

exciting
LOVE

SPRING • 25 CENTS

FEATURING

Enchanted Island

A GLAMOROUS NOVELET

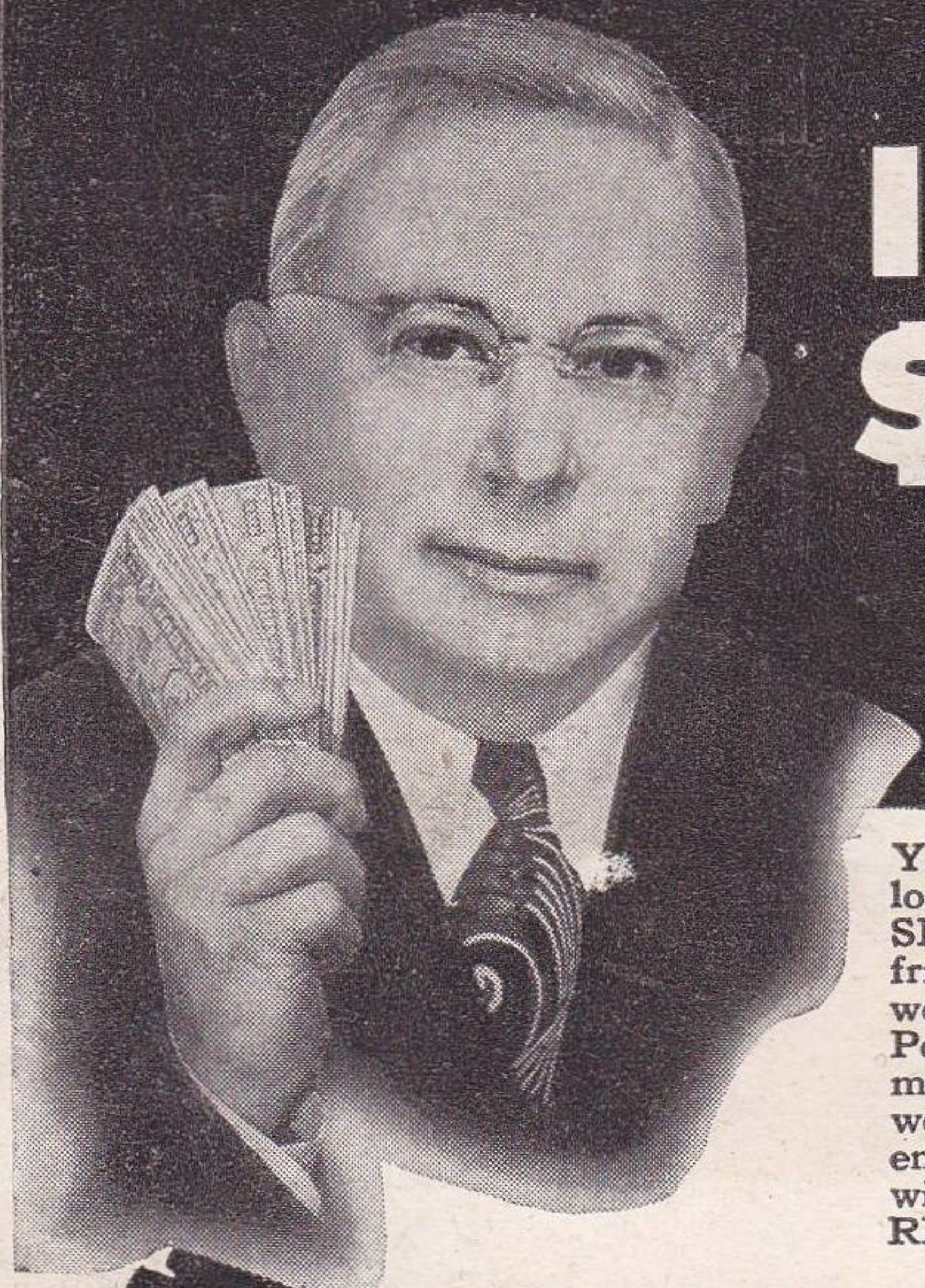
by CHARLES B. POSTL

Love O' The Irish

by PHYLLIS SPESHOCK



A THRILLING
PUBLICATION



I'LL MAIL YOU \$1,000⁰⁰ IN STRICT CONFIDENCE

Yes, if you are steadily employed and of good character I will be glad to loan you \$50, \$100, \$200, \$300, \$500 or up to \$1,000.00 ON YOUR SIGNATURE! I'll send you the amount you need QUICKLY . . . and your friends, neighbors, family, even your employer will not be contacted. No wonder so many thousands of smart men and women like yourself have used Postal Finance's borrow-by-mail service for years — it's the best way to get money when you need it in complete privacy. There is NO time off from work . . . NO witnesses or co-signers . . . NO insurance required . . . NO embarrassing investigations. Just send in the coupon below TODAY. We will rush you a FREE Loan Application so you can get the money you need RIGHT AWAY!

YOU PAY ME BACK AT YOUR CONVENIENCE

Postal's low lawful rates mean LOW COST loans for you, supervised by the Banking Department of the state. That is one of the important reasons why men and women from all over the country rely on Postal Finance when they need money quickly. Our terms are so liberal that you can pay back your loan in small monthly payments out of your future earnings. Take as long as 20 months to repay . . . or pay it back within a matter of weeks . . . whichever fits your budget. If your loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay ONLY for the time you use the money . . . not a day longer!

You can borrow from the old, established Postal Finance Company with complete confidence. It is licensed by and bonded to the state, to do business under the Small Loan Law . . . your assurance of reasonable, low lawful rates and Supervised Reliability in your dealings with Postal. You will be happy to know that the average monthly interest on a \$100 loan is only \$1.73 on our 20-month repayment plan . . . \$3.35 for \$200 . . . \$4.60 for a \$300 loan. Even a person with small means can afford Postal's special service!

GET IT QUICK . . .

Our service is as fast as the United States mails . . . we are as near to you as your mail box. For really quick service rush us the coupon below, right NOW. As soon as we receive it we will RUSH by Airmail everything you need to get the money you want right away . . . FREE Loan Application and full particulars in a plain envelope. You'll be amazed by the speed with which we take care of your money needs!



POSTAL FINANCE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

COMPANY

Dept. C-3, 15th and HARNEY, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS AT ONCE



There are many reasons why you want money RIGHT NOW. You may want to pay up all your bills . . . take care of personal or business emergencies . . . taxes . . . doctor, dental or hospital expenses . . . insurance premiums . . . educational expenses . . . seasonal purchases . . . or tide yourself or your family over some period of heavy expense. Does your home need repairs? Why wait until damage gets worse? Fix up your home NOW . . . take months to repay!

Whether you need money to repair your car, to buy furniture or pay up debts and bills . . . you will find that the Postal way is the intelligent way to solve your money problems. Just think, instead of having to worry about so MANY bills — you can pay EVERYBODY AT ONCE. Use this reliable way to keep your credit standing good in your town. Take advantage of this quick service. The money you need is here waiting for you. Get your FREE Loan Application immediately by rushing the coupon TODAY!



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Mr. D. J. Levitt, President
Postal Finance Co., Dept. C-3
15th & Harney; Omaha, Nebraska

Please rush to me in a plain envelope my FREE Loan Application and Full Particulars without obligation — so if I decide to borrow I can get the money I need RIGHT AWAY.

Name

Address

Town State

Occupation Age

Amount you want to borrow \$.....

BOOST YOUR EARNING POWER DURING THE HOURS THAT COUNT



"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth \$95.00 to me! My position, my \$7,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it to spare-time training with I. C. S."



No matter where you live, I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps or achievements, whether you make \$2,000 or \$20,000 a year, I. C. S. has a plan to fit your needs exactly. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, fully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 391 I. C. S. courses can be your springboard to success.

EVERY MAIL brings letters like this from men and women who studied I. C. S. courses in their spare time.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much?

An hour or two a day spent with I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Doubt it? Then put it up to us to prove it! Mark and mail this coupon—now! We'll send you full information plus free book, "How to Succeed."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 3968-Z, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the booklet about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

- | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ART
<input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art
<input type="checkbox"/> Magazine and Book Illustrating
<input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning
<input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Lettering
<input type="checkbox"/> Fashion Illustrating
AUTOMOTIVE
<input type="checkbox"/> Automobile, Mechanic
<input type="checkbox"/> Auto-Elec. Technician
<input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
<input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Gas Engines
AVIATION
<input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
<input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Engine Mechanic
<input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Drafting
BUILDING
<input type="checkbox"/> Architecture
<input type="checkbox"/> Arch. Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor
<input type="checkbox"/> Estimating
<input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter and Mill Work
<input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter Foreman
<input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints
<input type="checkbox"/> House Planning
<input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating
<input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting
<input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning
<input type="checkbox"/> Electrician
BUSINESS
<input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration
<input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accountant
<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting
<input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping
<input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing
<input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial
<input type="checkbox"/> Federal Tax
<input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence
<input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Labor Relations
<input type="checkbox"/> Advertising
<input type="checkbox"/> Retail Business Management
<input type="checkbox"/> Managing Small Business
<input type="checkbox"/> Sales Management
<input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship
<input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management
CHEMISTRY
<input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry
<input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemistry
<input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum—Nat'l Gas
<input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making
<input type="checkbox"/> Plastics | CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
<input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping
<input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints
<input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Construction
<input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering
DRAFTING
<input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Mine Surveying and Drafting
ELECTRICAL
<input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Electrician
<input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Maintenance
<input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Electric Power and Light
<input type="checkbox"/> Lineman
HIGH SCHOOL
<input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory
<input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics
<input type="checkbox"/> Commercial
<input type="checkbox"/> Good English
MECHANICAL AND SHOP
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision
<input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design-Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice
<input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection
<input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints
<input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking
<input type="checkbox"/> Gas—Electric Welding
<input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment—Metallurgy
<input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Work
<input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration
POWER
<input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Electric
<input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power | <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Steam Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman
RADIO, TELEVISION, COMMUNICATIONS
<input type="checkbox"/> General Radio
<input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operation
<input type="checkbox"/> Radio Servicing—FM
<input type="checkbox"/> Television
<input type="checkbox"/> Electronics
<input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work
RAILROAD
<input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer
<input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Locomotive
<input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes <input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector
<input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Administration
TEXTILE
<input type="checkbox"/> Textile Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacture
<input type="checkbox"/> Rayon Manufacture
<input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacture
<input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fixing
<input type="checkbox"/> Finishing and Dyeing
<input type="checkbox"/> Textile Designing
HOME ARTS
<input type="checkbox"/> Dressmaking and Designing
<input type="checkbox"/> Cookery
<input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room Management |
|---|---|---|---|---|

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to _____ P.M.

Occupation _____

Special tuition rates to members of the Armed Forces. Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

exciting LOVE

A THRILLING PUBLICATION

VOL. 19, NO. 3
SPRING ISSUE

TWO COMPLETE NOVELETS

- ENCHANTED ISLAND, *by Charles B. Postl* 10
Romance wove its strange and subtle spell around Bennet when she came to the island to cook—and stayed to conquer. . . .
- LOST HONEYMOON, *by Frances Youlin McHugh* 62
Imagine going all the way to France to marry your sweetheart, and then finding out you're jilted . . . and stranded!

SEVEN SHORT STORIES

- THE DAY THE LETTER CAME, *by Rosalind Burke* 30
She could hardly wait until the mailman arrived
- THE LOVE O' THE IRISH, *by Phyllis Speshock* 39
An' shure, it was a grand day for romance
- NO SAD FAREWELLS, *by Margaret Tool Meyer* 43
She was willing to wait forever, if the waiting was for Toni
- THE CHARTREUSE GLOVES, *by Nelson H. Nichols* 52
Shakespeare and Homer were the only men in her life, until—
- GINGERBREAD BLUES, *by Tugar DePass* 80
When Jane began go-getting, you couldn't stop her
- CARNIVAL QUEEN, *by Arch Whitehouse* 92
The hucksters made Dolly's heart do à sitzplatz
- THE PERFECT PICTURE, *by Ann Kennedy* 103
It looked like Paula's recipe for happiness was working!

FEATURES

- PLEASE FORWARD, *Conducted by Mrs. Faith Simpson* 6
- THE WHIRL OF LOVE, *by Bess Ritter* 9
- THE OTHER LOVE, *Verse by Helen Ardsley* 25
- DISCWAYS, *by Pat Jones* 50
- DO YOU KNOW YOUR DANCES? *A Quiz* 61
- GIRL TALK, *Conducted by Penelope Worth* 76
- LOVE NOTES, *by Harold Helfer* 79
- IN BLACK AND WHITE, *by Judith Clarke* 89

EXCITING LOVE, published quarterly and copyright, 1953, by Better Publications, Inc., 1125 E. Vaile Ave., Kokomo, Ind. Editorial and executive offices, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. N. L. Pines, president. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Kokomo, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription (12 issues), \$3.00; single copies, 25c. In corresponding with this magazine please include postal zone number, if any. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. Spring, 1953, issue. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Free
Invitation
to Riches!

**Banish
Money Worries**

**START
LIVING!**

\$100,000

**CASH
PRIZES**

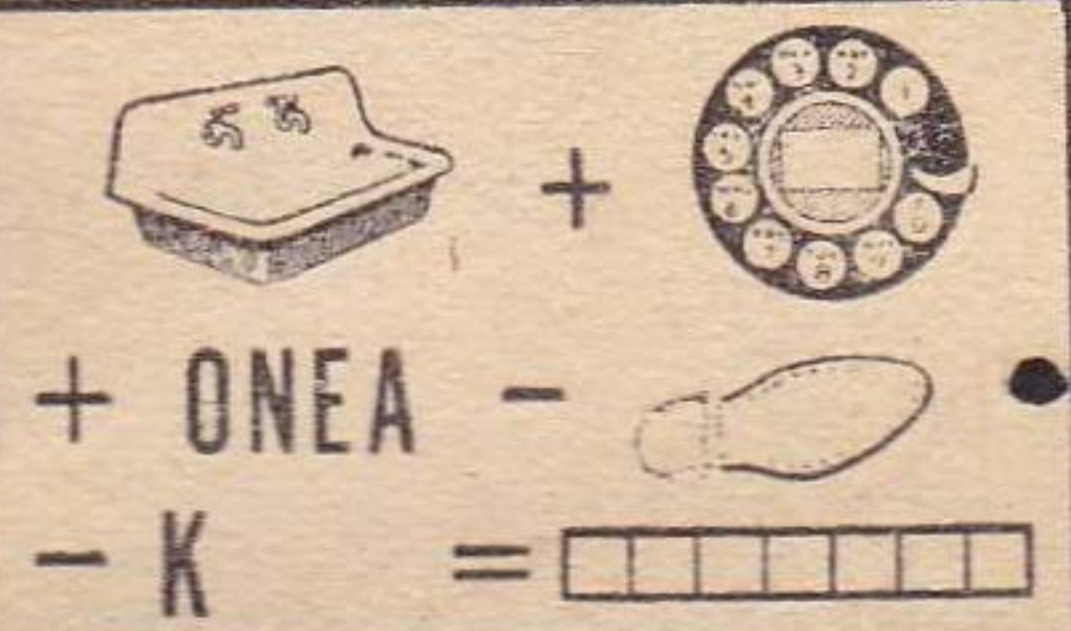
**1st PRIZE
\$50,000.00**

The INDEPENDENCE PUZZLE CONTEST

Sponsored by the NATIONAL BOOK CLUB

**How To Solve
SAMPLE PUZZLE**

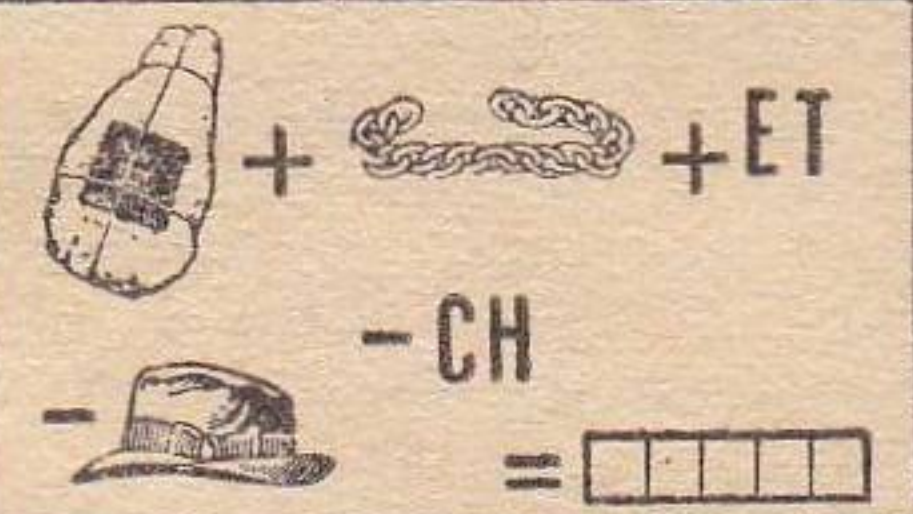
CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE.



You will see there are a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLE of a shoe and various letters of the alphabet. There are two plus and two minus signs. It is necessary to add and subtract the names and letters as shown by the plus and minus signs. First, write down SINK. Then, add DIAL to it. Next, add ONEA. All this equals SINKDIALONEA. Now, you must subtract the letters in SOLE and K. When this is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the result checks with Clue No. 1.

**Easy? Yes! Now Solve
This Actual Contest Puzzle**

CLUE No. 1: THE "PINE TREE" STATE.



**HURRY! \$50,000
May Be Yours!
MAIL COUPON NOW!**

**Get the Facts FREE! Here's Your
Chance of a Lifetime! ACT NOW!**

What an opportunity for you to get on Easy Street! What a chance to END MONEY WORRIES! Think of it — \$50,000 First Prize! — \$20,000 Second Prize! Yes — here's your big chance to win more cash than you'd save all your life. The opportunity is YOURS — it's up to YOU to get the facts NOW!

**Easy to Enter! Fun to do!
No Gimmicks! Only Skill Counts!**

The INDEPENDENCE PUZZLE CONTEST is the contest every puzzle-minded person in the country has been waiting for. This contest is sponsored by the National Book Club to introduce its publications to as many new friends as possible. Just look at the SAMPLE PUZZLE at the left. Here is a typical puzzle with every picture easily and quickly identified. Everything open and above board — nothing tricky. That's one big reason you'll agree this is among the fairest, squarest contests ever offered to American puzzle-fans.

**Fair and Square — Only Standard Pictures
Used! An Amazing New Concept in Puzzles**

For the first time in the history of nation-wide contests, the Judges and Sponsor of the INDEPENDENCE PUZZLE CONTEST have decided to take their picture illustrations only from READILY AVAILABLE AND OBTAINABLE SOURCES.

AND MORE! Every solution to every puzzle has a point value according to an error-proof table of letter values. You will know AT ONCE if your answer is right or wrong.



FREE INFORMATION — MAIL COUPON TODAY!

INDEPENDENCE PUZZLE CONTEST, Inc.
P.O. Box 911, General Post Office, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I want full particulars about the \$100,000 INDEPENDENCE PUZZLE CONTEST.
Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Form, Rules, and First Series of Puzzles.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(Add Zone, if any)

☐ Check this box if you are mailing this coupon within 10 days from the date you first read this announcement.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

TFG

**200 Cash Prizes
FIRST PRIZE
\$50,000.00**

2nd Prize \$20,000.00
3rd Prize \$6,000.00
4th Prize \$4,000.00
5th Prize \$2,000.00
6th Prize \$1,000.00
7th Prize \$1,000.00
8th Prize \$750.00
9th Prize \$750.00
10th Prize \$500.00
11th through 100th Prizes,
each \$100 \$9,000.00
101st through 200th Prizes,
each \$50 \$5,000.00
GRAND TOTAL OF THIS OFFICIAL
PRIZE LIST IS \$100,000.00

Change Your Life! Win Real Riches!

You owe it to yourself to stop money worries and GET ON THE ROAD TO WEALTH. Think how you could use \$50,000 or \$20,000! And here's your opportunity. For the price of a postage stamp, we will send you FREE the Entry Form, the Official Rules, the First Series of Puzzles — EVERYTHING you need to enter. So make up your mind now — decide to win! Get the facts and MAIL COUPON TODAY!!

ACT TODAY! WIN A FORTUNE

Promptness Pays



1953 FORD EXTRA BONUS

If you mail the coupon postmarked within 10 days from the date you read this announcement, and you enter and win first prize, we will award a special extra promptness bonus of a brand-new 1953 FORD Convertible.



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in making new friends and having pen pals, please write to Mrs. Faith Simpson, care of EXCITING LOVE, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Introduce yourself by writing an interesting letter that will make others eager to know more about you. Be sure to sign your full name and state your address, age and sex. Please provide at least one reference. We will use only your first name or a nickname when your letter is printed. We will forward all mail received for you.

SUNNY DISPOSITION

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a fellow in my early twenties, 5 feet 7 inches tall, black hair, brown eyes, athletic build, not bad looking and I have a sunny disposition. I spent a few winters in Florida and like water sports very much. I play the drums and have my own car. I would like some sincere pen pals and I'll be glad to send snapshots, would also like to receive some. Here's hoping.

ROCKY No. 742

RECORD COLLECTOR

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I'm 17 years of age, a Senior in high school. I keep up on all the popular music and have a small record collection. I will answer every letter written to me regardless of racial characteristics, religion and nationality. I would especially like to hear from girls and boys in the South and West, as I live way over here in New Hampshire.

TINA No. 743

MINING TOWN GAL

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a girl of 20 and all alone in this small mining town. I would love to have some guys and gals fill up my mail box. I have blond hair and blue eyes. I will answer all who write.

BOBBY No. 744

LIKES SPORTS

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a girl 14 years old, in the 9th grade. I have dark brown eyes and brown hair, I'm 5 feet 1 inch tall. I like all kinds of sports and I like to write and receive letters. Won't you help fill my mailbox?

PAT No. 745

WILL ANSWER ALL

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a girl of seventeen, have brown hair, hazel eyes, and I'm 5 feet 6 inches tall. My hobbies are drawing and writing poems. I would like very much to hear from some boys and girls, because it gets lonesome at night as I live out in the country. I promise to answer all the letters I receive and will be glad to exchange photos.

ALLIE No. 746

POST OFFICE PAL

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a fellow 37 years old, 5 feet 10 inches, weigh 140 pounds, I have grey eyes and brown hair. I will answer all letters from pen pals, between the ages of 24 and 39. I am single and will exchange snapshots with all. I like almost all sports. I work in a post office at night and have many spare hours in the day. Brighten my lonesomeness by writing and ask me anything.

DRIP No. 747

YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

Dear Mrs. Simpson: How happy I'll be if I get to hear from all parts of the earth. I am a bookkeeper,

5 feet 3 inches tall, weigh 102 pounds, I'm 24 years old and have brown hair and brown eyes. I love dancing, a good movie and practically all sports. My main interest is meeting people, the more I know the happier I feel. I assure you, you will never regret writing my way and I will answer all letters.

LILY No. 748

ARMY MAN

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a young guy, 21 years old and in the Army over here in Korea. I would like to hear from young guys and gals about my own age. I will answer all letters you are good enough to write. I expect to be sent home in April. I like football and all kinds of sports, but right now most of all I would like to receive lots of mail. I am 5 feet 5 inches, have brown eyes and hair.

BILL No. 749

NAVY MAN

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I have been in Guam for about 5 years now, working under the Navy. I am 5 feet 5 inches, weigh 122 pounds, have black hair, brown eyes and I'm 25 years old. My hobbies are sightseeing, playing volleyball, dancing and playing the guitar. I also like to travel. I would especially like to have pen pals from the United States, but all letters are welcome.

MIKE No. 750

WORKING GIRL

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a working girl of twenty-one and I love my work. My favorite hobbies are music, ballgames and fights, but most of all I like to write letters, and make new friends, boys and girls.

HARRIET No. 751

SWEDISH COOK

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a Swedish cook in the merchant navy. I am 27 years old, like sports, dancing, music and movies. I would like to have pen pals because I would like to learn the English language better.

ARNE No. 752

FILL HER MAILBOX

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a young divorcee of 28, blond hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 7 inches tall, and have two children. I like to cook, sew, dance and go to the movies. Having quite a lot of spare time I get very lonely and would like to hear from some nice people. Sure hope my mailbox won't remain empty.

DORIS No. 753

SHY FELLOW

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a fellow of 34 and quite shy. I enjoy writing letters, going to the movies, fishing and auto racing. Would like to hear from anyone between 20 and 40.

PHIL No. 754

BACHELOR GIRLS

Dear Mrs. Simpson: We are two bachelor girls who would like to hear from other gals who are single also. We are 38 and 41 years old and like receiving mail. We like to take trips, read and go to the movies. We both enjoy farm life.

A LONELY COUPLE No. 755

WANTS YOUNG PALS

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am looking for some people to write to. I am 14 years old, have brown hair and hazel eyes. I'm 5 feet 3 inches tall. My hobbies are swimming and writing letters. Would like folks between the ages of 13 and 16 to write and I will answer all letters.

BILL No. 756

AN ISLAND GIRL

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I'm a young girl of 16 and I am interested in meeting new friends, especially those who are on the shy type or maybe lonesome. I'm a student in high school. I love animals, interested in music, writing letters, sports and movies. To those who want to know more about the Hawaiian Islands I'll be glad to tell you. So how about it, guys and gals? Just take a chance and you won't regret it.

JANE No. 757

HAS TIME TO WRITE

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a girl of seventeen and like all sports, my favorite is swimming. I go to school half a day, so I have plenty of time to write and will answer all letters sent to me.

MARJORIE No. 758

ANSWER HER PLEA

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a girl from Chile and have just finished my studies. I am 17 years old and I would very much like to have pen pals from the United States, both boys and girls. I sincerely request that you answer my plea.

LOU No. 759

COLLECTS SONG BOOKS

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I'm 13 years old, about five feet tall, have brown hair and brown eyes. I am in junior high school. My interests are music, reading and writing letters. My hobbies are collecting song books and phonograph records.

POLLY No. 760

ENJOYS SPORTS AND SHOWS

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a young girl who would like pen pals, both boys and girls about my age. I am 18 years old, have brown hair, hazel eyes, stand 5 feet 3 inches tall. I am in a sanatorium and have lots of time to write. I enjoy all sports and shows. Will exchange snaps in the first letter, so how about it kids?

PANSY No. 761

SINGER AND DANCER

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a shy girl 5 feet 2½ inches tall, have brown hair and brown eyes. I love to sing and dance. My hobbies are swimming, baseball and horseback riding. I like to write, so come on all you guys and gals, write to me.

MARGARET No. 762

PROMISES TO ANSWER

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a 23 year old girl interested in writing and receiving letters. My job allows me plenty of time to write letters, which I like to do very much. I like all sports and especially dancing. I do hope I receive letters from different people and I promise to answer all letters.

KAY No. 763

VERY LONELY

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a young fellow of 26, I'm 5 feet 11 inches tall, with wavy brown hair and hazel eyes. I enjoy music, dancing and traveling. But since getting out of the Air Force, I am very lonely and would like to receive letters from both men and women. I would also like to exchange snapshots.

BUD No. 764

WILL ENJOY ANSWERING

Dear Mrs. Simpson: I am a woman 27 years of age, I was an electric welder in Ingalls ship yard at Pascagoula, Miss. during the Second World War. I am about 5 feet tall, have ash blond hair and blue eyes. interested in hearing from everybody who will take time to write, especially all the welders who worked at Pascagoula. I will enjoy answering every letter I receive.

STEEN No. 765

ACCOUNTANT

BECOME AN EXPERT

.. BOOKKEEPER .. C.P.A.

The demand for skilled accountants—men and women who really know their business—is increasing. National and state legislation is requiring of business much more in the way of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance. Men who prove their qualifications in this important field are promoted to responsible executive positions.

Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary. We train you from ground up, or according to your individual needs. Low cost; easy terms.

Send for free 48-page book describing the LaSalle accountancy training and the opportunities in this highly profitable field—plus "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book which has helped many men.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

-----417 S. Dearborn Street-----
Dept. 3329 HR Chicago 5, Ill.

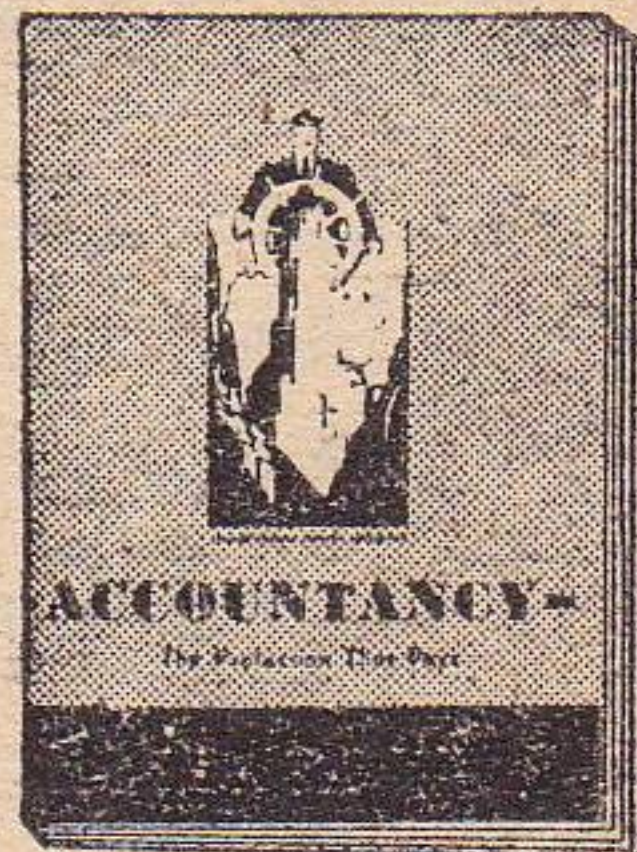
Please send me "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays"—plus "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—without obligation.

- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ C.P.A. Coaching
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Management (Machine Shorthand)
- ☐ Stenotypy

Name Age

Address

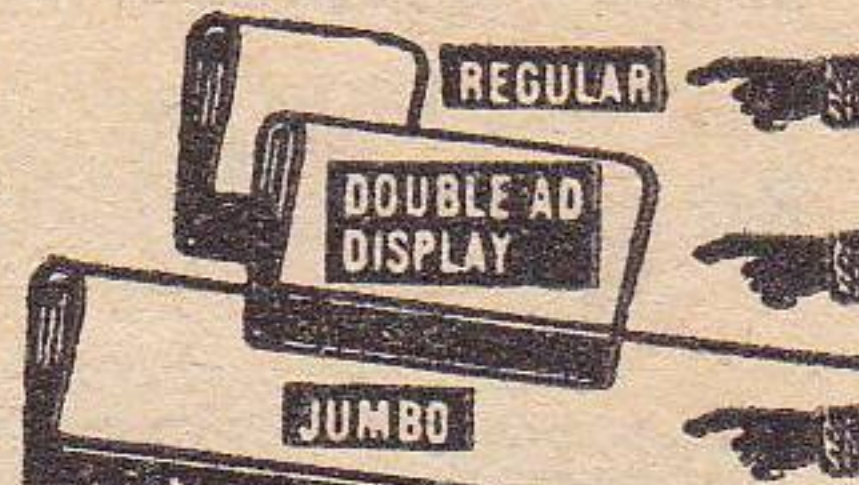
City, Zone, State



MAKE EXTRA MONEY

EVERY BUSINESS EVERYWHERE USES UNION LABEL BOOK MATCHES

No experience needed to earn big daily commissions. Be a direct factory representative of the world's largest exclusive UNION LABEL Book Match manufacturer. Prospects everywhere. Feature Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, scenics and dozens of other styles—Double Books—Jumbo Books—nearly 100 color combinations. New, bigger portfolio makes this fastest selling line a real profit maker for you. Write TODAY for full details.



SUPERIOR MATCH CO.

Dept. R-353, 7528 S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago 19, Illinois
West Coast Salesmen, write Box 1087, San Jose, Calif.

