

SERIAL STORY WORKING WIVES

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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CHAPTER XXIV
Marian found an apartment on North Side. It was small, but it had back yards and a view of the bay. The rent was not too high. To Marian it was not simply a place to hide, but a place to live.

She packed her own things, deep in her own excitement. It was easy to put off. On the day of October, Marian moved into her new home. It was a small, cozy place and stood on a quiet street. The rent was not too high. To Marian it was not simply a place to hide, but a place to live.

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us and come again," she said. Marian sat in her ugly, uncomfortable apartment with the doll in her arms. Light snowflakes glistened on the window. She drowsed, not sleeping, allowing her mind to wander back across the years.

She and Dan had lived in an apartment much like this one when they were first married; a square, unimaginative room, a door on one side, two windows opposite, a little kitchen beyond. There had been a dark bathroom and a bed which stood erect by day and lunged down with many a creaking protest at night. There hadn't been enough closet room or cupboard space, one of the bathroom taps leaked, there had always been a pale yellow balloon in the basin where the water dripped.

But joy had lived in the funny apartment, so much joy that Marian's heart ached, remembering. She had cooked and cleaned and washed and ironed. She had invited the girls in for simple lunches, the crowd for Sunday suppers. Always there had been something exciting going on, the day they bought the radio, the day when Marian's pie crust was flakey at long last. Even 6 o'clock in the evening was exciting. That was when Dan came home.

This paradise had lasted how long? Four months? Six? At the end of six months Marian had been fretting privately. Accustomed to having money of her own, she had spent too lavishly. Had opened charge accounts and recklessly taken advantage of them. She hadn't told Dan, working out a system by which she could pay the bills from her allowance.

She had made fair progress until Dan came home with the news that his salary had been cut. Thirty dollars from now on. Oh, well—what did they care? He had kissed her and she had been less responsive than usual. Those awful bills—And she wanted a new coat—her clothes were ragged.

They had been married almost two years when Dan had been forced to take a second salary cut. In the following spring he was earning \$22.50. And glad he was to have a job at all. Men, by the thousands, were walking the streets.

By this time collectors were calling at the apartment, hard-faced, hard-voiced individuals who accepted a dollar or two and promised not to tell Mr. Harkness. At last, in desperation, Marian had suggested that she return to her job.

She had said, "Things are getting pretty tight, aren't they, Dan?" They were both sitting in a big chair and she twisted a button on his coat.

"You mean my arms?" tightening them.

"I was referring to our financial crisis, mister."

"It's not so bad."

"I call it pretty bad."

"We'll get by—it can't last forever—my work is steady."

"But I want things, Danny. My clothes are disgraceful, and that old suit of yours."

He had pulled her head down on his shoulder. He didn't know about the bills and the collectors.

"Hold on, Glad," he had said. "Just hold on and do without things for a little while. It's fun if you only think so. We're in a battle, the world against Glad and Dan Harkness. Are we going to be licked? I'll say we're not."

She kept on twisting his button. "Until the depression—I mean the battle—is over, maybe it would be a good idea for me to go into the trenches."

"What do you mean?" scowling down at her.

"I want to help, Danny. Mr. Fellows said there would always be a place for me in the office—please—just until we beat the enemy."

He had swung her to her feet, standing over her. "Men don't take their wives into battle, Glad. They want to go alone—they glory in the fight because they have someone to fight for."

Remembering, Marian pressed a hand over her eyes. Why hadn't she listened? Why had she been an obstinate fool? When she dropped her hand, the fingers were wet. They had been so young—they'd had such a wonderful chance—and muffed it.

(To Be Continued)

The largest fish ever caught was a 26,594-pound whale shark, in Florida, during 1912.

WITH RAPIDLY MOUNTING TENSION between Japan and Great Britain, attention of world is focused upon action of these four men, high in the new Japanese Government.

Left to right, Premier Prince Fumimaro Konoe, Foreign Minister Yuzuke Matuoka, Minister Admiral Zengo Yoshida, War Minister General Eiki Tojo. They're shown following formation of the new Japanese Cabinet.

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A Right Handy Man

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . with . . MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



SIDE GLANCES



Let's see that one you're hiding in the middle of the pile—who are you saving that for?

