



FATE AND THE WOMAN

A San Francisco Girl's Struggle for Love and a Career

By ELENORE MEHERIN

CHAPTER XXXVII Reality

With a bristling sense of being trapped, I dropped the telegram on the dresser, pulled out a small drawer, missing the stack of silk stockings, selecting the colors I wanted, throwing them into the suitcase. A faint alarm crept into mother's eyes.

"You will not need to go, dear," she said diffidently. "I am going, mother."

"But your father says—"

"Yes, I know, mother. It is kind in both of you, but I think I should not stay for pleasure when Marian is so ill. I want to be with her." I was not above duplicity; neither was she.

"Of course—of course, dear. But there is no danger."

"What difference does it make, mother? I will have no enjoyment here. I wish to go."

She frowned, hesitated, knowing that too much insistence would only betray her hand. I saw this and called her.

"Why do you wish me to stay and my sister, perhaps, flying?"

The stately face, now harried and white, became suddenly crimson.

"It is your father's request," she answered stiffly. "He is there. Would he permit you to stay if Marian were in danger?"

"I guess father doesn't care," I said indifferently. "He only wanted me to know I could stay if I liked."

"He wishes you to remain. Must I argue with you?" Her nostrils quivered. She turned her back quickly, walked from the room.

And in a few moments Janice entered. I suppose she had talked it over.

My suitcase was packed. The maid was fastening a one-piece traveling dress.

"I will help you," Janice dismissed the maid, closed the door.

"Your mother is distressed, Gail. Aren't you fond enough of me to remain? There is the dinner and the theater party I have planned for you."

"You have told mother?" I said, keeping my teeth shut, fighting for control.

Janice, buttoning my dress, kept her head lowered.

"She has guessed a little, Gail."

"Yes, I know," I flashed bitterly. "And they think they can keep me here and push me into it! Well, they can't!"

"Gail," she picked an imaginary thread from my dress, brushed it lightly with her fingers, "you may do whatever you please here. I am lonesome, dear. You know how long I have been begging you to come. It is just that, I shall not try to influence you about Rupert. You should not defy your mother."

"I know them, Janice. I never heard of anything so heartless! How do they know what has happened to Marian? It may be something terrible."

"The box with the neckties I took from a secret drawer of the old dresser, pressed it in Janice's hand."

"Will you send it to him?" I have written him a letter.

"You won't give him a chance, Gail?"

"I cannot, Aunt Janice, I would rather die than marry him."

She stepped back, shocked as though I had raised a hand against her. "You are making a tragic mistake, Gail, my dear," she breathed laboriously, "this is a blow!"

"I am sorry, I can't help it, Janice. Will you send it?"

"I will explain," she said evasively. "It was nearly time to leave. I snatched my gloves, put powder and a lip stick in my bag."

Met in a snug tailor suit stood at the door. As she saw me, her face was like white marble.

"You are not to come!" The cold emphasis of her tone startled me.

"I am coming," I answered rather faintly.

"You refuse to obey? I shall tell your father! I shall wire him!" She lost all composure. Janice frowned at her. "Oh, what am I saying? I am distracted," she ended, weakly shifting to appeal. "Gail, dear, do as I ask. Haven't I taught you to trouble me? It isn't right to treat Aunt Janice so."

"Janice understands," I said, kissing her.

"I wish you could have stayed," Janice answered, a little hurt, a little cold.

Mother turned from me, rigidly as though she were made of metal.

The limousine waited for us. We got next each other; said nothing. Contempt hardened about the little affection I had for her.

"I know why you wished me to

stay, mother," I said bitterly, when we were at last on the train and I could endure the unnatural silence no longer. "Even death shouldn't interfere!"

She drew down her sharply penciled brows.

"I'm sure I deserve this, Gail," closing her eyes, ignoring the catch in her voice. "I had no thought but your happiness! Is it any pleasure for me to travel alone? I only wanted you to have your visit unspoiled. I am well rewarded!"

She stuck to that explanation. I took it gladly. I was going home, each hour putting miles between me and the menace of Rupert Addison's attention. The relief was enough.

Twice a day telegrams were sent. Marian had pneumonia. The doctors feared complications. We arrived the day hope was lowest.

They had kept her at home with nurses and several doctors in almost constant attendance.

She was delicious at times—and unconscionable.

"She will not know you," the nurse whispered. "You will only stay a moment."

The fair, delicate face was outlined in a blue-white line against the pillows, the hair of gold curling wistfully, her hands clasped hung over the side of the bed, seeming almost too heavy for the wasted wrists. The frail image terrified me. I wanted to run away, to hide from the fear.

Mother sobbed, went over to the bed and knelt there.

"Mimi! My darling!" she whispered, her voice breaking.

Marian's eyes opened. The deathly pallor of her skin seemed to lighten a moment. Her eyes closed again.

