

## A Wife on Leave

By INEZ KLUMPH  
Illustrated by MARGUERITE NEALS

**WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S HAPPENED**  
Sally Brabant, a society butterfly, has been given a year's leave of absence by her husband, Mr. Brabant. She will learn something of life. She has a thrilling flirtation with Keith Gilbert, who has always been labeled "Dangerous" and is horrified to learn that, despite his position in society, he is a bootlegger. One of his men shoots a revenue officer, and Gilbert is held for murder. He escapes, taking Sally with him, but she is rescued by Neal Calhoun, who gives her some good advice. She finds herself without funds and, now knowing where her husband is, assumes the name of "Mrs. Pemberton" and secures a position as a chambermaid.

Claire Finch, who has more money than manners. They go to summer resort, where Claire falls in love with Rex Mallory, the son of a wealthy automobile manufacturer, who prefers Sally. Sally goes to dinner at a roadside house with Claire and Mallory and in the dressing room finds a girl picking her pockets. The girl is the sister of the employee of Keith Gilbert who was arrested for shooting a revenue officer and has resorted to desperate means to get money for a new trial for him. Sally promises to help her. Sally goes to New York to consult Calhoun in the girl's behalf. She has luncheon with an old friend.

Patricia Loring, a modern flapper who has recently eloped, and who is summoned home by a strange telephone call. Patricia's husband had been killed in an accident; seeing them together, Sally realizes the depth of the girl's devotion, and the change that love has made in her. Sally returns to the hotel to find that during her absence Claire has been flirting with Neal Ralston, a young man of doubtful character whose acquaintance she made without an introduction. With Mallory Sally goes to the roadside to see the little dance, and there she promises her acquaintance that love has made in her. Sally returns to the hotel to find that during her absence Claire has been flirting with Neal Ralston, a young man of doubtful character whose acquaintance she made without an introduction. With Mallory Sally goes to the roadside to see the little dance, and there she promises her acquaintance that love has made in her.

### CHAPTER LXVII—AN INTER-STARTED ELOPEMENT

Sally started at Claire's amazement. This was what she had feared, this announcement that she was going to marry Ralston; there had even been hideous moments when she thought it possible that the girl had already eloped with this man whom she knew so slightly. She felt relieved that the worst had not yet come to pass.

She tried to summon words with which to argue, but they would not come. She could only sit there and look at the complacent, victorious face of the girl.

"Be reasonable, Claire," Rex Mallory cut in. "Marry Ralston if you want to, but wait a little while—get your parents' consent."

"She doesn't need it!" interrupted Ralston, rising. "She's of age."

"But it would be so much nicer to have a big wedding," urged Sally, who was playing upon Claire's vanity. "Or at least, to be married in church, and have the notices properly put in the newspapers, and all that sort of thing. It is only what a girl in Claire's position ought to do, whether she wants to or not, Mr. Ralston."

"Oh, I don't know—Patricia Loring eloped," retorted Claire, but Sally could see that she was weakening. Glancing at Ralston's weak, almost vicious face, she wondered if she could ever have off this marriage until the girl came to her senses.

"Yes, it can be called that—but she was married in the church her family had attended for years, and planned it long enough before hand to have announcements sent out, and ask one or two friends."

"Friends—including that Mrs. Brabant, who was mixed up in the bootlegging scandal with Keith Gilbert?" Claire's voice was scornful. Sally flushed painfully—it was hard to restrain the impulse to exonerate herself, to tell Claire the truth—that she, known as Mrs. Pemberton, was really Sally Brabant, and was guilty only of folly, not of wrong doing.

"Time enough for the frills later," decreed Ralston, taking Claire by the arm. "Come along, sweetie! I told the minister we'd be there in half an hour."

"Go a license?" asked Rex Mallory, as Sally threw out her hands in a helpless little gesture. "Have to have one in this state, you know."

"Sure, I—I've got one," Ralston blustered, but his manner was uncertain. "Got it today."

"Let's see it," and Mallory held out his hand. "Who's your minister?" Ralston backed away, his eyes narrowing angrily. "I don't see what business it is of yours," he protested. "This is my affair."

"Sure it is—but you'll want witnesses, why not let Mrs. Pemberton and me go along and act in that capacity? There can't be any objection to that. Claire, you don't mind if I come to your wedding, do you?"

Claire's clumsy coquetry came to the fore at once. "Oh, Rex, I'd love to have you!" she exclaimed. "Do come."

But Ralston shook his head. "I've

made all the arrangements," he declared curtly. "I don't want to upset them now. Come, Claire."

