

THREE IN THE PLOT

By THOMAS J. SMITH

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"THE trouble with you, my dear, is that you have a temperament," said John Stevens to his pretty wife Lillian. "Oh, I wish I knew whether you loved me," she sobbed. "I wish I knew."

"You don't think I am a liar, do you?" inquired her husband, biting off the end of a cigar.

"No, but you just can't help changing. I know you're changed. You haven't told me you cared for me for a whole week."

"When I change I'll let you know," said John calmly. He took his hat and went up to Lillian to kiss her good-by. But she repulsed him.

"I don't want you to kiss me ever again," she said. "I know I'm nothing to you. You can go and leave me. Maybe there will be somebody who will care for me some day."

"Well, if you find him, don't forget to tell me," answered her husband, letting himself out of the door.

His face grew rather serious as he went down the street. He was devoted to his wife of two years' standing, but as he had said, Lillian had a temperament. She was forever imagining things. She was the type of a woman who would never be quite happy. He was puzzled; he wished he knew what to do to make her life happier and more serene. Yet the only thing seemed to be to wait and hope that in time Lillian would come to see things differently.

"I wish I had Jim's advice," he muttered. "I've half a mind to go and talk things over with him. Jim understands women, and he understands Lillian—he ought to."

Jim Davis and Lillian had been engaged for nearly a year before John Stevens butted in and won the girl away. Jim had never resented it, and the two men had become fast friends. It was a curious situation, and only the strongest friendship could have endured it. But John never had the least doubt of his friend's loyalty.

When he had gone Lillian sat down and gave way to a flood of tears. She did not believe her husband cared for her. Because he did not tell her so every minute of the day, as he had done when they were married seemed an infallible proof to her.

"I'll make him realize what he has lost," she said.

She wished that she had some woman friend in whom she could confide. But since her marriage she had given up nearly all her friends. Who was there? Jim, who had adored her, Jim whom she ought to have married. With a sudden impulse she went to the telephone.

"Jim," she called. "I am in great trouble. Won't you come round and see me and help me?"

"Sure, Lily," answered Jim.

He came into the room half an hour later, big, stalwart, honest-looking. She offered him a chair.

"What's the trouble, my dear?" he asked.

"John doesn't love me any more," sobbed Lillian.

"Oh, I guess you've got that wrong," said Jim. "I know he does."

"No, he doesn't. He thinks n-now he's got me. It doesn't matter how he acts. And I'm going to give him the lesson of his life. And I want you to help me."

"Well, I don't mind playing a trick on old John," said Jim. Spell it out, Lily."

"I want you to pretend to elope with me. I mean to leave a letter saying I've run away with you. Then we'll just go to the station together about the time he's coming home, and if he c-cares for me, he'll follow and bring me back."

"And shoot me, maybe," said Jim meditatively.

"Of course, if you're afraid," said Lillian scornfully.

"No, I'm not afraid," answered Jim. "But suppose he doesn't come for us?"

"Then I shall take the train to mother, and you'll go home, and I'll never, never see or speak to John again as long as I live."

Jim reflected. "It's a sort of low game to play," he soliloquized. "Lily, dear, are you dead sure you've got John correctly? You know he isn't much of a hand to show his feelings, but he's got 'em, all right."

"I know he doesn't care for me, and I'm going to show him that he's lost me."

"All right," said Jim finally. "Now about the details. John gets back about—?"

"Half-past five."

"Suppose we start at five, then, and wait at the station till seven. That will give him time to catch us. Say in your letter that we are leaving on the six-forty for—where do you say?"

"San Francisco," gulped Lillian.

"That's good enough. And I guess you'd better have a real trunkful of clothes, in case he doesn't come and you have to go to your mother."

Jim went away, leaving Lillian in a flood of tears. Outside the house he stopped and shook his head regretfully.

At half-past five John arrived home with a box of fresh candy, to find Lillian gone. He read the letter upon the table. She was gone with the man who had always loved her, she said, and she had made the biggest mistake

in life in marrying John. The train for San Francisco left at six-thirty, and he needn't try to find where she had gone, because he would never see her again.

John put the letter down calmly and looked at his watch. Then he took down the railroad guide. There was no train for San Francisco at six-thirty.

John washed and did his hair, put on a clean collar, selected his favorite walking stick, and went into the street and took a car to the station.

At six o'clock Lillian paced the platform beside Jim in anguish. What would John do? She was beginning to grow afraid. She had never seen John angry, except once, when he kicked an impudent plumber out of the house. He had seemed terrible then. "What would he do? There might be murder."

She went up to Jim. "I think you had better go," she said. "You aren't really necessary, you know. John won't know who the man was for sure. If you stay here he may shoot you."