She Got \$400.00

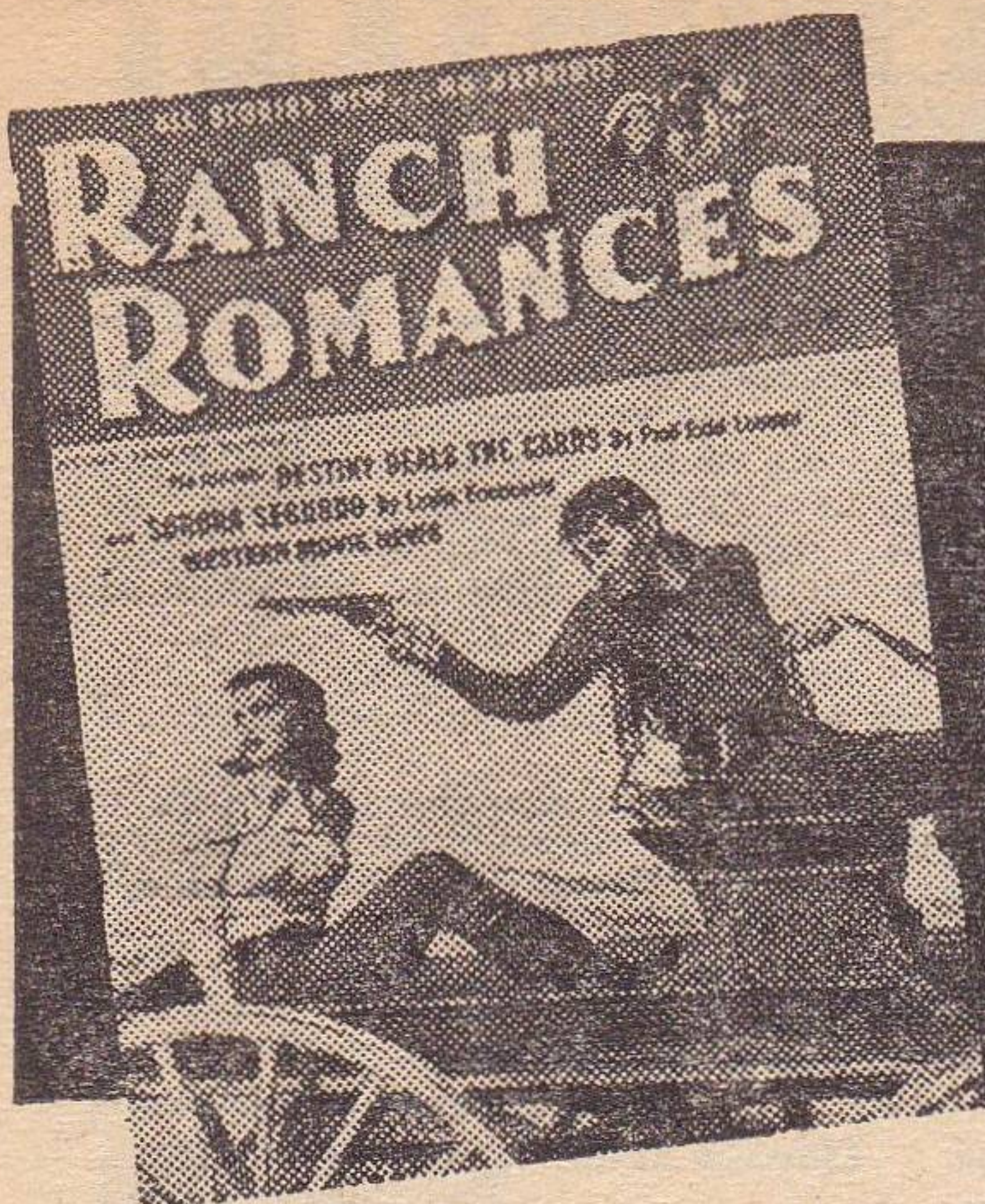
for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for
OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS!

POST YOURSELF! It pays!
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar: J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G.F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to
B. MAX MEHL, 133 Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Tex.
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U.S.)





NOW -- Save Money And Insure Delivery Right To Your Door By Subscribing To RANCH ROMANCES Today!

The next sixteen issues (32 weeks) of RANCH ROMANCES would cost you \$4.00 at the regular single copy price. But, by entering your subscription now at the special introductory rate of sixteen issues for only \$3.00, you save a *full dollar!*

And that's not all! In addition to this big 25% saving, you'll enjoy the convenience of having copies of each issue delivered right to your door. And instead of *paying extra* money for this service, you *pocket* a dollar.

No other magazine in the field gives you SO MUCH — stirring, thrill-a-minute fiction (including at least one novel and many short stories in every issue) ... daring tales of romance...true yarns of the Old West...regular round-ups of Western movies and movie stars written by the famous actor, ROBERT CUMMINGS...rodeo reports...and SCORES of other exclusive features.

*Don't miss this opportunity
to start RANCH ROMANCES
coming your way regularly
at BIG savings. Fill out and
mail the coupon below today!*

Your INSURANCE Policy

By subscribing to RANCH ROMANCES, you not only save \$1.00 over the single copy cost of sixteen issues, but you insure yourself against missing a single issue due to newsstand sellouts . . . and you protect yourself against possible price increases as well.

RANCH ROMANCES • 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Yes, I want to take advantage of your money-saving offer! Here's my \$3 for a 32 week introductory subscription (16 big issues) to RANCH ROMANCES.

Name

Address

City Zone State

EXL-3

(Add 50¢ for Canadian postage; \$1.00 for foreign)



THE WHIRL OF LOVE

By Bess Ritter



DON'T BELIEVE IT if any one tells you that St. Valentine never existed—or that the holiday isn't very important. We commemorate the day in honor of an early Roman Christian who was martyred in the Third Century, when Emperor Claudius ruled the land. In the Eighteenth Century, in England, Scotland and France, young unmarried people took the day very seriously. They gave parties on the evening before the holiday. The name of each girl present was written on a separate piece of paper and placed in an urn. This was passed around among the men. Each one was invited to draw one slip. The girl whose name was written on it became his one and only for the next twelve months.

THREE REASONS WHY there will be fewer divorces and more happy marriages in the next generation than there were in the past:

1—Most American high schools and colleges now feature extremely popular double harness courses which thoroughly prepare all who contemplate wedded bliss for that dreaded period when the honeymoon is over.

2—Practically every engaged couple in the country can take one of the approved marriage tests which are being given in almost every large city. These examinations actually predict with astounding accuracy whether or not the proposed marriage will turn out to be really happy.

3—Counselling centers like the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations are springing up all over our country. They're wonderfully successful at smoothing the path for those marriages that would otherwise be sure to go on the rocks.

EVERY PEOPLE has its own idea of beauty. The girl of northern China captivates her beau by displaying large ears. To the north Chinese boy, these are as exciting as a well-curved, well-hosed limb is in the United States.

In several interior parts of Africa no man can re-

sist a tall hair-do and some of these reach to a height of three feet, supported as they are with mud, clay, and sticks.

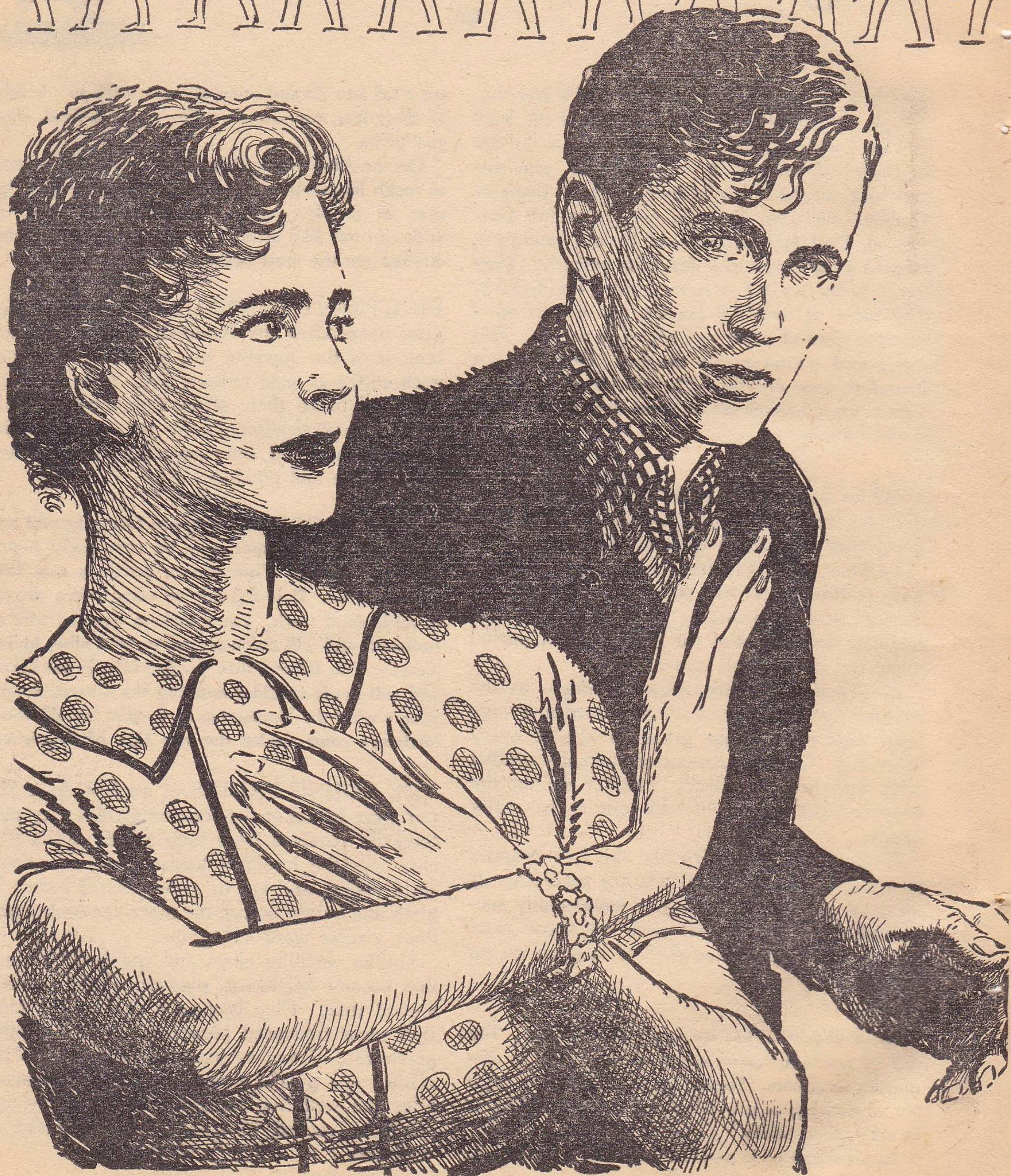
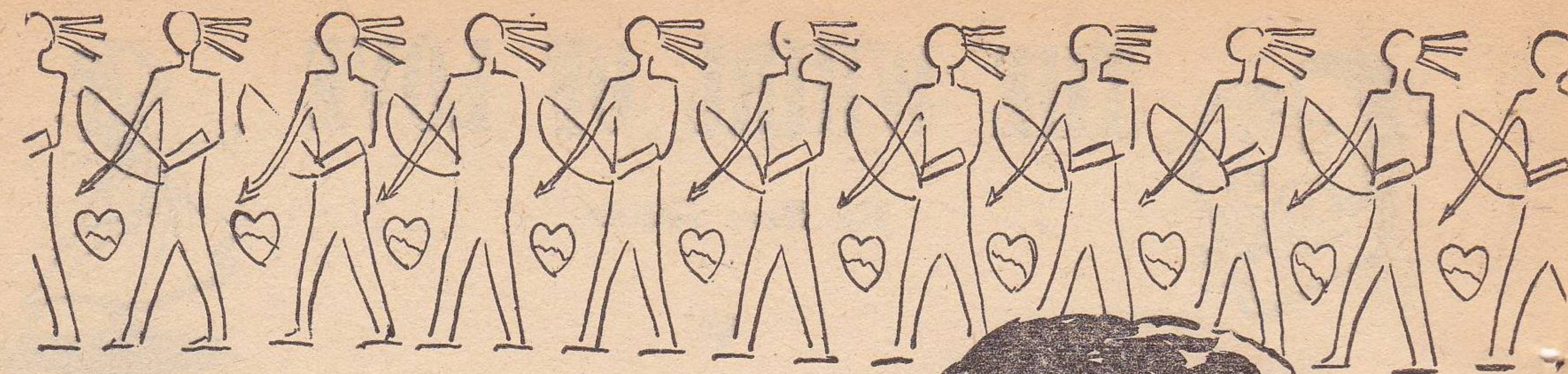
On the Afghanistan frontier the belles try to look as much like men as possible. They strap their figures in tightly, wearing masculine-like clothing, walk and talk like men. The most successful in this attempt are the most desirable.

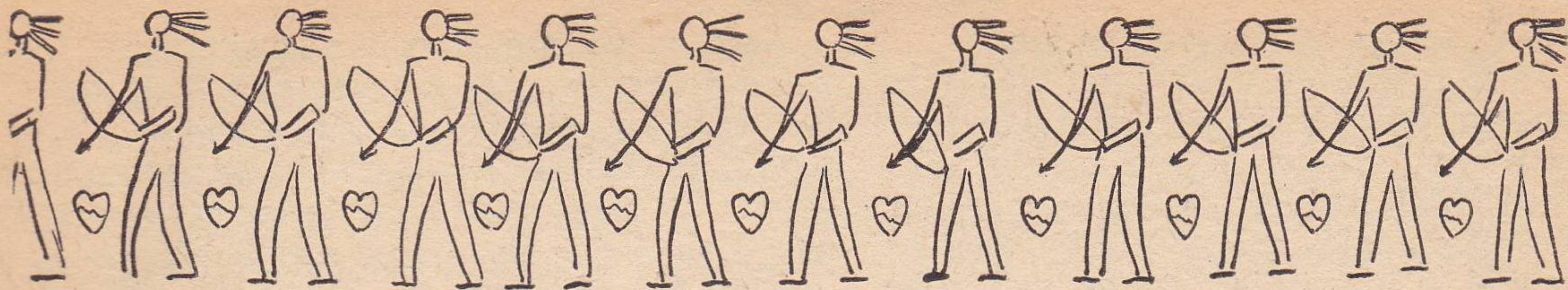
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY southern European men, when they wanted to attract the attention of the opposite sex, washed their faces with coffee at least twice a day. They believed it would make their skins look darker. This effect was desirable because the ladies of the period considered only swarthy-complexioned males virile and good-looking.

IF YOU WERE BORN between December 22 and January 19, you won't ever be completely happy until you marry. Your nature demands true love and affection. It is the key to your future success in all lines of work. You'll make a devoted wife or husband, and will strive always to be a wise, loving parent. You believe that wedded bliss is for keeps, and will never consider entering the divorce courts. That's what the Zodiac has to predict for all whose birthdays come under the star sign of Capricorn.

THE YOUNG LADIES of ancient Asia Minor were proud of the jeweled girdles they customarily received from their young men's parents. As the intended brides were sometimes quite young, and apt to grow several inches in girth and height before the marriage took place, their girdles were adjustable.

Unlike wedding rings and engagement rings that become heirlooms, they were never used a second time. They became a part of the family's most treasured possessions. The jeweled girdle also served as financial insurance to the bride. The girdle, which she stopped wearing after the wedding, remained her property and could be cashed in if she were deserted or widowed.





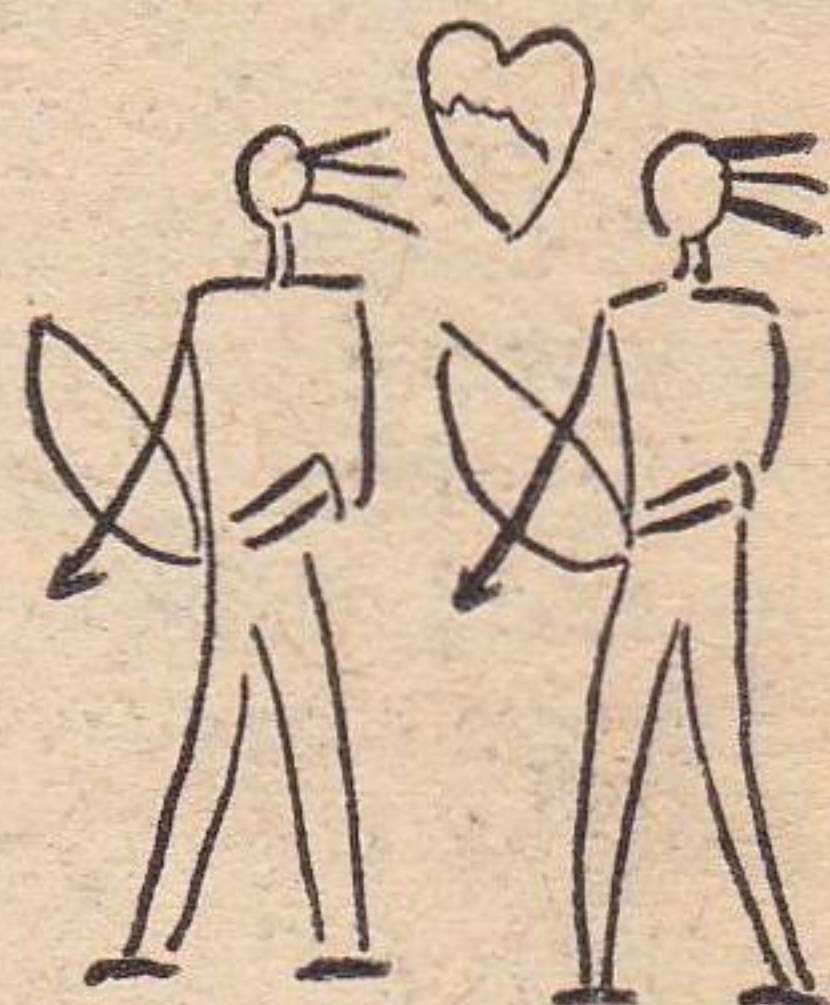
ENCHANTED ISLAND

A Novelet by **CHARLES B. POSTL**

*Romance wove a subtle spell around Bennet
when she came to cook—and stayed to conquer*

I

AS BENNET served Phillip a generous slice of blueberry pie she was thinking there was something compelling about this blond, square-shouldered man with the tanned, lean-planed face. Then her eyes caught Mitch's silver-framed photograph on the desk and her mind forgot the stranger



sitting across the table from her.

In a couple of weeks she would be cooking Mitch's dinner in their own apartment, she told herself eagerly. For when Mitch had left on his singing tour of western cafés he had told her that he wanted to be married just as soon as he returned—which should be any day now.

Only, as Bennet watched Phillip sail into the pie with obvious pleasure, she couldn't help wishing that Mitch would enjoy her cooking this way. Instead, Mitch always seemed to prefer eating in restaurants. Steak and French fries under bright lights!

If only he would call her tonight! They had always argued too much when they were together, and Mitch never did write often since he had gone away on the road. But he certainly wasn't acting like an eager bridegroom now, she thought uneasily. He hadn't called or written a line in a week.

"Help! One more bite and I'll burst." Phillip put down his fork and groaned, and his words brought Bennet's mind back to the present.

"I'm glad you liked the dinner," she said, pleased.

"Like it? Lady, I'm your slave." Phillip grinned boyishly, but his eyes were serious when he added, "Listen, Bennet Lanning, I don't know how much you earn a week but I swear I'll top your present salary if you will come out to my place and cook for my brother and me. I haven't tasted food like this since I was a kid."

"You're too late, Cousin. The gal's spoken for." Susan Bourne, Bennet's roommate, stood in the doorway, key in hand, looking a little wilted from her rugged day at the office. She had called Bennet earlier—to report that she had to work late and couldn't be home to dinner—just as her cousin, Phillip Bourne, had arrived at the apartment to see her.

She hadn't had time to talk to Phillip on the telephone then but had asked Bennet to give him dinner, promising to hurry home as soon as possible.

Now, as she smiled at her cousin, she added teasingly, "As a matter of fact, the wedding is going to take place as soon as the bridegroom comes home next week. So why don't you forget your lonely old lodge for a few days? Stay in town for the occasion. We might let you give the bride away."

PHILLIP WHIRLED around at her words and stared at Sue, his lips tightening as if her announcement were some kind of shock. But then he was on his feet smiling, and Sue ran to him, hugged him affectionately.

After the greetings were over, Bennet insisted on Sue visiting with her cousin while she cleared away all traces of the dinner in the pullman-like kitchen.

When she had finished, she switched off the light and went into the living room.

Sue was just emerging from the bedroom. She had changed into an attractive print dress. Her hair glowed from a recent brushing, and her face was rested and eager in its fresh makeup.

"Phil wants to take us out," Sue told Bennet happily. "So hurry up and get dressed, honey."

Phillip crushed out his cigarette, looked at Bennet intently. "You'll come, won't you please?" he asked quickly.

The lamplight brought his blond head sharply into focus, spotlighting the bronzed triangle of his face. Although his voice had been quiet, Bennet saw that his eyes were eager, and that there was a hopeful smile tilting the corners of his lips.

As their glances met and held, a curious chill ran down her spine, as though warning her of some strange crisis about to materialize. Gradually, beneath his compelling stare, she felt her senses blur, and time seemed to fade completely away.

Then the clock struck, sounding absurdly loud in the little apartment, and Bennet's brain snapped back to normal, making her uncomfortably aware of

Sue's speculative gaze, and that Phillip was still waiting for her answer.

Bewildered, she said nervously, "Thanks. That sounds wonderful, but I'm afraid I'd better stay home. Mitch—my fiancé—might telephone."

Phillip's smile vanished and he turned disappointedly away. When Susan vigorously protested, Bennet laughed aside her protests. Determinedly, she shooed both of them out of the apartment, advising them to "have fun."

Alone, she turned off the lights, slipped out of her clothes and got into bed. It had been a busy day at the office, and now she was as tired as a junior scout after his fourteen-mile hike. But in spite of her tiredness her thoughts drifted back to Phillip Bourne.

It was odd, she mused, how during those disturbing moments she had felt drawn to him, quite as though an unknown current and sprung from his body completely overpowering her own will.

But then, she told herself sensibly, she probably wouldn't ever see the man again. No matter what idiotic emotion she had experienced, it certainly wasn't worth worrying about. As she closed her eyes she wondered what Mitch was doing right now.

Then in a few moments she was sound asleep.

WHEN BENNET woke the next morning she found a note from Sue propped on the bedside table: *Developed a horrible toothache. Am seeing a dentist right away.*

Bennet frowned. Poor Sue! A toothache was no fun, but then Mitch had always told Sue she ate too many sweets. Mitch. . . .

Bennet felt a queer little hand of concern pinch her heart. And for a minute the uneasiness that had been nagging her all week deepened into actual fear. Maybe Mitch was ill—maybe he had been hurt. . . . She picked up the telephone. "Lo, Jack. Is there any mail

for me?" she asked the boy at the desk, hopefully.

"Not even a bill this morning, Miss Lanning."

Bennet murmured her thanks, hung up. Her eyes momentarily darkened with disappointment. Then, sensibly, she fought back her fears.

Of course Mitch was all right. It cost money to telephone from Dallas. And because he was planning on being home next week, and their getting married, maybe he was thriftily saving his funds. Constantly moving from town to town, as he did, he was probably so busy he hadn't time for letters!

Bennet ended her fears with a smile, leaped out of bed and went over to the dressing table where a snapshot of Mitch was tucked into the frame of the mirror.

As her eyes traced his Latin good looks she felt a stir of pride. Mitch Turner, café singer extraordinary! Talented, handsome, he was swiftly on his way up the golden ladder. She was darned lucky to have captured his heart, Bennet told herself humbly as she headed for the shower.

When she returned to the bedroom, fresh and powdered, she hurried over to the dresser and opened the cover of a dress box she had brought home yesterday. As she lifted the ivory taffeta from its tissue wrappings a shiver of pleasure ran down her spine.

Eagerly she slipped into the dress, smoothing its crisp full skirt with loving hands. Then she went to the full-length mirror on the closet door to see the results.

A slim, just-under-average-height girl stared back at her with golden-flecked topaz eyes. Her short cropped curls were chestnut, threaded with coppery highlights. And above the determined little chin a softly curving mouth glowed fresh and inviting.

The ivory dress with its sash of sapphire was cut simply, suiting her youthful figure, making her very desirable, and, somehow, strangely vulnerable.

"My wedding dress!" Bennet thought of that important coming event with a glow of pride.

SHARP pounding at the back door interrupted her dreaming. When she hurried to the door she found the paper boy waiting to collect for the week. He whistled loudly when he saw Bennet, and, as she paid him, she couldn't help laughing at the wolf-like sound coming from the little fellow.

But when she opened the paper and idly glanced through the first part of it on her way back to the living room, the laughter strangled in her throat. Unbelieving, she stared at a picture of Mitch standing beside a thin, blonde woman wearing an enormous corsage of orchids.

At first, the wording below the picture didn't make sense. Then comprehension sprang into her mind like a fiery bullet, and with a despairing moan she sank onto the couch.

"No, no!" she sobbed. It couldn't be true—Mitch was engaged to her—this was all some horrible mistake.

But the headlines mocked her irrefutably:

MAGGIE FIELDS, BRITISH MUSIC
HALL QUEEN, MARRIES
AMERICAN SINGER

In a surprise ceremony yesterday Margie Fields wed Mitch Turner, café entertainer who is appearing on the current bill with Miss Fields in a Dallas night club.

Said Miss Fields: "Yes, it is sudden but then I guess it was love at first sight . . ."

Bennet closed her eyes, as if shutting out the sight of the words could make them untrue. A pain that was almost physical tore into her, and she pressed her hands against her side to stop the raw fire. Her throat was suddenly dry and bitter, and she wondered incredibly how she could go on breathing when her whole shining world was toppling about her.

She hadn't any idea how long she remained rooted there, her eyes staring, her mind a millrace of heartbreak and bewilderment, when her stunned body

responded to the door buzzer's sound. Like a sleepwalker she moved to the door and opened it.



WHEN PHILLIP BOURNE stalked in, his blue eyes immediately took in her outfit and he whistled as impudently as the paper boy had.

Bennet felt her spine freeze. She frantically blinked back her tears. "Susan has gone to the dentist," she told him tersely.

"I know. She got a toothache last night and told me she planned on going to a dentist first thing this morning. Only I'm leaving town this afternoon—I came in only on business—and wanted to drop off a box of candy I bought her. I know Sue's a fiend for sweets, and after her tooth's repaired she's sure to enjoy it."

He laid the box on the desk. Then he thrust a small package into Bennet's hands. "And here's something for you."

Bennet stared at the silver-wrapped package in dreary surprise.

"Aren't you going to open it?" Phillip wanted to know.

"Of course." When she slipped off the silver paper she lifted a silver bracelet from the box. It was hand-wrought, delicately etched with a native design, and it gleamed attractively in the sunlight.

"The Chippewas around my place believe if you give a bride a silver bracelet it will insure her marital happiness," Phillip explained quietly. "I was lucky to find this for you in a speciality store this morning."

Bennet stared at the lovely trinket as if she were hypnotized. Then she couldn't hold back the sob that tore from her throat.

"Thank you. It's—it's very beautiful,

only I can't accept it. You see," her voice broke, "you see, I'm not going to be a bride after all. It seems my fiancé has just married someone else."

Silence descended upon the living room like a thick, oppressive fog, and Phillip's eyes widened in bewildered surprise. Finally he cleared his throat. "I'm sorry. I—I didn't know. Last night Sue said. . . ."

Bennet laughed harshly. "Don't be sorry. Actually it's a break for a gal to learn the truth about a man before she's tied to him forever."

Pluckily she reached for a cigarette from the box on the coffee table. But after she lit it, the room suddenly began to sway and dip. With a frightened cry she stretched out her hand for support. Then, like a punctured air doll, she crumpled to the floor, and a swirling black veil blotted out consciousness.

When finally she opened her eyes she was lying on her bed, and Phillip was kneeling beside her chafing her hands. His eyes were narrowed tensely, his mouth anxious, and as she stirred he sighed in obvious relief.

"Feeling better now?"

Bennet nodded. "I'm sorry I was such a fool."

"Nothing foolish about fainting," he said, as he lifted her hand and took her pulse. When he released it he nodded in approval. "You'll do all right," he predicted encouragingly, as he left the room.

Bennet scarcely realized that he was gone. For the first time her shocked mind was facing bitter, frightening facts.

SHE HAD quit work yesterday, telling everyone at the office she was going to be married. She couldn't ask for her job back again—admit she had been jilted. But she had spent practically all of her small savings on her trousseau, so she needed work immediately.

Only, even if she got another job right away, where would she live? Sue had already sent for an old school chum to share this apartment and the place was

far too small for three. You simply couldn't find another apartment and, Bennet knew, she could never afford living in a hotel room and eating meals out.

Maybe I could move back to the Waverly Club, she thought, bleakly, remembering the dreary room and horrid meals Sue had rescued her from when she had invited Bennet to share this apartment.

And there she would be always running into girls from the office, facing their knowing, pitying stares. But neither could she go back to the only home she had left since her mother and father had died. Lettie, her sister-in-law, had outspokenly resented Bennet's presence in her brother Joe's farm house ever since Joe had first brought Lettie there as his bride. In fact, that was why Bennet had left the farm and come to Chicago in the first place.

In utter panic, she closed her eyes. But when she opened them again Phillip was coming into the room carrying a glass of water. Obediently she drained the glass. She wasn't thirsty but she was too stunned to protest. When finally she handed it back to him a wild, crazy idea suddenly took root in her mind, blossomed into a full-fledged determination.

She sat up quickly, feverishly caught her hands together to stop their trembling. "Look," she said, "does that offer you made me last night still stand?"

Phillip blinked in bewilderment. "What offer . . ." he began. Then comprehension abruptly widened his eyes. "You mean you'd be willing to come and cook for my brother Kenny and myself?" he demanded unbelievably.

Bennet nodded. There was no use in pretending; she had no pride left. "Why not? It would be an out for me."

He took an eager step forward. "I was only kidding last night, but there's nothing I'd like better. Only, we live on Beaver Island, about two hundred and ninety miles north of here. It's a sixteen-mile-wide stretch of wilderness with a population of maybe a hundred whites—trappers, hunters, fishermen. The rest

are Chippewa Indians."

"What's that got to do with it?" Bennet asked indifferently.

Phillip frowned. "Well, Kenny's an invalid and he and I run a marine station. We love the place, but do you think you could take it? I wasn't joking when I told you it's wilderness. There are no white girls your age; no beauty parlors, movies, or drug stores. Nothing but wild sweeps of sand and rock and island pine."

Bennet stared unseeingly at the fingernails she had so meticulously manicured on her lunch hour yesterday in preparation for Mitch's return. Phillip's words couldn't frighten her. All she wanted was to get away from the city before the news got around.

"It doesn't make any difference where you live," she told him recklessly. "If you want me, I'll come."

Indecision cast a shadow across Phillip's eyes, and he ran a troubled hand through his blond hair. Then he squared his shoulders, told her in a voice that was no longer light but very thoughtful, "All right, Bennet, if you want to come I'm willing to take any sort of chance—with you."



TWO DAYS LATER Bennet stood beside the wheel of the cabin cruiser and stared curiously at the approaching sweep of pine-studded cliffs. Phillip and she had left the small town of St. James on Paradise Bay early in the morning. Now the shores of Michigan had long since vanished and Beaver Island was swiftly looming into view.

A moment later the skipper sent the boat neatly alongside the landing, and one of the crowd that had gathered to

welcome the mail and supply boat made it fast to the wharf.

It looks like a moving picture set, Bennet thought, as she stared at the island's inhabitants—white men in khakis and high boots and stiff-brimmed sombreros; copper-colored Indians with flashing teeth and black eyes; Indian girls in orange, blue, and purple calico. Behind the wharf sprawled a white store building with a line of pack horses tied to a hitching rail. The sign above the door read:

BOURNE MARINE STATION
Hunting & Fishing Supplies
Guides—Oil—Groceries
Wharf Service

Bennet's mind was a jumble of the primitive colors of the Indian girls' apparel and the noise and cries of greetings. Almost dazed, she let Phillip help her onto the wharf, pilot her through the shouting, milling crowd down a graveled path.

As they rounded the cliffs, Bennet saw, behind a screen of water maples, a low, wide dwelling of whitewashed logs with a veranda and an outside chimney of cobblestones. Before she could note anything further, she was entering the house through the door Phillip swung open for her.

Coming directly from the blinding sunlight, she was momentarily blinded. But when her eyes began to focus she found herself in a pleasant, large, low-raftered kitchen, with lake air streaming in through the opened windows.

The room had been painted a custard-pie yellow. Time had enriched the color scheme by tinging beams and corners with a faint, mellowing brown. Rows of copper pots shone behind the huge range. Canned goods sat in orderly rows on open shelves. The window-sills held flowering plants in pots painted blue, and chairs evolved from sugar barrels and comfortably upholstered in yellow burlap were painted the same bright color.

A slim young man in a wheel chair

rolled himself swiftly toward them from the stove where he had been peering into a smoldering pot. "Phillip!" He smiled broadly at his brother. "You old son of a gun! And right on time, too." But then, as he saw Bennet, his jaw dropped.

Phillip laughed as he bent over his brother, affectionately rumped his shock of fair hair. "For Pete's sake, Kenny, don't gape like a Chippewa. You've been marooned here so long you've forgotten your manners. This is Bennet Lanning. She's come to cook us some decent meals for a change. She was Cousin Sue's roommate and got tired of city life, so she let me talk her into coming out here."

Phillip's brother grinned apologetically. "Gosh, that sounds swell. You don't know how darned sick Phil and I get of Indian cooking. But we're always too busy to take a whack at it ourselves." Eagerly he rolled himself to Bennet's side, stretched out a thin, finely-boned hand.

"It's really something to see a dish like you here. So please forgive me for staring, and welcome to Ka-la-wan-kato!"

KENNY was very much like his brother, a younger, thinner Phillip whose paralyzed legs were covered with a plaid blanket. Bennet suddenly felt a lump rise in her throat as she stared at his handicapped body, and the warmth of his welcome stung her eyes.

To hide her emotion she asked nervously, "Ka-la-wan-kato? What on earth does that mean?"

Phillip was already stoking the stove with birch logs. As he raised his head to answer her question, the flames tinted his bronzed face a fiery copper, outlined his boldly chiseled profile. "It means—well—it's Chippewa, and the closest you can come to translating it, I guess, is 'Enchanted Island.'" He wiped beads of moisture from his brow. "Kind of appropriate too, seeing the nearest shoreline is Paradise Bay."

He grinned boyishly at Bennet. But when he noticed her white, strained face and the weary droop of her shoulders, his lips sobered. "I guess you'd like to wash up," he said quietly. "Come along; I'll show you to your room. Willow—she's our Indian housekeeper and up-to-now cook—can bring you your dinner, such as it will be—you're too tired to take over tonight. She's got the room next to yours, in case you want anything. The gang will be piling into the store wanting to know about my trip, so Ken and I will be tied up there most of the evening."

