

### Marriage Scales

By Mildred Barbour  
(Continued)  
THE DANGER POINT

Mariana got away from the reception as soon as she could and when she was escorted out to the front portico by the impeccable footman who summoned her car, she experienced a strange inclination to order her chauffeur to the music club.

The street lights were lit on the broad avenue. They beckoned mellowly through the purple dusk of early spring. The air was soft and filled with a tantalizing fragrance. A crescent moon hung in a cloudless sky that was still painted with the hues of sunset.

"Drive home," she told her chauffeur, turning a disdainful shoulder on Professor Zanoby and his recital. At the entrance to the smart suburb where Charles Page had built his home and surrounded it with terraced gardens that were the envy of horticulturists, Mariana underwent another capricious change of heart.

Charles would have been golfing at the club she knew and would not have yet returned. The great beautiful house would be empty and silent, as a perfectly appointed household should be. The gardens were undoubtedly lonely and a little chill in the spring twilight. Her maid would be drawing her bath and laying out a dinner gown. Charles' man was probably inserting studs in a tucked-bosom shirt. In a little while she and Charles would sit opposite each other at the dinner table. There were no engagements tonight—at 9 o'clock Charles would yawn and say that the first days of golf season always made him sleepy. He would go upstairs, leav-

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When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub, and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers.

Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone.

Ask any druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.



Soft twill in a delightful tone of light gray is the material used for this coat of straight simple lines. A variation is added in the panel which starts beneath the right-hand of gray fox softens the effect of the braid. This collar, like so many of the smart ones of the season, places its braid at the inside, so that it shows against the neck when the collar is worn open.

ing Mariana to her book, or her thoughts. If he only knew that she would think resentfully how wide-awake Charles would be if one of his queer, impossible cronies were with them!

"Oh, how tired I am of everything—of Charles, of marriage, of life!" Mariana whispered to herself. "I want Romance in my life once more—romance and happiness!"

To the chauffeur she said: "Let me out here and drive on. I shall walk home for exercise."

She watched the car disappear in the dusk before she strolled on slowly down the wide, elm-bordered street. There were hedges, spicily scented of box, on either side, enclosing smooth lawns and low rambling houses with lighted, half-curtained windows. An occasional car flashed by with a blinding glare of headlights, girls' laughter floating out through the twilight like a trail-ribbon. Under the shadows of the new-leaved trees, couples lingered, strolling close and murmuring together, fingers frankly intertwined.

Mariana experienced a wave of loneliness and discontent. She felt like a wistful child, pressing its face against the windowpane and watching the great, noisy, colorful circus parade go by. The exquisite, haunting beauty of the spring twilight, the strolling lovers, disturbed her. She felt weary and hopeless and disillusioned.

A sudden anger against fate seized her. Why must her life be dull and stupid? She wished there were some other man beside Charles to spend the evening with just for a change. Someone who would look at her with dawning admiration and interest in his eyes, someone who would make her thrillingly conscious that she was a beautiful woman in a beautiful setting.

A car slipped up beside the curb and stopped. "Mariana!" boomed Charles' cheerful voice. "Hop in, honey. This is luck!"

And Charles, for all his increased girth, stepped nimbly to the sidewalk and handed her unresistingly into the runabout and took his place at the wheel.

He was just returning from the golf club, flushed and somewhat disheveled.

"Had a wonderful game. Met a new man at the club and liked him so well I took him out to golf with me. He's a wizard at the game and gave me a whale of a lot of pointers. You'd like him, Mariana. Wish you'd golf more with me."

"Thanks. You know I don't care for the game—nor for your—ah—curious friends," Mariana murmured indifferently.

"It's a bully game, anyhow. Wish I had more time for it." Charles' good humor refused to be dashed. "And the people I meet are mighty

interesting. Why that chap to day—"

"Please don't let's discuss him," Mariana snapped. "I'm very tired and hearing about queer people bores me."

Charles' full cheeks flushed more deeply than the glow of exercise warranted, and for a moment his eyes had a steely glint as he drove the car into the flower-bordered driveway of his home; but when he stopped the car under the portico and turned again to Mariana his face softened.

"Poor little girl," he whispered. "Rest a bit while I have a shower and dress. Don't bother to be formal." And he lifted her gently to the step.

Mariana's eyes filled with sudden tears of self-pity and she drew away petulantly from his touch, and entered the house without a word.

At dinner she was as remote, as cold as ever. Charles, in buoyant spirits over his score, talked happily and seemed not to care that she replied in monosyllables or not at all.

But after dinner, while Charles drowsed over a book in the library, she slipped out into the moon-drenched spring garden and dreamed of young love and romantic adventure, and of the player who at that moment was holding his audience spell-bound.

**AN UNFORTUNATE RIFT**

When Doris left Mariana that morning, she discovered that her accustomed buoyancy of spirit had suffered eclipse.