Jim looked scared. "You think so, Lillian?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"It would be terrible," said Lillian, sobbing.

"I have a hunch John won't come," said Jim.

"What do you mean?"

"He must have got your letter an hour ago, almost. It's twenty-five past six. I am sure he isn't coming. Probably he is glad to be free."

"Jim!"

"And you're happy to be rid of him," continued Jim. "He's a worthless scamp. Lily, dear, suppose we convert that program into a reality?"

"Jim, have you lost your senses?"

"No, I've just found them, dear. I've always loved you. Let us really go to San Francisco, dearest, and be happy the rest of our lives."

"How dare you insult me!" cried Lillian furiously. "And how dare you insult my husband? Oh, you traitor! I never dreamed you were so wicked. Leave me at once. Oh, John, John, why don't you come to me?"

She turned away from Jim, who hesitated, and then, with a hopeless expression on his face, went up to her.

"I'll go, then, Lily," he said. "But say you forgive me. It was your beauty fascinated me and threw me off my balance. Let me take you home."

"There's John!" cried Lillian aghast.

It was John, strolling amiably along the platform. He nodded nonchalantly to Jim, and raised his hat to his wife.

"Just in time, dear," he said. "What a joke to play on your poor old husband! I'm grateful to you, more grateful than I can tell, Jim, for finding her."

"It wasn't a joke!" cried Lily. "And Jim didn't find me. Jim was coming with me."

John smiled. "Well, he's coming back," he said. "Do you think you can make a nice Welsh rabbit for supper, Lily? Jim loves 'em—don't you, Jim?"

Lily, in despair, suffered her husband to take her by the arm, and soon the three were comfortably ensconced in a taxi. At the door, however, Jim turned away.

"I guess I won't come in tonight, old man," he said.

And, as John turned toward him: "I guess it'll be all right now, won't it?"

John gripped his hand. "You were a trump, Jim," he said. "I'll never forget it. The program worked?"

"Admirably."

Upstairs Lily began to cry her heart out. But John put his arm about her. "What is it, dear?" he asked.

"I don't know whether you knew it was just a pretense, or whether you didn't care," she sobbed.

John kissed her. "My dear, you don't think I'm a liar, do you?" he asked. "When I've stopped caring for you I'll tell you so. See?"

And Lillian did see, more clearly afterward when the truth leaked out. At first she was furious with Jim, and even now she is a little cold toward him. But as John sensibly says, "It doesn't do any harm to have one's wife cool to one's best friend. You never can tell how far a joke will go."

Charming Fabrics for Evening Wear

Metallic Effects Are Much Affected; Softer Models Also Seen.

Evening dress for the midwinter season is perhaps the most elaborate and most varied of the whole year, observes a fashion writer in the New York Times. Women of fashion must of necessity get together a wardrobe which will in every way meet the requirements of a metropolitan season as well as diverse needs of the Southern resorts.

Evening gowns, wraps and accessories, created for both town and resort wear, were never more engaging than those that now are being shown. All of the designs and fabrics that were introduced in the autumn are being done in ways that are most flattering, with a few sensational favorites for which there is a sort of craze. This is evident in the armorlike spangled gowns and in the regal wraps of metal cloth, jewel studded and embroidered and usually trimmed with one of the new furs or ostrich or fringe. Each of these is designed for either town or resort, with the same attitude apparent in all of the merging season styles which permit furs for summer and crepes for winter.

In Velvet and Fur.

For formal occasions, such as the dinners and dances that will bring the mid-winter season to its peak, Paris couturiers have sent a number of different models in velvet and fur, the acme of elegance and luxury. Drecoll has designed some of the handsomest costumes ever received from this house, one of which is of the new "transparent" velvet in shades of apricot, the material being draped in gentle lines and bordered with wide bands of fox in a subtly blended shade of beige. Molyneux has accomplished some of the most distinguished costumes for evening that have been seen for many seasons, in particular some which have been worn by the fashionable brides of both continents.

Chiffon velvet of the finest quality and lustrous satin have been the materials, with the addition of fur and embroidery, used with taste and discrimination. Fur is used to accentuate the winter mode in evening gowns and wraps, but always with apparent restraint and not as introducing a novelty. It is shown on some beautiful yet quite conventional models from Worth, Paquin and Lucien Lelong.

