

# Woman of the Family

By May Edginton

## The Story Thus Far:

**S**PONSORED by Lennie Ward, a sleek young adventurer who professes to be in love with her, Eve Langham, secretary of Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, becomes the hostess of "The Regalia," a night club. And she does not tell her family—her mother, her father, and her predatory sister, Sophia, who, tyrannizing over her brutally, accept her support as a matter of course.

At the club she meets a group of people who are, it appears, involved in a mysterious drama: Captain Jonathan Horne, a wealthy explorer, who pays her devoted attention; Mrs. Louise Poinsetter, a gay New Yorker; Fero, the oily club manager; Assistant Manager Hopton; and Tonetti, the temperamental orchestra leader. Then comes an unexpected shock. Old Sir Edgar Marter amazes her by making violent love to her; and she is forced (unknown to her family) to give up her old job.

Her family living in suburban Dulwich, she has taken a small flat in London. As she moves in, she receives another shock. Lennie Ward has fallen under the spell of Sophia, an unscrupulous little siren with a longing for excitement. Lennie has told her the truth concerning Eve. Now, making her plans astutely, Sophia proceeds to put them into effect. A few evenings later, Eve, dancing at the Regalia, is dumfounded to observe Sir Edgar Marter enter—with Sophia! Posing as "Sophia Ward," the girl has become Sir Edgar's secretary. . . .

The club is planning a "gala evening." Fero speaks to Eve about it. Then: "Ask Horne to come." After which, he offers her ten pounds a week to "keep herself at the club's disposal." And Eve accepts the offer. . . . Seated with Sir Edgar at a table, Sophia is approached by Lennie Ward, who introduces himself as though he were a stranger and dances with her. A few minutes later, she is obeying his instructions—smilingly preparing to dance with Eve's former employer.

## VI

**W**ELL, Eve?" Lennie said, standing beside her.

"Well, Lennie, I want to talk to you."

"No time for talk tonight," he said.

"It is late, isn't it? We'd better dance."

"Very well," she said quietly. "But I can't be put off, Lennie."

"Meet me for lunch tomorrow."

She nodded: "I will."

"Say thank you."

"Oh, thank you."

Her lunch, no doubt, she thought.

They moved out upon the dancing floor.

"I'll let you know where," he said.

"What's your telephone number?"

"I haven't one yet."

"What's your address?"

She gave it after hesitation.

"Now tell me one thing, Lennie."

He opposed an adamant face to her resoluteness.

"Not here and not now," he said.

"And don't be a fool. Smile; come on! We may hate each other like hell, but come on."

"Hate each other?"

"Don't argue; come on."

"You're not worth hating," she said calmly.

Lennie had, then, one more thing to say in spite of his refusal of argument:

"You'd better not talk like that, Eve. I have influence here; it may matter to you."

"I suppose I have influence too, Lennie. Fero raised my pay tonight."

That was disconcerting.

"What are they giving you now?"

"Ten pounds a week."

She saw him go white, and his nostrils dilated.

"Ten pounds? What about my commission?"

"Lunch tomorrow."

**T**HEY were out amongst the dancers, smiling and suave like two people at the height of enjoyment in a dancing dream. Several times they passed little Sophia with her heavy partner, and not a gleam of recognition could have been observed upon their faces. "He must be awfully surprised," Eve thought of Sir Edgar. "It must be a horrid shock to find me here. He must hate it." She thought of him almost remorsefully; quite gently, for he had been a very good employer, considerate and open-handed. Failing lay in herself, she thought, that she resisted woman's proper traditional desire to please all and sundry.

"Don't think," said Lennie in her ear, in a hard voice. "Thinking spoils your dancing. Brighten up."

By sheer force of will she relaxed; again willed herself to feel and to be light as a feather, drifting upon this playground.

When the music stopped and people had regained their tables, she and Lennie stood hand in hand at the end of the room just beneath the dais, to give their exhibition dance.

It was a tango.

She was now just good enough at the tango to pass muster, and Lennie was very good indeed. Ah! But it was serious business here now! And tomorrow she must get a phonograph and practice in her rooms. The soft, challenging music went to her feet, and she found herself partnering Lennie with all the necessary verve and abandon.

Jonathan Horne watched.

Sir Edgar Marter watched.

Sophia watched Lennie with a flame of possessive jealousy running through her from head to foot.

She wondered if Sir Edgar would tell her of her sister, mention that she had been his secretary. She would leave it to him.

**H**E SAID nothing, his pink face a mask, his eyes stolid; but his first dismay at seeing Eve Langham here was now succeeded by a very natural idea: "Well, I am not sorry if she sees me tonight with her successor." Another thought came to him: "Of course if she's got all this, she needn't hesitate to turn me down as she did."

"Have you had a talk with Horne tonight?" Lennie asked abruptly as, to ripples of applause, their dance stopped, and he escorted his partner to their table.

"No. A word only. But I think he's coming to talk now."

"I'm off then, of course!"

Deferentially obeying a beckoning smile, he joined his old princess and her party.

At last Horne stood beside her.

"May I sit down?"

She indicated, with a little gesture



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JAY HYDE BARNUM



that had become practiced, that he might.

He looked more bronzed, more virile than ever.

His eyes studied her face.

Their sparring match began.

"A good week-end?"

"A lovely week-end," she said lightly, "and you?"

"Oh, I have been down in the country at my people's place."

Suddenly she visualized him, driving that powerful car where he wished, when he wished, as far as he wished. He had spent the hot Sunday that was yesterday on green lawns, under great trees, in a big house where everything came to people who need never wait for it.

"It was interesting," he vouchsafed. "Two of the Cabinet were there. We talked politics."

"And now you can spare time to come again to the Regalia Club."

"Because of you!"

She wished that he would not say little things like that in a mocking voice. Soft, deferential, flattering, caressing—a voice that was a habit to be put on and off according to occasion.

"Tell me," he said, "what you have been doing, my lovely lady. What has made such a very nice week-end for you?"

She was going to put off that question with evasive, laughing answers, but suddenly he dropped the air of mockery as he had done once or twice before,

and became candid, sincere, almost kind.

The last thing, she thought, that you could look for from this man was kindness. He had long forgotten, one felt, such a simplicity, yet it became all at once—as it had been before—easy to talk with him.

And again she fell into the temptation.

"I have taken my freedom, for one thing."

"Splendid!"

"I have found a home of my own, and today I have been furnishing it."

HIS answer startled her completely. "I know. You're in a house at the end of Bloomsbury Gardens; Number Sixty, I think."

"How do you know, Captain Horne?"

"General information is rather by way of being part of my business, dear lady."

"But general information about a nonentity like me?"

"Rather specially about you at this moment."

Now she felt that he had some purpose in saying this, and that it was not only a man's flattering of a pretty woman. She became aware of hidden depths in this puzzle, and if it had not been that her mind was occupied with conjectures as to Lennie's and Sophia's week-end, as to the outcome of tomorrow's lunch, these things that Horne said, with rather the manner of one making a suggestion worth considering,

would have claimed all attention. As it was, she put them aside.

"Too difficult for me! I give it up. There isn't time to probe into everybody's ways and means, and whys and wherefores, and doings and sayings, is there?"

"One only selects," he said. "And so you have left the parental roof?"

"For good."

"And you told me that you have left Marter & Co. too. What a thrust for freedom!"

His eyes laughed into hers. Yet it was curious to see how that laughter did not so much as warm their ice-gray depths.

"I will even tell you the perfectly divine little secondhand shops where you bought your furniture, and the big store where you went for your curtain materials and the blankets for your bed."

She exclaimed: "Captain Horne!"

He fished from a hip pocket an incredibly slim note case in which there was a tablet for recording. He read out in a grave voice the names of those fascinating shops, that abounding store.

She determined to seem unsurprised.

"Quaint hobbies people have!" her look expressed. She put up a hand nonchalantly to feel for the perfection of that knob of fiery hair on the nape of her neck. She had excellent hands—pale, fine-textured, very pink-tipped. Nature had taken these pains with her.

Horne thought, watching her with a deliberation that she was intended to notice: "Every gesture made for effect. Or . . . isn't it?"

"And do you tell me," that mellowly cynical note was back in his voice again, "that these simple domestic joys are the bread of life to you?"

"I SHAN'T repeat my tirade of the other night," she laughed, "when you laid down the whole duty of woman so explicitly."

"And still left it to be fought out. When shall we fight it out?"

"Not here or now."

"Certainly not here or now," he agreed.

"A fight with a patron. It would be as much as my place is worth," she laughed.

And most deliberately he asked: "And what is your place worth?"

Impertinence of the grossest order! But she was proud of that offer of Fero's. It was something of which a girl could be proud, and she wasn't going to parry the question.

"Ten pounds a week." And she was vexed that she could not conceal the tremor of exultation that ran over her.

"You sell your birthright for ten pounds a week? You go cheap, don't you?"

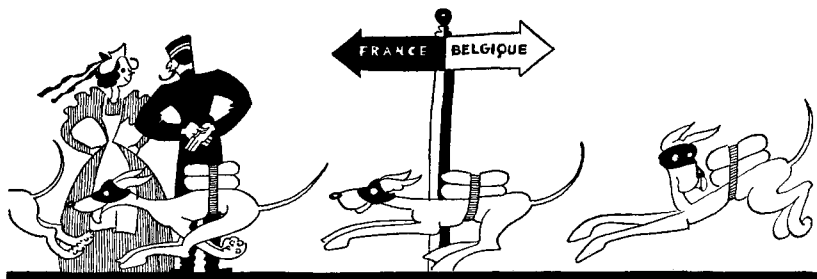
"Cheap? Ten pounds a week? My birthright?"

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When Eve left them, they were still sitting there, openly delighted to be left alone







## Keep Up with the World

### By Freling Foster

**Outside of Lille, France,** there is a dog's cemetery filled with the riddled bodies of loyal little animals whose crime consisted of obedience to their masters, a gang of smugglers. These dogs had to be shot during the past year, sometimes as many as 60 a month, as they innocently tried to dash over the French-Belgian border, each with a 50-pound package of tobacco strapped to his back.

**Supposedly** worthless stocks and bonds of thousands of American companies, now out of existence, still have a definite value and the holders of these securities can obtain the money due them by applying to the receiver, Trustee or Court of Chancery holding it. The value of these unclaimed funds is estimated to be about \$100,000,000.—*By J. F. Milligan, Santa Monica, California.*

**Up to a short time ago,** nearly all states followed the old common law that a person cannot be indicted and tried for murder if the victim lives for "a year and a day" after the assault. Today, however, many states have penal laws which do not include such a time element. Recently a man was convicted of murder in the state of New York although the victim lived for four years after being shot.

**The real color of the sky** is dead black, not blue as we see it from the earth. This true and oppressive color is fortunately hidden from us not only by dust particles but also by the atoms of the air itself, the molecules of water vapor and all the other atomic forms which float about in the atmosphere.—*By Carole-Dawn Christiansen, New Salem, North Dakota.*

**The "fishing rat,"** found on the uninhabited atolls off the coast of New Guinea, is an extraordinary animal. As the islands are barren, these rats are obliged to fish in the sea for their food, a feat which they accomplish by dangling their pink tails in the water from the edge of a flat rock. Suddenly a crab will grab it—and that is the end of the crab.—*By I. E. Taylor, Seattle, Washington.*

**References** to tin through such common expressions as tin lizzies, tinny voices and tin-horn sports have made its name synonymous with cheapness. But it is not cheap. In fact it is virtually a semi-precious metal. It costs twice as much as aluminum, six times as much as copper, 13 times as much as lead and 37 times as much as steel.

**Maritime** law requires a ship to render assistance only to persons—not to property—in peril at sea. When an endangered ship asks for assistance for itself, such as a tow to port, all vessels answering the SOS, even when they only stand by, are entitled to salvage awards. Likewise a word of warning to a vessel heading for a shoal, which enables it to avoid destruction, is a salvage service that demands a heavy payment.

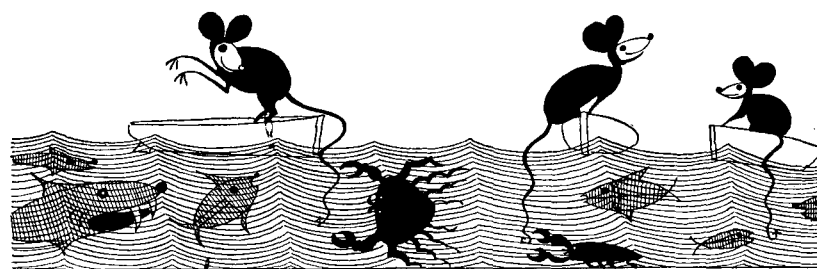
**Of the hundred-odd species of poisonous fishes** found in both tropical and temperate waters in various parts of the world, one of the most toxic is the Japanese fugu. This fish contains such a deadly acid that it is sometimes eaten for the purpose of suicide.—*By J. A. Elliott, Battle Creek, Michigan.*

**The danger of exposure to radium** is well illustrated by the fact that the Federal Food and Drug Administration recently refused to allow a shipment of bath salts to enter the United States because it contained an injurious quantity of this element, the proportion being one in two billion.

**Legitimate** marriage has not always been the birthright of all peoples. For thousands of years it was a class privilege of the few, being denied to all poor, plebeians and slaves. Even in Athens as late as 300 B. C., only 9,000 individuals out of a population of 515,000—only one in 57—had the "right" to marry.—*By Henry Sales, Orange, New Jersey.*

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She exclaimed impetuously; and adroitly he manipulated it so that this argument should not reach a final stage.

"You wonder what I mean? The man talks through his hat, sez you to yourself, sez you. It sounds like another battle. Again, I ask: When do we fight?"

She said coolly: "I'll return your hospitality; come and see my flat. . . ."

His eyes blazed then: "You mean it?" "Of course I mean it. It's a very simple thing to mean, surely."

"Surely," he echoed. "Thank you. When?"

She hesitated.

"Tomorrow or next day."

"Tomorrow!" Again the promptness was the paying of a compliment from a man to a woman. He made these compliments so edged, so obvious.

They were always in the nature of insults, because always they had no sincerity.

"Why did you hesitate?" he asked. "Would some other day be more convenient?"

"I was wondering whether I should have finished my curtains."

**HORNE** would have been staggered and ashamed at the simplicity of that reply had he not been saying to himself: "She is truly marvelous. . . . Or isn't she?"

"Would that matter?" he inquired.

She answered, kindling: "Any woman likes her home to look its best for hostile eyes."

Actually he flushed a little: "I am hostile?"

"Aren't you?"

"But you've asked me to come to see you."

"It's as well to know your enemies," she laughed.

He looked at her: "Isn't that a very careless answer?"

"I don't understand you." She made herself laugh again.

"That will be something else to be thrashed out, then."

"Tomorrow promises well," she replied, high-hearted.

"Sevenish? Cocktail time? And may I have the honor of bringing you on here?"

She accepted that instantly.

Please Fero! Please him! Fero would approve that.

And again she must dance. She liked dismissing Horne. She told herself that she was delighted to be eagerly claimed and taken away from him.

She saw him rejoin Louise Poinsetter, to whom he devoted an ardent attention.

It was nearly midnight then; she was the tactful pivot of several groups of people, when she looked to see if Sir Edgar and Sophia were still at their table, if Lennie still danced or drank other people's champagne with cool assiduity; but all three had gone.

She had an evanescent feeling that they had left her life.

She could not see or guess what they were thinking and doing; where and how they were going. She could not see Marter rolling away through Piccadilly Circus in his limousine, having just dropped at the Tube station his little new blonde, most charmingly and virtuously determined to go home to mother. She could not see his elderly tiredness as he slumped back in his seat, thinking absurdly, boyishly: "What next?" and fearing the answer. She could not see Lennie, strangely eager, darting into that labyrinth directly the big car had moved away, to find his strangely eager Sophia lurking near the elevators. . . .

True to his promise, Lennie's note arrived by messenger in ample time in the morning for Eve to meet him, for what

she felt would be a momentous lunch. It was not to be at their usual snack counter, but at a little restaurant off Coventry Street, where a meal might be enjoyed seriously.

The morning afforded an ecstatic leisure; all the hours were hers before she should go out to meet Lennie. She could idle here at her own breakfast table, thinking a jumble of things.

Sophia was first on the list; Sir Edgar appeared too. Her mother and the housekeeping in the Dulwich flat. Her own depleted bank book—only five pounds odd left now. She thought again over a rug she had wanted to buy yesterday, and from which she had refrained. Now, in the strength of Fero's last night offer of a larger salary, she would have the rug. She didn't mind the bare stained boards of her rooms really, but the rug would be just delicious. "Delicious," she thought, savoring the word.

"I am very domesticated this morning," she thought. "It's rather lovely being domesticated on one's own account." She fell to thinking again of her father and mother.

Had her mother ever really enjoyed domesticity with a rich and luscious enjoyment such as could be brought to it thus?

She thought of marriage.

Marriage was not in the air, and yet it recurred to her, all the time she sat thinking, like a theme song. "No question of marriage between Lennie and Sophia, is there? Not if I can help it!" And then the thought: "As for me, I wouldn't give this up for anyone, not for anyone in the world."

The two rooms appeared incredibly bright and beautiful. Her few books made the place homey; the curtains would indeed be quite finished today.

On her way out to lunch she would buy that rug.

The sheaf of flame-colored flowers had burgeoned this morning and remained fresh. They reared their heads from a great green pot that she had picked up at some junk shop.

There was no door between the two rooms. At some time it had been taken off, and she liked that effect. It looked like one extended sitting-room with a row of windows.

And suddenly she said to herself: "They shall never come here!" She was a little shocked by her resolve to keep out her mother, her father, her sister and Lennie. But she hoped to adhere to it.

**WHILE** she was still in her old cotton kimono, the iron gate arrived. Ah, it was beautiful! Her measurements had been accurate. It fitted just across the top of the stairs, completing that enclosure of the landing for which the kitchenette was partly responsible. Still, her landing was not dark. The iron gate kept out none of the sun through the skylight, its scrolling was so light and delicate, all the interstices wide and open. It had been an inspiration.

The carpenter who brought it proceeded to hang it for her.

She congratulated herself just as any other girl would have done: "When he comes tonight, I shall be complete. . . . Not that I care!"

But she had thought of Jonathan Horne again!

He capped all the other thoughts, driving them from her mind.

When she went into the Coventry Street restaurant three hours later, she had a surprise which she might have expected. Sophia, looking her fairest, awaited her with Lennie in the vestibule.

Already they had cocktails before them. They looked a quite beautiful

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