## MRS. REDMOND'S SHAME-By Maximilian Foster

One of the Series of Evening Public Ledger Original Short Stories on Married Life by the Best American Fiction Writers

TT WAS a quarter to 8 that morn- the bill. A "mere" husband! He ing-a full fifteen minutes past essentially was that. the usual hour-when the door of

mixed with guilt.

Dear, dear!" he clucked.

that Myrta Redmond, whose prominence as president of the Women's Hadmand's concern green more evidemands this and her other activities inside, he should alreads

donce had betrayed his unfitness; and neath her feet, him of the place. Afterward, if ever he appeared at one of the gather- binsis.



kineself that he nature existent when there is no fixed out. And My that is not only a winner in snaring trout, but it has equal merit in catching solman. pixentornal sport, but he is most reluctant to tell you have and when he started his correr as an author

Due to a desire to support newspaper world for the reason naners supplied the best copiet ence. "The young writer," he says, "has little experience of · only widens his own, but he

Mr. Foster's first story, 19. the Atlantic Monthly, was writ ten entirely at night in a news paper office. He was doing re would write down a page of that and then turn to a page of his

Redmond's bedroom opened and Red- THE hall downstairs was long and spacious. It was, in fact, in charmond hastily emerged. In the same actor with all the house, spacious not haste he hurried toward the stairs, only, but even vast, However, though He was late-that was all there was there were only these two to occupy it. to it—late at breakfast; and as he they, John Redmond and his wife, this too had its explanation. Space, or as reached the stairs, his eyes on the Myrta termed it. "scope,"-Myrta in hall clock as he brisked along, his her netive life needed naturally and it absorbed, somewhat boyish face was for this the house had been se-lected, a habitation suitably reomable wore on it a look of concern not un- for committee meetings, for caucuses largeness, of "scope," was due not en-To be late at one's own breakfast the furnishings, that, or, rather, the furnishings, that, or, rather, the furnishings, that, or, rather, the lack of them, accented this, and as offense; but as Redmond's haste de- Redmond instrued along the hall, the noted the case here was different, sight of its present here emptiness Time-and with it promptness- pricked him with another thrust of ceanaturally concerned a woman as seigner, a stab. Tonight a meeting, a active and influential as Redmond's committee concus, was to be held. wife. At any rate, in the life, the Myra's canadacy and her campaign for career she had made for herself, a State of see were to be discussed; and Mrs. Redmond long had found it strendy the nun-of-all-work, prompt necessary to regulate her day to a sat the task, had begun to move out the schedule, every minute of which was chairs, the tables and other furnishactively employed. Site was, in fact, they would be replaced by

State Civic Federation was State- paid, Holwas still burrying, but as he wide, if not national; and with the pariod the breakfast room and stoped

able that Redmond should do noth- | The breakfast room was theant, Mrs. ing to conflict with her appointed Redmond was neither there nor as it anplans. He was, it seems, the minor peared, had she already breakfasted and official of an insurence company in gold; and soring at her enjsty place,

effacing person, Redmond said on if would be called; and from now till then, wide circle of nequalitatives.

social and political associates, in the or all for present nearly five—she and her husband had consciously too familiar with his wife's associates, here as well. They fought Redmond, his temper rising. "Is she nearly five—she and her husband had social and political associates, and as Redmond know too, ways, her habitude, not to sense that with the same tool as the men. But ill?" he snapped again. Redired obscure, perhaps ineffective, his astonishment growing on his interest to be and in the place was to be something unusual had occurred to her. If Myria \* \* \* \* "No. she ain't," the woman nn-tis indications, however, were not Myria sgain, Myria, not Mrs. Religional Myria spain. Myria sgain, Myria, not Mrs. Religional months are coming down?"