The velvet and fur combination is one intended distinctly for the town season, and the relief to this mode is the lame costume. Metallic fabrics in many variants are shown among the latest models, gowns and wraps designed by artists in Paris and on this side that differ not in any startling particular but quite distinctly from the general trend of the styles that were brought out earlier in the season. Vionnet has departed from the mode that has come to be accepted as characteristically her own in the use of lame for evening gowns, and in wraps especially, in which she has

much in favor at the moment for town wear, will be seen also at the Southern resorts. The solidly spangled gowns will be included in the wardrobes for Palm Beach and the other fashionable watering places, but the models that are being especially designed for the short Southern season are much lighter and softer in type. They are the crisp taffetas, the satins, volles, crepes and georgettes, which are employed by all of the best designers. Molyneux and Yteb cling to lame as a combination with satin and taffeta, to which is given a certain dash and style, but other Parisian houses are adding but a touch of metal and crystal to the lighter materials in evening gowns. Jeanne Lanvin has brought out a sensational version of her period gown, one of black taffeta flounced from belt to hem, exceedingly bouffant, and lifted in front. The bodice remains the same plainly fitted affair, but is dropped lower at one side and the whole is given the modish metal touch with two enormous silver roses with a streamer of silver ribbon at one side of the skirt.

With this and other models from Lanvin is shown the big ruff of tulle



Evening Wrap of Black Chiffon Velvet, Lined With Silver Lamb.

attached to a jeweled collar at the back of the neck. An evening gown from Callot Soeurs is of pale amber satin, made on a slender silhouette heavily embroidered in gold and floss to form a panel the length of the gown, divided to pass over each shoulder. With this is shown in the same collection a contrast in another Lanvin evening gown made of the artist's favorite black taffeta, elaborated with diagonal stripes of silver spangles that completely cover the skirt. The bodice of this gown is of the taffeta, untrimmed and without any shoulder straps.

Glistening Sheath Gowns.

Contrasts in the evening gowns and wraps designed especially for the South are sometimes startling. Against models of the most elaborate type, sheath gowns glistening like gold and silver fish, are simple naive frocks of soft fabrics in gentle draperies. A charming dinner dress from Drecoll is made of white georgette with a scarflike drapery on one shoulder that is caught with a ribbon girdle on one hip and hangs in a slight cascade to form an uneven hem line. This model has no trimming other than a band of lace in the new shade of beige at the back of the bodice.

Dreouillet makes an evening dress of maize-tinted chiffon with bands of bead embroidery lining the girdle and the surplice waist drapery. Molyneux, who has been doing some important things in trousseaux and elaborate evening costume this season, has swung to the opposite type in some lovely gowns of chiffon and lace. One especially attractive dinner gown is made all of black lace in tiers, with a swaying scarf drapery at one side of the back and a large chiffon flower garniture, both in yellow beige.

The long narrow scarf in a galaxy of colors and the square in quaint prints are necessary adjuncts for wear with dress, suit or coat.

Fringe Trimming Used.

Fringe is very fashionable this season, and is used with equal success on both gowns and wraps for evening, in long silk strands and in the narrow fringe of beads. On a simple cut gown of cameo-pink satin Jenny uses row upon row of fringe in crystal and jet beads, covering the skirt from the girdle to the hem and leaving the bodice untrimmed except at the neck and armholes which are outlined with a single row of the beads. One of the most effective evening gowns shown among the models intended for the South is of American design in pale yellow crepe having a surplice bodice and a skirt slightly draped at one side, all trimmed with deep silk fringe in the same shade as the gown. The lifted line of the skirt forms a cascade of the fringe, which is caught with a cluster of velvet roses in deeper shades of yellow on which are sprinkled topaz jewels like dewdrops.

Pearl buckles have returned to favor and serve as fastenings for jersey and velvet frocks.



Shimmering Gown Solidly Spangled in Silver; Turquoise in Embroidery.

designed some uncommonly beautiful things, going in for lovely evening shades. She uses little fur on the dresses, but is lavish in trimming her wraps with fluffy fox.

Metallic Effects Popular.

Almost every designer of any note, both French and American, is using the metallic stuffs for evening dresses and wraps. Some of these are rather simple, others are very elaborate. The same sort of material seems to have been selected for an informal ensemble, with tunic and skirt or a formal gown with a wrap to match or to harmonize. There are lovely things on a ground of gilt or silver tissue in models de luxe that are equally suitable for daytime or evening. In these it appears to be merely a matter of cutting the neck line high or decollete. Metal tissue and lame costumes, so

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Our climate is a series of surprises, and among our many prognostics of the weather, the only trustworthy one that I know is that, when it is warm it is a sign it is going to be cold.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FOR BREAKFAST

As 85 per cent of the housekeepers in the land are maidless, it is wise to prepare as much of it as possible so that a satisfying breakfast may be quickly prepared.

An alarm clock to insure the right time of rising will give ample time to arrange the meal unhurriedly.

