

SERIAL STORY—

# WORKING WIVES

By LOUISE HOLMES

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
**MARIAN HARKNESS**—a working wife.  
**DAN HARKNESS**—her husband.  
**DOLLY HARKNESS**—Dan's widowed sister-in-law.  
**SALLY BLAKE**—an ambitious young stenographer.

Yesterday: In an effort to regain some of the glamour of her marriage, Marian decides to have a wedding anniversary party. She invites a few friends, counts on Dolly to help. But even looking her prettiest, Marian fails to stir Dan's dying love.

## CHAPTER TEN

DAN turned to Dolly. Babyish ringlets, from a recent and hurried bath, flattened on her neck. He smiled into her dancing eyes.

"Gee, you look sweet," he said approvingly. The compliment was so spontaneous, so different from his guarded, "Beautiful, Marian," that Marian looked into the mirror with sudden distaste.

Dolly laughed. "Thank you, Dan," and sped to the kitchen, slipping an apron over her dress. Putting fresh water on the potatoes, she placed the pan over a lighter burner.

"What shall I do, Dolly?" Marian asked, trailing her finery to the kitchen door.

"Just keep out of my way. You're much too elegant to come into the kitchen. I have everything under control." Dolly was in her element and Marian felt a curious stab of envy. It crossed her mind that cooking was creative and as exciting as any other kind of work.

She went back to the improvised dining room and Dan took her place in the kitchen.

Had he ceased to love her? It was a new thought. Not once, through all the years, had she doubted Dan's love. It came over her that she had always counted on that love, it had been a shelter and a refuge. And this was her 12th anniversary.

The door bell buzzed and she touched the release button. Opening the door, she smiled. Carmie appeared at the top of the stairs.

Marian's first impression was one of shock at Carmie's supremely glossy hardness. She was a golden apparition. She sparkled, but there was no warmth in the sparkle.

"Hello, Carmie. Am I in Chicago or Gay Paree?" You look like—" "That's right," Carmie laughed too gaily. "Name it and you can have it." Her smile had been painted on like Marian's own.

MARIAN called, "Dolly—Dan—Carmie is here. Come see her. She's simply too divine."

They trooped in from the kitchen. Dan shook Carmie's hand. Dolly kissed her, her admiration genuine.

Then Marian took Carmie to the bedroom, brave with taffeta and boudoir pillows. Carmie turned off the smile.

"I saw them today—Pete and his wife." Her lips were scornful.

"Did you, Carmie? Where?" "In Huyler's. I dropped in for a cup of tea and there they were, sitting at our old table." She turned furious, glittering eyes on Marian. "She's common, just a common little tramp. Cheap clothes, hair curling done left in the sea, a rotten paint job on her face."

"Did Pete see you?" "I don't think so. He didn't look in my direction." After a moment, when naked pain gave expression to her face, she said, "I'm going to take him away from her. I won't be kicked around like this. I can't stand it."

Marian put an arm around her. "Let's forget Pete for tonight, shall we? Let's have a good time. You know the old bromide about just as good fish being left in the sea—"

"Dan and I asked Randy Means especially for you."

"He won't like me—no one likes me." It was plain to be seen that Carmie's confidence in herself had departed with the loss of Pete.

"Hang on to Dan," she whispered huskily. "You've got something there." She straightened and the painted smile flashed back.

Marian said, "Yes, I've got something there." Dan would never set the world on fire, but he was her man. A woman needed a man.

AMY ELLEN and Bill Sands arrived and the apartment echoed with gay greetings. Marian could not take her eyes from Amy Ellen's face. There was a serenity about it, a young happy serenity.

She introduced Carmie to Amy Ellen, unconsciously measuring one against the other. Carmie was at the top, she was a successful business woman. But where was her air of well being and prosperity?

Bill took both Marian's hands. "What have you done to yourself?" he asked bluntly.

"Exactly what do you mean?" "You're so—so ultra."

"Constant improvement, but no yearly models," she told him, making herself scarce.

He continued to frown at her speculatively. "You used to be so natural—so vividly alive."

Not liking his obvious dissatisfaction, she returned impudently, "And you used to have so much hair."

Randy Means arrived while Dan was passing cocktails. He had a wide, not too handsome face, a loosely jointed frame, sandy hair, and an agreeable, natural manner.

Dan said, "Marian, this is my wife, Randy. Marian, be nice to him, he's a swell guy."

He had a firm handclasp, his eyes neither approved nor disapproved. He sat down beside Carmie, only to jump to his feet as Dolly, scarlet-checked and smiling, came from the kitchen. Gazing at her, his eyes held a startled gleam.

"Dolly, may I present Randy Means?" Marian said, explaining, "This is Dolly Harkness. She's our favorite sister."

(To Be Continued)

(All events, names and characters in this story are wholly fictitious.)

**COMMON ERRORS**  
 Do not say, "He repudiated the charge," say, "denied."  
 Costume is pronounced coe'-town; not cos'-toom.  
 Coup is pronounced koo; not koop.  
 The surname Crichton is pronounced cry'-ton; not krirk'-ton or krish'-ton.  
 Crime is pronounced kri-mee'-a; not cry'-me-a.

### GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"Say, he's pretty good! Who's writing his stuff?"

### HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



"So you were down in the dumps and got another hat, eh? Well, at least now I know where you get them!"

### FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Subtract 146 from 394—what's the difference?" "Gee, Fan, is that the way you feel about it, too?"

### THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER—Water power is popularly known as "white coal," for the white, churning waters of a waterfall can produce the same power and energy that coal does.

