## SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S

#### Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

How Lillian Cleared Up the Fur Mystery, Made Mollie Fawcett Happy, and Dicky and Madge Faced Death

It lacked but five minutes of

o'clock, the hour Lillian had named, when I reached the apartment house. If I possessed any conscientious scruples as to the trick I had played upon Bess Dean, they had been completely obliterated by Leila's gratitude, pathetic in its revelation of how much she had suffered. I was anxious to tell Lillian of the incident, but my first glance at her showed me she was too absorbed in the affair of the furs to have a second for anything but them

She welcomed me warmly but ab stractly.

"Put your things in the bedroom," "Don't leave anything in here. And you'd better stow your things out of sight as much as you We're going to use that room for a 'conference' after a while."

Her lips twisted into a smile as she made this astounding statement, and she moved toward the door sav-

'I'll be back presently." She swirled out, and it was well accompanied by a brisk, gray-haired little man whom she introduced as Mr. Lowell, and who, was extremely

excited, but trying to hide it. The sight of the furs in the trunk had made me believe that nothing could surprise me, but Dicky's appearance with a wild-eyed young chap, who looked like my early con ceptions of a Greek god, accomplished that feat with dispatch.

I managed to return my husband's perfunctory nod with composure equal to his, however, and to acknowledge the introduction to the wild-eyed youth, who answered, it appeared, to the name of Pangborn, But because, even as Dicky spoke my name, he caught sight of the elderly man, rushed toward him and stopped midway, hesitating, abashed.

"Oh! Cousin Tom!" he quavered The brisk little man came forward quickly, and, reaching up, patted the tall youth's shoulder. "It's all right, Hal, lad," he said,

his voice tremulous. to the bedroom

"Sorry to interrupt," she said have to wait awhile. Please come light, andin here, and after you hear us go ing into the hall, Dicky. Is it properly oiled?"

"Absolutely noiseless," Dicky answered, demonstrating his words. "So far, so good," Lillian com

mented. "Now, Madge-As fast as our feet could carry us, Lillian and I sped out of the minute of struggle Sam, handcuffed apartment into the street and back again into the apartment house, up the rear stairs and then cautiously to the floor on which is our apartment and cursing horribly, was dragged and cursing horribly, was dragged ned for Miss Margaret Loomis are a bridge party which Mrs. Gilbert Loom Mollie Fawcett and her young lover, who was holding her in his arms as if the meant payer to let he meant payer to let he meant payer and

"I'll Do Anthing."

"It's all right, dearie," Mrs. Marks said in a hoarse whisper. "The man you're after is in the front room already with the door closed on him and Mollie.

"Hurry," Lillian whispered peremptorily, leading the way into the hall, and if I had had room for a scintilla of surprise I should have felt it at the sight of "Petey," pallid and perceptibly terrified following with

We stole softly to the door leading into the bedroom, which opened noiselessly to Lillian's touch, and then we filed into the room where there was only space for us to stand. I noticed that Dicky and the two strangers were straining their ears

Dicky had his hand restrainingly on the arm of the Pangborn youth. From the front room came Mollie Fawcett's voice, pleading with poign-

toward the front room, and that

ant anguish: "Oh, Sam, I can't help but ask you once more! Won't you have pity? You know I don't love you, and you don't want an unloved wife. I'll promise

never to see Hal again if you only

won't make-I saw Dicky clap a hand over young Pangborn's mouth and push him back from the door.

"That isn't the question," the savage voice from the other side of the door went on. "What you're going to decide before another five minutes is whether your precious Hal is go ing to get out of the country scot free, or whether he's going to do a nice long stretch in prison. I told you before. Marry me today and hand over those furs you've hidden away from me so long, or take the consequences. I know where to find him, and he'll have the handcuffs on him before 24 hours, unless he does the sensible thing and puts a bullet 'nto his brain. How about it? What's your answer now? Quick now.

