

SERIAL STORY WORKING WIVES BY LOUISE HOLMES

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Yesterday, Alone with her manuscript, Marian recalls how she let herself get deep into debt, let Dan into her life, and how she saved her. They had wanted a baby. Now the child was coming, and Dan was gone.

CHAPTER XXVI THE years had slipped by. A more expensive apartment, still a better one, furniture, clothes, Dan's path going stolidly onward, Marian's swooping up and away. He had tried to show interest in her progress, but he had instinctively recoiled from it. After the depression he had gradually worked back to his salary of \$35 a week, and there he had remained.

After a while he hadn't called her Glad anymore. After a while she had not been particularly glad about anything. She was the best-dressed woman in the Loop, her friends were among the other well-dressed women in the Loop. She and Dan never quarreled any more. It took too much effort. Nothing mattered enough to start a disagreement. Dan had appeared to accept his life, he was agreeable and pleasant. And then, imperceptibly, a change had come over him. In his own words, he had finally arrived at the place where he could take no more.

Marian marveled, in her new perception, that he had taken so much. She had been no wife to him. Far better, in that first year, to have told him of her extravagance and debts. Together they would have got out somehow. Was it too late to turn back? Was it too late to try? Sitting there in the miserable room which she had not taken the trouble to make livable, she faced about. It would be hard going, but well worth the effort whether she arrived or not.

A vague promise beckoned her on. Her back seemed to straighten. She raised her chin. Afraid? There was nothing to fear. Through her own weakness the worst had happened. She would fight her way back, one step at a time.

There was a larger apartment in the building, the first thing she saw was sunny and nice for a baby. She'd see about it in the morning. Her heart sent out tiny tendrils of gladness, she could almost feel them unfolding. She had found a job worth doing, a job which no one could take from her. No more sniveling and crying out at fate. She'd do the job right, so that Dan would be proud of her.

There was much to be done, she could not change her faulty self over night. She'd learn to be Dan's wife, the mother of his baby. Someday, when she had learned, she'd go to him and he would be proud. Maybe his love was not dead. Maybe, if she built up instead of tearing down, he might love her again.

She went to sleep serenely. Upon waking, the first thing she saw was Janie's battered doll and she smiled. She went to the office with a lightness to her step, a softness in her eyes. It was well that she had spent Thanksgiving day with the Sands, it was well that she was fortified. For Mr. Fellows asked her to come to his desk.

"Marian," he said kindly, "You've gone to pieces, d'you know it?"

SHE looked at him, smiling faintly. Gone to pieces? She had found herself.

"You've got those charts in fine shape. They are usable and valuable. Now I'm suggesting that you take a rest, say six months on pay."

It was the thing she had dreaded, but her smile did not change. She raised her head. "Before you finish, G. F., I want to tell you something and ask a favor."

"All right—shoot." He had a relieved expression, as if he had been prepared for asking. "I have gone to picking in the last few months and I want to give you the reasons, three of them. I think you'll admit that I've had cause."

"Yes!" "In the first place it hasn't been pleasant to see Sally Blake fitting herself into my shoes. It hasn't been pleasant to lose your confidence and regard."

He started to speak and she raised her hand in a silencing gesture, a gesture which asked him to hear her out. "I have it coming to me and I can take it," she went on quietly. "You and I did the same thing to Angie Doran years ago. Do you remember?"

"Yes. It's the way of the world, Marian."

"The man's world," she corrected him. "Women do not belong in this world. Nature has made a better place for them, in the home, keeping their husbands happy, rearing children to be good citizens. A woman can't be sup- planted in that job."

"You're right, Marian." "I know, and you know, that if I accept this leave of absence, I'll never come back to the office. Sally Blake knows it, too." She spoke without rancor.

He dropped his eyes. "I'm sorry, my dear. The business world is a jungle—survival of the fittest." "There are two other reasons why I have cracked up," she continued, taking a long breath. This was the first time she had put the other two reasons into words. "My husband has left me, G. F."

blinked, trying to smile. Her mouth was as it had been when she first came to work for Mr. Fellows, tremulous and sweet. Jumping from his chair, he leaned over her. "I can't believe it—I don't know what to say—you poor girl!"

"Oh, no—not poor—I've never been so rich in my life. I've spent years trying to stamp out every natural instinct. I'm through stamping out—I'm free to be happy, to fight for happiness instead of success. I can't fall this time. It's written in the stars that I shall win because I am a woman and because I am going to have a baby." Her burst of eloquence ended on a hushed, thrilled note.

GENTLY, he put an arm around her shoulders and she leaned her head against him. "And the favor, Marian?" he asked huskily. "Ask me anything—anything."

"I want to stay as your secretary until the first of February. Then I'll go and I'll never come back. I'll never want to come back."

"I want you to stay," he said. "We'll make it our best time together—we'll work side by side again."

"Oh, yes!" Her eyes shone through tears. "And when you go—you'll take a bonus from this office, a bonus for very good behavior—enough to see the little fellow safely into the world."

"Thank you—only the little fellow is to be a girl." "My mistake," he laughed. Then, sobering, "What then, Marian—what then?"

