

SUSPICION

By R. K. WILKINSON

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There was no real cause for it. None other than that strange, unexplainable inner voice that is a woman's intuition.

Anne just began to sense the feeling of suspicion when Gregg announced he would have to stay at the office at least one night a week.

"It's the depression," he told her. "We've had to let a lot of the boys go. Working overtime to fill in the gap."

Anne fought the feeling, and yet it persisted.

Why? She couldn't find an answer. Certainly Gregg had changed none in his attitude toward her.

He was the same always—loving and kind and devoted.

He'd been that way for two years. Two years of blissful, unbelievable happiness—as far as Anne was concerned.

Suspicion is the instigator of jealousy. It gnaws at one's soul. It is like a malignant disease. Time stimulates its growth. When one is suspicious of one's husband one is apt to brood rather than confide.

Hence there was no relief, no escape from the torment.

At the end of two months Anne found herself the victim of mental torture.

Her diet was affected.

She lay awake nights wondering if Gregg really was working late every Wednesday night, conjuring up pictures of how he spent his lunch hours, visualizing him keeping secret rendezvous.

She tried mightily to cast the thing from her mind.

Not a single instant did she entertain the idea of accusing Gregg.

The thought of doing so, only to discover her fears unfounded, struck terror to her heart.

Nor did she consider trying to entrap him.

She shuddered at thoughts of sinking so low as to sneak out and spy on him.

Her love was greater than that. And yet when, a few days later, her closest friend, Helen Browning, said in a jocular way:

"Saw that perfect husband of yours out riding with a rather attractive girl last night," it was as if Anne had been waiting for and expecting the announcement.

She had all she could do to keep her nerves under control, to return Helen's light, merry grin with a forced laugh and a bit of repartee.

So it was true?

Gregg was carrying on an affair with another woman!

No, not Gregg!

Not dear, kind, devoted Gregg!

Not the Gregg whom she adored and worshiped and loved more dearly with each passing day.

Impossible!

Anne brushed the mist before her eyes and laughed.

It wasn't true. It couldn't be.

There was some explanation for it. And yet—

It was Wednesday night and when Gregg came in the hour was past 12. He looked wretchedly tired and miserable.

Anne lay with a book in her hand and pretended to read while he prepared for bed.

"These late hours are knocking me for a loop," he took off one shoe, yawned, stretched.

"Had to take the stenog. home. You'd think a stenog. would have sense enough to live within walking distance of her job."

Anne became rigid.

Stenographer.

Anne remembered the girl. A blonde! It would have to be a blonde!

Sleek and young and in a cheap sort of way beautiful!

But shallow, like most girls who pound typewriters and chew gum.

Anne waited a week.

She was going to give Gregg every opportunity to come to her, to be honest and fair about the whole thing.

She waited a week because there was the bare possibility that she had been mistaken, that it was all a product of imagination.

And during the week she waited Anne tried to perceive in her husband some change, some noticeable difference in his demeanor that would betray his deceit.

But Gregg remained the same.

He looked tired and worn.

His features revealed the strain of hard work, and more than once he mentioned that if the present pace continued to be maintained at the office, he'd be a physical wreck.

• • •

Anne found herself wishing that it was work and work only that was responsible for his condition.

She wanted to believe he was telling the truth, and perhaps would have succeeded had not the germ of suspicion taken such a firm hold upon her soul.

And so when Wednesday the following week came around Anne found herself no nearer a solution.

And, acting on an impulse born of desperation, she decided to throw all sense of pride and honor to the winds.

The thing must be settled once and for all.

At nine o'clock Wednesday evening Anne called her husband's office on the 'phone, asked if she might speak to Gregg, and upon hearing his voice over the wire, hung up the receiver without speaking a word.

So far so good.

It was now 9:05.

Anne backed her own roadster from the garage and drove down town and parked at a spot which commanded a view of the front door of Gregg's office building.

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Hardly had she switched off the ignition when her heart gave a bound.

A blue coupe, with chromium covered tire racks mounted on either running board, had just pulled away from the opposite curb.

There were two people in the car, a man and a woman.

The man was Gregg!

There was no mistaking it.

The blue coupe with the chromium tire covers was his. There was no mistaking this, either.

Anne sat as if stunned.

Now that she had actually seen with her own eyes, the revelation was more of a blow than she had anticipated.

The shock of it had a sort of numbing effect.

She sat still for five minutes. Gradually her tensed muscles relaxed. She moved automatically, started the car, guiding it through traffic toward home.

Home!

The thought sickened her, tore at her heart.

Gregg—untrue! Incredible!

Yet she had seen . . . Well, it was best she knew, best that the thing was settled.

Now she could conduct herself with some definite plan of action in mind.

Of course she'd have to leave Gregg. This was inevitable.

The parting would be hard.

She pictured his looking at her. That would be harder still—meeting his eyes, which had always been so twinkly and wholly lovable.

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Anne told herself she still loved him. Hers was the kind of love that went on and on.

It would never end.

Yet it would be easier not seeing him . . .

She left her roadster beside the house.

It would be best to leave tonight. Perhaps before Gregg got home. No, that wouldn't do.

She'd pack first, then wait to face him.

The house was deathly still.

It was always still and lonesome feeling without Gregg there.

It always would be.

Anne's lips were grim.

There was a strange calm about her, a determination in her expression.

She hoped that the feeling of strength which had come to comfort her would last until the thing was done.

Anne snapped on her dressing table light and began to gather things into a little pile.

For one brief moment she thought of Gregg and almost gave in to the ache in her heart.

Then something happened—

Another light snapped on.

Anne turned.

Gregg was sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes, trying to adjust a sleep-drugged mind to what was happening.

"Gregg!"

"Huh?—oh, hello, Anne. Sorry I dropped off before you came in. Couldn't help it. . . . Too much work . . . Dead tired . . . I had to quit early tonight."

He lay back.

"Dumb cluck of a stenog tried to make me drive her all the way home. I dropped her at Fifth street. . . . Get a bus there."

His voice faded.

He closed his eyes, breathing heavily in sleep.

Once he roused, brushed a hand across his cheek with a little gesture of impatience.

For even in slumber the sensation caused by hot tears splashing down on one's face is disturbing.

**Buckwheat, Asiatic Product**

Buckwheat, says a Chicago scientist, is not considered a grain at all by botanists but is a near relative of the common smartweed. It was first grown as a cultivated crop in the high plateaus of Tibet about 2,000 years ago and was not only used as a food but the Tibetans concocted a drink from it resembling our own beer. China and Manchuria took up its cultivation and traders introduced it to Europe sometime during the Fifteenth century. It made its first appearance in America about 100 years after the first English colonies were founded. Its cereal products and buckwheat cakes have become so desirable that now the United States raises about 9,000,000 bushels annually.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**The Island of Napoleon**

Elba, the Island of Napoleon, is the largest island in the Tuscan archipelago and forms part of the province of Leghorn. While its real fame attaches to Napoleon, its material fame is in its wealthy iron ores, its climate and fertile soil. During its history, Elba has involved the Saracens, the people of Barbary, the Pisans, the Genoese, French, English and Spaniards in warfare. Today it is part of the kingdom of Italy. The villa of San Martino, an unpretentious building, was altered by Napoleon as a residence for himself, but today there is nothing left of the furniture of his time.

HARD TIMES IN PERIOD OF 1815

British Colony Felt Effect of "Depression,"

If we think depressions are 1930 upstarts, we need only to take a trip to Drummond Island in the St. Mary's river and turn back its pages of history to learn that more than 100 years ago a colonel in the British army, an enthusiastic boatbuilder, brought about a few hardships by his dream of cornering Great Lakes' traffic, Jack Van Coevering writes, in the Detroit Free Press.

The facts concerning this episode were dug up by B. Frank Emery, secretary of the Old Forts and Historic Memorial association, and had it not been for him, this little story would remain neglected and almost forgotten with the island itself.

Away back in 1815, the year after Great Britain and Uncle Sam had made peace, Lieutenant Colonel McDonnell, commander of the British fort at Mackinac Island, received the news that Mackinac had gone to the Yankees under the treaty. He had to find a new fort for his country, and having his mind set on bigger and better strongholds, he ferried to Drummond Island, which commanded the traffic of the lakes. Here he started his building operations, despite the fact that the British exchequer sent no cash for the purpose.

By the time the second winter came, things began to slip. Perhaps credit became tight. Certainly fresh meat and vegetables, lime juice, and even vinegar ran out altogether. The men contracted scurvy, for they were subsisting wholly on salt provisions. Surgeon Mitchell tells that the meats had become unwholesome, and by the latter part of June, 14 men had died.

John J. Bigsby, who visited the fort in 1826, indicates that the depression was beginning to lift, for he writes of the following menu:

"A small square lump of highly salted beef, a bowl of stewed pudding and two dishes of potatoes were both dinner and dessert. I was astonished. This was followed by poor Spanish wine. It appeared that contrary winds had retarded their supplies. Such is military life on a detached service."

If Mr. Bigsby is to be believed, the depression lifted completely when the birds returned in spring. Perhaps with a bit of overenthusiasm, he says: "Pigeons and ducks at certain seasons were so plentiful that it is said, but I do not vouch for the fact, that one had only to fire up the chimney and a couple of ducks would fall into the pot."

Such is the story of Colonel McDonnell. Today one may stand on the spot he selected, 100 feet above the water, from which his guns were to sweep the channels of commerce. When the shadows of evening fall, one sees the lights of five beacons of peace shine across the waters—the lighthouses of our own government service.



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**SYRIAN BR'ER RABBIT**

The tales Uncle Remus told didn't come from Georgia after all, according to archeologists of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. They claim Br'er Rabbit and all his friends came from ancient Syria originally, and by being handed down by word of mouth now exist in a southern locale.—Pathfinder Magazine.



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