The girl gave a stifled little moan then her voice rose despairingly. "Oh! I'll do it, everything, anything, but-what a beast you are! You know Hal never stole those furs. He bought them from you, every one

of them!" "Of course, he did!" The man's voice was mockingly triumphant, and I saw the elderly man start, and look

meaningly at Lillian. "Shall I tell you how I turned the trick? No. not till the sky pilot has said the 'I pronounce you' thing. A wife can't testify against her husband, you know. Come here, you pretty thing, and give papa a kiss. I'll teach you how to forget that booby,

I saw Lillian nod at Dicky, and as a despairing little scream broke from Molie's lips, he slid back the door, and sprang through the opening, closely followed by Lillian and young Pangborn, with the rest of us crowding after. Then as Sam whirled to face us, I heard Dicky shout;

"Look out! Madge!" I saw Dicky bend and rush toward the man named Sam as he had done

in his football days. But I had seen something else the moment before, something that lent the swiftness of desperation to my feet and enabled me to leap between Dicky and the other man, and face pointblank the vicious-looking pistolito my little Petey here? The little "You Double-Crosser!"

miraculously the revolver snapped him off I'll see that he walks the harmlessly in my face, and the next | chalk line if I have to wear out a instant Dicky, sweeping me aside, hurled himself upon the man and bore him to the ground, while young Pangborn and his elderly cousin literally fell upon them.

I fell against the couch, half stunned for the second. Then from the struggling heap on the floor I heard Dicky's voice, with an agonized inflection in it which made my heart leap with a feeling I had not thought

"Madge! Madge! Are you all right?" "Yes! Yes!" I called, reassuringly, and then from out the heaving bodies on the rug there was hoisted into a furs Dicky seized my arm in a fierce chair the disheveled figure of the man grip named Sam, and Mr. Lowell was gazing at him with a saddened face.

trusted you!" Lillian put her hand on his arm. "He isn't worth a sigh, Mrs. Low-

safe in the next room. after 4 o'clock when she returned, Mollie, attired in boy's clothing, shadowed the gang, trying to get evidence against them. On one of these occaions she almost fell into their hands. One of the gang had just caught her, thinking she was a boy, and Mr. Graham here, who happened to be passing, rescued her just in time to prevent a murder, I fancy, receiving a nasty wound as a result

"Mr. Graham, naturally interested himself in the girl, and then I happened to be drawn into the matter and discovered that you, Mr. Lowell, were an old acquaintance of mine. "Mr. Graham and I have been working on this case of yours ever

since, determined to coil the fellow he never finished his greeting of me, up in his own rope, despite his gestures with private detectives"—she permitted herself a sardonic, reminiscent little grin.

"But," she went on with a compas donate little glance at the pallid Petey Marks, who ,shorn of his usual ombast, was eyeing Mr. Lowell fearfully, "we never should have been able to complete the case without the aid of Mr. Marks here. I am afraid Lillian threw open the door leading he has taken toll of your stock in a small way occasionally, enough to "Sorry to interrupt," she said give your foreman a hold on him, but crisply, "but the reunion stuff will I finally persuaded him to see the

"You-double-crosser!" Sam bellowout, do not speak until we come back. ed, furiously struggling against the Please open and shut that door lead- grasp of Dicky and young Pangborn.

"I Misjudged You So!" Lillian stepped ta the door, opened were Mesdames Herbert Rogers, D it and admitted a policeman who evi- G. Craighead, Joseph Polcar and Miss dently had been waiting in the hall. "Here's your man, officer!" she said quietly, and after a dreadful half There holding the door ajar, he meant never to let her go again.

Mrs. Marks patently waiting Mrs. Marks' high-pitched voice Loomis will give on Monday evening. broke in ludicrously, yet with a note October 13. Miss Loomis' marriage

of fear in its tones. "Say, folks! What you goin' to do emnized October 14.

which he had whipped from his belt rat! I've been afraid he was up somethin' shady, but he had me buffaloed. Nothin' doin' with mamma I fully expected death, and then any more, though. If you'll only let

> rolling pin a day." Mr. Lowell smiled a trifle grimly. "Go with your wife, Marks," he said. "I'll not prosecute you as long as you obey her. Report for work as

> "You're one white old guy!" the irrepressible Mrs. Marks declaimed fervently. "Come along, Petey." She sailed out of the room, with Petey in her wake, no longer the iominant male, but henceforth a henpecked husband.

