

The JOURNAL of A NEGLECTED WOMAN

by Mabel Herbert Urner

CHAPTER III.

HAVE been looking at a picture of Horace, taken when he was ten years old. What a sweet little boy he was standing there by a chair in that quaint velvet suit, his hair combed back very straight and smooth from his earnest little face! How he laughed over this picture when I found it among his things soon after our marriage! And I have another, taken when he was in college. A tall, slim youth with the same earnest face and grave, dark eyes.

There is a feeling almost of exultation that these pictures are mine—wholly mine. He can give her none like them, for there are no others. And I feel, too, that all the memories of his youth belong more to me than they ever can to her. I do not think that he could ever tell her of his boyish dreams and aspirations, as he once told them to me.

June 25.—Why are we never honest enough to admit that when we are unhappy the unhappiness of others is comforting? I have heard people say: "It cannot be happy myself I like to see others around me happy." That is not true. We may wish it were, but it is not.

I have just received a letter from Edith Carrington, a cousin who lives in Boston, and who I have always thought was most happily married. She has a beautiful home, two beautiful children, and, as I always believed, a devoted husband. Lately in my own desolation I have thought with envy of the security and love which surrounded her life. And now she writes that she has determined to leave her husband, that for months he had been drinking and cruelly mistreating her, and is living openly with a well-known actress. Knowing I will read the newspaper accounts of the divorce which will soon be instituted, she is sending this letter, that I may have the facts first from her. She writes that she is heartbroken—life seems black and hopeless, and she does not know how she can go on living.

When I laid down the letter, I knew that mingled with the severe pity and sympathy I felt for her was something like a fierce joy that her suffering was as great as mine. If through her efforts of mine I could restore to her her happiness, there is no sacrifice I would not make to do so. But since I am powerless to help her, since no thought or feeling of mine can either increase or lessen her misery, I know that her letter has brought me the greatest consolation I have had for days. It helps me to know her husband has been more cruel to her than Horace has been to me.

June 27. Today a young and beautiful woman got on a streetcar and took a seat beside me. I caught my breath at her almost dazzling beauty. Her skin was marvelously white and clear, with a faint rose pink in her cheeks. There was not a line or blemish in her face, and it was the beauty of youth and freshness—there was no paint or powder there. She was dressed with striking simplicity—a white broadcloth suit and a plain, white felt sailor. I watched her with a sickening sense of envy almost as intense as when I read of mine in my poor, worn, faded face. I could not bear to sit beside her. Oh, I felt so old—so pitifully old! At the next corner I got off and walked home, my heart filled with a dumb, hopeless misery.

June 28. What vague, illusive thoughts come to one in that half-consciousness just before sleep. Last night some such strange vagaries filled my mind, and I found myself thinking: "I will hold these—I will remember this." But this morning they are all gone. I can recall only that it was something about Horace, some way out of all my wretchedness, some way by which I could bring back my old happiness. It seemed so clear then, so easy of attainment. And I remember so well the thought that I must not forget—there was even a desire to get up and write it down, and then came the feeling that I was writing it down. And I was filled with a great sense of relief that everything would come right, and drifted off to sleep.

Of course, it could have been nothing real or tangible, and yet all morning I have been trying to recall what it was.

June 29. I must know who she is and where she lives. I cannot endure any longer these torturing doubts and suspicions. Tomorrow I shall follow him. A year ago I would have shrunk from such a thought with untold horror, but now—I am desperate now. I must know.

June 30. I have just bought a cheap black hat and heavy veil. How old it makes me look! I know now how kindly my hair is to my face; with what art my milliner shapes them. But this straight, stiff brim cruelly hardens and ages my features. I have found a black skirt and coat that I have not worn for years and that I know he will not recognize. In this disguise I will follow him.

Midnight. It is over. I have followed him. I know. At a o'clock I was in Nassau street, waiting by the door of the great trust building in which he has his offices. So many people were pouring in and out that I was afraid I might not see him, so I went inside the large corridor where I could watch the elevators. The place seemed throbbing, pulsating with the life of the business world. The thought that my disguise was a part, a momentary sense of pride.

All these men, hurrying away from their offices, well-groomed and prosperous, some householders, the life of some woman, centered about each of them. How many of them, through neglect and indifference, were breaking the heart of that woman?

At last I saw him step from one of the elevators. My pulse throbbed wildly. How strange to have him pass me in that way—without even glancing toward me! Secure in my disguise, I followed closely, fearful of losing him in the crowd.

At the corner he stopped to buy a paper. I had thought he would take the subway, so I had no difficulty in following him there. But when he reached the entrance, he hesitated, glanced at his watch and then turned back and crossed the street to a drugstore.

Instinctively I knew it was to telephone—but to whom? Was he going to telephone me that he would not be home for dinner, as he had so often of late? Or was the message for her?

As I passed the drugstore I could see three men in white coats. I knew he was in one of those booths. The flashing thought that I might secure the adjoining one and

hear the message made me enter the store, heedless of the risk. Through the glass door of the first booth I saw the head and shoulders of a man I did not know. In the second was my husband. Quickly I slipped into the third. At first I could hear nothing, then quite distinctly I heard his voice. "Ring them again, Central."

"Hello. This is Mr. Kennedy. Ellen, ask Mrs. Kennedy to come to the phone. She is out? Well, when she comes in, tell her that I have been detained at the office and may not be home until later; for her not to wait dinner. That's all. Goodbye."

A pause. Then: "Hello, Central. Give me 3205 River." Again a pause. "Hello. Oh, why, I am through earlier than I thought," with a strange gentleness in his voice. "I'm on my way up now. Yes, in half an hour or less. Yes," with a tender little laugh. "Goodbye."

Blindly, with trembling limbs, I followed him from the store, across the street, back to the subway. There was a crowd at the ticket window. Would he be gone before I could get through? A local was drawing out—had he taken that? No, he was there on the platform waiting for an express. In a moment one dashed in. I followed him into the same car. It was crowded. I could see that he was standing about the middle of the car. Some one had given me a seat near the door, and, as the train sped on, I closed my eyes. "3205 River!" The number seemed floating in red and black waves beneath my closed lids. That was her telephone! From that I could find her address. I need not follow him, and yet I knew that I would. I had no resistance then against the force that was sweeping me on.

A moment's stop at Fourteenth street, and the train plunged on with a deafening roar. Forty-second, Seventy-second—where would he get off? I could see only his hand and arm as he held to a strap some distance away. His glove was unbuttoned and partly turned back, showing his wrist. There was something in that glimpse of firm white flesh between his cuff and glove that strangely increased the faintness I was so desperately fighting.

At Ninety-sixth I saw him making his way toward the door. Distantly I followed. Out from the subway, across Ninety-sixth toward the park. How fast he walked! Was he so eager to reach her? A little farther on and he entered one of the large apartment houses that faced the park. Everything blurred before me as I walked to the end of the block and looked back. In some part of that building was my husband with another woman! Even now he was greeting her.

July 1st. I have been sick for over a week. That day broke me down.

July 10th. I have always thought that books in which women write their hands and walk up and down the room crying—"O God—God! What can I do?" are melodramatic and absurdly unreal. I know now that they may be very real. The hysterical things I now do and say when I am alone are more tenderly emotional than anything I have ever read.

While I was sick in a straitened, awkward way he was very kind to me. It was as though he was trying to make up for the infidelities of which he thinks I am ignorant. How much longer can I be all this while I do not yet know her name. I have



"IN THE SECOND WAS MY HUSBAND. QUICKLY I SLIPPED INTO THE THIRD."

had no strength for anything more. But now with her address and telephone number I will not be hard to find the rest, only I cannot do it now.

July 11th. The nights are so horrible! If I could only sleep. But for weeks I have lain awake until 3 or 4 in the morning. And all through those long hours my mind is going over and over the saddest thing. Night and day the thought of that other woman is always with me.

July 12th. Could I live like that? At each place the "landlady" looked curiously at my clothes. One of them asked bluntly for whom I wished the room, and I answered in confusion: "For a friend."

Yesterday I asked Horace what yearly interest came from the \$1800 I received from Cousin Allen's estate. He looked in surprise. "Why, Mary, you don't mean that you need it?" I answered hurriedly: "Oh, no. I don't need the money; the amount you give me for my very own. And the household expenses is more than enough. I merely wondered how much a small sum like that would bring in yearly."

