

EVER, EVER GREEN

By FANNIE HURST

Lola Lalady and Al Delano are married and settle down in a small town...

CHAPTER V THE box-like bedroom, hedged in between the kitchen and front room...

FANNIE HURST The drone of mid-afternoon descended. A million notes swam in a bar of sunshine which crossed the bright window...

Some cotton daisies gazed up at her with innocent eyes from the bottom of a battered pasteboard box...

It was as if something crept within her and her heart took flight, soaring backward through resilient time...

She paused, poised on her toes, her arms flung in a circle over her head and the quick color draining out of her face...

For a frozen instant she glanced about her, dragged at the bed covering as a cloak for her finery, but it clung to its moorings and, abandoning it in her frenzy, she burst through the door into the darkened front room...

"Lo!" She called at his hand which lay atop the rug. It was limp and strangely cold.

At 6 o'clock Adalia finished its day with a beating of factory whistles and a sonorous booming of the First Presbyterian chimes...

At 6:10 the Prairie Flyer thundered into the station, with a row of porters swaying on its coach steps, storks in hand...

The "Forty Thieves" theatrical troupe rattled round to a man. At 7:30 grilling arc-lights sprang before the Opera House, and at that same moment Mr. Charlie Lee bounded up the front steps of a cottage on the hill...

He knocked, then stood for a moment in the cocked attitude of listening, his head inclined and four knuckles poised. Knocked again and the door swung back on silent hinges...

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he was nailed and marrying him in a hospital. "Some press stuff that!" "It's just like Ben says about him, he—his was too good for—his was too good to live."

"Naw, naw, quit crying, Lo. Crying ain't going to help. Brineys never salted down anybody's troubles."

"Ain't I the silly? Only when I get started about him and what he was and all I—just can't keep 'em back, Lemmie get you some cider, Lee. Ben sent us up the press and we made it tight here ourselves. Lemmie get you some."

"Oh, Lee, don't you know—?" "I beat it while the company was in line for wardrobe so you wouldn't think the gang was forgetting. We got in just in time for make-up and seven. The girls squealed for time to come and see you both, but it's all we can do to run the show off and beat it out over the 'leven-seven get."

"How's the girls and all of them, Lee? Gee, ain't we sat here winter night all night and talked about you all? We used to follow the route list snowy evenings and laugh and laugh about the girls kicking and nagging among themselves about the hotels and tanks."

"That gang would kick in a canoe. I nearly cannoned them all in Lawrenceville, Kansas. We close in Sedalia Saturday, and there ain't ten of them would get another job out of me with a pair of pinchers. Mack's meeting me in Trenton and then I hike back to the big town with him."

"Mack!" "Yes, I told you I'd land that Amsterdam Roof show for us, didn't I?" "Broadway for sure, Lee! Say, you'll be giving Belasco lessons next."

"I'm going to put on the biggest girl show that town ever seen."

"Gee, but—but I'm glad for you, Lee. He glanced at her sideways."

"What you going to do, sister—stick around this dump?" "I dunno."

"Fine place for a murder or a deft and dumb school."

"It ain't ain't so bad, Lee, when you get used to it; the neighbors and friends they sat for a moment in a lead-heavy silence."

"Presently she raised her tear-daubed face."

"He was game through up—up to the end, Lee. It—it come so sudden like I—he never let us know—but he must have known—he knew all the time—but—but he never let out a complaint or let us know he knew. He was the real stuff, Lee, if—if ever a fellow was. He was! He was!"

"He was—the real thing, Lee, he—"

"You was, too, kiddo. Nobody can say you didn't stick. And it wasn't your fault, neither. Al was always a great one for keeping his own props and the next day Ed found there was a screw gone from his spring-board. It wasn't your fault; the gang all knows that."

Her tears welled afresh. "No, no, no. He was always saying that, too. But you can't tell me nothing about that. Nobody can. No body can."

"It was a grand thing you done, Lo. You oughta see the space we got about this side of Oklahoma City. It'll be good press stuff for the future. It'll be sticking to a guy like that when—when"

"Guess you'll be pulling up stakes around here pretty soon, eh?" "I—why, I dunno, Lee."

"There ain't many girl-shows being booked for summer. Me and Mack's got the first grab 'em, too, but the 'Amsterdam Roof' is sure the swellest on Broadway, Lee."

"You think I forgot my promise to you, kiddo, now—now that you're out in the swim again, don't you? You think I've forgot?"

"What?" "You think I forgot that I promised you last fall that there's a forty-dollar job waiting for you in that show."

"(Concluded Tomorrow.)"

Seems to me I never pick up a magazine these days without finding an earnest article on the importance of taking good care of one's complexion.

It's made me fairly jumpy, and I find myself anxiously searching my harms less appearance in the mirror for tell-tale wrinkles and incipient blemishes.

For I do not use cold cream several times a day. I do think, however, that it is a good plan to stimulate the skin by a massage treatment.

And since I have an electric vibrator, classes itself automatically by virtue of my economic handicap, under the title of luxuries, I have come to the conclusion that a very good substitute is a massage roller.

It will remind you of one of those round desk blotters on a handle. But the

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