

SERIAL STORY

WORKING WIVES

BY LOUISE HOLMES

COPYRIGHT, 1939. NEA SERVICE, INC.

Yesterday! The poverty the... Dan to quarrel about her... Dolly could be counted on to wash the dishes. Dolly cared for the apartment as if it were her own doing many things to make it comfortable, polishing silver, putting fresh linen on the bed, washing the curtains frequently.

CHAPTER VII

MARIAN changed her office garb to a house coat and prepared to a house coat and prepared dinner. It wasn't so bad, this getting dinner after a hard day, since Dolly could be counted on to wash the dishes. Dolly cared for the apartment as if it were her own doing many things to make it comfortable, polishing silver, putting fresh linen on the bed, washing the curtains frequently.

Dan and Marian dined in silence, not a companionable silence, but one in which their two minds wandered down more or less pleasant paths of their own, the paths seldom touching. After dinner, Dan rinsed and stacked the dishes while Marian prepared for her regular evening tasks. The touch of white pique at her throat must be washed and ironed, stockings and gloves must be laundered. Marian never left one detail of her wardrobe to chance. The garments to be worn the following day were gone over each night, brushed, mended, made ready.

As she worked, Dan roamed about the living room. He glanced at the paper, throwing it down to stare from the window. It crossed Marian's mind that she and Dan never went out together. And no one came to see them. With the exception of a few business acquaintances, they had no friends. Why? She frowned, squeezing her nose in a foamy suds.

Dan had never complained when she objected to going out. He never left her alone, Marian had a moment of self-reproach. Dan was so socially inclined, he loved to dance, he loved people.

Odd, the way she and Dan had drifted apart. There had been such a wealth of love at first, such joy in their close companionship. Marian gave herself a jerk, both literally and figuratively. Why should she indulge in sentimental twaddle? Long since, she had accepted things as they were. Was it because of the two fears, Sally Blake and the other ever-present dread? Were they unconsciously driving her to Dan for shelter?

FINISHING the washing, she sat down with a needle and thread. Two tiny snags on her office dress needed tightening. Dan dropped to a chair by the table and shuffled a pack of cards. He laid out his

favorite game. Marian wondered how many games of solitaire Dan had played in the past 10 years. Her needles was too large for the holes in the snags, she pricked her finger, the slap-slap of Dan's cards beat on her nerves.

"For goodness sake, Dan," she said crossly, "haven't you anything to read? Solitaire—solitaire—all the time."

"You said it," he returned, as usual gruffness in his tone. "It gets on my nerves. I've had a hard day." She had an impulse to tell him of her hard day, of Sally Blake who was edging in on her domain, of her fear that G. F. was no longer satisfied. She compressed her lips. She couldn't tell Dan. He would be glad of her downfall. Very likely he had been patiently waiting for that very thing.

Instantly, her thoughts swung back. Dan wouldn't be glad. There wasn't a bit of meanness in Dan's makeup. That's why he had been a failure, too easygoing, too thoughtful of the other fellow.

Like the time he could have been sales manager if he hadn't stepped back in favor of Sims Crane who had a wife and two youngsters. Marian had never forgiven him for that.

Dan was the best man, all he lacked was a little force of character. He'd been chicken-hearted because Sims Crane had two youngsters—

Youngsters—Dan never mentioned his little dream daughter any more. Strange that he should have wanted a girl. But Dan was user like that, tender, no force. How her mind ran on tonight. Dan had obediently put the cards away. He was flipping through a magazine, sitting sideways on an uncomfortable chair.

"Dan, what allis you tonight?" she broke out in exasperation. "Go over and talk to Dolly. Let me have a little peace."

"Okay." He got up and strolled across the hall, leaving both doors open. Marian heard him say, "I've been kicked out. Can you put up with me for a few minutes?" He said it good-naturedly.

"Of course. Sit down. There's the evening paper." There was no rasy edge to Dolly's voice. She was a comfortable little person with a sigh of relief, Marian listened to their contented murmur. This happened almost every night, Dolly taking Dan off her hands.

DAN sat in the shabby big chair which had been his brother's favorite. Scanning the paper, he looked pleasantly at ease. The lightness had disappeared from his face, the tension from his movements. Opposite, curled in a corner of the davenport, Dolly knitted soft blue yarn on amber needles. It was a restful picture, placid, satisfying.

"Are you having a good time?" Marian called.

had a cute little voice, a laugh seemed to run behind it. "Come in, Marian."

"No, thanks—I'll stay at home." All was quiet in the apartment across the way, only the rustle of Dan's paper, the click of Dolly's needles.

Then Dan, on a laugh, "Here's an interesting thing, Dolly."

"What? Read it to me." He had finished the article, they discussed it, laughing and wondering. More silence. Marian next have dozed off because the next thing she knew a game of cribbage was in progress across the hall. Almost every evening Dan and Dolly played three games out of five for a dime. They fought every inch of the way, gaily quarreling, making much of each small victory.

MARIAN went to bed. Her nerves were ragged. Restlessly, she tossed and turned. She wished that Dan would finish his game and come home. It was comforting to have him near. In the darkened room, all the doubts and fears of the day magnified themselves, stood out like italicized blurs against the backdrop of tomorrow and all the tomorrows. Ever since going into the business world she had seen the tragedy of the older girls, those past 30, as they were replaced by youth. Somehow she had never taken the lesson to herself. She was the exception that proved the rule. G. F. was her friend as well as employer, she was safe.

Thirty had seemed so far away, 10 years, four, one— Her 30th birthday, that line over which the business girl stepped from the glamorous age to the veteran class, had passed uneventfully. And now she was 32— She schemed and planned. She'd make herself utterly necessary to Grant Fellows. For comfort, she

and seals it with a kiss.

recalled several white-haired, aging secretaries who had become fixtures. If it weren't for Sally— Marian got up quickly. Without going to the hall door, she called, "Come home, Danny—the hour grows late." That was for Dolly's benefit. She wanted to shriek, "Stop playing that silly game— stop being happy—stop, stop everything." (To Be Continued)

Anti-Jew Riots Rise in Bulgaria

SOFIA, Bulgaria, Sept. 20 (AP)—Fifty persons were arrested and sent to concentration camps after an outbreak of anti-Jewish rioting here today. Crowds raided the business section, breaking hundreds of windows in Jewish stores. It was the first serious outbreak of anti-Jewish rioting in Bulgaria recently and police, apparently surprised, had difficulty restoring order.

Sweet Second



Lou Ambers, world lightweight champion, announces he will wed Margaret Cello, childhood sweetheart, in their home town, Herkimer, N. Y., Oct. 5. . . . and seals it with a kiss.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



FALSE WHISKERS 4-21 J.R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



ISLAND COUNTRY

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words like 'Danish colony', 'Skillful', 'Lodger', etc.



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



COPY, 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.