Obediently, Bennet followed Phillip's broad-shouldered figure through the front of the house. Here the walls were paneled in yellow cedar which time had turned to ivory. The plain, thick rugs were the color of pine needles bleached by the weather. The hangings at the windows and the upholstery on the big chairs were forest green. It was a plain, restful room, vastly different from the usual living quarters of houses in hunting country.

There were no mounted heads and grinning bear rugs. Instead, bookcases lined the lower half of the walls, and there were brass candlesticks and the glow of copper bowls holding branches of wild crab apple.

The same simple, good taste was displayed in the whitewashed bedroom to which Phillip showed Bennet. Only here frilly white curtains were at the windows and a bright ruffled spread was on the bed. Bennet was surprised at so feminine a room in a bachelor household, but Phillip gave her no time for comment. He left almost at once, murmuring something about seeing to her luggage.

After the Indian boy had carried up her bags, Bennet gratefully stripped off her clothes and slipped into a soft robe. While she was brushing her hair, Willow padded in with a steaming tray. She was a fat, dull-eyed squaw so absurdly named that Bennet had to stifle an impulse to smile.

When she had eaten what she could of the unappetizing meal, she restlessly pushed aside the tray and went over to the open window.

The air was deceptively warm, and the lake pounded rhythmically against the shore. Suddenly Bennet had a desire to be out in the night, to let its darkness blanket the bitterness and disillusionment that were eating into her heart.

Impulsively she slipped out the room, down the hall and through the big front door. As she followed a path through a grove of cottonwood saplings that grew in the hard-packed sand, the store lights gleamed through the foliage. The silence was broken by music from a phonograph and laughter from the crowd of islanders who had gathered inside the big frame building to help Kenny welcome his brother home.

Bennet turned away from the sound toward the shimmering lake. When she climbed onto the wharf, she found the planks still warm from the sun, and the freshening wind tore at her curls. As she stared across the water she wondered dully what she had ever done to deserve this aching loneliness—how a man could hurt a woman as Mitch had hurt her.

A MOVEMENT behind the piling cut short her bleak question, made her throat tighten in quick fear. Then she closed her teeth on a cry of relief when Phillip emerged from the shadows into the moonlight.

"I—I thought you were in the store celebrating," she stammered.

He grinned. "I was. But when I decided to come out for a breather they didn't even miss me. Not as long as Kenny continued to set 'em up."

He moved closer, and there suddenly came to Bennet an awareness of the man's physical proximity, of the lean muscular grace of his body standing beside her. For no understandable reason she felt a premonitory chill run down her spine, and involuntarily she shivered and drew back.

"What's the matter? Cold?" Concern sharpened his voice. And before she could protest, he had stripped off his leather jacket and slipped it around her shoulders.

As Bennet looked up to thank him she saw a strange, uncontrollable fire light his eyes, and in his temple a nerve throbbed unevenly.

Maybe he had intended only to button the jacket for her, or perhaps he was simply going to lead her back to the house as he put his arms around her. Bennet never knew. She was aware only that suddenly his arms tightened, drew her to him hard and swift. For a frightening moment his eyes blazed into her eyes. Then he lowered his head and his mouth closed on hers.

Bennet was too stunned to struggle. But as her trembling lips warmed beneath his hungry demands she felt a flash of real fear. Frantically she tried to free herself, but her strength was nothing compared to his, and he laughed triumphantly as he held her closer and began moving blind, warm kisses over her eyes, her throat, her lips. . . .

When finally he dropped his arms he was breathing hard, and in the moonlight his face, under the tossed hair, had the tense radiance that follows passion.

Bennet shrank back from him sobbing. "So that's why you brought me here! You—you wolf!"

His eyes widened as if he just realized what he was doing. "Bennet!" His voice was hoarse with self-reproach. "Listen, you've got to forgive me. I didn't mean to frighten you. I had no intentions of kissing you when I. . . ."

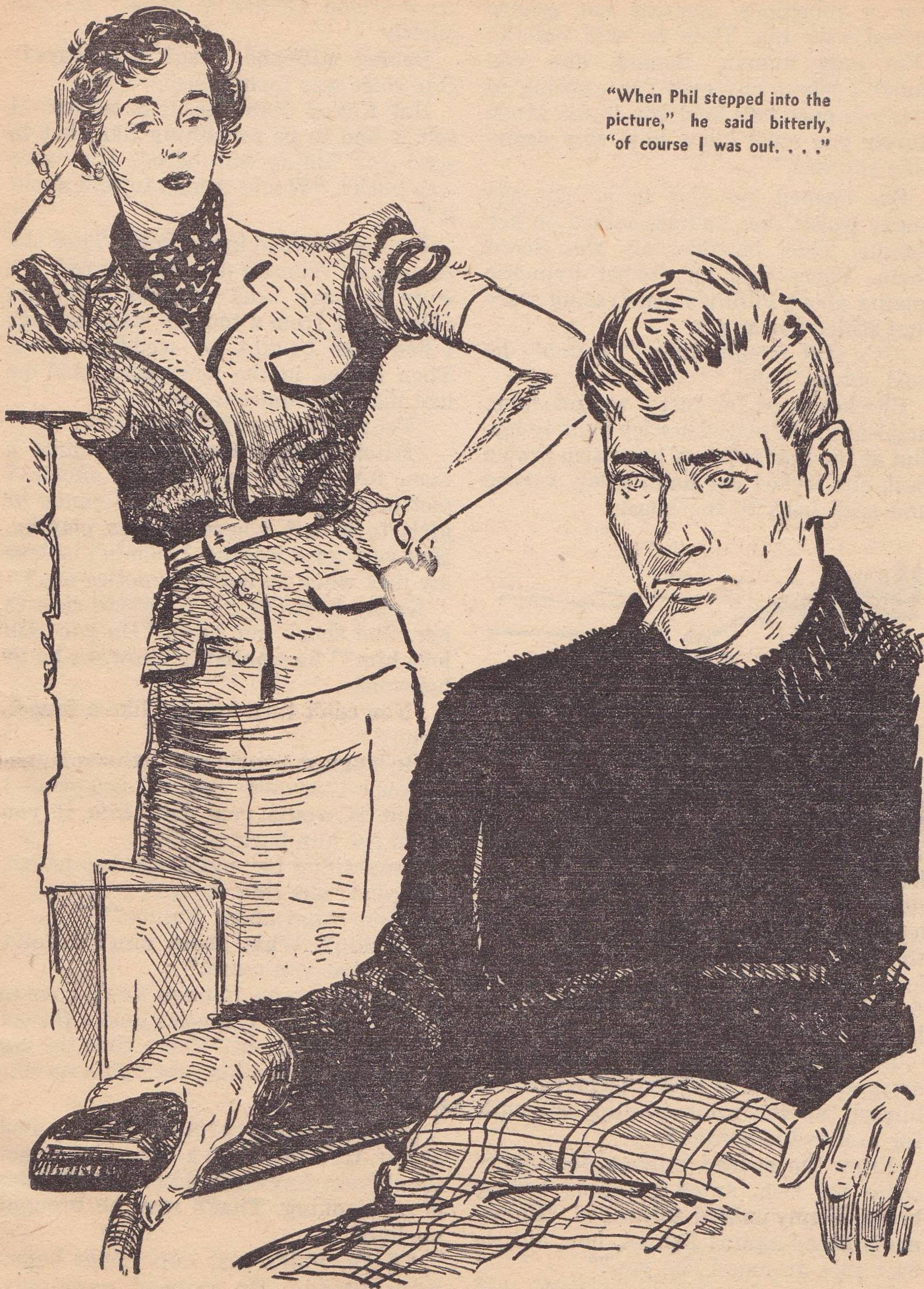
But Bennet didn't listen. She swung away angrily. Before she had gone ten paces he reached her with swift strides, and his hands clamped urgently onto her shoulders.

"Listen, Bennet, you've just got to believe me when I tell you I'm sorry—that I wouldn't frighten you for the world."

She didn't reply, but her scornful eyes were answer enough.

Determinedly he cupped her chin in

"When Phil stepped into the picture," he said bitterly, "of course I was out. . . ."



his palm, raised her head to meet his. For a rebellious moment her glance locked with his. Then he said quietly, "I'm only human, Bennet, and you mustn't blame any man for wanting to kiss you once he's held you in his arms. Surely you must know how very desirable you are."

She opened her lips to let out the angry words that had assembled on her tongue. Then bewilderedly she closed them. There was an almost hypnotic quality about Phillip's penetrating stare that stifled her anger.

"It's still friends then?" Humbly he held out his hand.

She hesitated for just a second, then, helplessly, she placed her icy palm in his. But at the first touch of his warm brown flesh she jerked her hand away, turned and sped back to the house.



IV

ON AN AFTERNOON three weeks later, Bennet sat on the veranda and watched the mail boat come in and unload. Indian summer held the island in its benign grasp, and the men were coatless as they carried boxes and bales into the store. One of the younger men, a lean dark-haired fellow, reminded her fleetingly of Mitch, and she felt her heart twist.

Determinedly she turned her eyes away and smiled at Kenny as he wheeled himself up the ramp Phillip had built for him to the veranda.

From the opened kitchen door there came the rich, sweet scent of baking bread. Kenny sniffed enthralled. "Homemade bread again! Bennet, how did we ever rate an angel like you?"

He began laughingly enough, but gradually his lips sobered. Gently he

turned to her. "Was it a man, Bennet? As a friend I'd like to know," he said quietly.

Bennet stiffened. "Isn't it always?" Her voice was forbidding.

But Kenny didn't seem to notice. "I felt it had to be something like that to send you hiding out here." His voice was husky. "Would it help to talk about it?"

Bennet frowned impatiently. Then she shrugged. "There's not much to tell. We were to have been married when he came home from a tour he was making; I had even bought my wedding dress. Then I read in the newspaper that he had married someone else."

"Tour? Who was he, Bennet?"

"Mitch Turner. He's making quite a name for himself as a popular singer. I met him when I went with a bunch of girls to a café where he was playing. He's very good looking. I couldn't believe my luck when he began to notice me."

Kenny held out his cigarette case to her. She shook her head. "Do you still love him?" he wanted to know, as he lit his smoke.

"You can't turn love off like a faucet, Kenny."

He laughed a curious, mirthless laugh. "I know that only too well. But what I meant is would you want him if you could get him back now?"

Bennet dug her nails into her palms. "Hardly," she said dryly.

"Then what about Phillip?"

"Phillip? What about him? I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do, Bennet. You'd have to be blind not to." His voice held a thread of steely insistence. "Every time the big goon looks at you his face lights up like a neon sign."

She laughed scornfully. "Phillip's just a wolf. He'd flirt with a Ubangi if he got the chance. Anyway, what he really likes is my cooking. That's why he brought me here."

"Yeah, Phil's just nuts about homemade bread." He grinned mockingly. "Look, if there is nothing between you

two why do you always steer clear of him? What's the matter, are you afraid of him?"

Angrily Bennet raised her head. "Of course I'm not afraid!" she snapped.

"Okay, prove it then. Phil's got to go over to Blue Cove today and deliver some supplies. I'll tell him you want to ride along when I relieve him in the store."

"Kenny, really now, wait!" Bennet's voice was shrill but he didn't stop.

"Don't worry," he called blithely, as he sent his chair spinning down the ramp, "I'll take out the bread when it's done."

AN HOUR later Bennet lay back in a deck chair while Phillip sent the little sloop scudding toward Blue Cove. She had been furious at Kenny for shanghaiing her into this trip. But, gradually, the magic of the sunshine and sparkling water dispelled her anger.

Now, as she narrowed her eyes against the glare, she realized that actually Kenny's probing conversation had clarified her feelings about Mitch.

At first, taking over the cooking and management of the household had filled all of her days. Later, when she'd organized things smoothly and had more free time, she purposely pushed aside all thoughts of Mitch. She interested herself in the island life, finding the colorful Indian girls, their exquisite craft work, even Kenny's yarns about red-headed James Strang, who proclaimed himself king of the 2,600 Mormons who lived on the island in 1856, all very absorbing.

But she managed always to keep aloof from Phillip, in spite of his determined efforts at friendship, his constant approval of everything she did at the house. She was through with that sort of thing forever, and memory of that night on the wharf stood between them like a steel wall. Marooned in this wilderness, with little money, she had had no choice but to forgive him. Only she couldn't forget, and she had no intention of giving him an opportunity to repeat that humiliating performance.

As her eyes swept his tall figure now, her lips tightened in grudging admiration.

Barefoot, trouser legs rolled to the knees, his blond hair tossing in the breeze, Phillip looked like some virile Viking set out to conquer the sea. His hand was sure and strong on the tiller, and, as he headed the boat shoreward, the muscles in his shoulders bulged like coiled cables.

As though sensing her scrutiny he turned and grinned happily. "Sure was glad when Ken told me you wanted to ride along. Haven't seen enough of you lately, excepting at meal times. You never seem to be able to take any jaunts with me."

Bennet bit her lip. "I've been busy," she evaded nervously.

"Not too busy to let Willow's brother take you to see the old Mormon printing press across the island." His voice was casual, but there was an unspoken question in his eyes that made Bennet uncomfortable.

Before she could frame an answer he had brought the sloop up neatly beside the landing.

Bennet scrambled ashore while Phillip and the owner of the weather-beaten cabin at Blue Cove unloaded the ordered supplies and carried them to a shed beyond the pine grove.

When Phillip returned alone he mysteriously led Bennet to a sheltered ledge of rock just out of sight of the landing, gestured to a seat of sun-warmed stone. "Make yourself comfortable, Princess," he said peremptorily. "We're going to have a picnic."

Startled, Bennet looked up, but Phillip had already gone back to the boat. When he returned he was carrying a basket of groceries from the store and a jug of water. Knowingly, he gathered an armful of driftwood, kindled a fire between two flat rocks.

In a surprisingly short time he had a pot of coffee sending out a tantalizing aroma, and a tin platter loaded with canned lobster, olives, sharp cheese and

piles of assorted salted crackers.

"Would Your Highness care for a table on the mezzanine?" Stiffly he bowed, gestured with a paper towel over one arm to a distant boulder.

Bennet couldn't help laughing. "Her Highness is lazy today; she'd rather stay put."

"But of course." Gravely he loaded a paper plate with the food, poured scalding coffee into a tin cup and handed them to Bennet. Then he squatted beside her and sailed into the spread himself.

In spite of herself Bennet found that she was starving, and soon passed her plate for a second helping.

"Holy smoke, no wonder royalty comes high if princesses eat like this," Phillip complained as he refilled her plate.

Bennet didn't bother to protest. For some strange reason all her defenses were down, and for the first time since coming to the island she felt her tense nerves relax. Even the memory of Mitch seemed very faint, and she knew suddenly an exquisite kinship with this wild country and its colorful, friendly inhabitants.

Contentedly, almost happily, she stared out at the water. When she finally turned back to Phillip she found him repacking the basket, carefully smothering the remnants of the fire with sand.



THE THIN SILK sport shirt he wore revealed the magnificent molding of his torso. And, as he bent his blond head beside her, Bennet had an uncontrollable desire to slip her fingers through his golden hair—to determine if it were as silken as it appeared.

Before she realized what she was doing she stretched out her hand. At the

first touch of her fingers Phillip jerked around inquiringly.

An immediate, piercing regret sent the shamed color flooding through Bennet's cheeks. "I was trying to brush away a sand fly," she fibbed lamely.

Bleakly wondering what could have happened to her senses, she nervously scrambled to her feet, hurried back to the landing.

Phillip followed silently, steadied the sloop while she made the brief leap to its deck. Then he tossed her the basket and reached for an empty oil drum to be returned to the store. As he swung it toward the deck a rotten board in the landing gave way. For a second, he stumbled forward and swayed drunkenly at the edge of the pier.

Bennet dropped the basket and screamed. She knew that if he fell into the water the pounding waves could fling his body onto the pilings where the lurching sloop would grind it to pieces.

"Phillip!—Phillip, look out!" Her voice was hysterical, and her hands were bloodless as she clutched the rail.

The oil drum crashed heavily into the churning water, and for one horrible moment it seemed as though Phillip's body would follow. Then, with a great effort, he regained his balance and leaped safely onto the deck beside her.

His face was white beneath its tan, and he was breathing heavily. But when he saw her terrified eyes he grinned reassuringly. "Hey, now, let's not make a big deal out of this. I'm okay," he chided her gently.

Bennet caught her breath in a choked gasp. "I know, only I thought you were going to fall and be killed."

She was shaking so her legs could hardly hold her, and she sank weakly into a deck chair.

Across her shock there gradually came a realization of the degree of horror that had gripped her when she'd feared for Phillip's safety. Wonderingly she raised her head.

Phillip's broad shoulders were already hunched over the tiller, and as he sent

the sloop scudding over the rough water he began to sing. There was an unwonted lilt to his voice as the words of an old, arresting melody drifted back to her:

*She's as fragrant as a river-morn in
springtime,
When the saskatoon blooms white
along the banks. . . .*

The island was dark when they tied up at the wharf, and the store lights twinkled through the trees. Bennet raced Phillip up the path to the house, but when she hurried into the kitchen she stopped abruptly.

Kenny's wheel chair was at the window and he was smiling eagerly at a black-haired girl in a scarlet frock sitting beside him. Her skin was the color of old ivory, and her high-boned face had an exotic beauty that was heightened by the curving, moist red lips.

"Bennet!" Kenny's voice was gay and vibrant. "Thought you'd never get back. And we've got company, too. This is our neighbor, Ona Pedersen. She's a real islander, born and raised here, and she's just come home. Ona, meet the new boss of the marine station, Bennet Lanning."

Ona smiled, but her eyes remained aloof, speculative.

"Ona! Say, this is unexpected! I suppose you were the prize package on the mail boat today?" Phillip's voice cut across Bennet's surprised silence as he stalked into the room after her.

"Just this afternoon." Ona laughed uncertainly.

"Well then, tell us what you've been doing and—by the way—what happened to that play you were going to star in?" Phillip's voice was brightly curious, but Bennet wondered if it carried a note of scorn.

"The play flopped, but Ona doesn't care. She was tired of the city and wanted to come home anyhow, didn't you, Ona?" Kenny spoke up quickly, almost protectingly.

"You bet. I guess I found out I couldn't ever live anywhere but here." Ona stood up and consciously smoothed

the scarlet frock about her curving hips.

"That so? Well, then that calls for a home-coming celebration. How about holding back dinner, Bennet, while I whip up some cocktails?"

BENNET OBEDIENTLY sat down, watched Phillip hustle up a bottle of bourbon, glasses and ice from the ice chest. The cocktails he mixed were potent, and soon the puzzling air of stiffness that surrounded the meeting vanished. Later, Ona and the men laughed and chatted over the supper Bennet served them, and afterwards, when Kenny drifted out to the veranda to play some phonograph records that had just arrived on the mail boat, Phillip offered to help Bennet wash the dishes.

"I'm the best little mother's helper you ever saw," he bragged as he grabbed a dish towel from the rack.

"Aw, Phil, come on," Ona coaxed, hesitating at the door. "Ken's got some hot new platters."

"But it will only take a couple of minutes," he protested, reaching for a cocktail glass before Bennet had scalded it.

Bennet jerked the glass from his hand, laughing. "Some helper; this isn't even rinsed. Go on—beat it. I'll be done sooner if you leave me alone."

Phillip threw up his hands. "That's gratitude!" he complained as he followed Ona outside.

When Bennet finally hung up her dish towel and moved to the door she found Phillip dancing with Ona. As they moved rhythmically across the veranda Phillip's arm cradled Ona's slim figure tightly, and his bronzed cheek rested firmly against hers. Humming lightly, he swung her around the corner of the veranda out of sight.

Immediately Bennet experienced a moment of almost savage jealousy. Then blankly she caught her breath. Why in the world should she be jealous of Phillip?

When it came, the answer was staggering, and she fought it valiantly. It wasn't true, she told herself frantically.

She didn't love Phillip. How could she love any man after the way Mitch had smashed her heart?

But across her stunned protest there drifted the murmur of Phillip's and Ona's laughter, and the emotion she felt again made her realize there wasn't any use fighting. Phillip held her heart in his powerful hands as inescapably as he had held the tiller this afternoon.

In that soul-shaking moment everything added up into an understandable score: Phillip's magnetic attraction for her that first night in Sue's apartment; her helpless response to his kisses on the wharf; her horror when she thought he was going to be hurt this afternoon. . . .

Bennet's hands were icy as she dug them into her apron pocket. Now she knew why, even though she had tried to avoid Phillip, she had felt a strange sense of ownership in this sprawling, northern house. Pride in the fact that it was Phillip's taste and judgment that had made it into the attractive, restful home it was.

"Bennet, for Pete's sake, what are you doing? Come on out; we're waiting!" Kenny's voice was nervous, almost irritable.

Bennet shrank back into the kitchen. She couldn't face anyone with her heart pounding like this. But then Phillip swung back into the light, looked in the door. "All done?" he asked.

Bennet moistened her dry lips, squared her shoulders. "All done," she answered evenly, as she opened the screen door and walked into the moonlight.



VI

ALTHOUGH BENNET came downstairs at the usual hour the next

morning she found the kitchen empty. For the first time since she had come to the island neither Phillip nor Kenny came in for breakfast.

Puzzled, she waited until eight, then she cleared the table, put the food away in the big ice chest. When she went into the front of the house she found Willow dusting the living room.

"Where's everybody?" Bennet asked curiously.

The squaw shrugged. "Meester Kenny not come out of room; Meester Pheelep in store already." She waddled over to the desk, brought an envelope to Bennet. "He say geeve you thees. Come on mail boat yesterday."

The envelope was from a Chicago hotel and it was addressed to her in a large, impatient handwriting. In the corner, above the hotel's printed name and address, was scrawled *Mitch Turner, Room 812*. Sue must have told Mitch where to write her, Bennet realized, as she tore open the envelope. What she read left her stunned, unbelieving.

"Bennet darling," Mitch had written, "My marriage was a mistake. Maggie is getting a divorce now. I know at last it's only you, always you. You must forgive me and come home. I can't wait to see you. . . ."

Bennet's lips narrowed distastefully and she reached for the cigarette lighter on the table beside her. Briefly she touched its flame to the paper, and the letter was burning brightly as she dropped it into the fireplace.

She watched it blacken and crumble into dust. She had read enough! Whatever she had once imagined she felt for Mitch was over, and with her love for Phillip sweeping through her like wild-fire there wasn't even a pinpoint of room in her heart for memories.

When Willow went out of the room Bennet picked up Phillip's jacket lying on the coach. As if it were precious silk she smoothed its worn leather. Then impulsively she laid her cheek against it. "Phillip—Phillip Bourne." She murmured the name tenderly.

When she put the jacket down a red silk scarf fell from its pocket. As Bennet stooped and picked it up she remembered that last night Ona had worn such a scarf tied about her ebony hair.

Again Bennet felt a flame of searing jealousy. Then came recollection of Kenny's words: *His face lights up like a neon sign whenever he sees you. . . .*

Gratefully she remembered them, re-

struggle just as hard as the Indian women on the island fought for their men. Only, before she could ever hope to win, she knew she must make Phillip understand that everything was over between Mitch and her; that she wasn't carrying a torch any longer.

Suddenly the desire to see Phillip, tell him immediately, was too strong to be denied.

The Other Love

I hope you won't be shocked, my dear,
I've got some news for you—
My husband loves another blonde,
A blonde with eyes of blue.



I won't be jealous, not one bit,
For after all, that's life,
I'll stick with him and do the chores,
And be his loving wife.



I won't complain or interfere,
But simply let him court her—
My husband loves another blonde,
Our darling baby daughter!

—Helen Ardsley

memberd too, the warmth of Phillip's kisses, his stubborn efforts at friendship, his constant thoughtfulness for her comfort, and his unconcealed delight when she had accompanied him yesterday to Blue Cove.

She squared her shoulders reassuringly. Phillip *did* care for her, but even if she had to fight for his love she would

The Indian helpers Phillip employed wouldn't be at work this early. Phillip would be alone in the store, she reasoned happily as she raced down the path to the marine station.

Noiselessly she hurried up the steps. But when she got to the door she shrank back against the board siding as though she had been stabbed.

IT WAS fairly dark inside the big building, but standing in a shaft of light that sifted through a shuttered window was a black-haired girl in a yellow, skin-tight dress. Phillip was standing beside Ona smiling into her upturned face.

"What's the matter, baby?" he complained. "Don't you want me to kiss you?"

"You never wanted to before." Ona's voice sounded skeptical.

"The field was crowded then if you'll remember," he said meaningfully. "Anyway," he slipped his arms about her, drew her close, "anyway, you're getting too damned cute to pass up."

"Is that what you tell that other girl?" Stiffly Ona pulled away.

"What other girl—oh, you mean Bennet!" Phillip laughed scornfully. "Why, baby, she can't hold a candle to you. Anyway, she's just our cook. So come on, quit stalling. How about a little kiss? Then maybe I'll take you to the dance over in the village tonight." Coaxingly he tilted her face upward.

For a second Ona's eyes remained aloof, like a wary animal's. Then desire overcame distrust, and with an excited laugh she slipped her arms about his neck. "Oh, Phillip, I never dreamed I'd stand a chance with you."

Roughly his mouth closed on her parted lips, smothering her words, and with a ragged moan Bennet stumbled away. As she moved back to the house she doubled her fist against her breast.

Her room seemed strange when she reached it, and she stared about her as though she had never seen it before. The sharp, agonizing pain that had ripped through her at first was gone now. In its place had come a vague, dreamlike confusion, as though she were in the grip of an anesthetic. The only thing she was really conscious of was a feverish desire to get away before she must face Phillip again. For she knew now that she had been a fool to think she could win his love. With exotic Ona be-

side him he wouldn't know she was around.

When Willow came in to make the bed Bennet asked urgently, "Has the mail boat left yet?"

The squaw shook her head. "Stay over last night but she go soon now."

Bennet felt a swift wave of relief. "Look," she ordered. "I want you to see the skipper. Ask him if I can return with him when he sails." She reached for her purse, took out some of the money Phillip had paid her while she had been here. "Give him this for my passage." She withdrew another bill from her purse, thrust it into the woman's hands. "And this is for you if you can arrange my leaving."

Willow stared at the money stupidly, then she bustled out without a word. By the time she returned Bennet had her luggage all packed.

"Skipper says okay, come right away. Sail soon," Willow announced importantly.

Willow's brother, Derek, carried Bennet's luggage on board the mail boat, and a few minutes later she hurried after him down the path to the wharf.

WHEN she rounded the clump of cottonwoods she ran abruptly into Phillip. He was swinging up the path like a thundercloud, his eyes blazing, his mouth stern.

"What's this nonsense Derek's been telling me about your leaving on the mail boat?" he demanded instantly.

Bennet stiffened in dismay. "It isn't nonsense. I want to go, that's all." She forced her lips to hide the heartbreak that was strangling her.

Phillip's jaw tightened. "You mean you were going away without telling me?"

She shrugged evasively. "I left a note with Willow. I thought you'd be busy in the store, and Kenny isn't up yet."

He took a step toward her, his hands clenched, his face grim. "What made up your mind so damned suddenly? That letter from Mitch Turner?"

For a moment her eyes hungrily took in his blue eyes, the waving gold hair, the warm mobile lips. Then fiercely she fought the bitter-sweet enchantment. Now that she knew the rules, she certainly ought to be able to rack up a more creditable score.

"Could be," she murmured lightly. Let him think what he would, she told herself brokenly, as long as she could save her pride.

His eyes boring into hers were like twin searchlights. Then suddenly they softened. As if moved by some impulse stronger than his own will he unclenched his fists and his hands reached for her shoulder. "Bennet. . . ."

Bennet jerked back from the touch of his fingers as though she had been burned. "Don't!" she cried chokingly. "Don't touch me!" Then she swung desperately away, down the path to the boat.



IN THE LONELY, unbearable weeks that followed Bennet learned that there is no panacea for heartbreak, not even work!

It had begun to pour when the mail boat reached St. James, and she had had to take refuge in a doorway on her way to a hotel. As she shivered in the scant shelter her interest was caught by a sign stuck in the door.

Wanted: Doctor's Assistant. No medical experience necessary. Room and board furnished.

For an uncertain moment she hesitated, then impulsively she rang the bell.

In a few minutes grey-haired Dr. Haspell was explaining encouragingly, "I don't require a nurse. It's just routine office work—answering the telephone,

keeping appointments straight, sending out monthly bills. Of course you'd have to learn sterile technique for hypo needles, and so on, but I know you could catch on to that easily."

Bennet found her refuge that simply. Help was scarce in the little town. Afterwards, whenever memory of Phillip threatened to rip open the dull wound in her breast, she stubbornly tried to push it aside. She had played the fool twice in her life; she would let no man hurt her again, she vowed. But in spite of her determined efforts to lose herself in her work it was no good. She grew thin and nervous, and she was completely miserable.

One morning, at the end of her first month at St. James, Bennet realized she couldn't stand much more of this pain. She had better give the doctor notice, go away, she decided brokenly, try other surroundings. But before she went she wanted one last visit to Beaver Island. She couldn't leave without finding out how Phillip was, if he and Ona were married. After all, it would be the only thing she would have to remember during the bleak, empty months ahead.

As her mind eagerly seized upon this plan of action she was shrewdly thinking that she could go out to the Island on the supply boat, slip up to the house and visit Kenny or Willow while Phillip was busy in the store checking in supplies. She needn't even face Phillip, she told herself encouragingly.

The day Bennet put her feet once more on the wharf at Beaver Island the wind was blowing fiercely and the sky was bleak and threatening. She slipped quickly through the usual milling crowd come to greet the supply boat and raced up the path to the house.

She found Kenny huddled forlornly in his wheel chair in the kitchen.

"Bennet!" He stared at her as if she were a ghost.

Bennet smiled reassuringly. "Don't look so startled, Kenny. I wasn't too far from here all the time. For the past month I've been Dr. Haspell's assistant

at St. James."

"So that's it! For a moment I thought I was dreaming." He grinned, gestured to a chair. "Sit down and tell me if you think I'll live, nurse."

"Any man that can pack away the amount of food you do will live to be a hundred!" she replied meaningfully. But in spite of her teasing words Bennet saw that he was thinner and there were tired lines around his eyes.

His grin broadened, but gradually his lips grew serious. "Tell me, Bennet, why did you come back? Phillip said you were sick of the place."

Bennet turned away from his probing stare. "I'm going away from St. James," she said honestly, "and maybe before I left I wanted to bawl you out for—for helping me fall in love with Phillip."

"You—and Phillip! Aw, Bennet, I'm sorry, damned sorry." Kenny's voice was low, regretful. "I thought he was gone on you at first, and that's why I tried to play Cupid. But when he began double-crossing me, stealing my girl Ona when she had just come back to me, I knew I was all wrong."

"Your girl Ona? I don't understand, Kenny."

Kenny shrugged. "Ona is the daughter of a Danish trapper and his half-breed wife. We got engaged just before I was drafted. While I was overseas Phil got the place all fixed for the wedding, even dolled up the spare bedroom like one he saw in a magazine for her. Then just before I was discharged the Reds winged me, paralyzed my hip. I was hospitalized in Korea for months. When I finally came home Ona couldn't stand the thought of being married to a cripple. She lit out with some theatrical producer who had come here on a hunting trip. He fell for her hard and I guess he promised her the moon."

He stopped, nervously lit a cigarette. "It had been pure hell getting myself adjusted to this chair, and after Ona jilted me I almost cracked up. But somehow Phil pulled me out of it. Then later, Ona's deal with her boy-friend flopped

and she came home to me. I—I guess I looked better than nothing. But then Phil stepped into the picture and of course I was out."

FOOTSTEPS cut across the bitterness in his voice. The kitchen door opened and Phillip walked into the room, an older looking Phillip than Bennet had remembered, with harsh lines narrowing his lips.

"Bennet! What the devil are you doing here?" His face was strained and forbidding. "I couldn't believe Derek when he said he saw you get off the supply boat."

Bennet's heart stopped. She had been a fool to let her emotions prod her into this crazy visit, she told herself regretfully. Only now that she was here, she wasn't going to sit still and let Phillip run a steamroller over her heart. She had too much pride for that. Proudly she raised her chin.

"Maybe I came back to tell you what I should have said the day I ran away," she snapped.

Phillip's jaw set. "What would that be?" he asked evenly.

Bennet flushed, went determinedly on. "I didn't mean to spy on you that morning, but I accidentally saw that touching little scene you had with Ona in the marine station. And I heard you tell her exactly what you thought of me. Well, listen to me, Phillip Bourne, I don't think so much of you either. You are nothing but a big wolf!"

For a moment he stared at her as though she were spouting Greek. Then slowly his eyes widened in comprehension. In a second he was beside her, imprisoning her hands in his. "Hey now, wait a minute," he commanded. "What you saw and heard that morning was done for a special purpose," he went on slowly, letting his words sink into her anger. "Ona is a cheap, worthless piece of whistle-bait. Kenny means no more to her than a meal ticket. Only, because he thinks he's in love with her, the damned fool was all set to take her back

after she had already jilted him heartlessly."

His lips narrowed. "I'd seen him almost crack up once on her account and I wasn't going to stand by and let it happen again. So I played up to her, just to let Ken see what she really is. Like a fool, Ona fell for my act, hook line and sinker."

"Phil—oh, my God, Phil, no! And I was thinking you were double-crossing me." Kenny's voice was hoarse, his eyes dark with shame. "Phil, I was such a blamed fool not even speaking to you half the time. . . ."

"Skip it," Phillip grinned. "It's all over now. But I had to keep it up this long so Ona wouldn't get wise and double-cross *me*. Only for Pete's sake, Ken, clear out of here. I got important business to attend to."

When the door shut behind Kenny's wheel chair, Bennet nervously raised her eyes. Phillip was watching her intently. "So you ran away because you thought I was in love with Ona?" he asked quietly.

