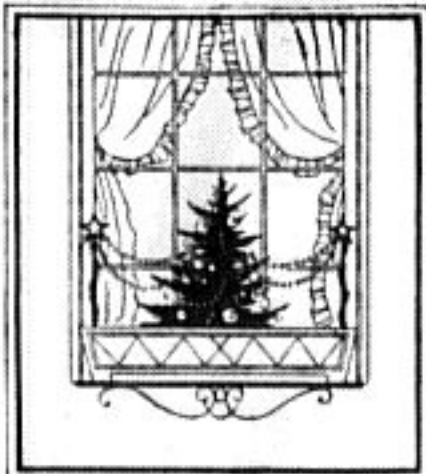


BEAUTY IN THE HOME

This department seeks to give assistance to all who are interested in beautifying their homes and will be glad to answer questions pertaining to interior decoration. In order to serve all who seek advice promptly, no more than three problems will be discussed in any one reply. Readers are invited to write to this department as often as they wish, but to limit each letter to five questions. State your questions clearly, write only on one side of the paper enclosing a well-addressed stamped envelope and address Beauty in the Home Department, Detroit News. Letters with their answers will be published for the benefit of all homemakers, but names and addresses will not be made public.

By EDITH B. CRUMB.

WHEN Thanksgiving Day is gone for another year, it does not take too much imagination to start one thinking of Christmas and its many problems. It is therefore a good time for one to have an evergreen placed in the window box for



Wilful Wives

By Mildred Barbour

CHAPTER VI The Truant.

MARGUERITE was ecstatically happy for the first time since her marriage. She was going down to Long Island. Her mother had telephoned that morning, saying:

"Brownie has puppies. I know you'll want to see them. Ask Hal if he can spare you?"

"Hal has already left for business." Marguerite was delighted at the prospect of a day in the country. "I'll be down on the first train."

"I'm afraid you'll have to take a train," admitted Mrs. Glover ruefully. "The chauffeur had an accident with the big car last night, and he's too busy repairing it to drive the roadster in for you."

"No matter. I'd come, if I had to walk," declared Marguerite.

She gave her orders for the day to her domestic staff. Even in her excitement she didn't forget her duties as a wife and housekeeper. Then she fled for the train. It was hot and dusty, but, when the first breath of country air began to blow through the windows, she took off her hat and let the warm wind play havoc with her soft brown hair.

At the station, she took a ramshackle cab to her father's home.

A few minutes later she was being welcomed by her pets. She romped with them all, regardless of her frock. Her mother watched her fondly.

"What a child you are, Marguerite."

nified performance. Remember, you're a married woman now."

Marguerite got to her feet.

"Oh, dear! I'd quite forgotten," she said, her radiant face clouded.

"Come and change for lunch. You're a perfect mess. I have several guests coming—very nice women who've taken me up, since your marriage to Hal."

Marguerite sighed.

"Must I appear, darling? Couldn't I have lunch upstairs in the sun room. They needn't know I'm here."

"DON'T be absurd. I especially want you to meet them." Her mother eyed the damaged frock critically. "It's a pity you've ruined that. You look very smart in it. Lucille will have to give you one of your old gowns."

Bathed and fresh as a rose, Marguerite descended just before the luncheon-gong to meet her mother's guests. They exclaimed over her.

"Why, she's only a child! How could you let her marry so young, Mrs. Glover?"

"She's over 20," replied the hostess complacently. "And I believe in early marriages, don't you?"

"It all depends upon the man," murmured one woman, and her eloquent exchange of glances with another signified that she knew Hal Reynolds and had her doubts.

Directly after coffee Marguerite escaped again to the garden and the kennels. The net result was an afternoon of bliss and one more ruined frock. The setting sun reminded her of her duty as a wife, and she