"Let me see; I bought some Missouri Pacific with that—did I not? Well, that is paying—now. I should say that would be about a year."

"And if it were sold outright, how much would it bring now?" I asked.

"Why, somewhere around \$1800. But what do you mean? You never asked such questions before."

"Oh, nothing. I just had a fancy to know how much I had of my very own."

"Why, you know you have all that Western Union stock don't you? And those lots in Brooklyn and that land in Ulster County?"

"Oh, yes, I know that is all what you gave me. But I just wondered how much Cousin Allen's money would bring."

All through dinner he looked disturbed and worried. I suppose he has always felt that I was well provided for. Evidently the thought that if we were ever separated I would not touch a cent of his money, or of anything he had ever given me, had not occurred to him. And yet living with me all these years, he ought to know. He ought to know that I could never share his money with another woman.

July 15th. I have written her a letter. Of course I shall never send it. And yet I could not help writing it. It was not a bitter letter. I only asked if she knew the other woman's name. That for me life held nothing but my husband. That for her there was so much more. I felt that she was young and beautiful—that she had the whole world to choose from. Why had she taken from me all that I had?

Already I have destroyed the letter, and yet the very writing of it was humiliating—consciously humiliating. I should plead for my husband's love from another woman! Beg from a stranger for what is mine—mine by law. By 11 years of love and devotion! Oh, I should never think of that—that I have given him the best of my life—my youth, my freshness! And now that I am faded and old he turns from me to another, fresher face. Is that the nature of man? Are all men so? Then why does God let women be born to such anguish?

July 13th. Today I did a strange thing. I took a car to a cheap boarding-house section of the city and looked for a room. I had made a list of a few addresses from the morning paper, advertising "well-furnished hall bedrooms, hot and cold water, excellent table board." For so long I had made a list of a few addresses from the morning paper, advertising "well-furnished hall bedrooms, hot and cold water, excellent table board." For so long I had made a list of a few addresses from the morning paper, advertising "well-furnished hall bedrooms, hot and cold water, excellent table board."

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ately. He was kind to her in a way, but he was always wild and dissipated.

July 21st. This is my birthday. In all these years he has never before forgotten; he has always brought me flowers. But today he does not even know. I shall not mention it. I want no remembrance that must be prompted. Forty-six today—and I look 50. Oh, how horribly I have aged in this past year! All these sleepless nights have carved deep lines in my face. And yet I must live on—I must take whatever life has in store for me. There is no escape.

July 22.—Tonight at dinner he spoke of giving up the house. Asked what I thought of taking an apartment this winter, said it would be less lonely for me when he could not get home for dinner. That he often felt the uselessness of keeping this big house for just us two; it seemed almost as though it was kept up more for the benefit of the servants than anything else.

When he saw my distress at the thought, he said of course it should be as wished; he wanted me to be where I would be most happy, but lately he had felt I might be happier in a hotel, where I would not be so much alone. After that he did not press the matter, but I could see he was disappointed.

So he wants to give up our house. He wants to live at a hotel, where he can be more free. It is the beginning of the end of them.

July 24.—Sometimes I wonder if I could have held his love longer had I dressed more and been more careful that he should never see me less than I was. I should have been more attractive every morning at breakfast; and the tea-service—I don't think he has ever noticed it.

And in the evening for dinner he rarely makes an effort to dress when we are alone. I have a number of charming evening-gowns, but I seldom wear them, except when we dine out or have some one dining with us. What am I saving them for? I can have plenty more. Oh, how blind I have been! Why have I worn them only for the benefit of others? What do I gain from the passing admiration of strangers or even friends—compared to the admiration of my husband? Is it too late to begin now? Can I make an impression on years of indifference dressing have made upon him?

July 26.—All morning delivery wagons have been stopping at our door. The mail has been piled up, and the packages are innumerable. Yesterday I spent the whole day in the shops. And now

Amherst (Mass.), cor. Boston Herald. Brief reports have had it of late that Professor David P. Todd, of Amherst College, was to make a balloon ascension a few months hence to a height of several miles, if possible, in pursuit of his astronomical duties. Wireless telegraphy has been mentioned in these reports. To learn the nature of these experiments and something of Professor Todd's plans, a reporter recently journeyed to Amherst.

