

# LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

**HEAD THIS FIRST:**  
Through the loom of every marriage there run many threads, gay and dark, and it depends upon the dexterity of the weavers, whether the pattern will be bright and cheerful or dark and threatening.

When Byrd married Larry Brown, she had only known the sheltered life of a small town, but moving to Cleveland, she was soon hurled into the modern vortex that sucks at the youth of the city, whirling them about in the mad waters of extravagance, and quick business and soft living.

From the very beginning, Byrd began to struggle against the influences that were threatening her husband's magnetic, speed-loving husband, influences which threatened to undermine his reputation and career, her own ambitions for a home and children and, lastly, the very foundations of their marriage.

For the elements that were combining against Byrd's happiness were many: Larry's partnership with the scrupulous Jack Duncan in a speculative scheme, flooding the stock of the Builders' Supply company; Larry's continual loans from Byrd's father, who was president of a bank; the suggestion of parties with a fast-moving crowd, consisting of Tiny and Fred O'Serman, Jack and Mary Duncan, Chester Everson and Madge Campbell, a former sweetheart of Larry's; Larry's refusal to break off his friendship with Indiana, his growing extravagance; the increasing difference over bills, and economies which couldn't pay for the week's grocery bill but could afford a case of Scotch; and finally, the further rupture caused by Pat's visit. Byrd's young sister, who should have had a firm and disciplinary hand, was instead, in her many attempts to refine and educate Pat, who had become boisterous and a little wild, and

who, under Indiana's unhealthy influence, was beginning to think of giving up her business school to take a position in the department store where Indiana herself worked, had started to take flight, and was spending the night of the week, according to Larry, with the most eligible bachelors in the city.

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stocks Larry and Jack were handling. He might not have the same confidence in Larry that she had, and he would undoubtedly go directly to Progress Polk, who was probably an old fogey, as most bank officials were, frowning on all stocks, no matter how profitable.

"I'll probably be gone three or four days," she explained to her sister, as she packed her clothes, "and you've got to promise you'll start in to business college Monday morning."

Pat nodded, but Byrd thought she heard her say under her breath, "Like hell I will!"

"Sure thing!" agreed Pat, nonchalantly. "Would you care if I Indiana stayed here nights with me?"

"All right, if you promise not to stay up all hours of the night," consented Byrd, reluctantly.

As Byrd stepped off the train at Jacksonville, she seemed to slough off the skin in which she had been living the last six months. Her life and Larry's had resolved itself into a pursuit of money and the artificial pleasures that it brought, and for a little while she longed for the peaceful, effortless routine of this little town, where tradition and precept and an inflexible moral code modelled the lives of its citizens.

Some broken-down Fords and Chevrolets still formed the battered taxi service, but she preferred to ride on the "Dinky," "Noah's Ark," "Leaping Lena," as the diminutive street car was called, and bumped along its single track was variously known.

Byrd wanted to hear Willie Swain's breathless and excited welcome.

Willie had driven this "balky critter," as long as her father and mother could remember. It required a technique literally amounting to genius to swing the cumbersome levers, and only accomplished by wrapping his lean, wiry, old body tortuously around the motor, twisting, turning and doubling over it until, with a snort and a leap, Lena started.

If Willie sighted a passenger in time, there'd only be a block or two to run to catch up, for every one understood that that part of her anatomy which controlled her reverse, had long ago succumbed to a cancerous condition of rust.

At the end of the line, Willie swung the backs of the seats forward with a grandiloquent gesture, took the fare-box and encoined himself at the other end of the car behind the other motor.

With a sudden ripple of homesickness, Byrd looked at the familiar stores, in one or two-story buildings that lined the wide sidewalk on either side of Main street. But as she watched the people she was glad she wasn't living her life out in Jacksonville.

They marched in domestic formation. Men and women were doing their Saturday marketing, with their small parcels of tea, coffee and bacon. Mothers pursued their lips at their children, drooping along behind them, and scolded them for not looking where they were going or not going where they were looking.

Then she warmed to the sight of her father's bank on the most progressive corner in Jacksonville, a smooth white building with grilles on either side of wrought iron at the windows and "Jacksonville Savings and Loan Company" hewn into the stone facade around the large glass doors.

Two miles out she bid Willie goodbye and climbed down the high steps.

The complete and uncanny silence of a late August day hovered over the morning. The streaming sun, pouring its hot breath over the cream brick and painted frame houses, in their green gardens, all of them far back from the street, appeared to have waked nobody. Becky and Herb and the children, Uncle Toby and Aunt Marietta and her sister and brother-in-law and their three children, who are visiting here from Arkansas, I've got to stuff the chickens today. Minnie's here from Arkansas, I've got to stuff the chickens today. Minnie's here from Arkansas, I've got to stuff the chickens today.

