

SERIAL STORY

WORKING WIVES

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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Yesterday: On Feb. 1 Marian learned the office with a 1000 bonus. She made her days filled with preparations for the arrival of the baby. One day she meets Angie Doran, urges her to come to the apartment.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MARIAN and Angie Doran, each carrying a large paper sack, went to Marian's apartment. They talked of inconsequential things until they were seated in the sunny windows. Angie took it for granted that Dan was the head of Marian's house and Marian let her think so.

Marian opened the conversation by saying, "I did a thoughtless thing once, Angie, a cruel thing. I didn't realize it at the time, but now I know."

"I've hated you for a long time, Marian—but I don't know—if it hadn't been you it would have been someone else."

"Yes, Sally Blake did the same to me. It was when she began to edge in on me that I thought of you, realized what I had done. Women are cruel to each other, Angie."

Angie shrugged. "What about men being cruel—what about Grant Fellows?"

"I know—it's a law, I guess. After all, to the men we work for, we are nothing more than machines. When we get rusty, when our mechanism slows down, when we have lost our new, shiny look, we are replaced by a later model."

Angie nodded. "You are among the lucky few, Marian. You have a husband and you are going to have a child. When I first worked for Mr. Fellows I could have married. A fine man wanted me, but I couldn't see it. I was ambitious for a career, I thought marrying a poor man was hiding my talents."

"Marrying a poor man, keeping his home, bearing his children. It's the greatest career in the world, Angie."

"Yes, it's where we women belong."

After a little silence, Marian said, "Tell me about yourself, Angie. In my poor way I'm trying to make amends for the many years when I thought of no one but myself. I want my baby to have the right kind of a mother. I want you to know that I'm sorry for what I did to you—I want to ask you to forgive me."

"Thank you, dear. I, too, am glad to have the little hurt erased. Fortunately, I was a before-hand person. I have a small annuity and live comfortably, happily. I think I shall live even more happily after today." She smiled and there was understanding between them.

Angie remained for lunch. When she went away, Marian felt that one more wrong had been righted. It was as if she were impelled to smooth her past life, put it neatly in order, before taking the onward path.

SHE rested during the afternoon, dreamy, contented. Dolly would soon be back, she would hear from Dan on the morrow. Even his brief notes were things to be anticipated. Always there was the hope that she might find some personal bit, some sign that he cared for her. At 4 she dressed, planning to spend several hours at the neighborhood theater. The evenings were apt to be rather lonely. But that would soon be over. Soon there would be two persons in the apartment.

It was unreasonably warm and she made a tall glass of iced coffee, pouring the hot, amber liquid over cracked ice. It steamed pleasantly, the glass frosted over. Rich cream gave the glass opaque, golden shades. Sipping the drink, Marian was startled by a knock on the door. One of the neighbors. They were kind, her neighbors, keeping an eye on her. She opened the door.

"Carma Forbes—" she exclaimed. "My dear—am I glad to see you? Come in quick."

Carma came in. Her dark suit was as smart as ever, her small hat as extravagant, but there was a subtle difference. The restlessness was gone, serenely had taken its place. She did not glow like Dolly, she had not acquired Marian's wistful beauty, but she was serene, at peace. Marian hurried to the kitchen for another glass of iced coffee and Carma followed.

"Well, well," she said, "I guess I'm just one jump ahead of the clock."

"Hardly that," Marian laughed. "Most any minute I'll be presenting the more or less appreciative world with another citizen."

"I heard that you had quit your job, but I had no idea you were doing yourself proud like this. I got your address from Mr. Fellows." Holding her glass, she sat down and looked around the pleasant apartment. "You're a homemaker at heart, Marian."

"Do you think so?" delightedly, Carma nodded. "How's Dan?"

"Oh, fine."

"I haven't seen him since—that night."

"Don't talk about it if you'd rather not, Carma."

"I'd give my right hand if it had never happened."

"Try to forget it. Everyone of us has done things that simply turn us cold when we think about them." Marian felt qualified to speak on that subject.

"I have tried to forget, but it's a black memory. I must have been insane."

"If we learn through mistakes—if we try and try—I'm preaching to myself, Carma."

"I have learned," seriously, "I'm trying—"

"Are you working in Springfield?"

"No, I'm going to be married. I'm here in Chicago to buy my trousseau."

"That's lovely. Do I know the lucky man?"

Carma shook her head. "I knew him in high school. I used to hear from him when I lived here. He has a hardware store in Springfield." Carma spoke without enthusiasm.

"You don't love him, Carma?"

