

The Jealous Wife's Mistake

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

ALL at once the world had crumbled under pretty Mrs. Goring's feet. She stood for a moment like one turned into stone, the letter in her hand. The pink baby-blush, which was her chief beauty, was gone from her cheeks. Her blue eyes were dull and staring, her lips pale and tense. A choking sob rose in her throat, but she stifled that, and as if there was one faint hope in a thousand that her eyes had lied to her she read the letter again.

There was no doubt about the address. It was to her husband. She had seen it fall from his pocket as he had hurried from the house. At the bottom of the few lines it contained was Jack Collier's big, sprawling signature. She read again:

My dear John—Don't fall tonight. Be on hand promptly at eight o'clock. Will meet you at the appointed place—glarry. She's a beauty—old man, and as soon as I make you acquainted I'm going to turn her over to you. You've had more experience with fast company than I, and you'll know how to handle her. And COLOR! I've heard you rave about complexions, but here has got anything but that you ever saw. It's waterproof, too—the kind that won't rub off. She makes you happy just to look at her. I've named her the Peach, and I don't care if she has half bankrupted me. She's worth it. Mrs. Collier hasn't a suspicion, and for Heaven's sake destroy this note. If your wife catches on, we're lost. In haste, Jack.

Mrs. Goring was not hysterical. She did not cry. But the sob rose in her throat, a dry, partly stifled cry of pain. She had come of a family of fighters, of a blood that had never lost its dignity, even in the face of disaster. Her father was a retired army officer. Her brother had already made a splendid record as a lieutenant in the navy. Her great-grandfather had helped to pitch the British tea into Boston harbor, and her grandfather had died at Queenstown Heights, many years later. So she did not go to pieces at this sudden discovery of her husband's faithlessness. All her ideals had been wrapped up in John Goring. She had married him six years ago, when he was a newspaper reporter. Her father had wanted her to marry "in her station"—an army officer, or a diplomat. But John, with his happy-go-lucky nature, his dreams, and ambitions, had taken her heart by storm, and now—as a fairly successful magazine writer and novelist—she believed that his name rose far above those of all the army officers and diplomats she had ever known. More and more he had become her ideal. And now he had fallen.

She clutched her hands at her breast, and looked at the clock. It was seven-thirty. A few minutes more and he would be with her—the other woman. The sob broke again from her lips, and then, suddenly, she drew herself erect, threw up her head, and faced the long mirror in the hall. She was beautiful. A thousand times she had thanked God for that, because John Goring's sensitive and romantic temperament demanded beauty. And she had seemed to fill all his dreams. He had nicknamed her "Sunset," because of the glorious color in her face and the red and gold lights in her soft hair. In one way or another he had made her the heroine of every story he had ever written. And all that time her husband had—

With a hard breath she turned from the mirror, and read once more those lines in the letter—"You've had more experience with fast company than I, and you'll know how to handle her."

There was only one thing to do. She made up her mind to that quickly. She wanted no sensation, no scandal. But she could never look into John Goring's face again—as his wife. Her father lived in a city a hundred miles away, and she had time to pick up what few things she wanted, and catch the nine-thirty train. Mechanically she set about her task. It still lacked an hour of train time when she walked down the front steps of what had been her home, her traveling bag in her hand. She felt that the extra half hour in the open air would do her good. She had walked for possibly a quarter of an hour when suddenly it occurred to her that she had placed Jack Collier's letter on the reading-table, and had forgotten it. The letter was important. She might need it. Hastily she turned back. Close to her home she had to pass through a small park. She never went abroad at night without John's escort, and when she

estly what you think of her," she heard Jack Collier say.

Before her husband's answer came she had stepped lightly from the path, and stood listening.

"She is certainly a beauty," her husband replied. "I'm afraid when my wife sees her she'll be jealous."

"You like her color?"

"Fine."

"And you don't think she's too big?"

"Not a bit. Only—"

"What?"

"She's got a—funny smell!"