"It's a free world—why should that have bothered you?"

Bennet fought the quiver in her throat, afraid to believe what his eyes were telling her. Then as telltale color swept her cheeks she turned away in shame.

"Bennet . . ." Phillip's arms were about her, lifting her face to his. "And what about Mitch?" he demanded.

"He's getting a divorce and wants me back. Only, I don't love him any more," she managed finally.

"Who do you love?" He bent his head, and his teasing words were whispered against her ear. Suddenly the ice cracked from her heart as all the doubts and misunderstandings were swept away. As her lips stung beneath his. She answered him fully without words.

Hail began to fall on the log roof, and a threatening wind banged the shutters against the windows. But Bennet didn't worry. With Phillip's strong young arms about her she would be safe anywhere, today—tomorrow—and forever. ♥ ♥ ♥



oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"SAM'S nice, but he'd be a lot nicer if he did something about that Dry Scalp! His hair is dull and unruly—and he has loose dandruff, too! I've got just the ticket for him—'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"



*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*

IT'S EASIER than you think! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp . . . makes a world of difference in the good looks of your hair. It's ideal with massage before shampooing, too. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care . . . for both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

Listen to DR. CHRISTIAN,
starring JEAN HERSHOLT,
on CBS Wednesday nights.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd



She could
hardly
wait
until . . .

She read through
a haze of tears

The Day the *Letter* Came

By ROSALIND BURKE

IT HAPPENED on a Saturday in late spring. Saturdays made a great difference to Louise Winslow, for if the letter did not arrive in the morning mail there would be an endless afternoon and an agonizing Sunday before the next mail delivery. How long could she go on expecting an answer from Mal anyway? Until next week, until next

month, until a card arrived at Christmas—until when?

The sun burst through the living room windows with the intensity of a spotlight, mercilessly exposing her as she sat unrelaxed in her chair, turned so she could see through the glass of the front door to the mailbox hanging by the steps. Yet even to herself she pre-

tended; after the postman came she would still delay until he was out of sight down the spruce-bordered drive. Only then would she go to the door with deceitful casualness and peer into the box.

She went to the window and looked down the street. The mailman was nowhere in sight. Of course there were some days—days when she was almost positive the letter would come, when she would even hurry home from the office at lunch time dressed as carefully as though she were meeting Mal in the flesh, not merely expecting some written word.

Some few little words, after all this time. . . .

She picked up a new fashion magazine, staring enviously at the glamorous model on the cover. She herself was far from glamorous, but she did make the best possible use of the equipment Nature provided. She didn't go in for fancy coiffures, but her dark hair was brushed to a sparkling sheen; her skin was naturally clear and delicate, and she took pains to keep her figure youthful.

"Oh, dear, Loulee," her mother had long ago sighed, "I'm afraid you'll never be a raving beauty. Still," she added brightly, "if you just groom yourself properly, I think they'll have to admit my girl is pretty!"

BUT IT was not to be quite that way. "Pretty" was the word applied to her cousin Bonnie, who lived in the large brick house on the corner until she married two years ago and went to live in Atlanta.

"But," her relatives would add, after discussing with relish Bonnie's latest escapades, "our little Louise is *attractive*."

Like a consolation prize. Runner-up to Bonnie. And, if she were not too near at hand, she knew they would add to her mother, "Hasn't Louise any real prospects?"

Prospects. They talked about mar-

riage as though it were a business transaction!

She placed the magazine carefully back on the coffee table. Then, examining the room with a critical eye, she moved the vase of jonquils from the table to the mantel, knowing as she did so she was acting precisely as though she believed Mal would walk in the room at any moment, drop to his knees and beg her hand in marriage.

She opened the front door and looked out. Was that a magazine lying in the rack of the Pearson's box across the street? Surely the mail hadn't already passed. . . .

"Louise?"

"Yes. Mother?"

Her mother's head, neatly turbaned for the upstairs dusting, popped above the hall railing. "I just wondered if you'd like to play canasta over at Myrtle's tonight."

"I guess so, Mother."

I guess so, Mother. Going back upstairs to her room, she wondered how many times she'd submissively repeated that phrase, indicating so clearly she had nothing better to do for the evening. How many games of canasta had she played during the eight months since Mal left? How many books had she read? How many evenings had she spent discussing politics with her father, or doing anything to keep her mind from dwelling on the fact that in desiring Mal so desperately she always fumbled her chances with the few other eligible men in Greenbriar; her heart just wasn't in it.

"But Loulee has a good keen mind," her father would say, unconsciously defending her lack of swarming suitors. Pop helped out a lot of evenings, and evening, she'd found, was the worst time of all. Sunday mornings she taught a class of ten-year-old boys, and Monday to Friday, nine to five, she took shorthand, pounded a typewriter and answered the telephone: "Roister and Company, Real Estate."

She threw herself dejectedly upon the

bed, thinking that at this rate the uncomprising routine she'd followed the past eight months might go on forever. She almost escaped Greenbriar during the war, through a job offered in the scientific research lab at Blackville, eighty miles distant. Her father said then she was too young. Too young, and now, soon, she would be too old. In the eyes of Greenbriar, a girl of twenty-five without at least one engagement was practically an old maid. How close to the truth was it?

I wait for letters, she thought. I lie here and wait for letters which never come, hoping for some miracle. I do this because I love him. I loved him from the very first

THEY met at a party at her Aunt Myrtle's, soon after Mal came to Greenbriar as an engineer assigned to the new air base. Bonnie, home on a visit, introduced them.

"Mal, this is my little cousin, Louise. Loulee's sweet, even if she is a regular bookworm."

It was the sort of thing Bonnie always said. She didn't mean to be malicious, and through the years of childhood together they'd both become accustomed to it.

"I guess your cousin doesn't believe in flattery," Mal said, smiling, after they withdrew to the sun-parlor, away from the boisterous laughter of Bonnie's admiring circle.

"I don't mind," she lied, but she was grateful for his warm friendliness. In addition to the quiet good looks his healthy tan, close-cropped blond hair and sensitive mouth gave him, there was some quality in his voice which reached out and touched her.

"Anyway," he went on, "I'm the quiet type, too. Maybe we have something in common."

As it turned out, they had a great deal in common. She recalled their long hikes up Juniper Hill, when he told her of his childhood at military posts all over the world; his father had been a colonel in

the Army. For her part, she found herself happier than she'd ever remembered; she laughed a great deal, and discovered a talent for telling amusing stories about her day at the office, which heretofore she'd considered the epitome of dullness.

And yet she had to acknowledge this too: they'd never even approached the subject of marriage. Thinking back later, she realized they'd never even talked of love. He'd kissed her in a light, affectionate way exactly three times. Actually they had merely been fond friends: two quiet people whose reserved natures kept them from plunging headlong into a turbulent romance.

It lasted six perfect months; then Mal was transferred to New England. She received his letters—modest, sincere, like Mal himself. Picturing him as he wrote from a pine-covered mountain-side in Maine, she remembered the way his soft manner and voice could lift her above the routine commonplaceness of Greenbriar, carrying her to adventures in far-off India or the Philippines, sharing exciting experiences in Stockholm or Rio de Janeiro.

But even the letters held no real talk of love. Affection maybe, or had she only injected that quality herself into lines he meant to be casual? Of course she'd met a few men who'd come to Greenbriar after the air base was completed. She went to a few dances and parties, but still, even after Mal suddenly stopped writing, he was the only one. He was so much like her—they were the same kind! Why, *why*, hadn't he realized it? Or had he, and was just too shy to bring matters forward? Then why hadn't she? Why hadn't she been bolder, and actually worked to get the man she wanted?

She was lifted out of her reverie by her mother's voice from downstairs. "Loulee? You still home?"

RISING, she went to the hallway and looked down to see her bustling toward the kitchen with an armload of

groceries. There was a great clattering of canned goods being stacked away and she went to lend a hand.

"I saw your Aunt Myrtle at the grocery," her mother said excitedly. "She just had a long letter from Bonnie."

She knew she would scream if she had to listen to another long accounting of Bonnie's personal charms and social triumphs. But then the word "letter" impressed itself upon her mind.

"In the morning mail? I didn't see the postman pass, I—"

Her mother turned sideways from the sink and interrupted.

"Loulee—what on earth you expecting so? A love letter? Why, Louise! I just thought—did you ever hear any more from that friend of Bonnie's husband, what's his name—Jeff Grimes?"

"No, Mother, it isn't Jeff."

"Well, you're certainly expecting a letter from somebody."

She hesitated. "Remember Mal Harvey, Mother?"

The older woman rubbed her hands nervously upon her apron. "Of course I remember Mal. Sweetheart, surely you're not still hoping to hear from *him*. Now let me tell you what Bonnie—"

She wheeled away with an impatience near desperation. "I'm tired of hearing about Bonnie! All my life I've been compared to her, and I've never measured up. I'm not as pretty as she is, and I don't have her charm! Well, I never minded that—I never wanted those things much. But she has one thing I do want—the sort of love she gets from Dick. Mother—listen, I was in love with Mal Harvey. I felt about him in a way I never felt about anybody before. I guess I didn't show it—and I couldn't tell him—so he never knew. I held it all back inside, not telling anybody, not even you. And then I came to the point where I couldn't stand it any longer. I wrote him a letter about a month ago. I told him the way it was—I simply had to let him know! Even if he never felt the same about me, at least I'd hear from him just once more."

They stared at each other, mother and daughter, for a long moment. When at last her mother's hand reached out to comfort her, Louise brushed it aside. She went out on the porch and then, with eyes almost closed and a prayer on her lips, she slid her hand slowly into the box.

It was empty.

She stayed in her room all afternoon. She turned through a dozen magazines, scarcely seeing the pictures; she read halfway through a new novel, but it was useless. Then about four o'clock the doorbell shattered the long Saturday silence. Her mother's quick footsteps sounded lightly through the hallway.

"Louise! Special delivery!"

Breathless, she rushed down the stairs. Somehow she knew that at last, after all the waiting, it had finally come. Her mother, with an odd, twisted smile, handed her the flat white envelope. Then, as though assuming a new sympathy and understanding, she returned to the kitchen and closed the door.

BACK upstairs, she carefully opened the letter. Mal's familiar, neat handwriting brought the old sensation of weakness to her stomach, and with a surge of incredible joy she pressed the envelope against her cheek.

Finally she began to read, hungrily grasping every word: "My dear darling Louise . . ." Oh, these were the phrases she'd longed for! She read on, and soon she came to the part, "Louise, I never realized you felt the way you did. You were such a quiet girl, though of course I was no ball of fire either."

Her eyes clouded, but she plunged ahead. "Louise, I'm engaged to be married. It all happened pretty quickly, a girl I used to date back in college. . . ."

No! Oh, no, Mal, no.

Oh, she had thought of the possibility, but she told herself, no, not Mal, not so soon.

But there was more to the letter. It had happened shortly after he went to

Maine. The girl's family—her name was Kitty—had a summer place near his base. He'd also decided to leave government work and set out on his own. Kitty's father was going to back him temporarily.

All this she read through a haze of tears and the constant repetition of his words against her eardrums: "*I'm engaged to be married . . . a girl I used to date back in college. . .*"

That night at supper she forced herself to go through the motions of eating, but she was only half-listening to her mother's attempt at cheerfulness.

"Louise, you haven't given me a chance all day to tell you the news. Bonnie and Dick are coming home for a visit next weekend! Myrtle's opened the cabin at the lake so they can stay up there. But here's the real news—guess who's coming along! Jeff Grimes, that's who! Isn't that nice?"

"Jeff Grimes?"

LOUISE slowly lowered her salad fork and glanced at her mother's eager face. She pictured Jeff as she'd seen him last: stocky, wisecracking Jeff, seeing her off at the station the last time she visited Bonnie. She liked Jeff, but they were certainly complete opposites. He persistently refused to let her be herself, making her take part in all the foolishness at Bonnie's party, when she'd rather have just watched. Somehow, beside Jeff she'd felt more self-conscious than ever.

Her mother, accepting the glance as a show of interest, plunged ahead. "Bonnie's wild with ideas for a house-party at the lake. She's inviting Jo and Harry Ashworth, so there'll be Bonnie and Dick, and the Ashworths, and then you and Jeff."

"Me?"

"Of course, honey."

The rest of her mother's remarks blurred into words from Mal's letter: "*I'm engaged to be married . . . you were such a quiet girl . . . Kitty's father will back me temporarily. . .*"

"I'm sorry, Mother. I can't go."

Her mother folded her napkin and glanced across the table at her husband. "Now, Loulee—"

"Leave her alone, Lettie."

Her father, her friend, was having to protect her! But still she could not help herself. She left the table hurriedly so she would not weep before them. . . .

She had walked many blocks before she realized it was quite chilly and she'd left the house without a wrap. She shivered, hesitated, and crossed the street to Naylor's Drug Store. There was an empty stool at the end of the counter and she took it, hoping she wouldn't see anyone she knew.

"Hot chocolate, please."

From the corner of her eye she noticed that the little lady in the gray cape sitting on the next stool was staring at her.

"Why, Miss Totter!"

For as long as she could remember, Miss Lizzie Totter had been Dean of Girls at Greenbriar High. It was something of a shock to find the prim dean perched jauntily on a counter stool.

"I've just been sitting here, waiting to be noticed," Miss Totter said, mincing her words. "Of course, nobody pays any attention to me any more. Still working at the real estate office, Louise?"

"Still there, I'm afraid."

Miss Totter swallowed a sip of her coffee and nodded understandingly. "Any job can get monotonous for a single woman. But a girl like you—I'm surprised you haven't married. Now take myself—I decided to enter teaching. In my day, that meant you'd be a spinster. I mean, perhaps a girl might marry later, but usually she didn't. I didn't, but I did become dean."

Miss Totter sighed wearily. "Nowadays it's different. Teachers marry like anyone else. But *you—you're* attractive enough."

"I'm sorry, Miss Totter, I—I have to get home."

PROMPTED by an emphatic "Well!" from Miss Totter, everyone at the

counter turned to stare as she hurried out. She did not go directly home, of course. She turned off Main Street with its cheap, taunting neons and walked instead through the darkness along Church Avenue, over past the college campus and then down by the railway station. She stood there for a long while, watching the limited to New Orleans come streaking through, wishing desperately she were on it. Then, half aloud, she asked herself, "Would it really change anything? Would it?"

As she came back at last to her own quiet street, she heard laughter and the babble of voices floating across the night from a porch at the Wheelers. She identified the voices quickly as belonging to Lola Mae Wheeler, the local bridge champion, her own Aunt Myrtle, and, surprisingly enough Miss Totter again.

Without meaning to eavesdrop, she caught some reference to her cousin Bonnie. Then her own name was mentioned. She couldn't help stopping to listen more carefully.

"I don't think Louise will ever marry," someone said. "Outside of that Mal Harvey, she never gave any man a chance. She's just too particular!"

It wouldn't have hurt so much had it been Miss Totter talking, or that notorious gossip, Lola Mae Wheeler. But it was her own Aunt Myrtle who said it!

That made quite a difference. It also made little beads of perspiration pop out on her palms and forehead. It caused her to start walking so fast she was practically running, and then she brought her teeth together so abruptly she bit her tongue. This made her even madder. She didn't get angry often, she knew, but when she did she let off steam with the best of them! Well, she'd show Aunt Myrtle good and proper when the time came! She'd show the whole darn town a thing or two!

When Bonnie telephoned that night, Louise answered on the upstairs extension, still clutching Mal's letter; she'd been reading it again when the call came.

Bonnie's exuberant voice came heart-

ily over long-distance. "I just had to know you'd be with us, Louise. We've invited Jeff, too, and between you and me he's really anxious to see you again. I guess opposites do attract after all! In fact, I had to dangle your name before him to get him to come. I think he's really interested—seriously, I mean. Of course I'll do all I can to help, but you've got to cooperate, honey. You've got to help, too."

She looked down at the letter. "Do you expect me to believe all that, Bonnie?"

"Why shouldn't you believe it? Now listen here, Louise—"

Though Bonnie jabbered on with absolute disregard for long-distance rates, Louise heard Mal's voice instead, repeating the lines of his letter; she heard her mother's words, "*Now, Loulee . . .*" she heard Miss Totter's little insinuation, "*I'm surprised you haven't married;*" and most distinctly of all she heard the voice of her own Aunt Myrtle coming from the Wheeler's porch, "*I don't think Louise will ever marry. She's just too particular!*"

As Bonnie chattered away, she crushed the letter in a ball and clenched it in her fist. Only tonight she had said she'd show them. Perhaps this house party was the perfect opportunity! She couldn't stop living altogether because of Mal's letter. And who could tell? Maybe she'd grow to like Jeff more; she might have liked him better that time in Atlanta if she'd given herself the chance.

It was arranged that Aunt Myrtle would pick her up and take her to the lake the following Friday afternoon. The others would drive directly to the cabin from Atlanta. She was ready, packed and already wearing a newly-practiced smile when Aunt Myrtle brought her battered station wagon to a screeching stop out front and began honking.

SHE glanced out the window. The sight of the woman who had publicly forecast her spinsterhood cast her headlong back into the old panic. She hastily

threw on her bathrobe and rushed downstairs to the door. Her mother was busy ironing in the basement, so she wouldn't be overheard in the lie.

"Aunt Myrtle," she called, "I can't come up until tomorrow. Dad'll bring me. You tell Bonnie I'll be there first thing in the morning. I just can't make it today."

"Why not?" screamed Aunt Myrtle.

"I—I have to go back to the office after supper and finish some work for Mr. Roister."

Even to her own ears it sounded lame, but apparently it satisfied Aunt Myrtle. Yet, watching the car move crazily down the street, she felt none of the relief she'd expected. Instead, she was filled with shame at her weakness, her inability to hold to her determination to show them.

All night long she wrestled with her feelings, trying to invent a logical reason for not going at all. But by morning she knew she had to go through with it; this time there could be no argument.

They were all swimming or laughing down by the water when her father pulled the car up to the porch of the rustic log cottage, but Bonnie yelled from the pier and ran up the slope to meet them.

"Hi!" she called. Soon she was patting Louise on the cheek. "I can't hug you because I'm sopping wet. My, I'm glad to see you, Loulee. You too, Uncle Phil."

Confronted by Bonnie, vibrant and pretty even in her dripping bathing suit, she felt her stomach go squeamish again. She heard herself say, like a child left alone on the first day of school, "Can't you stay awhile longer, Dad?"

As he drove away, waving back, Bonnie said admiringly, "It was smart of you to wait until this morning to come, Loulee. Jeff was fit to be tied last night. He thinks you and Mr. Roister must be having an affair down at the office evenings!"

The idea of an affair with paunchy, middle-aged Mr. Roister, who had a plump, pleasant wife and several grown children, struck her as the funniest thing she'd heard in months. She burst into peals of uninhibited laughter, fairly shaking with pleasure and relief. As she gasped and dabbed at her eyes, Jeff Grimes came hurrying up from the lake, wrapping himself as he came in a brilliant yellow beach robe.

"What's the joke?" he said, grinning. "What are you gals cooking up?"

"Just a little matter between Bonnie and me," Louise said, surprised at the way she'd given a twist of hidden meaning to such an ordinary reply. "How are you, Jeff? It's good to see you again!"

LOOKING at him more closely, she realized she meant every word of it. Jeff was not obviously handsome, but

THE ADVENTURES OF

IT SMELLS GRAND



TAKE ONE WHIFF!
(FOR THIS YOU'VE YEARNED!)

IT PACKS RIGHT



PACK YOUR PIPE—
NOW YOU HAVE EARNED

he had an attraction for her in that moment which reminded her peculiarly of the way she'd felt when she first saw Mal. Or was she getting her emotions even more mixed up?

"Me? I'm on top of the world. At least I am now that you're here. Believe me, Louise, you're a sight for sore eyes." He lowered his voice as Bonnie moved ahead into the house. "I was beginning to think Bonnie got me up here under false pretenses. Or am I saying too much? Anyway, you strike me as the kind of girl a guy can talk to plainly. Am I right?"

She opened her mouth, hoping fervently the right words would come out. "Well, I like *your* plain talk, Jeff. And I've found out lately it's best not to keep things too closely to yourself. I mean, the way you feel about somebody—"

She waved her hands in the air, grasping for the words to convey her meaning, and then she turned back and smiled. She was no good at explaining, but anyway, here she was alone with the effervescent Jeff, yet feeling remarkably relaxed.

"What I mean to say is—yes, I'm the kind of girl who likes the truth even if it hurts."

And suddenly she knew she was relieved to know the truth about Mal, bitter as it was, and difficult as it was at

first to accept. But if Mal were so hesitant, so unobserving as to fail to see how she'd felt about him, then they couldn't have been so well-suited after all. Maybe it *was* better to seek out the truth. Maybe she'd been smart to write to Mal, though the outcome was far from what she had expected. And, too, there was something she remembered from Bonnie's telephone conversation. "Opposites do attract," she had said. Had she and Mal been too much alike? But with Jeff—

"Come on," Jeff said comfortably. "Before we go in, let's walk down by the water."

She followed him, glad Jeff was quiet at first, giving her time to absorb the tranquil beauty of the lake and the wooded slopes beyond. This was one of her favorite places. She'd loved it from that first summer so long ago, when as a pigtailed child she'd visited a chubby little Bonnie. How foolish she'd been resenting Bonnie, who was, actually, trying to help her!

Finally Jeff broke the silence. "Louise, what was the trouble that last time you were at Bonnie's? You seemed a little shy, but more than that, as if something was bothering you. Now, today, you're different, like the way you laughed back there with Bonnie, and the way you agreed right off to come on this walk."

[Turn page]

UNCLE WALTER

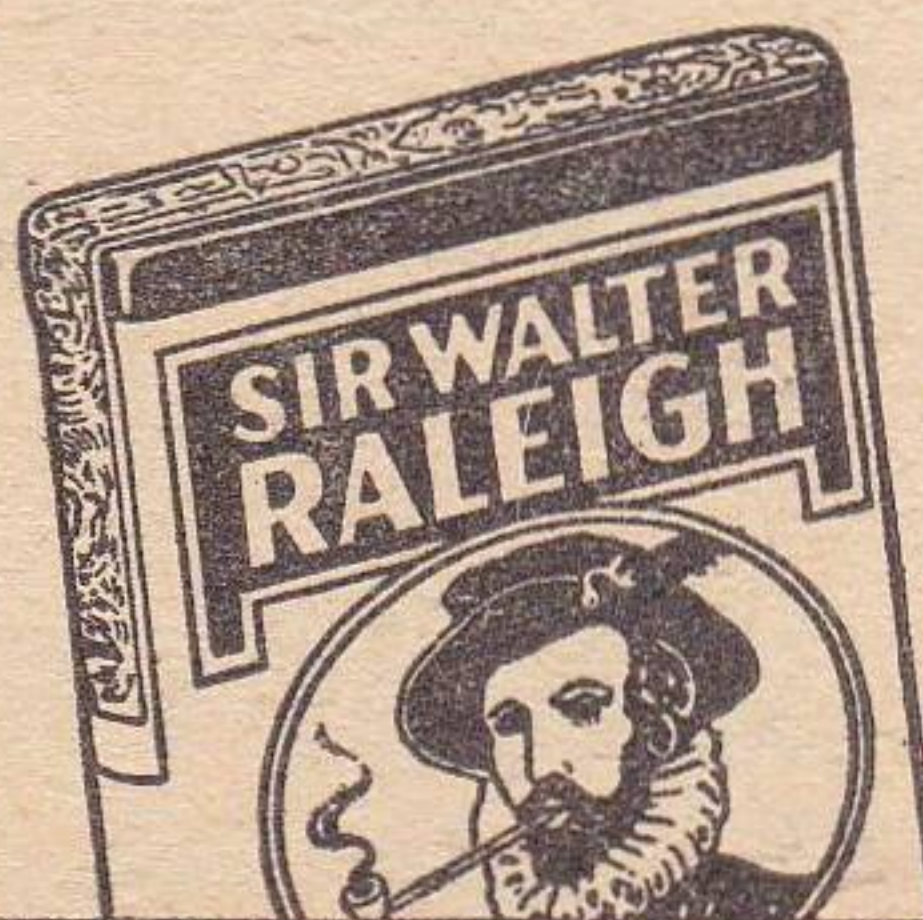
IT SMOKES SWEET



—HAPPINESS FOR ALL CONCERNED!
—with Sir Walter Raleigh!

IT CAN'T BITE!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S BLEND OF CHOICE KENTUCKY BURLEYS IS EXTRA-AGED TO GUARD AGAINST TONGUE BITE, AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH NEVER LEAVES A SOGGY HEEL IN YOUR PIPE. STAYS LIT TO THE LAST PUFF.



*It costs
no more
to get
the best!*

She looked at him quickly and then hesitated.

"Go ahead," he said. "You can talk to me."

"I don't know, Jeff."

"You'd been hurt, hadn't you? Gee, you certainly seemed to be carrying the torch for somebody. You sure weren't interested in me! But somehow I've got a hunch things have changed. Maybe I've got more of a chance now, huh?"

Why, he seemed to know her better than she knew herself! Mal had never understood her like this! To tell the truth, Mal was always too busy analyzing himself to be able to understand anyone else.

"Golly, Jeff," she said, "you must be psychic. I had been hurt, and then I had the final blow just last week. But I had it coming; I asked for it."

He kicked aside an old log in the path. "I won't pry into what it's all about," he said. "Unless you want to talk about it."

She looked across the placid waters at an old cedar silhouetted in jagged relief on the top of the bluff.

"Not yet, Jeff. Maybe sometime, but not quite yet."

He took her hand easily and said, "Then let's forget it. Anyway, as long as I'm around I'm going to see you're never hurt again. And I warn you, I may be around pretty often."

Looking into his steady blue eyes, she knew he meant it. His eyes on hers, his hand in hers—these things steadied her, instilling in her the confidence, the sureness in herself and their relation which no one else, even Mal, had ever given her.

"Jeff—thanks."

She leaned over suddenly and kissed him on the cheek. And in the gesture there was, at last, the final release from her obsession with Mal. This was what she'd been waiting for. This present happiness with Jeff was the thing she had dreamed of, not the reopening of an old affair which had, even in its prime, refused to bloom! And when Jeff kissed her back as she had never been kissed by Mal, she knew her whole future was changed, that it had begun to change the day the letter came, and was now in Jeff's control.



Connie Saunders was torchy about the pilot . . . but he was seemingly wedded to the wild blue yonder . . . and they said no girl could ground him!

HIGH-FLYING HEART

A Complete Romantic Novelet

By FRANCES YOULIN McHUGH



COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE — PLUS MANY OTHER FASCINATING NOVELETS, SHORT STORIES AND FEATURES!



The Love o' the Irish

By PHYLLIS SPESHOCK

*... an' shure, it was a
grand day for romance*

KATHLEEN LAFFERTY was a Mama's girl. It took big Michael O'Keefe to tell her about it, too.

"You're a boob, and you know it," he said, ushering her across the busy intersection. Him, tall and brawny, all black-Irish from the top of his crisp hair down to the toes of his shiny, black shoes. And her, small and green-eyed, a red-headed spitfire if ever there was one.

"Shut up, Michael O'Keefe," she warned him stoutly, "or I'll not be going to the Policeman's Ball with you on St.

Patrick's Day!"

He gave her a quick hug for all the world to see. "You'll be going, all right! You'll be too scared a goblin will get you to stay home alone! I know you!"

"Why don't you shut up and get me home with all this money, the way a good Irish cop ought to, now! I've made up my mind. I'm going through with it. Don't talk me out of it by telling me what a boob I am!"

Michael O'Keefe laughed down at her. "Now, little brave one, just what would you be doin' if I were to go to Emerald Isle, too? What then, little pixie?"

Kathleen swallowed. "Well, you aren't, are you? You promised me at the very beginning, two years ago, when I first started working at Murphy's Grocery to save the money for them that you would stay here—" She grinned suddenly. "And anyway you don't even have enough cash to get there!"

He stopped dead in the middle of the sidewalk and turned her to face him. "And I thought that by this time we'd be man and wife! I thought it'd be my duty to watch over you anyway. How was I to know you'd suddenly get high falutin' ideas about 'betterin' yourself'!"

Kathleen wrinkled her nose at him like a naughty child.

"Listen here, Michael O'Keefe! For two years I've worked and saved money to give Mama and Papa a trip back to County Galway in Ireland for their twenty-fifth anniversary. Now, for the next two years, I'm going to work to do something for me! I can go to night school. I can—"

Michael reached out and shook her, and the people of the neighborhood shook their heads knowingly. They were meant for each other, these two, but how was Michael ever to prove it to such a stubborn, ambitious lass?

"What," he asked in slow, clipped syllables, "does a woman have to know *that her man can't teach her?*"

Kathleen turned crimson at his inference and stalked away from him. But by the time they reached the stone steps

leading up to the Lafferty's flat, he was close beside her again with his arm tight about her small waist.

HE OPENED the door for her and together they went into the apartment and told Mama and Papa Lafferty the good news. Mama bent forward and cried. Papa snuffed and puffed on his pipe like a steam engine, wagging his mustache from side to side.

"Sure, and you're a fine lass to do this for your old parents—" Mama sobbed. "But what of you? We'll not leave our only one behind in this monstrous city!"

And that was where Michael came in, "I'll see no harm comes to her, Mrs. Lafferty. It'll do her good. She's too much of a boob as it is for a girl with big ideas about careers! That's what I keep telling her. She's the kind of a lass made for marriage. A girl to be protected and cherished—"

Papa snuffed again. "Indeed she is! We thought long ago she'd be Mrs.—"

"Papa! It's a career I want! Sure, I like Michael! He's like a big brother to me, but marriage—" She shrugged.

Mama Lafferty raised a knowing forefinger. "She's too sure of you, my boy! That's the whole thing in the stew!"

"Mama!" Kathleen seemed to be getting it from all sides. "Don't all of you stand here and decide what's good for me! I know my own mind, don't I?"

"No," Michael said very positively. "I don't think you do, darling!" He kissed her soundly on the cheek. "I'll pick you up at eight for the St. Patrick's dance. And don't keep me waiting then, too!"

So it was all decided that Mama and Papa would leave one week after St. Patrick's Day for their home town in County Galway, Ireland. They would attend the Policeman's Ball on St. Patrick's Day, and then, for the next week, they would be trying to remember all of the things they needed for such a long trip.

Kathleen went to the dance with Michael, rather proud of him, so tall and brawny in his blue uniform.

"You look like an adorable elf," he whispered against her face during the first dance. "All dressed in green with a gamin face and pixie eyes. What a sweet one you are!" He stopped dancing suddenly and bent down and kissed her soundly, amid a round of applause from the onlookers, all of them knowing full well that she was the one for him. All, except, it seemed, Kathleen herself.

Kathleen pulled herself free and turned bright pink. "Michael O'Keefe, don't you be kissing me that way! I'm not so sure it's quite decent for unmarried folk!"

"Well, then?" He asked, his brows raised in playful deviltry.

"No! I'm not ready for marriage!" she assured him quickly, getting her bearings about her again, her face still warm and her heart behaving like any heathen's.

But then a very strange thing happened. The voice boomed through the big loudspeaker that they were ready to draw the tickets for the door prize. The third ticket out was the winner.

Michael dug into his pocket for the stubs, handed Kathleen's to her and then they awaited the number calling.

"The third and final number," the announcer stated, "is number three, three, seven. I repeated. Number—"

Kathleen glanced again at her ticket. It was number three, three, six. She looked up at Michael and saw his face turn white.

"Mother of Mercy!" he breathed. "It's mine!"

"Will the winner please come forward," the announcer droned on, "and accept the prize—an order for a round trip ticket to Ireland!"

IT WAS Kathleen's turn to become white-faced. Michael made his way to the platform in front amid a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs." She could see him accept the envelope with the order in it. She could see him shaking hands with all of the people, being slapped on the back, being congratulated. She could

hear them repeat over and over, "The luck of the Irish—the luck of the Irish!"

Suddenly she felt completely alone for the first time in her life. Michael was surrounded, even her own folks were there with him. While Kathleen stood on the outside of the circle like a lost soul—completely forsaken.

The rest of the dance was a blur.

"You're really going?" she asked Michael when they quieted down and resumed dancing again.

"And why not?" he asked. "I can speak to the Commissioner tomorrow. With a name like O'Leary, how can he refuse me a vacation trip to Ireland? Why, I can even go with your folks, maybe!"

Kathleen swallowed. "And—leave me here—all alone?" she asked in a wee, high voice.

He raised his black brows and looked at her. "Well, it's what you wanted, isn't it, child? Now you have the whole neighborhood to yourself to begin that important career."

Kathleen lifted her chin in proud defense. "Of course!"

But as the week dragged on, she knew more loneliness than she had ever experienced before in all her twenty years. Everyone in the area seemed to be concerned only with her folks and Michael. It was all she heard all day at the store.

Each time she saw Michael she was sure he was just a little more independent, just a little less her laughing, willing slave. Whatever would it be like to come home from work without Michael there to see she got safely across intersections and out of the reach of the teasing ruffians on the block?

With all this talk of her having a career, she began to wonder what in Heaven's name she would study, anyway. Maybe Michael was right about one thing—what did a woman have to know that her man couldn't teach her?

"You're really going?" she asked him again, four days later. "You're sure of it, now?"

He grinned a little impersonally. "Of

course, I'm sure of it! Who can tell? I might just find me a pretty colleen to bring home! Why sure, and she'd be just like a sister to you, wouldn't she, little one?"

He tweaked her nose, and Kathleen assured herself that it was the tweak that brought tears to her eyes, and nothing more.