### Questions and Answers

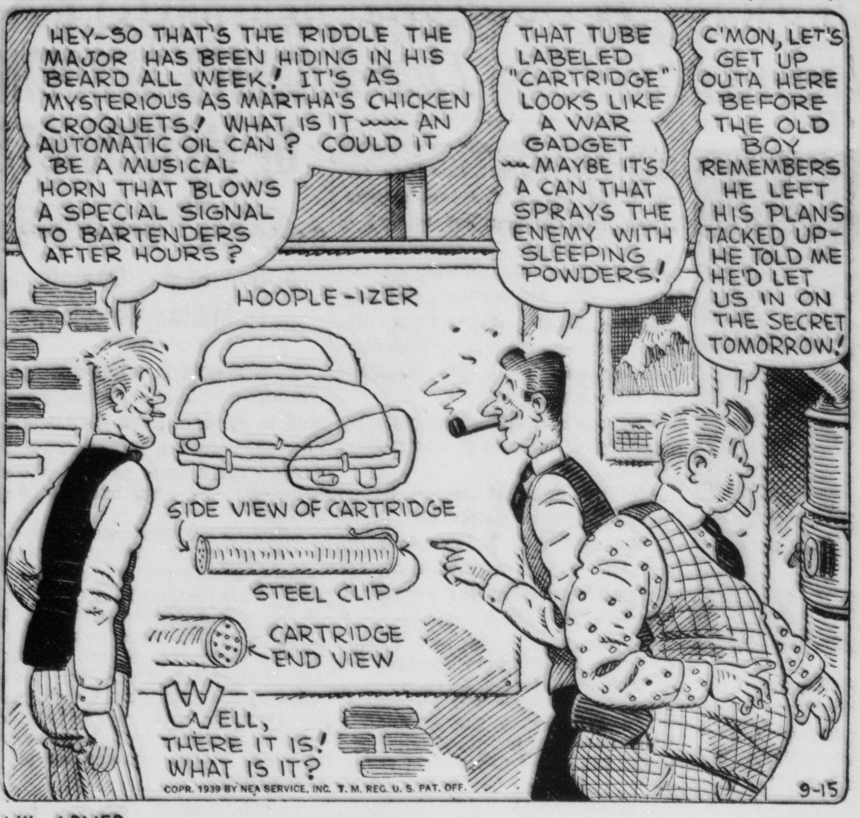
Q—Who played the role of Napoleon in "Conquest, with Greta Garbo?"  
 A—Charles Boyer.

Q—What does Tishri 23,5654 in the Jewish calendar correspond to in the Gregorian calendar?  
 A—October 3, 1893.

Q—Is Bryn Mawr a denomina-

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



"HEY—SO THAT'S THE RIDDLE THE MAJOR HAS BEEN HIDING IN HIS BEARD ALL WEEK! IT'S AS MYSTERIOUS AS MARTHA'S CHICKEN CROQUETS! WHAT IS IT—AN AUTOMATIC OIL CAN? COULD IT BE A MUSICAL HORN THAT BLOWS A SPECIAL SIGNAL TO BARTENDERS AFTER HOURS?"

### LIT' ABNER



"GAT MONEY?—IT'S HEAVEN TO SEE YOU AGAIN!—OH, BABY—CAN YOU EVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME WE MET?"

### RED RYDER



"STOP FIRING, PEDRO! YAOUI SURRENDERS! WAVES WHITE FLAG!"

### NANCY



"WELL, TOMORROW'S THE ELECTION—AND AM I GONNA WALK AWAY WITH IT—WOW!"

### WASHINGTON TUBBS II



"DON'T LET ON WHO WE REALLY ARE, WASH. THEY THINK WE'RE HOLY MEN."

### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



"WHAT DO YOU NEED THE SAND FOR, JODY?"

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



"J. X. BETTEN HIGH WAS NEVER KNOWN TO DO ANYTHING BY HALVES."

### ABBIE AN' SLATS



"MRS. KEW MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE BRINGIN' DANNY THE DEBY HERE TO REFORM HIM—HE'S A NO-GOOD GUY IF I EVER SAW ONE."

### OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



"TH' VERY IDEAR? WAITIN' ON A BIG THIRTY-TON CRANE TO LIFT A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS INTO YOUR MACHINE WHEN YOU COULD DO IT ALONE? LOOK AT THIS—JUST HOLD THIS END UP AND RUN THAT CENTER IN—WHY, NOTHIN' TO IT!"

### INDIVIDUALITY



"I THINK WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO LEND A HAND HERE."

### —By Al Capp



"YES! THAT WAS THE NIGHT YOU SOCKED ME IN THE KISSER AND KNOCKED TWO OF MY FRONT TEETH OUT—OH, HONEY—IT WAS THEN THAT I KNEW YOU LOVED ME!"

### —By Fred Harman



"OUR BANDIT ARMY EES NOW DEMORALIZED WEETH EET'S LEADER CAPTURED—QUICK—WE ESCAPE OR EET'S THE FIRING SQUAD!"

### —By Bushmiller



"NO YOU DON'T, PEDRO! YOU'RE ALL GOING BACK TO YAOUI GOE—AND THE SOLDIERS!"

### —By Crane



"BEING UNABLE TO RESIST, OH PEARSON STRANGERS, WE ARE EAGER TO GRANT YOUR SLIGHTEST WISH. PRAY FOLLOW US."

### —By Blosser



"I THINK SHE DOES THE ELEMENT SCENE BETTER!"

### —By Martin



"GOSH! AND I THOUGHT SHE WAS REALLY GONNA ELOPE! HAVE I BEEN DUMB!"

### —By Raeburn Van Buren

