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A HUSBAND TO MARCIA

By CAROLYN BEECHER

Chapter LX

In spite of the success of her party, her fatigue, Marcia could not sleep. Sheer exhaustion had closed John's eyes as soon as his head touched the pillow...

Had John known the nature of her thoughts he would not have so peacefully slept. The excitement Marcia had shown at the party increased as she lay wide-eyed planning what she would do and how to do it. Finally she also slept, and when John woke at his usual time he dressed very quietly, so that he would not disturb her.

A letter from Muriel in his morning mail cheered him immensely. Already she had found a good position and her mother had shown interest in it. Kenneth was a dear and they loved him more as they grew to know him better. It was a bright, comradish letter, and John smiled as he read. Then, after placing it in the drawer of his desk, he went at his work with more pleasure than he had left for many a day.

Several times during the day he recalled that Marcia would expect him to pay the caterer and for the music. He would have to draw up on what he had saved for Kenneth to do so. But he would not need to send another remittance to Muriel for two weeks. He would find some way to replace what he had to use. The bills which Marcia had ready for him were really enough, as he admitted, for what they had had. But he hurt Marcia's feelings when he said:

"I would so much rather not have had the party and kept the money. Marcia. It is a lot of money to spend for one's evening's enjoyment. Why? More to think of it, it's more than the rug you wanted would have cost."

"I know. I wanted to give you the rug for a birthday present, but I was afraid you would make a fuss. I don't see what has come over you, John. I thought you would be delighted with your party, and you weren't a single little bit. You looked almost bored. If you knew how it hurts me to have you act as if you didn't appreciate me you would show more feeling when I try to do all I can for you."

"I wasn't bored, Marcia. I am very tired, and such an evening takes too much out of me. Well, you must take a vacation. If you would do as I tell you and put a little away in the bank each month we could go away for three or four weeks. It would brace you up wonderfully and do me good, also."

"I have nothing left in the end of the month to put in the bank. His tone was flat. "I haven't said it in a long time, but you are too easy. You should demand enough to live on. I scrimp and save in every way I can and still live decently, and still I believe you blame me because you can't get away, or save, or anything."

John gave Marcia the money for the bills for his birthday party and begged her not to spend anything more that month. "I am strapped, absolutely," he told her when she again spoke of the rug. And he said it in the tone that she knew meant she could not have anything more that month. But he had been watching her eyes that might have enlightened him as to her determination to possess what she desired and when she desired it.

Marcia really thought she was a good wife and in many ways it was no man ever had a wife. Higher morals and principles as far as morality went, Marcia would as soon have thought of picking somebody's pocket as of looking at another man to desire him. All her love, all her fealty was given to John.

Another thing about Marcia: she would not admit to her circle of friends either a man or woman whose private life was not as far as could be ascertained pure along the same lines. Yes, Marcia Aldrich was emphatically a good woman in the sense we use the term. John realized this, all the men do, and it kept him patient, kind, when so often she tried him in excess.

"Perhaps you do," quizzically. "Now you are teasing, but I'll give you."

John left Marcia admiring the curtains. When she was ready to retire he had gone to sleep. His vest had fallen to the floor. She picked it up and his check book dropped out of his pocket. With it in her hand she quietly returned to the living room and switched on the light. She would see how much he had, what his balance was. If there was enough to get the rug she would make him get it for her instead of doing as she had intended.

Her brows met in a frown as she saw the small balance left after the caterer's check had been drawn. Idly she turned the leaves. Suddenly she frowned again. Who was Muriel Doran and what was John sending her money for? She commenced all over, examining each stub carefully. Another to Muriel Doran, she never had heard the name. Strange that John never had mentioned having business with such a person. Not a thought of anything but business entered her mind in that connection. But why hadn't he told her about it? Some of his extra work, perhaps. But a woman—it was queer. She laid the check book on the table. She would give it to him in the morning, tell him she had looked at it, and ask about Muriel Doran. She had no delicacy about acknowledging she had looked the book through. Was she not his wife? Did she not have a right to know all about his money matters?

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Chapter LXII. Not for weeks had Marcia been so angry. In spite of all she had said her refusal to allow John to adopt that boy, he had taken the care of him upon himself and was sending money to some unknown woman for his support. It was almost unbelievable that he should go against her wishes in such a manner.

"I will no good for you to take on so, Marcia. You will only make yourself ill." "You mean to tell me that I intend to go on supporting that child when I go without so many things I want?" "Yes, Marcia. I might lie about it, but I will not. I am going to pay for Kenneth's care and education. He is a most lovable little boy and will more than repay all I can do for him. It isn't much, Marcia; just a few dollars each month."

Chapter LXI. "You are sure I can't have that rug, John? It is only two days until the club meets here."

"Quite sure, Marcia." "To his surprise she said no more and had not been reading his paper. She felt that the lower lids might have warned him, but only too glad to finish the matter so quickly he went on reading. The new curtains had arrived and before he retired he hung them for Marcia.

"They wanted to send a man, but I know you would be willing to do it and save that money, when I am always thinking of how to save," she chatted as he balanced himself on the rickety stepladder. "Aren't they lovely? They make the rest of the room look absolutely shabby," she sighed. "That's the thing, it calls for a lot more when you return them, all at once every thing corresponds. Oh, well, may be some day I can have a house of my own and furnish it as I should like to." This time it was John who sighed.

"I'm afraid we will be too old to care for a house before I can buy one," he said as he came down from the ladder. "Are they all right?" meaning the curtains. "They are perfectly lovely! And you have hung them as well as any decorator could. I always tell everyone that they are just wonderful, that there is nothing you can't do. I love to tell them how nice you are. Most women talk about themselves all the time, but I am always telling my friends how lucky I am in having such an indulgent, clever husband. Nell French declares I do it to make them jealous."

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"I found your vest on the floor last night," she said, at breakfast, "and when I picked it up your check book fell out. I'll get it, I left it on the table in the living room. Ah, here it is! Of course I looked through it, John. I knew you wouldn't object, and I see you have sent money to a Muriel Doran. Who is she?"

Under his breath John damned himself for his carelessness in putting Muriel's name on the stub. But he replied as nonchalantly as possible: "She is a woman who has done things for me."

"What things? Strange you never mentioned her. And you paid her money. So you couldn't have been doing work for her, as I first thought when I looked at the stubs."

"It is a private affair, Marcia. You mean you are not going to tell me?" "I should prefer not to."

"But you must! Why, I never deceived you—she blushed as she remembered the number of times she had deceived him about her losses at cards—"I mean about anything that counts—about any man. Then: "You must tell me, John. I'll never rest until you do."

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Chapter LXIII. "What time does your club get through its business, Marcia?" John asked the next morning. "I will stay at the office until the members go, I have no wish to butt in on a lot of females."

"I love to have them. How do you like my curtains, Nell?" "Scrumptious! But you do manage to have things up to date always."

"I should be a fool if I didn't. Only John understood Marcia's cryptic reply."

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Chapter LXIV. In his den John Aldrich looked things squarely in the face. He had told Marcia that selling his precious cup was the last straw. He felt that it was and that never again could he go on as he had for all the years he had been married to Marcia.

After a bit he wondered if by any possibility he had been at fault, wholly at fault, and Marcia guiltless. He wondered if all his ideas of living were wrong; the distorted ideas of a man whose nerves and overwork had left him with a blurred vision, unable to see things clearly.

For hours he sat there, his head buried in his arms. Marcia rapped he made no answer. After a while she called sharply. Still he made no sign. Then after waiting a while she tapped gently and in a softer voice called:

"It is late, John, and you said you were tired." Still he did not answer. He heard her go into her room. He knew she was undressing. Soon he heard her go again into the living room. It was an old habit of hers when she had purchased anything to look at it the last time before she retired. She was looking at that rug, bought with his money cup—no, with his heart's blood. He saw red as the thought of his years of overwork to satisfy her demands swept over him. His china collection had been the only thing he had allowed himself, his one bit of extravagance in all their married life, and she had commenced taking that from him. The money cup was only the beginning. She never would be satisfied, now that she saw how she could gratify her whims, until she had disposed of every cent. He knew—because he knew Marcia.

He heard the click as she switched off the light after floating over that rug. He visioned her satisfied smile, the pleased look in her eyes—that look she always had when she had circumvented him. He heard her step. It stopped at his door.

"John, it is 3 o'clock. I am frightened when you don't answer me. Aren't you coming to bed?" Still John Aldrich did not speak, although he wet his lips and they moved soundlessly. But after a moment he rose heavily, like a man lifting a burden, and with bloodshot eyes and sagging shoulders followed her into their sleeping room.

"I think you are bad to your wife to act like this," Marcia said as she cuddled down into the bedclothes, shivering a little. "Do hurry, I'm so sleepy." A long yawn testified to the truth of her remark.

John felt as if he never could speak to her again. He visioned his priceless cup, the way she stole it from his cabinet, the plans she had laid to dispose of it, the purchase of the rug, all this passed before his mental eyes in hectic rotation. She reached over and touched him. Meeting no response she pleaded:

"Take hold of my hand. I can't go to sleep with you so cross, it sort of frightens me, even if it was all your own fault that I sold that old cup. If you had let me buy the rug with your money, I wouldn't have done it," she ended with a whimper.

He took her hand in his, but when she pressed his fingers there was no return and she pettishly drew hers away.

In the morning John still kept silence. He did not dare speak. He was afraid of what he might say in his anger. The iron had entered his very soul. Yet he thought that perhaps he had been too hard on her. He had not returned, neither did he reply to her "good-by," repeated twice.

"Good-by, John, good-by!" "All day at the office he argued with himself. He had married Marcia, he had promised to make her happy to the best of his ability, to love, and cherish her, to enjoy her with all his worldly goods, did that mean his china? almost hysterically his mind considered the question. He had tried to be a good husband, but had he tried hard enough? Was it not a sign of selfishness that her act, the selling of his precious cup, should make him feel almost a murderer? Was he right? Had he no license to care for little Kenneth, educate him, if to do so he had to deny her, his wife? Were all his ideas, his promises wrong? Had he a distorted idea of life, not she? Marcia loved pretty things, but all women did. She loved a nice home, nicely furnished. And Marcia was good, good all through, as

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With a muttered oath John rushed from the room into his den. Marcia heard him turn the key in the lock. For the first time he had locked her out.

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Keep in condition. Be ready for the unexpected. Accept conditions as they come and are. Be prepared to give battle for a principle, or for a friend. Do the unpleasant job with a full yard smile!

There is not a one among us who is not called upon almost daily to take over a task we most thoroughly dislike, but who is to know, excepting the boss of our own self, if we are in prime condition when the time for that task arrives?

Keep in condition. The most mental worker who keeps improving his mind and takes care to make his body serve each day right, may some day step out from the crowd to find his deserved place among the real leaders of the earth. It has happened thus always, and it always will happen thus.

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"Seek and you shall find!" Keep in condition, and you may become great. By George Matthew Adams

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