"Tell me about your plans for establishing wireless communication with the earth," asked the professor. "What would you say if I told you that I have very grave doubts whether there are any beings on Mars with whom I or any one else can hold communication of any kind?"

"The newspapers are right and they are wrong. They are right in saying that I am going to make a balloon ascension to a very high one—and that the balloon will be provided with a wireless apparatus. But they are wrong in saying that the object of the trip is to establish communication with Mars."

"The object of my balloon trip is to learn whether, at a height of twenty-five thousand feet, the atmosphere is so pure and rarefied that it will support human life. It is my theory that it will. If my balloon experiments prove that the feasibility of a plan I have for building the highest, and consequently the most efficient, astronomical observatory in the world, the observatory of Mount Chimborazo, in the Andes of Ecuador. This peak has an altitude of twenty-one thousand feet. It is perpetually covered with snow and ice, the atmosphere is so rarefied that human beings cannot breathe it and live. Hence the utility of my experiment with compressed air."

"The only way to obtain absolutely accurate results with a telescope is to get above the atmosphere that is always in commotion. In 1907 I made a trip up into the Chimborazo to an altitude of sixteen thousand feet."

"I am going to get the largest balloon I can find. In the basket of this I will have two aluminized tanks for the aeronaut and one for myself. Each tank will be about six feet high and three feet in diameter. The riveting and construction will be of the best and duly approved by an expert, for if either of the tanks should give way at a high altitude, the man inside would be a gone goose. There will be three or four windows, the same as those used in a diving suit, around the sides, and the bottom of the cylinder will be of clear, thick glass. There will also be a hand pump instead of the hand pump of a diving suit, so that the hands of each inmate will be left free."

"Within the tank occupied by the aeronaut, perhaps also in the tank occupied by myself, there will be mechanical means for performing certain work outside, such as throwing out the ballast when desired, without diminishing the desired pressure in the tanks."

"I am confident of reaching twenty-five thousand feet. That is as high as I need go to establish my theory about compressed air. But, if all is working well when we reach that height, I'll continue to ascend. The record ascension, made in 1882 by Glaisher in an open basket, is thirty-six thousand feet."

"Now, if this balloon voyage establishes the correctness of my theory that a man can live in air pumped from an altitude of twenty-five thousand feet or more, and compressed so that it exerts a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, then I will immediately try to reach the summit of Mount Chimborazo."

"My plan of overcoming the physical

my room is strewn with faced and ribboned lingerie—boxes and tissue-paper wrappings are everywhere. And yet how little of the natural woman's joy of possession I feel in all this! I think I trust. Perhaps because I feel the hopelessness of the cause for which they were purchased. One after another I examine them; I move the one on the outside pale blue silk house gown I fold sadly back in its box to be returned. That I could never wear; its clear, cold blue is made for the freshest, youngest beauty. How needlessly it brings out the sallowness of my skin and faded hair.

A soft lavender is more kindly, and a morning gown of cream white with pale tints of creamy lace is not unbecoming. And yet none of them can make me beautiful; they cannot take from my face the signs of age and worry.

Oh, my husband, why can you not love me as I am? If you were to become deformed or pock-marked, it would not change my love. Horace, Horace, why do you love me so differently?

This morning I came down to breakfast in one of my usual plain linen shirt-waists. For some reason I had not worn any of my new negligees. I felt absurdly shy and self-conscious, and there was a dread that he might divine my motive. I tried to pave the way. As usual, I was going shopping today, that I had become suddenly possessed with the desire to have some new clothes, and had bought them.

He looked up from his paper and said, kindly: "Why, yes, why don't you? I have always wanted you to have nice things. Do you want some money?" I laughed and said no. I thought I had enough.

"Well, if you run short, have them changed and sent comfortably, and returned to his paper."

It was foolish of me to feel disappointed; he was kind and generous; perhaps that should have been enough. And yet—there only had been a note of real interest; if he had made some little request for me to get something of some particular shade or design. If only he had made me feel that he cared!