The instant Lillian shepherded the others out of the room to identify the

ly, "why under the canopy you jump-"Sam! Sam!" he said. "And I ed in between me and that beast! Do you know you escaped death only by a miracle?"
His voice was rough, uneven, and,

ell," she said. "You have heard him with his hands gripping my shouladmit the plot he concocted against ders, his eyes searched my face. And these two young people as well as then, like the sudden giving way of you. There only remains the identian ice jam in a mountain stream, he fication of the furs, which we have swept me up close to him and was showering hot kisses upon my face a few days from a two weeks' trip "But." Lillian continued, "it will in- while I-with poise utterly gone- to New York and other eastern terest you, Mr. Lowell, to know that was clinging to him and sobbing con-

"Oh! Dicky!" I murmured contritewere helping Lillian unravel-'

eared pup to you in more ways than at 123 North Thirty-ninth street. one. But-those things are less than nothing. I died a thousand deaths ling, faced that pistol! And I guess Denison, Ia., for two weeks, during you, fearing for me, weren't far be Mr. Huff's absence in Kansas City. hind me in suffering, judging by your face. What does anything in the world matter except that we're alive and together!"

My heart echoed his words as his lips met mine.

Beginning Tomorrow:
A WIFE'S CONFESSIONAL Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Mrs. Bonney and Mrs. Butts Honored.

Members of the Emerson club enertained at a luncheon at the Burgess-Nash tea room Monday in hon of Mrs. W. H. Butts, who leaves th latter part of this week for Los An geles to reside permanently, and for Mrs. O. M. Bonney, who leaves soon for the east to reside. Hostesses

For Miss Loomis.

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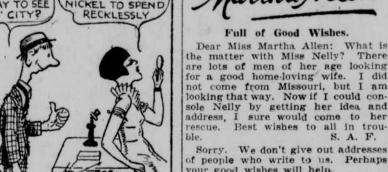
taste it.

### Miss Information



# Full of Good Wishes.

Your Problems



Sorry. We don't give out addresses of people who write to us. Perhaps your good wishes will help.

Mrs. Arthur Remington, who has been seriously ill, is able to be out, Mrs. O. M. Smith left last week to spend six weeks in Los Angeles

Personals

John Gamble is expected home in

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Walsh of "I misjudged you so! All the time Ithaca, N. Y., are the guest of their thought it was Mollie Fawcett, you son, Thomas A. Walsh, and Mrs.

"You generally do think things Mr. and Mrs. William A. Schall about me that are odd," he said have bought the former home of Mr. whimsically, "and I've been a crop and Mrs. Barton Millard of Chicago,

Mrs. Lee Huff, ir., and baby daugh ive minutes ago when you, my dar- ter. Saralee, have gone to visit in

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#### For Miss Mayo.

Miss Irene Cole will entertain at luncheon at the Omaha club on

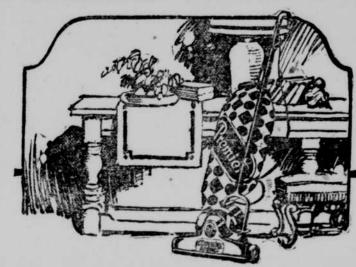
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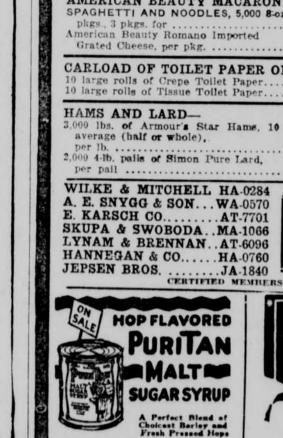
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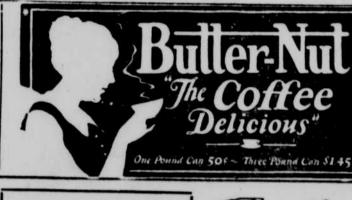
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