That, indeed, was the word. True, It was a quarter to eight-fifteen minrestraint, a hint of nerves, of tempera- glued to the crack in the pantry door, a-bed," said Harriet Lipp. was only once, Redmond had appeared as honorary secretary of a peared before he had not seen the holdest before he had not seen Succumbed at the final moment to a her full heave life his wife was fre-distressing attack of migraine. His nearly out he high long after he had in the man she'd married. Between demanded.

Harrier Lipp's eyes narrowed deshy embarrassment, however-his pone to hel. What was strange, was the two, it was as if the usual marked fensively. ignorance, too, of the mere funda- that on a shar to her so vital. More setuation had become reversed the, not mentals of parliamentary law-at Redmand chartel bet time desirelle be- she, the dependent; she the master

"You're in ... " she growth aboutty.

it was in the role merely of that of ever did not remember him, new, Neither, other calls on Mrs. Redmond, there one of the audience—that, or in the was heavier more concerned in the manufacture of the role on Mrs. Redmond, there to be seen hovering dimin a shy face. Reduced will have preferred and silent figure mutely distributing thins-eyed Hole to serve him his pathe handbills, the dodgers and other "literature" Myrta Redmond had caused to be printed. "A mere husriet Lipp, was a protege of hers, a band" was Mrs. Hattic Farrell Tup- fragment in fact, of must buman socialper's term for him. She was vice wreckage Myrra Redmoni, in part with president of the Civic Federation for career, made it a Labit to snatch and a close political associate of from troubled waters and relaunch again Mrs. Redmond's. It is perhaps in life. The wanters, in fact, oxed not shocking, though, to reflect that the term she used fitted. Obscure and Redmond so Influence with the State self-effacing, John Redmend filled Parton Board Laving obtained Harriet Ir is the way with those who mult Lottle BASSETT, a recusposermon, who improve that Dick Livingstone is Jud. once in the pertinance. As Mrs. Red. Thing was wrong -wrong with Myrta pend, however, and pointed out, it was Redmond, and his mind dwelt on that LESLIE WARD. Elwadeth's brother-in-law. or a crime of violence, not one of ig. something wrong with Myrta. noble meanness or stealth, for which Harriet had been commutated; but of this mond. You understand, no doubt. In distinction, a difference, in Mrs. Red. other words, there were in Redmond's

"When it Mr. Redword coming both brief and far apart, that the aused the posse after Judom Clark to Wyra he had not alter, which she answered, and Red"She was still here, though, She was there now. Trouble."

A "more" husband, an appendage would Maggle Donaldson not have said well, the term fitted well enough 1; she had said "a man outside that "What?" Marrier Line's are did not alter.

She's breakfusting abed." said Har - ment gave to it. the tripp. I'h hab." repeated Harriet Lipp.

WONDERING veguely perturbed now, Rednesd windered to the labe in the same words, he drew out a chief and sensed bilineds, the midd entelling the wish hard, aggressive yes, it was nothing new, though, that



There was a movement among the pillows, sharp, vehement, visibly emphatic

judged obscure, perhaps ineffect that have the properties of the p the had made no mistake, however, was a quarrer to eight—fifteen min
was a quarrer to eight—fifteen min
was a quarrer to eight—fifteen min
respect the hour; and again fiest
"The hand of person give as a phase of the person of the panel and listened.

With direct finality the woman and the somewhat complacent self
The next instant, without even the restraint, a hint of nerves, of tempera
glued to the crack in the pantry door,

That a sked Redmond.

With direct finality the woman an
swered him. Shoving back his asked Redmond.

With direct finality the woman an
the mond directed annoyedly.

The hand on her shoulder she shook swered him. 'She's a-breakfastin'

The next instant, without even the restraint, a hint of nerves, of tempera
glued to the crack in the pantry door,

That ended in the panel and listened.

The hand on her shoulder she shook swered him. 'She's a-breakfastin'

The next instant, without even the restraint, a hint of nerves, of tempera
glued to the crack in the pantry door,

The land of precing and directed annoyedly.

