

THE TOY WIFE

Adapted from the play by Gertrude Gelbin



GERTRUDE GELBIN

RESUME
 Gilberte Brigard, called Froufrou because of her delightful, irresponsible gay spirit marries Georges Sartoris, serious young lawyer, at the suggestion of her sister, Louise. Louise has loved Georges since childhood. Andre Valaire, gay young New Orleans blade, madly in love with Froufrou goes to France to live after her marriage. For five years Froufrou is gloriously happy. Georges adores her, despite the fact that her whims and caprices are ruining his career. Froufrou sends for Louise to come to live with them and manage their home and help bring up their child. Within a short time, Froufrou realizes her sister has usurped her place, having won the affection and confidence of Georges and her little son, Andre Valaire returns from France still deeply in love with her. Froufrou attempts to right matters in her own home and learns that Georges no longer loves or needs her. Andre begs her to run away with him.

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Chapter Three JOURNEY'S END

Long afterwards, when Froufrou thought back upon her life, three events stood out in bold relief from the crowded year she and Andre spent in New York; their flight—her illness—and the rash night, when needing money desperately to recoup his gambling losses, Andre decided to return to New Orleans. Of their flight, she best recalled the moment of landing in New York when she had turned to him and said: "Andre—what would happen if I went back now?" "I'll go with you," he answered promptly. "Then Georges would challenge me, and being the better swordsman, I should kill him." He studied her face for the effect of his words. "After all, Froufrou, that might be best. Then you'd be my wife; you'd have your child back, and we'd not have the feeling of two run-away slaves."

"But if he killed you—"

"There'd be no chance of that," he answered grimly. "The one challenged has his choice of weapons."

Froufrou's illness was a vague and shadowy experience. Pneumonia was the doctor's diagnosis; but even after he pronounced her well, her cough persisted. Andre, seeing her waste away, turned more and more to the gambling table to help him forget. Was this sad-eyed creature—this pale, wan child, the bright elf he had known? His heart wisted within him, but he was helpless to aid her or himself.

Then came the night, when, long after she had retired, she awoke to find him swaying over her, his salt hat on the back of his head, his face flushed with wine. He smiled, half sheepishly, and began his faltering explanation of his need to return to New Orleans. The bank had returned his drafts unpaid; his gambling debts had mounted; he must clear his name; his only chance to do so would be to go to New Orleans.

"I'll go with you," she cried, then stopped. "Andre! We can't go back to New Orleans!"

"You're still afraid Georges Sartoris will challenge me and I'll have to kill him," he shouted jealously. She tried to placate him, but he laughed at her. "I won't have to kill Georges," he said at last. "Gentlemen who love their wives so dearly don't wait a year to revenge themselves—"

But Andre was wrong. The day after their return, he was sought out by Judge Rondell and his son. They presented themselves as Georges' seconds.

"You will be at Monsieur Sartoris' disposal?"

"Naturally," smiled Andre. "To-

morrow at dawn—at the Oaks." "And the weapons, Monsieur?" Andre stared from one to the other, lost in thought. "It is the privilege to name the weapon, Monsieur." Judge Rondell observed sharply. "Pistols!" the word burst from Andre's lips. Then, with a short nod, he turned and left. "Pistols," he said slowly. "Andre Valaire, the best man with a sword in Louisiana, and he chose pistols!" "Pistols!" cried Froufrou when she saw his weapons next morning as he bade her goodbye. "Andre! You didn't choose swords, then?" He shook his head. "No. Why should a good swordsman condescend to draw against a poor one?" "That's not the reason," she said quickly. "He drew her tenderly into his arms. 'Lay your head on my shoulder a moment,' he said softly. He held her close. 'No,' he whispered. 'I've given him a fair chance—because you love him.' She began to cry. 'But,' he continued in a hard voice, 'I'll kill him if I can—because you need me.' It was Andre who fell on the field

of honor as the sun cast its faint, dawning light over The Oaks. In the weeks that followed Andre's death, Froufrou kept to her bed. It was good to lie in the dark quiet. Why she was visited daily by two Charity Nuns and a doctor—how Pick secured the money on which they lived—were questions that sometimes filtered through the dull void enveloping her, only to be lost in the jumbled details of those terrible days following the duel. One day, she opened her eyes and knew where she was and why. She was in the obscure rooming house to which she and Pick had fled. She had been very ill again. The kindly nuns had nursed her back to health. Pick had worked the miracle of enlisting the doctor's aid. "Spare her any excitement," the doctor warned Pick. He pointed to his heart. "There's always danger here—of pneumonia."

