

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMEN

Clubs Circles

SOCIETY

Suffrage

Philanthropy

Revelations of a Wife

My Heart and My Husband

BY ADELE GARRISON

WAS MRS. STOCKBRIDGE'S STUMBLE AN ACCIDENT?

What method Kenneth Stockbridge and Alice Holcombe used to reduce Mrs. Stockbridge to order I had no means of guessing, but whatever it was it proved effective, at least for the time being.

The three walked away together and disappeared into the dining room, where on a low table was one of the most ornate cut glass punch bowls I had ever seen with the cups to match.

Mr. Stockbridge Appears.

"This was one of my wedding presents," she said proudly. "It is wonderful," I murmured—and, indeed it was—in its own way.

"You haven't tasted the punch yet have you?" she asked. "I don't think I've seen you out here."

"No, I seldom drink anything that is lewd," I returned.

"Oh, but you simply must have some of this!" she said enthusiastically. "I made this myself. It is my own special recipe. Do take some. I shall feel awfully hurt if you don't."

She was fairly fawning upon me. I felt that I must get rid of her as quickly as I could, and I reached for my hat and coat. She was filling.

As I did so, Mr. Stockbridge's voice sounded behind me.

"Fill me one, too, dear," he said quietly. "Mrs. Graham and I will 'touch glasses' to your health."

She looked up at him with blanched face, but stood her ground.

"Certainly, if you wish it," she said in a low meaning tone.

Her husband took the silver ladle from her hand and filled it.

"Let me try my hand," he said playfully. Then, as if by accident, he stumbled against the table.

The next instant the punch bowl lay in fragments on the floor.

What Happened After the Punch Bowl Was Broken.

As the full meaning of Kenneth Stockbridge's seemingly inadvertent blundered upon me I involuntarily dropped the cut glass cup filled with the fruit punch which Milly Stockbridge had ladled out for me. As it, too, shattered itself against the polished floor the only traces of whatever it was the half-crazed woman had tried to do were lost in the trickling streams of liquid running over the floor.

My gown had miraculously escaped being splattered. I stopped back to keep the liquid from ruining my slippers. I kept my eyes on my hostess, for I was filled with a very wholesome respect for her ability to make things unpleasant. True, I had no real proof that

she had put anything in the fruit punch which would harm me, although her husband's face and actions betrayed panic. The next instant, however, Milly Stockbridge surprised me indeed.

At that instant of her cherished punch bowl had brought her to her senses, her face, first gray with fear and horror, broke up into frightened emotion. She swayed toward her husband with arms outstretched as a terrified child might have done, and the next moment she was sobbing against his shoulder, crying out desperately:

"Oh, Ken! I didn't mean to try. I didn't! But she made me so mad. I'm so glad you stopped me but I didn't mean to. Say you forgive me, Ken, say it, you know it's because I love you so—say it, Ken, say it!"

Madge Explains.

"Hush!" His voice was hoarse, but there was a tenderness in it that made me feel he had almost superhuman to have achieved.

"People are coming; they will hear you. You know I forgive you—and—love you. Now pull yourself together. Let people think you're up

set because your punch bowl is broken. Everybody knows how you finished it."

His eyes met mine above her shoulder, torturing eyes I knew what of. "People are coming; I know what he wished, and spoke to me, but to the woman whose face was hidden against his shoulder.

"I will explain things to anybody who inquires. Mrs. Stockbridge, so that you needn't be disturbed."

"Thank you," I could hardly hear the words. Indeed, I hadn't waited for them, but went steadily forward to meet one or two of those inquisitive souls who had heard the commotion and promptly decided to investigate matters. The others, more composed or more well bred, were gathered around Dicky.

Luckily, even with Milly Stockbridge's reputation, the shattered punch bowl spelled reason enough to her friends for her agitation. Her husband was leading her toward the kitchen, the vanguard of inquisitors left me.

Mr. Stockbridge Reappears.

