

## SERIAL STORY

## WORKING WIVES

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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Yesterday Dan is silent after the quarrel. Sally's vivacity at the office is tomorrow and Marian loses her temper. Fellows over-looks the dark-eyes. Marian ends her desk-keeping. News Fellows about "Sally-Marian has failed."

## CHAPTER XVI

Marian opened her eyes and looked dazedly about. She was lying on the red leather couch in Mr. Fellows' conference room. How had she come there?

Miss Herrod was leaning over her, sympathy in her pale eyes. She was holding a bit of cold wet gauze to Marian's temple. Sally was looking down at her. Was there a hopeful gleam behind the concern in her eyes? Mr. Fellows was also there, helpless consternation written large upon his face.

Marian tried to sit up and weakly dropped back. "Well, for goodness sake," she said, half laughing. "What ever is the matter with me?"

"Shall I call the doctor, Mr. Fellows?" Sally asked breathlessly. "She's terribly white, she looks sick," Marian had the feeling that Sally was making the most of the incident.

He hesitated and Marian caught at Sally's hand. "Don't send for the doctor," she said firmly. "I'm all right." Struggling, she sat up. "What's a faint among friends?" "I don't like it," Mr. Fellows growled. "I don't like it at all. You've never fainted, Marian."

She laughed, smoothing her hair. "And I never celebrated a 12th wedding anniversary before. It lasted all night—you know how those things are."

He sent Miss Herrod and Sally from the room and sat down beside Marian. "Was it something I said this morning?" "Fraid I was pretty tough on you."

"Absolutely not, G. F. I was pretty saucy myself."

"Maybe you need a rest."

"If you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you what ails me," she laughed. "I didn't eat my breakfast."

"So that's it." His tone showed his relief. "Shall I have something sent in? I'll be glad to."

"No, thank you. I feel perfectly all right." She drank a glass of ice water and tackled the mail. She had fainted. Certain that it was one more step toward ultimate ruin, she slit envelopes with an unsteady hand. At 11 o'clock she called Dan, longing for the sound of his voice.

The switchboard girl said, "He's 'bund here. Mrs. Harkness—hold the wire." Marian waited until the girl spoke again. "I can't disturb him, Mrs. Harkness. He's in Mr. Turner's office." Marian left a message for him to call her.

Dan in Mr. Turner's office—What did that mean? Mr. Turner was president of the firm, the salesman almost never contacted him. Had Dan been roused to action at last?

At noon he had not called and she said to Mr. Fellows, "I have a few errands—may not be back for an hour or two."

"Okay—okay—don't come back at all unless you feel like it. Sally can carry on."

Marian put on her hat. She was trembling, there were disagreeable fluttering wings in the pit of her stomach, the palms of her hands were damp with terror, voices kept up a chant in her brain. "You fainted—women always faint when—Dan didn't call—he will never call you again. G. F. said you needn't come back at all—he said Sally could carry on."

It was like the buzzing of angry bees. Going down in the elevator, she closed her eyes. The fluttering wings in her stomach beat horribly. She ordered a glass of warm milk in the corner drug store. The fluttering wings resented the milk. She took a cab to the doctor's office.

"Is Dr. Moss in?" she asked, hoping that he was not, afraid to stay, afraid to go.

"Yes. Your name, please?" Marian gave her name. "May I sit down?" The room was circling slowly.

The girl helped her to a chair. She went through a door and Marian waited. She looked at a pile of magazines. The pages had been crumpled by nervous, waiting fingers. Would the girl never open the door?

The girl came out. Dr. Moss would see her. Somehow, she got across the reception room and into the whiteness of his office.

"How do you do, Mrs. Harkness?" he said gently. Were doctors always genial? Did they have to be genial or go mad? She sank into a chair, opening her lips. No words came. The doctor laughed.

"It can't be as bad as that, my dear." Pouring something into a glass, he handed it to her. "Drink this—it'll make you feel better."

She said, "I fainted—stilly of me."

An hour later Marian left the doctor's office. She could never remember leaving. There would always be a blank space in her memory between the times when Dr. Moss said, "You're going to have a baby, Mrs. Harkness—in May, I think—early in May," and when she found herself entering her own familiar office. Instinct had brought her back, instinct made her chin go up, squared her shoulders.

Sally Blake was sitting at Marian's desk. She got up hurriedly. "Mr. Fellows said you might not come back this afternoon," she explained. "He said I could do your work. I sat down at your

desk—just because I wanted to see how it would feel to be important." Her laugh was a conscious little tinkle.

