

A Wife on Leave

By INEZ KLUMPH
Illustrated by MARGUERITE MEARS

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 left Keith GILBERT, always labelled "Dangerous," and through him associating with New York's gayest crowd of celebrities of the arts, won among them Lee Craig, pretty artist, Guy Selden, 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 a dance club with BARBARA LANE, who is an old-fashioned wife, and her husband and their guest.

NEAL CALHOUN, and there sees Gilbert with Patricia. Calhoun intimates that Gilbert is not a man whom Sally should know. Sally learns that he is a man of means, and has taken his pretty secretary with him, and is so piqued by the knowledge that she accepts Gilbert's invitation to a house-party at his country place. The evening of her arrival she sees mysterious lights on the river and sees signals from the house. A strange man appears and asks Gil for a legging, but he escapes to a launch on the river, taking Sally with him. Barbara and Andy quarrel about Sally. Andy doesn't come home for dinner, and Barbara discovers that he is dining at a neighbor's.

CHAPTER XXV—KIDNAPPED

At first the welcome warmth of the fur rug in which Keith Gilbert had wrapped her made Sally forget the danger of the situation. Then, as she began to react, her nerves became taut again.

Go to the Bahamas with Keith—of course she couldn't! He must put her ashore somewhere, so that she could get back to town. She would not let herself think ahead and face the possible outcome of the evening.

"Tell me what really did happen, Giddy," she begged him. "I don't know yet why that man broke into your bungalow and had the right to arrest you."

"Oh, it's simple enough," he replied, leaning against the cabin wall and smiling down at her as if he hadn't a care in the world. "It's just a case of running in liquor, my dear—everybody does it, you know. How else would it be possible for—well, for people like me to serve it to our guests?"

Everybody has some on hand, you know—think of the people we've been playing around with—Graham Browne and Selden and the rest. Well, they had to get it somewhere, didn't they? It takes a big private stock to last forever."

"Then you—you've been smuggling it in," she asked, incredulously.

Exactly. Oh, Sally," he leaned forward quickly, as she saw her wince at this new-found knowledge. "How did you think I lived? My mother ran through our money—when the war broke out I was just about penniless. I sold our house in Paris to square her accounts. Then joined the Lafayette Escadrille."

After the Armistice was declared I drifted around for a while, but I hadn't been trained to do anything. I came over here—and now I'm a bootlegger, to put it baldly. Had to get money somewhere, you know—and I've been on a big scale, if I do have to admit it.

"And now—well, you don't care for me any more, do you?"

"Oh, I—Sally huddled down in a corner of the wide seat, battling with her distaste for this news. That very afternoon she had told him that if she were not married she'd fall in love with him—and now she felt that she never wanted to see him again.

She felt like a fugitive from justice. She remembered the many mornings when she had eaten her breakfast to an accompaniment of newspaper accounts of sensational events; she had always felt comfortably removed from those who were at fault in any case of wrong-doing, sure that she could never be involved in any crime.

Now here she was, running away from the officers of the law!

She thought she heard a shot somewhere out in the darkness, but Gilbert reassured her.

"Only an automobile backfiring," he told her, laughing. Certainly nobody would have thought that he was out in that launch in the middle of the night for anything but his own amusement. If they could hear an automobile they must be near land, she told herself eagerly.

"But we—we might be caught, Giddy," she urged, white with fear. "And if we were what would happen? Would they arrest us?"

"I suppose you can see your mother-in-law reading about all this in the morning papers, with your name and picture prominently displayed," he laughed. "Don't be afraid, child—we'll get away. And once we're on our way to Nassau, they'll forget all about us."

"But I don't want to go to Nassau with you," she protested, more frightened than ever. "I want to go home back to New York." And then, at the torrent of her fear overcame her, "I want to go back to Dick."

"Back to Dick!" he repeated scathingly. "And why? You were willing to learn something of life, weren't you?"

He gave you this vacation from matrimony? Well, if you're going to live up to it why don't you carry it out, instead of wanting to run back to him the minute life gets too much for you? You've played the game that amused you—played at being made love to.

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only I was serious enough, Lord knows—and at living for nothing but the wildest kind of pleasure that you could find. But you can't run wild without risking getting caught, somewhere along the line, you know.

"And now, the moment the conse-



"You didn't run away with me—I took you," he answered quietly.

quences bob up you want to sidestep and run back to Dick. That's no way to play the game, Sally. Be a sport, and do what you set out to do."

"I have learned a lot," she protested. "I've learned that a married woman has no business to flirt, no matter where her husband is or what he's doing!" I've learned that when people are arrested and blamed for something it isn't always their fault. And I wish I'd stayed back there at the Erye with Patricia and Lee Crane and taken the consequences of being there, instead of running away with you."