The hand of precing and precing

hand. The change, however, if such had propelled from one embarrassing. He was still standing there, watch in happened, was not just equitable, for wife's associates and herself inwife's associates and herself included—had diplomatically relieved ball, the Redmond's waitress, the spensibility, that of the provider, the spensibility is the living; with that, he, to all intents and purposes, ings presided over by Mrs. Redmond. By Imond bases, he was That, how, the the household as well. Of that, John Reimand had stepped into the

> He was not thinking of it now. He was not thinking, either, of how he himself had become submerged, thrust inconspicuously into the background of their married life. Wonder still reigned among his thoughts, and in their considerations of the substitution of the subs fusion, his mind leaped with a quick in- FRED GREGORY, Benerity's brother and manager, school researches line him to formality from one thought to another.

The rest is two was as blant, as Redmond who'd taken his name, still a heavy showfall, an Ensterner and a period and two brief, and his distance was using it, she and Redmond were far tenderfoot had gone into the mountains of his growing. Redmond stared at the moart. It was only at odd intervals alone, under conditions which had wonder.

When it was the passe after Judson Clark to

was queer, though, the twist the mo-Mrs. Redmond was not merely Mrs. Redmond. He was a husband, yes

her horse. No, to be alone was nothing new. But now, Mrs. Reshmoid break-fasting in hed. That was new, yes.

A woman's trick, that breakfast in hed. It was a trick, too a woman's fall lit, gallouing. In the way with his story, even have gone to him brick of a soul that Maria heretofor would have scorned. The soft, the internal have scorned. The soft, the internal have scorned at woman kind within the cup, who had, one thing trick of a soul that Maria heretofor would have scorned. The soft, the internal have scorned at woman kind the cup, who had, one thing trick of the feminine thing the feminine thing the samed of womanking the start was a wrong, possible, anyhow the feminine trick will contain a soul that would have a certain appeal. It was possible, anyhow the start was possible, anyhow the mind to the mind to politics, scheme.

Redmond instinctively and contained the believe more proposed into the mind to politics, scheme. lines who mean, who mult, one thing part of the vax. The situation was one thing darks errors. The soft, the incomplete formulate the foundable formulation of the works at respective formulation the foundable formulation of the works at respective formulation the foundable formulation of the works at respective formulation of the works at the works at respective formulation of the works at the works at the works at respective formulation of the works at the works

crash under the strain of

fear and tragedy? Must it

pull down all loved ones

That ended it. For a long moment afterward, the

hard-featured maid stood there at the

MRS. REDMOND'S room was at the girlishly rounded and pink, revealed itself. She was still young—a woman above. For years—four years now, only a year or so over thirty; and now. "You, of course, would not under-

occupied separate rooms. As Redmond "No, she ain't," the woman anwered.
"Then why isn't she coming down?"

"The me alone, pray!"

"Th

the door and stepped inside.

tion whose dignity was unmistakable.

'Myrta!' he exclaimed.

She lay there among the coverings of had the better of Redmond; and he hard-featured maid stood there at the pantry-door, one hand at her breast, her face strained as she gazed after him. A breath escaped her. The mystery of all this, though, was not revealed to Redmond. Already he was at the stair- her thick, silky hair like ropes of bur- her thick, silky hair like ropes of bur- thick, silky hair like ropes of burnished copper lay strewn; and above the counterpane a limp, slender arm,

among the coverings seemed appealing- said. ly slight and youthful. More than that, though, in its supine pose at the moment there was a suggestiton of laxity, of helpless dejection that he was quick to sec.

"Myrta!" he cried again.

She answered him then. It was, owever, Mrs. Redmond rather than the Myrta he called who spoke. Nor did

"What is it?" she inquired. Redmond paused midway across the room. His air, its look eager and anxious, altered too.

