

A Wife on Leave

by INEZ KLUMPH
Illustrated by MARGUERITE NEALE

Sally Brabant, a society butterfly, has been given a year's leave of absence by her husband. Richard Brabant, who hopes that she will learn something of life. She has a thrilling flirtation with Keith Gilbert, who has been labeled "dangerous" and is horrified to learn that, despite his position in society, he is a bootlegger. He attempts to kidnap her when he escapes arrest, committed by one of his men. Sally is rescued by Neal Calhoun, who advises that she go to work. She finds herself without funds, and her husband's absence and the impossibility of reaching him force her to accept this suggestion. She gets a position under an assumed name as chaperone to a 17-year-old girl, Claire Finch, who has more money than manners.

CHAPTER XLIX—SALLY'S BALL AND CHAIN

It was with gratitude that Sally learned the next day that her new duties would take her to a summer resort which her friends did not frequent. When she impulsively adopted the name of Pemberton she had not reckoned with the chance that she might be seen by someone who knew her; she had thought only that it would be wise to avoid discovery by her mother-in-law, should that august personage return from Europe and hear by chance that young Mrs. Richard Brabant was acting as a professional chaperone.

Mrs. Finch departed for the West with many warnings to Sally to look after Claire. "She's so impulsive, she's likely to let her feelings just run away with her!" exclaimed the little woman as she kissed her daughter goodbye. In view of the fact that that same daughter winked at Sally over her mother's shoulder, the warning seemed perhaps more necessary than Mrs. Finch dreamed.

Mrs. Finch wished to engage a car to take her daughter and Sally to the summer resort which Claire had chosen, but Claire herself vetoed that plan promptly. "You never meet a soul, travelling in a machine," she told Sally later. "Me for trains every time!"

She was inclined to sulk when she found herself established in a drawing room, and to use that they change might get acquainted with somebody," as she said. Sally groaned inwardly. Was she to find her ball and chain a common little flirt? It rather looked that way, especially when Claire insisted on leaving the compartment door open. After a time, realizing that a young man who has passed the door all too frequently was inclined to loiter outside it, Sally began to be suspicious. Claire, who was pretending to read a book let it slip from her lap. Instantly, and inexcusably, the young man darted into the compartment and picked it up for her. Claire thanked him profusely, and he commented on the weather. It was only when Sally intervened with frosty politeness, and almost forced him to leave, that he showed any inclination to go.

Closing the door behind him, Sally turned to meet Claire's eyes. They were filled with ill-concealed disgust. They said plainly "So that's your game, is it?" Sally, flushing angrily,

returned to her seat and stared at the landscape. A common little flirt! "Perhaps I'm unfair to her," she reflected, as Claire glowered at her in sulky silence. "She's so unattractive—and wants so much to be fascinating."

She began to sum up Claire's good



Sally Intervened With Frosty Politeness.

and bad points, and to compare her with girls she had known, girls whose mothers had conducted a determined campaign to make the girls as attractive as possible. There was Toots Wallace, for instance—Toots stepped on the scales the first thing every morning, and if her weight showed a deviation of more than half a pound, her meals were cut down that day till the right weight was regained. There was Nathalie Alling, who went without foods she liked and drank quarts of milk because she wasn't fat enough. Sally went down the list of her friends; hardly one of them allowed herself to indulge in the things she liked. And the more unattractive they naturally were in appearance, the more earnest efforts they made to improve themselves.

Yet here sat Claire, fat, muddily of complexion, with ill-dressed hair and a bad figure, longing hopelessly for what she might have aided herself to gain. "I'll help her!" Sally told herself in a burst of enthusiasm. "Poor thing—she doesn't mean to be cheap; she just wants to be attractive. I'll get her to take baths with reducing salts, and diet a bit, and exercise a lot—I can teach her heaps of things she ought to know! And maybe I can somehow get her that husband she wants—only what a way to earn one's living."

Sally had never before seen the hotel to which they went; she was delighted to find it quite attractive and

rather homelike, despite its size. It stood on the rocky shore of the ocean, its cream-colored stucco walls contrasting effectively with the tumbling green water.

It was a relief, too, to find that she and Claire were to have separate sleeping rooms, sharing only the living room of their suite. There had been some talk of their having a room together, and Sally had determined to make a firm stand if that arrangement was adopted.

