



THE FIRST 100 YEARS

ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY BY Gertrude Gelbin

GERTRUDE GELBIN

RESUME

David and Lynn Conway are deeply in love after five years of marriage. Lynn is the brilliantly successful partner of Harry Borden, artists' and writers' agent. David is a struggling ship's architect. His big chance comes when a firm of New Bedford shipbuilders offers him a contract. David is jubilant, and so is Lynn—until she learns it means they must live in New Bedford. Leaving New York entails giving up her career and she refuses to consider it. After several bitter quarrels, David thinks he'll bring her to her senses by a legal separation. But Lynn's unhappiness turns to rage when the judge, evidently siding with David, decrees she must pay her husband \$400 a month alimony. Her lawyer, without consulting her, tries to get David to sign a waiver on the alimony; but David, believing this still another way to make Lynn understand things, insists the alimony be paid. Thus starts a feud between them in which each, like poker players, attempts to "keep raising."

Chapter Two LOVE TAKES THE COUNT

Lynn, sitting in the smart night club, smiled grimly to herself. Two weeks ago, she and David were ideally happy. One week ago they were legally separated. And tonight, she sat at one table with Harry Borden, while David sat at another with Claudia Weston, Broadway's most glamorous star—the girl who always got her man!

Harry, spotting a client at the bar, excused himself for the moment. Lynn sat back and sighed. Just then, a tall blonde handsome man hailed her with delight. She looked up. It was George Wallace, the playwright from California, whom she had recently signed up for Harry Borden, Inc.

"Let's dance, Lynn," George suggested. She nodded, smilingly, and they glided onto the floor. When the orchestra concluded its number, Lynn turned to locate her table. Her face flushed as she realized they were standing directly in front of Claudia and David. She took George's arm hurriedly, but, at that instant David looked up full into her escort's face. Simultaneously the two men broke into a wide grin and called each other by name.

"We were in college, together!" George exclaimed as he hurried to shake David's hand. He turned as if to introduce Lynn, but she came to her own rescue. "We know each other, George," she laughed. "And this is Claudia Weston. May I present George Wallace, Claudia."

"This is quite a reunion," remarked Claudia with a malicious smile. "Won't you two join us at our table?" Lynn gave David a frightened glance, but he stared past her.

"We'd love to join you, Claudia," she said, "and it's so sweet of you to ask us dear." She sat down with charming ease, George taking his place beside her.

"I didn't know you were in New York, Dave," George exclaimed. "How long have you been here?" David asked.

"Oh, just long enough to get my play produced." He threw an adoring glance at Lynn. "Just long enough to make life miserable for my agent."

"Now, George," teased Lynn. "You promised you were going to forget I was your agent. You promised you were going to shoo me a new side of you."

"What side is that," asked Claudia. "Sounds very sinister."

Lynn leaned toward her escort with delightful familiarity. "You mustn't mind Claudia, George. She has to keep up her reputation for being daring."

Claudia put her hand on David's arm. "Oh, Lynn," she protested. "You shouldn't say that just when I'm trying so hard to live it down."

"Oh, of course, dear. Please forgive me," Lynn's voice dripped honey.

George looked from one woman to the other. "Am I supposed to know what you're talking about?" he demanded.

"Don't bother, George," David advised. "It's only the girls playing."

Harry Borden hurried up to them, his face filled with astonishment. What an ill-assorted four—some! He thought to correct matters at once by taking Lynn home.

"No, no," she answered sweetly. "You run ahead if you're tired. George will take me home."

Claudia breathed a soft "Oh!" "George wants to show me his apartment, Claudia," Lynn confided.

"Harry eyed her with alarm. "Lynn—he began. She flashed him a brilliant smile. He turned to George. "Oh—George—walk out with me a minute, will you—something I want to tell you about your contract—"

He started off hurriedly as if the whole thing were too much for him, with George following.

Claudia turned to Lynn. "He doesn't look like a playwright."

"He only writes plays about Indians," Lynn answered.

David addressed Claudia. "He's a quarter Indian himself, you see."

"He may be a quarter Indian," she mused, her glance trailing him, "but he's certainly three quarters blonde."

"His grandfather was an Osage chief," volunteered Lynn.

"An Apache chief," David corrected.

"But, David—he told me himself—"

Lynn stopped short. The fact that she had addressed him directly hit them both with terrific force. An almost startled look passed between them.

Claudia sat back, enjoying their discomfort to the hilt.

