THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

THE CHARACTERS

row suburban society and in preserving her beauty.

ARGERY (THE IMP)—Thirty-two, but fifteen in spirit. Holding the key to yesterday and tomorraw. Called a musband snatcher" by the neighbors.

HE ANDERSON KID, and TRUDGE, mar-Airedale—Pals to the Imp. cunnin—Bertha's bored Boston buil—is secret sympathy with Charles. IN HE HASWELLS, THE RAWSONS, THE ALLENS, THE CHRONIC OBVIOUS THE HABITUAL MEDDLER—Inhabitants of Bertha's world.

BERTHA was very decent. She had to to keep house for ... 'Kept house for yourself. There isn't a blessed thing in this house that awkward silence ensued.

damined the players. "I didn't know anybody in the world ever played croquet towndays."
The four bridge players wedged themselves carefully behind their table, but the evening was no longer sedate or consistent.

humorelly, only her heightened color showed that she was conscious of the gleat numbing of the bridge players. When the refreshment trays were wheeled in, the men escorted the unvelcome visitor to the shadowy window seat, where she let them feed her elmonds. The five of them is to the shadowy window seat the she let them feed her length of the shadow window seat the she let them feed her length of the shadow window seat the she let them feed her length of the shadow window seat the she let them feed her length of the shadow window seat the she was conscious of the shadow window seat that she was conscious of the shadow window seat the she was conscious of the shear that the she was conscious of the shear that the she seat, where she let them feed her almonds. The five of them kicked their beels in a row and sang an absurd heels in a row and sang about the beauty of "foo-oo-ood" him shockingly disloyal of Bertha to heels in a row and sang an absur-song about the beauty of "foo-oo-ood" that had endless verses.

The bostess was very solicitous about her unexpected guests. Mrs. Derring-I men Dearborn-did I get the name right?-more

Miss Haswell shot a surprised glance at the snubbed person on the window seat, accepted a wireless and shrugged.

She'd known Margery too long to inter
He managed to stay in his room for fere with any game she wanted to start, fere with any game she wanted to start. And she knew perfectly well that the agently crushed manner with which that young woman bade her hosters gooding the was entirely for the hencit of the host. Nothing loath, Miss Haswell kept the ball rolling.

well kept the ball rolling.

Well kept the ball rolling.

Is something like twenty minutes after her departure. The rest of the house was no better; its pretfiness and emptiness mocked him. It seemed exactly like Bertha—sinug, well ordered and soulless. He decided to wa's.

He ptrode impatically off into the dark betters with the wind blowing.

He forgot to say good-night to the others until his wife reminded him. others until Les wife reminded him.

He smoked a careful eigarette in the driveway before he faced the music. Bestea was adjusting the dog s leash.

Le helped her awkwardly, her hair "Cuppin' hasn't had his run today.

enough.
"I think," she remarked with studied courtesy, "that I'll go in town with new slip covers for the library. "I'm not going on the early train." He had the grace to redden.

"Then I'll go on whatever train you She eyed him firmly. suggested that train because the Sherans go on that, and as we're going to dinner and theatre with them we could make the arrangements on the way in. He answered not at all.

you're thinking about that wo man's old car," she flamed out sudden-ly, "why, I'll telephone for a garage man. It would be cheaper in the end than ruining your decent clothes." did not answer. But he

tarted out toward the Dearborns' end f the street. He retraced his steps meekly when she suggested the other "Don't go down in all that shrub-

ery and weeds. Keep out in the open. don't want Cunnin' just chewed with He walked the other way, came back

moking another eigarette, waited until Bertha had carried her pet upstairs and then reso, by took up the telephone.

Bertha, listening on the stair landing.

"Dear old soul named Deborah. Used

broad shelf that ran alongside the wall.
"Get out of my way. You bother to greatly be told her with mock gruffness."
They breakfusted under the grape arbor while a wide-eyed maid ran back and forth three times for more ham and seeded all in the same breath. But she did neither. She just let him talk. And the burden of it all was:
"I'm tired of it—sick of it! I've been cheated out of everything I've tand forth three times for more ham and seeded and it. She just let him talk. And the burden of it! I've been cheated out of everything I've tand forth three times for more ham and seeded all in the same breath. But she did neither. She just let him talk. And the burden of it! I've been cheated out of everything I've tand forth three times for more ham and seeded all in the same breath. But she did neither. She just let him talk. And the burden of it all was:

"I'm tired of it—sick of it! I've been cheated out of everything I've talk." and forth three times for more ham and the atoma of an after-breakfast cigar.

He launched to the experimental mone.

Been cheaten out of everyone wanted in life, Kiddles, Peace, evening pipe, A sailboat, A so horse, An outdoor jub. A formal mone. He launched into an animuted monosimself telling her about his one ad-

So, of course, there was a fearful So, of course, there was a fearful reckening awaiting in the evening state of the injured heroine in too elaborate a gown. Bertha presided over a perfect dinner table.

Alas for her pose! She had forgotten that it was the second of the month. Lack was with Charles. Before she had shed one dramatic sentence of her carefully planned percentage.

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LES SHIRLEY—Forty-seven, out fifty!" Tobacco broker, bored life, himself, and particularly life, himself, and particularly that rets are and the control of the control of

the suburban society and in preserve we suburban society and in preserve her beauty. "For nothing? Why, I've given up everything to your comfort for nearly seventeen years. My girlhood, my—"Girlhood! You were a mere child of twenty-four when I married you; we'll call that girlhood stuff off. I can't

think of anything you've ever given up."
"I've given up my time to keeping house for you." she flared back at him. You're a rather exasperating person

from the cue he was chalking. An away of the cue he was chalking. An away of silence ensued.

"Won't you take my hand?" Bertha tried to shove har cards across the table. "Miss Haswell does pool. We're table. "Miss Haswell does pool. We're table. There's nothing done the way I want it! There isn't a comfortable thing in it for me except my old morris chair, and you've put that in the attic. It's taken about all I could earn to keep this darned place going, and what I get is a place to sieep and a couple of meals a day. I can't even amuse myself as I please. Bridge—billiards—heavens! You don't seem to be satisfied unless you've got me tied in the house."

"Bertha's pretty laughter damied, the players. "I didn't know anybody in the world ever played croquet towndays."

"In a closed car!"

"We have the windows out in summer—"She was crying now. Tears had always been a reserve force that brought in to her side with a "never-mind-mean."

wim to her side with a "never-mind-we'll-forget-it," but this time he growled in exasperated tones.

"Oh, quit quibbling! I'm sick and tired of it.

Hemeric laughter waged about the billiard table. The angular spinster played batter rool than any of the men and constantly twitted them. The new pupil, delightfully awkward, bad four ardict instructors who liked to show her exactly what to do. They steadied her arm and hand frequently. She was ristly excited. She dodged lightly about in her stubby rubber-soled oxfords; she took their bantering good fords; she took their bantering good forms, she took their bantering good forms, and she telephoned at this particular moment to ask why they hadn't started for her house. Charles declined abruptly, "My dear boy, you can't! Bertha

have discussed their difference of opin-ion with any one, particularly with an habitual meddler. He shut himself in his room until she had departed, pro-testing, with the Rawsons. Faint echoes of her silly excuses about his

He managed to stay in his room for something like twenty minutes after her departure. The rest of the house was

well kept the ball rolling.

"Semeboily's got to crank Margery's car. The self-starter is self-stopped, that's how I happened to run into her out here."

All four men volunteered, but it was Charles who struggled with the rusty

Charles who struggled with the rusty

He strode impatically off into the dark, butless, with the wind blowing against his set face. He wandered aimtensly for the wind the wind blowing an hour or two when he found himself crossing the Dearborns' bit of lawn.

The wind was high now, the faint "Nothing meh the matter," he yelled above the chugging of the other cars. "Think I know what ails it. I'll run over in the morning and give it a look—see."

He forget to say good-night to the others suit its wife remainded him.

The wind was high now, the faint smell of a wood fire vaguely comforting. A boyish figure in an atrocious coat, with the inevitable dog at her heels, was in the shelter of the porch. "Lo!" she greeted him. "Blows like a storm, ruffles all our faithers, eh? Spring's a fiekle jade; don't see why we

tumbled, caught itself in the button of his sleeve. He trembled while she was so basy. Will you give him just his sleeve. He trembled while she ne turn?" Charles took the leash quietly startled her into spoken sympathy.

"How tired you are!" she murmured impulsively. "Don't you want to sit Impulsively. "Don't you want to si down and rest a little-you look so

> "Look tired! I am tired," his words came tumbling in a throaty rush. "I'm so tired of everything and everybody train you that I -well, I've about reached my

He could have bitten his tongue be fore he had finished. He pressed his hands against his graying temples and

shut his lips grimly In spite of his gray hair, in spite of those tightened lips, there was some-thing fundamentally boyish about him. She managed to smile at him, but her throat contracted. She had a sudden vision of how he must have looked when he was a very little boy, a chubby lit-tle boy, who had played too hard and who needed mothering.

"I'm seventeen kinds of a cad, but

I've got to talk to somebody! She pulled up an armchair before the fire, put a steadying hand on his shoulder, hunched herself demurely on a hassock across the hearth from him and clasped her hand, about her knees. "Light up, old dear. Get it out and over with. Pretend I'm your favorite

Bertha, listening on the stair landing.

Caught-every word of his quiet conversation.

"Sorry I can't patch up your car in the merning. I'll go at it the first thing Thursday, Oh, please don't. He's a very lacificient workman. I'll be glad to do it. I know exactly what's the matter. You were? Do forgive me. What a clear conseince—to be able to tumble to sleen.

"I had one, v'know," he began dully.

"Dear old soul named Deborah. Used to run up every spring and see her for a few days. Just on my own. Bertha never wanted to go. Went two years what hadn't the sweet soul done for me—and for Bertha—but Bertha wouldn't go. Bertha hates funerals. Never liked Aunt Deborah."

The person on the began dully.

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"Dear old soul named Deborah. Used to run up every spring and see her for a few days. Just on my own. Bertha never wanted to go. Went two years ago to bury the little old lady—Lord. You were? Do forgive me, what a clear the proposition of the person o

conscience—to be able to tumble to sleep
as quickly as that! Pleasant dreams."

He was at the door of her garage
long before S on Thursday. She was
this ring with the car herself, her eyes
shinkering with the car herself, her eyes
shinkering her cheeks with. blining, her cheeks pink. She laughingly see how she was taking his confidences. tened with a mingling of pity and scorn. deliberately fifted her to the She was honestly ashamed of herself

horse. An outdoor jub. A funny concerning his trade. He found try hill. I get nothing but bridge-if telling her about his one adrenture, his journey to tobacco growing Ands. He walked away from her with a Youthful swagger; there was an air of have do about the very angle at which ha wore his hat. He forgot to stop at his own house to explain that he had breakfasted.

Real State of the library furniture. If I'm good and careful, sometimes I'm allowed to take Cunnin' for a walk! My life is bounded on the north, south, east and west by what Bertha must have and what Bertha wants to do! There isn't whole world who cares anybody in my whole world who cares

dushed one dramatic sentence of her carefully planned peroration he had bounced upon a bundle of mail that con listed mostly of household bills. Behind the same funny old dear you always the harstends by the same funny old dear you wouldn't barricade he sat at the library table pretended preoccupied indifference marry the Queen of Sheba whenever targedy-queen remarks. In sivon were disgusted with any of uses to jotted down a long line of look." With a quick gesture she to her tragedy-queen remarks. In since he jotted down a long line of figures totaled them and handed the tavelope to Bertha, with an ironteal low. She glanced at it with supercilious recrows.

"You can't expect to live the way we do without paying." she gave her familiar answer. But to her amaze-



By Hayward Copyright, 1821, by Public Ledger Company SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Traffic Cops Are Useful OH GOODNIGHT! I FORGOT MY VANITY MIRROR' AND NOT A SHOP WINDOW TIL I GET DOWN TOWN : 00 00 0



The young lady across the way says she thought slugging had been entirely eliminated from football and now she sees by the paper that our ends were repertedly boxed by their opponents.





By C. A. Voight

HOW DO YOU LIKE

LATE BOUGHT

TODAY UNCLE

PETEY "

THE NEW HATS

PETEY-Wrong Again - ONLY A \$100.2) - LOOK PETEY, DEAR, - ARE YOU -THEY THINK ! DON'T EACH - DUCK-SOUP -COMFORTABLE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON UNCLE PETEY-AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE - FROM HOW TILL SHALL I GET YOU STEAK AND ONIONS TOO XMAS I'M GOING TO GET ANOTHER PILLOW? A LOT OF ATTENTITUE - UM --OH - FIHE BOY: THANKS MABEL