"No, but I like him a lot. We'll have financial worries, business is bad in his line. I'll wear my clothes year in and year out. But I don't care. I thought maybe—if I made a go of it—I could wipe out this other thing."

WERE they all making amends? Was life compromise and sacrifice? But were they not fortunate to have a chance to make amends?

Marian said warmly, "You'll find happiness, I know you will."

Carma looked down, brushing an imaginary something from her skirt. "Do you ever see them—Pete and Juliet?"

"No, it's been a long time."

"I wrote to Julie. I apologized. I said I wanted her and Pete to think well of me, if they could."

"Did you hear from her?"

"Yes, a nice little note. Pete added a postscript, 'To a grand girl. Thanks and forget it.' Oh, Marian—it isn't right that any woman should lose so much just because she's a fool."

Marian knew what she meant. She, herself, was living on a vague hope that she might be given another chance. Without that hope she would have wanted to die. Carma had no hope.

"You're a good sport, Carma," she said.

Carma was dining with friends

and she hurried away. "Give Dan my love," she said. "Tell him that I'm going to make a papa out of my husband one of these fine days."

Marian put on her hat. The picture at the neighborhood theater was Dark Victory. Dan had liked it, he had wanted her to see it. Dark Victory—must one go through the darkness to be victorious?

(To Be Continued)

Scholar, Strictly



Byron (Whizzer) White, who announces definite end to his professional football career, steps from Yale law school where he is enrolled. White was forced to give up Rhodes scholarship and return to United States because of European war.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



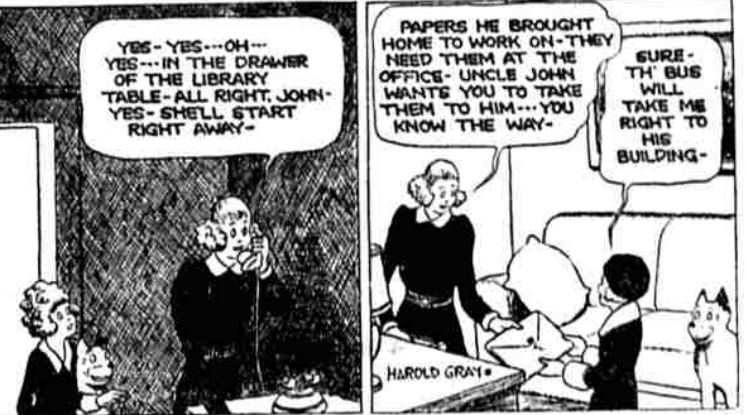
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"I guess you've made a conquest, Clarice. That's the way he acted when he started courtin' Gracie."

OUTLINE MAP PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured is the map of the republic of —
- 9 Its capital Buenos —
- 14 Soorers.
- 15 Irident.
- 17 Cravat.
- 18 Poplar.
- 20 To dine.
- 21 Food containers.
- 22 Sand hills.
- 23 Opposite of sweater.
- 25 In addition.
- 27 Its vast treeless plains are called —
- 31 Its monetary units.
- 35 Trees.
- 36 Pertaining to area.
- 37 Australian miner.
- 39 Hair ornament.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

PETER PAUL RUBENS
ROLF PRO SAKI
RILL DONOR TEND
ECU TILL REI
LA MINOR ESP
I GAP CO AL
GAIN BUS PRO
INN DOT TAM
OP SOT LAC PA
U CET CAB DAM T
SEAT TITLE BIAS
RIO AMER ASS
ANTWERP WEALTHY

VERTICAL

- 1 Form of "be."
- 2 Polynesian chestnut.
- 3 Broad smile.
- 4 Pieces out.
- 5 Compass point.
- 6 Exchanges.
- 7 Islands.
- 8 Endavored.
- 9 Sloth.
- 10 Notion.
- 11 French gold coin.
- 12 Grafted.
- 13 Southeast.
- 16 Red flower.
- 19 Black bird.
- 21 It extends from Bolivia to — in South America.
- 24 Reduces to slavery.
- 25 Bottoms.
- 26 Petty quarrels.
- 28 Camel's hair cloth.
- 29 Witticism.
- 30 House canary.
- 32 Silkworm.
- 33 Ocean.
- 34 Paddle.
- 38 Thin slice of bacon.
- 42 Epilepsy symptom.
- 43 Heathen god.
- 44 A share.
- 45 To jog.
- 46 Relative.
- 47 Ring.
- 50 Alleged force.
- 51 Road.
- 52 Dry.
- 55 A volume.
- 56 Parent.