"You all right?" he questioned. A pause. She still did not turn, and in the pause he stirred uncomfortably. Then from the bed came her voice, its

note, as before, still precise. "All right? . . Why do you ask,

Uncertainly, he took a step toward

"Why, you see, you didn't come to your breakfast." he faltered. Again she replied, this time with a change, a note of petulance in her

"I'm breakfasting here," she said. "I know-but the meeting-tonight your time," he faltered again. Another pause. Then from the pillows the reply. It came slowly, as if,

with the effort, ponderously. "There is to be no meeting," said "What?" interrogated Redmond.

A movement of restless impatience stirred among the pillows.

"I have called it off-canceled it." Perplexed, he ruffled up his brows. "You have postponed it?" he fn-

the pillows-sharp, vehement, visibly

"I have told you ones." Mrs. Red-mond said as sharply: "There is to be no meeting. That is enough, isn't it?"

Swiftly he hastened to the bed. In the same haste, the alert plarm bred of

missed the majestic rancor of the ges-

SHE turned then, momentarily tense, her features vital with the emotion

as Redmond looked at her, her figure | stand. It's ended, that's all," she Redmond gaped.

"Ended? What's ended?" "Everything for the time, anyway," she replied; "I'm done for, that's enough, isn't it?"

"Done for?" Her lips for an instant curved oft.

'You heard me!" she returned. "You she turn. From among the pillows her don't suppose for a moment, do you, voice rose formal and precise—the voice that I could run now for that office." She laughed harshly. "This year?" She laughed again, the laugh more rasping; and his jaw drooping, agape Redmond stared at her.

"Myrta !" Among the pillows she again gave

her shoulders a shrug. "Bah!-Fancy facing those women

The women she meant he knew. They, were those other women, her associates -public women like Mrs. Redmond herself. Why, however, she could not face them Redmond had yet to grasp. Startled, he caught swiftly at his breath. Then, as he stared down at her, the thought, the suspicion already that morning engendered in his mind, saw in her strained, embittered face the answering echo, an affirmative.

Shame-"Myrta," said Redmond, his voice hick; "what have you done?"

She looked up at him sharply, tosiing from her brow the thick, broned masses of her hair. "What! You mean you don't-don't

"What's wrong, Myrta? Tell me." said Redmond stoutly; "I'll help you. I'll stand by you, dear. If it's trouble, if even it's a wrong."
"Yes, if even the wrong." "Yes, if even shame-

He got no further. A laugh, sharp and intolerantly bitter and disgusted, came from among the pillows. It caught Redmond midway in his words, and left him, like a stranded fish, kasping impotently.

She told him then. It was to Redmond, too, the news was—as if she, Mrs. Redmond, had reached from the ed and felled him to the floor. He stood bed and felled him to the noor. He stood riveted. Then into his face, his eres, leaped the light, transfiguring like a swift burst of sunshine through a cloud, "Myrta!" he shrilled. Radiant, quivering to his feet, had he dared he would have reached down and gath-

ered her to his arms.
He dared not, though. It was Mrs.
Redmond, her face distorted with the
bitteeness of her defeated ambittons, that gaed up at him from among the

anew; 'you're like all meh, all you husbands. That's all you think about!" She gave her shoulders another dis-gusted, embittered shrug. "Go away —leave me; I want to sleep," she said.

Redmond went. It was as if he went, too, treading the mountain tops. Conuright, 1922, by United Feature Syndion All rights reserved. Reproduction probibits

in good? See how this

throbbing story of mystery,

regeneration and love solves

orders of various professional gentlemen

who had differed violently during the

course of David's Illness, but who now

suddenly agreed with an almost start-

the result of careful coaching by Dick. He saw in David's absence his only

possible chance to go back to Norada

without worry to the sick man, and be

felt, too, that a change, getting away

from the surcharged atmosphere of the

old house, would be good for both David

For days before they started Lucy

went about in a frenzy of nervous

energy, writing out menus for Minnie

for a month ahead, counting and re-counting David's collars and handker-

hiefs, cleaning and pressing his neck-

ties. In the harness room in the stable

Mike polished boots until his arm ached

rendy bulging, came three gift dressing

gowns for David, none of which he

"I don't know what's come over him.