"Dan will take care of us. He sends a check every month. Dan is fine and honorable. It will give

me happiness to live on what he sends." "What does he think about this? The young scamp. Why doesn't he send for you—or come back?" "He doesn't know—I don't want him to know." She looked down, her lips trembling. "I must make myself worthy of Dan. Then—if he's generous enough to give me another chance—" Mr. Fellows patted her shoulder. "Good girl," he said. "If I can help—" She shook her head. "You helped me ruin my life, and Dan's, to bits. I'll build it up alone." (To Be Continued)

Don't Arch That Brow



Straightened and streamlined will be eyebrows this year, according to a Chicago cosmetics convention. And so here's Irene Hatch, caught right between seasons with a curved 1939 left eyebrow, a straight 1940 right one.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER BY FRED HARMAN

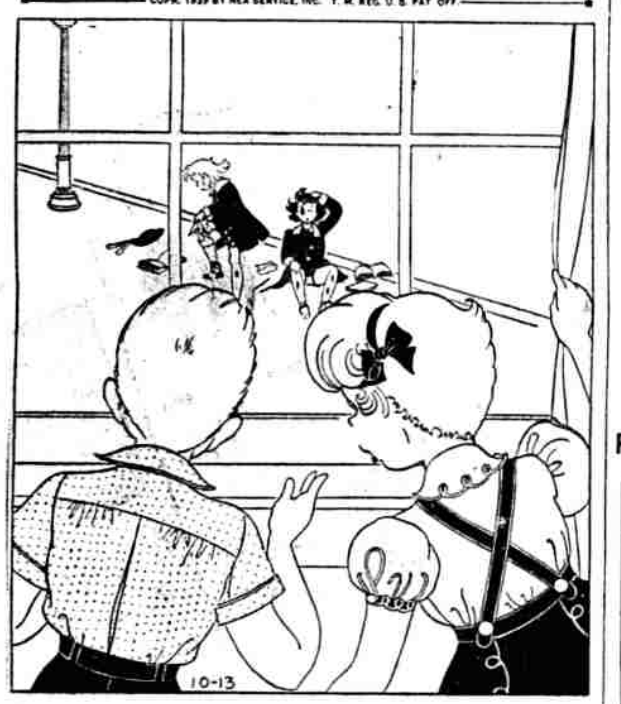


OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



"Why, it was so too a fair fight! Both of 'em were bitin'." "Yeah, but Dog's got braces on her teeth."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE BY HAROLD GRAY



BY HAROLD GRAY

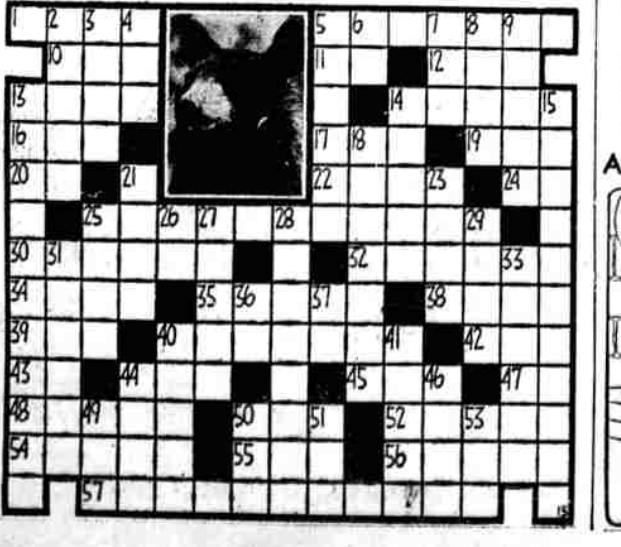
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS BY BLOSSER



BY BLOSSER

CLUMSY ANIMAL

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Pictured wild beast. 3 It belongs to the family. 10 Turkish officer. 11 Papa. 12 Uncooked. 13 Stuffy nice. 14 Lettuce dish. 16 Lion. 17 To consume. 19 Silkworm. 20 Paid publicity. 22 Wild goats. 24 Electrical term. 25 Fertilizer. 30 Threefold. 32 Suit maker. 34 Electrified particles. 38 River gorge. 39 Elf. 40 Gun. 42 Water rodents. 43 Railroad. 44 Blemish. 45 Greek letter. 47 Chinese measure. 48 Roman buildings. 50 Fodder. 52 Group of eight. 54 Male bee. 55 Gnawed. 56 Garment clasp. 57 It has a — or undeveloped tail. VERTICAL 2 Auriculate. 3 Money changing. 4 Battering machine. 5 Overturns. 6 Sun dely. 7 God of war. 8 Valley. 9 Conscious. 13 Its feet are — or used like man's. 14 Minute groove. 15 It is widely — or spread in all climates. 18 Stern. 21 Soft brooms. 23 To clip. 25 Faint color. 26 Plural. 27 To postpone. 28 To molt. 29 Lively. 31 Swaggering fellow. 33 Makes a speech. 36 Musical note. 37 Myself. 40 Founded. 41 Mouthlike opening. 44 Food list. 46 Acidity. 49 Drone bee. 50 Meat. 51 Japanese money. 53 An essay.



WASH TUBBS BY CRANE



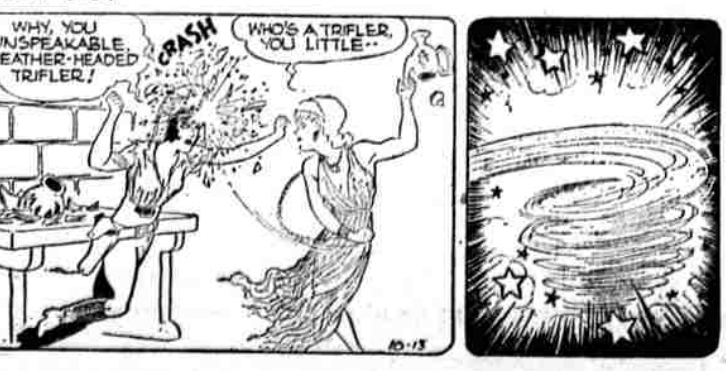
BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES BY MARTIN



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP BY V. T. HAMLIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN