THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

THE CHARACTERS

LES SHIRLEY—Forty-seven, but fifty!" Tobacco broker, bored life, himself, and particularly ly.

Charles reddened. He set are ly. IA-His wife, forty-one. Careful age-dodger, absorbed in her nar-suburban society and in preserv-

schals entry on the suburban scene ismance pulsing again in Charles' said stirs resentment in Bertha, coddling of Charles develops the that he had known her in the long

MOVED ponderously toward her nd stooped to touch the scar on

You're little Maggie Sherman!"

ed to live around the corner from odded again.

after that you let me go along "Why, Bertha always thou to you caught the big bass down children tied a woman down!" You let me carry him

"What a whopper he was!" his eyes

You couldn't have had. You were "Fifteen," she answered succinctly. don't just recall now much offer sector was than Elaine, but her feel-must have been like mine. You were so good to me You were the person who made life endurable.

n't taken me in for her to bandage.

n hear her yet saying, 'My stars.

at a lofty brow! And what a he asked her eagerly. "We wonder and wonder, Aunt Debs Whatever made you go off, that silly note, and however did

ver known Aunty Debs if you

shook her head. "It doesn't matter. It was awfully And most of the time I had In fact, I've had fun most of

stopped and said: o, Cinderella!

"You beckened for me to come over place! Why, this kind of a place is place! Why, this kind of a place is just full of a lot of tabby cats who wouldn't understand at all—if—I—welt—if I should seem interested in you—"

"Seem interested! You aren't gorinces believe in Bill Shakespeare.

you———, should seem interested in gets the boy that said, "All the world's latge." All you have to do is to resember you're an actor, and just this sinute I'd say you were acting pretty delicious mimicry of his Aunt Deborate. You've got to stop acting that

"Aunty Debs thought the Robinsons ish't give me enough to eat." she fin-bed for him. "Well, they didn't. her gave me enough meat and bread. at they didn't understand that thirea-year-old poor relations need hy-claths to feast their souls. You did. a gave me lots of hyacinths.

ad of flowers."
"You called me Madge and Margery stead of Maggie. You taught me to fairly widgy wi' food!"

They are in the kitch

"I didn't learn to swim very well. ever have learned well enough that the given myself any white corals. at look so worried about it. Think hear the time you took me out to your busin Al's farm haying. Um, I can mell that yet!"

He leaned forward laughing like a "Roddy, dear! Charley boy! Come

leaned forward laughing like a You were such a fierce, scrappy lit-

"All longing—" her voice was ten"All longing—" her voice was ten"." Well, you played with me
I that summer. Right up to the day
I the Slocums' lawn party. And after
I the Slocums' lawn party. And after "That's funny," he ejaculated.
Bow did that happen? Oh, let's see—
lat was the fall I went to Havana—
by, you skipped out yourself before I
eat to Havana—

How did that happen? Oh, let's see—lat was the fall I went to Havana—ty, you skipped out yourself before I was to Havana—"Yes," she agreed quietly. "I helped out just about a week after that focum party. I helped pass the ice was and wash the dishes for that thy. And all the while I was wash-if dishes you were out on the side went talking to Hertha. She looked so tity I hated her! She had a big from hat with pink roses and a lat d'esprit dress and she laughed all time—you called me over and intro-will into to her and she laughed all time—you called me over and intro-will into to her and she laughed at the will be safe for you to shake me as you used to do! You might lose the key out of my pocket?"

"What key?" he demanded, completely mystified. "The key to yesterday! The way. And now, too late.

Before tomorrow's close-locked gate, Helpless I stand, in vain to pray—In vain to sorrow—Only the key of yesterday.

Unlocks tomorrow." stime—you called me over and introted as to her and she laughed at the
by my hair was tied. And the next
at you said:
"Gee, that girl that's visiting the

have a pretty laugh-but I

fire crumbled on the hearth. well. Bertha's never lost her against her still the best thing Bertha does. The laught is still the best thing Bertha does. The laught is still the best thing Bertha does. The laught is on me most of the time."

Margery thumped her fist against her that the first part that the first that th the little hard to put in words. You have never either of us been fair lestha. I'll have to tell you that seen Bertha and talked with her to and the least of the lest open to kiss her just as the Rawsons' car rounded the bend of the road.

Even though Charles Shirley was

past me and said: you're working somewhere mocked Bertha's carefully tones perfectly; she even

"Look here," he snapped briskly.
"Bertha probably didn't mean anything as raw as all that. So we'd better leave Bertha out of our conver-

me wrong absolutely. And we can't leave Bertha out at all. I'm only telling you all this to make you see—Bertha. You and I have neither of us ever seen Bertha herself. I've seen a person I hated and you've seen a person you loved. We've loved and hated Bertha's prettiness instead of the real Bertha. The minute you began scold-ing about her it flashed over me how awful it must be, I mean how awful'y hard it must be to have to be a Bertha She's always been ornamental, part of the scenery instead of part of the play. A whole lot like Gulliver tied down by the Lilliputians—their wee ropes were and I chased you around that big when you teased me about the liming twins and yelled. 'Wouldn't down all her life by invisible hairpins and the life by invisible hairpins and hairnets and veils and gloves and een of Sheba,' and down you high heels and boarding-school manners and absurd little ideas of class distinc-"It wasn't your fault," she assured tions and lace dollies and a thousand asn't your fault. She assured thous and lace dollies and a thousand sionately. "It really didn't and one inconsequential things that the tall. I really liked wearing seemed important. If somebody had dage. It made me feel disonly loosed those strings—children do. And it was the very next would have done it!" only loosed those strings—children would have done it!"
"Why, Bertha always thought that

"Then why are we women who haven't them so cramped? But at that Bertha's better off than you are beglistening. 'You looked such a cause she's never known freedom; so she doesn't know what she's missed.

"Had a most awful crush on "Tou couldn't have had. You were main and years younger."
"Fifteen." she answered succinctly. "You blessed dear! It was I who didn't just recall how much older the total was than Elaine, but her feeltwenty pounds too stout or that your hair is getting gray or those owlish specs of yours—behind them your eywlook the way mine must have looked the day you called me Cinderella—as though your soul were bankrupt! And all these years I'd been thinking of you as rich in joys and fancies. When I think back to that summer when you poured out a wealth of fun and com-fort for the poverty-stricken, scarcd little girl that I used to be, I feel as though I could never pay you back." She moved closer to him, she took his hand in both of hers. "So think how glad I am that I've happened back when you need me. You can't know, you can't possibly remember, how much in. In fact, I've had fun most of the time I had in the since the day you first spoke in the since the day you first spoke in the spoke

"'' Lo, Cinderella! Didn't the meant—'it's very nice show up last night?'
"I don't believe in princes,' I around doing that sort of thing now we're older! Not in this kind of a place! Why, this kind of a place is

sy or I won't take you fishing with hands in an imaginary apron. "When se tomorrow. I won't take you any unless you dig all the worms—"
"You certainly were a stingy little hing. Aunty Debs thought——" he topped, embarrassed."

ah's old Scotch maid she wound her hands in an imaginary apron. "When you're through wi' your bickering. Master Charley, what will ye be takin' to your supper?" her simulated scolding whine carried him back a score of years.

He rumpled his hair excitedly. "What rows Uncle Rodman and I used to have Sunday nights! And what wouldn't I give for a dish o' Til-

lie's scallops and bacon!"
"We're just out of scallops, but
we've oodles of bacon!" she caught
at his hand. She fairly raced him into He shook his head stupidly.

"Can't remember sending you any the way you taught me on a campfire.

