

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



After Midnight
by H.L. George

BEGIN HERE TODAY

The writer of this story, seeking nocturnal adventure, walks toward London from Woolwich. He stops to rest in front of a long, low house of interesting architecture with front covered with white stucco. Tall French windows lead into the garden. In one of the French windows there burned a light.

A revolver shot is heard. The writer lifts the latch of the gate and tiptoes up the walk to peer into the lighted window. He sees a man seated in a desk chair. He steps into the room and finds the man dead. A door opening into a dressing-room is ajar and from that room comes the sound of sobbing.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

There was a big armchair covered with crackling chintz, heavily flowered in blue. Upon it, or rather upon her knees on the floor and thrown face down upon the armchair, lay a woman, whose shoulders convulsively heaved as she wept. Evidently she had just risen from her bed, for over her dressing-gown of green silk, unbound curly red hair flowed in heavy waves. I watched her for a moment, for there was something about her attitude. Her arms were outstretched across the chair; she made no attempt to wipe her tears. I had a queer feeling that she wept as if she were bleeding to death. Her plump, pretty white arms came out of the green silk sleeves. I was just about to go to her when I perceived in one of her hands a revolver firmly grasped.

She'd killed him! That woman! It was she who had fired the shot. Obviously it was her husband whom she'd killed.

Swiftly, the domestic tragedy took form. A maddened woman, killing, one must need the comfort of human contact, for, here, she suddenly raised her head, gripping my hand. Looking up at me with a stained, blotched face, she murmured: "For God's sake, don't leave me." She rested her cheek against my hand. Her sob were louder now.

"Of course I won't leave you," I said, in a comforting tone.

"Oh, don't leave me," she said again.

"Now, try and pull yourself together," I remarked. "It's no use crying. At this her sobs increased so as to become almost screams. I realized what a foolish thing I had said. I did not know what to do. I couldn't stay.

THE SHOT IN THE NIGHT

don't care. I couldn't help it. I had to. It couldn't go on. I couldn't stand it," she said on a louder note.

But suddenly she grew calm; "I don't know who you are, and I don't care. I don't care about anything. I don't care if they hang me. . . I wish they would."

"Of course they won't hang you."

"Listen. Let me tell you. I want to tell you. I suppose you think I'm horrible because I'm a murderer. I couldn't help it. She released my arm and sat down heavily in the armchair, as if her energy deserted her, but all through her story her voice was no waver, though monotonous.

"The man you've just seen, who's dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we married I was 17, and he was 45. I didn't want to marry him. I . . . I wanted to marry somebody else."

My boy Dick. My mother, well, she didn't like Dick. You see, we were what is called nice people, and Dick was third mate on a ship in the merchant service. Mother said he wasn't . . . the right class for me. They wouldn't let me marry him. He was only 21, and he wasn't earning much. Oh, I was bad, bad."

She stopped, and I said: "How do you mean, bad?"

"Oh, I ought to have stuck to him. I promised him. I told him I'd wait. But they wanted me to marry . . . the man I married. He was rich, very rich, and we were so poor. Oh, I ought to have stuck to him, my boy Dick . . . but they were too strong for me. I couldn't. I was only 17. Oh, you do understand, don't you? I couldn't. They were too strong."

"Yes," I said. "I understand. Go on."

"Well," she went on. "I married him. I couldn't help it. Seven years ago. He wasn't unkind to me at first. He said he loved me, and I suppose he did. And I tried to love him, too. I did my best. I swear to you I did my best. But I couldn't. I was always thinking of my boy Dick, far away, and the dreadful letter he wrote me when he heard that I'd married. He was right, but it hurt me dreadfully. For a year or two things went well

enough. I was very wretched, but I didn't show it. And my husband, he seemed pleased. But one day, I don't know how, he found out about Dick. I don't see why he minded. I'd married him; that ought to have been enough for him. I was a good wife to him; I swear to you I was. But he got jealous. Jealous of my poor boy Dick, so far away, whom I hadn't even seen since I married. My husband began to talk to me about Dick. Well, I tried to say it was just a boy and girl affair, but my husband understood. He couldn't help seeing that I didn't love him. He thought it was Dick's fault, and so it was in a way. He began to hate him. He was jealous of him, just because I loved him. He hated Dick, and he hated me. Oh, you don't know what it's like. I hope you'll never know. To live with somebody who's got a grudge against you, and who's trying to make you suffer, trying all the time to live with you, how he did it, but, you see, he was a rich man. My husband began to take an interest in ships, and he bought shares in ships, and opened an office. And he made a lot of money, for he was clever. Oh, I couldn't bear it."

"But how do you mean," I said. "I don't quite understand."

"He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

No doubt it was her beauty which inclined me to mercy.

dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we married I was 17, and he was 45. I didn't want to marry him. I . . . I wanted to marry somebody else."

My boy Dick. My mother, well, she didn't like Dick. You see, we were what is called nice people, and Dick was third mate on a ship in the merchant service. Mother said he wasn't . . . the right class for me. They wouldn't let me marry him. He was only 21, and he wasn't earning much. Oh, I was bad, bad."

She stopped, and I said: "How do you mean, bad?"

"Oh, I ought to have stuck to him. I promised him. I told him I'd wait. But they wanted me to marry . . . the man I married. He was rich, very rich, and we were so poor. Oh, I ought to have stuck to him, my boy Dick . . . but they were too strong for me. I couldn't. I was only 17. Oh, you do understand, don't you? I couldn't. They were too strong."

"Yes," I said. "I understand. Go on."

"Well," she went on. "I married him. I couldn't help it. Seven years ago. He wasn't unkind to me at first. He said he loved me, and I suppose he did. And I tried to love him, too. I did my best. I swear to you I did my best. But I couldn't. I was always thinking of my boy Dick, far away, and the dreadful letter he wrote me when he heard that I'd married. He was right, but it hurt me dreadfully. For a year or two things went well

enough. I was very wretched, but I didn't show it. And my husband, he seemed pleased. But one day, I don't know how, he found out about Dick. I don't see why he minded. I'd married him; that ought to have been enough for him. I was a good wife to him; I swear to you I was. But he got jealous. Jealous of my poor boy Dick, so far away, whom I hadn't even seen since I married. My husband began to talk to me about Dick. Well, I tried to say it was just a boy and girl affair, but my husband understood. He couldn't help seeing that I didn't love him. He thought it was Dick's fault, and so it was in a way. He began to hate him. He was jealous of him, just because I loved him. He hated Dick, and he hated me. Oh, you don't know what it's like. I hope you'll never know. To live with somebody who's got a grudge against you, and who's trying to make you suffer, trying all the time to live with you, how he did it, but, you see, he was a rich man. My husband began to take an interest in ships, and he bought shares in ships, and opened an office. And he made a lot of money, for he was clever. Oh, I couldn't bear it."

"But how do you mean," I said. "I don't quite understand."

"He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

No doubt it was her beauty which inclined me to mercy.

dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we married I was 17, and he was 45. I didn't want to marry him. I . . . I wanted to marry somebody else."

My boy Dick. My mother, well, she didn't like Dick. You see, we were what is called nice people, and Dick was third mate on a ship in the merchant service. Mother said he wasn't . . . the right class for me. They wouldn't let me marry him. He was only 21, and he wasn't earning much. Oh, I was bad, bad."

She stopped, and I said: "How do you mean, bad?"

"Oh, I ought to have stuck to him. I promised him. I told him I'd wait. But they wanted me to marry . . . the man I married. He was rich, very rich, and we were so poor. Oh, I ought to have stuck to him, my boy Dick . . . but they were too strong for me. I couldn't. I was only 17. Oh, you do understand, don't you? I couldn't. They were too strong."

"Yes," I said. "I understand. Go on."

"Well," she went on. "I married him. I couldn't help it. Seven years ago. He wasn't unkind to me at first. He said he loved me, and I suppose he did. And I tried to love him, too. I did my best. I swear to you I did my best. But I couldn't. I was always thinking of my boy Dick, far away, and the dreadful letter he wrote me when he heard that I'd married. He was right, but it hurt me dreadfully. For a year or two things went well

enough. I was very wretched, but I didn't show it. And my husband, he seemed pleased. But one day, I don't know how, he found out about Dick. I don't see why he minded. I'd married him; that ought to have been enough for him. I was a good wife to him; I swear to you I was. But he got jealous. Jealous of my poor boy Dick, so far away, whom I hadn't even seen since I married. My husband began to talk to me about Dick. Well, I tried to say it was just a boy and girl affair, but my husband understood. He couldn't help seeing that I didn't love him. He thought it was Dick's fault, and so it was in a way. He began to hate him. He was jealous of him, just because I loved him. He hated Dick, and he hated me. Oh, you don't know what it's like. I hope you'll never know. To live with somebody who's got a grudge against you, and who's trying to make you suffer, trying all the time to live with you, how he did it, but, you see, he was a rich man. My husband began to take an interest in ships, and he bought shares in ships, and opened an office. And he made a lot of money, for he was clever. Oh, I couldn't bear it."

"But how do you mean," I said. "I don't quite understand."

"He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

No doubt it was her beauty which inclined me to mercy.

dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we married I was 17, and he was 45. I didn't want to marry him. I . . . I wanted to marry somebody else."

My boy Dick. My mother, well, she didn't like Dick. You see, we were what is called nice people, and Dick was third mate on a ship in the merchant service. Mother said he wasn't . . . the right class for me. They wouldn't let me marry him. He was only 21, and he wasn't earning much. Oh, I was bad, bad."

She stopped, and I said: "How do you mean, bad?"

"Oh, I ought to have stuck to him. I promised him. I told him I'd wait. But they wanted me to marry . . . the man I married. He was rich, very rich, and we were so poor. Oh, I ought to have stuck to him, my boy Dick . . . but they were too strong for me. I couldn't. I was only 17. Oh, you do understand, don't you? I couldn't. They were too strong."

"Yes," I said. "I understand. Go on."

"Well," she went on. "I married him. I couldn't help it. Seven years ago. He wasn't unkind to me at first. He said he loved me, and I suppose he did. And I tried to love him, too. I did my best. I swear to you I did my best. But I couldn't. I was always thinking of my boy Dick, far away, and the dreadful letter he wrote me when he heard that I'd married. He was right, but it hurt me dreadfully. For a year or two things went well

enough. I was very wretched, but I didn't show it. And my husband, he seemed pleased. But one day, I don't know how, he found out about Dick. I don't see why he minded. I'd married him; that ought to have been enough for him. I was a good wife to him; I swear to you I was. But he got jealous. Jealous of my poor boy Dick, so far away, whom I hadn't even seen since I married. My husband began to talk to me about Dick. Well, I tried to say it was just a boy and girl affair, but my husband understood. He couldn't help seeing that I didn't love him. He thought it was Dick's fault, and so it was in a way. He began to hate him. He was jealous of him, just because I loved him. He hated Dick, and he hated me. Oh, you don't know what it's like. I hope you'll never know. To live with somebody who's got a grudge against you, and who's trying to make you suffer, trying all the time to live with you, how he did it, but, you see, he was a rich man. My husband began to take an interest in ships, and he bought shares in ships, and opened an office. And he made a lot of money, for he was clever. Oh, I couldn't bear it."

"But how do you mean," I said. "I don't quite understand."

"He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

No doubt it was her beauty which inclined me to mercy.

dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we married I was 17, and he was 45. I didn't want to marry him. I . . . I wanted to marry somebody else."

My boy Dick. My mother, well, she didn't like Dick. You see, we were what is called nice people, and Dick was third mate on a ship in the merchant service. Mother said he wasn't . . . the right class for me. They wouldn't let me marry him. He was only 21, and he wasn't earning much. Oh, I was bad, bad."

She stopped, and I said: "How do you mean, bad?"

"Oh, I ought to have stuck to him. I promised him. I told him I'd wait. But they wanted me to marry . . . the man I married. He was rich, very rich, and we were so poor. Oh, I ought to have stuck to him, my boy Dick . . . but they were too strong for me. I couldn't. I was only 17. Oh, you do understand, don't you? I couldn't. They were too strong."

"Yes," I said. "I understand. Go on."

"Well," she went on. "I married him. I couldn't help it. Seven years ago. He wasn't unkind to me at first. He said he loved me, and I suppose he did. And I tried to love him, too. I did my best. I swear to you I did my best. But I couldn't. I was always thinking of my boy Dick, far away, and the dreadful letter he wrote me when he heard that I'd married. He was right, but it hurt me dreadfully. For a year or two things went well

enough. I was very wretched, but I didn't show it. And my husband, he seemed pleased. But one day, I don't know how, he found out about Dick. I don't see why he minded. I'd married him; that ought to have been enough for him. I was a good wife to him; I swear to you I was. But he got jealous. Jealous of my poor boy Dick, so far away, whom I hadn't even seen since I married. My husband began to talk to me about Dick. Well, I tried to say it was just a boy and girl affair, but my husband understood. He couldn't help seeing that I didn't love him. He thought it was Dick's fault, and so it was in a way. He began to hate him. He was jealous of him, just because I loved him. He hated Dick, and he hated me. Oh, you don't know what it's like. I hope you'll never know. To live with somebody who's got a grudge against you, and who's trying to make you suffer, trying all the time to live with you, how he did it, but, you see, he was a rich man. My husband began to take an interest in ships, and he bought shares in ships, and opened an office. And he made a lot of money, for he was clever. Oh, I couldn't bear it."

"But how do you mean," I said. "I don't quite understand."

"He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

No doubt it was her beauty which inclined me to mercy.

dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we married I was 17, and he was 45. I didn't want to marry him. I . . . I wanted to marry somebody else."

My boy Dick. My mother, well, she didn't like Dick. You see, we were what is called nice people, and Dick was third mate on a ship in the merchant service. Mother said he wasn't . . . the right class for me. They wouldn't let me marry him. He was only 21, and he wasn't earning much. Oh, I was bad, bad."

She stopped, and I said: "How do you mean, bad?"

"Oh, I ought to have stuck to him. I promised him. I told him I'd wait. But they wanted me to marry . . . the man I married. He was rich, very rich, and we were so poor. Oh, I ought to have stuck to him, my boy Dick . . . but they were too strong for me. I couldn't. I was only 17. Oh, you do understand, don't you? I couldn't. They were too strong."

"Yes," I said. "I understand. Go on."

"Well," she went on. "I married him. I couldn't help it. Seven years ago. He wasn't unkind to me at first. He said he loved me, and I suppose he did. And I tried to love him, too. I did my best. I swear to you I did my best. But I couldn't. I was always thinking of my boy Dick, far away, and the dreadful letter he wrote me when he heard that I'd married. He was right, but it hurt me dreadfully. For a year or two things went well

enough. I was very wretched, but I didn't show it. And my husband, he seemed pleased. But one day, I don't know how, he found out about Dick. I don't see why he minded. I'd married him; that ought to have been enough for him. I was a good wife to him; I swear to you I was. But he got jealous. Jealous of my poor boy Dick, so far away, whom I hadn't even seen since I married. My husband began to talk to me about Dick. Well, I tried to say it was just a boy and girl affair, but my husband understood. He couldn't help seeing that I didn't love him. He thought it was Dick's fault, and so it was in a way. He began to hate him. He was jealous of him, just because I loved him. He hated Dick, and he hated me. Oh, you don't know what it's like. I hope you'll never know. To live with somebody who's got a grudge against you, and who's trying to make you suffer, trying all the time to live with you, how he did it, but, you see, he was a rich man. My husband began to take an interest in ships, and he bought shares in ships, and opened an office. And he made a lot of money, for he was clever. Oh, I couldn't bear it."

"But how do you mean," I said. "I don't quite understand."

"He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



HUBERT HODGE, THE PROGRESSIVE AND HUSTLING MERCHANT, HAS WASHED HIS WINDOW AND JUST RECEIVED A LARGE SHIPMENT OF NEW GOODS PRICED TO MEET ANY COMPETITION

YOU SAY THIS LOT CAME FROM THE EAST? NO-NO-YOUR END IS NO STRAIGHT

JUST ARRIVED ANOTHER CROSS OF LEAD PENCILS WITH RUBBERS ATTACHED

WATERPROOF PENCILS

WRITING INK FOR RIGHT AND LEFT HANDED WRITERS

PROTECT YOUR PATENT SHOES TAKE UP THE SLACK IN YOUR SHOES AT ALL JEWELLERS

1883

HOLD ER NEWT, SHE'S AREARIN

STANLEY

He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

No doubt it was her beauty which inclined me to mercy.

dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we married I was 17, and he was 45. I didn't want to marry him. I . . . I wanted to marry somebody else."

My boy Dick. My mother, well, she didn't like Dick. You see, we were what is called nice people, and Dick was third mate on a ship in the merchant service. Mother said he wasn't . . . the right class for me. They wouldn't let me marry him. He was only 21, and he wasn't earning much. Oh, I was bad, bad."

She stopped, and I said: "How do you mean, bad?"

"Oh, I ought to have stuck to him. I promised him. I told him I'd wait. But they wanted me to marry . . . the man I married. He was rich, very rich, and we were so poor. Oh, I ought to have stuck to him, my boy Dick . . . but they were too strong for me. I couldn't. I was only 17. Oh, you do understand, don't you? I couldn't. They were too strong."

"Yes," I said. "I understand. Go on."

"Well," she went on. "I married him. I couldn't help it. Seven years ago. He wasn't unkind to me at first. He said he loved me, and I suppose he did. And I tried to love him, too. I did my best. I swear to you I did my best. But I couldn't. I was always thinking of my boy Dick, far away, and the dreadful letter he wrote me when he heard that I'd married. He was right, but it hurt me dreadfully. For a year or two things went well

enough. I was very wretched, but I didn't show it. And my husband, he seemed pleased. But one day, I don't know how, he found out about Dick. I don't see why he minded. I'd married him; that ought to have been enough for him. I was a good wife to him; I swear to you I was. But he got jealous. Jealous of my poor boy Dick, so far away, whom I hadn't even seen since I married. My husband began to talk to me about Dick. Well, I tried to say it was just a boy and girl affair, but my husband understood. He couldn't help seeing that I didn't love him. He thought it was Dick's fault, and so it was in a way. He began to hate him. He was jealous of him, just because I loved him. He hated Dick, and he hated me. Oh, you don't know what it's like. I hope you'll never know. To live with somebody who's got a grudge against you, and who's trying to make you suffer, trying all the time to live with you, how he did it, but, you see, he was a rich man. My husband began to take an interest in ships, and he bought shares in ships, and opened an office. And he made a lot of money, for he was clever. Oh, I couldn't bear it."

"But how do you mean," I said. "I don't quite understand."

"He began to follow the movements of Dick's ship. It was quite easy. He used to come in in the evening, and say: 'The "Chironia" has been sighted off Sandy Hook. Would you like to send Dick a wireless, darling?' I didn't say anything, but it hurt. Or again, he told me when Dick was promoted to second mate. He found out; he told me. I don't know; he must have made spying a business. He told me how much Dick was getting per month. He even invented stories about Dick and other women, month after month, year after year. Almost every day he had something to tell me. I gritted my teeth together, tried not to burst out, but it was too much. My husband was using Dick as a cant phrase. Instead of saying: 'I forgot my umbrella today, how careless!' he'd say: 'I'm just as careless as Dick! And, in a restaurant, he asked whether I'd like pudding a la Dick. But I didn't get used to it; it only got worse and worse. Year after year. I was going mad with it, perhaps. I forgot my umbrella today, how heart bleeding; perhaps I could have stuck it out, however. . . perhaps he'd have got tired of it. For my husband loved me, you know, in his way; indeed, it was always after I'd cried,

when I lay weak and sick with hysterics, that he'd take me in his arms and cover me with kisses which I hadn't the strength in resist."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

No doubt it was her beauty which inclined me to mercy.

dead in there, was my husband. We've been married for seven years. When we