

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: Marian is surprised when
Carma calls at the apartment. Carma
has found happiness in her home town.
She has married a childhood sweetheart
she hoped that Paul and Julia will forgive
her. Like Marian, she is trying to make
amends.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

MAY DAY. No letter from Dan.
Marian stayed close to the
telephone all day, waiting for Dolly's
call. She was restless and uneasy,
filled with nervous energy.

She cleaned the apartment until
it shone, baked a small cake, wrote
letters, finally packed a suitcase.
Nightgowns, the pink taffeta house
coat with the down buttons. She'd
had it on the night that Dan refused
to kiss her. He hadn't noticed it at
all. But her baby would like it at
all.

She went on, filling the suitcase.
Little shirts and bands and tiny
sleeping garments. Packing the little
things, her daughter's clothes, she
was filled with wonder. Closing the
suitcase, she lay beside it on the bed,
one arm thrown over the lid.

"A woman needs her husband at
a time like this," she thought. "A
dreadful, suffocating loneliness
caught at her throat. For the first
time, she was frightened. "Dan—
help me to be brave," she
moaned. "You are so far away—
sometimes I can't find you at all."

Resolutely, she set her chin. "It's
my punishment that I must go
through this alone and it's just
punishment. I'll take it and be
glad of the chance." Glad. Dan
used to say that she could be glad
about the darndest things.

Dan's letter arrived on the following
morning. It had been forwarded
from the office. She opened
Dan's letter slowly. Slowly, she
pulled the single sheet from the
envelope. A chuckle fluttered to her
lips, but she ignored it.

Dear Marian: Enclosed find
check. A nice clean spring has ar-
rived over here. I can't remember
that we had springs in Chicago.
Dan."

Marian closed her eyes. There
was a stinging pain behind them.
Dan couldn't remember spring. He
couldn't remember her.

"The bell tinkled and she said,
"Hello."

"Marian—it's Dolly."
"Dolly—my dear—can you come
right now—right now?" There was
frantic urgency in her tone. The
enemy forces, loneliness and fright,
were gaining ground. Dolly, the
reserve army, had arrived not a
moment too soon.

"Of course—you are sick?"
"No—I don't know—" Her voice
blurred with tears.

Dolly asked no questions. She
said, "Give me the address."

Marian told her, then went to the
window. She waited but 20 minutes.
A great car careened up the street
at an unlawful speed. It slowed down
and stopped. Dolly fairly tumbled
out, running up the walk, peering at
the number. Marian went to the
head of the stairs.

"Up here, Dolly," she called. Dolly
came, running. Almost at the top,
she halted. Then, with a moaning
little cry, she had Marian in her
arms, crying, laughing, hugging her.

"You poor child," she kept saying
brokenly. "You poor child. Why
didn't you tell me?"

Marian led her into the apartment
and closed the door. Her cheeks
were wet.

"I—I'm glad you've come," she
faultered.

DOLLY removed her hat and
gloves and threw them on the
couch as if she intended staying.
"And just about time," she said
briskly. "Where's Dan?"

"In P-Portland."

"Why isn't he here with you?"
Marian caught her by the shoulders.
"Look, Dolly—I was never so
glad to see any one in my life. I
don't think I could have endured it
if you hadn't come, but I'll throw
you out, I'll run away and hide, unless
you promise to do as I say."

"All right—all right—you don't
have to make my shoulders black
and blue."

Marian pulled her to the davenport
and closed the door. Her cheeks
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and closed the door. Her cheeks
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"Start at the beginning," Dolly
said.

"First of all—I'm going to have
a baby."

"No—Really?" Dolly dimpled and
laughed.

"I knew it before Dan went away,
before you were married."

Dolly turned sideways. "Why didn't
you tell him? He certainly had
a right to know."

"Dan didn't just go away, Dolly.
He—he left me. I don't blame him,"
she hurried on as Dolly exclaimed
in dismay. "I don't know why he
put up with me for so long."

"Oh, Marian—you should have
told me—I wouldn't have gone—
I still don't see why you didn't tell
Dan."

"I was determined that it
shouldn't be true at the time. And,
when he went, I hadn't time to
think. Since then he's made it per-
fectly plain that he cares nothing
about me and I haven't told him
because—because I don't want him
rushing back from a sense of duty.
He'd come, you know. Dan is like
that."

Dolly nodded thoughtfully. "And
your job—are you going back?"

"No. When the baby is old
enough, I'm taking her to Portland.
Even if Dan doesn't want us, and
I'm facing the fact that he prob-
ably will not, I want her to grow up
near him. I want her to know
her father."

"Dad? Are you sure?"