She lasted out one more day, and then she knew that the whole neighborhood had been right, including her parents, and she had been wrong.

It was on the way home from the neighborhood movie that she decided to tell him.

"Michael," she began slowly, her hand tight in his. "Michael, I was brought up to be a straightforward lass. I'll not pull punches. I was wrong and you were right. The thought of staying alone frightens me. I'm a Mama's girl. I'm a boob. I'm—the kind of lass to be protected. What I'm trying to say is—"

She stopped in the street and faced him. She took a deep breath. "What I'm trying to say is—when you come back from Ireland—if you don't find that colleen you're looking for—when you come back from Ireland—"

Michael rocked back on his heels and whistled through his teeth. "Why, you brazen hussy! I do believe you're about to propose to me! And me the shy creature that I am!" His face stayed somber, but his eyes gleamed diabolically.

Kathleen looked at the ground. Maybe she had taken too long.

"I love you," she admitted simply. "I was never sure of it until now. But I do love you! Everybody made up my mind but me—and now I know they were right."

He tilted her chin upward. "Love me? Or are you just afraid and trying to wangle me into staying home?"

For answer to that, she stood on tip-

toe and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. That left little room for doubt. It had to be love.

Michael breathed deeply and walked her swiftly and directly home. "There are ways of dealing with such a hussy!"

Inside the Lafferty flat, he told her parents all of it, while Kathleen looked at the worn carpet, her face flaming.

"Show it to her," Michael told Mama Lafferty. "I think now is the time."

Mama Lafferty smiled wide and went to the top drawer of the buffet and drew forth a sheaf of forms and a booklet. She handed them to Kathleen.

Kathleen took it gingerly and opened it and stared at the small likeness of herself within.

"Why, it's a passport application!" she said. "But who? How—"

Michael pulled her close and kissed her warmly. "You think for one minute we'd be likely to go, leaving you here alone, little pixie? Between the three of us we had enough to buy another round trip. But you needed a good lesson! And don't you be forgetting it! What a fine honeymoon trip—"

"Honeymoon trip?" Kathleen gasped. "You knew it all along? You planned all this, you—you—"

"Now don't get in a stew!" he warned her. "Either honeymoon trip or no trip at all for you, young lady! The application is made out for Mrs. Michael O'Keefe!"

"You were that sure of me, now!"

Michael shook her playfully. "That sure of the goblin that chases you when you are alone!" he said in a deep, fearsome voice. And then he pulled her close to him.

Papa Lafferty wagged his mustache from side to side. "The luck of the Irish," he told Mama, "is something for sure. But the love of the Irish—ah—now *there* is a thing!"

**Look forward to DETOUR TO PARADISE, a delightful short story
by HELEN CARR coming in the next issue!**

She was willing to
wait forever—
if the waiting was
for Toni



Cathy stole a glance at his profile

No Sad Farewells

By MARGARET TOOL MEYER

TONI wasn't going to ask her to marry him before he went into the Navy. No matter how much her heart resisted the thought, there was no use hoping any longer and Cathy knew it.

Her large eyes, the color of softly

drifting clouds, fringed with long gold-tipped lashes, were troubled as she stared into the campfire. This steak-fry was like all those others she had organized just to give him a chance to propose. He acted scarcely more conscious of her than of the clean white

sand he was sitting on.

The really heartbreaking part of it was that—only in twenty-four hours, now—he would be gone. She had known he would go even before he told her. "Two wars in one lifetime—the world must be insane. But no self-respecting man could sit by while a bunch of Com-mies creep closer and closer."

Cathy stole a glance at his profile. The soft flickering light revealed the clean-cut firm line of his chin, his light brown hair that sprang back crisply from his forehead.

If they ship you right out to Korea, if you go without telling me you love me, how can I stand it? Cathy thought helplessly.

The realization that that very thing was going to happen reminded Cathy sharply of her sisters somehow. Helen—she was the one with the twin ten-year-old boys—and Esther, who had named her little girl Frilly.

"You can't go banging around in this big old house all by yourself, now that the folks are gone," they had kept telling her the week before when they had been back to visit. "You ought to marry that nice Toni you seem to have a case on." "Or go to some big place and have a career." "Or come and live with one of us."

Cathy had shaken her head. She knew it was ridiculous to keep the big out-sized house with nothing but her paints and her easels and Maimie, who was getting cross and old now, for company. But as for Toni—she had never been able to bring herself to admit to her sisters that it was Toni that was holding back—not herself.

THE gang was singing now, the old songs that tore at Cathy's heart strings. *Katy* and *When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain*. Toni had a habit of whistling those through his teeth as a sort of accompaniment.

She was sitting in the shadows now, and there was nothing to stop her from keeping her eyes fastened on him. The

sickening realization that she might never again hear that slightly off-key whistle rushed over her with renewed bitterness.

Silently she got to her feet, turned swiftly and took the path down to the lake's edge.

"You have to put him out of your mind," she told herself harshly. She was a slight girl with long lovely legs and an abundance of honey gold hair that made a bright cloud behind her rather thin face. "In five more years people will be saying, *That queer Cathy Martin—funny she's never been able to find herself a husband.*

She thought she heard someone behind her, but she didn't turn.

"Nice moon," a rich baritone said, from somewhere above her left ear.

She caught her breath, realizing it was Toni, that he had seen her slip away and had followed her. She had a ridiculous sensation, too, that he had been standing there for several seconds, able to read her thoughts.

"I don't suppose we'll be standing here together at the lake's edge watching the moon—ever again," she said huskily.

For a full second he didn't answer. "I don't know. I have no idea whether I'll have a chance to slip back for a visit before I'm shipped out or not."

He was standing close to her and when she moved their shoulders touched and she felt the nice good warmth of his arm against her own. Slowly she turned her head and their eyes met and held.

"I—I wish things weren't happening so fast," he said. "If there was only more time—"

They both knew what he was trying to say and Cathy made no pretense of misunderstanding.

"If you mean you don't want to let me in for something—for loneliness, for the agony of waiting—" she whispered.

She was throwing herself at his head and she realized it, but she couldn't seem to stop herself. After all, it was her life in the balance, too.

His voice sounded almost harsh as

he interrupted her. "We're talking nonsense and we both know it. I probably won't even be in this country a month. And if something happened, if you had a child—"

"I'd manage," Cathy answered proudly.

She saw the look on his face. It was the look of a man who had been walking toward a crevasse and had come to his senses barely in time to save himself.

"It's impossible!" he told her roughly. "Even if you're willing, it still wouldn't be right."

Humiliation flared up like a scorching flame against Cathy's cheeks. If bluntness was what it took to make her understand, he certainly hadn't spared her. For one crazy moment, she had let her feelings get the best of her, had revealed what was in her heart, and in return—

There was laughter and the sound of high-spirited horseplay on the path above them. And then someone spotted them, standing there together in the moonlight.

"Hey, what goes on there, you two?" he called out gaily.

"We're just putting out the last embers of an old friendship," Cathy called back swiftly, striving for gaiety, striving to keep the tears from roughening her voice.

"Cathy!" Toni begged anxiously.

But Cathy had turned, was rushing back up the path toward the fire and, when he called again, she didn't even turn her head.

"He's going out of my life and I might as well make up my mind to it," she told herself wretchedly. "No use in nursing a one-sided love affair. I only hope I never have to see him again."

SHE did see him again, though. He came back on leave the very week that she was keeping the twins and little Frilly for her two sisters while they vacationed together.

She awoke that particular morning to hear an early autumn raw wind whining at her windows, the thought of Toni,

as always, in her mind. It was as though the moan of the wind only deepened her longing for him in spite of how impersonally aloof she strived to be.

Across the hall, she could hear Darb and Jim—those were the twins—already wrestling lustily and, above their commotion, Frilly's thin fretful little voice.

I must have been insane to let myself in for a menagerie like this, Cathy thought bleakly, tossing back the covers and slipping shivering into her robe and slippers. When she opened her bedroom door, the noise rushed out at her almost like a physical blow. "Chump!" she told herself scornfully.

Only she wasn't really annoyed with herself. She couldn't be—not when she remembered her sisters' gratefulness as they left. "I'll never forget this as long as I live." That from Helen. From Esther. "You're an angel, Cathy. A perfect angel! Someday I'm going to make this up to you, if I have to live until I'm a hundred to get the chance."

Cathy sighed as she crossed the hall and opened the first door. "Be careful of the pillows boys. They weren't made to fight with, you know."

The boys subsided a little and she moved on to Frilly's room, but when she pushed open the door panic rushed over her in a great engulfing wave. For Frilly was sitting up in bed weeping, her face covered with great red splotches.

"Maimie! Maimie, come here," Cathy called frantically.

Maimie came, every one of her two hundred pounds quivering with indignation. "Them's chicken pox, ma'am. You might have knowed what would happen—taking in other people's kids."

"Don't cry, Frilly," Cathy begged dropping down on the bed beside her and pushing her taffy-colored hair back from her hot little forehead. "Just be patient, honey, and we'll get the doctor and fix you all up."

The doctor couldn't come immediately, though. When Cathy finally located him at one of his patient's homes, he sounded preoccupied. "I'll make it as soon as I

can, Miss Cathy, but it may be supper-time before I get there. There's an intestinal epidemic right now, you know, and I should be in a dozen places at once. Don't worry, though. Just keep the child well covered and give her plenty of liquids."

Cathy went back into Frilly's room carrying a big glass of orange juice. "Drink this, honey. Then I'll comb your hair and make you all comfortable."

Cathy didn't dress until Frilly was taken care of. Then she got into her oldest pair of slacks and a faded shirt. She ran down the stairs feeling a little better. Other children had gotten chicken pox and gotten well. Frilly would, too.

Cathy's complacency was short lived, though.

"Nothin' was said about a pack of kids, when I promised your dad I'd stay and take care of you," Maimie rumbled ominously as she placed Cathy's breakfast in front of her. "How do you think I'm going to get my other work done if I have to be fixin' food clear till noon?"

The boys came racing in, just then, pushing each other gleefully as they collapsed into their chairs.

"Can't you be a little more quiet?" Cathy begged inadequately. "Drab, stop trying to balance that glass on your knife or you'll break it."

Maimie shuffled out, mumbling something under her breath.

"She said 'bedlam'. What's bedlam?" Jim demanded noisily.

"This is it," Cathy answered unhumorously.

BUT if she thought things were impossible then, she had only to wait to find out that had been only the beginning.

At nine o'clock, the grate in the furnace gave up, dropping into the ash-pit with sickening finality. When Cathy called the repair shop the voice at the other end of the line was cheerful but unsympathetic. "Our man's out right now. Don't know when he'll be back, but if you care to leave your number I'll

have him call you right away. No. I don't know where you could reach him, Miss."

At ten o'clock Maimie quit. "I'm going to my sister in Omaha. Never made no promises about playing nursemaid to a houseful of kids."

At eleven o'clock, Toni called. Cathy went a little faint, just hearing his voice.

"I didn't write I was coming, because I wasn't sure until the last instant I was going to get to. But I want you to come down and have lunch with me, Cathy."

Cathy's fingers gripped the phone so hard they actually pained. "I can't, Toni," she wailed.

His voice seemed to recede away from her. "I want to see you. I'll only be here a couple of days and I thought—"

"I know—" Cathy put in desperately. "But I'm taking care of my sisters' children—and Maimie just quit—and my little niece has the chicken pox."

She couldn't quite make out what he answered because of the way the blood was thumping against her eardrums.

"I'm sorry, Toni," she begged.

They seemed to be cut off just then. There was nothing but the buzzing of the line but she stood there a full minute holding the receiver to her ear before hanging up.

She swallowed against the lump in her throat. Well, she'd had her chance and it was gone. Toni would call the rest of the gang. They would plan every second for him. She had lost her one opportunity to be alone with him. She realized miserably that it was the children that had done that to her.

Darb burst into the room screeching like a calliope.

"Cut out that noise and go down to the basement to play," Cathy ordered sharply.

But there was no use taking out her frustration on the children. It wasn't their fault that what might have been the most important hour of her whole life was ebbing fruitlessly away. Although she was probably a fool to dream when Toni had let her know how he felt

that other time down by the lake.

She went doggedly about her work after that. She cut Frilly's fingernails, put vaseline on her face. "Promise me you won't scratch, honey. You wouldn't want your face all covered with ugly old holes when your mother got home, would you?"

The temperature was beginning to drop sharply in the house and she got more blankets, tucked them around Frilly. Then she washed her hands and started down the stairs to get lunch.

At the bottom she heard the telltale hiss of liquid boiling over on the stove, heard the thump of Darb's book as he dropped it and made a dash for the kitchen.

"I was only trying to help, Aunt Cathy," he explained on the verge of tears. "Maimie put the soup out before she left and said it was for lunch. I thought I'd fix it for you, only I was reading and it boiled over and—"

Cathy controlled the ragged edge of her temper with an effort and she was glad she had when she saw the look of gratefulness on Darb's face. "Never mind," she told him resignedly. "Get the scrub pail from the basement and I'll help you clean it up."

That was how Toni found her—on her knees in the kitchen wiping up the tomato soup that felt thick and gooey between her fingers as she wrung out the rag.

She heard a knock and when she glanced up, she could see Toni through the glass, looking immaculately trim and handsome in his navy uniform.

She didn't offer to get up. She stayed there on her knees wiping furiously at the floor while Darb opened the door. She knew how dismal she looked. She had pulled an old faded sweater over her blouse when the house had begun to chill and, for the first time in as many years as she could remember, she hadn't taken the time to comb her hair that morning. She pushed it back now with her forearm, too embarrassed to even try to make a joke of her appearance.

"Come in," she said. "As you can see I'm hardly dressed to receive company, but do come in anyway."

TO SAY Toni came in would hardly be accurate. To say he took over would be more correct.

It was like an unpleasant dream to Cathy, one of those particularly stupid nightmares she was always having, where she was caught in some ridiculous predicament and Toni would come along and find her there.

Thinking back, she never could figure out how he got order out of that chaos so quickly.

First of all he built a fire, a big roaring fire in the fireplace, and by the time Cathy had changed into something fresher and given her hair a sketchy going over, he had carried Frilly downstairs and had her comfortably ensconced on the davenport.

After some rather uninteresting sandwiches Cathy put together out of the leftovers in the icebox, he sent the twins outside to play, firmly resisting their pleas to retire to the attic.

"Get outdoors and wear some of it off," he grinned at them. "Maybe then you won't make so much commotion."

When he came back into the living room, he gave Cathy a long level look. "You act as though they're beginning to get you down. Why don't you rest a while and I'll go and round up a furnace man."

Cathy nodded wordlessly. No wonder he was as impersonal as the floorlamp over there by the window. He had to think she was completely stupid to let three young children throw her like that. Probably the furnace was only an excuse to get out of a situation he was undoubtedly kicking himself for getting into.

It was nice having a few hours to herself, though. The furnace man came almost immediately and when she came up from the basement, Frilly was asleep. It gave her time to bathe, to brush her hair into its usual shiny sleekness, to

put on a simple little gabardine suit that made her eyes as mystically soft as the clear summer sky at twilight.

But when she was dressed, she moved restlessly from room to room. "Why doesn't he come?" she thought impatiently. "We could at least have a few moments together with the children out from under our feet."

It was almost five before he appeared at the back door again. He was carrying a paper bag that disgorged steak, some potatoes, a quart of ice cream. He dumped them out, went to the door and summoned the boys from a vacant lot with a loud shrill whistle.

Hearing him call them, Cathy came down to earth with a thud. So that was his game! That was the reason he'd stayed away all afternoon. She was the one that was hoping they could have some time alone—not Toni. He had no intention of giving her a chance to practically propose to him the way she'd done the last time. The thought brought the clear stinging color to her face.

Deliberately she waited in the main room to see what his next move would be. She didn't have to bother because he didn't seem to notice.

"Come on, boys. Wash the back yard off your hands so you can help," she heard him say. "We're going to give your Aunt Cathy a chance to take it easy for a change. We'll get supper tonight. What do you say?"

Cathy was relieved to hear the doctor at the front door right then. It relieved her of the necessity of having to put in an appearance.

She had carried Frilly up to her room again after it was warm and the doctor took a good long time with her. He seemed tired, content not to hurry. "A good old-fashioned case of the chicken pox," he smiled at Cathy. "She's nicely broken out. I see no need to call her mother or even to worry her by letting her know."

By the time the doctor left, the boys were already carrying the dinner into the dining room. "Come, Cathy," Darb

shouted. "Just see what we've fixed!"

CATHY couldn't help it that some of the boys' gala excitement penetrated to her heart. She got candles for the table, lit them and snapped off the ceiling light. She sat across the table from Toni, the boys at either end. There was much hilarity, much man-to-man talk about planes and motors and atomic bombs. The steaks were luscious, the potatoes a steaming mound of snowy goodness.

"Where'd you learn to cook, Toni?" Jim asked admiringly.

"Oh—around. Keeping my eyes open. A man has to learn somewhere."

"Not if he's married, he doesn't!" Darb put in triumphantly.

"But I'm not married," Toni pointed out.

Cathy kept her eyes on her plate. Why didn't he come right out and say that he had no intention of handicapping himself with a wife?

The steak suddenly lost its tastiness. Cathy found herself wishing fiercely that Toni hadn't come back at all. Just being in the same room with him like this, seeing how competently he handled the boys, seeing how competently he handled everything, in fact, was going to make it just that much harder to forget him. She had almost succeeded in anesthetizing her feelings against him. Why had he had to come back to upset her?

"Will you help me with my airplane motor tonight?" Darb was teasing then.

"No—sorry, old man. But I have other plans for tonight. As soon as the dishes are done, you're on your own."

Cathy put down her fork so quickly that it made a sharp little click against her plate, but Toni didn't seem to notice. So that was where he'd been all afternoon—cooking up some plans with the gang even when he knew she wouldn't be able to go along. Well, what had she been expecting? Certainly no one could blame him for wanting to get out of that madhouse.

She picked up her fork again, made herself go through the motions of eating. She knew she had to. If she didn't one of the twins would be sure to point out that she wasn't acting the way she usually did.

When Toni suggested as they got up from the table that she get Frilly ready for the night while he and the boys did the dishes, Cathy was only too glad to escape upstairs.

He would be gone now soon, and—perversely—she was ready for the time to come and have it over with. She hated farewells. They were always so pointless, so horribly emotional.

When, quite a bit later, Toni called her from the foot of the stairs, she went unwillingly. Well, anyway, he was going now and she could start all over again trying to forget him.

BUT, at the head of the stairs, she paused. Toni was talking to Darb. There seemed to be an exchange of money going on. "You're old enough to get Frilly anything she needs while we're gone," Toni was saying. "Go down and play in the basement now, until we leave."

He looked up, saw Cathy, as Darb rattled away. "Bring along your coat," he smiled at her.

Cathy's heart was racing wildly, but she went back and got her new Persian lamb jacket and descended the stairs with it over her arm, as serenely as though she'd known all the time that she

was included in his plans.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

His voice was low, so low that even the listening child above them couldn't hear. "We're going someplace quiet where I can propose to you in the proper orthodox manner," he answered.

"But I thought you didn't want a wife to leave behind you."

"Only for your sake, darling. But when I came back, saw how nonchalantly you'd undertaken these kids, saw that you'd have managed even if I hadn't showed up, I knew you'd measure up to anything—to the loneliness, to the eternal waiting. I knew, too, that just knowing I had you to come home to, would be more precious to me than anything else in life."

Cathy's eyes were shining like twin stars. "Oh, Toni, that's the way I've been wanting it. That's the way I've been wanting it all the time."

He took her in his arms then. There was no need for more words.

It was at that inopportune instant that Frilly chose to interrupt them. "Cathy! Cathy!" she wailed from above. "Come here. My chicken things scratch."

They dissolved into gay helpless laughter at that, two young people so terribly in love that every moment together was more precious than gold.

"Coming!" Cathy answered.

But Toni had started to kiss her and it was a full sweet minute before he released her and she could run, laughing, up the stairs.



She knew all the ropes and he was a babe on Broadway, but she found there was plenty he could teach her in—

WITHOUT LOVE

A Novelet by JANE ELLEN

featured in the gala March issue of—

THRILLING LOVE

NOW ON SALE—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS AT ALL STANDS!



Come on-a Rosemary Clooney's house for some versatile vocalizing

LAST YEAR, when Rosemary Clooney extended her invitation to "Come On-a My House," she engraved it on a *Columbia* disc, and over a million people accepted—and bought the record. But that famous record almost didn't get made, because when Mitch Miller, the record company's presiding genius, told the songstress what he wanted her to do, she couldn't believe it.

Here was a crazy song, written by a playwright, William Saroyan, and his cousin, Ross Bagdasarian—and the boss told her to sing it in dialect to the accompaniment of Stan Freeman's hot harpsichord, of all things! Fortunately, Miller had his way, because from then on, the pretty blonde vocalist's popularity skyrocketed.

But there's another side to the Clooney talent, slanted strictly at the small fry. In the trade they call them "kiddie discs," and Rosemary's straight versions of "Suzy Snowflake," "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and "Me and My Teddy Bear" are now children's classics.

Too small to reach the slots in juke boxes today, Rosemary quips that these bobbysoxers of 1964 will then think of her as "the grand old lady of song." But she doesn't mind a bit. She loves kids, and is usually surrounded by droves—borrowed from relatives and friends. She loves to cut records for them. "You can't fool children," Rosemary observes. "They can spot a phony

in a minute—and they don't like vocal tricks."

Only 24 now, Rosemary was still in pigtails when she made her first public appearances in Maysville, Kentucky (pop. 6,600). Her grandfather took her out to sing for the voters every time he ran for mayor of Maysville. The little tyke's tonsils lasted through three successful campaigns!

Perhaps one reason the "Botch-a Me" girl enjoys cutting children's records is because she herself had an unsettled childhood. Her parents were divorced when she was nine, and her grandparents raised Rosemary and her brother and sister. At 13, she and her family moved to Cincinnati where her radio debut came three years later.

One afternoon Rosemary and her sister Betty discovered they had a quarter left over from their lunch money. Rosemary felt it should be spent on sodas at the corner drugstore, and Betty on bus fare to the local radio station where singers were being auditioned.

The girls flipped the quarter, and Betty won. The sisters straggled in, bobbysox, sweaters, school books and all. "We sang two songs," Rosemary recalls, "and they asked for another, but Betty said, 'that's all there is, we don't know any more.'" As a matter of fact, the girls thought they were being kidded, until the program director asked them if they'd take a job.

When they came down off the pink

cloud, they were working for twenty dollars each, and singing seven nights a week on "The Moon River Show" over station WLW. The girls replaced another singer named Doris Day.

A couple of years later, Tony Pastor came through town on a one-nighter and hired them. For the next three years they sang with the Pastor band, and recorded "Sidewalk Penny Arcade" and "Grieving For You."

Rosemary credits sister Betty with giving her the push she needed toward a four-figure weekly salary. Tony gave Betty a solo to do. She looked it over and told her sister candidly, "This is out of my range. You do it."

As Rosemary tells it, "She could have kept quiet and done it herself. We had been singing together for five years, and that solo got me a recording contract with *Columbia*. When it came, Betty said, 'I'm eighteen, and I've never been to a prom or anything. I'm going home.' I knew my sister was letting me go alone because it was better for me."

Betty's faith was justified, because Rosemary came up with two tremendous hits: "Be My Life's Companion" and "Beautiful Brown Eyes" (her own are blue). Like many top vocalists, she can't read a note of music, yet can learn a song forwards and backwards in fifteen minutes flat, and that's talent.

Rosemary's singing style is natural, effortless and warm. Versatile, she can warble a tender love ditty, swing a jazz tune, rock-a-bye a kiddie disc or cut up on a novelty with equal polish. For proof just listen to "Too Old to Cut the Mustard" which she made recently with Marlene Dietrich.

A career that takes up seventeen hours a day doesn't leave much time for romance, though Rosemary admits she'd like to cut her kiddie discs for her own brood one day. Being Irish, she has said that she doesn't favor a show business marriage.

When asked if the reports of a romance with Dave Garraway were serious, she laughed. "Serious? Why, we're never serious!"

To prove it, here's a story that took place last year at the swanky Bridgehampton sportcar races.

Rosemary stood in the Garraway mechanics' pit, holding up cards marked "Lap 12" and "Lap 13" as Garraway's Jaguar whizzed past. On impulse, she grabbed a crayon and scribbled furiously. On the next lap, the giggling Rosemary was holding a card that read not "Lap 14," but "DON'T HURRY, YOUR OPTION'S BEEN PICKED UP."

And so, we might add, has Rosemary's.
—Pat Jones

PLATTER PATTERN

HERE are some discs we think will add to your party fun. Our friends across the sea, this time in Italy, provided the original for the charming ballad SAY YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME which Dolores Gray carols on *Decca*. The same song is given the male viewpoint by Al Martino on *Capitol*.

As you've guessed by now, the tango's back for its second—or is it seventieth—wind. In her inimitable way, the matchless Pearl—Miss Bailey, that is—reminds you that like so many other things, it takes TWO TO TANGO. But it takes only one to flip this *Carol* record, and you will.

Back with another feelingful disc is the inimitable Johnny Ray with FAITH CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS on *Columbia*.

Some oldies have a way of bouncing back, and you'll give Lisa Kirk's HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO a listen on *Victor*.

Well, there's a lot of speculation on the Eddie Howard disc MADEMOISELLE. It may take time to catch, but we think you'll agree it should make the grade on *Mercury*.

Whatever your other favorite ditties may be,

you'll go for the top version of MY FAVORITE SONG as Cindy Lord warbles it on *MGM*.

With the help of a chorus of seventy soldiers, sailors and airmen, Vera Lynn does quite a job for *London* on WHEN SWALLOWS SAY GOODBYE. Come to think of it—with those odds, who wouldn't!

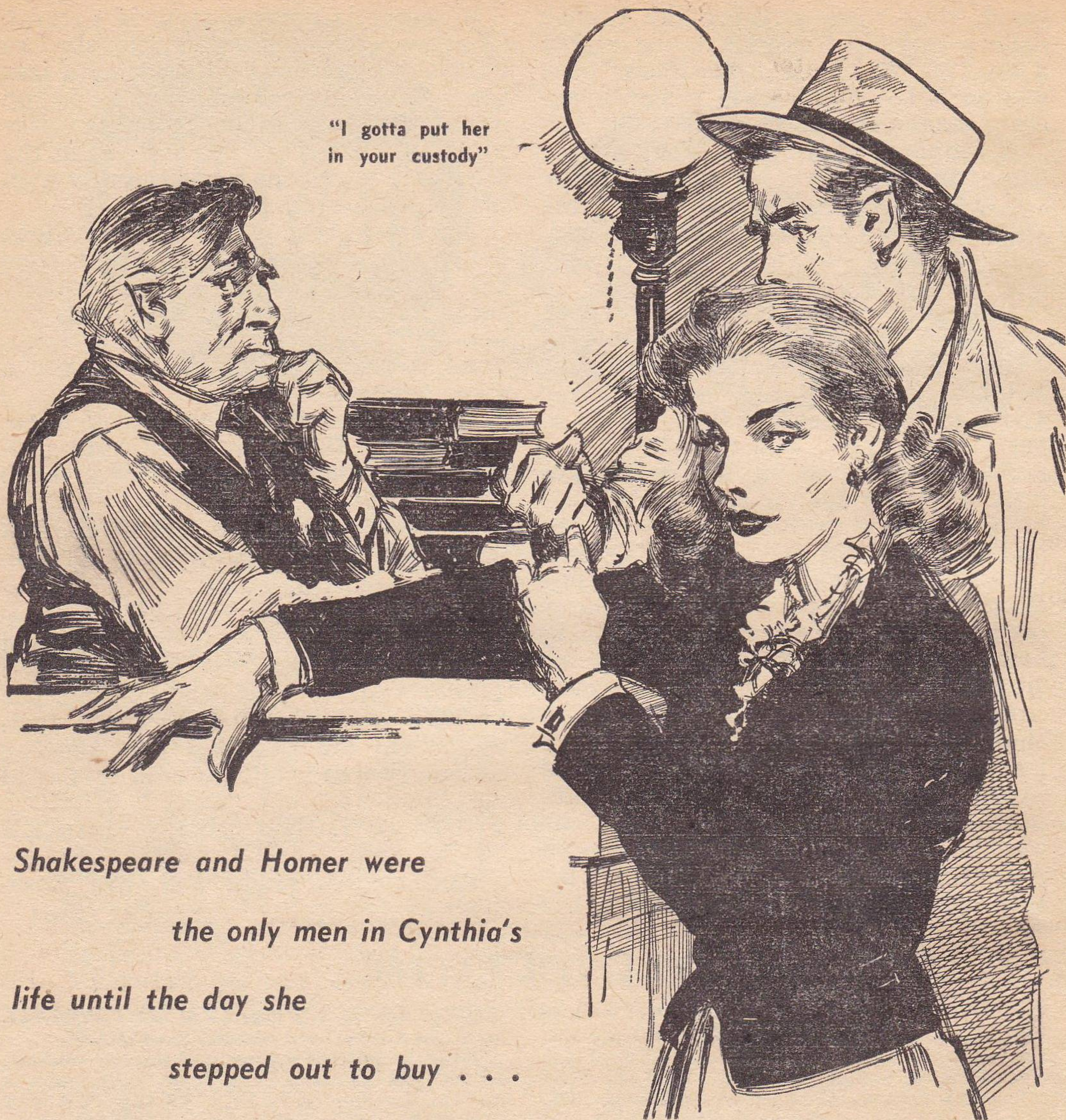
You'll like Peggy Lee and Gordon Jenkins when they do RIVER RIVER on *Decca*.

Ella Fitzgerald pours her singing best into TRYING for *Decca*, and it's a fair match for the Hilltoppers' original waxing on *Dot*.

You'll succumb to temptation and you won't be sorry if you latch onto Tony Martin's *Victor* version of DON'T TEMPT ME.

Remember the Alamo? Tony Alamo, that is, who used to be Sammy Kaye's vocalist. Well, Tony's made his debut disc for *MGM*—it's IF I HAD WINGS and AFTER YOUR LOVE—and it's a strong opener for his new career.

You won't be satisfied 'til you've added that lively ditty I'M NEVER SATISFIED on *MGM* to your discollections. The de Marco sisters give it bounce and rhythm on a very pleasing platter.



*Shakespeare and Homer were
the only men in Cynthia's
life until the day she
stepped out to buy . . .*

The Chartreuse Gloves

By NELSON H. NICHOLS

IT WAS the dark and slimy October afternoon of the day that Cynthia had gotten excused from her job at the main library. She had to do the thousand-and-one things any girl would have

to do who, for the first time in her life, was going to a reception to meet a real screen actor. She was now in the midst of the last item on her schedule: Roast "Donald"—that meant, the duck. She

pulled the last pin-feather from the duck on the kitchen counter, and straightened up with a smile as she viewed her work—not a single one left.

Just then the door to her bachelor-girl apartment suddenly burst open, and someone rushed in. It was Clair, making her usual entrance. She was movie reviewer on the Daily Gazette, and Cynthia's best friend since freshman days—seven years ago—in college.

"Always in the kitchen," she greeted Cynthia.

The pleasant odor of the ingredients in the wooden bowl was overwhelmed by the fragrance of delicate perfume, as fair-haired Clair, perfectly tailored in dark brown and wearing a fur stole, moved up beside her and peered into the bowl. Cynthia continued her mixing.

"Are you going to stuff this chicken?"

"Duck, dumb-bunny, not chicken." Cynthia pointed the wooden spoon at a recipe pasted up on a file card. "Just thought it might be interesting to try out this new stuffing."

Clair's mouth fell open. She stood back now, and, with a puzzled expression, looked her peculiar friend up and down—from her long, dark brown hair loosely tied in the back, on down the bright colored apron, to her low-heeled shoes. Then she surveyed critically the small kitchen: filing cabinet, electric mixer, squeezer, and other bright, shiny gadgets. She raised her brows, however, at the rickety old gas stove, and Cynthia, feeling the question, promptly explained: "I'm due to get my new one next week. Fire insurance people got after the landlord."

Clair, visibly bored, spoke up impatiently: "I'm late for the hairdresser's, but ran by to take a peek at your gown. Has the dressmaker brought it yet?"

The gown—Cynthia had sat up nights working on it—hung there upon the bedroom door. Recently, Cynthia had refused to attend any more of these press parties or to meet any more of Clair's celebrities. Just as she had finally decided not to attend any more of her

sorority's bridge parties, or the alumnae club's seasonal dances. She considered them, "A colossal waste of time."

Truth was, that no one really missed her, since her mere presence always seemed to put a damper on things. Just when the cocktail glasses were clinking loudest, Cynthia would toss out some profound philosophical observation completely off-key, or, just as bad, quote some long-since-dead poet. The marvel of it all was that one friend, Clair, still stuck with her.

"We've got to find you a man—you're twenty-eight now," Clair reproached her.

"How about yourself—you're twenty-eight, too."

"None of these glamour-boys for me." Clair admitted that her own cap was set for a well-fixed business man. "I've got too many now."

The biggest obstacle to be overcome, however, was Cynthia herself. And this time, Clair went to great lengths to explain that Malloy Hister, the young screen actor, was just the type of man Cynthia was waiting for; that after a small part in the movies, he was leaving Hollywood for the legitimate theatre, and the usual reception for the press was really to announce to the public that at last he had taken the step and was already signed up to do one of Shakespeare's comedies for the stage, where he and his profile really belonged. Naturally, for the sake of prestige and a bright future, he could be expected to go all out to be gracious and charming at this reception, scheduled to be held between seven and eight o'clock this very evening immediately after his plane landed.

"You're always mooning over Shakespeare—well, this man almost looks like Shakespeare. It's your big chance, Cinthy," Clair insisted, reminding her that at these press parties there were always more men than women. "What more do you want?"

And thus it was that a new light shone in Clair's face when she saw that

the gown was really hanging there, for it meant Cynthia had finally decided to go out again.

"Why Cynthia-a!" Clair took the gown down and went over it with skillful turns of her hand. "Positively and exquisitely beautiful!" She stood before the long mirror in the bedroom and placed the gown here and there about herself admiring it with girlish delight. "Such exquisite handwork!"

"Then you really aren't worried that I'll embarrass you again at the press party tonight?" Cynthia stood now in the doorway watching Clair's antics. Clair's praise was her sufficient reward.

"Nonsense, silly! Why I can just see you now, as you make your entrance. Malloy Hister—the man the world is waiting for to bring Shakespeare alive on the stage—bends down to kiss your gloved hand—" she stopped short. "That's it, Cinthy—gloves. Gloves! Chartreuse gloves!"

CYNTHIA returned to the kitchen and began trussing up Donald Duck. "Don't worry," she said. "Do you remember my long white gloves? I had them cleaned."

Clair hastened to the doorway. "This is not a cooking bee or a book club, Cinthy. It's a reception—a party for Malloy Hister. With long chartreuse gloves moving against the background of this warm come-and-hug-me beige, why—it would work like magic. You'd be a sensation. Don't you get the picture?"

Cynthia was silent. Her swift hands moved expertly as she ran the white cord round and round the duck; she was trying to "get the picture."

"Why build up false hopes on Malloy Hister? He'll just shake my hand and pass on, chartreuse gloves or no."

Clair threw the gown across the bed and now there was impatience in her voice. "Well! Of course! You couldn't just stand there like a stone statue and expect Malloy Hister to fight his way through a mob of glamour gals to get to

you—just because you're a virgin."

The cord broke. The duck slipped from Cynthia's hands and barely missed going off the edge of the counter.

Now Clair's arm was about her. "You've plenty of pluck, Cinthy," she said. "But you don't fool me. Give up this home cooking and this Homer and Shakespeare and all that crowd of dead men. You won't find a lover in your precious books, darling."

Cynthia fumbled desperately with the duck trying to keep up a pretense until she could think of something to say. She wanted to strike back. She didn't have to apologize for Homer, for Shakespeare, for "that crowd"—her only real friends—or for her resolve to wait and wait for her dream man, who, when he finally appeared, would find her ready and gloriously prepared to make him oh—how happy a home!

"My God! Three o'clock!" Clair got her things together in a hurry. "Now don't forget, darling: 'For want of a nail, a kingdom was lost.' See—I know some poetry, too. So get those chartreuse gloves."

And she was gone. But her words, cutting words sharp as fingernails, had ripped open something Cynthia had tried so hard to keep covered over. If she could but tear the words out of her ears she would have. She hated Clair.

Out of the kitchen and across the soft carpet of the living room she wandered, head down. There was the big chair—her only piece of modern design—that she'd bought with "him" in mind. It could hold two just as romantically as one, though it never had. Over in the small Chippendale cabinet, she regarded the four high-ball glasses and reached in to get one. But it had settled down and taken root in the varnished floor of the shelf. Crack! She uprooted it. A fine film of dust, she noted, clung to it like a funeral shroud—made it feel clammy to her touch. Never used. And the Chinese cigarette box near the big chair. With a catch in her throat, she slowly raised the handcarved lid. There

they were; laid out like twenty little white corpses in a mass grave; each little virginal brandmark face up and evenly matched—all unfired, unsucked, unused. Stale!

Seemingly at a crossroads, she was bewildered—didn't know what to do. Homer, Shakespeare, and "that crowd", as Clair had called them, hadn't paid off at all. Of course not. They were dead—just as Clair had said—dead! It was hell living like this!

Cynthia found now that her face was wet—with silent tears.

A little cold water, a rough towel, and she returned to the kitchen to finish preparing the duck. She lighted the old oven, adjusted the gas, and put the roasting pan in.

"Chartreuse gloves." The words simply uttered themselves. There was indeed a little shop just in the next block. It would take only ten minutes. Why not at least try? The duck would not be done for a whole hour-and-a-half—there was plenty of time.

Chartreuse gloves. Well, she'd get those magic gloves and go to that reception. She'd make a striking entrance and hold the center of the stage. She would carry the battle to the glamour gals on their own ground. She'd smoke. Yes, and she'd drink, too. She'd cuddle up to Malloy Hister, and arrange it that he'd have to bring her home. They'd have a midnight snack—duck—there'd be wine—and later—coffee. And he'd sit in the big chair and she'd sit in his lap. And—well, why not? To hell with that dead and dusty crowd of Homer and Shakespeare!

TEARS slowly wet her face again. Her fists were tightly clenched—her breathing short and fast. All the love in her heart was pounding in her ears. Yes, tears! Tears of laughter this time; tears of rare exultation! She'd try Clair's way now and out-Clair Clair! They wanted less brain and more flesh?—well, she'd show them. The tears came in torrents now.

Quickly Cynthia snatched off her apron and tidied up. She grabbed her grandmother's silver-handled umbrella and swaggered out of the apartment. She carried a beaming smile down from the sixth floor on through the lobby and out into the beautiful, sticky darkness of the October afternoon. As she marched along, her Cuban heels rang with spirit and resolution. Imagine a whole kingdom's being lost for the want of a mere nail—poof!

It was drizzling as she reached Ye Bon Ton Hosiery and Lingerie Shoppe. She entered the little narrow store, and saw two young men in the rear. The one behind the counter was speaking.

"... and then, he threw the ball to second instead of home," he made the motion of throwing the ball to second instead of home. "You know why?" And without waiting for an answer he promptly proceeded to unravel the technical operations of the seventh inning that led up to the brilliant throw to second. Now, almost out of breath, he moved a step or two down the counter without, however, taking his eyes off his friend. "What's yours?" he asked.

Cynthia managed to get a few words in between bases. But after the eighth inning the young man suddenly became aware that she really didn't want stockings, she wanted gloves. Two boxes were opened before her just after the first man walked in the ninth.

"Chartreuse," Cynthia squeezed in.

"Char—who? Thought you said gloves." She was holding up the game. "Make up your mind, lady."

"Yes, but not these colors."

"We got black and white—lady, black and white—that's all. Don't sell none of them fancy liquors here, just dry goods, lady." He scooped up the boxes and threw them back into the jumble of assorted clutter upon the shelf. "Boy, I'd give a million bucks to see that game between the Yanks and..."

Cynthia heard no more, but quickly left the shop. She had lost only about fifteen minutes. There was still plenty

of time. She remembered another store a few blocks down. So—raising her umbrella against the rain—she pushed on with a brisk stride.

Bright theatre lights on the next street over flashed a cozy invitation. Passing, she paused. Well, of all things! *Beloved Woman*, with Malloy Hister! Each pose in each photograph gave her a new sensation. But greatest of all was the thrill of anticipating that within two hours she would meet this lovegod. Armed with the magic chartreuse gloves, she would surely enchant him. How great to be alive! How handsome was Malloy Hister!

Bentley's Department Store had two large display windows chock full to overflowing with complete head-to-foot outfits for the entire family. Cynthia entered the bulging, dimly-lit store, which occupied the entire first floor of the long, narrow building, and easily found the counter where things for mother and sister were openly and unblushingly displayed.

She had to wait while a shapely young creature, done up in some kind of furs and a French-type hat, with assorted jewelry flashing from head to foot, was being served. Upon the smooth, wooden counter was a pile of open boxes of sheer nylon hosiery. Yet the tired, elderly saleslady was still valiantly opening fresh ones at the insistence of this customer.

"Please don't—" But it was too late. The girl had seized a pair of the hose and, running her hand down its length, had hooked a fingernail into one of the threads. Calmly she detached her nail from the damaged hose, tossed it aside, and petulantly resumed her interest in the other boxes. The time was slipping away.

"I beg your pardon," Cynthia finally interrupted with a chummy smile at the girl, "but, do you carry evening gloves? Char—er, I mean green?"

"I'll be through with her in a minute." The jewelry glittered. "I'm in a hurry, too." The fur bristled.

But the lady bravely answered: "Yes, Miss, and we have green. Be right with you."

Stacks of new boxes were opened, sniffed at, and discarded. The lady displayed the contents of the very last box. The girl looked as though she were being forced to bite into a rotten apple.

"Them the sheerest you have?" she said, pawing in her purse now.

"Yes, Miss," the lady put them in a bag. "Our sheerest Golwater hose."

"Golwater!" The pawing ceased. "So! The sign in your window that says 'Cleartone Hose' is just to trick innocent girls in here, then you try to pull—"

"It says 'Service Weight Only,' Miss. May I show it to you?"

"Service weight!" she screamed, fur, paint, and jewelry all joining in. "For my legs?" She jammed the money back into her purse, promptly quit the counter, and left the store.

CYNTHIA hesitated, then laid a soothing hand upon the saleslady's trembling arm. Then, "May I see those gloves, please?"

Visibly downcast and stepped-on, yet, straining to control her steaming temper, the saleslady motioned her down to the other end of the counter and took her measure. Still on the verge of tears, she opened two boxes of green evening gloves before her.

"Oh, I want chartreuse—"

Painfully the lady looked up at Cynthia as the angry blood began to gather in her haggard face. Cynthia hurriedly explained.

"I said 'green', because I wasn't sure you would—I mean—"

The fuse blew. "So!" the saleslady fumed, both arms waving, "I don't know what chartreuse is, eh? Well, we got jungle green and Kelly green, and we don't have no chartreuse. Now what do you think of that? Take 'em or leave 'em, I get my salary just the same!"

Cynthia was blown back a step or two. "For which you might be a little more polite." And she promptly quit the coun-

ter and left the bustling store.

Out on the corner in the heavy rain, her watch said five-thirty. That meant the duck should come out of the oven in fifteen minutes. And yet—the big downtown stores were not too far away. Sharpe & Gaynor, in fact, was one of the country's largest. One could not expect these uptown shops to carry all colors. What a shame to turn back now!

Just then a taxicab suddenly appeared out of the darkness and the storm, and stopped for the red light. It was vacant, so she got in.

"Take me to chartreuse—I mean, Sharpe & Gaynor's. And please hurry!"

The taxicab bumped, slid, and honked its way in the heavy downpour, through the crazy traffic, and finally let her out near the Market Street entrance of the huge department store. She sailed on through the dripping-wet mass of homing shoppers and into the store. She inquired at the first counter she saw.

"Sixth floor," the clerk answered.

Cynthia quickly banked and turned, making for the elevators.

"Car full. Next car please." The door banged shut in her face. She took off for the escalator—a full city-block away—like a broken field runner. The huge clock on the wall said: Five-fifty! Donald Duck was due out of the oven five minutes ago. At the second floor, she abandoned the snail's-pace escalator and made a side run for the elevator, which finally bore her to the sixth floor.

Springing out of the car, she skidded to a slowdown at the very first counter: Skiing Equipment. The fulsome beauty in charge, interrupted while showing the various snowsticks to a blonde husky, brushed Cynthia along: "Third aisle over."

Perspiring freely, she leaned against the counter for support, and soon the cool starched-shirtfront arrived to take her order.

"Fur-lined, or wool?"

"No, no! Evening gloves. Char—"

"This is Sports Wear, Madam; you want Ladies' Evening Wear; Broad

Street annex, main floor." The cold north woods was in his voice.

Returning to the stuffy atmosphere of the main floor, she heard the bang-bang of cash registers, saw counters being covered up and things put away. She jostled herself through the sluggish crowd to the nearest counter and yelled for directions, U-turned and shoved off, fighting the last-minute-rush and getting hers in return. Down a couple of short steps into the low-ceilinged annex she bobbed and weaved.

All aisles seemed intersected by diagonal aisles lettered A-1 to Z, reading west to east—or it may have been east to west, or both. Nevertheless, she found and fought her way up to the glove counter and called to one of the girls just finishing up. The girl consulted her watch, as though estimating the overtime involved, and now brought over the measuring tape.

"My size is five-and-a-half. Please hurry!"

"Not responsible for the fit unless we measure the hand," the girl chanted. She took her time and did a precision job on Cynthia's hand. "Five-and-a-half," was the official pronouncement. Then she began to singsong, running her finger down the box labels: "Have jungle green, Kelly green, meadow green, Nile green, boating green, Emerald green, epinard, and bottle green—"

CYNTHIA'S fists quietly pounded the counter. "Please hurry! Chartreuse! It's chartreuse I want!"

The girl continued unruffled: "Gardenia, haze green, apple green, Autumn green, olive green, pea—"

Cynthia could stand no more. "For God's sake! Do you have chartreuse? It's terribly important. If you don't have it—"

"I believe—let's see. Weed green—yes, no. Oh, I'm just remembering. Five-and-a-half, too—the last pair, just a minute ago. I sold 'em. Wasn't it you? Seems like everybody wants chartreuse today."

But Cynthia was plowing angrily through the solid mass of moving bodies, packages, and wet umbrellas, and spitting out things not fit to print about Sharpe, his partner, Gaynor, and their store. She had never been in such a mood before. Big city—get anything you wanted. Big city, indeed! The thought of Donald Duck already burnt to a smoking crisp and still cooking, now flashed into her tortured mind. She must get home with all speed.

Cynthia scimmaged her way through the exit bottle-neck and out into the fresh air. Wet pedestrians, ignoring the solid blocks of rain, were rushing madly in all directions at once. She was on the run and about to raise her umbrella, when something caught her eye in the attractive display window of the exclusive shop right next door.

Yes! There they were! There! In the window! Chartreuse! The magic chartreuse gloves! The most beautiful sight she had ever seen. Long and graceful they were; just what she wanted. The silver price-marker said: 7.50.

With a smothered cry she leapt over into the entrance and grabbed for the big glass door, a thankful smile on her wet face, just in time to hear the merciless click of the heavy lock. With simple unconcern the old janitor on the inside stuck up a neat little silver sign: Closed. Looking him straight in the eye—her smile turning a sickly gray—Cynthia called to him and pointed desperately at the gloves in the window.

"Oh, please!" She cried. "My chartreuse gloves!"

He shook his head mechanically. Then, pointing to the clock, waved her off and walked away. But Cynthia would not, could not release her hold on the door. She yanked and tugged. She kicked and cried. Then, up came the umbrella. She had to get his attention again. She began banging the umbrella against the door. Now she was sobbing and screaming at the top of her voice, and hurling all the force of her 120 pounds against this last barrier.

"Open this door!" She shrieked, banging away with her umbrella and kicking with her feet. "Let me in here! Open this door, I say!" She shook the door and hit it again with the umbrella.

Crash! Pieces of the heavy glass from the door were now falling all about her and crashing again as they scattered upon the wet pavement. The noise of breaking glass was nothing, however, compared with the ear-splitting scream of the crazy burglar-alarm, which now froze the hurrying crowd into startled attention. A heavy hand, in almost the same instant, descended upon her shoulder. She was jerked about roughly, and the guilty umbrella wrenched from her swinging arm.

"Gonna open it from the inside, eh?" The officer, his big, black raincape dripping like a roof, pinned both her arms. Now he called into the store through the shattered door, "Shut that thing off; I've got her. Come along peacefully, you!"

Peace, however, was the farthest thing from Cynthia's mind. Getting her second wind, she fell back and, teeth bared, took a good kick at the officer's shins.

"Let go of me, you big toad!" She squirmed in vain. "I'm no criminal. Take your hands off me! Give me back my umbrella!" She fought like a wild person—drenched to the skin, her watery hair matted across her wet, angry face, her hat lost in the storm—vainly trying to pull away. He drew back his open hand. "Go ahead!" she screamed. "Hit me if you dare! I tell you I didn't break—"

HE TIGHTENED his grip on her arms and hurt her. Meanwhile, the janitor had shut off the alarm and now came over in a rush.

"You saw it, didn't you?" the officer asked. "Okay, get your things and come along."

But now, from the interior of the store stepped forth another man. He appeared suddenly in the doorway and—

for a brief moment—he stood there tall, poised, like a king with mantle, holding the prisoner in his gaze. Now he spoke to the officer with finality, never taking his eyes off Cynthia: “I’ll go along with the lady. Bring my things, Jasper, and close the outer gates. We’ll be safe enough for the night.”

He threw a heavy coat about her shoulders, donned a raincoat, and stood beside her. They moved through the crowd of curious onlookers out to the curb and into the street, where the officer stopped a passing taxicab, ordered the protesting passenger out into the blinding storm, and the three of them piled in.

“Crosstown. Seventh Precinct.”

Overcome with exhaustion, Cynthia ceased her fighting. She closed her eyes, and now she began to cry. She was afraid. She just knew this was a bad dream—only the click-clock of the windshield wipers seemed real.

At last the long, uncomfortable ride was over, and the officer was speaking to the uniform behind the desk: “Smashed it with this lead-headed gimmick.” He placed the dripping umbrella upon the desk with the look of an executioner delivering the victim’s head. Then he related, at great length, the details of the crime and the capture of the criminal.

While the law was debating whether to book her for “breaking and entering”, or just plain “burglary”, with assorted minor offenses, the storekeeper managed finally to get the attention of the uniform. “I think possibly it’s all a terrible mistake.” He moved over toward Cynthia. “This young lady arrived at my place just as I was closing at six-thirty. I—”

“Six-thirty?” Cynthia cried. “My God! What time is it now?”

But the louder she demanded attention, the more they shut her up. They had seen women go “nuts” before, and all her talk about Donald Duck setting an apartment house afire only argued in favor of rushing her into a strait-jacket at once. Cynthia beat upon the

desk, reached across the big, green blotter to get at the uniform, and grabbed for the telephone: “Don’t just sit there like a stone statue!” she screamed. “Call the fire department!” It took two of them to hold her.

The storekeeper again came to her support, and he, too, had to pound the desk to get attention above the general confusion: “There must be something to what the lady says,” he insisted. “You can’t afford to take a chance. Other lives are certainly in danger.” And he also reached for the telephone.

“Hold it!” the uniform cried. He had to give in. “But if you’re making a fool of me, I’ll see you hang!” He swung into action, called the fire department and gave the information: “Yeah, that’s it, apartment 6-C—it’s on fire.” Then, with his most impressive dignity he levelled his eye upon the storekeeper: “Since this is an emergency I gotta put this woman in your custody. Have her back here tomorrow morning at 10 o’clock sharp, you understand? Take ’em in a squad-car, Mike. Get over there and see if this place is on fire. And if it ain’t,” he frowned on Cynthia, “it’ll be jail in the morning. All right—get going and remember what I said!”

Cynthia could already see women and children jumping from all floors into the trembling nets held by frantic firemen miles below. All this was her fault. What on earth had possessed her to leave that rickety old stove going? She just didn’t do things like that. Now the siren of the squad-car blasted a way across a busy intersection; ignoring the slippery streets, they sped on.

Arriving at last, they found the big red engines of the fire department—long ladders sprouting here and there and, in the ray of the powerful searchlight, a thin wisp of smoke issuing from a sixth-floor window. Miles and miles of hose were being unwound by men running up and down connecting it to water plugs, while others grabbed axes and other tools for breaking down doors and such. Nets were spread.

CYNTHIA sprang out, jumping over the curling hose, and made a dash for the lobby. Inside, women screaming, men yelling, she got no response out of the elevator. She cut around and sprinted for the stairway. Busy firemen were coming and going, up and down. Taking a deep breath, she began the climb.

With all her might she struggled upward floor after floor, dancing and side-stepping long, snakelike lengths of hose on the concrete steps. At the fifth floor, she knew she would never make it though the whole place were to collapse upon her. She went down on hands and knees trying to make it up to the next floor. Suddenly, she felt an arm about her, supporting, helping her up.

Her eyes finally reached the level of the sixth floor. She glanced down the corridor to see a husky fireman with up-raised axe about to crash her door into splinters.

"Don't!" she screamed. "Keys! I have keys!" She gasped, waving her purse frantically. But her voice failed. And, of a sudden, it all didn't matter any more—the whole world lost focus—she slumped down in her tracks—out.

Cynthia's first awareness, as she slowly returned to the world of smoke fumes and odors, was that she was warm and quite wet. Her eyes were heavy—heavy—she left them shut. Someone was there, holding her hand and tenderly stroking her wrist; it warmed her very heart—just like that night, years ago, when she was ill and her father had done just that.

Finally, with an effort, she opened her eyes and let them roam about the room. It was her own living room, and she was lying upon the sofa. But there, sitting in the big chair drawn up close and holding her hand, was—a man!

"Who—who are you?" she said, peering through strands of wet hair.

"My name is Donald—" the storekeeper began.

"You're not my duck, are you, in another world?"

BUT suddenly the door burst open, and in rushed Clair. The young man with her seemed hardly able to make it through the door by himself. Clair stood there swaying slightly, eyes wide, mouth open. "What—who's that?" pointing at Donald. Then: "You missed the best party, Cindy. But I brought your gloves—got 'em at good old Sharpe & Gaynor's. And listen! I've just arranged for you to sit right next to Malloy Hister at dinner at The Belfry in thirty minutes. So, hurry—" she straightened up. "Cinthy! You aren't even listening!"

Curled up on the cushions and under the blanket, her eyes closed, Cynthia's lips slowly began to move: "'What a thrice double ass was I—'" she began softly to herself half aloud.

"... to take this drunkard for a god, and worship this dull fool." Donald finished the quotation from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Donald himself had done this.

Cynthia looked up suddenly with wide-eyed astonishment. Every muscle in her wet, aching body was tense with wonder and surprise. Finally, she found words: "Shakespeare," she said, a quiver in her faint voice, "and Homer, and the rest—they're not really dead, are they?" A magic link was there; it bound them now, and drew him closer.

"To many people, yes, I guess," his smiling brown eyes held hers. "But some of us still cherish their friendship."

Cynthia suddenly grew hot and cold all over, and though her lips trembled with a smile, the tears began to gather. He dabbed them away. She looked up at him with volumes to say, and no voice to say them with—just plain speechless.

"But, darling!" Clair took another side-look at Donald, the dirty wrench in her plans. "The Belfry—I've arranged for you to sit—"

"Ker-choo!" Cynthia reached blindly for a handkerchief. Donald pressed his into her hand. Now he arose slowly, and looked down upon Clair. And Cynthia saw—he had a profile, too.

"Forgive me," he said. "But Miss

Cynthia had best not bestir herself. A good hot bath—I myself shall arrange for a hot, home-cooked meal—and an early bed. This will be best for her, tonight." There was the manly ring of authority in his mellow voice.

Out of one eye, Cynthia squinted at Clair: "Guess I don't have any say anymore—the law has put me in your cus-

tody." He took her hand—the matter was closed. "And the chartreuse gloves," she noted Clair's dozing escort, "they really are magic, Clair. Keep them."

"Oh!" Clair giggled. "Wake up, Berry, let's go!" Then, "Oh, Cinthy, how did the duck come out?"

"Simply—simply—ker-choo—darling, simply—simply—ker-choo!"

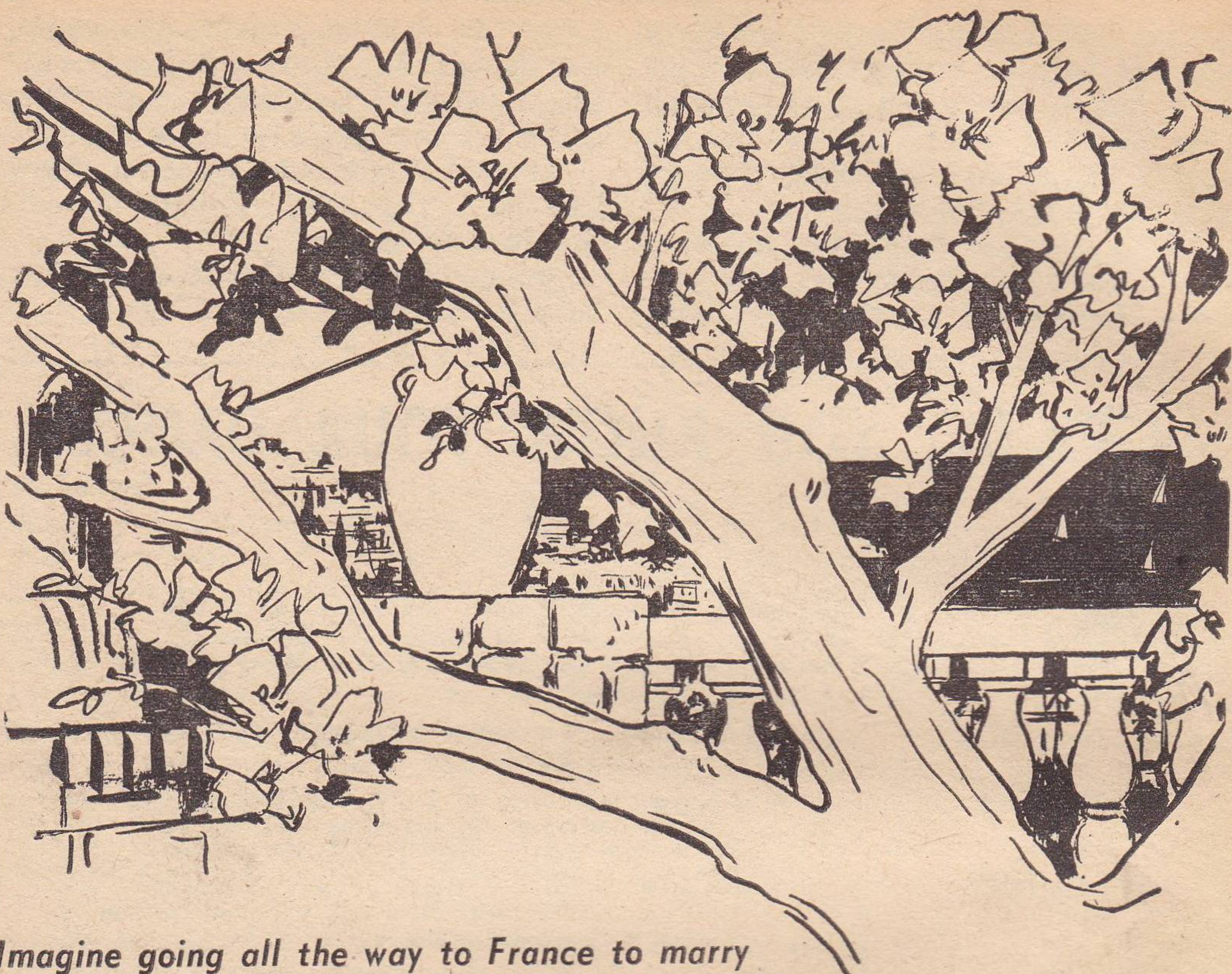


DO YOU KNOW YOUR DANCES ?

LISTED below—in jumbled fashion—are names and thumbnail descriptions of 16 types of dances (past and present). See if you can match up at least 11 correctly for a passing score: 12 to 14 is good, 15-16 excellent.

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| 1. WALTZ | (a) a dance in 4/4 time in long, <i>quick</i> , short quick, <i>slow</i> syncopated rhythm. |
| 2. MINUET | (b) a dance consisting of a stop-step, glide, and turn to syncopated music, the feet being kept well apart, and a swinging motion being given to the shoulders. |
| 3. FOXTROT | (c) a dance in 2/4 time, originally merely a diagonal shuffle, which has been elaborated and now contains a whirl, a dip, and a swing. |
| 4. POLKA | (d) a Spanish dance, danced with castanets and finger-snapping. |
| 5. MAZURKA | (e) a light, gay Irish dance to a rapid tune. |
| 6. FANDANGO | (f) a round dance characterized by a sidewise movement of the hips, the bringing together of the knees and the raising of the feet, alternately turning the toes in and the heels out. |
| 7. QUADRILLE | (g) an old-time stately dance in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. |
| 8. TANGO | (h) a round dance of Bohemian origin in common time, with three steps to the measure. |
| 9. REEL | (i) a dance in 4/4 time, and <i>quick</i> —quick, <i>slow</i> rhythm, adopted from a frenzied dance formerly performed by Cuban Negroes. |
| 10. JIG | (j) a square dance for four or more couples. |
| 11. TURKEY-TROT | (k) a lively national dance of Scotland. |
| 12. GAVOTTE | (l) a lively round dance resembling the polka, for four or eight couples. |
| 13. TWO-STEP | (m) a modern dance-step in syncopated 2/4 time. |
| 14. RUMBA | (n) a round dance in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. |
| 15. CHARLESTON | (o) a dignified, but vivacious French dance resembling the minuet. |
| 16. SAMBA | (p) a round dance consisting of a skipping step on alternate feet in common time. |

Answers on page 114



*Imagine going all the way to France to marry
your sweetheart, and then finding out you're
jilted . . . and stranded in a foreign country!*

I

CHARMION BENTLY faced the clerk in the small hotel in Nice, France. He was holding a letter out to her. "Monsieur Martin left this for you," he said in English.

"Thank you." She took the letter, tore it open. It read:

Dear Charmion:

I know you will hate me for this, but I was married yesterday. I have no ex-

cuse except that I lost all my money over in Monte Carlo and this girl, Betty Carmichael, has plenty. You probably have seen her name in the society columns back home. She and her brother get around.

If you need money to get home write me at the Metropole Hotel, Naples. We are going there for our honeymoon. I haven't any money left myself but I will explain things to Betty and get her to send you some. Forgive me.

TOD

LOST HONEYMOON



Suddenly she was in his arms and he was kissing her

A Novelet by **FRANCES YOULIN McHUGH**

She crushed the piece of paper and dropped it into her purse. And this was the man she had loved for three years, had given up her job for and come way over here to marry!

The clerk asked, "Shall I have *Made-moiselle's* bag taken to her room?"

She thought of the few francs left in her purse. She had spent nearly all she had to her name on her fare over from New York. "I don't want an expensive room," she said.

He mentioned a price that staggered her. "That is with breakfast," he said, as if that would make it easier.

She figured quickly. She could only stay three days. Then what? She surely would not write to Tod. But she had to stay somewhere. "All right," she said. "I'll take it."

She followed the concierge into a wobbly elevator and stood in the corner as the cage rose slowly and haltingly upward, then stopped with a jerk at the fifth floor which was the top. Down a dark red carpeted hallway she followed the man with her suitcase to a small cheerless room, said "*Merci*," and gave him a tip. When he had left she sank down on the narrow bed and cried.

HOW could Tod have done such a thing to her? He had written her such nice and loving letters all during the two years he had been in Japan. Then a year ago, his time in the Army completed, he had come home and the few weeks they had been able to see each other before he came over here to France to complete his art studies had been wonderful.

Only a couple of weeks ago, he had written for her to come over to join him. They would be married as soon as she got here and have their honeymoon in Nice during the Carnival. It had sounded so perfect. He said he had been painting portraits of wealthy Americans and had saved enough money to get married.

And now here she was, stranded—

and he was married to someone else!

The sounds of the Carnival came in through the open windows and she stopped crying and sat up on the bed. "A fine honeymoon!" she said aloud.

Slowly she got up from the bed and went over to the dresser and examined herself in the mirror. She was a sight. Her short red hair was disheveled and her face tear-streaked. She went to the small wash basin in the corner of the room and bathed her eyes and face and put on fresh make-up. Then she changed to her smartest suit and perkiest hat. All right! She would go out and see the Carnival by herself. After all, she couldn't stay in this terrible room and just rot.

Out on the street she followed the sounds of gaiety which led her to the *Avenue Victor Hugo* where the Carnival was in full swing. It was all so happy that for a moment she forgot her troubles.

She came to a place where the crowd was unusually dense and decided to cross the street. She had gone about halfway across when she found herself surrounded by a dozen or so young people. They were singing and laughing. Some were in costume, some not. They had hands joined and she was a prisoner in this circle of laughter—she and a man—a tall, good-looking young man with brown hair and gray eyes. It was the man who had sat opposite her in the train and who had tried to flirt with her, talking to her in French.

Her high-school French wasn't good enough for her to understand what he said but it was something about the weather, the passing scenery, her looks. And all the time she had had the uncomfortable feeling that he was laughing at her.

The young people surrounding them were shouting something to them she could not understand but she had heard of this custom. They did the same thing at the Carnival down in New Orleans. The man spoke to her in French, slowly and carefully. She could not un-

derstand word for word but managed to get the gist of it. "I'm sorry, *Mademoiselle*, but I am afraid I shall have to kiss you before they will release us. It is a custom of the Carnival."

Then, without waiting for her permission, he swept her into his arms and kissed her hard, directly upon the lips.

She would have liked to slap him but the circle of revelers seemed so pleased and happy she just could not make a scene.

The kiss over, the circle gave way and released them and went singing and dancing down the street in search of more victims.

The man took her arm and said, "Let us get over on the sidewalk where we are safer. I do not want to have to kiss you again."

Even her limited knowledge of French enabled her to understand this last. She flashed him what she hoped was a dirty look as he piloted her through the jostling throngs to a café. "Will you have some coffee?" he asked.

She was ravenous with hunger but refused, in her best high-school French, and walked quickly away. As she went she heard the man laugh and she hated him.

THE rest of the afternoon she spent wandering aimlessly about. She saw snatches of the parade through cracks in the crowd that lined the sidewalks. She could not see the floats very well but could see the monstrous *papier-maché* heads as they bobbed past. She turned away and walked on, down streets no wider than alleys, up broad, beautiful avenues bordered with waving palm trees, past market places, glittering hotels.

After what seemed like a lifetime it began to get dark and she found her way back to the *Avenue Victor Hugo* where the crowds had thinned out. On and on she trudged, along through the now dirty confetti that littered the streets. Brightly lighted cafés beckoned

her and the tinkling and clatter of dishes reminded her that she had not had anything to eat all day, but she dared not spend any of her money for food.