"Not quite so fast!" Mallory quickly stepped forward and laid a detaining hand on his arm. "Either we go with you or you don't go at all." He tow-



Mallory towered above the cringing figure of Ralston.

ered above the cringing figure of Ralston, his hands clenched. "I'll detain you by force if necessary."

Ralston glared at him without speaking, then, grasping Claire more firmly by the arm, started for the door. Mallory's right fist flew up and out, and the next moment Ralston was stretched on the floor.

Claire cried out in fright, and turned furiously on Rex, as waiters and guests crowded about. The proprietor pushed his way through the crowd, angrily demanding, "What's the matter here? What's happened?"

To which half a dozen replies were forthcoming at once. Ralston, who had been stunned for a moment, staggered to his feet, one hand over a cut made in his forehead when he struck a chair in his fall. He muttered threats at Mallory as he leaned heavily against the table, but made no further attempt to leave.

Mallory took the proprietor aside and made what evidently was a satisfactory explanation. Sally saw some bills change hands, and heard the other man say "Oh, of course, Mr. Mallory—I understand—certainly!" She had remained in her chair at the table, wishing that she could sink through the floor as the people who clustered about stared at her curiously.

It seemed an eternity to her until she was making her way through the crowd, with Rex Mallory grasping her arm firmly. Claire, weeping hysterically and theatrically, was clinging to him on the other side. Sally did not know what arguments Rex had finally used with Ralston. There had been a low voiced conclave between them, and Ralston had gone away with a waiter to have his head bound up. He had paused for a few words with Claire before he went, and Sally felt sure that the elopement which they had planned for that night had merely been deferred.

It seemed to her that she could never forget the humiliation that had been hers during those few moments. As she reached Mallory's car she turned and glanced back over her shoulder at the roadside; she hoped fervently that she would never see it again.

And then, as she turned to get into the roadster, several people crossed the yard to a touring car that stood next Mallory's. One of the women was talking in a high, rather fretful voice.

"I'll never go slumming again!" she exclaimed, disgustedly. "What a sort of affair!"

"Oh, it might have been worse," retorted one of the men diffidently. Sally's heart leaped within her. For it was her husband, Dick Brabant, who had made that casual reply.

Tomorrow—An Imperative Summons.



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## After Ten Years

By MARION RUBINCAM

### A KISS Chapter 60

Now it happened that before this fireside talk with Mrs. Munn, Patty had refused several times to see Paul. In order to get to her shorthand class, she had to have dinner before 6 o'clock. She usually reached home a little after 5, rather tired from the confinement of her office work. She had only enough time to wash and comb her hair and glance through her notebook with last night's lesson, before dinner was ready.

Mrs. Parke was always willing and prompt with the meal and, sorry because Patty had taken on this extra work, she refused her offers of help and did everything she could to make the dinner a nice one.

Paul was the sort that wanted a thing more if he could not get it. As he did nothing, the days were often rather long, and he enjoyed the hour and a half or two hours he spent with Patty. Paul usually read all morning, lunched at an athletic club with some friends, and spent the afternoon in the gymnasium playing tennis in a big indoor court, or basketball. Then he had a swim, and then, feeling superbly energetic from his healthy exercise, he was faced with the alternative of going home or having tea with some of his friends.

Tea meant chattering girls—and he hated tea anyway. And he preferred to see the girls in the evening and to dance with them then. If they were too silly, he danced with them or took them to theatres where he didn't have to listen to so much talk. If they were clever, he enjoyed the light banter and flirtation, the gossip and comment, that made up the conversation of the younger generation of his set.

Patty had a new point of view, to him. Patty wasn't clever—not as many of his other friends were clever—she was serious, she was worth while, she was a novelty.

"What do you do with yourself between 4:30 and 7?" one of his companions asked him. "We've been putting our heads together and found out that none of us can get hold of you between those hours? Are you leading a double life, Paul?" It was the man with the cynical dark eyes that had captivated several girls in Wisconsin by his bored air and his little moustache.

Mallory grinned and did not answer. But he began to look forward more and more to the late afternoon drives.

He had Patty to himself then—everyone else that he knew was safely tucked away where tea and candles and conversation would occupy an hour or so.

Then suddenly Patty refused to go with him. She insisted it was be-

cause she had to study. He admired her—and he missed her.

He didn't know what to do with those two hours every afternoon. He even was driven to going to tea.

"I hate it—it's silly. Tea is only for women," he remarked once.

"How serious and high minded our Paul has become," mocked little Miss MacKeen.

Then, suddenly, at about half past nine one night when his mother had some friends for dinner, Patty's voice greeted him over the telephone.