"Oh, Warren, wait! He took my hand, walking up and down like a man half-crazed. The heavy, wooden face was mottled with suffering."

"How does she look? Gail, what do you think? He took my hands. Tell me the truth. God! Does she look awful to you?"

"Yes, terrible! Oh, I can't believe it!"

Mother was crying. I went into the room where Marian had shivered her jewels; waited in a sick agony of fear.

The night the baby was born—a little girl. It was dead. One of the nurses dressed it. They brought a little white coffin, set the tiny form in it. I left it alone in one corner of the great, somber library.

It was an accusation—this forlorn white box—an indictment. I passed the room two or three times, finally went over and looked down at the strange, diminutive presence, the waxen face and the tiny hands. A pathetic, futile thing, this little being that had just missed life. The one thing that might have been real in Marian's existence—a value in itself; there was no breath within it.

But this might have happened to two people who loved each other with consummate passion. I suppose then the child would have meant something. There would have been, at least, the vitality of grief. Here it meant nothing—a little dead thing.

The never was any reason for its existence; no reason for any of the facts of Marian's life. She was born, she passed her days. She entered into this loveless marriage, wore orchids, played with her jewels, lured now by this bit of tinted, now by that hovering always on the outer fringe of reality.

I am the same, I thought. So is mother, father, Aunt Janice—all of us playing a game that has no meaning, bored to death with life, finding extravagant pastimes to rid us of our hours. Isn't that just it, disturb; sorrows that awaken, but only one bright succession of skin thrills. We want nothing to do with such crudities as a beating heart or a restless mind. Let us have diversion, but not experience.

There was that sumptuous dinner, the miniature lake, the dancing maple leaf girl, the cigarette cases left on the table, the brilliant gold fish pulled from the water, the men betting as the creatures died on the silver platter. That was one night gone—hundreds had passed in the same light intoxication of pleasure.

There was no purpose to anything! Someone was coming into the room. "Oh, pardon—" it was the undertaker. "I didn't know any one was here."

He went up to the tiny coffin.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, trembling with a cold uneasiness, as he raised the white cover. He looked up rather surprised.

"I will remove it," he said, hesitating.

"Why, you better not! You better ask Mr. Warren. I don't believe my sister has been dead," he said quietly.

"It was born dead," he said quietly.

"Mr. Warren has made the arrangements."

I clasped my hands. They were shaking. Unexpected tears gushed to my eyes. How cold and like nothing this was! Like sweeping away a bit of white dust.

For no reason whatever I thought of Alice Matthews—what her son meant to her, the way she had held him fast to life, the glow in her face when she spoke of her love. That was real to her.

The man carried out the small box. If I had a child and it died! If even before I could press it to my face, I had to lay it back in the earth—I wonder how I would feel.

Marian hadn't even seen it! What a cruel way to be mocked. There would be no compensation, of course. Rupert Addison's heavy face flashed before my mind. A sentence from his letter recurred: "I believe in the independence of the wife and mother."

The Kiss of Cupid

By NELL BRINKLEY
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MEDBURY

By JOHN P. MEDBURY

One of the greatest pastimes indulged in by some people is talking to themselves. They know that if they ask themselves a question they'll get an answer right away.

Some men chatter with themselves because they don't like to talk to strangers.

But a woman talks to herself because she knows she'll be able to get the last word.

She'll ask herself a riddle, and then guess out loud at the answers.

A man will tell himself a joke and then laugh whether he sees the point or not, so that he won't think he's a boob.

A guy figures that if he gets into an argument with Mrs. Edvard Barron or Miss Edna Taylor he has a good chance of winning it.

Still, one guy tried for two hours to win an argument with his echo.

He went crazy trying to get the last word.

Some people's idea of company is to talk to themselves.

And they get lonesome every time they shut up.

The advantage of speaking to yourself is that there's only one person present and you can talk at once.

If anybody interrupts, you know who it is.

If you get mad, just slap yourself in the mouth and then everything will be quiet for awhile.

When a bird is angry at himself he'll call himself something which he'd punch another guy in the nose for doing.

They say that talking to yourself is a disease. Some of the things we say to ourselves is enough to make us ill.

A lot of people have secrets with themselves because they figure they're the only ones who can keep them.

If it gets out, then they know who told.

It's going pretty bad when a guy can't even talk to himself.

I got up and walked from the room shaking in an absurd fury.

To Be Continued
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Your friends can see the back chapters of Elenore Meherin's great story, "Fate and the Woman," free at The Call business office, 74 New Montgomery street.