She liked her room, with its gray-green, painted furniture; she would keep Dick's photograph locked in the desk, she reflected; if she had only used her own name, she might have kept the picture out in plain sight. She arranged her dainty esmelled toilet articles on the dressing table, and dressed for dinner. She had grown accustomed to doing without her maid, but was still rather awkward, and was slowly fastening her dinner frock of midnight blue tulle when Claire burst into the room without knocking.

"Oh—I didn't rap—I meant to!" she apologized as she noted Sally's surprise. "Do hurry; I'm crazy to get downstairs and see who's staying here. Hope there are some good looking men!"

Sally followed her into the corridor slowly, with a fervent hope that the hotel would prove to be as man-less as an old ladies' home.

Tomorrow—The Matrimonial Market Place.

meals are plain"—she refrained from saying badly cooked—"but there's always the chance that Humphrey will make good again. He's been trying to get orders, he never tried before, because he always had enough capital to speculate."

Millie folded the last sheet and snapped the suitcase shut. "I can't stand this town any more," she said. "It was bad enough when we had a lot of money. But now—why, even Mrs. Brautfield is patronizing, insolently patronizing, and she a tailor's wife! And Mrs. Werner gave a luncheon and didn't ask me—"

"Come along," Patty urged. If Humphrey intended to live at his office, she wanted to get his things down before he went there for the night. She now dreaded having Humphrey and Millie meet.

They went down the street together, Millie wondering whether anyone would notice them and the suitcase and the bag they carried. They avoided the main street through the business center and took a side one that was dark, crossing the railroad tracks below the station and approaching the office from the other side.

The place was dark. It was a one-story building, containing two rooms or offices and a wash room. Beyond was the lumber yard and the little river with a dock and a flat bottomed boat moored fast, the stacks of lumber and the boat black shadows against a steel blue sheen from the water.

The station, a square away, was an island of red and green and yellow lights in the darkness, with square, ugly black shapes that rose here and there against the sky. A single street lamp lighted the way between the lumber yard and the railway crossing.

Patty opened the door with her key, put the suitcases where Humphrey

A Doomed Man
Thank heavens, at last I found a cure for Catarrh, Stomach Trouble and Constipation. The trial treatment almost cured me. I got a 70 days' treatment, and today I am a well man. Dr. Burkhardt's Vegetable Compound stands today without an equal the cure for suffering mankind. J. M. Dell, Preston, O. Send for a treatment today. Price when cured, 30 days' treatment, 25c; 70 days, 50c. All druggists. Address 821 Main St., Cincinnati, O.—Advertisement.

For Better Baking
Order a Sack of **FAULTLESS FLOUR**
From Your Grocer Today

After Ten Years
By MARION RUBINCAM

PATTY'S DISCOVERY
Chapter 42.

"We'd better hurry," Millie said, folding up sheets and blankets and getting them in the suitcase. "He'll go to Joe's—and then to the office, I expect. He might come back. I don't know. I suppose Mother shouldn't have repeated all the talk she hears."

Patty answered nothing. She was more worried than she cared to show. Would Humphrey do anything desperate? She had read of men who, in despair over loss of money, had made way with themselves—somehow the slangy Humphrey—quiet and senseless—no, it was a thought her mind refused to form.

"It would die down—the talk—if Mother would let it," she said at last. "And after all, we've been managing very well. Of course, we have to work and we can't entertain much and

This Patent 1-Strap Low Heel is still the rage, at **\$4 to \$6**
Neff & Nusbaum

EGGEMEYER'S
Grocery Bulletin
SOAP SPECIAL
James S. Kirk & Co. Brands
5 Bars { 2 Bars Kirk's Flake White, 2 Bars American Family, 1 Bar Fairy } ALL FOR 25c
Excellent Quality

Porch Furniture
WELDON'S
(Formerly Reed Furniture Co.)

White Enamelled CANISTER SETS
For coffee, tea and sugar. Very special, set of 3—**49c**
Vigors VARIETY
6 Main St. Store 6 Main St.

Special attention given to the treatment of stomach, intestines and the nervous system. Electric light and shower baths.
E. P. WEIST, M. D.
204 K. of P. Bldg., Phone 1728

Water Lifters for cellar water and cisterns. Backwater Valves that keep sewer water out. See
WM. MEERHOFF
For Sewer Troubles
9 S. 9th Phone 1236

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT SWP

How **SWP** cuts painting cost

The only way to buy paint economically is to forget gallon price and figure costs by area covered and years of life. SWP covers one-third more area than paints which are cheaper per gallon. It lasts twice as long without repainting, so requires half the material and costs half the labor price (for painting and repainting).