July 28.—This morning I found courage to put on one of the daintiest of my new house gowns—a soft lavender crepe. I came down to breakfast and waited with beating heart for some approving comment. It was some time before he noticed it. Then he said kindly:

"Is that one of the results of your shopping tour?"

I nodded.

"It is very pretty."

And that was all. Had he said "that shade suits you," or "I like the softness of the lace"—even a slight criticism would have shown more interest. But "it is very pretty" meant so little.

July 29.—How pitiful are my efforts to make myself attractive; how futile to try to compete with her in the possession of all the weapons, all the advantages—youth, beauty (for she must be beautiful), and the greatest thing of all—the charm of the soul.

He has never seen her when she was ill or worn out. He has never seen her under the countless unfavorable conditions that attend the life of a woman who is always known when he is coming and can always be at her best.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

A TRIP TOWARD MARS

Professor Todd Tells Why He Is Going Up 25,000 Feet.

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"My plan of overcoming the physical

difficulties is this: The new railroad which has been constructed from Guayaquil through the mountain passes to Quito passes within four miles of Mount Chimborazo at an altitude of twelve thousand feet. That leaves nine thousand feet to overcome. A tunnel big enough for a single-track narrow-gauge railroad could be bored into the mountain for a distance of two miles. This would bring its terminus directly under the peak of the mountain. This tunnel could have a grade of five hundred feet to the mile. Eight thousand feet would then remain. The process which is used in sinking a mine shaft could be reversed and a hole bored straight up through the mountain.

The observatory that could then be built on the summit would be made up of compressed air apartments. The scientists working in the observatory would pass from one apartment to another through air locks.

Masters of the English

Continued From Page 4.

distracted attention from the words of counsel that President Woolley was delivering.

The young author, who had almost literally swarmed to the observatory, was soon identified. She seemed to be unconscious that she, rather than the president of Yale, was the center of interest. She appeared to be a bright, very young woman, much interested in the commencement exercises. Occasionally she would lean over the gallery railing while trying to identify some friend or acquaintance among the students. She was fair of hair, simply but attractively dressed, and carried a bunch of flowers, Summer roses. The students, almost as one man, and many others, waited after the exercises to get a closer vision of the writer of "The Gates Ajar."

She appeared before them slender of figure, quick and vivacious in her movements, with a very sunny smile, clear of complexion, and attractive through the intellectual power that was in her face, and particularly in her eyes. To those who had read Thackeray's description of Charlotte Bronte, it doubtless seemed that in physical appearance Miss Phelps somewhat resembled the author of "Jane Eyre."

Miss Phelps returned to Andover after this unexpected personal triumph and tribute at New Haven, and there began to receive another which has been continued to this day. None of her books has matched in popularity "The Gates Ajar." But all of them have maintained her literary power. Nearly 20 years after she wrote "The Gates Ajar," Miss Phelps was married to Herbert D. Ward of Boston, with whom she has collaborated in the writing of several stories.

Perhaps Julius Hawthorne could be called a partial exception to the rule of non-inheritance of great literary ability. Certain it is that he has gained a sort of literary fame; but it is not to be compared in the slightest degree with that which his father won by his pen. Julius Hawthorne himself, were you to talk with him about it, would doubtless frankly admit that he did not inherit in noticeable degree the almost matchless gift of his father.

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Upon their completion, in the near future, the New York Central Railroad will have the largest in the country, with a capacity for handling 25,000 cars a day.

President Taft Plays Golf While the Thermometer Sizzles at 100 Degrees



PRES. TAFT ON CHEVY CHASE LINKS



NEW YORK, July 17.—(Special).—These are the first real good pictures made of President Taft playing golf. These were made on a day when the temperature was at 100 degrees. This shows how enthusiastic the President is about golf. There is another reason also. He wants to reduce his weight. Brigadier-General Clarence Edwards, chief of the Insular Bureau of the War Department, and Captain Archibald W. Butt, the President's military aid, are his usual opponents. Recently, General Edwards

pleaded that he had a cold and asked to be excused that day. Afterward it transpired that he attended the double-header between the Boston and Washington teams and expressed himself forcibly about the work of Umpire Perrine. Taft is a baseball fan and while he joked with General Edwards about his cold, he sympathized with him in his desire to see a ball game rather than to play golf.