FASHION GUIDE



Skirts Lengthened by the Pointed Tunic

By MARIE BELMONT

The pointed tunic is a noticeable addition to many of the prettiest summer frocks. In this creation the points swing well beyond the limits of the underdress. A sand colored crepe is chosen for the fashioning of this dress, for this color is highly favored by the woman who leads this mode. The bodice is designed with a deep V opening which reveals a small vestee of the crepe. From the shoulders to a few inches below the waist line is some metal embroidery that lends a scintillating touch to the dress. The girle is made of soft folds of the crepe and is fastened at the back.

Your Favorite Recipe

Strawberry Flips

By R. IVA HEINO

125 Buena Vista Ave., Mill Valley, Cal.
Grease gem pans and line with rich biscuit dough. Fill centers with either fresh or canned strawberries and cover with grated maple sugar. Bake in a quick hot oven and serve hot with plain cream.

Angel Cake

By MRS. L. P. NEUMANN
16 Grand, Merced County, Cal.

Whites of twelve eggs beaten stiff, one and one-half cups granulated sugar, one cup flour, one-half teaspoon cream of tartar (scant), pinch of salt, one teaspoon vanilla.

Set together sugar, flour, salt and cream of tartar twelve times. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Add flavoring and bake in ungreased pan in slow oven for about forty-five minutes.

For the icing use two cups powdered sugar, white of one egg and one teaspoon vanilla. Mix and spread over cake.

Canned Strawberries

By MRS. ALMA BOWLE
291 Olsego Avenue, San Francisco

Fill jars, which have been cleaned by boiling for twenty minutes, with strawberries, shaking the jars to get a full pack. Make a heavy syrup of two parts of sugar to one part water and boil until it spins a thread. Pour boiling syrup over berries until the jars are full. Place rubbers and covers and seal jars. The replace jars in enough boiling water to cover completely, put on tightly fitting lid and allow to remain until water is cold. Store in a cool, dark place.

SOCIAL NEWS

Club and social circles in and about San Francisco will be taken by surprise today by the announcement of the marriage of Miss Millie Rodgers and Frank Jones, which was celebrated last evening in the Palace Hotel, where the bride and her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Rodgers, have resided for some time. No announcement had been made of the engagement and not even the closest friends had been taken into the secret until this morning when the news of the wedding is out.

The bride is an attractive young girl, very pretty and vivacious, and though she has lived in San Francisco a comparatively short time, she claims a wide circle of friends. She has two married sisters, who reside on the Atlantic Coast.

Mr. Jones is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones and he is a brother of Mrs. Webb Ballard. Mrs. George Perkins Raymond, Edward Jones, Paul Jones, Herbert Jones and Clinton Jones Jr. The last named distinguished himself during the recent world war as San Francisco's first ace when he served as a lieutenant in the aviation branch of the army. Mr. Jones is a member of the Pacific Union Club of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones will enjoy an extended honeymoon and on their return they will take a house in San Francisco.

Contrary to all plans the Pacific Mail liner on which Mrs. Anna Voorries Bishop was to have sailed Saturday is still in port and the bride-elect hopes to depart tomorrow for the Orient, where her marriage to Mr. Charles Harrison Teaff will be solemnized. The wedding was to have been June 4, but now it will take place before June 8 and it will be held in the Yokohama residence of a mutual friend. Mr. Jerry Bishop will accompany his mother to Japan and he will remain there until the fall, when he will return to the States to enter one of the Eastern preparatory schools.

Complimenting Mrs. Edgar Preston, who will leave next week for Europe, Mrs. John B. Wright will entertain at a dinner this evening. The affair will be held at the Woman's Athletic Club and will be attended by sixteen guests.

The Misses Josephine Drown and Frances Ames, who will accompany their grandmother abroad, will be honored guests at a luncheon at which Miss Helen Hammersmith will entertain, Friday. Later they will be complimented by Mrs. W. H. Howard and Miss Jean Howard at a tea, to which the school set has been invited.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker is sailing June 7 for Europe to spend the summer abroad. She will join Mrs. Osgood Hooker and Mr. Osgood Hooker Jr., the latter of whom is finishing his college course this month.

A group of school girls, who have been in Eastern summer camps since Monday and are being welcomed at a series of delightful affairs. The Misses Rosemond and Margaret Lee have joined Mr. and Mrs. C. Taylor Lee at their home, 12 Pierce street. Mr. and Mrs. Lee passed the week end at Casa del Rey in Santa Cruz and only returned home Monday in time to welcome their guests.

Miss Edna Taylor is also home and is with Mrs. Will Taylor Jr. at Menlo Park. Miss Mary Martin has joined Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin in Burlingame. Miss Jean Howard, Miss Adrienne Sharp and Miss Helen Hammersmith are also home from Eastern schools.