Froufrou lived for one purpose—she must get out of bed—she must go to church—she must offer a prayer at the shrine of Sainte Catherine. Surely the Sainte would intercede so that she might be restored to good health—so that she might win back the love of her sister Louise, her husband and her son.

And Louise, visiting the shrine of Sainte Catherine, to pray for the return of her sister Gilberte, found her there.

The meeting was too much for Froufrou. Her cup of joy overflow-

ed, Louise helped Pick carry her back to her room; then she rushed to the home of Georges Sartoris to tell him of the miracle; she had found Froufrou—

Georges cut her short. "Your sister's name is never mentioned in this household," he said sharply. "But, Georges," Louise wept. "Poor Froufrou—she's so poor—so ill—at least let me take little George to see his mother."

"The law is on my side," Georges answered. "She'll never see him again."

Louise stared at him as if seeing him for the first time. "Poor Froufrou," she said at last, "how much she has to forgive us!"

"To forgive us!" he exclaimed. "Yes," cried Louise. "Once you called her a toy wife, well—wasn't a pretty toy wife what you wanted? She says she was selfish, shallow foolish. But I know a woman who loved you who was neither selfish nor shallow, and not often foolish; who had all those sensible, proper virtues that you men associate with womanhood. But was that what you wanted? Oh, no! You never even looked at her except as a friend—as someone to persuade the toy-girl to have you as a hus-



Froufrou smiled weakly. "I've come back at last."

band!" "Louise!" For the first time, Georges realized her true feeling for him. "Louise—you mean—"

"Yes," she interrupted. "I was that woman." She laughed shortly. "You're surprised. No wonder. You never even saw me—for her—"

"Oh yes," he said slowly. "I saw you often. Afterwards."

"After you became tired of your bargain and I became tired of my sacrifice," she answered curtly. "After I became, in all ways but one, your wife. And Froufrou, poor Froufrou knew herself for a plaything that no longer gave even pleasure. What could she do but go away?"

"But Froufrou saved me from that," she answered evenly. "Now that I've seen your cruelty toward one you've wronged in your heart as much as she's wronged you, I give thanks on my knees that I am not the wife of such a man. Do you think for one minute I could have told you I ever loved you if you hadn't killed that love at last—forever?" She turned to the door. "Goodbye, Georges." In another moment she was gone.

He stood motionless for a moment. "Wait—!" he cried as he ran to the stairs. "Wait—!" "Wait, Louise," he whispered. "Take George to his mother."

She looked back at him.

Long after Louise and George left, Georges paced the floor, trying to come to a decision. He arrived at one at last and hurried

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Mr. and Mrs. Dan Privott visited Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hollowell Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hobbs and sons spent Sunday at Holland, Va., with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Byrd.

Norman Dail, of Norfolk, Va., and Carey Dail, of Washington, D. C., spent Tuesday with their brother, Herbert Dail.

Mrs. Lena Asbell and children, Mr. and Mrs. Edna Asbell and children visited Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Sr., Sunday afternoon.

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Mrs. A. S. Bush and Miss Louise Bush visited Mrs. Lyla Rountree, at Hobbsville, Thursday afternoon.

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Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Jr.,

and daughters were supper guests of Mrs. Hollowell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry Sunday evening.

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Miss Evelyn Byrum visited Mrs. Wayland Perry, in Edenton, Saturday afternoon.

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PEANUT REPORT

Virginia-Carolina Section: The movement of old crop Virginia type peanuts has been slightly heavier during the week at prices which are lower than prevailed a week ago. Remaining stocks in the hands of growers and country merchants are now extremely light, and as most millers are running full time it is thought by the trade that their holdings will be well cleaned up before new crop peanuts are ready for market. Prices of farmers' stock on a delivered basis are reported to range as follows, per lb.: Jumbos 3 1/2-4c; Bunch 3 1/4-3 1/2c; shelling stock 3-3 1/2c, with some sales reported at lower prices. A few lots of old crop Spanish peanuts have been sold at 96c per 30-lb. bushel delivered.

