

DAILY SHORT STORY

MARITAL BONDS

Don's Patience and Love Came to an End When His Wife Refused to Lend Him Money He Needed.

BY FLORIA HOWE BRUSS.

DON'S voice was low and tight. "I've tried to raise money, Connie, but I haven't been successful. That is why I am forced to ask you to let me have your bonds. The money they will bring—'sky money,' she interjected coldly.

"Yes. Your money. But it is for our mutual good. I will be able to satisfy my creditors, secure new credit and my business will be saved. Otherwise I'll go on the rocks. I hate to ask you, honey, but marriage is a partnership. A good wife stands by her husband—"

"I don't see it that way." It was in Connie's voice. "You want all I have. What if something goes wrong with your business? Where would I be?"

Bewildered, he stared into her cold eyes. "Why, you'd have me, Connie. I'd work for you, of course. But if I can meet my creditors I'll be on the upswing."

"Your mother has plenty of money. There must be some reason why she refused to help you." Connie's lips were firm.

"Mother is tight. She's been that way since dad's death—"

"She looks out for herself, the same as I intend to do. No, Don, my bonds stay in my deposit box."

"You will let me crash when you can save my business, my future?" Don's eyes were incredulous. "Connie, I'm in a desperate situation. I must have money. When business was good I was generous with you—too generous—"

"Oh, I don't know," she cut in.

He stared at her as though seeing her for the first time. Many instances of the past rushed through his memory. Instances that in his blindness he had laughed away—Connie's selfishness, her hardness. Slowly as the toll of a bell love died as he looked at her.

"I've done something for you, too," she said insolently. "This is my house, you know. Inherited from my parents."

He might have said that his money paid the repairs, the taxes, the insurance. He looked at her silently and his eyes stripped her of her beauty. He saw only the hardness of her, the selfishness, the sneering insolence.

He turned, left the room. That night Don slept in the guest room. He rose early the following morning, went into the small dressing room that joined their bedroom, packed trunk and bags. The dryman was carrying out the baggage when Connie came out of the bedroom.

"I'm moving to the club for the present. You can go to Reno as soon as you like," he said quietly.

"Don! You are leaving me?" Astonishment edged her voice. With dismayed eyes she looked at him. How searching was his gaze.

"You can use desertion, if you wish."

Anger shook her. Wounded vanity, fear, shrilled her voice. She hurled accusations at him. She had been so sure of Don's love. Don,

who had allowed her to have her own way in everything. She had been proud that she could twist this 6-foot, fine-looking man of hers around her finger.

He turned in open distaste from her shrill, angry voice. The hall door closed behind him.

How lonely was the house as the days crept by. How she missed Don's cheerful whistling, the tread of his quick, sure step. His chair at the dining room table seemed to have horrid eyes. Watching her. Food was tasteless.

"My, my, the house is quiet without Mr. Sanders," Jane, the cook, remarked.

"Mr. Sanders may be gone some time on this business trip," Connie explained.

She waited, nerves straining, for the voice of the telephone. Each time a summons came she lifted the receiver with eager hand. Only friends. Never Don's voice. She had never dreamed she could miss him so. No longer did a man come home at night, loving her, filled with extravagant admiration of her beauty.

"And to think this is all mine," he had said so often, lifting her off her feet in a hard embrace.

No longer his warm human companionship. She had traded that for the bonds in her deposit box. Gilt-edged bonds, safe, sure.

She had told him this was her house. Its empty rooms leered at her. Pieces of wood, of leather, of silk, balanced against a man's arms, warm and hard—a man's voice, telling her how lovely she was.

Suddenly she grasped at a thought. She could still win him back. Surely Don's pride would not be greater than his desire to save his business. She would relent—graciously, of course—and give him the money.

"He's got to come back," she told herself desperately. "He's got to! I'll phone him and tell him he can have—"

But she paused. She must not appear too anxious for his return; she must still keep the upper hand. "I'll tell him he can have one-half the bonds. He can manage on half. He said he had about a month." She smiled complacently. "He can't save his business without me," she thought.

While Connie waited for the call to be put through to Don's office she remembered uneasily that new, strange look on his face the morning he had left. She wished now she hadn't waited so long. But she had been so sure of him—that he would come back.

"I won't be taking much chance in giving him half. Don's mother is well to do, and he is the only child." Don's secretary was speaking.

"Mr. Sanders is out of the city. He left yesterday to confer with his mother's lawyers about the fortune she left him. His mother died suddenly of a heart attack, you know."

(Copyright, 1934.)

Tomorrow: "Love Contract," by Marjorie Dee, tells the story of a young girl who was in love with her boss, and saved him from a clever swindler.

CONDENSED WATER MILE DEEP IN LAKE

Leningrad Meteorologists Report Discovery in Deepest Inland Sea.

IRKUTSK, Siberia (AP)—"Heavy water," or condensed water which has required many experiments for reproduction in laboratories, has been reported found a mile below the surface of Lake Baikal.

Scientists from the Leningrad Institute of Meteorology and Standardization reported obtaining samples of the water at a depth of approximately 5,350 feet. The lake is believed the world's deepest.

Prof. Mendeleev, who conducted the experiments, said it was likely the heavy water he obtained differed from the heavy water produced through electrolytic methods in that it had a heavier percentage of hydrogen. He added, however, his experiment tended to prove that water is condensed at great depths.

American Students Lead. Two Americans won honors at Glasgow University, Glasgow, Scotland, recently.

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A GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator is just as convenient in the winter as in the summer—and as thrifty, too! It's always summertime in your kitchen—and even in winter there are very few days when even the outside temperature is low enough to keep foods from spoiling.

Now is an excellent time to select your G-E. Even should prices be no higher next summer you will actually be losing \$30 to \$40 if you wait.

National Electrical Supply Co. E. G. GRAHAM, President 1328-1330 New York Ave. N.W. Nat. 6800

WOODWARD & LOTHROP
The Christmas Store

Wrap them festively—(it is a matter of personal ingenuity, cellophane—seals and what nots) and send with your heartiest Christmas Greetings to HER



A ravishing bit of lingerie—this SATIN with POINT de MARINETTE Lace

You could give the exquisite down, the lovely slip, or the brief panties—but if you want to be extremely generous, we suggest the three matching pieces—

Gowns \$10
Slips \$5.95
Panties \$5

SILK LINGERIE, THIRD FLOOR.

GLOVES—again a smart choice for a smart woman

—and again, the wardrobe idea suggests itself as a very special present to a very special person.

Pleasant for sports clothes, not sketched \$2.95
4-button Pull-on FRENCH KID, P.K. detail \$3.50
4-button MOCHA GLOVES, nice detail \$4
EVENING GLOVES, 16-button glace lamb \$5

GLOVES, FIRST FLOOR.

"GIVING BEAUTY" is indeed a charming Christmas gesture

And figuratively speaking, there are a thousand and one ways to do it—

SANTA, conceals a generous cake of Elizabeth Arden's Bath Soap \$3
The original BATH CHEST, by Rubinstein, contains five accessories (not illustrated) \$7.50
Lucien Lelong presents "OPENING NIGHT," a dramatic new perfume \$10
Zibeline's "SACHET TASSEL" imbues your clothes with a lingering fragrance \$3.75

TOILETRIES, FIRST FLOOR.

HANDBAGS carry your Christmas Greetings with great chic

—and your handbag-gift will be so much more appreciated if you know the color of the costume it is to be carried with—

For her tailored clothes, Brown ALLIGATOR, with satchel-like capacity \$35
The CHIC SUEDE POUCH will smartly accompany daytime clothes, black or brown \$10
If she is young, she will adore a little VELVET MUFF (not sketched) \$7.50
The most complete of EVENING VANITIES may be had in silver or gold brocade \$5

HANDBAGS, AISLE 8, FIRST FLOOR.

HANDKERCHIEFS always base a smart way of saying "Merry Christmas"

—and why not a handkerchief wardrobe—her delight will be more than doubled—

INITIALS are practically first in handkerchief-gifts—this toned one \$2
SPORTS-HANKIES carry their initials, too, in bright, brave colors, each 50c
Hand-embroidered PASTEL-LINENS are particularly lovely for afternoon (not sketched) 3 for \$3
The glister of SILVER-ON-CHIFFON, is simply perfect for evening—bright shades \$1

HANDKERCHIEFS, FIRST FLOOR.

SLIPPER GIFTS may be perfectly practical or flatteringly frivolous

Whatever her choice—you will find the perfect slipper for her in this huge gift collection.

"Seuff" if she is young and chic \$3
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Satin Hostess Slipper (not sketched) \$5
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SLIPPERS, THIRD FLOOR.