You called me Madge and Margery of raspberry jam and we'll cat till we're

They are in the attended. She sat on the table and swung her feet while her absurd dog begged for scraps. They laughed immoderately as she pretended the same of t she was Tillie and scolded him as Tillie used to scold. She banked her fire, just as Tillie had banked hers. She wound the clock, exactly as Tillie had wound hers. Then, with a quick change, she

> out of that kitchen! You've pestered Tillie long enough. She wants to set her bread..." her bread-"You witch!" he cried. "Stop it You're just the same imp you used to be! We never knew whether to laugh

at you or to shake you. She edged away from him. "You must not shake me now ! cried in mock terror, "It wouldn't be safe for you to shake me as you used

Unlocks tomorrow She had opened the door and was Gee, that girl that's visiting the blowing her hair about her well-shaped head. Suddenly, without in the least knowing why he did it, he tilted her chin upward, leaning against it, the sweet night wind

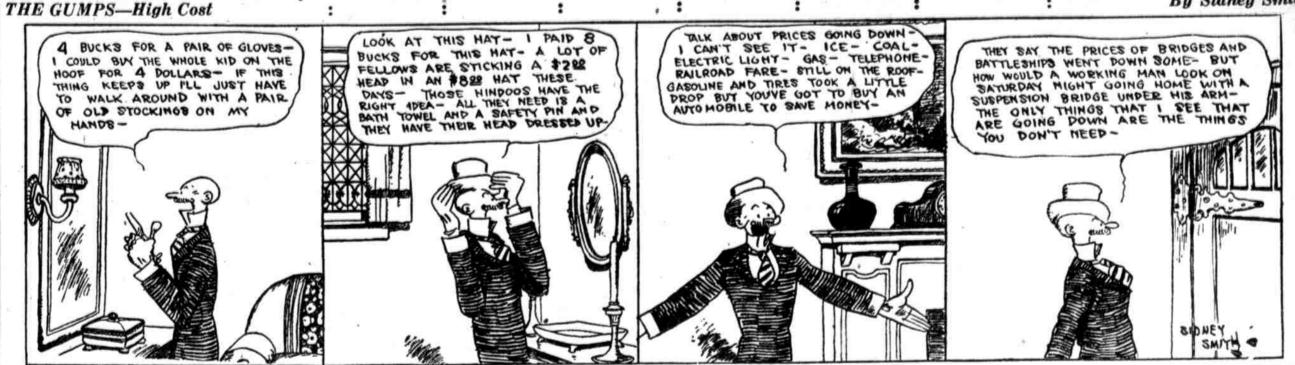
chin upward, "Do you like me n little, Miss Imp? Do you like me a little?"
His absurd old endearment for her slipped out quite unconsclously. It threw her off guard. She stood tip-toe with delight to think that he was really beginning to remember her. She shook hands with herself cordially; that was a droll trick that he had

taught her. "Oh, heaps and heaps!" she an swered ecstatically, just as she had in

seen Bertha and talked with her to ad. I came here. I saw her the very sad day. I was so surprised that I and said. 'Oh, how do you do?' cold see that she did very well, in. She looked just luscious! I still about how I'd been systemally hating her all these years. I lust perfectly thrilled to find some out of the past as lovely as my election. Well, Bertha didn't recalls me, of course, until I told her ter she'd met me. Bertha didn't recalls me me me. Bertha didn't recalls me, of course, until I told her the she'd met me. Bertha didn't recalls me is the remembered the dishelf. So she looked straight through and past me and said:

And work of the past as lovely as my learn to find some to be running away. He heard not a sound. And Margery, learning limply against the closed door, struggling to smother her laughter—or was it a sob that made both hands fly to her throat?—listened to his soft. fly to her throat?-listened to his soft drawn whistle of relief as his footsteps

crunched in the gravel. CONTINUED TOMORROW



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Also With Thanks From Yours Truly



I AM THANKFUL BECAUSE AS THE DAYS GO ON I DRAW NEARER AND WEARER TO THE GREAT ROMANCE I KNOW WILL ENTER MY 7 LIFE TURK VENUS



The Young Lady Across the Way

BALD

The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the other team kept intercepting our forward passes and for her part she prefers honorable defeat to victory obtained by such unfair methods.