Digging of new crop peanuts started over a week ago in the Spanish section around Petersburg, and in the area in southern North Carolina which grows Virginia type peanuts, but this was interfered with by the heavy rains of last week. These rains made peanut vines somewhat greener and may delay the digging of large-podded peanuts in Virginia. In North Carolina harvesting varies in different parts of the State. According to the North Carolina Division of Markets, in the Wilmington area, Columbus County is 10 per cent dug, and 5 per cent of the crop has been dug in Robeson, Pender and Onslow Counties. In the Tarboro area about 10 per cent of the peanut acreage has been dug. Rain has delayed digging around Plymouth and the Edenton section has not yet started, but a few peanuts have been dug in the vicinity of Weldon. If the weather continues good, many farmers in both states will be digging this week. Yields of these newly dug peanuts

vary but early Spanish in some fields are reported to be low in yield. Shipments of shelled and cleaned peanuts have continued in fair volume and total shipments for the season to date are heavier than those of a year ago for both cleaned and shelled. Prices have sagged slightly since last week's report and price ranges are wider than usual. No. 2 peanuts are especially scarce.

Prevailing prices, per lb., f. o. b. shipping points, follow: Cleaned—Virginias, jumbos 6 1/2-6 3/4c; fancys 5 1/2-5 5/8c; few 5 1/4c. Shelled—Virginias, extra large 7 1/2-7 3/4c; few 8c, and few 7 1/2c; No. 1, 5.60-5 1/2c, few 6c; No. 2, occasional lots 5 1/4c. Spanish, No. 1, 5 1/2c; No. 2, scarce 5-5 1/4c.

COTTON APPLICATIONS

Through the week ending September 17, more than 16,200 applications had been received from North Carolina farmers for cotton price adjustment payments on the 1937 crop, according to H. A. Patten, acting AAA executive officer at State College.

The United States expects a record pear crop this autumn.

CROSS ROADS

Mrs. J. W. Nowell has returned to her home at Wake Forest, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott. Miss Marian Fiske spent the week-end with her mother at Moyock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Perry, of Rocky Hock, visited Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott Saturday afternoon.

Miss May Belle Edwards went to her home at Whaleyville, Va., for the week-end.

Mrs. Z. W. Evans, Misses Frances and Helen Evans spent Saturday in Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. T. W. Elliott was the supper guest of Mrs. E. N. Elliott Friday evening.

Misses Frances and Helen Evans,

of Manteo, and Esther Evans, of Hertford, spent the week-end with Mrs. Z. W. Evans.

Miss Louise Wilson spent the week-end at her home at Chapanoke.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Winborne were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott Saturday evening.

Miss Pearl White went to her home at Belvidere for the week-end.

Miss Nelle Sample spent the week-end at her home in Elizabeth City.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Hayes, Mrs. W. J. Hayes and Miss Ethel Parker, at Gatesville, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leary spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Steve Leary, in Greenhall.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leary visited Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hollowell Sunday evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell visited Mrs. Temple Eason Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Bertha Hoggard, of Coffield, is

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Saturday, October 8—
Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette in
"PRAIRIE MOON"

"FIGHTING DEVIL DOGS" No. 8 — POPEYE CARTOON

Sunday, October 9—QUIZ PICTURE—
Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds in
"YOUTH TAKES A FLING"

Matinee—3:30 Night—9:15

Monday, October 10—QUIZ PICTURE—
Errol Flynn, Olivia DeHavilland in
"FOUR'S A CROWD"

Tuesday, October 11—QUIZ PICTURE—
Lynne Overman and Donald O'Connor in
"SONS OF THE LEGION"

Wednesday, October 12—
James, Lucille and Russell Gleason in
"THE HIGGINS FAMILY"

Thursday and Friday, October 13-14—
BING CROSBY in "SING YOU SINNERS"

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