

SERIAL STORY

WORKING WIVES

BY LOUISE HOLMES

COPYRIGHT, 1939.
NEA SERVICE, INC.

Yesterday, Dan and Marian quarrelled after Carmie's disappearance. Dan tells Marian he is leaving for Oregon, and she is not going along. After he has gone, Carmie calls from her home, apologizing. But nothing matters now.

CHAPTER XXIII

MARIAN awoke at the usual time on the following morning, dressed with her usual care and ate her usual breakfast. There were well-worn grooves in her brain, which prompted her activities unerringly.

She did not say to herself, "My husband has left me. I'm going to have a baby." She did not moan, "What shall I do—oh, whatever shall I do?"

She did not cry or wring her hands. A stunned apathy lay upon her sensibilities. She did the old familiar things in the old familiar way. Only one thing was clear to her. No one must know. Pride demanded that no one should know of Dan's desertion.

Leaving the apartment, she braced herself to meet Dolly. Dolly's door was always open. Dolly was discerning. She'd talk about Carmie, throw dust into Dolly's eyes by talking about Carmie.

"Hello, Dolly," Dolly burst from the kitchen. She was not discerning that morning. She was radiant. She glowed in a hushed, ecstatic way.

"Marian—I've been waiting for you. Oh, Marian—Really, asked me to marry him last night." Marian kissed her. "I'm so glad, dear—so glad."

"He said love was a terrible thing—he said it wasn't to be fooled with—he was thinking of poor Carmie." A shadow crossed her face. "Have you heard from her? Is she all right?"

Marian nodded. "She's gone home to her mother. She's sorry." "Poor, poor Carmie," Dolly's voice was rich with sympathy.

Her eyes widened; they were sweet, childish eyes. "A week ago I might have criticized her. But not now. I know how she feels. I'd go mad if Randy—"

"Don't love him too much, Dolly."

"I know," Dolly said. "When we love we have no armor." She threw back her head, laughing. "I don't care—I'll take my chance—I'll love and love."

A SPECIAL delivery boy climbed the stairs and stopped at Dolly's door. Tremblingly, she signed for a letter. She gazed at it with starry eyes, caressing the envelope with her fingers. "It's postmarked 1 a. m. He wrote it after last night. I've never seen his handwriting—I've never had a letter from him." Her voice was breathlessly awed.

Marian turned away. "You'll want to read it."

"Oh, no—not yet—I want to keep it—wondering what he wrote."

Marian remembered her comparison of love to a broker's chart. The curving line of Dolly's love was touching the clouds. And her own, she thought, was broken, it wasn't there any more. She started for the stairs.

"Dan gone down?" Dolly called after her.

Marian swung back. She laughed. It was a choked little sound. "In all the excitement I forgot to tell you the news. Hardly believe it myself yet."

"What news?" Dolly asked with eager interest. Dolly was sliding the letter between her fingers.

"Dan has gone to the west coast."

"What?"

"His firm sent him to take over the Oregon territory—more opportunity, you know. He went last night."

"It's wonderful, isn't it, Marian?" Dolly said. "But—he didn't tell me goodbye."

"It all happened so quickly." Marian knew when it had happened. That day when she called Dan—when he was in Mr. Turner's office. Dan had known it for several days—he'd been planning to go. "You were out with Randy—he was gone before you came in—he said to tell you goodbye."

"Is that why you didn't go with him—because it happened so suddenly?" Dolly was a bit discerning after all.

"Yes. You see, there's my job—and the furniture it may not work out for Dan—I'm keeping the home fires burning till we see."

"He'll make good all right," Dolly said loyally. "I think it's a good move, I really do."

SHE offered no advice and Marian went down the stairs, holding the bannister. She called a cab and went to the office. That day passed, and another, and another.

Marian would never forget that October. Shining days, chill winds, wind-swept rainy days when the lake was gray like herself, when the world went with her. Days when she watched for the postman, when she came to regard him as a friend in a gray blue uniform. Dan did not write. Not a word came from the faraway west coast.

Dolly was to be married on the last day of October. She and Randy were leaving immediately after the wedding for Havana. Dolly was going into warmth and sunshine. Marian could scarcely sense it from where she lived in the cold clouds.

Dolly asked, "Why don't you go to Dan, Marian? He needs you and that's where you belong."

"It's a big step," Marian said, feeling her way. It was becoming exceedingly difficult to keep Dolly

In the dark. She'd be glad when Dolly's questioning eyes were in Havana. "I'd have nothing to do. Dan travels all week. Giving up my job is serious business, it takes consideration."

