GREAT MAN'S WIFE

By FANNIE HURST

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THE story of the Simeses was in many respects the usual one of a man having gone on in worldliness and social achievement

quite beyond the wife, who had stood still after marriage, as the saying goes. Again, the story of the Simeses was quite unusual in this respect. Frank Simes had gone on in a manner as unusual as it was startling. At thirtyone, the young clerk in a second-rate publishing house, while off on a two weeks' holiday at an obscure seaside resort with his wife, had filled in his spare time writing a description of the life about him.

At forty-one that same nearsighted, not highly personable young man had developed into one of the most successful literary men of his time. At fifty-one, he was a world-figure, the center of a school of disciples who were content to bask on the rim of his reflected glory, and his fine country place was the mecca for pilgrims who were not content to return to their native heaths without being able to say that they had at least glimpsed the retreat of the great god Simes.

Charabanes and various sight-seeing excursions along the state highway which bordered one end of the Simes estate, pointed out with pride the country home of the renowned author.

While still a comparatively young man, Simes had become a sort of shrine. The achievement of this, scouted in the small world of sophisticates as the antics of a literary charlatan, was nonetheless one to impress a vast public. It could also be said that it probably impressed Mary Simes even more than it did the lay-

More and more, as they grew older together, Mary was to ask herself this question concerning Simes. How? How had he accomplished the almost incredible? She, Mary, better than anyone else in the world, sycophants who crowded around him, enemies who jeered, knew the caliber of the man Simes. Knew the relentless ego of him which flung out in all directions like the tentacles of some sea serpent, strangling where it could. Knew the strangely feeble equipment of this man whose pen somehow, some way, had loaded into its point persuasion and personality. Everything about this man, her husband, she knew, and knowing, marveled. How had he achieved his almost unique position in the world of letters?

There were, of course, people who said his somewhat plain wife was the power behind the throne, but then that | all those things. is said practically of every public man with a plain wife.

There were also those who marveled at the constancy of Simes, so strangely attractive to women in what might be called a repellent way. They seemed to read in the eyes of Simes, strange eyes set one slightly higher than the other, decadent forbidden things that wrapped his personality with the half-evil lure of the genil.

Simes, in a curious inverted manner. had a way with women just as in a curious inverted manner, he must have had a way with his vast public.

It was not this rather oblique lure which surprised Mary, she must have capitulated to it herself, in the days whe he was a humble clerk. It was the Mability of his success which never ceased to amaze and secretly to ap-

How did Simes, superficially educated, superficially informed, superficially the thinker, the student, the man of letters, hold with a strangle grip the interest, fascination and admiration of his public?

Sometimes, in her loneliness and heart-hurt, passionately she admitted to herself, that she, Mary, the wife whom to all intents and purposes he had outgrown, was the answer. She, Mary, who was the buffer between him and his public: the creator of the illusions about him; the weaver of legends and the hand at the helm of his phantom ship of literary illusion.

Then again Mary told herself, trying to ferret the secret of his undiminishing luster, no one person alone could account for it. Not even the years of her secret sacrifices, her humiliations, her pretenses and her display of admiration where he was concerned were sufficient to solve the

Somewhere in the makeup of Simes must reside real greatness. The fact that she, Mary Simes, had alone built up the illusion of the great man seemed almost too fantastic to be true.

There was one man knew it to be true. Johann Brody. Ten years after her marriage to Simes, Mary and Brody had met, drifting together almost immediately on an innate sympathy which had ripened their friendship into something too profound and potentially dangerous to be discussed between them.

Johann Brody, Simes' lawyer, was in love with Mary; with her plainness, her unstylish exterior, her drab look of blending against background, she had flashed bright as a flamingo into his life. Twenty years of the unspoken word between them. Twenty years had marched past to her flush at his hand shake, her eye brightening at his entrance, her glance yearning when

his glance was averted. Two middle-aged, hungry spirits,

fluttering as near together as they dared.

Brody knew to what extent Mary had manufactured the success of Simes. It was the only intimate subject they ever permitted themselves to discuss together, and then only under pretense of legal affairs. Time and time again, instigated by one thing or another, Brody had openly credited Mary with being the impase that had pushed Simes from the position of a humble clerk in a publishing house to the unique standing he had achieved in the world of letters.

It was only when a crisis came however, that he permitted himself what approximated full statement of the boiling sentiments that had been press-

ing against his restraint for years. So it had come at last! After years of her husband's infelicity, his blatant threat of infidelity, his parade of mock susceptibility, complication had stalked into the lives of Mary and Simes. He had finally fallen in love with an actress playing popular roles in a repertory company in Philadelphia.

The surprise lay in the fact that it had not come before. Years of hardening herself to the public display of Simes' philandering had not quite prepared Mary for the clap of thunder which came with his calm avowal to her one evening that the end of their relationship had come.

Simes was going to divorce her! The door to happiness and freedom, so long adamantly closed against her, was about to swing open.

Little wonder that as Mary faced Brody that evening following the avowal of Simes of his love for another woman and his intention to divorce her, the bonds of their mutual restraint broke simultaneously.

