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After Ten Years

BY MARION RUBINCAM

A DISCUSSION

Chapter 59

But after the quarrel, Patty felt conscience stricken every time she saw Paul. She did not go, when he appeared at the office with his broad grin and his "do come along though she found it almost impossible to resist.

She remembered the joy of driving with him, the exhilaration of the icy air rushing past her face, the great contentment of merely sitting beside him.

But Millie's downdrawn mouth was always in her mind.

She wanted very much to talk about this to Mrs. Munn. But it was the one subject she could not bring herself to discuss. Yet they talked about everything else.

"You have a nice impersonal point of view, Patty," Mrs. Munn said once when they were spending a quiet evening together. As usual, the lady was on her big couch before the fireplace, with all the newest magazines and novels on the little table beside her, and with her adored log fire blazing before her. A big gray bearskin lay before the fireplace, at each side were great comfortable arm chairs.

Patty also had a favorite place to lounge in. The ruddy light from the fire outlined her profile, but her figure was in shadow.

"She's remarkably graceful," Mrs. Munnn said to some of her friends. But she never told Patty knowing that Patty disliked anything that even sounded like flattery.

But to talk of one's point of view was different!

"Few women have," Mrs. Munn pursued, lying back against the cushions and staring into the fire. She made a youthful picture, for all her silvery hair and her tiny wrinkles. Her figure was slim and young, and the draping of her gray velvet robe set off its lines to perfection.

"Most women see life through their own eyes and no others. That is, as life affects them, not as it affects others. You have an unusual ability of seeing the other point of view. In fact, you are apt to see the other person's point of view so strongly you lose sight of your own."

"But that so general," Patty said. "What do you mean, specifically?"

"Specifically, I was thinking of your relationship to your family. You've always talked about them frankly to me, we've discussed them as though they were a problem, or a collection of facts, rather than a mother and a sister."

Mrs. Munn began to laugh then. Patty liked to hear her laugh, it was a silvery sound that went very well with her.

"Some cynic once said that one could analyze everything but one's family. But I think a family should stand the most severe acid test. Otherwise it isn't much of a success."

"I don't suppose so," Patty agreed reluctantly. "But what have I been doing? I've talked so much about my family and my friends with you that I must have been analyzing them."

Mrs. Munn waited, looking thoughtfully at a slender arched foot in a silver slipper that was very attractive in the firelight. Mrs. Munn had one little vanity, her feet. She rather liked to thrust out a silver slipper from the folds of her lounging robe, it was graceful and she liked graceful things.

"But I've never come to any definite conclusions," Patty went on. "I've simply accepted them. There they are—one would always accept one's family, I should think."

"One doesn't," Mrs. Munn answered. "In that case we would all live happily together, and no one would quarrel with anyone else. The only value in analyzing family or friends lies in the fact that sometimes we can improve them or if they hold us back, get away into more congenial company."

Patty was sure there was something back of this discussion. She wondered what Mrs. Munn was about. She asked her finally.

"Only this. You are working, you know and turning all your money over to the family. You've never spent anything on yourself except what you had to spend. You mustn't feel then that you aren't doing your share, or that your mother is doing more than hers because she does the housework."

"She doesn't complain," Patty began—and then they both laughed because she had unconsciously paraphrased Mrs. Parke's favorite complaining speech.

"While Millie—"

"She turns in $20 a week too, from her bank account," Patty hastened to defend her.

"Then financially she's doing her share, I suppose. Only actually she simply has been wasting her winter, and has not been doing what you have done. I'm only saying this, my dear, so you won't feel under obligations to them, you are independent."

Patty did not quite know what she actually had in mind. But its effect upon her was to make her enter a drug store telephone booth as she went home, a little after 9.30 and call a certain telephone number.

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A KISS

Chapter 60

Now it happened that before this fireside talk with Mrs. Munn, Patty had refused several times to see Paul in order to get to her shorthand class, she had to have dinner before 6 o'clock. She usually reached home a little after 5, rather tired from the confinement of her office work. She had only enough time to wash and comb her hair and glance through her notebook with last night's lesson, before dinner was ready.

Mrs. Parke was always willing and prompt with the meal and sorry because Patty had taken on this extra work, she refused her offers of help and did everything she could to make the dinner a nice one.

Paul was the sort that wanted a thing more if he could not get it. As he did nothing, the days were often rather long, and he enjoyed the hour and a half of two hours he spent with Patty. Paul usually read all morning, lunched at an athletic club with some friends, and spent the afternoon in the gymnasium playing tennis in a big indoor court or basket ball. Then he had a swim, and then, feeling superbly energetic from his healthy exercise, he was faced with the alternative of going home or having tea with some of his friends.

Tea meant chattering girls, and he hated tea anyway. And he preferred to see the girls in the evening and to dance with them then if they were too silly, he danced with them or took them to theatres where he didn't have to listen to so much talk. If they were clever, he enjoyed the light banter and flirtation, the gossip and comment that made up the conversation of the younger generation of his set.

Patty had a new point of view to him. Patty wasn't clever, not as many of his other friends were clever, she was serious, she was worth while, she was a novelty.

"What do you do with yourself between 4.30 and 7?" one of his companion asked him. "We've been putting our heads together and found out that none of us can get hold of you between those hours? Are you leading a double life, Paul?" It was the man with the cynical dark eyes that had captivated several girls in Wissakeegan by his bored air and his little moustache.

Paul grinned and did not answer. But he began to look forward more and more to the late afternoon drives.

He had Patty to himself then, every one else that he knew was safely tucked away where tea and candles and conversation would occupy an hour or so.

Then suddenly Patty refused to go with him. She insisted it was because she had to study. He admired her, and he missed her.

He didn't know what to do with those two hours every afternoon. He even was driven to going to tea.

"I hate it, it's silly. Tea is only for women," he remarked once.

"How serious and high minded our Paul has become," mocked little Miss MacKeen.

Then, suddenly, at about half past nine one night when his mother had some friends for dinner, Patty's voice greeted him over the telephone.

"I'm sorry I've been refusing to see you" she said, her voice fluttering ever so little as she talked. "Really, it's been because I've been studying, but I am through at 5, and if some evening you want to drive me home from school—"

"Are you there now, at school?" he asked, his voice almost a joyful shout.

"No—she mentioned the drug store she was phoning from—"I'm out study tonigh. to dine with Mrs. Munn"

"You stay where you are for ten minutes," Paul said. "I'll be around."

He made some excuse to his mother, whose raised eyebrows as she sweetly accepted his apology, showed her disapproval, and in ten minutes his car stood by the drug store, and he was greeting Patty.

"We'll spin up to Hunter's Island and back, for a change," he said, piling rugs around her to keep her warm. "I don't mind the fact that you wouldn't let me see you after work, so much as the fact that you wouldn't let me run in to your flat after you got home."

Patty simply answered, "I always have to study." She couldn't say that to have him call on her meant a long period of sullenness on Millie's part, or that if he did come, Millie and her mother would always be in the room. And somehow, she wanted to see him alone, away from Mrs. Parke's complaining and Millie's neurotic comments and voice and rather flashy dresses.

It was after 11 when they reached home. Paul took away her latchkey and opened the door for her. Then he stepped inside the vestibule. And before she knew it, he had stooped down and kissed her.

"But, don't!" she cried, and instinctively drew back.

"Why not?" his voice sounded hurt.

"I dont' know." Her poise again deserted her, and left her uncertain, bewildered, a little hurt by his sudden and casual kiss. "You wouldn't well, you wouldn't kiss Miss MacKeen this way." She was furious at herself for the speech, but he words were out.

"Why not?" he asked again, and bent towards her. But she opened the inner door suddenly and fairly ran up the stairs.

MIXED EMOTIONS

Chapter 61

When Patty ran up the stairs after Paul's sudden kiss, she was so bewildered, and hurt, and glad, too, that her head was a whirl of new thoughts. She had only one clear idea that she had to be composed and calm when she went into her own apartment.

So she stood on the landing outside her door, leaning against its ugly green painted wall, and pressed both hands against her cheeks in a hopeless effort to press back the blood that was pulsing through her skin.

Mrs. Parke looked up as she came in.

"You shouldn't run up those stairs," she reproved. "Your face is scarlet." Patty was glad to let this explanation pass. "Millie's gone to a show with some girl she's picked up somewhere, you stayed a long time with Mrs. Munn."

"Not very long," Patty caught herself, she had almost given herself away. But Mrs. Parke was continuing to talk.

"It's pretty lonely for me here alone all evening. She might ask me over now and then."

The girl wondered how she could make friends for her mother. There was no common interest between the women she worked with and Mrs. Parke, they did not think alike, they had few tastes that were the same. Mrs. Parke would have disliked them if she had known them.

"You stay indoors all day. If you would go out and see the city, it would be more interesting!"

But for once she was not interested in her mother's problem, she had a new one of her own, or a new development of an old one. She took the rug from the living room couch and turned down its cover, Patty never saw a couch for years after this winter in New York without wondering whether it was not a concealed bed. It seemed to her the height of extravagance to own a couch that didn't do double duty.

Mrs. Parke went to her own tiny bedroom, Millie came in from the theatre with a tale of "a new ice cream place where the sundaes were "just grand" and after a time the girl was alone in the friendly dark and quiet to think about herself.

When Patty had a new problem, she talked it over with herself.

"You used to think it would be wonderful just to live in the same city with him," she argued with herself. "And here you are, with a position, a salary, a nice home, a family" (she was probably a little doubtful as to whether this was an unmixed blessing) "pleasant people to work with, Mrs. Munn" (she was genuinely grateful here) "and you can see Paul often. And he does like you—"

She began thinking over things he had said. He was so beautifully irresponsible.

From her own seriousness, and her present worry, she found that carefree attitude a most attractive one. When Paul laughed it was always because he had just heard the funniest story yet, or because he had never been so amused before. When he played a game of tennis, he had never played so hard before, nor wanted so much to win.

Life was made up of present moments, with a half remembered future. Paul's definite future was bound by the furthest entry in his engagement book, a book kept in order by the maid, the footman and his mother, rarely by Paul himself.

Why should his kiss hurt? She tried to remember it, only could not because it had happened so suddenly she had sprung back from him almost before she realized he had kissed her. She remembered well enough that night by the tennis courts, when Paul was torn between the need of getting to his hotel and pack, and the desire to stay with this likeable girl.

"I never expected anything. I simply fell in love and knew it was hopeless," Patty told herself. "But I would rather be hopelessly in love with a man like Paul, than in love with a man like Basil."

She was so much in love she even felt it would be wrong to give such a feeling to anyone less glorious than this one man!

"I never expected to see him and I do see him often," she went on and in the dark she said over and over, "I love you, I love you" because it made her happy to say it.

Then she wondered why it hurt her because he kissed her.

"It was so casual," she told herself. "If he had cared for me, even a little, he would have been different."

She remembered her remark about the other girl and still regretted it.

"He's probably kissed her too, just as casually as he kissed me," she went on thinking. And then, illogically, decided he must be in love with Miss MacKeen!

"He isn't in love with me, that was just a kiss, that wasn't love," she argued. "And if he were in love with me, what then? It would be just as hopeless, only he would feel badly, and as it is, I'm the only one that feels badly. And I'm not sorry I'm in love with him" Her thoughts began to wander. "But he mustn't do it again," she thought finally. "It makes it so much harder for me. But I can't bear not to see him."

And eventually, being healthy and young and tired she fell sound asleep.

A CHANGE IN EVENTS

Chapter 62

The next morning at breakfast Millie announced: "I'm going to find a job"

"Where?" Mrs. Parke asked with great interest.

Millie lost her positive manner, but not her cheerfulness.

"Oh, just you wait. The movies perhaps."

Mrs. Parke looked dubious. The 'jantress' daughter, decked out in the gaudiest of Millie's first ward robe, had been haunting the motion picture employment agencies for months, and Mrs Parke knew it.

"And she can't find a part, and she's really very pretty", the mother said.

"Mother, dear I'm not", Millie pouted. Once in awhile Mrs. Parke was exceedingly frank and imperceptive about both her children. In those moments Millie's shallowness came in for criticism, as well as the rather shrinking attitude towards life that was one of Patty's characteristics.

But in such moments, too, Mrs. Parke recognized that Millie's flippancy was a defense and a cover for something sensitive underneath, something that had been hurt, and that her short temper and her nagging were the result of overstrained nerves.

When Patty was hurt she shrank away and was quiet, Millie raged, or wept or scolded.

"You needn't be pretty", Millie took up the conversation again. "The movies aren't so interested in pretty people any more. Dorothy told me that, and she knows for she works in them. They want types, and everyone is a type. So everyone has an equal chance."

That seemed to settle it. Mrs. Parke was sure, after that explanation that Millie would find a position.

"It takes a little pull, that's all", Millie said airily. "And I've got that—Dorothy is going to introduce me."

So she put on her best dress and fur coat and went off.

"That's true, of course," Mrs. Parke observed to Patty. "You had to have pull to get your place."

It appeared that Millie had to leave photos of herself at every studio she visited—and they were legion. These pictures were filed under some rough head such as 'Comic', 'Ugly', 'Wide Mouth', 'Baby Blonde' 'Serious Minded', or any such general classification as occurred to the seventh assistant director when he got around to looking over photographs of applicants.

As this might be once a month or less, and as such filing as was done usually fell into the hands of some very bored and superior office boy, those who had left pictures stood very smal chance of being sent for to play star roles!

When Millie learned she was to leave pictures, which were filed and which stayed there as a calling card might, to remind the office of her visit, she went promptly to the most expensive photographer and had herself photographed. The man knew his work very well, which was why he could charge $50 a dozen and up—and he made some excellent pictures of Millie. By the time he had moistened her tightly marcelled hair into soft waves, swathed her in tulle and placed her in a Jacobean chair in a graceful position such as she would never take, he made a picture that was lovely, even if it wasn't Millie. Millie cheerfully ordered three dozen. The copies that Cora and Maude and the rest received created a huge sensation in Wissakeagan.

But of those left at movie offices, one was filed under "Pert", three thrown out because too big to fit into the filing cabinet, one was used by a small office boy to experiment upon a brand new box of water colors (sad to relate that picture grew a moustache when the younthful artist became facetious) one nearly got her a position as an "extra" for a day's work at $5. An assistant director, not deceived by marcel waves and feather fans, wanted a few dozen scrub women for a comic mob scene.

But somehow the address was lost, Millie never heard from any of them and eventually took a position as extra Christmas help in a big department store.

Patty had "cut" her class one night for a drive with Paul. He stopped the car on a bridge over a river in New Jersey, they had dined early at an inn, and they were watching the lights of a barge on its way to Newark.

"How much do you earn?" he asked. She told him.

"Good Lord! Twenty dollars a week and I paid $80 for these gold cuff links this morning!"

"Our rent for two months," Patty said and laughed.

"Good Lord", he said again. And suddenly with two swift motions he had ripped out the links and thrown them over the bridge.

They made an audible splash in the cold dark water below.

A CHANGE IN PAUL

Chapter 63

"Why did you do that?" Patty asked in surprise.

Paul was already running his engine. He leaned over now as though the car took all his attention.

"We'll have to hurry to catch the ferry," he said by way of answer.

"Why did you throw away those nice cuff links?" Patty presisted. "Paul, they were valuable—you said you paid $80 for them. You shouldn't—"

She stopped. Why should she lecture Paul about extravagance?

"They hurt my feelings," said Paul suddenly.

"Why?"

There was silence while the car slid along the dark road. The engine was purring contentedly, it always seemed to do so whenever Paul was running just a little more than the speed limit.

"I don't know!" his eyes were straight ahead, watching the yellow lane of light made by the big powered lamps. "Yes, I do. If I could have given them to you, or given you their value, there would have been some sense to it. But as I can't I don't want them. I'm not going to wear anything more than is valuable!"

Patty's common sense came along at this point.

"But why on earth shouldn't you? You have the money, why not spend it? If you carry that theory to its logical conclusion, you wouldn't ever spend money, simply because other people haven't got it. And if every one did that, trade would stop—"

"Now don't lecture me on economics!" Paul protested and they both laughed and the situation lost the tensity it held a moment before.

"Anyway, I was practising communism," Paul said lightly. "Why should I send a lot of money adorning myself? I never earned a cent in my life, yes I did, I earned $10 once coaching a boy at college, because I'd been caught speeding and fined and didn't dare ask my mother for money at that moment. But that's all I ever earned—so I've no right to spend the labor of other men on luxuries."

"Perhaps not", answered Patty. "But I do love the jewelry shops and the shops with pretty and expensive clothes—they dress up a city so, and someone has to support them! As long as you have the money, perhaps you ought to spend it—"

"I'll buy myself another $50 pair of cuff links, if you'll let me get you a pair like them to wear in that tailored blouse you have on now."

Patty laughed outright at that.

"The waist cost me $1.59 in a bargain sale," she said. "The cuff links wouldn't associate with it! Think how uphappy they would be in such company."

They were running through the suburban part of one of the towns over the Hudson. The car went up the big hill near the river as lightly as it ran over the plain below. Paul was an expert driver, he seemed expert at everything Patty thought.

"Now you're making fun of me," he protested. He had a little boyish growl in his voice and the girl looked around at him to see if he were really cross. But all she could see was the nice straight featured outline of his face again flashed out in silhouette at every corner street light.

"I'm not! I'm only accusing you of a foolish bit of extravagance—"

"I dont' want useless valuable things if you can't have them—"

"But I'm not suffering. I'm not really poor by most standards. And when I had money I spent it. If you want to economize because there are poor people—"

"I don't care about them! I don't have to see them wearing $1.59 waists or worse. I only feel badly because you can't have foolish luxuries—"

"I'm quite, well, almost as happy without them. I'm very lucky, I think. If poverty worries you you should go with me on some of the tours of investigation I make for the Committee. Sometimes I do see poverty and misery, the real thing—"

She stopped, then added:

"You'd want to sell you cuff links then to do something for them."

"What does the Committee do?" he asked.

Patty giggled a little.

"We're getting up a meeting of protest!"

"Huh! That's all it will do—protest! Silly women! Women's clubs ought to be abolished."

"Good gracious, no!" Patty said, still trying to keep the conversation on a light level. "Then I should lose my position, and then what would I do? It's hard to find good places, and mine is really a sinecure."

Paul's answer was the same little growling noise. He was guiding the car down the zig-zagging road that led down the Palisades to the uptown ferry. The ferry was coming towards them over the river; they could see it's lights in the water far below them, one felt rather dizzily as though one were just above the river and the boat. But Patty was never nervous with Paul, she knew he would get them safely, and get there in time.

"You make me feel so useless," Paul repeated "It hurts my egotism. I'm going to do something about it tomorrow. I'll call at the school for you."

(Continued on Page 2.)

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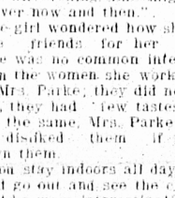

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