Then she saw the Frenchman who had kissed her.

He was coming down the street and he had seen her. Panic-stricken she turned and ran, around a corner, across a street, scarcely looking where she was going until she bumped into a man. "Hey, take it easy!" he said in English.

Her heart turned over. She looked up. "Tod!" she cried. "I thought you were in Italy!"

Then she saw the Frenchman turn the corner and she grabbed Tod's arm. "Quick!" she cried. "Someone is after me. Where can we go?"

He pushed her into a building, guided her through an inner court and out onto another street, then hurried her a few more blocks until they came to a white wall. He pushed open a door-like gate and shoved her into a quiet, peaceful garden. She looked behind her. They had lost the Frenchman and she was safe.

There was no light in the garden but the full moon shining overhead. At one side there was an iron bench near a sun dial. She went over to it and sank down. Tod came and sat beside her. "Now," he said, "what's the trouble? Did you steal the crown jewels or something?"

She shook her head, breathless from her hurry. "A Frenchman," she explained. "He has been bothering me all day."

Tod laughed. She noticed he had a nice tan and looked younger than he had last year. She had always thought he resembled Franchot Tone and he did so now more than ever. "Is that all?" he asked. "Good heavens, girl, this is France—and Carnival time. Be your age!"

She stood up. "Well, thanks for rescuing me anyway."

He stood up beside her. "I enjoyed it," he said and before she could stop

him he had her in his arms and was kissing her. He had quite evidently been drinking and was kissing her very objectionably. Frantically she fought him. How could he act like this when he had married another girl? And he wasn't even bothering to excuse himself to her, now that she had met him.

As she struggled with him she heard the garden door click and with a final wrench she freed herself, whirling around to face a pretty-blond girl who had stepped into the garden and who had, undoubtedly, seen what was going on.

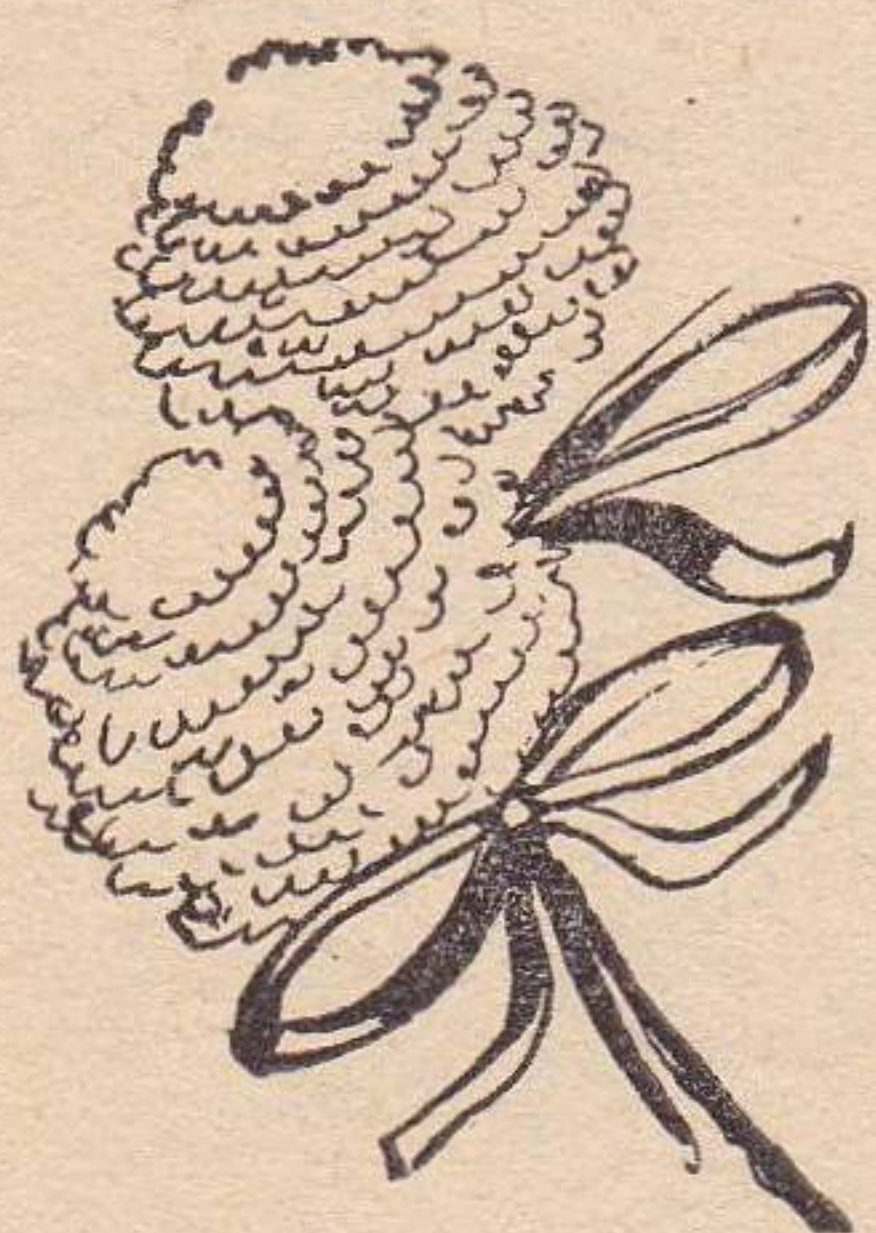
Her heart sank. Something warned her that this was Betty Carmichael. The girl snapped on a light switch and the garden became bright as day. She stood at the gate for a split second then, eyes sparking. She walked across the short distance to Charmion and Tod. "So," she said to Tod, "this is the way you act the minute my back is turned. Who is this—this person?" she pointed to Charmion.

Tod cleared his throat.

"This is Charmion Bently, the girl—well, we were engaged until . . ."

He turned to Charmion. "This is my wife," he mumbled, the perspiration standing on his forehead.

II



CHARMION couldn't help feeling sorry for him. She was about to speak when, to her horror, the Frenchman from whom she had been running away, walked into the garden and quietly closed the gate. "May I be introduced also?"

he asked in perfect English.

So he could speak English? In fact he could not only speak English but he was very definitely an American. How stupid of her not to have known. She had been a fool! No wonder he

had laughed at her.

Tod said, "This is Betty's brother, Dick." Then, "Miss Bently, Dick Carmichael. *The Dick Carmichael.*"

Betty's brother! Could anything be worse? What a mess! She nodded a curt acceptance of the introduction as if this were the first time she had seen him, then turned to Betty. "I am sorry to have intruded like this," she said. "If you will excuse me now, I will go." No use trying to explain or to wait for explanations. She started for the gate but Betty grabbed her arm. "Just a minute," she said. "Before you go I want to impress upon you the fact that Tod is my husband and I do not like sharing my—er, possessions."

"Oh, I say, Bett. That's pretty rough," Dick protested.

"Mind your business!" Betty snapped.

Charmion felt the hot blood rush to her face. She opened her lips to reply, then saw Dick's eyes upon her. The taunting smile though, was gone, and in its place was a look she could not fathom. Quickly she hurried to the gate, fumbled with the catch. From behind her a hand reached over her shoulder and released the latch, swung open the gate for her. With her eyes full of blinding tears she ran out and down the dark street. She had no idea where she was or how she would get back to her hotel. At the corner she stopped to read the names of the crossing streets but they meant nothing to her.

Then she saw Dick hurrying after her. He caught up. "May I have the pleasure of taking you to your hotel?" he asked.

This time she did not run away from him. After all, a strange foreign city at night is not exactly a pleasant place for a girl alone. "Thank you," she said. "I am afraid I'm lost." She told him the name of her hotel. "But I don't know what street it's on."

"I know where it is," Dick told her and they walked along together without talking for several blocks. Then, unable to stand the silence any longer she said, "I am sorry about what happened just

now—back in the garden." After all, Betty was his sister and he must think it strange for her to be there kissing Tod.

He said, "Yes, I'm sorry too. It wasn't a very sporting thing for a new bridegroom to do."

"Then you saw?"

"I saw. But I didn't come in at once. I was a bit surprised to—to find you there in my garden."

"I came over to marry Tod," she explained. "We have been engaged for three years. I—I didn't know about Betty until today, after I got here and—and I just happened to run into Tod when I was running away from you."

He smiled slightly. "Why bother to keep running away from me?"

She couldn't answer that so kept still. Then he said, "I'm sure Betty didn't know Tod was engaged. Besides, her marriage was a surprise to us all. But Tod seemed to be the first man she ever really wanted to marry so we were sort of glad to see her settle down. You might need a little briefing to understand Betty."

"We lost our parents when we were quite young and were brought up by governesses, with what supervision our grandmother and a couple of aunts could give occasionally. Betty was a cute kid and horribly spoiled and I guess she has always had too much money." Char-mion watched his face. It was very manly; a good firm jaw and a determined mouth. "You seem to have come through all right," she told him.

He smiled and shrugged. "I guess boys are different," he said. "Besides, I have always had my painting. It has given me something to hang onto."

THEY were stopping before her hotel and it was time to say good-night. But she could not let him leave her feeling sorry for her because Tod had jilted her. Tossing her head she said, "Well, don't worry about me. I doubt if Tod and I would have been happy together anyway. So it is probably all for the

best." As she said it she realized it was true. She had built Tod up to be a glorified person which he was not, and if she had married this figment of her imagination she would have been bitterly disappointed when she came to her senses. She held out her hand to Dick. "Thank you for bringing me back to my hotel," she said.

Dick took her hand and held it tightly. His clasp was warm and comforting and for a fleeting second she wished he would take her into his arms and kiss her the way he had this afternoon. She felt so very lonely and lost. Then he did just that and she found herself answering his kiss. When he released her he took a leather card case from his pocket. "You can reach me here," he said, "if I can be of any further assistance to you."

She took the card. "I am quite sure I shall be all right from now on," she assured him. "Thanks just the same." But she dared not think of tomorrow or the day when her money would give out. She could probably go to the American Consul and ask to be sent back to the States but her pride would not let her do that.

She slept all through the night from sheer exhaustion and in the morning after her breakfast, which a boy in a red coat and a blue and white striped apron brought to her room on a tray, she went out. She must look for work. There must be something she could do, even in this foreign country. She could type and they must need typists somewhere.

Business was in full swing when she turned into the *Avenue Victor Hugo*. In the afternoon at two-thirty the Carnival would again reign supreme but this morning everything was back to normal. She had gone only a few blocks when she noticed a sign in a swanky dress shop window:

Girl wanted. Must speak English

It was almost too good to be true. She went into the shop and the proprietor

met her. "*Bon jour, Mademoiselle,*" the woman said. Then she asked a question. Charmion guessed she said, "You wish to see some dresses?"

She shook her head. "No. I—*je desire*—oh dear, do you speak English?"

The woman smiled. "*Ah oui, Mademoiselle.* I speak English a leetle."

Charmion sighed. "Thank goodness. I saw the sign in the window. I am an American and I need a job. I wondered . . . ?"

Madame Arlette nodded. The name over the door was *Chez Arlette*, so this must be Madame Arlette. "I need a girl to attend the Engleesh speaking customers," she said. "I speak the Engleesh so ver' leetle and I have so ver' many *Americaines*. You can sell—yes?"

Charmion took her courage in both hands. "*Oui, Madame.*" She did not go into details and say the only job she had had since graduating from high school was as secretary in an insurance company.

"You would like to stay now?" Madame Arlette asked.

"Oh yes, yes," Charmion said eagerly.

"*Bon.* The Carnival, she breeng so many veesitors. We are ver' busy."

THE salary was small. Charmion knew she would have to leave the hotel but Madame was kind. She told her of a small *pension* where she could live comfortably on what she would earn. When they closed the shop that afternoon Madame invited her to lunch with her and before she knew it she was telling her of her plight. She did not mention names, merely explained she had come over to be married and found her fiancé already married. Madame had been through hard times herself, up in Paris during and after the war. Then she had come down here and opened this shop. She advanced Charmion enough to last her until she could get straightened out.

All went well for the next two weeks. Charmion worked hard. She was popular with the customers. Gradually she overcame her dread of going out on the street

for fear of meeting Tod, Betty or Dick and Madame was helping her with her French so she did not feel so strange. But she had seen Madame's books and discovered Betty was one of her best customers. Sooner or later she would come into the shop.

Then one day while she was working on a gown in the back of the shop she heard the little bell over the door tinkle. Two American girls came in talking loudly.

"... I think she is using awfully bad taste," one of them said. "After all, she married Tod, she might at least treat him decently. He seems like a nice fellow even if he hasn't any money."

Charmion dropped her sewing. In a mirror she noticed her face was drained of color. Madame had gone to the bank and she was alone in the shop, so that she would have to go out and wait on the girls.

"Well, he is getting what he deserves," the other girl said. "They say he was engaged to some poor little girl who was on her way over from the States to marry him and he calmly walked off and married Betty before she got here. I guess the Carmichael money looked attractive to a struggling artist."

"Did you see Betty last night over in the Casino?" one of the girls asked. "She made a spectacle of herself with every man who would look at her. Poor Tod was furious. But what could he do?" The girl sighed. "You know," she went on, "I could go for him myself. He's cute. Not that I have as much money as Betty for him to play with, but I have enough."

Charmion put down her sewing. She must go out and stop them. Slowly she rose and went into the shop. She never knew how she waited on the two girls but some way she managed to sell them each a dress. Even when they found out she spoke English they went right on talking and by the time they left she had a very clear idea of what was going on in the Carmichael family.

Betty had married Tod but apparent-

ly she was living her own life. And Tod was paying in heartaches for his treatment of Betty. Dick was not mentioned until the girls were leaving. The girl named Milo Jensen, who was tall and slender with black hair and eyes, said, "I'd like to get a chance at Dick Carmichael myself." She sighed languishingly. "He's grand. And he was in the Navy during the last war so unless it is an all out again he's a safe bet for a girl. And he is a much better artist than Tod. He did some fabulous portrait heads of some of those fishermen who live on the beach down at the other end of the town."

The other girl, Alma Smith said, "Yes. I saw them. They were on exhibition at the gallery over here. I guess every girl on both sides of the Atlantic would like to get Dick. But believe me, my dear, you haven't a chance. He is all wrapped up in his art. And besides that, he is a confirmed woman-hater. By that I mean, he will be nice to you at dances and parties, but so far, no girl has ever been able to even get him to kiss her. I guess he judges all girls by his sister; thinks they are just flirts, and he isn't having any." As the door closed behind them, jingling the little bell, Milo was saying, "Just the same, I'm going to have a try."

Charmion sank down on a gilt chair. Her heart was thumping and her knees trembling. So no girl had ever been able to get Dick to kiss her? And he had kissed *her* twice in one day. But perhaps the girls he kissed kept it to themselves?

III



IT WAS while she was on her way to her pension for lunch that she saw Betty for the first time since that awful night in the Carmichael garden. She was sitting in front of a café sipping an aperitif with a tall, slender dark-haired French Lieu-

tenant and they were holding hands quite openly.

Charmion could not help staring as she went by. Betty gave her a quick look, snatched her hand away from the man, then turned her head without giving any sign of recognition. But Charmion knew she had recognized her.

The Carnival had ended. All was peaceful again in Nice and the surrounding towns. In a few weeks the *Battle of Flowers* would take place, but for the present everything was quiet.

Then the inevitable happened. Charmion was draping a new gown upon a silvered wooden silhouette in front of the shop one day when Betty came in. For a moment Charmion felt trapped but she had to greet Betty and ask if she could help her. Betty tilted her golden head a trifle higher than usual, looked Charmion squarely in the eyes. "I would like to see Madame Arlette," she demanded, giving no sign of recognizing Charmion.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Martin, but Madame is not in at present. May I be of service to you?" Charmion tried to keep her voice even.

Betty frowned. "I am not in the habit of dealing with underlings," she said, "but I suppose you will do, this once. I want to try on the blue evening dress in the window."

Charmion took the gown from the window, ushered Betty to a fitting room. As she went to slip the gown over her head, Betty snatched it from her. "Don't be so clumsy!" she cried. "You are mussing my hair."

"I'm sorry," Charmion murmured, although she knew she had not been clumsy and had not touched Betty's hair.

One thing led to another. Nothing Charmion did was right. Betty had deliberately made up her mind to be disagreeable and was succeeding admirably.

In the midst of it Madame arrived. Betty rushed up to her. "Madame," she cried, "this girl is impossible. I am surprised you would have such a rude,

clumsy creature in your shop!"

Madame threw up her hands. "Oh, I am so sorree. I cannot understand. *Mademoiselle* Charmeeon, she is so nice. Everyone, they like her so ver' much."

"Well, I don't," Betty snapped. "And I shall never come into your shop again as long as she is here and what is more, I shall warn all my friends not to come."

Charmion, her eyes full of tears, fled to the little back room, took her hat, coat and purse and as Madame came back, after getting rid of Betty, she said, "I'll go, Madame. She will ruin your business if I don't. She probably knows every American here."

"There, there, *ma petite*," Madame said. "You cannot leave me like this. I could not get along without you. We are friends, you and I."

But Charmion insisted she leave. She knew Betty would do just what she had threatened and she had grown too fond of Madame to allow her to suffer because of her. She kissed Madame good-by and went out, closing the door over which the little bell tinkled.

SHE thought of Dick. Maybe he could help her get another job. She had his card in her purse and found the address. It turned out to be a studio on a side street and she hesitated before the door. Then she could not get up her courage to ring the bell and wandered back to the Avenue and on over to the *Promenade des Anglais*, which was a broad, beautiful street bordering the Mediterranean. Upon the benches that lined the Promenade sat fat elderly ladies, many with haughty little lap dogs. Rug dealers, their stock over their arms pestered her. Ambitious photographers insisted she have her picture taken. It was a bright sunny day and the street was unusually busy.

At last, tired of the kaleidoscopic scene of Americans and rich Europeans on parade, she wandered down the far end of the waterfront where tourists seldom stray. There upon the sand, where the fishermen and their families work

and live, she sank down, exhausted.

She breathed in the clear salt air, feasted her eyes on the blue of the Mediterranean, and watched the natives mend their nets. If she could only mend her life as skillfully as they repaired their fish nets. Watching the people she wondered which ones Dick had painted. They all had such interesting faces. Somehow it was like Dick, to paint these down-to-earth people, rather than doing portraits of wealthy dowagers, the way Tod had.

It was a little cold when she first sat down but as the sun rose higher, the air became balmy with a promise of spring and she unfastened her coat and dropped it on the sand behind her. What, she wondered, was there for her to do now that she had left Madame's? Where else could she find a job where she would not be persecuted by Betty? Why should Betty hate her so? Because she had found Tod kissing her? Because *she* had caught Betty holding hands with the French Lieutenant?

A shadow came between her and the sea. Looking up, her heart gave a quick jerk then began hammering. Dick was grinning down at her. He had on dark blue slacks and a sport shirt open at the throat. "What are you doing way down here?" he asked. "I thought I was the only American who liked this place." He dropped down upon the sand beside her and she felt her face flame.

"I was taking a walk," she said, "and I found myself down here. It is nice, isn't it?"

"Perfect. And I'm glad I happened to see you. What have you been doing with yourself? I thought maybe you had gone back to the States?"

She hesitated. "I've been working in a dress shop," she said.

"Not working this morning?" he asked.

"I—er, left the shop this morning. I had a little trouble."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Care to tell me about it?"

"I'd rather not. It really doesn't mat-

ter." How could she tell him his sister was the cause of her having to give up her job? Tears filled her eyes. He looked intently at her for a moment. "I don't like to get personal but why are you crying?"

"I'm not!"

Dick leaned closer. "Is it money?" he asked gently.

Her chin quivered. "Not exactly. I'll manage."

Dick lay down on the sand beside her, his hands beneath his head. "I know just the job for you," he said after a moment. "There is a grand old lady who has just taken a villa up here in the hills. She is a bit lonely and is looking for a companion. It wouldn't be hard work. Just reading to her occasionally; go shopping with her; talk to her. She is a special friend of mine and I would be very grateful to you if you would try it."

She took a long breath and sighed it out gently. "You are very kind but maybe the lady would not like me?"

"She couldn't help it." Dick's tone and the look in his eyes made her feel uncomfortable. She remembered what Alma Smith had said: "He will be nice to you at dances and parties but. . . ."

Well, she was in no position to question his reason for being nice to her now. She must have work and if she got this job she would do her utmost to earn her salary.

A WEEK later she found herself installed as companion to a Mrs. C. W. Weston, a charming old lady who reminded her of her childhood idea of a duchess. She was tall and stately, her thick white hair was piled in a heap on top of her head, and in the evenings she wore a tall Spanish comb at a rakish angle. She nearly always wore long, dangling earrings and her clothes were the last word.

Charmion adored her and she treated Charmion like a daughter. She had been there nearly two weeks when one afternoon they had visitors. Betty and Tod. When she saw them come in, Charmion

wanted to run. But how could she? Mrs. Weston insisted she join them and it was embarrassing beyond all description, especially when Mrs. Weston introduced Betty as her granddaughter. But she should have known. How stupid she had been. Dick had mentioned a grandmother that first night when he had walked her back to her hotel.

Betty was coolly polite and acted as if she had never seen Charmion before and every time Tod tried to talk to her, Betty would flash him a warning glance. Charmion served the tea and tried to avoid taking part in the conversation. Her mind was going around like a whirlpool. Mrs. Weston was Dick's grandmother. Why then, had he brought her here? And why had he not told her Mrs. Weston was a relative? Maybe he thought she would have guessed? Or maybe he did not want her to know and that was why he had not visited his grandmother since she had been there?

Lost in her confusing thoughts, she did not realize Mrs. Weston was speaking to her until she said, "Charmion, my dear, I was saying I have decided to give a dinner dance for you young people. Don't you think we could manage it? We could decorate the terrace with lights and have caterers come in and you could help me play hostess." She was smiling genially. "We can make the *Battle of Flowers* an excuse for our frivolity."

Before Charmion could answer, Betty said, "That sounds lovely, Grandmother, but don't you think I am the one to assist you? After all, Miss, what was the name? Bently? does not know our friends." She did not look at Charmion as she said this.

Mrs. Weston lifted her stately head a trifle higher. "Well, she will before this season is over. That is why I am giving this party." Charmion had never heard her speak so sharply.

"Well, really, Grandmother," Betty said standing up to go.

The party was to be the evening of the day of the *Battle of Flowers*. That afternoon Mrs. Weston had insisted Char-

mion join her in her lavishly decorated car that was to be part of the parade. She had spared no expense in having it bedecked with white flowers in the form of a swan.

Early in the afternoon they took their places in the line of gaily decorated cars. A generous supply of loose flowers was in baskets at their feet. Charmion was thoroughly excited. She had a new pale blue dress that Mrs. Weston had bought her. It was late in March now and the Riviera air was becoming soft and balmy. Mrs. Weston was dressed in white and looked very stately and imposing as she lounged back in the wings of the flower swan.

It was all very gay and festive. The entering cars were divided into two sections. Half were to start at one end of town, the other half at the opposite end. They passed on the *Promenade des Anglais* where numerous grandstands, packed with spectators, lined both sides of the street.

Charmion felt happier this afternoon than she had in a long time. She had managed to erase Tod completely from her mind although she had met him several times when he had come to the villa with Betty. However, he was to her now, just a young man she had once known.

Dick was more or less a confusing memory. She had not seen him since the day he had brought her to Mrs. Weston, giving no inkling that she was his grandmother. And Mrs. Weston had played her part perfectly also.

Mrs. Weston had said he would be at the party tonight and she would probably have to dance with him and she dreaded it. Fear clutched her heart at the thought of being so close to him after this interval. But she must forget it for this afternoon.

Laughingly she tossed nosegays into the passing cars and caught at the returning flowers which pelted her from all sides. Then her hand froze in mid-air. The line of cars going both ways had momentarily stopped and the car opposite theirs held Dick and beside him,

her face shining with happiness and triumph, was Milo Jensen.

Dick, recognizing Charmion and his grandmother, grinned and called, "Hi, there. I'll be watching for you next time around." Then he tossed a bouquet to Mrs. Weston, and the line moved on.

But the rest of the afternoon was spoiled for Charmion. Each time their car passed Dick's they laughingly exchanged flowers but somehow she resented the presence of Milo beside him. But why should she? He was nothing to her. She gave herself a silent scolding as she threw a flower to a small child in the grandstand.

And then they were passing Dick's car for the last time. Mrs. Weston had given orders to the chauffeur to drop out of line when they came to the end of the Promenade this time. They would have to go home and attend to last minute preparations for the party.

After Dick had rolled smilingly by, Mrs. Weston said, "Pretty girl with Dick. I suppose she is the one he is bringing tonight."

Charmion felt herself blushing. "Yes, she is very pretty," she managed to murmur.

Mrs. Weston gave her a fleeting glance but said no more.

IV



THE evening was one of great excitement and Charmion had never seen anything like it. The villa was bedecked with flowers from top to bottom. Chinese lanterns swung in the gentle breeze all around the terrace which overlooked the Mediterranean. An American orchestra had been brought down from Paris.

Mrs. Weston had insisted Charmion let her make her a present of a new evening gown for the occasion and had gone with her to select it, saying, "If I don't go with you, you will pick out some mod-

est, inexpensive thing, and I want you to look your best."

Charmion had accepted her gracious offer in the spirit in which it was meant but asked as a special favor that they go to Madame Arlette's.

Mrs. Weston readily agreed and Madame, glad to see Charmion again, spread out her most enticing creations.

Mrs. Weston insisted Charmion take a lovely white taffeta that made her auburn hair glisten and her skin look like soft ivory. It was cut low in front showing a generous expanse of her smooth white skin and it was completely backless. "When anyone has such a perfect back, they ought to show it," was Mrs. Weston's smiling remark when Charmion protested the dress was a trifle too open here and there.

That evening as she was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, Mrs. Weston came to her room with a set of lovely old star sapphires—earrings, a necklace and bracelet. "Wear these, dear," she said. "They will look nice with your hair." She kissed Charmion as she fastened the necklace about her throat. "They are family heirlooms," she said.

During dinner Charmion sat beside a young English artist whom she tried valiantly to entertain but somehow her thoughts and eyes kept wandering to the other couples with whom her life was so strangely entangled.

Betty was beside the French Lieutenant with whom Charmion had seen her that day at the café. Tod was with an American girl she had never seen and Dick was beside Milo, as she had feared.

Betty looked more beautiful than ever in a sophisticated black net, her arms and fingers sparkling with gems.

Dick seemed to be enjoying himself with Milo who was exerting every wile to enthrall him and to all appearances was enjoying a grand success. Several times, though, he looked over at Charmion and raised his wine glass in a silent toast to her, which she answered with a forced smile.

Betty, she could tell, had recognized

the sapphires and raised her delicate eyebrows questioningly. Dick also must have recognized them because several times she caught him looking at them with a half frown on his brow. She began to wonder if she had made a mistake to wear them? Did they have any significance for the family?

Dinner over, there was dancing on the lantern lit terrace. Betty danced too often with the French officer and only once with her husband.

Charmion did not want for partners but it was late in the evening before Dick asked for a dance. She would have liked to refuse him but decided it would only make things more awkward. When she let him take her into his arms, she tried to deny the thrill that went through her. She must get hold of herself. She had been hurt once, she must not let herself like another man—especially not this one.

Then, it seemed, almost before the dance had begun, it ended. Tod claimed her and it made her heart give a queer little jerk when she saw Dick go over to Milo and sweep her into his arms for the next dance.

SHE turned her attention to Tod. She could feel he was tense and nervous. Usually a beautiful dancer, tonight he was uneven, stepped on her toes, did not keep time with the music. She looked up at him questioningly. "You are not in very good form tonight," she teased.

He danced her over to where the floor was empty of dancers. "No, I'm worried. There is something wrong with Betty. I am afraid she's sorry she married me."

"I don't believe that," Charmion told him. "She'll come to her senses before long. She is very young and spoiled and I'm sure she wouldn't have married you if she hadn't loved you."

"Yes, she did seem to like me when she married me but it didn't last." Then he stiffened. "Where is she now?" he asked. "She isn't on the floor. Come out in the garden and let's see if she is out there."

He took Charmion's arm and shoved her along a path that led from the terrace to one side of the garden. It was dark after the brilliantly lit terrace and for a few seconds they could scarcely see before them. Everyone was dancing and there was not a single couple looking for moonlight or solitude. As they picked their way along Tod said, "I'm terribly ashamed of the way I treated you, Charmion."

"Forget it," she told him.

"I was a little drunk one night at the Casino and lost all my money and when Betty gave me some encouragement I went kind of haywire. This is the first chance I have had to explain."

"But you really love her now, don't you?" She looked up at him. There must be some good in this man whom she had once loved herself.

"I'm crazy about her," he answered reverently. "But she has acted strange ever since she caught me kissing you."

"Could it be she's jealous?"

"No, I don't think so. Anyway we were on the outs before that. She had refused to go through with the honeymoon trip to Italy because of dates she had made for the Carnival and that burned me up."

Charmion nodded.

The garden was large and ended in a small woods. There was no one in sight. On the other side of the house was another part of the garden which could not be seen from where they were. As they went on Tod became more and more worried. "Maybe you had better keep looking around here while I go over on the other side?" he suggested.

"No," she told him. "Suppose I did find her? I couldn't tell her to go to her room or—or anything." Remembering the time she had seen her holding hands with the French Lieutenant she was apprehensive of what she might find in the woods.

"Just don't let her see you if you can help it," Tod said. "And I'll be back in a few minutes."

"But that would be spying. I don't

like the idea, Tod. Besides, she may be in the house. Maybe upstairs."

"I don't think so."

The music had stopped and she saw Dick and Milo standing close together beside the balustrade of the terrace. The sight made her feel lonely and quickly she turned away. "All right," she told Tod. "I'll go and have a peek in the woods."

V



SHE picked her way over the gravel path, stopped at the edge of the woods. It looked so black she shuddered and was about to turn back. Surely they would not be in there.

Then a scream came from the black depths and a man's voice said, "Shut up. You have been playing weeth me for weeks. What did you expect?"

Then Betty's voice. "But I'm married, Pierre. I love my husband!"

Charmion did not wait but picking up her skirt ran swiftly into the woods in the direction of the sound. Through a break in the trees the moon filtered through just enough for her to make out the forms of Betty and the Frenchman. Betty was struggling against him.

Without stopping to think, Charmion ran up to them and pulled at the man, her fists pummeled his back, her sharp slipper heels kicked him in the shins. She screamed, "Tod!"

Then footsteps came running through the garden and she caught a glimpse of Tod's white face. She heard Dick's voice ask, "What's going on here?"

It was all over in a minute. Tod rescued Betty and the young French Lieutenant sauntered off, shrugging nonchalantly and saying, "Thees crazy Americans!"

The following morning, after having breakfast in her room, Charmion went out to the sunlight terrace. There was a large wicker canopied lounge chair that

looked very inviting and she decided to rest for a while in it. She was wearing a pale blue nylon sport dress and around her throat was the sapphire necklace. Seeing it on the bureau this morning she had not been able to resist wearing it just once more. It was so beautiful.

She had been on the terrace only a few minutes when Betty came out. She had on a play suit and her hair was tied back with a red ribbon. She came over and sat at the foot of Charmion's chaise. "Thank you for coming to my rescue last night," she said.

"Oh, that's all right." She smiled at Betty. Somehow she did not dislike her anymore.

Betty smiled shyly which was a strange thing for her to do. "I guess I have been acting like a fool since you came," she said.

"Perhaps not," Charmion told her. "Does Tod know you love him?"

Betty flashed her a frightened look and there were sudden tears in her eyes. "I—I don't know. I guess I didn't realize how much I did until last night."

"Maybe you had better tell him? I think he would like to know."

The two girls looked at each other and a friendship was born. Betty got up, came over and kissed Charmion. Then she touched the necklace. "The sapphires suit you," she said and turned and ran into the house.

IT WAS at that moment that Dick, looking very handsome in gray slacks and a striped tee shirt, came out onto the terrace. Charmion thought he looked wonderful but tried not to show it in her eyes.

As his sister had done he came and sat down on the foot of her chaise. "I hope Betty thanked you for rescuing her last night," he said.

"She did. She just got scared. I guess Frenchman don't understand American girls. And—it woke Betty up."

Dick watched her face. "I guess more than one of us discovered something last night," he said, "when I heard the

scream I thought something had happened to *you* and. . ." Suddenly she was in his arms and he was kissing her. She lay still, her eyes closed. Surely he meant this kiss. It wasn't like the other two—yet it was. All had been sweet.

He let her go and touched the sapphires at her neck. "These were my mother's," he said. "My father gave them to her when I was born. Grandma was keeping them for my wife."

Charmion's heart stopped beating. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know. She should not have let me wear them." She put up her hands to take them off but he stopped her, holding her hands in his. "She should have done exactly what she did," he said, looking into her eyes. "She was wiser than I was."

"But you said she was saving them for. . ."

"She was. For my wife. And you are going to be my wife—I hope."

"You really want me?"

"More than anything else in the world. I guess I fell in love with you in the train and was too dumb to realize it."

"You certainly were dumb!" Mrs. Weston said from the doorway. "But I knew the minute you brought her into this house and bulldozed me into taking her as my companion. I didn't need a companion any more than I need two heads and I didn't fall for that story that you just had decided I should have company." She smiled at Charmion. "You will be an asset to the Carmichael family, my dear," she said.

Happy tears blurred Charmion's eyes for a moment. "Thank you," she said shakily.

Mrs. Weston came over and leaned down and kissed her. "You two make your wedding plans," she said, straightening up. "If you would rather be married over in the States I'll close up this place and go back with you."