"I'm free now, Brody," she said simply. "It's been so long waiting." He took her in his arms, kissing the smooth, graying, patient-looking hair where it flowed black from her forehead.

"It's been a long wait, Mary. How strange it will be at our age, to really begin to live for the first time."

"It's too good to be true, Brody." "My dearest dear."

"You-my dearest dear." "He doesn't know it, Mary. Fool. But the day he gives you up is the end of Simes."

"You mean . . . "Why darling-without you, he falls to pieces like a one-hoss shay-every bolt in his make-up has been you. Good-by Simes!"

Poor Brody, hammering the nails into the coffin of his own happiness. Strange, but with his words, the realization flooded Mary that all her life she would stand by to hold together the one-hoss shay.

People called her prideless-fool, idiot, parasite, for refusing to grant Simes his divorce.

Grimly, watching the years stalk by, and with them her chances for personal happiness. Mary also calls herself

But, grimly too, she realizes that in the public humiliation of her refusal to grant Simes his divorce, lies the secret of his alleged greatness.

Swiss Wise in Passing

Laws to Protect Fish If there are still trout in the lakes and mountain streams of Switzerland, which have been fished for 600 years, we can preserve trout in the streams of this continent. The way to do it is to do it; and one of the means probably lies in not allowing anybody to cast line or gig into any stream

for long periods of time, It is the only way. Beyond a doubt, in Switzerland it is unheard of to explode dynamite in a water course to totaly destroy all the fish, frogs, newts, minnows, crayfish, waterworms, water spiders and water striders that skate on the surface-hydrobatidae, so-called by scientists. Dynamite kills every living thing, finny creatures and their food simultaneously. And it is surprising that the mosses, the very algae floating in the water, does not perish. In Switzerland that kind of pursuit of fish is unknown. But Switzerland has had hundreds of year to grow wise-and efficient in its laws .- F. H. Collier in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Confirm Bible Story Further verification of the Bible story of the entrance of the Children of Israel into Canaan and the destruction of Jericho by the soldiers of Joshua has been obtained from the scarabs found in the royal tombs of Jericho. The bulk of the specimens range from about 2400 B. C. to about 1400 B. C .- the time of Amenophis III. The period from Akhenaton to Rameses II is a blank, Sir Charles Marston said: "The carabs confirm that Jericho was destroyed by Joshua during the reign of Amenophis III, 1413 B. C. to 1377 B. C. And the exodus from Egypt, therefore, took place immediately after the death of Thotmes III, 1477 B. C., in the reign of Amenophis II."

Color Important in Siam An interesting sidelight in connec-

tion with Bangkok newspapers, exclusive of the English press, is their use of colored paper. To the Slamese each day of the week stands for a different color, and many of them match their "panung" (the native costume) with the color of the day; for instance, a pink panung is worn on Sundays, a yellow on Mondays, etc. The newspapers endeavor to follow this custom to a certain extent; on Monday their editions are printed on yellow paper; on Thursday on green paper; Sundays on pink paper, and the rest of the days of

the week on white paper.

TALES OF THE CHIEFS

By Editha Watson

SPOTTED TAIL

A cow is the most inoffensive animal that walks the earth, yet she has

been the cause of plenty of trouble. A cow started the Chicago fire, and a cow was the reason for the killing of Lieutenant Grattan's detachment. The Chicago cow was probably something of a petthe other bovine was an old one abandoned by emigrants

Spotted Tail

and taken by a Brule Sioux. Grattan was sent to arrest the Indian for his salvage of the cow. The Brule thought this proceeding rather high-handed, and the battle began, with the result that Grattan's detachment was destroyed. The cow had probably become Indian sustenance

long before the fight. Prominent in this engagement was a young Indian who later attained almost the prominence of Red Cloud. He, too, was self-made, and besides being a leader among warriors, he had fought a duel with a subchief for the hand of his wife, and had won. When the head chief died, Spotted Tail was chosen over the heads of older men to succeed him.

After the battle over the discarded cow, which led to depredations on the Oregon trail and subsequent punishment of the tribe by other troops, Spotted Tail and two others were commanded to give themselves up as murderers. Much to the surprise of the soldiers at Fort Laramie, this was promptly done, and the three braves, dressed in their war array, marched in, chanting their deathsongs. This bravery had an effect in their favor, and Spotted Tail eventually was freed.

In 1865, when the Sloux under Red Cloud opposed the building of a railroad into Montana, Spotted Tail favored the treaty, although he did not sign it. He did, however, sign the treaty of April 29, 1868, in which the Sloux reservation was accepted and the road to the mines abandoned.

Later, gold was discovered in the Black Hills. Not knowing exactly how the white men valued this metal, Spotted Tail visited the miners and prospectors in their camps to find out. As he sat before their fires, he listened to talk of wonderful mines and rich ore, given a greatly exaggerated value by the imagination of the prospectors-a habit which has not ceased to this day. His untutored mind gained the idea that the Black Hills lands were extremely valuable, and that a price commensurate with this value should be paid to the Sloux.

