

Matrimonial Adventures

The Clausons

BY

Zona Gale

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AN IMPRESSION OF ZONA GALE

Zona Gale is one of the most "understanding" women in America. She writes nearly always of the small town and small-town people...

Clauson stepped from his room and held out his hand to Miss Rickson. But with a hand on either side of the opening she swung herself down...

"None of that," said Clauson, and turned into his own street. He put up his car, walked the half block to his apartment...

"Hello, darling," she said. He had a swift look at the picture which had greeted him so many nights. The brownish room, the heaped-up table...

"Why, yes, didn't you?" she said. "Yes, I think you did, why?" "Nothing," said Clauson, "I just wondered."

"I think I'll send that moth-eaten stuff straight back to them," said Jep. "Wouldn't you, dear?" "I certainly would, darling," said Clauson.

fashion. He thought of the absurdity of assenting like a sheep to something which he knew nothing whatever about. He thought of Miss Rickson—what if some morning she should bring in his letters and say, "There, dear," with that good little way of dipping her head and turning it sideways without turning her eyes...

He looked thoughtfully at Jep. Jep was responsive; she had humor; she could be amusing. But he was so used to her. Her hands, that gesture to her hair, her absent look, her little crooked yawns...

"Dear" again. What a continual fancy! And he wished she wouldn't always say "oceans." What a rotten word everything was. How had he got himself into this miserable little jail of a life, full of clocks and keys and kettles...

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'darling' when you don't mean it," he burst out, and added: "I beg your pardon. Yes, something is the matter. I met Dibble down in the office. He gave me the tip that this building is to be pulled down."

"Pulled down!" she repeated, and he wished irritably that she would not let herself look so surprised—Jep always did that. He had seen her do it innumerable times over nothing.

"Well, but darling!" Jep was beginning. A thousand times had he seen her settle down with the same gentle exasperation to an argument. "I'm going to bed," said Clauson; and went.

"No corners, though," he growled. "No corners. I can't smoke unless there's corners—I tell you, Jep, I don't want to move."

"Oh, nothing. I didn't think I'd forgotten," she answered. "I never mean to forget." Clauson thought: "Good heavens, have we come to this?"

and she was saying absently that these looked just as moth-eaten as the others did. He wondered discontentedly if any other woman on earth found moths in everything, the way Jep did.

"I'm used to it, too," she admitted. "Truly, for all my talk, I'm home-sick already." "Then let's cut talking about it, for now," said Clauson.

At a chemist's he called up the scarred boarding house and asked for Miss Ruth Rickson. "I've something I want to talk over with you," he told her earnestly.

"I will not wait," said Clauson, just as crisply. And then she said that the landlady sometimes let her use her own sitting room and she would see. Ten minutes and Clauson was in the landlady's sitting room and Ruth Rickson sat before him.

"Thank you. That's very nice of you. How?" inquired Miss Rickson rapidly. It was the exact manner in which she sometimes said, "Will you spell that name for me, please?"

"Yes, of course. But haven't you ever wanted—" Clauson was feeling rather foolish, as if the only reason which he could think of offhand for coming to see her had failed.

"Why, I want to be married," she said. "That's fairly plain, isn't it, by my taking the trouble to learn the stuff?"

"Me? Not much. I'm no teacher here. Three and a bath—that's my measure. And my mother will live with me—when I get it."

quired, and dipped her head, and turned her face a bit without turning her eyes, and ran her hand up over her bobbed hair at the back. She was so utterly charming when she was silent—and agreeing. She was so utterly different when, now, she wheeled toward him:

"Look here, Mr. Clauson," she said briskly, "why did you come to see me tonight?" She was looking at him aggressively. And abruptly—perhaps it was because he just noted the thinness of her wrists—Clauson was swept by a strong pity. Poor little thing, he thought, suspecting everybody, quite on her own in this big town. Poor little thing, in this fearful boarding house, just working ahead on the chance that some bookkeeper or other would marry her out of things.

On a spontaneous word from him about a raise, they parted. Under the eye of the accursed dog he took her hand in a friendly, though formal, leave-taking. The boarding house with the measles facade he left in a high though impromptu sense of having played the benefactor.

"O dearest," she cried, "what do you think? It's all a mistake—Mr. Dibble called up to say they aren't going to tear down the building this year at all. And we don't have to move."

"It's got to be regulated, that thing," he heard himself mutter. Jep smiled up at him lazily. "If you didn't say that every night, dear," she observed, "I'd miss it."

There is a page of history concealed in the word "calico." When the British went to India, they found there a considerable cotton textile industry. The center of this industry was Calicut. What more natural than that the English traders, who introduced Indian textiles into England, should call that kind of Indian cotton cloth after the town where they got it—"Calico?"

But calico even in our own time has been renamed by foreign peoples after the place where they got it from, "American" or "Merican!"

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice; and yet everybody is content to hear.—Selden.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR AUGUST 5

MARY MAGDALENE

LESSON TEXT—Luke 8:1-3; John 9:25; 20:11-18. GOLDEN TEXT—"Our soul waiteth for the Lord. He is our help and shield."—Psalm 33:21.

I. Mary Saved (Luke 8:1, 2). While Jesus and His disciples were preaching throughout the villages of Galilee, Mary and certain other women heard the good news of salvation and were saved. Evil spirits were cast out of them. Mary had been possessed with seven demons. The number seven indicates the completeness of her affliction. Bodily affliction usually accompanied demon possession.

II. Mary Ministering (Luke 8:3). She, with certain women who had been saved from Satan's power, out of a heart of gratitude looked after the comfort of the Lord and His disciples. These women must have been in easy circumstances, as they were able to buy food and other necessities and, doubtless, lodging for Jesus and His disciples.

III. Mary's Steadfastness (John 19:25). After the men and disciples had forsaken the Lord a group of faithful women remained at the cross, among whom was Mary Magdalene. Others lingered, prompted by natural affection, but she lingered out of grateful love for salvation from Satan's bondage.

IV. Mary at the Empty Tomb (John 20:11-18). I. Mistaken Tears (11-13). She had come to the tomb to weep and to pay respect to the body of her Lord. She was weeping over what she regarded as a tragic loss. In spite of her love and faith, she was in a state of confusion. If she had known what was revealed to her a short time afterward, she would not have thus wept.

2. The Unrecognized Master (vv. 14, 15). She was within sight of the living Lord, yet mourning for Him. Let us look in the right direction and we shall have our sorrows turned into joys. The reason she did not recognize the Lord was that He did not appear as she thought He should. Many times our preconceived notions prevent us from seeing Jesus.

3. Restrained Familiarity (vv. 16, 17). The full meaning of Jesus' words when he forbade Mary to touch Him perhaps we cannot surely know. The difficulty doubtless inhaled in Mary's misunderstanding. She seemed to think that the same relations instituted before the resurrection could be resumed. He showed her that He was ascending into glory and that He should henceforth receive divine worship.

4. Mary Telling the Good News of the Resurrection (vv. 17, 18). The need of telling the good news to the poor dependent disciples was so urgent that there was no time for familiarity. What joy there must have been in the hearts of the disciples at this good news.

Riches. If thou art rich thou art poor; for like an ass, whose back with incense bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee.—Shakespeare.

Communism. Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy and death.—Heine.

Humility. Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice; and yet everybody is content to hear.—Selden.

The Idler. An idler is a watch that lacks both hands, as useless if it goes as if it stands.—Cowper.

WONDERFUL SAYS MRS. JENKINS

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