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The first floor of the bank was devoted to the banking room, and Byrd stopped to talk to the assistants behind the gratings. Then she went to the second floor, where the offices were, and sailed in upon her father in a conference.

"Glimpy Christmas! It's a treat to have you home," her father beamed on her, as she shook hands with the cashier and vice president.

Her father sat before his desk, coatless, and large round areas of perspiration showed at each arm pit. Her father didn't need to come down at all on a day like this, thought Byrd, but he liked to keep him away. He looked at her squarely, and Byrd felt that he was as dependable as the rock of Gibraltar.

"How's everything?" he smiled, encouragingly.

Then Byrd told him of Larry's success and the formation of the new real estate companies under Jack's initiative, and the Larry wanted to invest five thousand dollars, at least, in them.

"What you say goes," laughed her father, "but I don't know that I'd trust any other daughter of mine with the small fortune I've already loaned you and Larry."

His face sobered slightly as he took out his check book. He looked at Byrd still more hesitantly.

"I've always said that it ain't possible for two people in the same family to be extravagant at the same time. One of you has got to save so the other can spend." He stopped and gave a long chuckle.

"What are you driving at, dad?" asked Byrd, with a questioning smile on her lips.

"Why, just this. You ought to take a hand in matters that concern you so much. If you go out and buy a little house, say, and have a baby or two, and run up a little expense on your own account, why that's a very nice thing for her father who thought Byrd had had what you might call only a worm's-eye view of their married life, but he knew! Her father continued to chuckle, but Byrd caught a glimpse of that far-away look in his eyes that appeared whenever he thought of the possibility of grandchildren.

"Dad, this is the last penny we're going to ask you for," Byrd said, solemnly.

"Well, if you'll take a hand—you mustn't leave it all to the boy scouts, you know!" he said, jokingly.

Then she explained what she intended to do with the money.

She was going to try to persuade Larry to use part of this loan to buy out Jack's interest in the Builders' Supply stock, since Jack was heavily involved, she supposed, in the new companies, and dissuade Larry from going into them. Larry would probably make a very good profit on Builders', and then she hoped he would go into business for himself. Besides, she intended to look for a house in the suburbs just as soon as she got back home, and she would use a small part of this loan as the first payment on it. Larry could pay the rest in installments.

Jim made out a check for six thousand dollars, and she tucked it away gratefully, in the little hand bag.

"By the way, has Larry sold his American Axle stock yet? It's more than doubled now, and if he sells now he'll have a nice payment to make on that house," said her father. "I wrote to Larry just the other day about it."

"I'll ask him," said Byrd.

She quieted down, even concerning Pat, and gave him a glowing, if somewhat exaggerated, picture of his younger daughter preparing to enter business college and planning a business career.

But all the way home, two days later, Byrd's mind was oppressed with the tiny cloud that had gathered over her, until it darkened all her thoughts.

She had a growing suspicion that Larry had done something with those shares of American Axle.

Byrd arrived at the apartment very early the next morning, deciding to have breakfast with Pat but the apartment was empty. The twin beds had been slept in, and Pat's sheer velvet pajamas were lying on the bedroom floor, just where she had dropped them. But Pat had gone!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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There's otte de Snake with his squinty tail in winning your heart—hell never fail.

And henna Hella oh! what a flirt a powder puff an' inch of skirt.

Y-KNOW FANS I THINK CAROLYN ROW OF WICHITA, KANSAS HAS QUITE A HANDICAP FOR PHIL STRONGBOED AT LEAST HER POEM LOOKS LIKE IT.

Isn't Phil a darling boy, with every look he gives me, the only thing I have to regret, is that we two have never met.

AND NOW JUST LOOK AT THIS ONE ABOUT OSCAR BUGGS FROM ANN MARSH OF GRAFTON, IOWA

AS SURE AS THE VINES GROW AROUND THE STUMP, YOU ARE MY DARLING LITTLE SUGAR. LUMP! AH! PHIL SNT THEM, ONLY ONE THAT SOMEONE HAS A CRUSH ON.....

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### By Neher

**Clue Fizzes In Rothstein Case; Rum Wears Off**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—(AP)—A new link in the Arnold Rothstein murder investigation forged by Atlantic City detectives snapped today when police were informed by a self-styled gambler who was more than the daydream of an alcoholic mind.

The Jersey detectives arrested one Leo Maloney last night and on the basis of what he told them believed that they had found the missing link of the Rothstein murder case.