

# The Make-Believe Wife

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Kathleen Norris

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

## The Story Thus Far:

LOVELY Beatrice St. John marries Houston Challoner, a wealthy architect, years older than she, chiefly because her sister's health has failed, and she realizes what the marriage would mean to her family, who are very poor. Her sister and mother are sent to California, and Hugh and Beatrice are unbelievably happy.

Hugh can't help feeling, however, that his son Bert would be a more suitable match. He realizes that Bert is falling in love with Beatrice, but for a long time she does not, and when Bert declares his love she is greatly shocked and upset but attracted in spite of herself. As time goes on, Hugh convinces himself that Bee is in love with Bert and too loyal to hurt him by admitting the truth. Bee knows only that everything seems to be wrong between them without understanding why, and is very unhappy.

Hugh and Beatrice have been working together on plans for the Kreutzmann Memorial, and a few days before they are to be sent in the plans disappear very mysteriously. Suspicion points to either Bert or Aileen Kavanaugh, who is exceedingly jealous of Beatrice and a great trouble maker.

Some time later Hugh tells Beatrice he has found the plans and that he knows it was Bert who hid them. That evening, at the Lamberts' party, in a dreadful scene at which Aileen is present, Hugh accuses Bert of the theft, and also of making advances to his wife. He is beside himself with anger and jealousy and says things which hurt Bee unbearably and leave her white and shaking. Aileen then suggests that Bee tell what she knows about the plans, and Bee admits it was she who hid them.

HUGH looked at her quietly, pursed his lips, and turned to the fire. Bert caught a quick, audible breath. Aileen sank back against the soft leather curves of the couch, satisfied.

"Aren't you—aren't you surprised, Hugh?" Beatrice asked him, panting a little, smiling a desperate little smile.

"No, dear, not entirely!" he answered, without turning. Pity and sorrow were in his face.

"Bee," Bert said, in a sharp undertone, "what possessed you?"

She began to laugh a little, a painful and mirthless laugh.

"Why did I do it?" she said, with the deliberate satisfaction of a defiant child. "Why, for love, wouldn't you suppose, Bert? That must have been my motive, mustn't it?"

"Don't, Bee!" Hugh said quickly, infinitely distressed by her manner. "Let's go home, now," he urged her anxiously, "and we can talk of these things tomorrow—"

"While I'm packing to go off to my mother and sister?" she asked, with another disquieting laugh. "Hugh, why don't you send me to a Magdalen asylum? It's so much cheaper!"

"Don't—" he said, wincing. "We must get home, Bee," he added soothingly. "You're overexcited, and you don't know what you're saying. Tomorrow—"

"Don't touch me!" she said fiercely as he came nearer. She got to her feet and moved about so that she was facing them, with her back to the door. "Don't touch me, please, Hugh. Don't you know why I stole your plans—"

"Beatrice!" Bert entreated her. She did not seem to hear him.

"Why, it was because I was in love with Bert, of course," she said flatly. "I didn't want to go with you to California; I wanted to stay here with Bert. Isn't that simple? We love each other, don't we, Bert?"

"Beatrice!" Bert said again, in a low tone full of pain.

"Yes, I know!" she assented, slipping her bare hand through his arm. "I

think we've regaled Mrs. Kavanaugh with quite enough of our family troubles," Beatrice said formally. "Take me home, Bert, and, as Hugh suggests, I'll go to the house of correction in the morning, and you will come home and live with your father and repent—"

"Please—" Hugh muttered, in a dragged, low voice. He had taken the corner of the couch where she had been sitting and had buried his face in his hands and bowed his body forward like a thing bent and buffeted by storm.

"Please—" he said hoarsely.

"I'll say good night to Mrs. Lambert, Hugh. Bert's taking me home," Beatrice said in a silence. Her breast was heaving, her cheeks pale, and her eyes flashing. She gave Aileen one level, significant glance. "It all worked out exactly as you hoped it would, didn't it, Aileen?" she asked. "Good night. Come, Bert," Beatrice added, her voice growing a little faint.

SHE and Bert left the room.

"Get me out of here," she said to him in the library.

"I will, dear. I will, dear!" he assured her, frightened. "We ought to say good night to Mrs. Lambert—or needn't we?" stammered Bert.

She gave a frantic little laugh for reply. She was like a person in a fever, hurrying him through the bright rooms,

past vaguely moving forms and voices, hurrying him down the great stairway and out into the cool, fresh autumn night, still jeweled with raindrops against the shaft of light from the doorway. Noon maneuvered the car out from the lines and lines of cars; they were in it; they were speeding home.

Even in the car she did not relax. She sat on the edge of the seat, both hands clinging tightly to Bert's big hands, her slim, fragrant body so close that he could almost feel and hear the rapid beating of her heart.

"I'll have to get away, Bert!"

"You will, dear. Only don't worry about it now—wait until you've had a good night's rest. Then you can arrange it."

"Do you think"—her breath failed her—"do you think I can sleep in his room—that man's room?"

"Beatrice, just calm down. Just wait until you've had time to think all this over—"

"Think it over! Are you crazy, Bert, or am I? Did you hear what he called me? Did you hear what he thought of—of us—"

"Bee, he was beside himself—he didn't know what he was saying, dear."

"Oh, well, then, believe me," she said proudly, and Bert fancied that he could see her eyes flash angrily, in the dark

"Porter, I've had to change my plans. Is there any way I can get back to North Underhill tonight?"  
"No, ma'am—there ain't. You goin' to be in Hoboken by half past seven"

—"believe me that I'm beside myself too, and I do know what I'm saying."

She was silent for a moment, and Bert was conscious of a trembling hope that the worst was over. Then she burst out more violently than before:

"Bert, I will have to get out of all this!"

"Yes, of course. But you're all wrought up, now, Bee—"

SHE leaned against him wearily, her bare smooth shoulder against his breast, her red, fragrant hair close to his cheek. It was the first time that she had yielded, the first time that he might have had her—might have drawn her sweetness and softness unresisting into his arms; might have found her soft, exquisite mouth with his kisses. Sitting here, in the rocking car, Bert knew the taste of infinite desolation and renunciation, and felt the agony of growth, hard, painful, rending, in his soul.

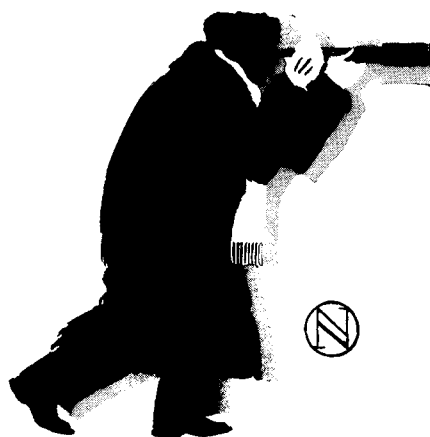
"Bee," he said, at the house, "you'll not worry; you'll not think any more tonight? Won't you go straight to bed?"

"Come in," she said, instead of answering. There was a new brevity, a new definiteness and authority in her tone. It was as if the girl had suddenly become a woman. He followed her into the square dimly lighted hall.

"Come in here (Continued on page 45)



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# There ought to be a Law

By GRANTLAND RICE

Illustrated by BURRIS JENKINS, JR.

*A pro in one sport is an amateur in another. They'll have to adjust the code*

**A**RE there any real amateurs left in any game except those who have no skill to capitalize in one way or another—directly or indirectly?

Not so many, outside of college walls. Dark and threatening storm clouds have been gathering above the amateur situation in sport for some time, but the storm held back until the cases of Bill Tilden and Charley Paddock finally brought on the big crash. These two cases were quite enough to show that the time has arrived for a complete change in the amateur code—a change that will either bring back real amateur play from which there are no financial returns or the establishment of open tournaments where amateurs and professionals are rated alike and where all distinctions between the two are wiped away.

The old idea that an amateur is one who does not accept pay for playing or for teaching a game is no longer adequate, for an amateur can do neither and still collect more money through his athletic skill than most of the professionals.

The amateur tangle is slightly worse here because there is more gold here.

There have been many reasons for the almost complete wreck of amateur sport.

One is the great boom in general public interest and the public demand to see only the best.

Another is the shining glow of the spotlight, which has made it possible for star amateurs to collect a prosperous living from their games. Competition among the leading amateurs has become so keen that those who hope to linger in the upper tier must give most of their time to the game and therefore must get something from it.

Take one example, the case of Bill Tilden. Tilden starts his tennis campaign some time in February and with all expenses paid, traveling expenses and hotel bills, swings from one tournament to another until September. He has given the greater part of seven months this year to tennis, deriving at the same time a first-class income from writing tennis articles for a syndicate.

A definite rule was passed that no star amateur could endorse any advertised product, whereupon Tilden offered his published endorsement as an actor. An attempt was made about the same time to get Bobby Jones to give the same sort of endorsement—not as a famous golfer, but as a well-known Atlanta attorney. And at the same time René Lacoste, triple amateur champion, broke out in a series of articles on "How to Play Tennis."

One of the chief troubles has come through the matter of gate receipts and the building of stadia. Amateur officials, anxious to put on a big show, have been unwilling to bar stars who would be the main attraction at the box office.

## The Public Must Have the Best

**W**HEN they have acted, generally too late, there has been a storm of public protest, because the public isn't interested to any extent in amateur ethics. The public is interested only in seeing the best there is in action.

The public—and this includes many sporting writers—will offer an outburst of derision over the amateur farce, and then turn with a roar upon any officials who attempt to enforce an amateur rule.

Amateur officials can please nobody, no matter how they rule. There are so many degrees of modern amateurism

that even a master mind would be completely baffled. No one thought of barring Charley Paddock while he was still drawing crowds in the Olympic eliminations.

The tangle is terrific. Under the present code an amateur tennis player can have his expenses paid almost the entire year around as he wanders from city to city, and from one country to another, while professional golfers who go to an open championship pay their own way. It may cost the professional golfer from \$250 to \$600 to play in an open championship.

There isn't much reason or sanity in any such arrangement.

No wonder the public is bewildered and a trifle dazed. Everyone knows that most of our tennis and golf amateur stars derive incomes—from \$8,000 to \$12,000 a year—through writing about the game in which they have excelled. Why shouldn't they? But if one can make money from his game one way, another will make it some other way. When the gate is open they all troop through, and the separation of sheep and goats becomes an impossible job.

We have come to a new age and a new type of amateur sport. No one wants the championships turned over to the idle rich who don't have to work for a living and have too many ways to enjoy life.

On the other hand, there is no reason

why a young fellow, with a living to make, should give most of his time to some game unless he wants to turn professional and make it his life's work.

What about the poor young fellows, one is asked, who have athletic skill? All right, what about them? Will they be better off eventually at making good at some job, trade or profession or giving up six or eight months to a game that will soon leave them without any trade, job or profession after they have passed thirty or thirty-five?

It is admitted that there is almost no way to prevent star amateurs or champion amateurs from profiting indirectly.

In writing they come closer to direct remuneration, since the basis of their pay is the fame they have gathered from some game. They were not writers first and players afterward, though Tilden and Bobby Jones happen to be excellent commentators on their games of tennis and golf. If they had not been such, the remuneration would have been about the same. There are now only three courses open to the governing bodies of amateur sport.

1. To pass a drastic rule in which all direct pay, including writing for money and the payment of expenses in any form, are barred.

2. To frame a rule along this line: No amateur shall play or teach for pay in any form or lend his name to the endorsement of any advertised product. No amateur shall have his expenses paid to play his game in any tournament or exhibition, with the sole exception of an international match, such as the Davis and the Walker Cups.

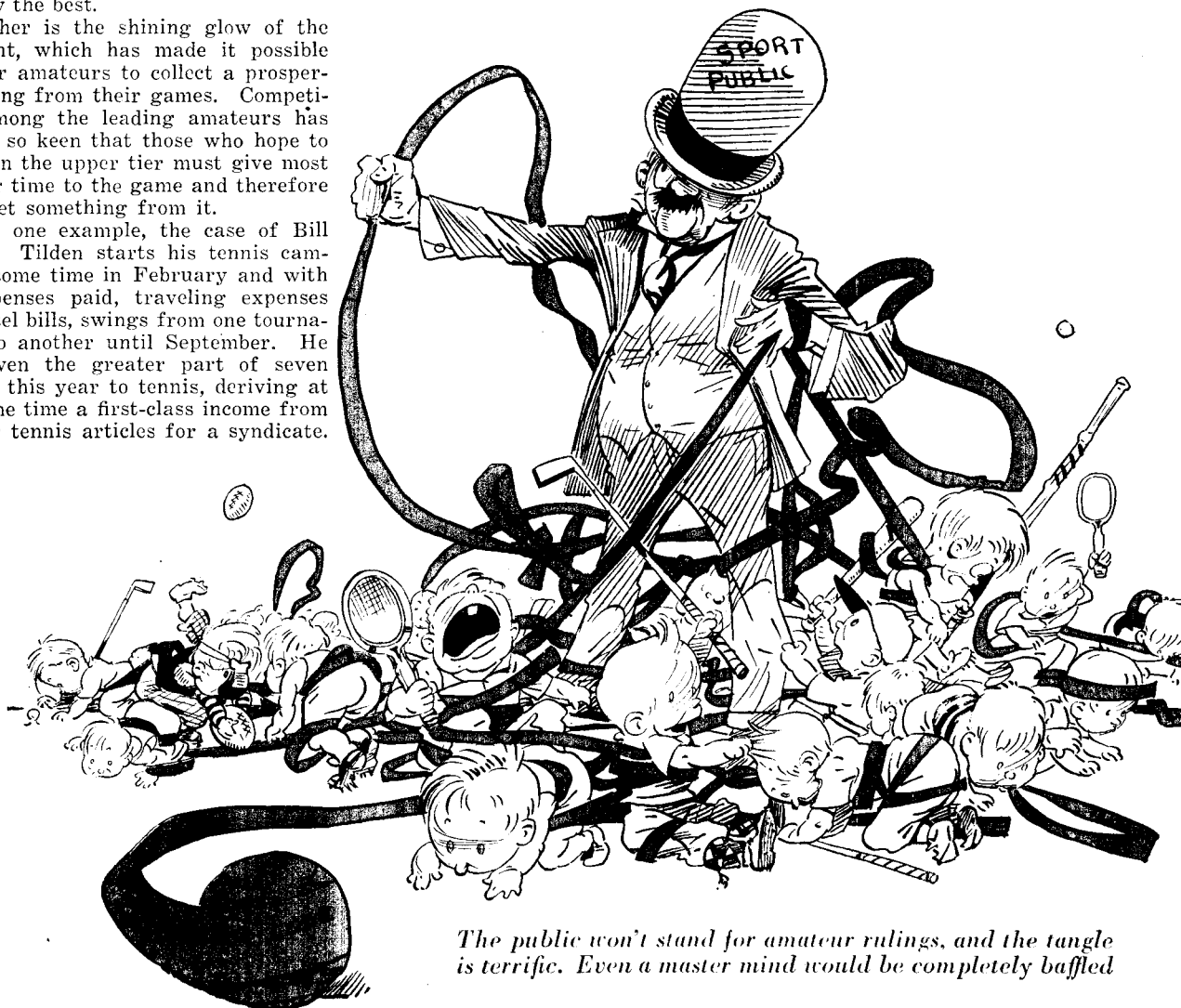
3. To abolish all distinction between amateur and professional sport after the player has left college. To have only open or invitation tournaments without regard to any amateur or professional rating.

## Amateur? What Does It Mean?

**I**F THE first two rules cannot be enforced and enforced in far better fashion than the present rules are handled, there is no course open except the adoption of the latter rule.

In the old days it was felt the professional had a big advantage because he had more opportunities to increase his skill through closer association with his game. But today there are numerous amateurs who play in a far greater number of competitions than most professionals can afford to take in. There are numerous amateurs who play more golf and tennis than any club professional who has a living to make in teaching, looking after the shop and watching over the course. The playing advantage is now veering toward the amateur side.

The entire situation is in such a bad tangle that the time has come for the governing bodies of most amateur sport to enforce stricter regulations or to abandon amateurism altogether. No one seems to think of the amateur who actually has to work for a living, having no great amount of time left for competition, and then is called on to face amateurs who know practically no other profession but the game they play and make a living from, one way or another. Golf so far has been far stricter in its regulations than tennis. But all will be in trouble unless there is a decided change in the future with the golden flow increasing every year and the public and the press demand for only the best, amateur, semi-pro or what not.



*The public won't stand for amateur rulings, and the tangle is terrific. Even a master mind would be completely baffled*