"Oh, oh, that beautiful punch bowl!" the foremost woman exclaimed with a ghoulish look at the remains of the bowl and the wet floor. "And her floor will be ruined, too; Milly is so particular about her floors. Something ought

to be done about it right away. I think I'll—"

I stopped her with a little authoritative gesture.

"The maid is coming in directly," I said. "And Mr. Stockbridge particularly requested that no one disturb Mrs. Stockbridge for a few moments. You know she is very nervous anyway, and the breaking of the bowl has completely upset her."

"I don't know the word," observed another woman, the next speaker being occupied with glaring at me resentfully. "That bowl and the cups were the treasures of Milly's heart. They were wedding presents, you know, and the hand-somest things in town."

"How did you say it happened?" The first woman eyed me with a glance that dared me to tell my story to the entire party.

"Why? Mr. Stockbridge offered to help her ladle out the punch, and as he did so stumbled against the table, upsetting the punch bowl."

"Ah, yes!" She nodded her head sagely. "Poor thing, he's so awkward in his lameness; he must be a great trial to Milly."

"Humph!" snorted the second woman. "Shoo's on the other foot, I say, and so say there's Christine now. How's Mrs. Stockbridge feeling, Christine?"

"She has all right pretty soon," replied Christine stoutly. "Meester Stockbridge, he make her lie down. She get up pretty quick."

"Well, I suppose we might as well go back," the first woman said reluctantly, and with a sense of relief that poor Milly Stockbridge's score would be for the minute I followed their retreating backs into the living room.

So assiduously did they spread the news of the broken punch bowl that by the time Mr. and Mrs. Stockbridge rejoined their guests—she this time with distinct traces of tears upon her face—every woman in the room was suddenly reminded of her headache, and heart palpitation, and removed that bloated feeling. Recently my weight again increased. I began Arbolone again and one box reduced me from 199 pounds to 182 pounds, and I feel so much better. I shall continue until my weight is again normal, etc."

Buy Arbolone Tablets of druggists in sealed tubes with full directions. It is the one safe, sure, dependable obesity medicine. A genuine guarantee of entire satisfaction accompanies every package.

LADY BOOT BLACKS

Y. W. C. A. girls in one of the New York City associations have turned temporary bootblacks, manicurists and beautifiers to their feminine employees in the Y. W. C. A. building in the midtown office, raising a sum of money for the national campaign.

Not only are pies, cakes and candies being sold in the tried and true style of previous years, but a shoe shining parlor has been set up in a conspicuous place to tempt the person hurrying the halls; a "beauty parlor," where manicures and all the mysterious wiles are practiced, runs at high speed in the noon hour, and early evening, and several button-sewers and darning take in the weekly mending that is offered.

Through these small but most necessary services the association in question expects to raise a considerable sum to add to the general fund.

The war has so far changed educational standards in England that compulsory Greek has been abolished at Cambridge.

A solution which, after one dipping, keeps fruits and vegetables fresh with out refrigeration, has been announced by an Australian inventor.

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Adv.

NEWS Want Ads TIMES



A Recipe for Making Washday A Two-Hour Pleasure

Probably, through long experience, you have learned to look ahead to washday as a long, hard ordeal. Even with the aid of a laundress and all the fancy mechanical contraptions now on the market there is still the smell around the house.

We can tell you how to make washday a two-hour pleasure. Our Family Laundry Service is the recipe. We wash all your things, and iron many—leaving you only the ironing of a few of the lighter pieces.

This, you will see, is a sort of cooperative laundry service. And the cost is very moderate.

Our driver takes up your family bundle in the usual way at a set hour each week.

We sort everything, and wash each article specially in a particular class—table linens only with table linen, colored goods only with colored goods, and so forth.

Next the whole wash is dried in a way that makes it as sweet as if it had been bathed in spring sunshine. The flat pieces, like towels, bed clothes and table linens, we iron. The lighter things we leave for you to iron at home when you have an hour or so to spare.

Large numbers of housewives already use our service. It will please you as much. Telephone for our driver to call.

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