He who goes mornings from a quiet, comfortable and well-ordered home is twice as capable as a business man who leaves with a hasty breakfast, perhaps prepared by himself, often leaving home with the unpleasant memory of a disordered home.

The uniform breakfast is a most convenient one, as it saves brain fog, and you know just what you are to prepare and they know just what they will have; however, the most of us like to avoid monotony and like an occasional break in the daily round. The usual fruit, cereal, bacon, eggs or toast with a cookie or doughnut to finish off with, with the cup of coffee, is so usually served that we all know how to prepare such a breakfast, providing we have the food.

A pleasing change is secured by serving a variety of cereals as well as those which need no cooking. By serving a variety the food is never monotonous, and the favorites may be served more often.

Broiled or baked mackerel, codfish balls, sinned haddock, smoked fish are all admissible for the first meal of the day.

Of the meats, the favorites are bacon, ham, chops, sausage, corn beef hash, frizzed beef and calf's brains.

Eggs are usually a favorite breakfast dish for the majority and are served in such a variety of ways that they need never become monotonous.

Omelets form an especially desirable dish and they, too, are of an endless variety. Scrambled, fried, poached and cooked in the shell, cooked in ramekins with cream, and eggs in combination with rice and other foods too numerous to mention, are all desirable breakfast dishes.

Good Everyday Foods.

The use of leftovers is a daily problem in most homes. How to serve them without appearing to be leftovers is not always easy.

Baked Codfish Puffs

Put a cupful or two of shredded codfish into a bowl, add boiling water to cover and let stand to cool, then drain and add to a pint of mashed potato, then add a cupful of white sauce, one teaspoonful of onion juice, two teaspoonfuls of butter, salt if needed and plenty of paprika. Beat until light, then put into a baking dish, brush with fat and bake twenty-five minutes or until brown.

Ham Loaf

Put three cupfuls of boiled rice and two cupfuls of cold boiled ham through a meat chopper, add one-half cupful of white sauce, one-half cupful of bread, one table-spoonful of minced parsley, one table-spoonful of onion juice, salt, pepper to taste, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a well-beaten egg. Mix all together and press into a brick-shaped pan. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with a sauce or sliced cold.

Scalloped Onions With Peanuts

Peel and cook six onions, chop two thirds of a cupful of roasted peanuts. Cook two table-spoonfuls each of fat and flour, add seasonings and a cupful of milk. Put the onions, and peanuts in layers in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until brown.

Raisin and Apple Salad

Wash one cupful of raisins, add one-fourth of a cupful of apples and one cupful of mayonnaise. Line a bowl with lettuce, pile in the diced apples and raisins, cover with the mayonnaise. Serve with neuchateau cheese balls and garnish with cubes of tart red jelly.

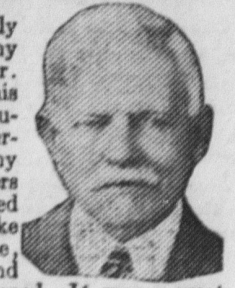
Eggs a la Suisse

Heat an omelet pan, put in a table-spoonful of butter and when melted add one-half cupful of cream. Slip in four eggs one at a time and sprinkle with salt and pepper, with a few grains of cayenne. When the whites are nearly firm sprinkle with two table-spoonfuls of grated cheese. Serve on buttered toast.

Baltimore Barber Routs Rheumatism

Herman P. Brill, 2439 Fleet Street, almost crippled for ten years, recovers perfect health and feels fine. Gives full credit to Tanlac for marvelous aid.

"I could hardly raise my hand to my head," said Mr. Brill, in telling of his experience. "Rheumatism caused terrible pains in my back and shoulders that nearly crippled me, and to make matters worse, my stomach troubled indigestion developed. It was a great effort for me to raise my arms while working on my customers."



"Between nervousness and pain, sleep was out of the question. I rolled from side to side all night, and could not rest easily in any position. My appetite disappeared, too, and I had to force myself to swallow a little food. Even that would lie like a lump in my stomach for hours. I tried almost every known medicine in those ten years; nothing helped me till I started on Tanlac. Since then my headaches and stomach troubles have disappeared and the rheumatism has ceased to bother me. I'm a new man altogether."

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Fair Enough He—Will you marry me? She—But I must tell you I am a somnambulist. He—Oh, that's all right. You can go to your own church and I'll go to mine.—Vancouver Province.

Grandmother Knew there was nothing so good for congestion and colds as mustard. But the old-fashioned mustard plaster burned and blistered. Musterole gives the relief and help that mustard plasters gave, without the plaster and without the blister. It is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Gently rub it in. See how quickly the pain disappears. Try Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bitten feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

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Nellie Maxwell