-looking house with drawn curtains, and an unconscious girlish figure was carried quickly up the steps and through the door—a door that might well have borne the legend "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

That is how one girl disappeared as though the earth had swallowed her. Thus it was that through a simple error such as any girl might make, there began a chapter in her life so dreadful that she will carry the sickening memory of it with her to the grave.

Ordinarily wild horses could not tear from her the details of the horrors she endured from the time she stepped into the taxi until she was rescued days later from that terrible barred room in the house with the shades drawn down.

But because she realizes that thousands of girls innocently and unthinkingly make errors that might easily result as disastrously as the simple mistake she made, she has relived the episode once again, in order that other girls may be spared the depths of degradation and humiliation she suffered.

You will find her story, told in her own words, in True Story Magazine for March, entitled "Outside the Law." Every word, every incident, every detail, recorded exactly as it was burned into her memory. Nothing is changed, nothing hidden, except the real names of the persons involved, which for obvious reasons have to be disguised. It is a powerful, gripping true story that every girl and every parent of girls should read. Never in the history of True Story Magazine, whose purpose is and always has been to fight the powers of evil, has it placed before its readers a tale that will do more to protect girls and women from the human vultures who feed upon the trustfulness and thoughtlessness of innocence than this self-told story of a girl who disappeared. You will find it in True Story for March, now upon the newsstands.



"When she stepped into waiting taxi cab for the journey home there was nothing in the looks or actions of the driver and his companion to give her the slightest suspicion that there was anything wrong."
From "Outside the Law" in March True Story

Other Heart-Gripping True Stories in the March Issue Are:

"As a Woman Sows"—To Bianche, marriage for love was a forlorn road to happiness—unless plenty of money went with it to bolster up the matrimonial scheme. So she hesitated not an instant when she saw a chance to lure rich old Alexander Potter into marriage with her. She did not count on the fact that a man may be old, but still very clever—and when, shortly afterward, real love actually came into her life, she found that she had recklessly thrust herself into the jaws of a terrible trap from which it seemed there was no escape. Read this girl's confession of her folly and the heart-rending events it led to. It's one you won't forget for many a day.

"How I Won My Husband"—When a girl loves a certain man who is too shy to propose, is it wrong for her to use strategy? That was the question Winnie had to answer respecting Dick. But when she decided to go ahead and win him by methods all her own, she did not foresee the amazing entanglement in which she

was to involve herself as a result. While there is a touch of humor in this astounding true story as Winnie tells it—every girl who reads it, whether she is in love or not, will profit by the mistakes that Winnie made.

"The Bigamist's Wife"—Born amid the sordid surroundings of the serving class in London, she came to hate her lowly station even as a child, and determined that some day she would climb to the high social level of those she then served. She had partially succeeded, she thought, when she met and married Harry Hobbs, owner of a large hotel; and when later she found herself a widow and burdened with her late husband's debts, she was easily flattered by the attentions of the young army captain who represented the aristocracy of England and "promised" to make her his wife. Read and learn how he fulfilled his "promise," and its dramatically eventful outcome for Gladys. One of the most gripping stories that has appeared in True Story Magazine.

"A Mother's Opinion of True Story"—When I read "If Youth But Knew" I decided I would get True Story each month because I have two boys one past 16 years and the other 13 years and there are things boys should know and I wanted to tell them. We only have the two children and we are a loving family one to the other and I was afraid they would think me bold if I explained plain facts to them. They are both great readers and want to read every magazine or book that comes to our home. So when I read "If Youth But Knew," I thought our problem was solved. When I put the magazine on the table I left it open at that story. And my eldest boy came and got it and read it and I never let on that I saw him reading it. When he had read them all, he said, "Mother, there are some good lessons for young folks in True Story Magazine. Let's take it all the time." So we all read True Story now. We have just finished reading the February issue, but I cannot tell you story I liked better than the others, for it is as Son said—there are good lessons for both young and old in it. The only fault I find with it is that it's so interesting I can hardly do my work when it comes in the house. We can hardly wait each month for it and I don't see what you could do to make it a better magazine and I think all folks raising a family should take True Story magazine, as the young people can read it. I think it would keep many a boy and girl from going astray. Yours truly, Melcher, Iowa MRS. A. S. G.

- Other Features in the March Issue Are:
- "The Understanding Heart"
 - "Prisoners for the Night"
 - "The Sinner and the Code"
 - "What Love Did for Me"
 - "Fine Feathers"
 - "When Fortune Smiles"
 - "The Primitive Lover"
 - "My Stepmother"
 - "Her Bargain"
 - "Sins of the Fathers"

A Record of Life

If human history could be reduced to a single page—if the lives of the men and women whose names have lived could be recorded in the space of a few paragraphs—one great fact would stand out and dominate all the rest. And that is, that even among the highest and mightiest—sin never has succeeded—wrong never has, and never can win.

If the great of the earth cannot escape the inevitable penalties of wrong, what chance have we lesser ones who make up the majority?

This is a truth about life that Bernarr Macfadden has been hammering home ever since he started several years ago to edit and publish True Story Magazine. In a thousand different ways, touching on a thousand widely-varied problems of life, he has sought, through the pages of True Story Magazine, to drive into the public consciousness those great burning truths about our moral, spiritual and physical lives that every man and woman, every boy and every girl ought to know.

That he is succeeding in a big way is attested by the large number of letters from all over the world that pour into the offices of True Story Magazine. Those who have walked blindly have had their eyes opened. Those who needed instruction and guidance have received it, and have profited thereby. Those who have been tempted have seen the Truth, and have found strength to resist temptation. Those who have erred through ignorance or misinformation, have been saved from shame, sorrow and degradation and have found the only way to success and happiness. Such is Bernarr Macfadden's great achievement—one that any man might well glory in.

March True Story Magazine 25¢

A Macfadden Publication

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