Dolly sighed. "Just the same, it would prove to Dan that you care for him a great deal. Do you know something?" she switched off to her own thrilling affairs. "I wish Randy didn't have money. I'd like to be poor with him, I'd like to make sacrifices."

Marian said nothing. Dan had been gone for two weeks. For two weeks she had lived in a dare. She had given no thought to the coming child, she had simply gone on, guided by the habit grooves in her brain. The time had come for action.

She must give up the apartment, cut down expenses. Deny it or not, she would need money in May. She had seen a few flakes of snow that day. Winter was upon her and May followed on the heels of winter.

THAT night she made scrambled, rebellious plans. She would work as long as possible. About the first of February she would ask for a leave of absence. It wasn't advisable, she knew that. Sally Blake would be well entrenched long before her return. But she had confidence in Mr. Fellows. Even though he refused to take her back as secretary, he would find a place for her, a place where she might earn enough to support herself and the baby.

The baby—the idea was still so fantastic as to be a distasteful something which lay in the dim future. Something to be gotten over as easily and speedily as possible. Not one hint of wonder or sentiment connected itself with the coming of Marian's child. She'd

do something about it when the time came—there were nursing homes—children's hospitals. In the midst of her planning, the apathy parted like a dark curtain. She was flooded with a need for Dan, a pain-filled longing for him. Why didn't he write? How could he have been so cruel to her? Terror, more ghastly than any she had ever known, froze her heart. Had Dan really left her? Would he never come back? (To Be Continued)

Killed Husband 'on His Dare'



"He hit me. He shoved a gun in my hands and dared me to kill him." Thus 22-year-old June White Stager sobs out explanation in Los Angeles court of slaying of husband, William, following drinking party.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"What'd you say when he asked you for a late date?"

"Told him I never went out when I should be coming in."

FALL SPORT

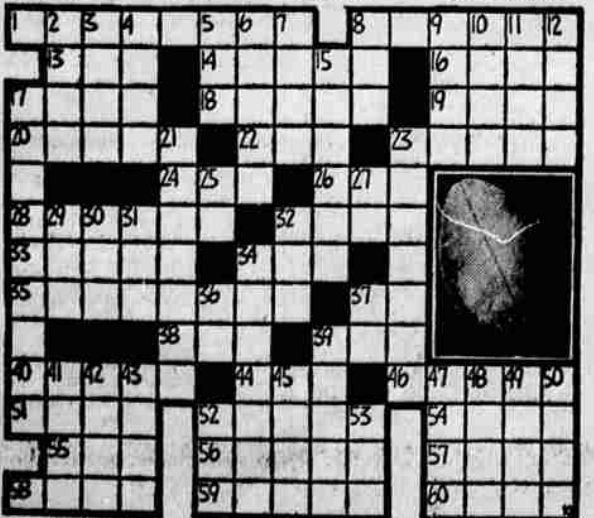
Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 God of love. 12 Lark. 15 Verse form. 17 Scoring play in this sport. 21 Warm springs. 23 Pertaining to tetanus. 25 Indian mulberry. 27 Printer's term. 29 Pronoun. 30 Reverence. 31 Tiny vegetable. 32 Split pea. 34 To defeat by vote. 36 French. 37 All right. 39 To discolor. 41 To expect. 42 Wild ox. 43 Plant part. 45 Land measure. 47 Grew old. 49 To bail. 50 To hit. 52 Upright shaft. 53 To deposit.

2 Kin. 3 Lubricants. 4 Anecdote. 5 Part of a curved line. 6 Loiter. 7 Crescent-shaped figure. 8 Insight. 9 To scorch. 10 Cows.

3 Dying cistern. 46 Summons. 51 Not any. 52 Not wide-spread. 54 Each team protects its own line. 55 Blue grass. 56 Entrances. 57 Norse mythology. 58 Unable to hear.

4 Dying cistern. 46 Summons. 51 Not any. 52 Not wide-spread. 54 Each team protects its own line. 55 Blue grass. 56 Entrances. 57 Norse mythology. 58 Unable to hear.



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



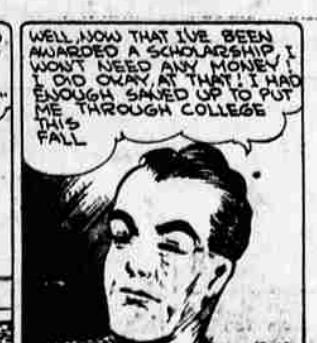
BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN