

# Co-Ed Wife

By EUGENIA MACKERMAN

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
CORAL CHANDLER, heroine  
DAVID ARMSTRONG, Elton's chemistry professor and Coral's husband  
DONNA ALLEN, Coral's sorority roommate  
HOVEY MARQUIS, Coral's one-time fiance

Yesterday Coral tells David she has invited Hovey to Elton and David leaves her after a severe quarrel.

## CHAPTER V

CORAL heard but little of the first 20 minutes of the weekly assembly program. Her eyes were focused on David, sitting between Professor Bendorf and Professor Maxwell on the platform. Four days had passed since their quarrel and he had not recognized her, outside of monosyllabic words in the classroom, in all that time. She tried in vain to catch his eye, to smile at him . . . give some token that she, at least, had not changed. He did not see her, or if he did, ignored her.

"Why has this had to happen?" Coral thought. "Why did we quarrel when we have been so happy?"

Her reverie was interrupted then, and she stood up automatically with the people around her, as the president of the university came out on the platform. When she sat down she was more and more curious. There was something exciting to be revealed this morning. There must be, President Norton appeared at the student assemblies but seldom. What was it? She waited eagerly for him to speak.

The deep, resonant voice of President Norton broke the silence in the auditorium then. "I have an announcement to make," he said. "One which will be of deep interest not only to us here at Elton, but to the country at large . . . indeed to the whole world. Through the brilliant and untiring work of three of our faculty members, men in the department of chemistry, a commercially feasible process for the extraction of gold from sea water has been discovered.

"It has been many years since a discovery of such significance has been made here at Elton, not in fact since the electrolysis experiments of Professor Sanderson in the early years of this century. I am proud, indeed, to present to you the three men who through their genius and industry have brought fame to themselves and thus to Elton, and who have given the world a gift of greater knowledge." Professor Arthur Maxwell, Professor Andre Bendorf and Professor David Armstrong.

The big auditorium boomed with applause as the three men rose somewhat diffidently to their feet. Coral, her hands clasped together, her eyes alight with pride and excitement, could not applaud. Her pride and happiness were too great for that. She did not wonder now why David had not told her, but thought only of his achievement, of how wonderful it was that he should stand there, young and confident, the professional equal of these men, his elders in years and experience. David . . . her David . . . was a great man. And he would be greater still. This was only the beginning. He would go on from this to greater discoveries . . . to a higher, single prominence in the precise world of science he loved so well.

PROFESSOR MAXWELL spoke briefly, thanking them for their applause, explaining in greater detail the work the new process would expedite. Then Professor Bendorf spoke in his polite, accented English. Coral heard neither of them, for her eyes and her thoughts were riveted upon David. Now that the first flurry of excitement was over, she was wondering why he had not told her of the discovery before the public announcement, as he had promised to do. Had their quarrel gone so deeply into him that he felt she would be no longer interested in his work?

Her mind stopped there as David rose to add a few remarks.

to those already made by his co-workers. She studied his face intently, trying to find there some trace of an emotion as he looked toward her unseeing. "If he would only show something," she thought desperately. "If I could see love or hate or even contempt in his face I would know where I stand. But that stony look tells me nothing. When he looks in my direction his face goes dead, loses even the sign of recognition. He acts as if I were the one person at Elton to whom he was a stranger."

She started from her reverie as the orchestra began to play the Alma Mater. The students stood together singing, and Coral sang, too. The song, dear to her and full of happy memories combined with the thoughts of a moment ago, and her eyes filled with tears. As the music ended and she left the auditorium with the rest she wiped her eyes. "I'm a sentimental idiot," she thought to herself. "Everything will come out all right. I know it will." But even these words could not banish the

chill in her heart as David walked down the steps past her without speaking or even turning his head in her direction.

AS she walked along the gravel path which led from the assembly hall to the building in which her next class met, Donna joined her. "I suppose you're feeling pretty set up about your boyfriend, Coral," she said.

Coral looked at her, a little surprised, for her tone was friendlier than it had been since she had discovered the marriage license. She had enjoyed lording it over Coral, making her do lessons for her and cover up her misdeeds, but now her tone and her look showed her eager to be friendly, to make up their differences. Coral smiled. "Of course I am," she said. "Who wouldn't be proud?"

Donna spoke curiously. "Well, even at that, you don't sound over enthusiastic. Have you two had a fight or something? I haven't seen you around together much since you came back from vacation."

"David's been awfully busy, you know, working on this," Coral put her off.

"Of course," Donna said. Then, "Give me a fill-in on this discovery, Coral. You know how stupid I am. I don't seem to understand just what it's all about."

"David didn't tell me the process, Donna." Coral could have bitten her tongue out. Now Donna would know they had quarreled, would mock her.

But Donna was thinking of only one thing. Her voice was wheedling. "Oh, Coral, he did, too. Don't try to fool little, old Donna. Come on, palsie, don't be so mean. Tell me in on the secret. I want to understand all about this business. I'm tired of seeming so stupid to everyone."

"Donna, truly, I haven't the dimmest notion about that process. And if I did I couldn't tell you until the permission to do so was given me. In a think like this one must be awfully careful to avoid the theft of the process."

Donna's gentleness fell from her like a cloak. "Coral, I want to know that process. You tell me, or you'll wish you had!"

"I swear I don't know it, Donna!"

"You're a liar," Donna spat out, "and some day maybe you'll wish you'd told me." She ran angrily ahead into the building, leaving Coral staring after her. Why was Donna so anxious to know that process?

(To Be Continued)

More than 100 plots in the United States hold the "D" certificate, issued to a man for notorious flights.

I like strawberries and cream but when I go fishing I put other bait on my hook.—Dale Carnegie author of "How to Win Friends."

Florida's area is 58,666 square miles.

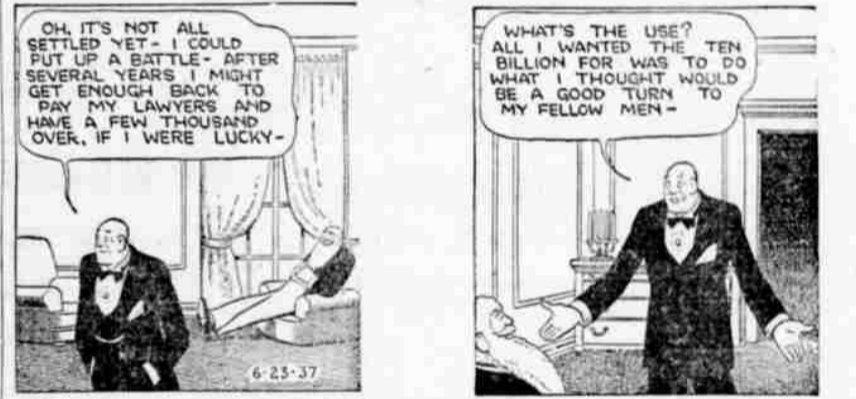
## OUT OUR WAY



## MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## WASH TUBBS



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By J. R. WILLIAMS



## BY THOMPSON AND COLL



## BY HAROLD GRAY



## BY BLOSSER



## BY CRANE



## BY MARTIN



## FLAPPER FANNY