With a gasp Mrs. Goring turned and walked swiftly away. She was panting when she turned on the lights and stood once more in their big living-room. Distinctly she had heard her husband say that she would be jealous when she saw her! Did he intend that she—his own wife—should become acquainted with this other woman—this—this thing with the wonderful complexion and the funny smell? Now she was sure that she would never again look into John Goring's face, not unless the law compelled her to do so, in the straightening out of their affairs. She snatched up the letter. At the same moment she heard steps coming up the walk. Instantly she recognized them as her husband's. Before she could move the front door had opened. Without any particular reason on her own part she thrust the letter in the bosom of her dress, put her hand-bag behind the piano, and threw off her hat and coat. She heard John taking off his own hat and coat out in the hall, and steeled herself for the meeting which she had intended should never be. He came in, laughing, chuckling, and rubbing his hands. He hurried to her, as usual, to kiss her face and hair. Coldly she thrust him back.

"You needn't trouble yourself," she said.

Goring's face suddenly became very serious. He stared at his wife.

"Why, what's the matter, Sunset?" he asked.

"Your question is an insult," replied Mrs. Goring, like ice. "If you expect an answer, go back and ask Jack Collier."

Goring dropped his head.

"So that—that's it?" he said. "I'm sorry, Sunset. I—I really didn't stop to think that I was lying to you when I told you tonight that I was going out to a business engagement, instead of with Jack Collier. Honest, Sunset, it's the first time I ever lied to you in my life. And Jack's to blame, confound him. You see, tomorrow is his wife's birthday, and he's got a big surprise for her. He was so afraid she would find out what he was getting that he made me promise not to say a word to you about it, and tonight, when we were going out to try it—"

"Try what?"

"Why, if I must tell you—the automobile. He has bought an automobile."

Mrs. Goring had turned her back to him. "An automobile!" he heard her gasp.

"Yes—an automobile." He came up behind her and put his arms about her. She hid her face from him. "I'll never lie again," he promised. "Never."

"What—what color is it, John?" he heard her whisper.

"Red," he said, "the reddest thing you ever saw in your life."

"And it's—fast?"

He could just hear that. She had turned her face a little, so that he could feel the warmth of her cheek.

"Next thing to a racing machine. She's certainly a peach, sweetheart, and the thing I'm afraid of is that you won't like our old car when you see the Colliers in such a fine turn-out. But there's one thing about her I don't like. Her carburetor works like a charm, but for all that she's got the queerest smell—"

Whatever he might have said after that was smothered by Mrs. Goring's kiss of forgiveness.

Why The Turk Must Go.

THE Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, of New York, recently remarked: "I believe the Turk must go. There are three things that are opposed to progress in Turkey: first, the Turk himself; second, the Turk's religion; and third, the Turk's government. The Turk himself is a barbarian, and his religion is a superstition. His government is a despotism. The Turk must go, and his place must be taken by a more enlightened and progressive people."

Wonderful Corn

By CHARLTON BA

CORN, once looked upon solely as a stock food, and as late as twenty-five years ago used in a number of Western States as fuel, has become the greatest single source of revenue in the country. The corn crop of 1870 was 761,000,000 bushels, a quite respectable showing for any grain. Last year, however, our corn crop was 3,124,746,000 bushels, and was sold for \$1,520,454,000. The figures stagger one by their enormity: This exceeds the total revenue from all other cereals by more than \$300,000,000. This over three times the value of the oats crop and nearly three times the value of the wheat crop. Yet as recently as twelve years ago, farmers in Kansas burned corn to heat their houses.

The *National Food Magazine*, in an interesting article on "The Ascendancy of Corn," quotes the following from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (ninth edition 1883), on the use of corn as a fuel:

"In the treeless Western prairies maize is often grown for fuel, as in many places fuel can be procured so cheaply in no other way. A hundred bushels of ears is equal in heating power to a cord of hardwood, and may be grown for a price less than a cord of hardwood brings in the large cities."