"Dolly—she gazed at her lovingly.
You're brave, Marian—and fine.
You're beautiful, sweet and woman-
ly, if you care for the adjectives."

"I love them. I've found my place,
Dolly, and I'm happy in it. I have
an idea, maybe it's a foolish belief,
that, if I work hard enough at this
job, I'll find my way back to Dan.
It can't happen all in a minute be-
cause I have so much to undo. I
have years of selfishness to atone
for."

Dolly held her hand tight. "How
about money, Marian? Randy and I
will be so happy to help."

"It isn't necessary, Mr. Fellowes."

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



OUT OUR WAY

By Willises



HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



I'L ABNER

By Fred Harman



RED RYDER

By Fred Harman



NANCY

By Fred Harman



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

By Fred Harman



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Fred Harman



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Fred Harman



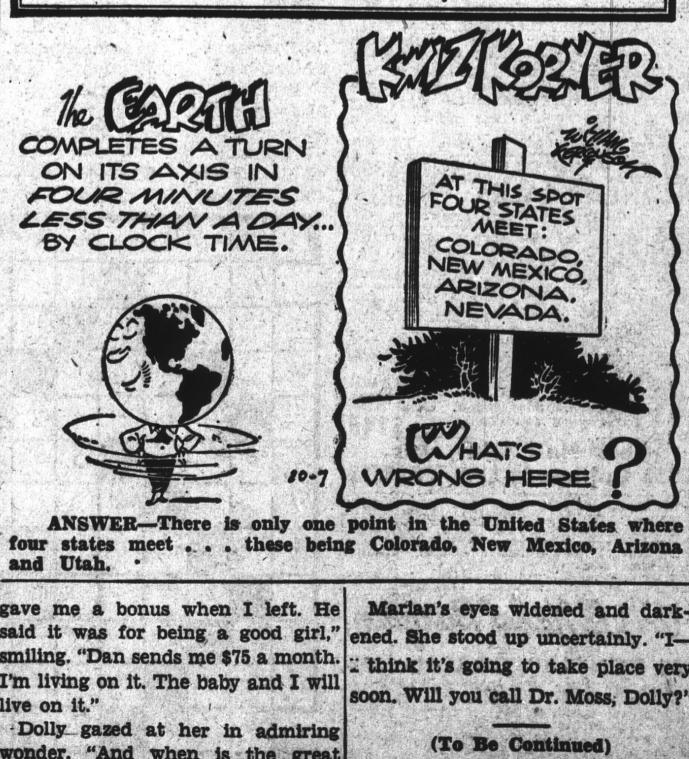
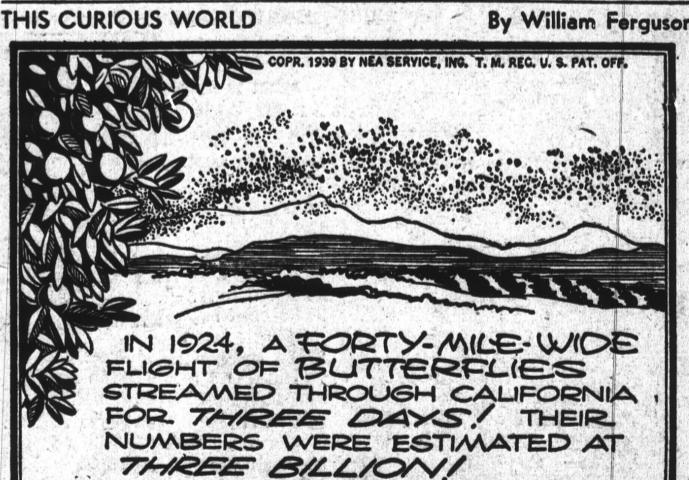
ABIE AN' SLATS

By Fred Harman



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1939

By Willises

OH, THEY'LL
FIND THAT
EYE BOLT
SOME TIME
WHEN THEY'RE
LAWING FOR
TH ROPE
LADDER--
WHEN IT'S
GONE AND
THEY DON'T
NEED THE
EYE BOLT

THE UNSEEN WINGS

J.P. WILLIAMS

By Al Capp

WELL, WE
CAN SAVE
TH TIME
OF MAKIN'
A NEW ONE
IF WE CAN
FIND IT

THE UNSEEN WINGS

J.P. WILLIAMS

By Al Capp

NOW THERE'S
A CASE OF DEEP
CONCENTRATION--
THEY DUG UP THE
NIGHT SHOES
ROPE LADDER
OVER TH FENCE
TO TONY'S,
BUT OF COURSE
THEY'RE AFTER
A EYE BOLT

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