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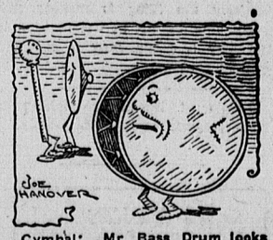

Cymbal: Mr. Bass Drum looks to be all in.
Drum Stick: Yes, he got a good beating last night.

He: You say you're happy because you are engaged to the man you wanted?
She: No. To the man my rival wanted.

Mother: You're going to the devil!
Daughter: Perhaps—I had a hot time last night.

One Man's Wife

By BARBARA WEBB
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YVONNE'S LOYALTY

Yvonne rose after her nearly sleepless night with renewed courage and faith. She went about her work cheerfully, more happily than in many months. After her housework was finished she went to the little den to practice. A sense of excitement grew in her mind.

"Some thing will happen today," she thought. "I feel it. My prayer is to be answered."

She dressed after lunch in the brown street costume and drove to the studio. Mrs. Ogden was there, talking with M. Romanevski.

"I have news for you; great news," he said, taking her hand. "But first you must dance for me—dance as you did yesterday."

When Yvonne came into the studio after changing to her dancing dress she saw that the usual practice had been suspended. A small orchestra which M. Romanoski used for special occasions had assembled and was tuning up at one end of the room. A stranger, a man with a very red face faultlessly dressed, was talking to Mrs. Ogden. Pupils had left their work and were standing idly in little groups around the room.

M. Romanevski advanced to meet Yvonne. "Today you are to dance for all of us," he said. "You must do credit to your teacher. But of that I have no fear. The music will inspire you. See, I have assembled them in your honor."

Yvonne felt a little frightened. There was an air of expectancy in the room. The master had let it be known that his new pupil was more than ordinary good. Soon they were to see. Then Yvonne remembered the little feeling of expectancy she had known all the morning. "I was right," she told herself. "Something is about to happen."

She took her place in the middle of the floor, trying not to feel all the eyes that looked her way. The music began. She waited. Waited until the music entered her veins and carried her far above the watching, waiting eyes.

Then she began to dance. Again that feeling of freedom, of being far away from all the worries and troubles that beset her, took possession. Her soul came into her dancing, that exquisite unspotted soul that shone from her eyes and made her beautiful beyond words.

There was applaues when she finished. "Ah!" thought Yvonne. "They are pleased. I am happy. I will show them." She ran lightly to the leader of the orchestra.

"Play me something light, something fast, something happy—please."

There had been something solemn about her first dance, as though she were a vestal sacrificing to beauty. An imp of gayety entered into the second dance. She was a happy child, the friend of sprites and elves, dancing for sheer enjoyment. Suddenly she though of Richard. That he might see her now. She slowed stopped and said abruptly, "I cannot dance more now."

"She has even the temperament," said M. Romanevski to the stranger. There was laughter and applause. Yvonne ran to her dressing room. It was true. She could not dance again that day.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

When she came back, dressed in her brown street costume, M. Romanevski beckoned her into his office Mrs. Ogden and the stranger were seated there.

"This mademoiselle, is my great friend, Monsieur Drake. He owns theatres. He knows music and dancing. He is the friend of all the arts. I tell him, 'I have now ready a great artiste, a great danseuse!' He comes to see. He is pleased. Talk with him, mademoiselle, he has something important to say to you."

Yvonne sat down beside Mrs. Ogden, a little puzzled.

Mr. Drake nodded kindly at her. "Your dancing is beautiful, Mademoiselle Yvonne. It happens that I have a place now for a dancer—not just an ordinary dancer. but for a great dancer. I offer that place to you. I will make you famous overnight. Your friend, Mrs. Ogden, will tell you this is not a usual offer. The salary—what you will. And your name on the tongue of all New York."

Yvonne shrank back in her chair.

"You are very kind, most kind. But what you ask is impossible. I dance only for my own pleasure."

"I was afraid she would feel that way," Mrs. Ogden said, sighing. "Really, Yvonne you ought not to decide so suddenly. This is an opportunity many girls work years to get. Think it over carefully before you say no."

"I am sorry—I must refuse," Yvonne said, miserably.

"But mademoiselle," protested M. Romanevski. "You are selfish. You have the great gift. You cannot keep it for yourself, like a spoiled child. Why have I worked with you, why have I hoped for you, given my time to you, to have you remain always an obscure little nobody? No. You belong to your art, to the world. Come—be sensible. See, Mr. Drake has the contract here. Your friend, Mrs. Ogden, will tell you it is wise. Do not be selfish."

Yvonne still shook her head. "It is impossible," she repeated.

"Come Yvonne, we will go home and I will talk to you there about it," Mrs. Ogden said, rising. "Tell these gentlemen you will consider their offer. We will let them know tomorrow."

Yvonne rose as Mrs. Ogden did. "My answer will be still the same she said, stubbornly. "But if you wish to wait until tomorrow to hear me say no again, you may do as you wish."

Mr. Romanevski tore his hair. Mr. Drake tried to look bored. Yvonne was not to be moved. In a few moments she was driving with Mrs. Ogden to the latter's town house. They did not speak on the way. Arrived. Mrs. Ogden took the girl to her own room, ordered tea for them and settled Yvonne in a comfortable chair.

"Now, my dear," she said. "Let me talk to you as I would talk to my own daughter. I knew you were to have this offer, perhaps I should have given you some idea of it, but that did not seem entirely necessary and I wanted you to have a lovely surprise. M. Romanevski is right when he says a talent like yours belongs to the world. There is but one thing for you to do. You must tell Richard and sak his consent for you to accept this marvelous offer."

"I cannot tell him now," Yvonne said, miserably. "I tried to tell him last night and he scolded me for even dreaming of being differenet from what he thinks I am, I cannot tell him."

Mrs. Ogden lit a cigarette and thought a long time before she spoke again. "If you cannot have your career as Richard's wife why don't you leave him, and carve out a great career for yourself, sacrificing your love for him to do it?"

Yvonne's white, stricken face hurried her words. "You can come here to live with me while you are learning your way about. I should be very proud to sponsor as great a dancer, as beautiful a woman as you are. Really, Yvonne, Richard does not count. He has neglected you .He has refused you every opportunity to better yourself. He is a blind stupid selfish man."

Yvonne did not speak. Her face was full of horror. "I think you are mad my friend," she said finally, speaking in French. "I see now how wicked I have been. I shall never go again to that studio. I shall not leave my house. I will stay there, where I belong. I will be a good wife again to Richard, I who have been so wicked that you can dare to speak to me of leaving my husband."

YVONNE RESOLVES

She ran excitedly to the closet, tore down from the hooks her peasant dress, and in a few moments had resumed the costume Richard had commanded her to wear. At the door she turned to Mrs. Ogden, who still sat smoking quietly in her chair.

"Do not think me ungrateful," she cried. "But you do not understand. I love Richard more than life or death. It is unspeakable that anyone should think of my leaving him—so long as he is willing for me to stay with him." She burst into tears.

"All right, Yvonne, dear. You feel this way now. Wait until you have spent many more weary days, all the same. Come to me then. I am not angry. I love you as I always have, and I pity you more deeply than ever for your mistaken sacrifice. Remember, I am always your friend. Come to me when you need me."

Yvonne ran back to Mrs. Ogden's chair. She kissed her friend, dried her tears and then left quietly with no further word.

She let herself into the house and ran to her room. There she fell on her knees. The sign had come. God was displeased. That any one should think she could leave Richard. This came of deceit. She asked forgiveness, she wept until she was worn out. Then she took her resolve. She would be what Richard wished her to be. That,, and nothing more.

Perhaps he no longer made efforts because she no longer made efforts to please him. She would study his every want. She would fall him in nothing. In a passion of self-renunciation she vowed never ever to think of her dancing again.

That night after dinner she said timidly to him: "Richard, is there any way I could help you with your work? I am neat and strong, perhaps I could help you with your unpacking and sorting."

"Thanks, Yvonne," Richard said dryly. "You'd be a hindrance rather than a help. This isn't woman's work I'm doing. Stick to your own trade, my dear. You are an excellent housekeeper, but you'd be rather a mess at science, I'm afraid."

He looked at her more closely than usual. There were shadws under her eyes. She looked thinner.

"You don't look well, Yvonne," he said. "Perhaps you are doing too much with this house to care for and the French class you are teaching."

"I have given that up," Yvonne said briefly. "It bored me. The house does not tire me. I love working for you. I only asked to help you because I wish to do more for you."

Richard felt a little puzzled. He had not forgotten Yvonne's quest of the evening before, what had happened to her? He took her in his arms and felt her tremble at the unwonted caress.

"What is it, Yvonne? Are you well? You are not like your usual sunny self."

Yvonne pressed against him. "I am well," she said.

A strange thought occurred to Richard. Perhaps they were to have a child and this was the cause of Yvonne's moodiness.

"Tell me, Yvonne, are we to have a child?"

Yvonne shook her head. "That is still denied us," she said. "I long for a child, it would keep me busy, happy. And it would be your child Richard. I should love it so."

"There's plenty of time for babies, Yvonne," Richard said. "You go to sleep early tonight and get a lot of rest the next few days. You're feeling a little seedy. It makes you moody."

Yvonne went meekly to bed. Her heart beat fast with joy. She had made Richard notice her. He had been kinder than he had been in days. The right way was to stay at home, to take care of him, to love him with all her heart.

But Richard had gone back into his shell. Yvonne scrubbed and cleaned and cooked and sewed feverishly throughout the next week. She fought the temptation to go to the little room to practice. She closed her piano. She turned magazines face downward and covered them with a cloth that she might not betempted to read. She fought all the demons

Continued on page 6

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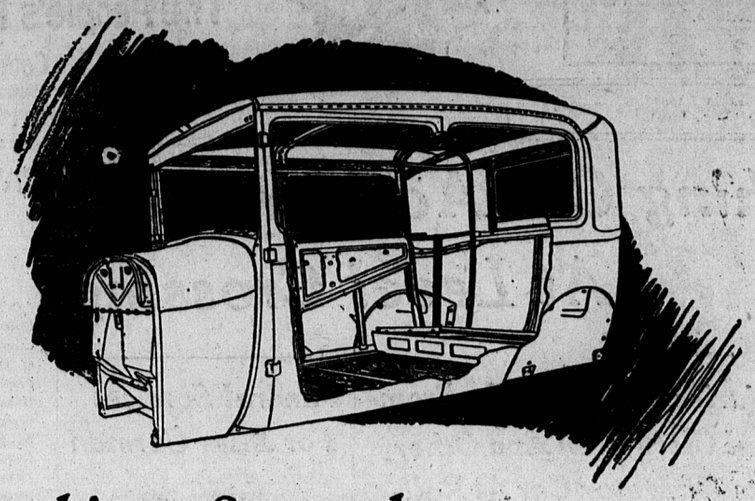

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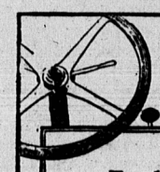
Ford



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