Mrs. Andrew C. Cargan Jr. left yesterday for San Mateo to enjoy a week's visit with Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron at their country home. Mrs. Cargan has gone north and expects to be away three weeks or more and on her return from the country until his home coming. Mrs. Cargan will be with her mother-in-law, Mrs. H. P. Harris of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. John Studebaker Johnson, Mrs. Morris Cook, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Mrs. F. C. Poyer, Mrs. John Manning, Mrs. E. E. Bernhardt, Mrs. William "Budwell," Mrs. Poton de Arce, Mrs. James Pressley, Mrs. William Greenfield, Mrs. Bertha Stringer Lee, Mrs. Louis Carl, Mrs. William Wagon and Mrs. M. P. Orest.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rosita Fisher, to Louis S. Spiegelman, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Spiegelman. The bride-elect is a sister of William Fisher, consul of Venezuela at this port.

STORY OF SANTA CLARA

Romance of Land of Flashing Dramas From Earliest Spanish Days

By EVELYN WELLS

Governor Nere sent orders from Monterey to have thieving Indians flogged. Three Indians were killed. Still the tribes stole the mission cattle. In May the epidemic came. The Indians were weak and frightened, and became friendly with the Padres.

On the 25th of September a guest came to Santa Clara, Padre Junipero Serra. He was on his way to Mission San Francisco. He rejoiced at the sight of the half-finished walls of the mission of Santa Clara. This was the eighth mission in the chain the tireless padre had planned. He sang mass and preached a sermon the next day, as it was the feast day of the prince and archangel St. Michael. The next day he rested, then toiled on to the mission of Our Father at San Francisco. On his return, ten days later, he rested two days at Santa Clara before returning to his own Mission San Carlos.

The end of the first year at Santa Clara saw much of progress. The church was finished. It was made of timber and plastered with an adobe roof. The church was six by twenty varas. A vara is less than a yard. There were two other buildings, divided into apartments for the families. There were two corrals for the cattle and horses, and a bridge had been built across the River Guadalupe. Eight adults and fifty-nine children had been baptized at the mission. Other baptisms had been effected in the Indian rancherias. The first baptism among the gente de razon, or "cultured people," was that of an illegitimate son of Jose Antonio Gonzales. The mother of this child was married to another man in the following year. Twenty-five Indians had died at the mission. The first white man died in the following year. He was Jose Antonio Garcia.

Thirteen Christians and ten catechumens were living at the mission. Other mission children lived at the rancherias with their parents.

Rap-on Bojorges and Gabriel Peralta were corporals of the guard. Others of the mission were Francisco Barra, Augustin Sobreros, Antonio Romero, Christobal Armenta, Joaquin Sanchez, Manuel Antonio, Joaquin Puga and Cirilo Gonzales.

There was planning to be done, and building, and the baptizing of Indians. The year of 1777 was a busy year for the Mission Santa Clara.

(To Be Continued)

A DEAD POET'S PLEA FOR THE REDWOODS

Two bills passed by the Legislature for the conservation of the redwoods give timeliness to the following poem of Richard Lew Dawson, written just before his death in San Francisco some weeks ago. For many years Dawson was one of the most popular writers of the Middle West, a member of the Hoosier School of Authors. In 1886 he organized the Western Association of Writers, the membership of which included James Whitcomb Riley, Bill Nye and Gene Field—all intimate friends of Dawson.

Because of his broken health few articles from his pen found their way into print in the few years he lived in California. This poem printed after his death may help persuade Governor Stephens to sign the redwood bills.

HYMN OF THE REDWOODS

We are the first Native Sons of the Golden West,
Vigorous with the red blood from our mother's breast,
Sired by the giants who lived when the world was new,
Born by the wide-spawning sea where the trade winds blow,
Tallest of earth and prophetic of modern days,
When in our soft-tinted beauty your homes you raise.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their two small sons, Master James and Master Cyrus Walker, are up from Santa Barbara for a brief visit here. They have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the period of their stay, but they will also enjoy a visit with Mr. Walker's mother, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, at her San Mateo domicile before their return north.

Miss Ruth Kroll of Piedmont, bride-elect of John Mackinlay, went yesterday to Santa Barbara to enjoy a fortnight's visit with her fiancé's mother, Mrs. Robert Mackinlay. Complimenting the bride-elect, Miss Antonia Marin gave a luncheon today to twenty-four guests. The affair was held at the Samaritan.

Mrs. Howell Ward was hostess at a bridge tea Tuesday, when she assembled a congenial group in the empire room of the Fairmont Hotel. Among those to accept Mrs. Ward's hospitality were Mrs. H. P. Harris of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. John Studebaker Johnson, Mrs. Morris Cook, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Mrs. F. C. Poyer, Mrs. John Manning, Mrs. E. E. Bernhardt, Mrs. William "Budwell," Mrs. Poton de Arce, Mrs. James Pressley, Mrs. William Greenfield, Mrs. Bertha Stringer Lee, Mrs. Louis Carl, Mrs. William Wagon and Mrs. M. P. Orest.

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