Every present he's had since he was

ick he's taking along. You'd think he

But Dick thought he understood. I

"I declare." Lucy protested to Dick,

and Lucy.

these problems.

## BREAKING

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "Dangerous Days," "K," "The Amazing Interlude," and many other striking and successful novels.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, chief nivotenan I hope it's better land than he had cluse had led a lonely life; that he was in Harring, a small tour, general had bigs, life charge a small tour, general had been here."

It charge is expect concerning identity of here."

In student, and that he had no other their beloved asphere as it. his sixter, beloved by everybody to He turned his horse and rode beside peculiarities.

suddowed by his wife, submerged in the provided by his wife, submerged by the provided by t

Elizabeth's easter, an extravapant

Elizabeth, with whom he is anitten. months view Redmend was not think, wind two figures, always two-Myrta. Let the old Livingstone ranch, now the OUIS BASSETT, when he started in- mond. The two were vividly distinct. Wasson place, was carefully turning leritably. "This gentleman has come Myr's, the one he'd married, had the over in his mind David's participation in the escape of Judson Clark. Certain "I harmen the woman answered blue tever changed; she still was the pages of it were quite clear, provided one, the same; but the other, the Mrs. one accepted the fact that, following

> she had at first thought was a member of the searching party. Evidently, then,

Take the other angle. Say David and instinctively to him she became transformed. She was Myrta, and as Livingstone had not been sent for. Say Myrta, his wife, if Myrta needed he knew nothing of the cabin or its help. brother's books, and apparently REDMOND, startled, had half risen townspeople at Dry River believed that the from his chair when the pantry had gone back home. Then what had taken him, clearly alone and have anticling idea with bard, aggressive yes, it was besting the with a feeling of small believed forth. In her till, active life Mrs. Redmond resumed his seat. To Myria had taken him, clearly alone and away were before he had some down darks. There were affected darks, too, offering and new flown, offering and lake, than the entirely from the parties of the form. No, to be above was nothing her horse. No, to be above was nothing new. But now, Mrs. Redmond breaks.

The from his chair when the panaly down oneshed, and taken him, clearly alone and navy were before the had and taken him, clearly alone and navy were before he had an extension of the ten years, and I've never got a word about the Livingstones out of the could have flown, offering and alone. The men here, Bill was a month later. The men here ten years, and I've never got a word about the Livingstones out of the time. The men here they was a month later. The men here there, was a month later. The men here ten years, and I've never got a word about t

the ranch. Property, you say? Well, | certain unimportant facts; that the re-

the car to the house, for about ten years. Not much mourned sett asked.

The description Wasson had applied the north pasture and I'll be going." to Henry Livingstone Bassett himself On the Wassons' invitation he reundoubtedly; he rather thought, when bleak and mysterious. he looked away, that once or twice they ... Here's a man, a booklover and stu-

"No one clae?"

"Then it's up to me to trail rother." Bassett observed. f you remember where he lived?" Somewhere in the East. Bassett laughed.

He was certain again that they exchanged glances, but they continued know that that was deliberate. For to present an unbroken front of ig- that matter Mr. Livingstone wasn't nornnee. Wasson was divided between much more than a name to us."

"Did he ever say anything that "Comes a little late to do Henry Liv- would lead you to believe that he had ingstone much good," he said. "He's any family, outside of his brother and been lying in the Dry River graveyard sister? That is, any direct heir?" Bas-

either. He was about as close-mouthed "He never talked about himself," and uncompanionable as they make said Jake. "If that's all, Mr. Wasson, I've got a steer bogged down in

applied to see two ranch hands later on mained to lunch, and when the ranch during their interview. It could hardly owner excused himself and rode away have been called an interview at all, after the meal he sat for some time indeed, and after a time Bassett real- on the verandah, with Mrs. Wasson ized that behind their taciturnity was sewing and his own eyes fixed specususpicion. They were watching him, latively on the mountain range, close, "Strange thing,"

exchanged glances. He was certain, dent, who comes out here, not to make too, that Wasson himself was puzzled, a living and be a useful member of the "Speak up. Jake," he said once, himself alive. I wonder why."
"Itably. "This gentleman has come "A great many cohe out here to get