"I'm sorry I've been refusing to see you," she said, her voice fluttering ever so little as she talked. "Really it's been because I've been studying—but I am through at 9, and if some evening you want to drive me home from school—"

"Are you there now—at school?" he asked, his voice almost a joyful shout.

"No"—she mentioned the drug store she was phoning from—"I cut study tonight to dine with Mrs. Munn—"

"You stay where you are for ten minutes," Paul said. "I'll be around." He made some excuse to his mother, whose raised eyebrows as she sweetly accepted his apology showed her disapproval—and in ten minutes his car stood by the drug store, and he was greeting Patty.

"We'll spin up to Hunter's Island and back for a change," he said, piling rugs around her to keep her warm. "I don't mind the fact that you wouldn't let me see you after work, as much as the fact that you wouldn't let me run in to your flat after you got home."

Patty simply answered, "I always have to study." She couldn't say that to have him call on her meant a long period of sullenness on Millie's part—or that if he did come, Millie and her mother would always be in the room. And somehow, she wanted to see him alone, away from Mrs. Parke's complaining and Millie's neurotic comments and voice and rather flashy dresses.

It was after 11 when they reached home. Paul took away her latch key and opened the door for her. Then he stepped inside the vestibule. And before she knew it, he had stooped down and kissed her.

"Why not?" his voice sounded hurt. "I don't know." Her poise again deserted her, and left her uncertain, bewildered, a little hurt by his sudden and casual kiss. "You wouldn't—well, you wouldn't kiss—Miss MacKeen this way—" She was furious at herself for the speech, but the words were out.

"Why not?" he asked again, and bent toward her. But she opened the inner door suddenly, and fairly ran up the stairs.

Tomorrow—Mixed Emotions

The use of hydraulic power in Spain for mills and other industries, is increasing.

## Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes



Have you ever tried this?

Some people become so used to standing badly that they find it almost impossible to change the habit of years and stand in an erect and healthy position. If you have been stooping and crouching for years with your chest hollow and your shoulders bowed I would advise you to try one very simple exercise.

Walk about the room for five minutes in the morning and five minutes in the evening with a book balanced on top of your head. It need not be a heavy book, although a fair sized volume is the proper sort to use. As you must keep the head high in order to balance the book you will draw back the shoulders and straighten the spine. This will make you raise the chest somewhat. It will also make you walk a little better, and it is altogether a most beneficial exercise.

The reason why the peasant women of Italy hold themselves so well is because, from early childhood, they go about with bundles and packages on their heads. It would be an excellent thing for us as a nation if we also carried our burdens on our heads, but for some reason the habit never reached either America or the other North-bundled under the arm which throws the spine and one hip out of place, or on the back which contracts the chest and makes the shoulders stoop. The result is that we are a round-

shouldered nation and have to attend gymnasia in order to be taught to walk properly. The amusing part is that half the gymnastums correct bad positions by putting a heavy weight on the head and then making the round-shouldered person walk.

Helena May:—Lycopodium is only inflammable in the same sense as charcoal could be so considered. It has a yellowish tint which makes it about the correct shade as a brunette powder, but for a white skin it should be mixed with rice powder. It is so fine in texture that it makes an excellent powder for infants.

Evelyn B.:—Henna is a tonic for the hair beside that of a coloring, so it cannot injure it in any way. You can tint this patch of grey without touching the balance of the hair. I cannot take the space now to give you the directions for doing this but I will be glad to mail them to you if you send a stamped addressed envelope repeating your request.

Mrs. C. D. M.:—The bleach you refer to is Peroxide of Hydrogen which gives a conspicuous and artificial shade of golden which is rarely becoming.

All inquiries addressed to Mrs. Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the fact that the editor is a person and a quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.

**WINONA LAKE POPULAR**  
WARSAW, May 22.—Indications are that Winona Lake will be one of the most popular summer resorts in Indiana this year. It is expected that approximately 50 new houses will be erected during the spring and summer.

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## Heart Problems

Unhappy Wife: After thinking over your letter, in which you state the trouble you have had with your husband, it would be wise for you to talk with Miss Clark, of the Social Service bureau, whose office is back of the Episcopal church on North Eighth street. She probably could advise you best.

**WOMAN TO HEAD FRENCH FOOD PRESERVATION WORK**  
WASHINGTON, May 22.—Miss Ola Powell of the department of agriculture called for Paris Saturday at the request of the American committee on reconstruction of devastated France, to carry on, under the direction of the French Ministry of agriculture, food preservation work similar to that done by the agricultural department and state agricultural colleges in this country.

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