

SERIAL STORY

WORKING WIVES

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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Yesterday Dolly arrives at the hospital. Marian explains everything, her hopes of regaining Dan's love, her efforts to repair the wreckage of their marriage. Then she asks Dolly to call the doctor. "It's going to happen very soon."

CHAPTER XXX

IT was after midnight. The hospital was quiet. The corridors were dark except for shaded lamps on the nurses' desks. Now and then a red light flashed over a door, reflecting itself in the shining floor. In a brightly lighted room, Marian was being lifted to a rubber-tired cart. She was pale, her eyes black with suffering. She caught Dolly's hand.

"You'll go with me?" Dolly raised her eyes to the still genial face of Dr. Moss. "May I?"

He nodded. Marian said, "I'm going to be brave, Dolly. But if I should forget myself, if I should beg for Dan, don't weaken, don't send for him. I've explained how I feel about Dan. I want to be ready for him. Promise me."

"I promise." "And—if anything should happen—?" She bit a quivering lip.

"Yes, dear."

"Tell him that I was brave. Tell him that I was happy to have his baby. Try to make him understand how much I love him—how much I have always loved him." "You'll tell him yourself, darling." She was trundled down the quiet hall. She stood by staunchly. When Marian cried out, "Dan—Dan—Dan—!" she soothed her gently. After that there was blessed oblivion for Marian.

THE sun was making a rectangular patch on the carpet when she awoke. She stirred and Dolly went to the bed. She kissed Marian's white cheek.

"It's all over, darling," she said.

"A girl?" "Yes, Dr. Moss says that she is the most beautiful little girl."

"A beautiful little girl." Her name is Glad—Glad Harkness. Marian's long lashes fell, she was asleep. She looked very young and small in the high white bed.

They took Glad home after two weeks. Randy and Dolly and a strangely shaken Marian, took her home. Randy had been doubtful about the small apartment. He had suggested larger quarters and nurses, a fleet of them, he said. Marian had refused.

"No," she had said. "Glad's father is supporting her."

TRYING weeks followed. Marian's strength was slow in returning; the baby's food formula had to be changed and changed again. The summer heat came early, long scorching days, humid nights. Steadfastly, Marian cared for the baby, letting the housework slide, resting when the baby slept.

Her love for the child was something like worship; she watched her development with a half fearful awe. To Marian, the tiny infant was a miracle, a God-given miracle.

Randy and Dolly came every day. They quietly installed comforts, an electric refrigerator which the apartment did not afford, fans, linen sheets, which were cooler than muslin. Marian grew thin, blue shadows made her eyes enormous, her hands were rough from daily laundry work.

Dolly expostulated, she begged, she even became angry. Randy talked earnestly to Marian. They were friends. What were friends for, anyway? He'd send a maid, two maids—better still, he'd find an apartment near the lake.

Marian stood firm. Wearily she reiterated the old theme. "Dan says to stick it out. Dan says if you accomplish a thing yourself, you have pride."

"But Dan would send you more money if he knew," Randy argued.

"You're losing weight—you'll be sick."

"But Glad is gaining—she's all right."

"She'd gain faster—"

"Dr. Moss says she is perfect." Marian laid a beseeching hand on his arm. "I'd crawl on my knees to ask for help if the baby needed it. But she doesn't. Dan and I are providing for her. Please let me do this. Please let me do it the hard way."

THEY let her alone after that, standing by, ready. July was a nightmare of burning heat and parched winds. Toward the end of July, Glad developed a heat rash, she fretted and had a little fever. Marian's hollow eyes became frenzied pools. That was when Randy and Dolly stepped in.

Dolly had said crossly, "I guess you can pay a visit to your best friend. I guess Dan wouldn't mind that."

They drove for hours, finally stopping at a white cottage in the cool darkness of deep woods. Lake Michigan danced and sparkled beyond the trees. A fresh little breeze rustled the leaves. Marian stumbled as she stepped from the car and Randy carried her to a cool, green and white bedroom.

Doing so, he muttered, "And we didn't get you here a moment too soon, young lady. In fact, hardly soon enough."

THE August days were like a blissful dream. Marian lay in her bed, sleeping, rousing to look with contented eyes at the baby who, under the able ministrations of the nurse, lost her rash and fever immediately. After a few days, Marian moved to the wide porch swing, there to idly hope and plan and dream.

The weeks hurried by and she awoke each morning to new strength. She could feel energy and vitality humming through her

veins. She swam and rested, she tanned a beautiful brown, rich color dyed her cheeks and lips. The baby was a rollicking, pink and white bit of gladness.

With the coming of September, Marian realized the time had come to think about the long trip to Portland. Marian wanted to go, she was well and strong, the baby was old enough to travel. Instinctively, she shrank from going. It meant so much, that journey to Portland, so very much. Dan's letters had not shown her one sign of interest, had given her not one shred of hope.

ON Sept. 10, Randy's chauffeur took them back to the apartment. Dolly had made it ready. There was food in the refrigerator. The rooms had been cleaned and aired.

Marian set a day for her leaving and she worked toward it feverishly. A few new clothes for Glad, who had outgrown everything, a few conveniences for travel. She had her own old dresses changed a bit and cleaned.

On the last night, with nothing left but a bed and one chair, these to be called for on the morrow, Marian sat in the bare emptiness, the baby in her arms.

"We're going to see your daddy, Glad," she said softly.

The baby crowded and kicked and threw her little arms about. She had a straight, strong back and straight, strong legs. Marian often likened her to a rose bud—if a rose bud could have shining blue eyes. Her hair was definitely reddish and Marian loved it. The ends duck tailed engagingly, it was thick and silken. She laughed and hugged the small body.

"We'll see your daddy in a few days," she repeated. "Oh, Glad, will he want us? You're to be my

offering, my precious gift for him."

Randy and Dolly took them to the train. Lifting the baby from Marian's arms, Randy said, "You've got something here, Marian."

She laughed. "Naturally I think so." To herself she said, "I have done one perfect thing. It is enough to make up for all the things I didn't do!"

(To Be Concluded)



BRAVE MAN—A cabinet veteran, Constantine Argetolanu (above) is premier of Rumania, succeeding to the post left vacant by the Sept. 21 assassination of Premier Calinescu. The latter was a bitter foe of pro-Nazi Iron Guardists.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



CRASH AND CARRY

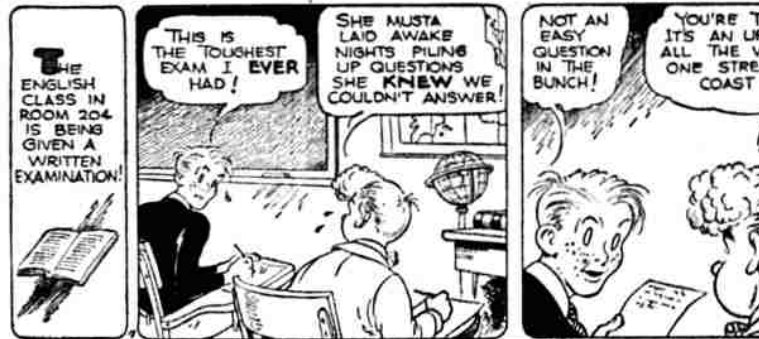
RED RYDER



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



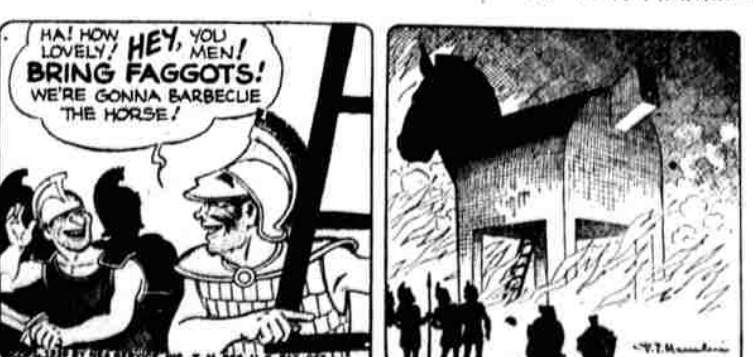
BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Chuck, when are you gonna have time to teach me to drive?"

WAR PRESIDENT

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured U. S. A. president.

12 To ward off.

13 Den.

14 Land right.

15 Bishop's scarf.

17 Irish.

18 Kind of bean.

19 Mexican dollar.

20 Rubber wheel pad.

21 Tendon.

22 You and me.

23 Prong.

24 Pea sac.

25 To lade.

27 Brad.

29 One in cards.

31 To entertain.

33 To slumber.

34 Prevaricator.

35 Coarse file.

36 Murmurs as a cat.

37 Markets.

38 Within.

39 To harden.

40 Fish.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

15 He was a — by training (pl.).

20 Sesame.

21 Sun.

23 Cravat.

24 Hole.

25 Omnibus.

26 Snake.

28 Currency bond.

29 Ozone.

30 Pussy.

32 Adult male.

33 Old wagon track.

34 Musical note.

36 Garden vegetable.

37 Blackbirds.

39 To move sideways.

41 Smeary.

42 Pertaining to air.

43 Slovak.

44 Person or esteem decreased at the close of his career.

46 Electrified particle.

47 Onager.

VERTICAL

2 Merchandise.

1 English money.