"You didn't run away with me—I took you," he answered quietly. "You couldn't have helped yourself, my dear. I've always wanted you and things couldn't have suited me better if I'd arranged them to order. I don't see just how my little scheme fell through—I hadn't planned at first that the men would come through with the truck of whisky tonight, but when I found out that they were on their way I seemed as well to let them go on. But I don't see who let it out. I really hadn't meant to bring you others into it, of course, but since it happened that way well, it couldn't be helped. It's brought you to me."

"It hasn't," cried Sally, springing at once—I won't stay here."

"Very pretty—but you'll stay just where you are," he replied, his face grim. "Consider yourself kidnapped if you want to, my dear—you go with me."

Tomorrow—A Precarious Situation.

After Ten Years

By MARION RUBINCAM

PAUL

Chapter 18

Perhaps Patty, sure of her prettiness and her popularity, felt a little put out because Paul did not ask her for the first dance. But at once her common sense told her that he was simply doing his duty in asking first his hostess, her mother, and then his own mother's old friend. But when he went to Millie for the third dance, Patty thought reluctantly that he was carrying courtesy almost too far.

She decided Paul did not like her.

She had danced with one of the other visiting tennis players, a man of 30 with cynical eyes and a tiny mustache. Basil stood by her now. And after seeing Millie, obviously pleased, go off with Paul, Patty accepted Basil as a partner again.

"How do you like your friend with the eyebrow on his upper lip?" Basil asked, sure this was an original joke.

"Oh, I like mustaches," answered Patty, her eyes on Paul, who was facing her way. In reality, she hated them. "Don't you?"

"Oh, absolutely," Basil answered. He didn't either, but he sensed that Patty was out of humor tonight, and thought it best to agree.

Silence. Patty decided she did not want to dance, so made excuse about

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seeing after the supper. Basil meekly accompanied her to the kitchen and consoled himself for his lost dance by sampling the ice cream.

When Patty entered the big room again, Paul was coming to her.

So the slight was so slight, but a compliment after all! Of course it was his nice ness that made him dance with these others first, she thought!

"He is different," she said to herself again exultingly. And she was scarcely conscious of anything during the waltz, except that she was floating in a harmonious rose colored, rhythmic haze.

It was all common place enough in reality—but Patty was too young to know that or bother about it. The music, the shaded lights the young dancers, the young man in smart flannels and the girl in silky blue crepe frock cut just low enough to show the pretty roundness of her shoulders and the firmness of her young arms—there was nothing unusual in this.

The club house was most ordinary, a shack hastily put up on the edge of a small and rather dull little town, with nothing to make it different from any other cheap little club house but the view of a magnificently timbered mountain—the Cora's and Marie's and Mrs. Werner's and Patties and Millies were to be met with anywhere. And doubtless in just such houses, and to just such soothing, rippling waltz music hundreds of other girls were dancing and talking about nothing, and falling in love.

But love is a miracle whenever it happens. And this miracle was happening to Patty, who was not as yet conscious of it.

Paul began with a lot of extravagant compliments, suddenly saw that this was wrong with this particular girl, dropped them and began asking about her trip with Mrs. Grainger-Munn.

He did not dance with her again until the end of the evening. In spite of the six visitors, there were still more girls than men, a fact that seems to most little towns. One of the visitors selfishly devoted himself only to the prettiest girls. Another one frankly showed he was bored by this simple entertainment and drifted into talk with Mrs. Munn, as being the only "crowned" person to be met there—Mrs. Munn, as it happened, did not like him. A third disappeared to a hammock on the porch with 17-year old Clarissi Howe, and only returned for the supper.

And Paul after seeing that Millie had little attention paid to her while Patty had only to choose her partners, spent most of his evening dancing and talking with her.

And of this, very curious development was to come.

Then after a time, the party settled down to that most enjoyable phase—when the youngest ones had been taken home and the older ones had gone home and only a few intimate friends were left. Millie joined a card game in one corner, not so much because she liked cards, as because her slipper rubbed her heel. And Paul and Patty danced, on and on, the boy pleased, because his partner was so light, the girl much too exhilarated by happiness to feel fatigued.

"What do you do in the evenings?" he asked her.

"I've been reading More's 'Utopia' to Mrs. Munn," she answered.

"What a serious minded young woman—why do you have blonde hair then? Don't you know golden hair and intellect never go together?" He teased, his brown eyes laughing at her as he looked down at her. "Would you spend a low brow evening talking to me tomorrow?"

Patty laughed and nodded. Her heart gave a little leap.

It was inevitable that Patty should fall in love with Paul. It was not inevitable that he should fall in love with her.

Tomorrow—What Millie Thought

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