

"Sure! Gad! I ain't kicking about girl. Glad for you! Glad you got girl, only don't try to tell me you



"Max, You-You're Killing Me! Killing Mel Killing Me!"

can't take care of yourself in this world alrighty, girl. Any old time you can't! Gad, thirty-five hundred she unitches out of her allowance in six years, lives on the fat of the land, too, and then tries to bamboozle me that she's flat. Thirty-five hundred in six "ears, Gad!, I got to hand it to you ' there, kiddo; I got to hand it to you!" "You can have it back, Max. I-I was going to surprise you when I had five thousand. I—"
"Gad! I don't want your money, girl. It's yours. You're fixed for life on it. I'm even going to hand you over

as silk with her." "Max, you-you're killing me! Killing me! Killing me!"

a couple of thou' extra to show that

woman breathing can say I ain't white

I'm no cheap sport. I won't have a

"Now, now, Mae, if I was you I wouldn't show my hand so. I don't want to hurt you, girl. It ain't like I got any but the finest feelings for you. You're all right, you are. You are." "Then, Max, for God's sake--"

"But what are you going to do about It? What the h-I is anybody going to do about it? You ain't no baby. You know what life is. And you know that the seams has got to show on one of the two sides and it ain't your fault you got turned on the under side. But you should worry, girl! You're fixed. And I'm here to tell you I'm going to band you on top of the two thou' this here little flat just as it stands, Mac. Just as it stands, plano and all. I just guess you got a kick coming !"

Her hands flew to her bosom as if the steel of his words had slipped deep into flesh. "You don't mean what you're saying, Max."

"Sure, I do? Piano and all, girl." "No, no, you don't. You're just kidding me, Max, like you used to when you wanted to tease me and throw a scare in me that your mother was wise about the flat. Quit your kidding, Max, and take me in your arms and sing me 'Malzie You're a Dalsie' like you used to after-after we had a little row. Lemme hear you call me 'Maizie,' dear, so I'll know you're only kidding. I'm a bum sport, dearie, I-I never could stand for guying. Cut the comedy, dear."

She leaned to him with her lips twisted and dried in their frenzy to belie his words, but with little else to Indicate that her heart lay ticking against her breast like a clock that makes its hour in half-time.

"Quit guying, Max, for God's sake! You-you got me feeling sick clear down inside of me. Cut it, dear. Too much is enough."

Her dress rustled with the faint swish of scything as she moved toward him, and he withdrew, taking hold of the back of his chair.

"Now, now, Mae; come, come! You're a sensible woman. I ain't stuck on this business any more than you are. You ought to have let me stay away and just let it die out instead of raking up things like this. Come, buck up, old girl! Don't make It any harder than it's got to be. These things happen every day. This is

business. There, there! Now! Now!" The sudden bout of tenderness brought the tears stinging to her eyes and she was for ingratiating herself into his embrace, but he withdrew, g toward the plane with an en-

ow, now, Mae, I tell you that you sent it. It would have been betgot to cut it. It would have been bet-ter if you had just let the old cat die. You oughtn't to tried that gag to get me here tonight. You'll get a lot more ent of me if you do it dry, girl. A cry-

ing woman can drive me out of the house quicker'n plague, and you ought to know it by now."

She sat down suddenly, feeling queasy. "Now, now, old girl, buck up! Be a

"Gimme a drink, Max. I-just a swallow, I-I'm all right," And she squeezed her eyes tight shut to blink

He handed her a tumbler from the table, keeping his bend averted, and after a bit she fell to sobbing and choking and trembling.

"It's her! It's your old woman. She's been chloroforming you with a lot of dope talk about hitting the alter rail with a bunch of white satin with a good fat wad sewed in the lining. It's your old-"

"Cut that!" "It's your old woman. She-she don't know you like I do, Max. She-" "Now, now. Mae! You knew this had to come sooner or later. I ain't never fled, have I? Right here in this room ain't you told me a dozen times you'd let me go quietly when the time

came? Ain't you?" "I never thought you meant it, Max. You don't mean it now. Don't let your old woman upset you, dear. What she don't know won't hurt her, That old woman don't know enough about life and things to-"

"You cut that and cut it quick! I'm decent fellow, I am. For six years I been tipping you off to leave my mother's name out-out of your mouth. There's a place for everything and, by gad! I ain't no saint, but I won't stand for that! By gad! I-I won't!"

"Oh-h-h-h-h! Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h!" She struck her breast twice with the flat of her hand, her voice so tight and high that it carried with it the quality of strangulation.

"Ain't fit to mention her name, ain't 1? Ain't fit to mention her name? My kind ain't fit to mention her name,

"No, if you got to know it. Notlike that! My old mother's name, Not like that!"

"Not fit, ch? What are we fit for, then, us that only get the husks of you men and nothing else?"

"What am I fit for? Fit to run to when your decent friends won't stand for you? Fit to run to when you get mixed up in rotten customs deals? Fit to stand between you and b-1 when you got the law snapping at your heels for-for smuggling? Who was it to run to then? Her whose name I ain't fit to mention? Her? Naw, you was afraid she'd turn on you. Naw, not her! Me! Me! I'm the one whose mouth is too dirty to mention your old lady's name-

"By gad! You got to cut that or-" hollered for when you woke up in the hospital with your back like raw meat? Who was it you hollered for then? Her whose name I ain't fit to mention? Naw, it wasn't! Me! Me! I was good enough then. I was good enough to smuggle you out of town overnight when you was dodging the law, and to sleep in my clothes for two

weeks, rendy to give the signal." "That's right, dig up! Dig up! You might forget something."

"I been good enough to give you free all these years what you wasn't man enough to pay for. That's what we women are; we're the free lunch that men get with a glass of beer, and what the h-l do you care which garbage pail what's left of us lands in after you're done with us!"

"Cut that barroom talk around here

"Good enough for six years, wasn't I, to lay down like a door-mat for you to walk on, eh? Good enough. Good enough when it came to giving up chunks of my own flesh and blood when your burns was like fire on your back and all your old woman could do to help was throw a swoon every time she looked at you. Good enough to-" "Gad! I knew it! I knew it! Knew

you'd show your yellow streak." She fell to mouning in her hands. "No, no, Max, I didn't mean it. Youyou just got me so crazy I don't know what I'm saying. Sure, I-I made you take it off me. I wanted 'em to cut it off me to graft on your burns because it-it was like finding a new way of saying how-how I love you, Max. Every drop of blood was like-like I could see for myself how-how I loved you, Max. I-

"Oh, my God!" he said, folded his arms atop the plane, and let his head fall into them. "Oh, my God!"

"That's how I love you, Max. That's how you-you're all in the world I got, Max. That's why I-I can't, just can't let you go, dear. Don't throw me over, Max. Cut the comedy and come down to earth. You ain't had a holy spell for two years now since the old woman sniffed me and wanted to marry you off to that cloak-and-suit buyer with ten thou in the bank and a rush of teeth to the front. You remember how we laffed, dearle, that night we seen her at the show? Don't let your old lady-

"Cut that, I tell you!" "You'd be a swell gink hitting the altar trail with a bunch of white satin, wouldn't you? At your time of life, forty and set in your ways, you'd have a swell time landing a young frisky one and trying to learn one of them mother's darlings how to rub in your hair tonic and how to rub your salad plate with garlie? Gosh-golly! I bust right out laffing when I even think about it! Come down to earth, Max! You'd be a swell hit welded for life with a gold band, now, wouldn't

She was suddenly selzed with moderate laughter not untile with hysteria, lond and full of emptia as if she were shooting

"Like h-l you would! You tied to a bunch of satin and tending the kids with the whooping cough! Whoops

Suddenly Max Zincas rose to his height, regarding her sprawling uncontrolled pose with writhing lips of distaste, straightened his waistcoat, cleared his throat twice, and, standing, drank the last of his wine. But a palfor crept up, riding down the flush,

"Funny, ain't it? Laft! Laft! But I'd wait till you hear something funnier I got to tell you. Funny, ain't it? Laff! Laff!"

She looked up with her lips sagging from merriment, but the dark red in her face grew darker ...

"Huh!" His bravado suddenly oozed and the clock ticked roundly into the silence between them.

"Huh?" she repeated, cocking her head.

"You got to know it, Mae, and the sooner I get it out of me the better. But, remember, if you wanna drive me out before I'm finished, if you wanna get rid of me a d-n sight quicker than any other way, throw me some sob stuff and watch. You-well-I-the sooner I get it out of me the better.

"She's a-a nice little thing, Mae, Her mother's a crony with my old lady. Lives in a brownstone out on Lenox avenue. Met me first at-at a tennis match she was winning at-at Forest Park club."

"Not a high-stepper or a looker like you in your day, Mae, none of-that chorus pep you used to have. Neat. though. Great little kid for outdoors. Nice little shape, too. Not in your class, but-but nent. Nice, clean little girl, fifteen thou with her, and her old man half owner in the Weeke Woolen ,mills. I-I need the money, Mae. The customs is digging up dirt again. It ain't like I ain't been on the level with you, girl. You knew it had to come sooner or later. Now, didn't you, Mae? Now, there's the girl. Didn't you?"

Renssured, he crossed to where she sat silent, and placed a large, heavy hand on her shoulder.

"There's nothing needs to worry you, old girl. Thirty-five bundred in your Jeans and a couple of thou and the flat from me on top. Gad! It's a cinch for you, old girl. I've seen 'em ready for the dump at your age, and you-you're on the boom yet. Gad! You're the only one I ever knew kept her looks and took on weight at the same time. You're all right. Mae, and and, gad! If I don't wish sometimes the world was different! Gad! If-if I don't!"

It was as if the flood of her emotion had risen to a wave and at his words frozen on Its crest. She opened her lips to speak, but could only regard him with eyes as hard as ice fields.

"Now, now, Mae, don't look thataway. You're a sensible woman and know the world's just built thataway. I always told you it didn't cost us men nothing but loose change to show ourselves a good time. You girls gotta pay up in different coin. If I hadn't come along, some other fellow would. You girls know where you get off. Come, be a sport, old girl? With thirtyplane, and all, lemme say to you that you ain't got a kick coming. Just lemme say that to you-plane and all,

Sobs trembled up, thawing the edge of ice that incased her. A thin blue mist of tears rose to her eyes like a premonitory ripple before the coming of the wind.

"You can't! You can't! You-you can't ditch me like that, I tell you.

"By God! If you're going to begin to holler I'll get out of here so quick it'll make your head swim!"

"Oh, no, you don't! Aw, no, you don't! You ain't going to quit me so easy for a little hank that-that your old woman found for you. Max, you ain't! You wouldn't! Tell me you wouldn't, dear. Tell me! Tell me!"

"Get off your knees, there, and be have yourself, Mae! Looka your dress there, all torn. This ain't no barroom, Get up and behave yourself! Ain't you ashamed !"

She was trembling so that her knees sent little ripples down the tight white silk drop-skirt.

"You can't ditch me like this and get away with it. You and me can't-can't part peaceful. You can't throw me over after all these years for a little hank and get away with it! By heaven, you can't!"

He drew tight fists to his sides, his lower jaw shot forward. "You start a row here and, by gad! if I don't-"

"I ain't! I ain't! But don't throw me over, Max, after all these years! Don't, Max. You need me. There ain't a woman on God's earth that will do for you what I will. I-I ain't got nobody but you, Max, to do for. I tell you, Max, you-you need me. Think. dear, all them months when the customs was after you. Them hot days when you couldn't show your face, and I used to put you to bed and fan and fan you eight hours straight till you forgot to be scared and fell asleep like a baby."

"Now, now, Mae, I-" "Them nights we used to mix a few drinks when we came home from a show or something and sit right here in this room and swill 'em off, laffing and laffing till we got a little lit up. That time when we sneaked down to Sheepshead and you lost your wad at the wheel and I won it back for you. All them times, Max! That-that Christmes eve you sneaked away from your old woman! Bemsober? I tell you, Max, you can't throw one ever after what we have been through together and get away with it. You can't, not by a d-n sight! You can't!"

In spite of herself her voice would

slip up, raucous sobs tore through her words, tears rained down her frankly distorted face, carrying their bitter

taste of salt to her lips. "You can't! You can't! I ain't got the strength. I ain't got a thing in life that ain't wrapped around you. I can't go back to hit or miss like-like I could ten years ago. I ain't got nothing saved out of it all but you. Don't try to ditch me, Max! Don't! I-I'll walk on my knees for you. I-"

"For God's sake, Mae, I-"

"If there's a way to raise two times fifteen thou for you, Max, I-I'll raise it. I'll find a way, Max. I tell you ! will! I'm lucky at the wheel, Max. You watch and see, You just watch and see. I can work. Max, I-"

"Get up, Mae, get up. There's a good

girl. Get up and-' "I'll work my fingers down, Max, only don't try to ditch me, don't try to ditch me. I'll go out to the country where your old woman can't ever spiff

me. I-I'll fix it, Max, so you-so you just can't lose. Don't ditch me, dear; take your Malzie back. Take me in your arms and call me Mulzie. Take

"Girl, ain't you-ain't you got no

"Just try me back for a month, Max For a month, Max, and see if-if I don't fix things so they come out right. Gimme a month, Max! Gimme, Max, Gimme! Gimme!"

And with her last restraint gone, she lay downright at his feet, abandoned to virulent grief, and in her naked agony a shapeless mass of frill and flounce, a horrible and not dramatic spectacle of abandonment; decencies gone down before her desire, the heart ruptured and broken through its walls, In such a moment of soul dishabille and her own dishabille of bosom bulging above the tight lacing of her corset line as she lay prone, her mouth sagging and wet with tears, her lips blowing outward in bubbles, a picture, in fact, to gloss over, Mae Munroe dragged herself closer, filinging her arms about the knees of Max Zincas, sobbling through her raw throat.

"Just a month, Max! Don't ditch me! Don't! Don't! Don't!" He looked away from the sorry spec tacle of her bubbling lips and great, swollen eyelids.

"Leggo! Leggo my knees!" "Just a month, Max, just-"

"Leggo! Leggo my knees! Leggo, girl! Ain't you ashamed!" "Just a month, Max, I-"

"Gad! Ain't you got no shame, girl! Get up! Leggo! I can't stand this, I tell you. Be a sport and leggo me quiet, Mae. I-I'll send you everything, a-a check that'll surprise you, old girl! Lemme go quiet! Nothing can't change things. Quit blubbering. It makes me sick, I tell you. Quit your blubbering, old girl, and leggo. Leggo! Leg-go! Leg-go, I say !"

Suddenly he stooped and with a backward turn of her wrist unloosed himself and, while the pain still staggered her, sidestepped the huddle of her body, grasped his hat from the divan and lunged to the door, tugging for a frantic moment with the lock.

On her knees beside the piano, in quite the attitude he had flung her. leaning forward on one palm and amid five hundred in your jeans and me the lacy whirl of her train, Mae Munwanting to do the square thing-the roe listened to his retreating steps; heard the slam of a lower door.

You who recede before the sight of raw emotions with every delicacy shamed, do not turn from the spectacle of Mae Munroe prone there on the floor, her bosom upheaved and her mouth too loose. When the heart is torn the heart bleeds, whether under cover of culture and a boiled shirtfront or without shame and wound laid bare. And Mae Munroe, who lay there, simple soul, only knew or cared that her heart lay quivering like a hurt thing, and for the sobs that bubbled

too frankly to her lips had no concern. But after a while they ceased of exhaustion and she rose to her feet, her train threatening to throw her; walked toward the cold, cloyed dinner, halfeaten and unappetizing on the table; and fell to scooping some of the cold gravy up from its dish, letting it dripple from the spoon back again. The powder had long since washed off her cheeks and her face was cold as dough.

The tears had dried around her mouth. Presently she pinned up the lacy train about her, opened a cupboard door and slid into a dark, full-length coat, pinned on a hat with a feather that drooped over one side as if limp with wet, dabbed at her face with a pink powder-chamois and, wheezing ever so slightly, went out, tweaking off two of the three electric lights after her-down two flights of stairs through a quiet foyer and out into the fluid warmth of late October. Stars were out, myrlads of them.

An hour she walked-down the cross-town street and a bit along the wide, bright, lighted driveway, its traffic long since died down to an occasional night-prowling cab, a skimming motorcar; then down a flight of curving stone steps with her slightly perceptible limp, and into the ledge of parkway where shadows took her into their velyet silences; down a second flight, across a railroad track, and to the water's edge, where a great coal station ran a jut of pler out into the river. She could walk its length, feeling it sway to the heavy tog of current.

Out of the very edge the water washed up against the piles with a thick, inarticulate lisp, as if what it had to say might only be understood from the under side.

It is a debatable question at times whether deafness is an affliction or

The Shelhaville weather prophets who predict a severe winter may have had a private tip from the gas com-



A number of big attractions are scheduled for the Imperial during the next few days. Saturday night there will be a big triple bill, including Charles Chapin in "The Idle Class," which is listed by a competent authority as one of the ten best movies of the year, and Pola Negri in "One Arabian Night."

In the latter, Miss Negri plays the part of a dancer of the desert. Her master, a hunchback, is the owner of a carayan of entertainers who travel from town to town. One day they reach Bagdad. There the dancer meets the prince, who falls in love with her and woos her with ardor, despite the difference in their stations. She manages to become an inmate of the harem of the shiek, father or the prince, to be near her lover, but tragedy puts an end to her dream of bliss

For Sunday there is Mary Miles Minter in "All Souls' Eve." Miss Minter plays a double role. The story tells how a little nursemaid who, not so very long before, had crossed the from the ruin which another woman p. m. had planned for him.

"The Affairs of Anatol," one of the

will be shown Monday and Tuesday. It has an all-star east, including such favorites as Wallace Reid, Gloria. Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayes and others. The story, written by Jeanie Macpherson, deals with an impressionable young man of wealth who finds time to interest himself in the affairs of others and who learns by practical experiences that it pays best to attend to one's own affairs and let others do the

Special dinner served in the Palm Room New Year's eve and New Year's day. Alliance Hotel.

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Alliance I. O. O. F. Building association on January 3, 1922, at the I. O. O. F. hall, at 7:30 P. M., for election of directors and other business that may be properly brought before this meeting. E. M. MAR'TIN, Secretary.

NOTICE.

The annual stockholders' meeting of the Eagles Building Association will be held at the Eagles Aerie club ocean in an immigrant ship, won the rooms in the city of Alliance, Nebras-love of a great artist and saved him ka, on January 5, 1922, at 7:30 o'clock

F. E. HOLSTEN, President. Attest: L. C. THOMAS, Secretary.

most talked of pictures for the year, HERALD WANT ADS-RESULTS.




