

she saw Minnie — the weak child-widow, Minnie whom Dolph Sutton had married and provided for and molded to his own pattern — Minnie who had a black silk dress for Sunday and a velvet rug on her parlor floor — slowly lift a small photograph from the dresser and tear it vindictively to bits.

A pair of slippers lay on the foot of the bed—red crochet slippers, Dolph's slippers. While Laury gazed, palsied, Dolph's widow fell upon them. With almost the avidity of a fierce wild beast she rent and tore them, ripping the soles apart, tangling the raveled yarn. Then, with a spring, she raised the window and tossed out the wreck.

Dolph's nightshirt went after the fragments of his slippers, and then his best hat,

Then, slowly, Minnie began pulling off her sleeves, dragging the garments from her shoulders. How thin she was—how pitifully thin! Her small arms were blue and transparent; her chest sank into hollows of emaciation. Languidly she thrust her underclothes down under her arms and pulled up the loose hair at the back of her neck. Then she turned her back to the mirror and to the door.

Involuntarily Laury cried out.

For across Minnie's fleshless shoulders, angry and purple and swollen, lay three deep marks — the bitter, brutal, hideous marks of blows.

Slowly, sickened, Laury climbed down from the chair.

"Let's go down-stairs," she said to the older woman.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOME

THEY are building our house,
His and mine.
The shouts of the builders
And the quick strokes
Of the steel hammers
Are music to my ears;
For they vibrate with the thought,
"Home, home!"

I am hemming the curtains;
And here in the sun
The slips are rooting
For the window flowers.

There'll be smell of pine,
Fresh sweet pine,
In the new rooms;

And love's flame
Will glow on the hearth,
The heart of the home.

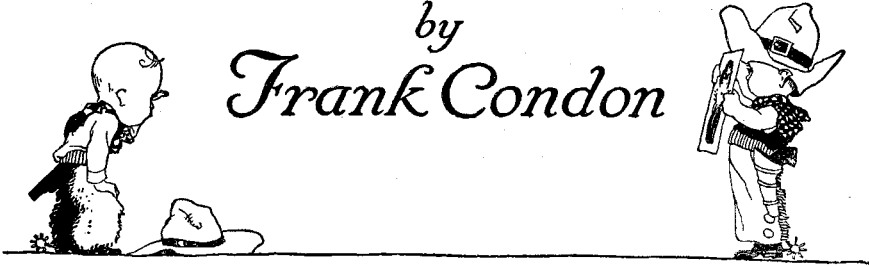
Under the new roof
May we never say
Harsh words to each other.

And may love's light
Gleam bright from the windows,
Until it grows
To a home beacon
On other paths
That, please God,
Will some time
Lead out from the doorway!

Cora A. Matson Dolson

The Lovely Lady

by
Frank Condon



I HAVE never told you what I know about love, have I? No, I haven't. And for that very reason your education is deficient, because if I haven't told you what I know about love, then you don't know what I know, and therefore you must be, in a way, an ignoramus.

And I don't look like a sucker, either, do I? A sucker is a fish with a large, open vent in his prow, through which you can hand him almost anything. Likewise, a human sucker is a gullible, soft-headed rummy with no discrimination, always waiting with his mouth open for some wise guy to come along and smear him with a bogus gold-mine or a fake theory or a bottle of grease warranted to grow back his hair.

Well, you can tell by looking at me that I'm no sucker. I'm pretty wise in my way, and I'm specially wise about those two subjects that have occupied the first page since Editor Adam ran off the initial number of the *Eden Evening Star*. I refer to love and woman.

I know more about both of them than before I went to work for the Bar C outfit in Wyoming. If you want a straight tip about love, always remember that while it gets the people concerned into trouble once in a while, it raises particular Cain with their friends all the time. It makes a tame monkey out of the man who's in it, but it makes a double-distilled wild orang-utan out of his best pal. How do I know that? Let me tell you:

When I went to work for the Bar C people I found a pretty decent bunch of

fellows, from the boss down to the cook. There wasn't a yellow dog in the lot, but there was one man—just one—who didn't seem to be quite as popular as the rest. His name was Alec Butler.

Alec was a tall geezer with shiny black hair and a straight nose, and maybe the reason he wasn't as strong with the other boys as he might have been was that he was the best-looking critter around the place. Anyway, I found out that he was allowed to play by himself pretty much of the time, and naturally my sympathies went out to him in a sort of sneaking way. I'm for the under dog all the time. So Alec always had a chance with me, and he noticed that I treated him with more courtesy than the others did.

Late one afternoon we were all coming in from a round-up, and Alec Butler rode beside me. From the way he acted I figured it out that he had something on his mind, and I was right. Pretty soon he turned to me and asked:

"Shorty, did I ever show you my girl?"

"Why, no, you didn't," I answered, that being the first time I'd heard anything about a girl.

"Take a look at that," he went on, pulling out his watch and flipping open the back cover.

Gentlemen, hush! You have all seen pretty women here and there, and photographs of the same, and so had I up to that minute; but when I gazed at that girl of Alec's, the only reason I didn't fall off my horse is that I couldn't fall off a horse if I tried.