Many remember when, except in the South, corn was used only as a stock food. The sweetness and desirability of corn bread was early realized in the South where it came to be recognized as the "poor man's staff of life." "Corn pone," baked all day in a slow oven was quite as much esteemed throughout the South as "brown bread" was in Boston. In recent years the popularity of corn bread has spread throughout the country, and everywhere the best restaurants and hotels give it a conspicuous place on their menu. Not only is corn bread sweet and palatable, but corn is remarkably rich in nutriment. It made good fuel for the farmers on the prairie, and it makes equally good fuel for the body.

Corn contains 4.6 per cent. fat, 9.2 per cent. protein, 75.4 per cent. carbohydrate and produces 1,700 calories of energy per pound. Such a perfectly balanced food is corn that one may subsist on it alone, as did many a Southern soldier during the Civil War. But the most remarkable thing about corn in the new products that have been derived from it, the many new uses which science and American genius have created for it. Corn now enters into 150 different products the most familiar being syrup, sugar, breakfast foods, shortening, salad oils, desert materials and candies. "Of course," says the *National Food Magazine*, "this growing competition from a new and unexpected source has caused great antagonism toward corn products from many rival interests, and the products have had to fight hard for recognition. The millers of wheat did not like it when corn bread began to cut in on the sale of wheat flour; well we can imagine how the manufacturer of cane syrup objected to the growing popularity of corn syrup; how the manufacturers of lard viewed with alarm the rivalry of corn oil; and we rather fancy that the sugar manufacturers have not relished the importance that corn syrup has assumed in the candy and preserve industry."

But complaint is as yet to be heard from the farmers and the general public. The new uses discovered for corn have meant a doubled price to the farmer for his product, and cheaper foods for the consumer. The industry has been the target of attack, however, from Dr. H. W. Wiley, both when he was chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, and since his retirement from public office. Commenting on a recent magazine attack by Dr. Wiley upon corn syrup, the *National Food Magazine* says, "Aside from his insinuations and aspersions it takes the doctor nearly twelve printed pages to come out boldly and say that glucose is not as sweet as cane sugar, that it is not healthier than cane sugar, and that it should not be called corn syrup."



Increasing Use of Corn Starch

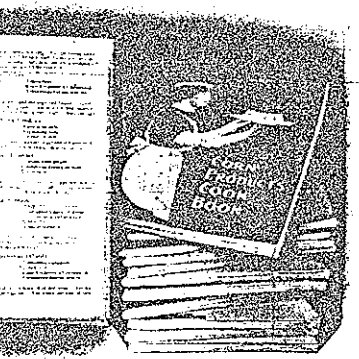
Why, Kingsford's Corn Starch is new-fashioned indeed since looking for purity in food and moderate cost.

Some delicacy and purity, full flavor of any kind can be made dozens of appetizing dishes that are table.

the possibilities of Kingsford's primary Corn Starches and inferior at the same price as Kingsford's. In the original and genuine of Osvego: prepared by the de-Kingsford's the finest Corn

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THE SUGAR REFINING CO. NEW YORK P. O. Box 161



and more housewives and cooks are learning that the best for putting up fruit is made with part KARO Crystal part sugar. This syrup will give you jams, jellies, and candied fruits richer in consistency—fouder and

Easing Use of Kingsford's Corn Starch

standby, Kingsford's Corn is a new-fashioned indeed since you are looking for purity in food value and moderate cost.

Extreme delicacy and purity, the full flavor of any kind with it can be made dozens of appetizing dishes that are suitable for the home table.

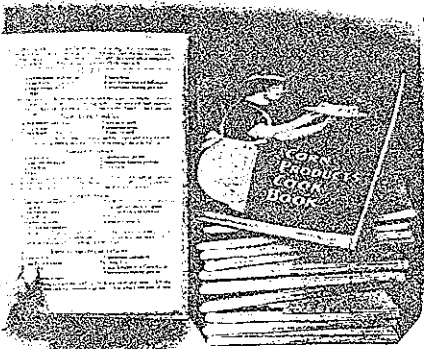
Because of the possibilities of Kingsford's ordinary Corn Starches and inferior grades, you can get the same price as Kingsford's, given the original and genuine richness of Oswego, prepared by the same-made-Kingsford's the finest Corn products for years.