George, hurrying back to the table, broke the tension. "Lynn!" he exclaimed. "Harry just told me that you and David were married—that is separated, I'm awfully sorry to hear it."

Lynn shrugged her shoulders. "Don't worry. It's not a friendly separation."

"Let's have a drink," laughed Claudia.

"Yes!" cried Lynn. "Let David order it. I'd like champagne. Imperial 25."

David smiled. So! He knew she was only ordering champagne because she had sent him the first of the four hundred dollar alimony checks. "Make it a magnum, waiter," he ordered.

Claudia stared at him in astonishment. "Must be a lot of people turning in old boats!"

"Oh, haven't you heard, Claudia?"

Lynn put in. "David's become independently wealthy."

"Oh! Did one of those uncles die?" Claudia asked.

"Better than that," volunteered Lynn. "What?" cried Claudia.

Lynn hesitated. She looked at David who returned her gaze with a mocking smile that dared her to continue. She dropped her eyes. For the life of her she couldn't discuss the alimony before Claudia. "Maybe we'd better go back to our table, George?" she faltered.

"And not wait for the champagne?" David grinned. "But of course—don't stay if you'd planned anything."

"Yes!" cried Claudia. "George was going to show Lynn his apartment."

"I've an idea," George answered. "Why don't we have the champagne—go up to Harlem—then finish the evening at my apartment—all of us?"

Somehow after the first glass of champagne, the idea seemed perfect. Lynn, her spirits bubbling, forgot that David was Claudia's gallant. It wasn't until after their tour of Harlem, with Claudia at the passing-out point, that Lynn realized, with a shock, that the cab had stopped at George's apartment house—and that David was sitting back, allowing her to get out of the cab with George. But Claudia's condition saved the situation. She needed black coffee and an ice-bag to her head. George and David carried

her in and laid her out in state on the living room divan.

Claudia came to with a start to find David sitting on the couch beside her. She looked about in a daze.

"Nice apartment you have, David," she faltered.

"This isn't my apartment. It's George's."

She closed her eyes again, then opened them suddenly. "What happened to those other people?"

"What other people?"

"Oh—you know—" she frowned trying to collect her thought. "Those other two—Lynn and George."

"They're in the kitchen making coffee."

She sighed. "Four merry leeches. That's us. Aren't we ever going to break up in groups?"

"This was your idea," he answered lightly. "You said you couldn't make up your mind whether it would be me or George."

He turned to meet Lynn's amused smile. She was carrying a pot of coffee, while George placed a tray of sandwiches on the table.

Claudia opened her eyes. "One, two, three, four," she counted. "Nobody missing. George! Has it occurred to you that you and I have just come along for the ride?"

"Can't remember anything occurring to me for the last four hours," he laughed. "And anyhow, do you want to hear my Indian drums, or not?"

"That's right," shouted David. "That is what we came up here for."

George eagerly removed an Indian drum from the wall.

"This drum belonged to my great grandfather," he said softly. He began to beat out a throbbing rhythm. The three others were held fascinated by it. David and Lynn dropped into chairs, facing each other. Claudia leaned back, listening with eyes closed.

David covered his face with his hands, then raised tired, unhappy eyes to Lynn. For a moment their gaze held. He half rose, impelled toward her.

But the spell was broken by the shrill ringing of the doorbell THMSH shrill ringing of the phone. Neighbors were complaining of the noise. George with a grin returned the drum to its place on the wall.

"Now, what?" demanded Claudia.

Lynn rose from her chair abruptly. "For one thing, why don't you two go home—that was the original idea, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Claudia answered easily. "But not so original as all that." She got up from the couch. "Come on, David, they want to be alone."

David brushed her aside. "You're marvelous, Lynn," he said quietly. "But whom do you think you're fooling?"

"I wasn't trying to fool anyone," she answered coolly.

He smiled. "If it's for my benefit, Lynn, I should be flattered. But if you want to show how sophisticated and modern you are, don't work so hard at it. It spoils the effect."

She flushed with rage. "Oh, I see what you mean, David. I'm only pretending not to be jealous about you and Claudia. How clever of you to see through me!"

She took a cigarette, lighting it with fairly steady fingers.

"She nonchalantly lights a cigarette," David observed. "Isn't that the stage direction?"

Lynn turned on him, her eyes blazing. "Yes. But there's an even better one: 'he exits gracefully!'"

For a moment each tried to face it out; but this time, it was David who dropped his eyes.

"I only hope you're not kidding," he

said slowly. "For George's sake."

He turned to Claudia. "Come on, Claudia."

And, with a quick step, he was out the door.

Has Lynn been just a little too clever in "out-raising" David this time? How will he retaliate? Don't miss the concluding chapter.

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WEEKLY BUSINESS REVIEW

J. W. MILES DISPLAYS FINE LINE OF CLASS RINGS, PINS, JEWELRY

J. W. Miles, whose salesroom is on the second floor at 31 Public Square, has a splendid, economical line of class rings, pins and jewelry which are winning favor with students in this section.

A jeweler for many years, a craftsman in his profession, Mr. Miles is able, because of his inexpensive location, to pass on savings in jewelry and silverware to his customers. Customers who have dealt with him for years are enthusiastic in their praise of his ability and his trustworthiness.

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Mr. Miles is also a qualified watch or clock repairer and it is his rule to give prompt, courteous, careful service. He also buys old gold.

Mr. Miles is very active in Masonic orders. He has many friends in Dallas and vicinity.

Behind The Scenes In Business World

A Summary Of Happenings In America's Industrial Circles

General business sentiment in some sections of the country is gradually improving, but as yet this better tone has not been translated into actual dollars and cents. As forecast in this column it now seems likely that increased lending and spending by the government will create an inflationary boomlet by fall. Whether this boomlet can be turned into a long and stable period of prosperity, depends on the extent of business and government co-operation. Steel operations continued at 32% of capacity last week. Retail sales enjoyed an Easter stimulus. Cotton, wheat, corn and hides were higher on the commodity exchanges.

WHAT IS A BILLION—If you spent a dollar every minute of every hour of every day since the birth of Christ you would have spent only a little more than a billion dollars. If you placed a billion one dollar bills end to end they would reach 114,416 miles, or more than 4½ times around the world at the equator. If you started out to spend \$100 a minute, it would take 19 years before you went broke. A billion dollar bills would completely cover 2,930 football fields. From March 4, 1933 to April 2, 1938, the Federal government alone has spent nearly \$37,000,000,000, according to official treasury figures.

BOSTON TEA PARTY — A noted economist last week said "If taxes keep on mounting some day there will be a second Boston Tea Party." Most persons who do not pay income taxes believe taxes do not affect them very much. Here is some interesting information: More than 8 per cent of the cost of a pound of beef or pork is in hidden taxes; 10% of the cost of a suit of clothes, 25% of the cost of toothpaste, 2 cents of every loaf of bread, and 6 cents of the cost of a package of cigarettes goes to the tax collector. If a workman drinks two glasses of beer a day and smokes 20 cigarettes, he pays the government \$45 a year in taxes. Through taxation or borrowing America must collect more than \$17,000,000,000 this year to run our Federal, state, county and municipal governments. This is three times the amount of money in circulation and amounts to more than \$46,500,000 a day.

THINGS TO WATCH FOR — An electric light socket with a lock to secure the bulb so that electric light bulbs can't be stolen... A screen door equipped with fly-swatter blades that automatically swat flies resting on outside of screen when door is opened or closed... A new method for making photographs which requires only steam to develop the image on the prepared paper... Men's collars made of paper so that they can be discarded after using... Speedometers with higher speed numbers perforated in order that a red light may warn motorists of too fast a pace and continue to warn until he slows down... Completely air-conditioned buses... Ice cream wrapped in insulated paper which will keep a pint of ice cream from melting for an hour... Pick-up in demand for ladies' gloves, with light and pastel shades predominating

SENGHAAS MASTER AT DIFFICULT ART OF WORKING WITH LEATHER

Peter Senghaas, 63 Wood Street, Wilkes-Barre, is one of the few masters of the art of making fine harness in this section and his skilled workmanship has won for him a splendid reputation.

He has been in the harness business for many years. He was on South Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, for 19 years. He has been in his present location for the last six years. His place can be reached quickly just by travelling down South River Street to Wood.

Mr. Senghaas makes strong canvas tarpaulins of all sizes, heavy and light harnesses, belting for power units and other leather equipment. He also makes repairs to these pieces of equipment and to satchels and valises.

Mr. Senghaas makes the harnesses for Hayfield and Hillside Farms. When sulky racing was in vogue in this section he was widely known for his fine light harnesses for the thoroughbreds which were entered in the races.

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