Marian asked thickly, "Has Mr. Harkness phoned?"

"No, I've been right here." Marian put her hat in the transparent box, she looked in the mirror, startled that her face was the same. Doctors made mistakes, she kept telling herself, they didn't always know. It wasn't true. Dan didn't want a child, she didn't want a child, there was no place for a child in the well-arranged pattern of their life. She'd go on believing that it wasn't true, and it wouldn't be.

Sally had vacated her desk and she sat down. Ridden by protesting nerves, numb with shock, she threw herself into work. Mr. Fellows had suggested a set of statistical charts, tiresome and requiring considerable research. She'd get at it that afternoon. It would fill all her spare moments for weeks to come.

MR. FELLOWS came in to find her almost hidden behind ledgers and filing cards.

"What goes on?" he asked. "I told you to take a rest."

She glanced up brightly. "I went to see Dr. Moss this noon," she told him. "I can't be cluttering up the office with my prostrate body." She was making a joke of it and he grinned.

"He gave me a nasty nerve tonic," wrinkling her straight little nose. "He said I was just about the 'welltest' person it had ever been his privilege to meet."

The doctor had said something like that. He had said, "You are in excellent condition, Mrs. Harkness. There's no reason why the

young man's coming should disturb you much."

Without thinking, she had said, "But it must be a girl."

The doctor had roared. She loathed him for being so horribly cheerful. "Well, hope and pray," he had said. "I guess you'll take whatever comes."

So the young man's coming wouldn't disturb her much—so she'd take what the gods sent—Marian bit her lip until pain broke across her thoughts. It would disturb her—and she wouldn't take it—life couldn't do that to her. (To Be Continued)

## KENO NEWS

KENO — Misses Joyce Johnson and California Scott were dinner guests this week at the home of Miss Nan Bassett.

Harold Putnam visited last weekend with friends in Corvallis.

Following a few days of wearing clothes backwards and packing books for upper classmen, Keno seventh grade students were put through the usual initiation ceremonies Thursday afternoon.

With the newer six-six division of the schools the freshmen no longer get the spotlight.

Mrs. Walter Potter was recently guest of honor at a bride's shower given by Miss Catherine Fox of Klamath Falls.

Clifford Hall is home from Portland visiting his mother, Mrs. G. L. Miller, and friends before leaving for Delaware, where he will go to school. Clifford graduated from Keno high school last June and now is in the engineering division of the U. S. army.

What is possibly the world's oldest savings account is one of \$15 deposited in a Manhattan bank in 1819. Interest has increased the original deposit to nearly \$4000.

A colony of bats in a cave near San Antonio, Tex., devours approximately 600 tons of live insects annually.

## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Don't you think he's tiresome, always agreeing with everything?"

"Oh, a 'Yes-Man' always has a negative personality."

## BOAT BUILDER

## HORIZONTAL

1. Famous Civil War boat builder.

11. Drinking cup.

12. Ruler.

14. Conducted.

16. Death notice.

18. Sum.

19. Wings.

20. At no time.

22. Measure.

23. Ascot.

24. God of love.

26. Aurora.

27. Forward.

29. Negative word.

30. Railroad.

31. Indefinite article.

32. English coin.

34. To suffice.

35. Possessive pronoun.

36. Butts.

38. Boy.

39. Tearful.

41. Earth.

42. Timber land.

## ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1. Famous Civil War boat builder.

11. Drinking cup.

12. Ruler.

14. Conducted.

16. Death notice.

18. Sum.

19. Wings.

20. At no time.

22. Measure.

23. Ascot.

24. God of love.

26. Aurora.

27. Forward.

29. Negative word.

30. Railroad.

31. Indefinite article.

32. English coin.

34. To suffice.

35. Possessive pronoun.

36. Butts.

38. Boy.

39. Tearful.

41. Earth.

42. Timber land.

## VERTICAL

1. Famous Civil War boat builder.

11. Drinking cup.

12. Ruler.

14. Conducted.

16. Death notice.

18. Sum.

19. Wings.

20. At no time.

22. Measure.

23. Ascot.

24. God of love.

26. Aurora.

27. Forward.

29. Negative word.

30. Railroad.

31. Indefinite article.

32. English coin.

34. To suffice.

35. Possessive pronoun.

36. Butts.

38. Boy.

39. Tearful.

41. Earth.

42. Timber land.



## OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



## RED RYDER



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

## WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

## ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN