

WORKING WIVES

LOUISE HOLMES

CHAPTER XXXI
Thursday when Marian
from the train in Port-

to her instantly. A yard where
Glad could play—roses in the
spring. She rang the bell.

Marian rented the apartment. It
was on the second floor of the old
house. A living room, kitchen, two
bedrooms, one large and one tiny,

She hurried through the week,
adding little touches to the rooms,
cooking, planning, thinking of
Dan. He'd like a lamp beside that
big chair. There must be ash
trays and matches, Dan was al-

Perhaps he would never live in
the pleasant home, but he would
be there, he'd come to see them.
She and Glad were Dan's family.

Saturday morning Marian called
Dan's hotel. Dan had said that he
was settled in a pleasant room in
the Heathman hotel. She knew
he would not be there at that hour,

Marian called Dan's office. When
he answered, she said, "This is Mar-

"Marian—" There was joy and
almost fearful disbelief in the ex-

"Then—will you have dinner
with me?" Would he say that he
would come right then? He did
not.

to bed at 12. Glad was not to be
used as a lever. Possibly, but only
as a last resort. She roasted a
small turkey, cooked Dan's favorite
vegetables, and made a mince
pie.

At 15 minutes before one she
was waiting for him, feminine and
desirable, in a simple frock, hair
a dark swirl, eyes wide and fath-

He knocked and Marian opened
the door. She stood, looking at
him. Her lips smiled, her eyes
smiled, she held out both hands.

He took her hands. "It's good to
see you Marian—good." His voice
was husky, repressed. He did not
kiss her.

They talked a few minutes,
skimming the surface, then she
served the dinner, the table set
in an old-fashioned bay window.

"You've changed, Glad," he
said. He'd called her Glad. Such
a little thing, but so much. Her
heart sang.

"I'm going to be honest with
you, Dan," she said seriously.
"Listen to me. When I've finished
you shall see how it will be with
us. When you want away I learned
how very much I loved you."

"Tears misted her eyes and
he leaned across the table to lay
his hands over hers. That made it
easier.

"I quit my job the last of Janu-
ary. I've been learning to be a
home-maker and—and I've lived
on your money, Dan."

"I didn't know—I should have
sent more."

"It was fun, making ends meet.
Oh, Dan. I've tried so hard to
make myself worthy of you. Will
you—can you—give me another
chance?"

He rose, drawing her into his
arms. "Darling—darling—" he
whispered. He kissed her lips and
the little hollow in her throat.

It was an hour later, they were
sitting in one big chair as they
had so often done, that Dan told
her about his work. "I've found
myself, Glad. I'm branch manager
for the Coast. You won't have to
scrimp and drudge."

"But I want to— for you."

He kissed her lingeringly. "I
have a nice salary, my bonus will
be several thousand this year—"

Marian got quickly to her feet.
Her cheeks were crimson, she
spoke breathlessly. "I have a
bonus for you, Dan. It's the bonus
I earned."

She ran to the bedroom. The
baby looked up at her, sleepy-
eyed. Marian caught her up and
went to the door. A beautiful,
radiant woman and her child.

"Do you like her, Dan? She's
yours—and mine."

He sprang to his feet. In three
long strides he crossed the room.
"You—you didn't buy her—"

Marian laughed. "No, I didn't
buy her. Look at your own red
hair on her funny little head and
be sure. I knew about her when
you went away."

Gently, he took them both in
his arms. "Oh, my dear—my
dear—"

Later, Dan was sitting in the
big chair, holding the baby care-
fully, Marian knelt at his knee.

She said, "Do you know what I
tell her every day? I say, 'Woman,
when you grow up and get mar-
ried, let your husband take care
of you. If the going gets tough,
you sit tight. He'll see you
through.' That's what I tell her
ever day, Dan."

Dan leaned forward, putting his
big arm around her. "I'm a lucky
guy," he murmured. "Two Glads
to be glad about."

(The End)

AT WILLAGILLESPIE
WILLAGILLESPIE, Aug. 21.—
(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cox
and children Virginia, Jimmy and
Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Boehm and
children, Marjorie, Bobby and
Loren, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold of
Corvallis, Mr. and Mrs. Attwood
and children Eleanor, and Wayne,
and Mrs. Gene Attwood and chil-

children Dorothy Jean and Meris
of San Francisco, Cal., spent Sunday
at Crater Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hunzicker
and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kannenberg
of Wausau, Wisconsin, arrived
Sunday at the E. J. Koplin
home for an indefinite stay.

NO DRAFT FOR THEM
LINCOLN.—Six members of
Nebraska's football team are mar-
ried. They are Harry Hopp, Royal
and Bob Kahler, Henry Rohn,
Roy Petch, and Clarence Herr-

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



New Showing—"POPEYE STICKS OUT HIS CHIN."



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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE .. with .. MAJOR HOOPLE



Stranger's Return



Tomorrow—"COMING IN ON TRACK ONE."



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By HAROLD GRAY



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SIDE GLANCES

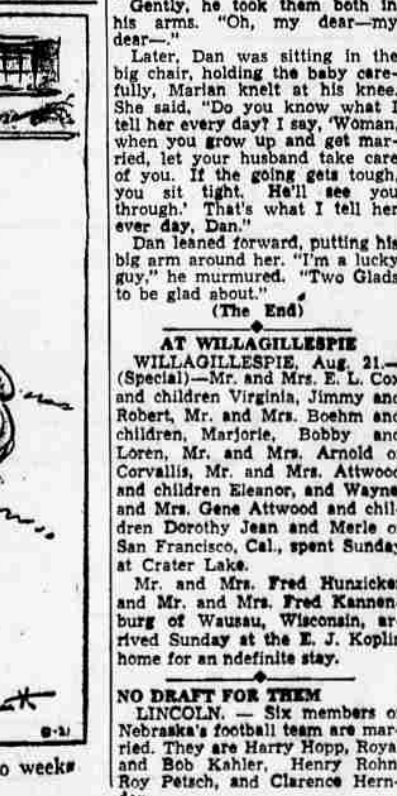


They've been admiring that lone tomato for two weeks now—when are we going to eat it?"



AND OTHER CIVILIANS descend a bomb-marked stairway beside an unidentified station near London after air raid by German planes.

SIDE GLANCES



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WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY