

6/35

slavery to the clock
even if Matilda was
her own fashion, de-
her marriage.

Matilda, that if it comes
my husband and
any time. I've saved

panicky. The very
her life were built
was the buffer be-
other servants, the
and the small annoy-
could not let her go.

that you compromise a
and left the room.

back his dog the next
puppy with enormous
on the seat of the car
announced his arrival by
From that time on
center of the household.
Matilda, the
it was a secret one.
wowed up your blue bed-

and Matilda. I'll get

myself betrayed Matilda.
one else, he would slink
came in sight. One day,
covert act of hers, he
and scratched her hand.
came home she had a large

matter, Matilda?"

it me."

you bit him first!"

the dog. He would whistle

he came into the house,

would reply after his own

times Lillian thought they

like, dog and man, both

obedient, both sensitive. They

together. Or they would

on the couch, apparently

rely to be together; two

in that household of

morally supporting the

became vaguely jealous of

parity.

you care more for him than

me."

ing! He's my friend, but you

life be a friend?"

everything that's ador-

friend?"

now, Lillian," he said slowly.

to find out."

definitely the house was di-

and the dog against the

the house was the battle-

men struggled to preserve

order, the man and the

the puppy found it. When Lillian found
Warren with the body in his arms she
hardly knew him. His anger was cold,
frightening.

"I'm through," he told her. "I've
lived in a conspiracy ever since I came
here. Little by little you've stolen my
independence, so that I'm not a man any
more. I'm a creature. I'm the slave of
this house, and I won't be a slave. Then
I found a friend, and you've killed him!"

It was unfair. It was monstrous. She
faced him with an anger as cold as his
own. "The only conspiracy has been to
make you happy and comfortable."

"Comfortable! Good Lord, with all
of you watching me and watching the
clock! With even this poor little beggar
wiped out for fear he'd spoil a carpet.
And you call that comfort. This is a
house, not a home, and I don't belong
in it."

"Does that mean that you are leav-
ing it?"

"If this is your idea of living, it means
exactly that."

THERE was no answer. They were what
they were; two people drawn together
but not grown together. There were
no memories to tie them, there was no
mutual past to hold them. When he
turned and went out, carrying the dog,
she could think of nothing to say.

She dismissed Matilda that day, doing
it calmly enough.

"I do not blame you for the dog," she
said. "I do not blame you for anything.
But I must carry on alone from now on.
I have depended too much on you, Ma-
tilda."

"You're a fool if you take that man
back."

"That is my affair. And if it is any
comfort to you, I don't think he is com-
ing back."

There was a sly look of triumph in Ma-
tilda's face as she left the room. She left
that day, departing without tears and
with a faintly malicious smile; as though
she knew she was not really going, that
she would be called back soon enough.
But Lillian, watching from a window, felt
strangely free, more able to face the fu-
ture. It was as though her house had
been handed back to her after all the
years.

It was not until dinnertime that she
realized that Warren had gone. It was
not credible. She had tried so hard, given
so much. Surely the death of a dog could
not separate them. But as the hours
went on she sat painfully trying to see
where she had failed. She had demanded
punctuality and order, but surely that
was not so much. She had tried to like
his friends, had gone out when the house
irked him, had looked after his needs and
his comfort.

But he had wanted something more.
He had wanted to build a life together,
and she had offered him one already made.
She had put her house ahead of him, her
life, her habits, even her servants. She

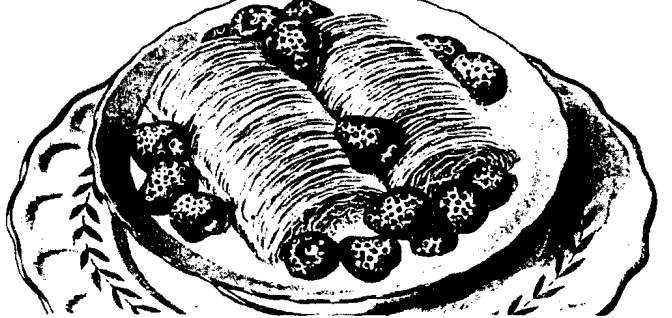


You can't whiz along the road to health
on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes
a well-balanced diet to really keep you
going at full speed. And here's my
recipe for a breakfast that gives you a
flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat
and milk, heaped high with fresh
fruits of the season."

And crisp, golden-brown Shredded
Wheat gives you a high-test energy
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wheat—nothing added, nothing taken
away. You get a natural balance of the
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way that leads to a full life of buoyant
health and vigor.

This glowing young outdoor girl
hands you a well-marked map for the
glorious trail to health.



SHREDDED WHEAT



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(Signed) W. D. Fuller, President

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I do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct statement of the circulation of the said publication for the period stated, and sworn before me on this 4th day of February, 1935.

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