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"These Women"
BY MALCOLM DUART
(VContinued)

CHAPTER XXXIV

"What's the matter with those people?"

Audrey turned and stared after them wonderingly.

"We're being high-hatted," Morton grinned.

Parrish did not take the episode so lightly. "That was an insult," he said, with anger. "They didn't even LOOK at Miss Morton!"

Morton glanced sidewise at him, in amusement. "They didn't look at us, either," he suggested.

The young man flushed. "That's different," he said. "Men don't care if people speak to them or not. Now with young ladies—"

Young ladies don't care either," snapped Audrey. "Those old sticks-in-the-muds! They have that little nasty barking terrier and if he ever comes in our yard again—"

"You'll revenge yourself on the terrier," Morton finished for her. "Don't be absurd. You can't hit a little dog because his owners don't speak to you."

"Well, we ought to do SOMETHING," Audrey argued.

"Why?" Morton apparently was enjoying the situation.

Parrish interposed before Audrey could answer. "I think Miss Morton is right," he said. "I think you ought to call on those people and demand explanation."

"That's a silly idea," declared Audrey.

Parrish, his support thus rejected, was silent.


The little maid-servant opened the door as they arrived at the Morton home, and she bobbed a curtsey, smiling with pleasure. Audrey stopped to talk with her, and Morton and Parrish exchanged a few words in the reception hall.

When Parrish left, Morton called Audrey into his study.

"I'm going down town in a few minutes, but I want to tell you something."

"I think I know what's the matter with those people next door."

"What?" Audrey was wide-eyed. "It was my fault, I believe," he said. "You will remember that I



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had Nona come to town here for a day or two.

"Well, I took her to the restaurant, and to the theatre, and to the hotel. She looks like a stage girl you know. And I think I'm being boycotted, because of it. You're suffering with me."

The girl's nostrils distended. "Why, the very idea! The impertinence of them!"

Morton smiled. "People are always impertinent, when it comes to other folks' morals."

Audrey's thoughts took a new direction.

"Daddy, why did you have Nona come here?"

"You've probably guessed by this time," he told her. "I wanted you to get disgusted with me as a candidate for husband."

"Oh," she was silent, with a frown on her lips.

"He went on: 'I really counted on all those people seeing me, and talking to you about Nona and me. And I thought it might help you get rid of your idea that you wanted to marry me.'"

"Oh," she said again.

He turned back to his desk, and Audrey slowly turned and went up to her room.

Morton was busy at his office for the remainder of the day, dictating letters and going over a mass of reports. Parrish hurried back and forth with piles of papers, and small pocket ledgers that contained statements of Morton's affairs, arranged to be read at a glance.

"What are you going to do this evening, John?" Morton asked, idly, as he was preparing to go home.

"Going to get my flivver, and grease it, and go out for a ride," Parrish said. "I haven't been near it is a long time. Want to see if it runs."

"All right. Amuse yourself!" Morton advised, as he took his departure.

Audrey had been exploring the house, in the manner of women who, when they're returned from a trip out of town. She had directed a transfer of the fruits from one closet to another, inspected her clothing and discarded a heap of it, ordered various cleaning operations in obscure corners, and when Morton arrived, she was sitting in the middle of his dressing-room floor, his shirts strewn widely around her.

"What are you doing to my linen?" he wanted to know.

"Just looking it over," she said. "I think you'd better order some new ties and shirts. Shall I order them for you?"

"Heavens, no!" He spoke in mock concern. "Thank you just the same, but I'll order them myself. The last time you tried it, you got them all in a winking stripes some of Phipps' or Battling Siki's haberdashery. Poor Siki! He's dead, now."

"Who?" she asked absently, holding up a shirt before her.

"Siki," he said.

"I didn't know him," she said seriously.

Morton laughed, and turned into his bedroom.

There was a telegram from Mr. Sunshine at Morton's office next morning.

"What shall I do with this chorus do we put on our production or has the young lady quit please answer?"

quick. A Sunshine's the message read.

Morton rubbed his ear reflectively.

"Take this telegram," he said to Parrish. "It's from Abe Sunshine, Toronto. 'Will let you know in day or two. Meantime better keep them rehearsing.'"

Parrish paused, with his pencil upraised, waiting for further orders.

"Farrish," said Morton, "when you start any place, driving a young filly, you've got to count on at least one runaway, having the dashboard kicked out, getting into the ditch once or twice, and enjoying a lot of excitement en route."

"I know that," agreed Parrish. "I've broken a few colts myself. Are you going to buy a filly, sir?"

Morton's eyelids quivered, but he suppressed his smile.

"I was just thinking," he said and pursued the subject no further.

Toward noon, a woman caller was announced. Morton frowned as he was told the name.

"All right—show her in," he said with something like a groan.

Rising, he greeted his visitor. She sat down. He remained standing, as if to convey the thought that she call should be short.

How the woman who had been waiting for him at the door of the building a month or so before, "My dear Mr. Morton," she said now, "how glad I am to see you! I saw you coming from the station with Audrey—dear little Audrey! You're suffering with me."

Morton's answer was impatient. "Quite well, thank you. What did you want to see me about?"

She drew her chair toward him, beaming into his face. "This is very confidential," she said.

Morton drew back, and sat down. She dragged her chair after him.

"He's been acting dreadfully, and I want to ask your advice."

"But I'm not a lawyer," he protested. "Why don't you see an attorney?"

She looked at him cooly, through lowered eyelids. "But," she said, "it's about 'Chas.'"

"About me? What has your husband to do with me?"

She leaned over and tapped him on the sleeve.

"You see, dear Mr. Morton, he's jealous of you."

"He leaped to his feet, with an exclamation. 'Why in the name of all that's holy should he be jealous of me?'"

She smirked. "Perhaps it is because I talk of you so much," she offered. "You know all of us girls talk about you!"

"I know," he said, with a look of room, running his fingers through his hair, perplexedly. "How far has this thing gone? What does he say? What is he going to do?"

His visitor smiled, with visible satisfaction.

"He says he's going to sue for divorce, and get you."

Morton sat down, heavily. With intent eyes he studied the woman before him.

"I wish you would explain this nonsense," he said, slowly.

She drew a mirror from her handbag, and with a pencil improved the line of an eyebrow.

"I was afraid he would come in here and raise an awful scene," she told him. "I wanted to warn you."

"That doesn't explain anything," he said. "What have you been doing, anyway—seeking a thrill?"

She leaned forward, and smiled at him.

"You ARE thrilling, you know, Mr. Morton," she confided.

"Poppy-cock!" he said. "Look here, Mrs. Carver, I have never seen anything of you, except when I met you at the theatre, and at this office. You came without my invitation. What idiotic nonsense have you been telling that husband of yours, anyway?"

"The lady drew herself up.

"It call it, when my husband sees you," she said coldly. "You can't trifile with my affections without paying the penalty."

She arose, and started for the door. "A man whose life is a scandal in this community, bringing fast women from Toronto and putting them up at the hotel here, much defence when he tampers with the life of an innocent married woman!"

She raised her handkerchief to her eyes, and fumbling for the knob, turned it, and took her departure.

"Well I'll be—," said Morton to himself.

He leaned back in his chair and considered, rubbing his chin from time to time. At last he thoughtfully returned to his work. He said nothing to Parrish about his woman visitor, but kept the young man engaged in making entries in his small private account books.

He did not leave the office for luncheon.

"Bring me a sandwich, or something," he told Parrish.

When the latter returned from his own lunch, Morton told him that he was not to be disturbed for the remainder of the day.

"But," he said. "I have an idea a fellow named Carver is coming up here to see me. Let him in if he comes."

Parrish nodded, and went out, closing the door.

Morton's desk was clear, and he sat with his feet on the window-sill looking at the smoke mounting from a neighboring chimney. His forehead was wrinkled in concentration.

Two hours elapsed and still he scarcely had moved.

At last Parrish rapped at the door.

The young man entered, and leaned over the desk.

"Mr. Carver is outside, waiting for you," he said.

(To be continued)

RADIO PROGRAMS
TUESDAY, AUGUST 3
International Radio Programs

EVENING CONCERTS

6.00 P. M.
WSAI (326) Cinc. Twilight Program.

6.30 P. M.
KFAB (341) Lincoln. Musicales.

6.45 P. M.
WOC (484) Davenport. Chinese Concert.

7.00 P. M.
WJR (517) Detroit. Goldkette.

WBBM (226) Chicago. Broadmoor.

KYW (536) Chicago. Family Hour.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Salon Concert, also WEEL, WGR, WCAE, WTAM, WJW.

7.30 P. M.
WEAF (492) N. Y. Gold Dust Twips, also KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WEAR, WEEL, WFL, WGR, WJAR, WLBE, WOC, WJW, WSAI (326) Cinc. Musicales.

8.00 P. M.
WEAF (492) N. Y. "Eveready Hour," also from KBD, WCAE, WCCO, WEAR, WEEL, WFL, WGR, WGN, WJAR, WOC, WSAI, WTAG, WJW.

WBAL (246) Baltimore. Musicales.

WMBB (250) Chicago. Trianon Ensemble.

WCKX (517) Detroit. Detroit Symphony.

WOC (484) Davenport. Musical.

WMBZ (333) Springfield. Ill. Male quartette.

KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Male quartette.

WBAL (246) Baltimore. Staff program.

8.15 P. M.
DRBO (256) Lansing. The Ro Band.

WLW (423) Cinc. Burnt Corkers.

8.30 P. M.
WGN (302) Chicago. Studio.

WORD (275) Batavia, Ill. Vocal.

WGBA (476) Fort Worth. Recital.

WGY (380) Schenectady. Beaver Hour.

WRNY (375) N. Y. Huarte's Spanish Ensemble.

9.00 P. M.
WSAI (326) Cincinnati. Musical Program.

WGN (303) Chicago. Varied program.

WEEL (370) Chicago. Edgewater Beach program.

KFAB (340) Lincoln. University of Nebraska.

WLW (423) Cinc. Formica Symphony.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Moment Musical, to WEEL, WGR, WTAM, WFL, WRY, KSD, WTAM and WCHS.

WCBZ (345) Zion. Zion Junior Choir.

WSM (283) Nashville. Golden Echo quart.

KLDS (441) Independence. Studio program.

WBZ (333) Springfield. Vocal selections.

WRNY (375) N. Y. Soprano.

WCCO (417) St. Paul-Mpls. Lake Mills chorus.

WGY (380) Schenectady. Penny R. R. Hour.

9.15 P. M.
WBZ (333) Springfield. Concert.

9.30 P. M.
WBAL (246) Baltimore. Organ Recital.

WFAA (476) Dallas. Musical.

9.45 P. M.
WMAQ (448) Chicago. Burpan-Holmes.

10.00 P. M.
WOOD (242) Grand Rapids. Studio.

WGN (303) Chicago. Musical Program.

WANT TO DANCE?
(Name of orchestra given)

10.30 P. M.
WGHB (266) Clearwater. Capitol.

8.30 P. M.
WORD (275) Batavia, Ill. Parkway.

WHAS (400) Louisville. The Cardinals.

FEATURE TALKS

4.00 P. M.
WRC (469) Washington. Base Ball Plays.

5.00 P. M.
WFAA (476) Dallas. Baseball. Texas.

6.00 P. M.
WSOE (246) Milwaukee. Sport reports.

WRC (469) Wash. Washington-Chicago Baseball Game—Play-by-play account.

5.10 P. M.
WEAF (492) N. Y. Conversational French.

6.55 P. M.
WCCO (416) St. Paul. Base ball results.

7.00 P. M.
WIP (509) Phila. Dramatic Review.

7.15 P. M.
WJY (405) N. Y. Zoological Talk.

7.45 P. M.
WORD (275) Batavia. World News Hour.

7.55 P. M.
WGY (380) Schenectady. "Travel Talk." Also from WJZ and WRC.

CFCA (358) Toronto. Baseball.

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TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk, Charlottetown, P. E. I., up to Wednesday, August 4th, 1926, for supplying the City with 500 feet of Fire Hose, tenders to be accompanied by samples.

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