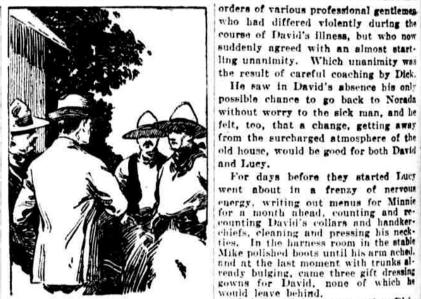
long way. It's a matter of some away from something, Mr. Bassett."
Yes, to start again. But this man "What sort of property?" Jake de- never started again. He apparently

tive."

"I suppose they wouldn't tell. Yet all don't see, unless—"she stopped, lost in some field of speculation where he could not follow her. "You know, we haven't much excitement here, and "Of course." she added when Barrand suppose they wouldn't tell. Yet talk to him about buying. He found him dead in his bed, but there was lost deep of their friendliness and him dead in his bed, but there was Lucy's despair.

Watching him, Dick was certain nothing further had come to threaten here. could not follow her. "You know, we I washed it up myself."
haven't much excitement here, and "Of course," she add haven't much excitement here, and when this boy was first seen around the place—he was here mostly in the may be all wrong. He might have rived, and as the days went on David't "That's a trifle vague," he commented good-humoredly. "Didn't you summer—we decided that he was a religious letters for him?" string vague, boys ever mail any letters for him?" the place—he was here mostly in the may be all wrong. He might have fallen in the next room and dragged himself to hed. But he was very neather was because by covered up." ative. I don't know why we considered the state of the was hardly ever seen. I don't even the was hardly ever seen the was hardly ever seen. I don't even the was hardly ever seen the was hardly ever seen

"You mean a son?" since. But the posse found a horse with the Livingstone brand, saddled, dead in



He was certain again that they exchanged glances, but they contin-ued to present an unbroken front of ignorance

was going to be shut up on a desert "You don't think Livingstone was manded. Jake was the spokesman of just quit."

"No he died of heart failure. There was an autopsy. But he had a bad clung to them now, in his age and served, easily. "What we want to served, easily. "Tid the boys tell you anything about have fallen—Bill and Jake were away. "Tid the boys tell you anything about have fallen—Bill and Jake were away. "The special of the place of wife and children; he was an autopsy. But he had a bad cut on his head. Of course he may have fallen—Bill and Jake were away. It is a sense of deserting them, of abad. murdered! know is if Henry Livingstone had any the young man who visited Henry Livingstone now and then?"

They'd driven some cattle out on the doning them after many faithful yearsingstone now and then?"

They'd driven some cattle out on the doning them after many faithful yearsingstone now and then?"

They'd driven some cattle out on the doning them after many faithful yearsingstone now and then?" range. It was two days before he was So David carried with him the calenter found, and it would have been longer dars and slippers, dressing-gowns and the tention

even "It's your idea, then,
For put him into the bed.?"

For put him into the bed.?"

know. He wasn't seen

"I didn't ask about him, of course." not the story he was after. This un-She went on with her sewing, apper-known had been at the ranch when On

"I don't know. He wasn't seen about the place. He's never been here since. But the posse found a horse with the Livingstone brand, saddled, dead in Dry River Canyon when it was looking for Judson Clark. Of course, that was a month later. The men here, Bill was a month later. The men here, Bill she would say. "David," the strange of the course, that was a month later. The men here, Bill she would say. "David, it's the strange of the course, that was a month later. The men here, Bill she would say. "David, it's the strange of the course of the