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TABLETS 25¢

heard a story as thrilling as this one. "No, I like money, somehow we always had plenty to spend, even though Frank went into debt. His mother always pulled him out of it. But—well, with more money he would have been wilder, I think."

"In any case, I had the equivalent of ten or 12 thousand dollars in an English bank. That was to buy the lease of a house and part of the furniture. Fortunately I hadn't bought anything. There was some trouble about breaking the agreement to take the house I'd decided on, but Stanley got me out of that. Meantime, poor Frank was raging because I was staying with friends while he was at a hotel. He said I would ruin his reputation by treating him that way, poor Frank!"

And Gloria smiled a little over Frank's general lack of logic. "Finally I drew \$5,000 from the bank, and turned the rest over to him. Then I gathered up my infant and just like the fugitive Eliza, I fled out of London with my child in my arms. Only there weren't any lumps of ice to leap across, which rather spoiled the dramatic effect."

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"And he went on, getting more and more unreasonable, drinking more, caring more for other women and less for me. He hated the baby. And George urged me to leave, for my own salvation. Frank found it heavy to be attractive. Bobby used to come to Paris often, and George was there doing portraits and making a name for himself. Frank raged when either of them came around—he was just as jealous as that sort of man always is."

"I spent a month, feeling sorry for myself. "Were you still in love with him?" "No! Gloria raised herself on her elbow and stared hard into the fire. "No! He'd done everything he could to kill that. He never was in love, after he married me. He's the sort that only wanted what he hadn't got, that's why all women but his wife attracted him."

"But do you know—of course you don't, though, you're too young—that the most agonizing thing is to have a man you love and to have loved—and to find that person unworthy of any sort of affection. That's the most unbearable disappointment life can hold!"

"I know, said Pan gently. "Anyway, I'd only moved down one week end, and said he and George had decided I ought to go home for awhile. But Frank was watching the English boats. So they and I crossed the Channel and took passage from Havre—with the rest of my 500."

"The phone rang sharply. Gloria rose and answered it. "Hello. Oh, hello, George!" Pan watched her friend's face light up as she recognized the voice and a queer little pain went through her. "What? A dance at your studio? Of course we'll come. Yes—no, I'm feeling splendid, Pan's been treating me the way she treats Frankie. Yes, we'll dress and come right around."

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over the tree tops and the little lake where the swan boats ran in the Summer. The easel and model stand had been pushed into a corner, a phonograph played a merry dance tune from the model's chair on the platform. A dozen or more people were dancing.

"You haven't met my aunt yet," George said, and introduced Pan to a somewhat severe and competent woman, with smoothly, piled grayish hair and a simple, modish black sequin gown. Aunt Harriet ran three women's clubs and looked it.

"I might call her my innumerable chaperone," George said. "Now and then she lives here and looks after me, but most of the time she's traveling the country organizing and lecturing. I don't know what she organizes—" It was plain George liked teasing his aunt, who took it with a certain aloof humor.

"Most men have entirely too much looking after," she answered him. "George, I know Miss Adela's plain and 40, but you must dance with her, you know."

George went off obediently. Until the dance was ended, Pan sat with Gloria, who whispered amusing comments about the people in the room.

"Mrs. Austen you already know. She fancies herself an expert on old and rare books. Miss Adela Hinds goes in for horse racing and won't talk anything but horses or travel—she thinks it adds spice and dash to her make up and balances a pug nose. But it doesn't. That old chap in the corner who is carrying on a flirtation with the 18 year old girl, is a learned professor of economics. Aunt Harriet would like to marry him, but hasn't succeeded so far—"

She rattled on a mixture of friendly and unfriendly comments, but all delivered off merrily none of them carried any sting. Pan began to be disarmed at the strange guests, she couldn't talk horse racing to the sporty lady, never having seen a race in her life. She knew nothing of rare old books, her book knowledge was sound enough but confined to library editions. Norris City boasted no serious woman's clubs—so how could she be intelligent with Aunt Harriet?

"Don't worry," Gloria whispered. "They all adore talking so that all they want is someone to listen. They're all so bored with each other they'll fall upon your neck if you'll only seem interested. You're a good little listener."

"Which is a higher art than being a good talker," said George over Gloria's shoulder. "And an art more rarely met with, you should add. Sir Cynic, Gloria answered, looking up and laughing.

"Come and dance with me, I'm sending Bobby to amuse the Child," George begged. They had taken to referring to Pan as The Child. "Take the Child over the studio, she's never seen a place like this," Gloria answered. And the next moment she danced off with a very tall man possessing a very long and lanky moustache.

The apartment seemed to swarm with people. The studio was two stories high, with a balcony at one end, a room in itself, filled with books and with lounge chairs under a lamp. One couple sat here and talked. A hallway ran from this, with glimpses of bedrooms on each side. Down the steps, on a level with the studio floor, was an immense dining room with an ancient refractory table in the centre and great carved oak chairs about it, the walls hung with tapers, a butler and a maid waiting on a table of sandwiches and salad and coffee in a white copper urn with a spirit lamp under it.

They entered the studio as the dance stopped, Pan looked up at George and found him staring soberly at Gloria. Gloria was the centre of a group of half a dozen men, her clear laugh was heard above theirs.

George was in love, Pan thought with a little pang. And Gloria was not being nice to him.

George started towards Gloria. Pan was sure Gloria saw him coming, and knew that he was going to ask for a dance again. She stood by the door, watching Gloria half turned away her head and looked up at the college professor, taking his arm as she spoke. Pan saw the man say something in answer to her.

"Then when George reached her Pan heard her voice, "George, I'm so sorry. But this is promised."

And George came back to Pan, with whom he danced, and who was so grateful he should ask that it never occurred to her to resent being a second choice.

George danced beautifully. Pan found she could go along with him more easily than with anyone she knew.

"I'm such a poor dancer, I don't know any of these steps," she apologized, as she always apologized to any partner.

"You're very light on your feet and very easily led," George said. "Learning the steps is easy, anyone can do that. But the other is a virtue one must be born with."

"Again the girl was filled with self confidence. She did not know she had any ability of this sort at all.

husband! However, as his name was Higgs, most people called her by her professional title. "You dance beautifully," the woman said to Pan, with the faintest softest trace of a foreign accent in her voice. "George has been telling me you are afraid of yourself on the floor. But you have the gift of being in motion with the music—dear, what do I want to say?"

"Mademoiselle has the gift of continuous motion," said Timothy Higgs, with a much more Russian manner than his really Russian wife. "There is no break—one line melts into another as she dances—she is awkward at it a little, she is so young yet, but the awkwardness has a charm."

"You must come to one of my classes, I will show you"—the woman gave Pan a sweet vague smile from the bluest of eyes and went off to dance with Bobby.

The Russian was easy to get along with! But there was Aunt Harriet who motioned her to a chair near hers.

"There aren't enough men to go around, sit here and talk to me," she said. "Tell me are you interested in women's clubs?"

"This was getting awful again! How her hostess would lose interest as soon as she confessed she knew nothing of them! She felt cold and nervous again, she could feel something contract inside her, all the warmth beginning to go—just as it had done in the days when she went to Gladys' parties. She confessed her ignorance.

"I'm getting up a matinee Wednesday for the benefit of a woman's hospital, and I want some pretty young girls to act as aides sell flowers, and programmes that sort of thing—dressed as nurses. Will you help me?"

Would she! Pan's heart jumped! When come here for me at 1.30 Wednesday—no, come at 12.30 and have luncheon with me first. George has pupils here then, but can knock off for lunch with us."

So Aunt Harriet was no terror to talk to. In four more minutes she had promised to go with her once a week, and help at some club in the east side. "We teach arts and crafts work to the children in a neighborhood centre," Aunt Harriet said.

And she said Pan should go there an hour before and take a lesson in the work, in order to help teach later.

She was no success with the horse racing lady. That deep voiced person talked over her head and around her shoulder and generally acted as though Pan were a small and insignificant fence.

From this uncomfortable position, Bobby rescued her to dance. With the book collector she got on better. She said and listened, just the fascination of she knew nothing of this woman's hobbies. She was talking, not about old and rare editions, as Pan had hoped since she wanted to learn something of this bit of modern literature. Pan did not know that her absorbed silence was as flattering so the professor's compliments.

And all evening, George tried to get Gloria alone for a moment, and all evening she cleverly avoided him, finally, when most of the guests had left, he went up to her, put his arm around her and forcibly danced off with her. Pan saw that he was talking earnestly and naturally wondered.

In contrast to his earnestness, came Gloria's constant laugh—half note too shrill for real merriment. Why was she laughing so?

As Pan stood, watching and waiting for them to finish, holding plates of sandwiches and salad and coffee in a white copper urn with a spirit lamp under it.

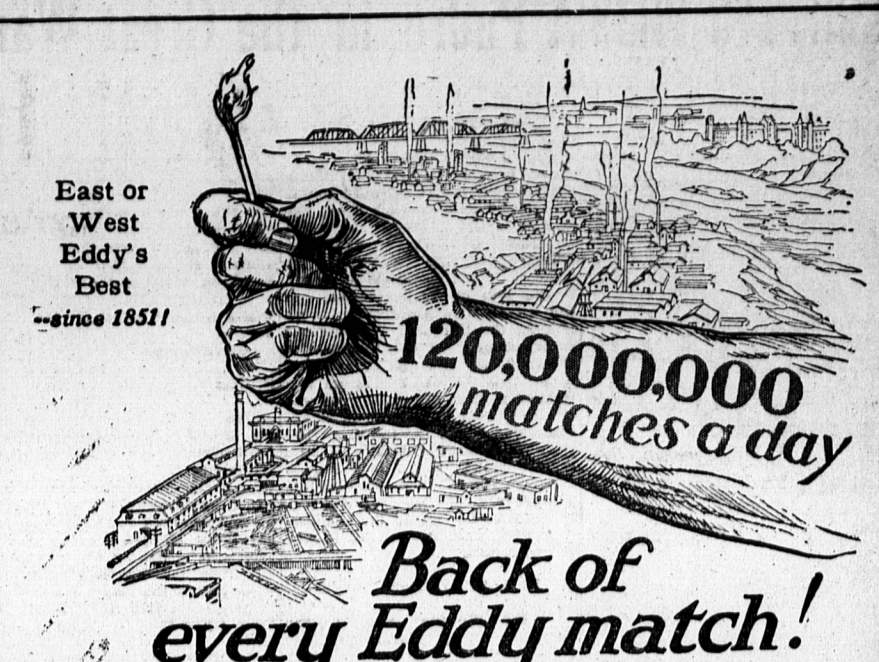
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awning or, if they were discovered should have laughed it off. I never made that mistake again!"

"But we quarreled violently for months, and he began drinking a lot and resigned—or else was asked to; he was drinking entirely too much, we had a lot of stormy scenes about that too—he was so unjust at times, and I wept or else raged."

"Then—well of course what followed was inevitable. My baby was born dead, it wasn't even seven months—and he said it was my fault for getting into such tempers. Once, being quite lit up after a party, he told me I'd done it on purpose. I never forgave him that."

She talked on, while Pan sat quietly, too absorbed to go on with her self imposed secretarial work, her sensitive little heart fairly torn with sympathy for her friends. Frank had left the diplomatic service, either of himself or by request and they had sailed for Turkey.

"Bobby was with the Consulate, he stayed on, but joined us later at Cannes," Gloria said. "Poor Frank had an attack of conscience. I was so awfully ill, and took me down the Nile for my health. We stopped at Cannes in the Spring, came back here for the Summer. Frank had to get work of some sort, we were running out of money."

"What did he do?" Pan asked. "What work? His work was mainly coxing funds out of his mother. It took him all summer, but he did it—I found out later by saying we were to have another child, which wasn't true—and that he had to take me away to some quiet place for my health—she never knew what caused the first catastrophe. I was miserable—"

She paused, laughed, and made a remark that was the keynote to her character. "I was so miserable there was nothing to do but laugh about it."

A BREACH Chapter 51 The general significance of Gloria's remark did not strike her until later when she was thinking over this whole story. Gloria meantime, was going on with this voluntary confession.

"He did get a few thousands out of his mother and he went back again to Europe. He had an idea that he could write—diplomatic work of course was impossible after his African record. The one part was that he could, Frank was enormously talented."

Something odd came to Pan as she sat listening. Gloria was actually boasting of the accomplishments of the man she could not bear to live with!

"Frank was the spoiled son—I mean that in several ways. His mother spoiled him, so did his fate. He was born rich, had extravagant tastes and money to gratify them. He adored pretty women and not one could refuse him anything. He had an impulse and a cruel streak in him. He used to let me see his devotion to other women because he knew it hurt me. Then when I looked too miserable and ran down, he would come around and be a perfect lamb, and would either say he'd lost interest in the other woman, or that he never had had any and was only teasing—and be so sweet I would forgive him and think myself happy all over again."

"He was always necessary to forget the past—and start new." "You can't forget the past that easily," Pan said sadly.

Gloria gave her one of the quick shrewd glances that Pan felt through and through. She was sure that Gloria saw straight into her own miserable little secret.

"You can, though," Gloria resumed. "You can drop off the past like a worn cloak and start all over again as though nothing had happened—or almost—as though nothing had happened."

"Possibly it takes practice. I was always beginning over again with Frank. He had such a convincing way of saying 'It will never happen again.' Every woman believes that statement when the man she is in love with says it. It's the only thing to do."

Pan sat silent, thinking, while Gloria stared into the fire again. One white arm was behind her head, white in contrast to her very black hair. The loose scarlet sleeve of her silk robe fell away from her elbow, adding its splash to the vivid colors that always surrounded Gloria. What a lot she must have gone through to be this cynical, Pan thought. And, in her sympathy, her own unhappy, littlest?

PURITY FLOUR More Bread and Better Bread, and Better Pastry too Use it in All Your Baking

love affair seemed much less important.

"We went to Paris, Gloria continued. "We had a gay and hectic Winter and went on to Monte Carlo in the early Spring, where poor Frank thought he would win back all he'd lost that Winter. And oddly enough, he did win a lot of money. I felt it was too dishonest to take it—but after all, it wasn't nearly as dishonest as taking money from his mother on false pretences. He always did. These questions of metaphysics are always delicate," and she laughed a little.

Gloria it appeared, dragged him away from Monte Carlo to Germany for a Summer. The third Winter of their marriage was spent in Italy. Frankie was born there.

"You've been everywhere," Pan said, thinking enviously of the wonderful places Gloria had seen. "Frank had a restless foot," Gloria said. "We went to Sweden for a Summer and back to Florence for the Winter. Wasn't feeling up to much after Frankie arrived. And Frank himself had quite decided that his talent was literature. He could write beautifully, too, when he wanted to."

"He was asked to lecture once and toured Europe alone giving talks on aspects of American literature, which had been his hobby at college. He went off before—the baby came—packed off to Poland and parts unknown. I think it was a blonde, rather than his aesthetic feelings, but the reason didn't matter much."

She was working herself into a state of excitement over her own past bitterness as she talked. And, as excitement always brought her up, she began now to look well again, even to look rested. Pan watched in wonder.

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"Again the girl was filled with self confidence. She did not know she had any ability of this sort at all.

A young woman came in very late, accompanied by a pink checked young man with a moustache like two tiny black dots on each side of his upper lip. She was exquisitely blonde, she wore a Greek gown of pale blue silk that made a lovely evening frock and gold sandals on silk stockings. She was introduced as Miss Zaghlouff; she was a Russian professional dancer and the pink checked young man was her English accompanist—and as it happened, her

not think much about Morton any more.

"I'm not in love with George though," she told herself. "It's just the fascination of this excited sort of life, and the fact that I see him a lot and that he's nice to me."

None of which convinced her, or put her to sleep. Through the open door she saw a light in Gloria's room. It had been very late when they got home, it must be quite two or three in the morning now. She rose and went softly to the other bedroom. Gloria was lying asleep with flushed face and tangled hair in a black mass over her pillow, the light full in her eyes. Pan tiptoed in and turned them and went back to her own room again. Gloria looked ill and feverish.

And she was too ill to get up next morning. Pan, however, but little worse for her loss of sleep, was about at her usual early hour, and had Frankie dressed and sent off to play by the time she took off the breakfast tray in to Gloria's room. "You're to say here all day," she told her with mock severity. "If you hadn't rushed off to that dance last night—"

"I know. Don't moralize and I'll be good," Gloria promised. She looked white and drawn now—generally ill, though it was only a cold. "Pan, you know the voices of the people who come here most. Don't let on to anyone you know that I'm here—I'm afraid Frank will try to phone."

Pan remembered that Gloria had heard from her husband the day before—which accounted for her fever and gloominess.

While Gloria drank her coffee, Pan brought out the engagement book she had made the night before, and a pile of unanswered letters.

"All these social things I'll cancel for you the next few days," she suggested. "There's Mrs. Austen's party—you'll be well enough by Saturday if you're good now and stay in bed."

She ran on, making pencilled notes about the letters to be tended to, and finally went off, having phoned the doctor, leaving Gloria to nap.

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loss, very fat, very bored, she wanted to talk of nothing but her new hound and her Pekinese. "I didn't have a bit of trouble," Pan reported to Gloria. "She was so silly that I felt my own superiority at once and that made it easy to talk. I think I must have seen a little condescending." Gloria laughed. Mrs. Reynolds had phoned her just before about the work and said something about "a clearing a little assistant she had sent there." "You'll get on," Gloria said. "If you begin feeling at ease with the people you secretly despise, you'll soon feel at ease with the people you secretly admire." Meantime, several things were happening while Gloria stayed in bed and fretted at her inaction.

(Continued on Page 2) TACKS IN YOUR BLOOD.—There is just about enough iron in the entire blood supply of a human being to make two small carpet tacks.