Recipes for our new Corn Products Cook Book are for the use of Kingsford's Corn Starch. Handsomely illustrated in color.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

NEW YORK

P. O. Box 161



More and more housewives and cooks are learning that the perfect syrup for putting up fruit is made with part KARO Crystal White and part sugar. This syrup will give you jams, jellies, preserves and canned fruits richer in consistency—rounder and more fruity in flavor, because KARO Crystal White blends naturally with the juices of the fruit and will also prevent crystallization of sugar in jams and jellies. Order KARO Crystal White from your grocer.

How to make and use this syrup is told in our KARO Preserving Book. It contains the most practical sort of helps for putting up good old-fashioned preserves that will keep.

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CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

Dept. T. NEW YORK Box 161

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

"My dear John—Don't tell anyone. Do not hand this letter to any one. Will meet you at the appointed place—dark. She's a beauty—old man, and as soon as I make you acquainted I'm going to turn her over to you. You've had more experience with fast company than I, and you'll know how to handle her. And COLENE, I've heard you rave about complexion, but she's got nothing but that you ever saw. It's a good proof, too—the skin that won't rub off. She makes you happy just to look at her. I've named her the Peach, and I don't care if she has half bankrupted me. She's worth it. Mrs. Collier has her suspicion, and for Heaven's sake destroy this note. If your wife catches on, we're lost. In haste. JACK."

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"Now that you've seen her, tell me honestly she had heard her husband say that she would be jealous when she saw her! Did he intend that she—his own wife—should become acquainted with this other woman—this—this thing with the wonderful complexion and the funny smell? Now she was sure that she would never again look into John Goring's face, not unless the law compelled her to do so, in the straightening out of their affairs. She snatched up the letter. At the same moment she heard steps coming up the walk. Instantly she recognized them as her husband's. Before she could move the front door had opened. Without any particular reason on her own part she thrust the letter in the bosom of her dress, put her hand-bag behind the piano, and threw off her hat and coat. She heard John taking off his own hat and coat out in the hall, and steeled herself for the meeting which she had intended should never be. He came in, laughing, chuckling, and rubbing his hands. He hurried to her, as usual, to kiss her face and hair. Coldly she thrust him back.

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But the most remarkable thing about corn in the new products that have been derived from it, the many new uses which science and American genius have created for it. Corn now enters into 150 different products—the most familiar being syrup, sugar, breakfast foods, shortening, salad oils, dessert materials and candies. "Of course," says the National Food Magazine, "this growing competition from a new and unexpected source has caused great antagonism toward corn products from many rival interests and the products have had to fight hard for recognition. The millers of wheat did not like it when corn bread began to cut in on the sale of wheat flour; well we can imagine how the manufacturer of cane syrup objected to the growing popularity of corn syrup; how the manufacturers of lard viewed with alarm the rivalry of corn oil and we rather fancy that the sugar manufacturers have not relished the importance that corn syrup has assumed in the candy and preserve industry."

But complaint is as yet to be heard from the farmers and the general public. The new uses discovered for corn have meant a doubled price to the farmer for his product and cheaper foods for the consumer. The industry has been the target of attack however, from Dr. H. W. Wiley, both when he was chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, and since his retirement from public office. Commenting on a recent magazine attack by Dr. Wiley upon corn syrup, the National Food Magazine says, "Aside from his insinuations and aspersions it takes the doctor nearly twelve printed pages to come out bold and say that glucose is not as sweet as cane sugar, that it is not healthier than cane sugar, and that it should not be called corn syrup."

Dr. Wiley became particularly bitter against the industry when he was overruled in his contention that glucose, which in this country is made exclusively from shell corn, should not be called by its more descriptive name of corn syrup. The Board of Secretaries of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, Mr. Roosevelt himself, Secretary of Agriculture, Wilson, and later President Taft all concurred in the opinion that corn syrup was a proper name for a syrup made from corn. As a public official Dr. Wiley never gave