



A Wife on Leave

by INEZ KLUMPH

Illustrated by MARGUERITE NEALE

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S HAPPENED.

RICHARD BRABANT, a successful young lawyer, has given a year's leave to his wife.

SALLY, hoping that she will learn something of life during that time. She begins to do so.

KEITH GILBERT, always labelled "Dangerous," and through him associating with New York's gayest crowd of cultured Lee Craig, pretty artist, Guy Seiden, a playwright and Graham Browne, a financier. Gilbert makes no secret of his love for her, nor does she.

PATRICIA LORING, a modern flapper, make any secret of her fondness for him. Sally goes to dance club with him.

BARBARA LANE, who is an old-fashioned wife and her husband and their friends.

NEAL CALHOUN, and there sees Gilbert with Patricia. Calhoun intimates that Gilbert is not a man whom Sally should know. Sally learns that he has come. Who has taken his pretty secretary with him, and is so plied by the knowledge that she accepts Gilbert's invitation to a house party in the most out-of-the-way place.

The evening of her arrival she sees mysterious lights on the river and sees signals from the house, strange man comes across the river, and is legging, but he escapes to a launch on the river, taking Sally with him.

CHAPTER XXIII—TANGLING THREADS

The telephoned clamored, and Barbara ran, her heart thumping. It would be Andy, of course. But it was a woman's voice that asked for Mrs. Andrew Lane, and then requested her to hold the wire for a moment. Barbara turned faint. Had something happened to Andy? Were they telephoning from a hospital?

In a moment the voice of Sally's mother-in-law came over the wire; in the first rush of relief Barbara hardly heard her introduction of herself.

"Sally told me this afternoon that

she is spending the week-end with you, Barbara." Madame Brabant began.

"And I wondered if you wouldn't all dine with us on Sunday. I'll send a car for you, and it's not a long drive, you know;

you come straight across to White Plains, and then on up to Greenwich. And we dine at two on Sundays."

Barbara listened, puzzled. Sally had said nothing about coming to Greenwich for Sunday—there must be a mistake somewhere. But Madame Brabant gave her no opportunity to explain; she was a woman who made no allowances for the plans of anyone but herself.

"You will come then?" she asked, on conclusion, and Barbara faltered:

"Yes; we'd love to, but—"

"I'll expect you then; I'll send the car," and Madame Brabant had hung up the receiver before Barbara could attempt to tell her that Sally would not be with them.

She went slowly back to the window, and took up her vigil again. She thought of walking down to the station to meet Andy. There was a train in 15 minutes—she could just make it. It would be better to hurry along, through the spring air, than to stand there waiting. And the dinner was spoilt anyway, now—she certainly couldn't do anything to improve it by waiting there. She went out to the kitchen, to take one final look at it. The salad looked wilted—she was waiting till warmer weather to begin taking ice, and it had not withstood the heat very well. The apple pie, that was to have been so crisp, hot and tempting, had lost its first freshness; Andy liked pies just out of the oven. The chicken was all right, but the creamed new potatoes looked sorry to her critical eye; standing in the warm oven had made them crust over.

"Oh, well, we'll have had a perfect dinner if he'd just come on time," she told herself bitterly, as she thrust her arms into the sleeves of his raincoat and pulled a soft felt hat over her hair. Yet even as she spoke her mind leaped ahead: what if something had happened to Andy? how sorry she'd be then about her impatience!

She hurried through the streets, half resuming the presence of other men on the porches of their homes. She could see them strolling through their budding gardens, tinkering with the children's toys. One man, whom she had often seen getting off the train that Andy usually took, settling his family in their Ford. Oh, surely



Andy was dining with the Parkers!

nothing could have happened to Andy, she told herself when that other man was there all right.

The train was not yet in when she reached the station, and she walked up and down the platform restlessly. There was another woman waiting, in a smart little roadster—the kind of car that she and Andy were going to have some day, when his parents brought in the fortune that they expected. The other woman looked so contented, so happy—Barbara wondered if she'd ever quarreled with her husband.

At last the train came. Two or three men hurried down the steps and went off up the street. A man dropped off the steps of the car ahead—Barbara turned quickly, but saw in an instant that he wasn't as tall as Andy was. He went over to the roadster, kissed the pretty woman, and got in behind the wheel. They drove away, and Barbara stood there alone as the train pulled out, feeling indescribably desolate. She had been so sure that he would come on this train. There wasn't another for an hour.

She walked slowly away. What could she do—to whom could she turn? She and Andy had moved there so recently; they had made no real friends, although the neighbors had been very kind. But there was nobody on whom she could depend. And what could one do, anyway? Telephone Andy's office, of course, and hospitals

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Beauty Chats
By Edna Kent Forbes**Lines Around the Mouth**

There is a period in every woman's life when she finds that the first sign of being tired is the appearance of a little wrinkle down on side of her mouth. If she is lucky she will be well in her thirties before this happens; if she is not lucky she may be in her early twenties, and then the tragedy is greater.

As soon as she ceases to be tired the line disappears and she thinks no more about it. The sad part is

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and police stations—she shrank in horror from the idea.

And what if he had phoned while she had been out? She began to run when she thought of that. Or what if he had come, somehow. He might have been reading and been carried on to the next station; he could walk back across the fields almost as soon as she could come up from the station. She hurried then, frantic—she must be there when he came.

But there were no lights in the house; she saw that the instant she rounded the last corner. Then—then he hadn't come. She tried to tell herself that perhaps he had come in and gone on upstairs, and she couldn't see the light. But it was a forlorn hope. Undeniably, the house was dark. She sat down on the top step, leaned her head against the bannister, and sighed, wearily. She was too tired to cry.

And then, from the house next door, the Parkers', she heard his voice.

"Marvelous dinner, Mrs. Parker," he was saying, enthusiastically—the words came to her clearly in the spring night. "A man doesn't often eat an apple pie like that!"

Tomorrow—Homekeeping Hearts.

that the line appears more and more mouth as though blowing out a candle.

Pansy: Very few women have their faces enameled any more, as it shows that it is artificial, therefore ridiculous. Improve your skin by keeping it clear through good health, exercise and sufficient bathing.

Allie: When the hair becomes too

to make a softened coiffure and it is not time for the regular shampoo, you can relieve it of some of the oil by dusting a small amount of Orris root or talcum into it. Orris root is preferable, as it does not make the hair so dry as the talcum, and some oil is necessary to the health of the hair.

All inquiries addressed to Mrs. Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chair" column will be answered in these columns in their turn. This column is considered the most popular, owing to the great number received. So, if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope

must be enclosed with the question.

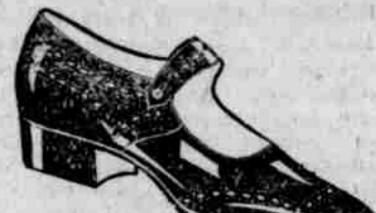
The Editor.

250 BLACK AND TANS FROM ERIN ARRIVE IN JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM, March 31.—The first detachment of the new Palestine militia, numbering about 250 men, has arrived here from England. The force

is made up largely of men who were demobilized from the units of the police in Ireland known as the "Black and Tans."

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