She went slowly down to her rakish little car, parked in the drive, half hoping that Mariana would make some sign calling her back. She hated to quarrel with Mariana. As the latter had so recently said, they two had only each other. Orphaned many years before, they were really very dependent on each other, despite the difference in their ages and the fact that their tastes in friends and modes of living were as far apart as the poles.

Mariana disliked everything that was not expressive of wealth and social prestige. Doris, on the other hand, wouldn't give a snap of her slim fingers for a Croesus if he weren't personally interesting. She refused to be bored by tiresome social tyrannies. With her very considerable inheritance, she proceeded to establish herself comfortably and pleasantly in a town apartment and to make her friends where she pleased. She never experienced a dull moment. Life was thrillingly interesting to her. Each day, with its varied activities, opened up a new and alluring vista. She had devoted, even worshipful, friends among the highest and the lowest. Like most independently minded young women, she volunteered her services to all manner of activities, civic, social, charitable. Her name headed the committee list of various organizations. But it wasn't a leisurely fad with Doris. She was sincere about about it. She worked and she got results and, incidentally, enjoyed herself hugely.

Mariana had never been at all interested in Doris' activities. Privately, she thought them rather ridiculous, even degrading. She didn't see very much of Doris, either. Often their cars flashed past each other on the Avenue and they waved and smiled; sometimes when Mariana lunched at her club, Doris would drop in with a friend; but she was forever dashing away to keep some appointment, and Mariana, who liked to lunch in leisurely fashion, found Doris' habit of constantly consulting her wrist watch peculiarly irritating.

Once or twice a season, Doris would be a guest at one of Mariana's smart little dinners, but Doris always ducked it if she could,

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Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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and Mariana usually asked her only if she had some brilliant difficult personage on her hands and needed Doris as his dinner partner. Linda Harrington and other women of Mariana's acquaintance were like fish out of water if they were expected to talk of anything but fashions, mash jong, and polo.

Doris was worried about Mariana. Seeing her so infrequently, she hadn't quite realized how far apart she and Charles were drifting. Doris was fond of Charles; they had so many tastes in common, particularly the one of finding interesting acquaintances in every stratum of life. That every penchant of Charles was, she believed, the trouble in a nutshell. It couldn't really be that Mariana was falling out of love with her husband merely because he was becoming stout and losing the romantic halo of youth. Surely Mariana couldn't be so shallow!

But Doris, although she had never herself experienced the grande passion and was inclined to scoff at those who prated of it, was a sensible young woman, and she realized the danger of Mariana's mood. All the plays and problem novels, the brochures of psychologists and psychoanalysts, were based on just such cases and the ensuing catastrophes. Mariana was in a fair way to make a fool of herself if Fate sent some accommodating young man along at the crucial moment.

Wives of Mariana's frame of mind all the divorce courts and the front pages of metropolitan dailies and later eat their hearts out for the prizes they have lightly tossed away.

Doris climbed slowly into her car and started the engine. Once she glanced hopefully up at Mariana's window, but there was no sign of her sister's lovely, pliant face. She knew Mariana too well to believe that there would be any advantage gained in going back and trying to make her peace. Mariana would come out of her petulance in a day or so, she told herself reassuringly, and perhaps she could gain her confidence and find out what was really wrong between her and Charles.

If she could have foreseen what the future held.

**A GLIMPSE BACKSTAGE**

Doris lunched hastily, as usual, at her club. An acquaintance hailed her with an invitation to join a gay little party of smartly dressed women, but she stopped only a moment to speak to one or two of them.

"Sorry—but I'm in a tearing hurry. I have an engagement at the National Theatre."

"Why, you've oodles of time for the matinee," drawled a slant-eyed girl puffing smoke idly through an exaggerated jade cigarette holder.

"Besides, what's the use getting there until the middle of the first act when Craig Cullam comes on? The rest of the play's rotten."

"But it's Craig Cullam whom your engagement's with," laughed Doris. "I'm to meet him back stage at quarter to two."

A chorus of shrieks greeted this announcement.

"Not Craig Cullam!"

"My dear, how ever did you do it?"

"Your lucky girl! I'd give my eye-teeth for your chance!"

"Nonsense," said Doris bluntly. "All this ridiculous raving about an actor! I've heard nothing but Craig Cullam ever since the wretched show opened."

"But he's so positively divine—slant-eyes was beginning."

"Fiddlesticks!" scoffed Doris. "He's probably forty-five and bald and concealed with six children (Continued on Page Seven)

### SHOLER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

**Peterboro Man Says He Would Not Swap Tanlac for all Other Medicines Put Together.**

"Well, sir, a medicine must be good to relieve a man's troubles of 15 years standing and then build him up 21 pounds, and as that is what Tanlac has done for me, I can't say enough for it," declares H. Sholer, 220 Edinburgh St., Peterboro, Ont.

"Before taking Tanlac, I never felt right hardly knew what it was to ever be hungry; and nausea by

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Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so there's no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.



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