Beatrice Fairfax
Problems That Perplex

Losing a Suitor.

Dear Miss Fairfax: For about a year and a half I went about with a young man who lived a distance from me. His intentions were serious and I thought a great deal of him. The last time he visited me everything he said or did annoyed me, and I let him knew it. On the way to his train I spoke particularly about his clothes. I did not think he was as neat as he might be. I knew this would hurt him, as it was not the first time I had mentioned it.

Everything seemed all right when we parted, and he said he would write and let me know when he would see me again. Two years have passed, and I have not heard a word from him. His sister corresponds with me, but never mentions his name. One of you. Perpetual nagging is bound to disgust the most even-tempered of men. If everything the man said or did annoyed you, there doesn't seem much chance that there was anything you cared about except having a devoted suitor. I am sure he was even more annoyed by having you find fault with him all the time. Don't you suppose you had other qualities besides your over-critical attitude which he might have wanted to change? Learn from this to be less arrogant, less critical and more inclined to remember that the precious gift of seeing yourself as others see you isn't yours, so you must learn to judge generously.

Perhaps he thinks he is well rid C. M. R.

Adele Garrison
"My Husband's Love"

The Way Madge Sounded Her Warning to Leila.

When I saw Alfred Durkee lift his wife from the train and carry her to the Marvin station in his arms, I wasted no time in greeting them, but instead rushed to the lone taximan of the little village, finding a stranger instead of the genial Doran who used to serve us.

"Wait here for me, please," I instructed him. "I want you to go down to Durkee's."

"All right," he replied laconically, and I went swiftly toward the station, meeting Alfred coming out from it.

"I have the taxi right here," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Leila stumbled, and, I am afraid, wrenched her ankle a bit when we changed from the express at Jamaica. It upset her nerves for a little, but I think she's all right now. But —" with a sudden look of astonishment, "how did you know, and—"

"How do I happen to be here?" I retorted, sudden relief that Leila had not been really ill, as I feared, sending my spirits upward. "You aren't very hospitable, are you? I'm visiting your mother."

"Where's the Dicky-bird?" he asked, as he turned with me toward the station.

"Madge! You Dear!"

"Out of the city for three days," I explained, "and I'm on my way to the farm via this route. Strolled over to meet you tonight, saw you hit Leila from the train, deduced that you needed a taxi—is the explanation satisfactory?"

"Perfectly Sherlockian," he gibed, and then I saw at Leila's side, notting relievedly that in spite of her injury, her eyes were less tortured, her face more composed than it had been the night before.

"Madge! You dear!" Her face lighted up with genuine pleasure as I bent to kiss her. "How wonderful to find you here! Has Alfred told you what a stumble-heels I was?"

"He told me your ankle was hurt," I returned, "and the taxi is waiting outside. Alf, suppose you tell him to come to this door"—I indicated a door a few feet from where we were sitting.

"Great head," Alfred commented appreciatively, and promptly departed. I waited only till the door had closed after him before turning to Leila.

"They will be surprised and grieved to see you in this state," I said, using the plural pronoun designedly.

"They?" she repeated. "Oh, is Dicky at the house?"

"No, but Bess Dean is there for dinner," I returned, watching her. Leila's face was gasping breath, but after a second or two, Leila's voice sounded composedly.

A Short Ride.

"I wish she'd chosen some other night. I do hate to be ill or disabled when strangers are in the house. Not that Bess is a stranger—she's awfully good company, but—she isn't like you."

I turned to her in time to receive the wistful, tender smile with which she finished, and I paid a little mental tribute to the will-power which had enabled her to conquer the emotion I knew she had felt at the mention of Bess Dean's name.

There was distinct cleverness, too, in the fact that she had not professed pleasure at the news of Bess Dean's presence as a less adroit woman would have done. That later on she would confide her fears and doubts to me, I was sure, but the imminence of Alfred's return forbade any giving way to the emotion with which such a confidence could not help but be invested. Indeed, she scarcely had finished speaking before he came breezily into the station again.

"He'll be at the door by the time we are," he said. "Ready, sweetheart?" His tender smile at Leila was something for any wife to cherish.

"Don't you think I could walk?" she asked.

"That's not the question," he flashed back, stooping toward her. "You're not going to try. Put your arms around my neck, there—that's right. Madge, have you her purse? All set, everybody."

He bore her light weight with ease through the door of the waiting-room on the taxi.

"Suppose you get in first, Madge," he said, "and you can ease her down to the seat."

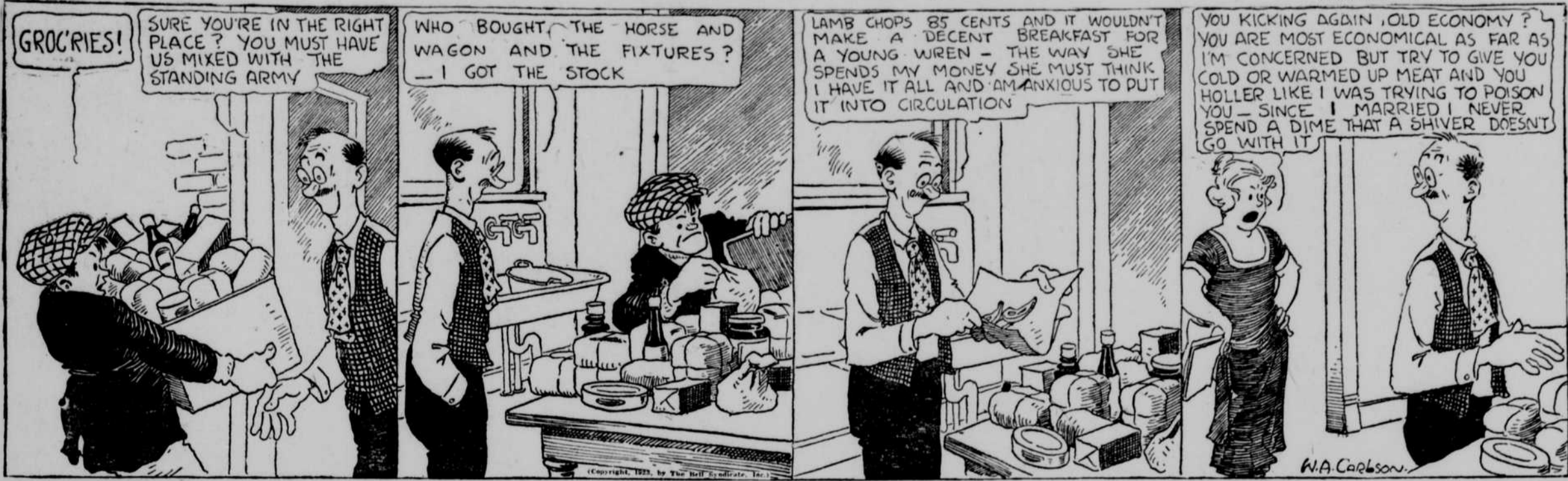I obeyed him, and Leila was seated

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