So price per gallon means nothing. Area covered, weather resistance, and years of life are the real things that determine price economy. On that basis SWP is the cheapest per-gallon outside paint you could buy.

SWP has been the leading prepared house paint for half a century. You will find a complete line of it at our store. Let us figure with you on your house-painting.

A. G. Luken Drug Co.
626-628 Main Street

would find them, scribbled her name on a sheet of paper and the words "Better come home" and slipped out to meet Millie. They walked home in silence. Millie said at once: "I wonder what people will say?"

Next morning Patty helped get breakfast. She looked up as Millie came down to the kitchen. Millie looked as though she hadn't slept, her hair was more careless than usual, and her kimono was fastened wrong. "Well, he means it. He didn't come home," she said.

Even Mrs. Parke was quiet at breakfast. "It's—perfectly ridiculous," Millie broke out at last. "He's doing this to make me the talk of the town. Patty, when you go to the office, you make him come home and be sensible."

Patty was early for the office. When she went in, she felt somehow, as though she could not put her key into the door, and go in alone. It was so strange and so unlike Humphrey! Suppose he had done something desperate?

"Silly!" she chided herself, and walked in. The suitcases were gone, and so was her note. And there was no Humphrey.

The big couch, a discard from one of Millie's refurnishing periods, had no bedclothes on it, and moreover, had

not been used—because some papers that were on it the day before lay therein exactly the same position. Her heart pounding, Patty ran to the door of the little empty room beyond and went into it. No Humphrey!

Relieved—because of the thing she did not dare to fear—she went back to the main office. Humphrey had gone to the hotel, of course, or to one of the boys' houses—to Fred's, perhaps.

She walked to the desk and found on the typewriter—at which she picked out occasional letters—a note addressed to her. Her hands cold from nervous fear, she opened it.

"You're a peach to bring down bedclothes and pajamas and brushes. I notice you didn't forget my shaving things—some memory, that! I'm off—I don't know where, but I've had enough. If I find a job with real money, I'll write. If not, you won't hear. Don't worry about me. There's \$300 in the bank, and McConnel will sell the house if you need more, and Fletcher will buy my business. Get Cornell at the bank to handle it. That's all. Goodbye."

Patty sat staring at the note. And suddenly for Humphrey's sake, she felt relieved. But how was she to tell Millie and her mother? Tomorrow—Despair

REVIVES WAR PACT REPORT
LONDON, May 1.—A dispatch to the London Times from Warsaw, dated Saturday, says it is reported that a Russo-German military agreement was signed in Berlin April 8.

STOMACH UPSET?
Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles. Have you a bad taste, coated tongue, poor appetite, a lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, trouble with undigested foods? Take Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without griping, cramps or pain. Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief. Eat what you like. 15c were enjoyed.

GIFTS THAT LAST
Give Jewelry for Graduation

Most everybody has a number of graduation gifts to make. You can take care of yours most satisfactorily here.

There are articles from one dollar up that will delight the recipient and reflect credit on your good taste.

So make a list of your friends and bring it here. We'll help you select appropriate gifts at the prices you wish.

We are offering a number of graduation specials in girls' Wrist Watches at \$16.00 to \$30.00, with the famous Hallmark and Gruen makes included at \$22.00 and \$25.00.

DIAMOND RINGS
A group of beautiful, high-grade Solitaires, selling regularly at \$50.00, are offered as a special for graduates, at only **\$39.50**

Jenkins & Co.
726 Main Street

\$26,865.00

Can the above figures fail to make an impression on you when we tell you that this large sum of money has just been distributed as interest to the depositors of our Savings Department?

MORE THAN 5,000 PERSONS HAD A SHARE IN IT. DID YOU?

If you did not have a share in it, why not open an account with this **STRONG BANK** and get your share in another six months? The time will soon slip around. Hundreds accepted our suggestion to do so during the past six months who will be delighted at receiving their portion of the above amount.

\$1.00 or More Will Open an Account
The Interest We Add Will Keep It Growing

Dickinson Trust Co.
"The Oldest, Largest and Strongest Trust Company in Eastern Indiana"

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM