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MADE IN CANADA

MAY SEYMOUR FOOT LOOSE

by BEATRICE BURTON ONEA

MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband killed himself because of her love affair with another man, returns to her home town after a year's absence. She sells her property and with her small fortune sets out to find and marry a man with money. She tells her lawyer, DICK GREGORY, and GLORIA, his wife, that love means "nothing in her life."

At Atlantic City she meets a divorcee, CARLOTTA FRANKING, and her friends, HERBERT WATERBURY and DAN SPRAGUE. Both men pay court to May, greatly to the distress of Carlotta, who has been in love with Dan for years.

May finds Dan very attractive; but she sets her cap for Waterbury having made up her mind that he is the rich husband she is looking for. Finally he proposes, and May plans to marry him within a week. She gives him all of her money to invest for her.

But almost at once she regrets this, when Carlotta, leaving for her home in California, warns May not to put too much trust in him. Waterbury goes to Waterbury and demands the return of her money, and an hour later he disappears.

Penniless, May sells her jewelry and fur coat to buy a railroad ticket to California, intending to spend the winter with Carlotta who had previously invited her to do so. On the way west she stops off in her home town to visit her own friends, DICK and GLORIA GREGORY.

One day while she is lurching downtown with Gloria, she meets ULYSSES FORGAN, a widower who is mildly in love with her. He takes her to his house to aid in chaperoning a party given by his young daughter, SALLY. On the drive home May tells him how she has lost all her money, and she cries on his shoulder. Ulysses puts his arm around her, protectively, but fails to make love to her.

THE STORY

Ulysses slowed down his car as they reached the sprawling outskirts of Montreal, and the wet road became a city street. He seemed to want to make his ride with May last as long as possible. And when, at last they drew up before Dick Gregory's house and May opened the door of the car to step out, he suddenly leaned over and gripped her cold bare hands with his.

"You spoke of going to Los Altos this winter," he said awkwardly. "When are you leaving? Am I going to have another chance to see you?"

May caught her full lower lip

with her teeth, and dropped her eyes demurely. She said nothing. But in the silence and the darkness she managed to tell Ulysses that if he wanted to see her again, it was up to him! Without a word or a look she plainly told him that she would love to see him again, and again! She told him that with the soft pressure of her palms against his . . . with the quick in-drawn sigh she gave.

May was a born flirt. She was the kind of woman who can tell a man more with the brushing of her shoulder against his than another woman could say in a ten-page love letter! It was as natural for her to flirt with men as it was for her to yawn when she was tired, or laugh when she was amused.

Her life was part of her. Some women are born with that lure—the power to attract men—and some are not. That is why many a rapturous beauty goes to her grave an old maid, while a homely girl with a "come hither" look in her eyes marches up to the altar with the town catch!

"Let me see you tomorrow," pleaded Ulysses, as they walked up the path to the Gregorys' front porch. The light from the hall streamed out into the darkness, and in its orange glow May raised her face to his.

"Tomorrow," she echoed. "And tomorrow will be the last time . . . I'm leaving for California day after tomorrow."

She sensed rather than saw, the look of disappointment in his face. "So soon?" he asked dismally. "I didn't know you expected to go so soon."

"No," was all May said. Ulysses shook himself. "Well, then!" His voice was suddenly brisk and cheerful. "It may as well make the best of the time before you go! . . . Will you have dinner with me now, tonight?"

May didn't know why she eagerly accepted his invitation. She was tired and her head ached. Moreover she had eaten too many little cakes and sandwiches at Sally's party, and she did not want dinner. But she roused herself saying "Yes, I'd love to!" and running up the steps of the Gregory's house, to tell them that she was dining out.

"Now, what do you know about that?" Gloria cried to Dick when the front door had slammed behind May, and the sound of Ulysses'

departing motor had died away in the distance. "She's been with that Forgan man all afternoon, and now she's going to spend the evening with him. And she hardly knows him, Dick!"

Dick Gregory laughed. "May always was a fast worker" he commented dryly. "She knows this Forgan has a lot of money, and she's probably picked him for her second husband. . . . May was born with an itching palm. If you ask me."

"You never did like her," Gloria answered him with a flash of spirit. "And it's not quite fair to say that she's after nothing but money, all the time."

"She's said so, herself, plenty of times, right in this very room," Dick answered with a shrug of his shoulders. "All I have is her own word for it. You've heard her say that between love and money she'd always choose money, haven't you?"

Gloria had to admit, somewhat unwillingly, that she had heard May say that very thing.

"But she didn't mean it, I'm sure!" she added loyally. "She was just talking to hear herself talk. Women do that, you know."

Dick shook his head. "Not your friend, May," he said. "She isn't the type that can talk a year without saying anything. When she says a thing she means it . . . and believe me, I'd hate to be in Ulysses X. Forgan's shoes this minute, if May's picked him for her next tea-ticket!"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. . . . A man could do a lot worse than to marry May," Gloria defended her friend. "You don't know May so well as I do. And I know that underneath her hardness she's all right."

She picked up her mending basket, and sat down under the light to darn the absurdly small socks of Richard Gregory, Junior, who was fast asleep upstairs.

For a long time there was peaceful silence in the cozy room, broken only by the crackling of the wood in the fireplace. Then Gloria spoke again, musingly.

"May would be the very wife for a man like Ulysses X," she said. "She's heaps of fun, and Ulysses looks as if he needed a little fun in his life. . . . Mother Gregory says his first wife was a perfect prune."

Dick looked up from his book and grinned. "Don't worry; Ulysses isn't going

to marry your friend, the widow," he assured her. "He's too much of a fox to walk into May's trap!"

But if there was a trap, Ulysses had certainly walked into it. At the very moment that Dick was speaking, he was asking May Seymour to marry him.

He had stopped the automobile along the side of a lonely road, and he sat humped over the wheel staring at her, his hands clenched upon the wheel. A look of surprise flashed out upon May's face.

"Oh, Mr. Forgan!" she breathed. There was surprise in her voice. But she felt no surprise. She had seen how it was from the beginning, with Ulysses. She had known that he was falling in love with her that day, a month ago.



She raised her eyes to meet the gay, clever eyes of Dan Sprague himself.

to be the mistress of his beautiful house.

She meant to take him, now. But something deep within her . . . her conscience perhaps . . . spoke for her.

"I don't love you," she said clearly.

For a long moment Ulysses was silent, as he studied her face in the dim glow of the automobile lamps. "No," he said at last, "I know you don't. . . . I shouldn't have asked what I did."

Without another word he bent forward and started his car. It shot forward into the rainy blackness of the night. May, leaning back against the leather cushions, felt a curious sadness settle down upon her . . . a sadness that she couldn't understand. What was the word the Germans had for it? "Weltschmerz?"

They dined at a little inn a dozen miles from town. The place was famous for its food, and the waiter who served them wondered why they ate so little.

They talked very little, too. May, who usually chattered like a brook, was strangely silent as she crumbed bread with her white, pointed fingers. Under Ulysses' grave eyes she twisted uneasily in her chair. She searched her mind for something to say . . . something light and frothy and amusing. But no words would come.

At last the meal was at an end. May exhaled a breath of relief as they left the inn and stepped into the darkness again.

"I shan't see you again . . . ever," I suppose," she said when they were back on the Gregorys' white-pillared porch. "Goodby, Mr. Forgan."

She held out her gloveless hand. "Goodby, May," he answered quietly.

And without taking her hand in farewell, he turned and went quickly down the steps.

"I'll never see him again . . . May," she called to herself, and suddenly she called him back to her.

"I want to tell you something," she began, as he stood a step below her so that her eyes were on a level with his. "Not that it makes any difference one way or the other. . . . But I like you better than any man I ever have seen."

Before the astonished Ulysses could catch his breath she was gone, and the door of the house had slammed behind her.

All the next day he mused on the queerness of women . . . and up-out-particular. A woman with long slate-gray eyes, and a scarlet mouth that was shaped for kisses. A woman who said she liked him better than any man in the world, but who couldn't love him!

"But she does like me!" he argued with himself. "And she doesn't know me very well. Seems to me that liking a person is a pretty good foundation for something deeper."

Finally he decided to offer May a position as his private secretary. She had told him all her money was gone . . .

But after he had written the letter

ter he tore it up. "No," he said to himself. "You can't offer to make a woman your wife, and then give her a job in your office. That won't do."

He spent another day in debate with himself, and at five in the afternoon he called the Gregorys' house and asked for May. The maid who answered the phone told him that "Mrs. Seymour had left at noon for Los Altos."

May sat in the Pullman of a west bound train, and watched the bleak landscape streak by . . . mile after mile of flat land with here and there a lonely farm-house. In her lap lay a new book of Hugh Walpole's.

She opened her purse at intervals and took out a very new and cheap watch of a famous make. Three hours more before she could get off the train. . . . She hated trains. She was beginning to tire of "knocking round" the world footloose. She would be glad to reach the quiet haven of Carlotta's little bungalow.

She thought of Carlotta, and from her, her thoughts passed on to Dan Sprague. She wondered where he was now. In New York probably, camped on Francie Lee's trail.

"I wonder what would have happened to me if I'd married Dan when he asked me to, that day," she went on thinking. I wonder what it would be like to be married to Dan . . .

She became aware of someone standing beside her, looking down at her. And she raised her eyes to meet the gay, clever eyes of Dan Sprague himself.

(To be Continued.)

After cooking cabbage or any vegetables that have a disagreeable odor, sprinkle a little ground cinnamon on the top of the stew and all odors will disappear.

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WHERE WORDS FAILED

The new guard was not familiar with a certain railway run in Wales. A station name which resembled in the name of Llanfair-tydwili-ygors-ych. For a few minutes he stood looking at the sign-board in mute helplessness. Then pointing to the board and waving his other arm toward the carriage, he called out to the passengers, "If there's anybody there for here, this is it."

A mode of ascertaining the freshness of eggs is to hold them to the light. If an egg looks clear it is good. If thick it is stale. If there is a black spot it is worthless.

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