The treaty of 1868 had taken away from the chiefs the power to make treaties for sale of lands. On this account, commissioners were sent to the Sloux to find out what price they demanded. Spotted Tall had spread the news he gathered: the lands were valued by the Indians at \$60,000,000.

Naturally, no such price could be paid. Further negotiations must be entered into, but for the time affairs were at a standstill. The troops, feeling that later on the territory would be opened, began allowing miners to pass in without limit.

The younger Sioux, who hoped with their elders that a large price would be paid, saw this influx with alarm and anger. To a man, the young warriors on the reservation joined the hostiles, of which Sitting Tall and Crazy Horse (a nephew of Spotted Tail) were leaders.

Spotted Tail, who had been to Washington, where he was made much of, had become much friendlier to the white people than some of his brother chiefs liked. Big Mouth, in particular, had considerable to say about this, and was managing to turn the Brule against Spotted Tail.

There was one sure way to cause Big Mouth to be still; Spotted Tail went to his lodge, and called him out. As the talkative chief appeared, two warriors seized him, and before he could resist, Spotted Tail shot him dead.

The Sloux uprising has been discussed elsewhere in these articles, and its outcome told. After the Custer disaster, Red Cloud was suspected of disloyalty, and Spotted Tall was made chief of all the Indians at both his own agency and Red Cloud's.

Crazy Horse had separated from Sitting Bull, and engaged in a desperate battle with General Miles and his troops. Spotted Tail negotiated with his nephew, and in the following spring (1877) Crazy Horse surrendered. The great Sioux uprising was at an end.

The Brule chief, now a man of middle age, still preferred an active life. Intertribal feuds remained to be settled, and Crow Dog, another Sloux, was one of the marked men. Spotted Tail gathered a war-party and started out to spill some Indian blood.

They met near the Rosebud agency in South Dakota, August 5, 1881. Crow Dog felt that he was in a dangerous position, and prepared to defend him-

A shot rang out-more than one, no doubt, but this shot reached its mark in the heart of Spotted Tail. The

Brule chief lay dead. (©. 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

University of Oxford Old Seat of Learning

The university, in the modern sense, dates to the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries as an outgrowth of earlier schools in connection with cathedrals and monasinstance Oxford, whose tradition is Edinburgh to 1582. that it was founded by King Alfred

about 872. Oxford dates, however, to early in the Twelfth century. The universiercised the greatest influence upon about 1200. The oldest Spanish uni-

Padua, 1222; Naples, 1224; Genoa, 1243, and Perugia, 1276. About ten others were founded in that country before 1550, and Italy was the greatest resort of students for the

higher education during those times. The University of Prague was established in 1348; the first college teries. This despite the fact that a at Cambridge in 1257, and the Uninumber of European universities versity of Jagielle, in Cracow, Pohave legends carrying their origina land, in 1364. The University of considerably farther back-as for Copenhagen dates to 1479, and of

Deer's Appetite At least one acre of the best forest browse or greenery is needed ties of Paris and Bologna, which ex- during the growing season to support a single deer, while during the the later institutions, were founded winter a much larger area of now keep their hats on when they sparser browse is required, accord- visit the hairdresser. versity is that of Salamanca, dating | ing to Drs. E. B. Forbes and L. O. to 1240. The earliest Italian univer- Overholts of Pennsylvania State basin method of trimming Johnny's versites, besides Bologna, were college. Doctors Forbes and Over- locks.-Boston Transcript,

MercolizedWax Keeps Skin Young

holts reached this conclusion after they had made a careful study of four deer that were confined in a woodland inclosure of 4.87 acres from one spring through the follow-

Old Style Hair Cut

"Hairdressing to suit the hat," is the latest thing in Paris. Ladies

Sounds like a reversion to the old



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"Shower" in Philippines

Holds World's Record The heaviest 24-hour rainfall ever measured occurred at Baguio, the "summer capital" of the Philippines, in July, 1911.

Only brief accounts of it have been published until this year, when a detailed story of the shower and its effects was issued by Rev. Miguel Selga, director of the Philippine weather bureau, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature, "Why the Weather?"

"This torrential downpour attended the passage of a typhoon. More than 88 inches of rain fell during the four days, July 14-17, inclusive,

Try Lydia E. Pinktam's Vegetable Com Those she loves . . . are first to suf-fer when monthly pains shatter her nerves. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would ease that awful agony. the maximum fall in a 24-hour period being 46 inches from noon of the fourteenth to noon of the fif-

"Two inches less than four feet of rain in 24 hours! This is more than falls in the whole of an average year at most places in the northeastern United States and Canada." -Literary Digest.

Rich Relatives Do That "Your aunt's very rich. Does she enjoy good health?" "She-gloats over it."



It is the Dollars

. . . that circulate among ourselves, in our own community, that in the end build our schools and churches, pave our streets, lay our sidewalks, increase our farm values, attract more people to this section. Buying our merchandise in our local stores means keeping our dollars at home to work for all of us.