Dick looked questioningly at Charmion and held her hand tightly.

"Anywhere," she told him. "Maybe here, since we found each other here. We can go home later."

Don't Be a Snob



SNOBBERY is as common as the everyday cold. It claims many teen victims—but it's not incurable.

Are you eager to get into the right crowd? Do you shun anyone who's an outsider? Would you hesitate to accept new friends because they don't quite belong? If your answer is yes to any of these questions, you're suffering from snobbery.

Shyness is sometimes mistaken for snobbery but we think you can win friends and influence people—and be much, much happier—if you try a system recommended by popular teenagers.

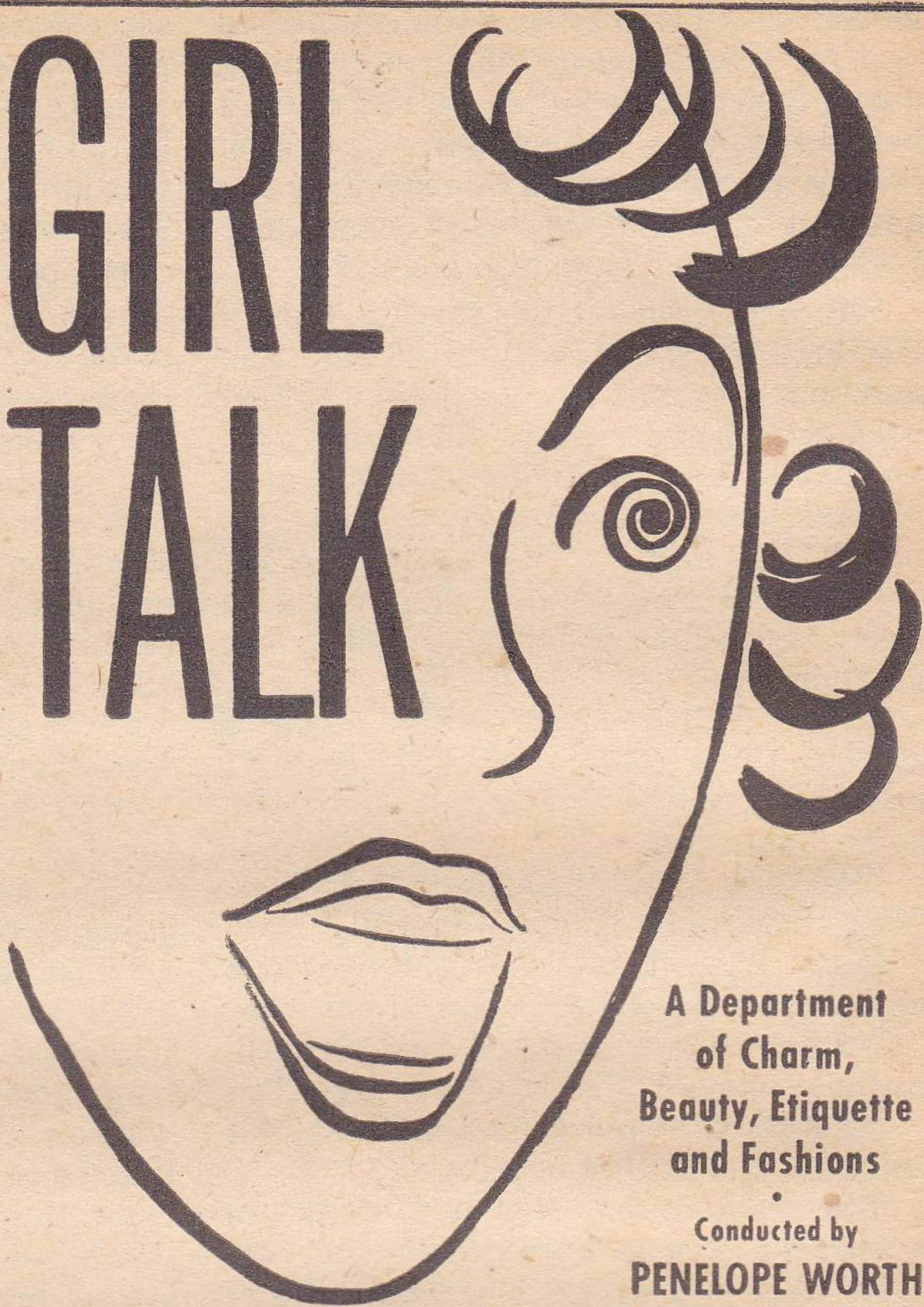
You will be well-liked from the start if you feel free to mix. Introduce yourself. Plop down wherever there is an empty chair. If you think it might be reserved for somebody else, ask, instead of passing up the chance to sit with someone who might be glad to know you. There's always the chance that the other person is every bit as lonely as you are.

In class and around school, be relaxed, act friendly. Talk about anything that pops up—studies, school events, sports. Feel and show a genuine interest. But don't seem overanxious to sell yourself. Treat everybody pleasantly. Don't play up to the leaders. You don't have to. They'll notice you if you show poise, good humor and an outgoing interest.

Now that you're part of the crowd that seems just right for you, stay with your convictions. Don't be so ruled by them that you stand for anything you consider out of line—like racial or religious intolerance or snob-cruelty to outsiders. Welcome other kids who could bring something to the crowd.

Keep up with outside interests so you yourself will continue to have lots of appeal

GIRL TALK



A Department
of Charm,
Beauty, Etiquette
and Fashions

Conducted by
PENELOPE WORTH

as an interesting and wide-awake person.

This may not happen quickly—it may take a little patience to make yourself part of a group. Until you do, plunge into school, club and athletic activities. Pretty soon you'll earn the esteem and liking of a worthwhile group. They'll want to learn more about you!

For Fun and Funds



DO YOU and your class or club want to give a party from which you can reap fun and profits? Good food and smart stunts will unlock the pocket-books at benefits like these.

Hobby show: Boys and girls can demonstrate handcraft in action, working at a variety of hobbies. You can sell what you make. For the art student touch, you can have a

strolling artist to sketch portraits. Bohemian style food can be sold at a sidewalk cafe.

Doll fair: Odd and ancient dolls can be displayed with prizes for the oldest, best-dressed and most unusual dolls. Dolls for sale can be dressed in teen jeans, date or prom clothes.

Or here's a Gay Midway party from which a group we know drew plenty for their treasury:

Balloon dart-game: Purpose is to toss darts against blown up balloons against a back wall. Prize for each hit—a new balloon. Limit, three prizes to a customer or the committee might go broke buying balloons for this popular pastime.

Height guessing: Less embarrassing than weight-guessing for most. A prize for anyone whose height is not guessed within an inch of correctness—plus grand prizes for the shortest and tallest to register.

Have a snack stand—complete to popcorn and peanuts. For variety, popcorn coated with chocolate or maple syrup. Also candied popcorn strings and balls, cellophane wrapped. Peanuts sold in circus-striped sacks. For display, a great bowl of peanuts—precounted. You sack up the bowlful, as prize for the one to guess closest on quantity.

Or if you want to have a hot supper party, for a crowd, these tips will come in handy:

Expect to serve at least half of all who buy tickets. Allow at least three hours for serving—it takes that long to catch the stragglers. See to it that the food is either hot or cold—not lukewarm. Serve plenty of hot, fresh, strong coffee—adults sometimes find this more important than the food. If you use paper equipment, buy the kind that's sturdy and won't collapse when it's carried loaded with food. Keep it neat and clean—use utensils, not fingers for serving. Divide duties ahead—allow ample stacking space for used dishes. Keep up on the clean-up in the kitchen. It's wise, too, to have some extra help standing by to pitch in if there's an emergency.

Your Big Moments



HOW'S your after-class glamour? The girl most likely to succeed among any group of co-eds is the one who wows all the observers during the big moments of campus life.

The big date with the football hero who's run the winning touchdown, dress-up teas at

sorority or fraternity houses, dean's receptions—at all of these times the pretty, festive dress will be a required subject.

Less stiffness and more color is what college girls want. Yellow-greens, clear bright blues, orange-red and queenly wine shades are some of the leaders on the sorority house palette. Colors go by such picturesque names as Dior blue, Renoir lilac, Roulette red, or Burnt sugar.

Velvet-touched black silk taffetas appeal to the dark lady in every co-ed. French rose, soft as a Degas painting, and champagne, are subdued colors very much in favor with those who will be recognized by the class historians. Stripes, broad and narrow, on silk taffeta or silk surah, are bright boosters to the collegiate dress-up wardrobe.

A sure-fire fashion favorite is the perky, but not stiff, full skirt topped with empire-inspired or snugly fitted bodices. Demure but not coy are the many dress tops, high-necked, which tie with small crisp bows or big draped ones. And you can get more neckline variety in the tops that are slashed or scooped or cut in wide Vs.

A whole crop of empire adaptations in bodices is making much of the young-in-waistline. Tucked tops, draped and high-rising beltlines are the variations liked best.

The middy line, long and fitted, is swell for young slim figures but it hasn't caught on with the young'uns. Seems that the alumnus has taken up this trend more willingly.

Sleeves, big and puffy, straight and narrow or push-up get a big play in college-bound date dresses, both by the girls on the campus itself and the young things who are the hometown sweethearts of college men.

The pet of campus styles is a gala dress, strapless underneath, cleverly masked with a tiny tie-on jacket.

Accent on Accessories



TO GO back to that old chestnut, it's not so much what you wear but what you wear with it that will solve your wardrobe problem. What's new?—how to wear it?—here or there? Scarf, stole and jewelry ideas work magic and effective answers to those eternal questions.

For instance, Paris-inspired wirework and light airy filigree designs in jewelry realistically duplicate the fine look of precious gems. Black jet or enamel is starred for costume jewelry; antique heraldics worked with

mother-of-pearl or coins are prominent on the scene. The necklaces gleam on high or low necklines.

Satin scarfs keynote this elegant year, many with plume motifs to mark the debut of the coronation theme. Other scarfs in the spotlight have distinctive stripes, foulards, geometrics and tweeds. Wonderful on the middy-look fashion. And for that middy fashion, jewelry and scarf interest is focused below and above the waist to compensate for the rapidly disappearing middle. For instance, ropes of pearls and beads hang loosely below the waist and can be knotted and clasped at the throat with a bar pin.

Vary your accessories with jewelry, scarfs and clever touches to get a different look in a limited wardrobe. If you're really good at it, one dress can go around the week with a different look for each day. Your audience will never recognize them for duplicates.

Grooming Tricks



A GLAMOUR gal can't dress in a hurry—it takes time. Grooming is something you just can't fake. Do you know how to dress for glamour when the occasion calls for it—when you are going to a prom or important party? You'll have a much better time if you know a few grooming tricks.

Don't wait until the last minute to take out your party dress. It may need something more than pressing to look perfect. And there's nothing worse than having to make last minute repairs when you're in a hurry to do other things.

Everything you're going to wear needs checking—shoes, gloves, evening bag, hose and jewelry. If you're wearing a brand new dress, have a rehearsal the night before just to be sure you have the right accessories for it.

Allow plenty of time to dress. Sometimes something unforeseen can cut into your dressing time. That's why it's a good idea not to leave hair and nails for the last minute.

About makeup, even for a party date don't look made up. You can curl your lashes a little more carefully and probably dab on a little extra mascara—but the average boy likes to think you're naturally beautiful. If you're subtle about your makeup, you can use a little of everything without your glamour tricks being obvious.

Perfume, by all means—but it takes more

than a dab behind your ears and on your hankie to mean anything. We like it all over the body so that you're surrounded in a cloud of subtle fragrance. A gentle hand for this, too. We don't want you to knock him over with a blast of perfume.

Longer Locks



NO MATTER what milady favors or what fashion dictates, men stand by their old war cry—they like long hair! Fortunately for everybody concerned, the trend is away from short hair. The emphasis is on longer locks, and on hair ornaments to highlight the crowning glory.

There are all manner of trinkets to tuck in your hair, no matter what its length. If it's just above the shoulder, try a comb or barrette worn at the side. Many of them come in pairs to be worn at either side of a center part. As for design, there's infinite variety; anything from gold, tailored effects to razzle-dazzle fashions that sparkle with style.

For co-eds with long locks, there are gold barrettes or gold bows that hold hair at the back of the neck ala George Washington. For pony tail coiffures, a metal ring will secure hair with a firm clasp. Clinchers are good for pony tails, too. Their metal teeth catch hair that's been pulled back to the center of the head. For extra dress-up dates, you can find clinchers with pearl or rhinestone trim.

About evening hair-do glamour, coronets top the popularity parade. They're designed as sparkling bands to slip across a smooth crown of hair. You can choose them in simple single bands that double as necklaces, or in more elaborate styles that make you feel like a princess royal.

Your Food Habits



NOT very long ago a scientist made the headlines by announcing that rats died of malnutrition when fed a typical teen-age diet. In teen-age talk—it's pitiful!

At this point, some of you gals who have been adding the padding may conclude that he didn't mean you. But malnutrition doesn't mean being underweight. It means poor food habits.

Does this pattern fit you? You skip breakfast or grab a cookie and let it go at that. You lunch on a sandwich, a soft drink and

a sweet dessert. After school, you trot over to the crowd's favorite drugstore, make with the eyes at the counter boy so he won't spare the trimmings. Sure enough, he rewards you with an extra dopper of whipped cream and two cherries instead of one. This takes the edge off the appetite at dinner and you complain to Mom about giving you potatoes that are so very, very fattening.

That food pattern piles up a heap of calories—and a heap of inches—without giving you protective nutrition. The result is that you're too fat and starving to death at the same time.

Get a little dietary know-how and put the science of nutrition to work for you. On little or no breakfast, you're in low gear all morning. You can't concentrate nearly as well and your grades go way down to there. Inability to concentrate in class makes homework harder and exam time really tough.

A grade-A breakfast includes fruit or juice, an egg, and enriched or whole grain toast or whole grain cereal and milk, plus a glass of milk. And there are no more calories in that breakfast than in the candy bar you eat at 10:30.

The protective foods—whole grains, vegetables, fish, meat, fowl, eggs, butter and milk—furnish lots of building materials. Not fat building but materials needed for strong bones, good teeth, sound nervous system and healthy muscle tissue. You're still growing, you know, so why not get the most-est of the best-est—with these high-test foods?

You don't really have to diet to lose that excess fat. Eat the good wholesome meals your mother plans. That means taking one serving of everything—meat, vegetables, a potato and a slice of bread, a glass of milk. Go easy on dessert—give it to your little brother. Maybe you can have a piece of fruit, instead. Cut out the between meal extras, eat three moderate meals a day, and the lumps and bumps will disappear.

A good breakfast can go a long way toward solving your lunch problem. Lunch doesn't have to be heavy—one sandwich, very thin bread and a thick protein filling, milk and a raw fruit or vegetable, will be ample to sustain you through the whole afternoon.

With protective nutrition, instead of feeling absolutely beat when the day is over, you'll be rarin' to go on an evening of fun.



A Hungarian countess whose family once had a Budapest mansion, replete with butlers and maids, is now a waitress in Washington—making ends meet as best she can until she is joined in this country by her sweetheart, a German medical student!

Beauty and brains are not enough, girls. Neither is good home cooking. You have to have a cheerful disposition. That's the finding of Dr. H. K. Moore, Arkansas psychologist, after making a study of cases involving 176 wives and 176 spinsters.

Spinsters and bachelors have more headaches—literally—than married couples, Dr. Henry D. Ogden, of the Louisiana State University School of Medicine has discovered. And it's also a fact, states Dr. Ogden, that divorced people suffer more from headaches than the married folks.

At one time churches were considered too holy to hold a ceremony that represented something so earthly as uniting a man and a woman, so marriages were not held inside but at the doorsteps of churches.

John and Priscilla Alden of pioneer romantic fame, had 11 children and it is estimated that their descendants now number more than 3,000,000.

—Harold Helfer

"Louise acted like you
had invited me over to
see your etchings. . . ."



JANE MILLER met Hugh Parker because she decided to bake a pan of gingerbread about nine o'clock one bitterly cold December evening. Jane decided to bake gingerbread at that rather unusual hour for two reasons; first, because she was hungry after unpacking and getting settled in the small, one-room-kitchenette apartment she had moved into late that afternoon, and, second, because she loved to cook and couldn't wait to try out the miniature stove in her miniature kitchen.

"Just like a toy, you are," Jane told

dress she'd put on to work in drooped sadly.

With a little sigh, Jane shook her head, her soft, almost straight, wheat-colored hair fanning forward across her cheeks. It just didn't seem *right* for a girl to have to sit down to hot fresh gingered and a glass of cold milk all by herself. How long did it take you to meet people, make friends in a big city like this? So far she hadn't met a single soul except old Mr. Leyton, her employer, and the two other stenographers in his office—and they were both

Gingerbread Blues

By TUGAR DePASS

Jane wasn't a go-getter until she found something that was worth going after . . . then you couldn't stop her!

the stove happily, while she mixed the batter according to her grandmother's recipe.

And she went right on feeling happy and contented while she waited for the gingerbread to bake. Puttering around the apartment, pausing to fluff a deep red pillow on the red-and-gray striped studio couch, to straighten a picture here, a magazine there, she kept thinking how lucky she was. Why, only a week ago she had left Carsonville, South Carolina, to come to New York, and already she had a good job as a stenographer in a law firm and had found this darling little apartment!

Her feeling of happiness and contentment lasted until she took the puffy, rich-red-brown, spicily-fragrant loaf from the oven. Then, slowly, the sparkle faded from her brown eyes and her small figure in the red-checked gingham

married and a lot older than she was besides.

BITING her lower lip, trying hard to fight down the awful feeling of loneliness and homesickness, Jane pictured how different it would be if this were Carsonville and she had suddenly decided to bake gingerbread. All she'd have to do would be run to the front door and broadcast—

"Door!" she exclaimed suddenly, her thoughts breaking off. And then, "Susan Jones!" Yes, that was the name on the card in the slot beside the door of the apartment right across the hall. She had noticed it this afternoon while the janitor was carrying in her luggage. Why, probably Susan had recently come to New York from some small town just as she herself had and would be delighted to come over for gingerbread and milk

while they got acquainted!

By that time, Jane had flung her door open and was on her way across the hall. Smiling confidently, she pressed her finger to the bell button and stood waiting for Susan Jones to open her door.

And then the door was jerked almost violently open—and Jane let out a startled little gasp. For it was a stocky, sandy-haired young man who stood facing her, and, what was more, his gray eyes behind the thick-rimmed glasses he wore were most definitely annoyed.

"Oh, my gosh, I thought you were a girl!" Jane said wildly.

"Me?" He pointed at himself, his annoyed expression changing to one of astonished bewilderment.

Jane giggled, and pointed helplessly at the card which distinctly said, "Miss Susan Jones."

"Oh, I see." He went back to looking annoyed. "I've only lived here a few weeks—keep forgetting to change the darn thing. If you're looking for her, you'll have to ask the manager. I don't know her, haven't the least idea where she moved."

"But I wasn't—not *exactly*, that is. It was just—well, I'm Jane Miller and I've just moved into the apartment across the hall. I've only been in New York a week, you see, and I thought a girl with a name like Susan Jones wouldn't mind my coming over and introducing myself. But I'm sorry I bothered—"

"That's okay," he broke in, suddenly grinning as his gray eyes swept over her, obviously noticing the red-checked gingham dress for the first time. Jane could almost hear him thinking: *Small town babe in the woods.*

Blushing, because, after all, that was exactly what she was, Jane started to turn back to her own door which she had left wide open in her hurry.

"Hey, wait a minute!" he stopped her. "You remind me of somebody and I can't think—why, it's Aunt Amanda! But in the name of heaven, why? You certainly don't look a bit alike; you're

little and cute and Aunt Amanda's tall and skinny. A heart of gold, though. And can she cook! You ought to taste Aunt Amanda's ginger—" he broke off, sniffing. "Gingerbread! Of course—somebody's cooking gingerbread and that's what made me think of Aunt Amanda. Oh, what I'd give for a good big hunk of fresh gingerbread right now!"

"Well—Jane hesitated. After all, even a small town babe in the woods knew a girl shouldn't go around inviting strange men to visit her. On the other hand, a young man with an aunt named Amanda and a liking for gingerbread just almost *had* to be nice. And she was awfully lonely and there was that whole loaf of gingerbread just begging to be eaten.

AND so Jane smiled suddenly and told him it was her gingerbread he smelled and that she had come across to invite Susan Jones to have some but would be glad for him to substitute if he cared to, which he promptly assured her he did.

He ate three huge squares and drank two tall glasses of milk, and, between bites and swallows, Jane learned his name was Hugh Parker and that he was an architect employed by the Barron Architecture Company. She also learned from the way he talked about his job that he was a go-getter, completely absorbed in reaching the top of the ladder as quickly as possible.

"The old goat should have promoted me to a junior partnership long before now," he complained bitterly.

"Why do you keep calling Mr. Barron the old goat?" Jane asked curiously. "Don't you like him?"

"Oh, he's okay," Hugh shrugged. "A bit smug and pompous, of course, and no sense of humor at all. But smart as they come. I suppose—" he chuckled suddenly, "—I call him that because he actually looks quite a bit like a goat. *How* he ever managed to have a daughter like Louise, I can't imagine. Here—take

a look." He took out his wallet and showed her the picture of a beautiful blonde.

"Imagine me engaged to *that!*" he sighed rapturously, and then added, "I'm practically certain the old goat will make me a full partner after Louise and I are married."

Jane stared at him. Without a doubt, he was the most confusing young man she had ever met. One moment she liked him more than seemed possible on such short acquaintance, and the next moment—when he popped out with some remark such as he had just made—she decided she didn't like him at all.

She didn't hesitate to ask scornfully, "Is that the only reason you're marrying her?"

"Don't be silly." He looked at her in honest bewilderment. "I'm marrying her because I love her, naturally. But I'd be a fool not to be glad the girl I love also happens to be the boss's daughter."

He grinned at her as he reached for his third piece of gingerbread. "You're a funny little thing, Jane Miller. Just bubbling over with ideals, I'll bet."

"And what's wrong with having ideals?" Jane practically glared at him and found herself suddenly thinking that she'd bet Louise wouldn't recognize an ideal if she met one face to face. Yes, in spite of her beauty, there was definitely something hard and selfish about Louise's expression.

"There's nothing wrong with ideals if you can afford them," Hugh was telling her, still looking enormously amused. "Only not many people can, not if they expect to get ahead in this world. Now you take me, for instance. Do you suppose I'd ever become a wealthy, successful architect if I refused to design a house according to the old goat's instructions just because I know said house will turn out to be the most awful architectural monstrosity that ever was?"

"Matter of fact, I'm stuck with a job like that right now. The darn thing is going to look like a cross between a Tudor castle and the movie version of a

colonial mansion. Now, if I had a lot of highflown ideals about my 'art', I'd have refused to touch a job like that. *And* I'd have been kicked out, fired—pronto."

JANE shook her head sadly. "You remind me of my Uncle Harry," she said.

"Trying to get back at me for saying you reminded me of Aunt Amanda, eh?"

"No, it just happens to be true, that's all. Uncle Harry was a go-getter, too. And you know where go-getting got Uncle Harry?"

"No, where?" He looked more amused than ever.

"In the cemetery—at forty-five. Work, work, work—money, money, money. That was all Uncle Harry thought about. And so he died without ever having had any fun out of life at all. Gosh, I'm glad Dad isn't like Uncle Harry. Mom always said Dad was a let-goer. Let-goers are ever so much nicer, I think."

"Let-goers?"

"Yes, *you* know—people who don't drive themselves at life but just sort of sit back and relax and enjoy it. Dad's a lawyer, a darn good one, too. He's had several offers of partnerships in some of the biggest legal firms in South Carolina, but that wasn't what Dad wanted. He wanted to have time for his family and he wanted to be free to take the kind of cases he likes. Which—" she laughed suddenly, "—are more often than not defending some underdog who hasn't a cent to his name."

Hugh shook his head. "Sounds pleasant enough for the let-goer himself, but what about his family? Must have been a bit rough on you never to have enough money."

"Of course we had *enough*," Jane looked at him indignantly. "Dad's no impractical dreamer—he simply doesn't care about making a lot of money just for the sake of making it."

"Okay, okay," Hugh stood up, grinning. "I didn't mean to step on your idealistic toes. And this is all very interesting but it's getting late so I'd bet-

ter be going. But just to satisfy my curiosity, would you mind telling me why you came to New York to work? I should think you'd be much happier at home."

"I would be." Jane rose and walked to the door with him. "It was Dad's idea. He thought a year or two on my own in New York would be good for me. You see, he wants me to learn to stand on my own feet, take care of myself. Only—only I'm beginning to wonder if I can stick it out. It's so awful not knowing anybody, nobody to t-talk—" to her dismay her voice broke on a choked little sob and she burst into tears.

"Why, you poor kid!" Hugh took out his handkerchief and began mopping clumsily at her face. "There, there, honey—don't cry like that, please don't. It'll be okay, you'll see. I know lots of nice girls—fellows, too. I'll—"

But he got no farther, for Jane had suddenly done something she hadn't had the remotest idea she was going to do. She had flung her arms up around his neck and was clinging to him with all her might, her face buried against his shoulders. And the next moment one of Hugh's arms was holding her close while with his other hand he tilted her tear-streaked face and kissed her full on her trembling lips!

And then he jerked away from her, looking every bit as surprised and dismayed at his action as Jane was feeling at hers.

Why, she didn't even like the man—at least, she didn't like him all the time. So what could have prompted her to behave in the way that she had? And why should she be feeling the way that she did? She couldn't understand the peculiar sensations she was experiencing. Finally, she explained to herself that she had just been feeling homesick and unhappy and he had merely tried to comfort her. They'd both forget about the whole thing.

OVER and over those next three days she kept telling herself that bubbly,

iridescent feeling after Hugh kissed her had been entirely imaginary. Just the same, every morning when she left for work and every evening when she returned, she couldn't help staring at Hugh's door, wishing it would open and he would come out. But the door remained firmly closed.

It was the morning of the fifth day before she saw him again. He was just stepping into the self-service elevator when she came out into the hall.

"Hey, hold it a minute, will you!" she called gaily, running forward to join him.

He smiled at her as she stepped into the tiny cage, but there was something about the expression of his eyes that told her he wasn't exactly over-joyed at seeing her—and Jane experienced a pricked-balloon feeling.

Determined to ignore it, she said brightly, "Looks as though we may have more snow today, doesn't it?"

"Does it? I hadn't noticed." He was fiddling with the lock on his briefcase, not looking at her. "I must try to remember to have this darn thing fixed—it's always popping open."

"Really? That's too bad." *Just how long could you carry on an inane conversation like this? And why, when they had so much to say to each other that first night, were they talking like this now?*

Exactly as though he had read her mind, Hugh suddenly looked straight at her and blurted, "Lok here, Jane, this is silly. I'd much better be perfectly frank with you. The truth is I've been doing my darnedest to avoid running into you. I didn't want you to pin me down about that offer I made the other night—to introduce you to my friends, I mean."

Jane felt her face flaming with indignation, but before she could speak, Hugh rushed on.

"Oh, heck, there I go, putting my big foot right in it. I didn't mean it that way, Jane. All I meant was I hoped by the time we ran into each other again you

would have formed your own circle of friends, the way a nice, sweet, pretty girl like you is bound to do. Because if I introduced you to my friends I'd be obliged to see a lot of you myself, and I most definitely don't think that is a very good idea. Because you disturb me, you disturb me like the very devil," he finished, almost scowling down at her.

"I do?" Jane answered his scowl with a beaming smile. *Disturb!* Did he mean that kiss had disturbed him as it had her—a fact she was only just this moment allowing herself to admit?

But, no—her smile faded—of course he didn't mean that at all.

"You and your talk of ideals and let-goers," he was going on angrily. "Of course I've got more sense than to really believe such nonsense. Just the same, it's sort of taken the zing out of my job. And another thing, Louise and I had a rip-snorting row about you the other evening. Like a dope, I told her about you inviting me over for gingerbread and she acted like you had invited me over to see etchings instead. I never knew Louise had such a temper or could be so jealous! I had an awful time convincing her you were just a youngster from some small hick town and didn't mean a thing to me."

They were stepping out into the lobby now and he looked down at her with a shamefaced, apologetic grin as they started toward the front entrance. "I feel like a heel of the first water, Jane, but I felt it was only fair to tell you exactly how things stood. Guess I could bear up under having you disturb me, but I can't have you disturbing Louise, too."

"Oh, definitely not," Jane said brightly. "That would never do, would it? Why, without Louise, it might take you years longer to become a partner in the firm!"

He stopped walking abruptly, dropped his briefcase in a chair beside them, and grasped her by the shoulders, his eyes blazing with anger. "That's the second time you've made a crack like that. I

think it would be entirely excusable if I slapped you, young lady. And if you make that crack just one more time, I will." He snatched up his briefcase, and stalked off, leaving her standing there, her face flaming, as she realized at least half a dozen people had stopped to witness the scene . . .

THAT did it—that finished it, Jane kept telling herself all day long. Imagine even thinking she might be falling in love with a man like that! But she was glad he had shown just how rude and crude he could be—now she could put him entirely out of her mind, never think of him again. . . .

Only she couldn't quite succeed in doing that because her mind kept harping back to the incident in the lobby that morning. And in the end, of course, being an essentially honest person, she had to acknowledge she had been pretty rude herself, accusing him right out of marrying Louise only to further his career.

And so, when Hugh came across the hall that night and apologized for the way he had spoken to her, she apologized too. Then, for no reason at all, they both started laughing—and after that there didn't seem any reason why she shouldn't ask him to stay and have a slice of the apple pie she'd just baked, which he did.

He said the pie was every bit as good as Aunt Amanda's, and then went on talking cheerfully about his boyhood in a little town in Maine named Riverview. Among other things, he told her his parents had both died in a boating accident when he was scarcely more than a baby, and that his Aunt Amanda had brought him up.

"She's always hoped I'd come back and settle in Riverview," he added. "She's sure I'd enjoy designing houses for people I know and like more than for strangers, even if I didn't make as much money doing it."

"In other words—" Jane grinned. "—Aunt Amanda is a let-goer."

"Yes, I suppose she is," Hugh laughed,

"though I never thought of it that way before."

Jane hesitated just the briefest moment, then she leaned toward him impulsively. "And you, Hugh—are you sure you wouldn't be happier doing what Aunt Amanda would like you to do, going back to Riverview and being a let-goer yourself?"

Slowly, deliberately, he placed his empty pie plate on the coffee table in front of them. Then, with a jerky movement, he stood up abruptly.

"No, I'm not sure—I'm not sure of anything any more," he said almost angrily. "But I'll get myself straightened out in short order. I'd be an utter idiot to give up my job with Barron to go bury myself in a little two-by-four Maine town. Besides, there's Louise—good Lord, I can't imagine Louise living in Riverview!"

He went then, with a brief goodnight and thanks for the pie. But Jane sat on where she was for a long time, not moving, facing at last the full truth which had been in her heart almost from the first moment she had met this stocky, overly-ambitious, apparently mercenary young man.

She was in love with him—lastingly and forever and forever in love with him. And why? Because her heart had sensed all along what her mind had failed to see until Hugh gave himself away tonight. Hugh was not what he seemed, not what he tried so hard to pretend he was; he was sensitive, idealistic—a let-goer.

With a deep sigh, Jane stood up and began preparing slowly for bed. She was right—she was sure she was right—but her knowledge of Hugh's true character would change nothing. For, in spite of that brief lapse tonight when Hugh had admitted his uncertainty, she knew he had hitched his wagon too firmly to the bright star of wealth and success ever to voluntarily unhitch it. And, as long as he clung to those two ambitions, he would remain in love with Louise without even realizing the reasons.

SO, ONCE again, Jane tried hard to forget she had ever met a man named Hugh Parker. For a few days, she didn't do too badly. For one thing, Hugh was obviously sticking to his intention to avoid her as much as possible.

For another thing, her friendship with the two married girls in her office had ripened to the point where they both invited her to dinner at their homes where she met several most attractive young men who obviously thought she was attractive, too. The result was that she had a date three nights in a row.

She laughed, she danced, she flirted a little with the three attractive young men who took her out, and she told herself confidently that now it would be easy, now, in no time at all, she would be completely cured of her foolish, hopeless love for Hugh.

And then she rode up in the elevator with him one evening a week later—and the moment she saw him she knew there wasn't a word of truth in what she had been telling herself. Why, just noticing that he hadn't yet remembered to have the catch on his briefcase fixed made her long achingly for the right to say, "Darling, you *must* have that catch fixed or one of these days you're going to spill all those precious blueprints of yours all over the sidewalk."

And when she noticed how terribly tired he looked it was even worse than that. For then, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop herself from saying—

"Hugh, must you drive yourself so? You look utterly exhausted, almost ill."

"I am a bit pooped," he confessed. "It's been a tough week. Remember that cross between a colonial mansion and a Tudor castle I told you about? Well, the old harridan who is planning to build it wanted this changed and then she wanted that changed. Consequently, I've had to stand Louise up for three big pre-Christmas parties this week so that I could work. And darned if the old goat didn't inform me today that our client

had phoned from Norwalk about some new changes. I had to break another date with Louise and will have to work most of the night drawing up an entire new set of plans.

"It's no fun working on the monstrosity and worrying at the same time about Louise getting so mad because I had to break another date with her. I hope she'll forgive me when she sees that green orchid I sent her. She did seem to calm down a little when I told her I'd called good old Charley and asked him to take her to the party in my place—that's Charley Van Alston, you know, of *the* Van Alstons. He's been in love with Louise for years."

"You must be mighty sure of Louise, to turn her over to a rival like that," Jane said, looking at him curiously, as they arrived at the third floor and started down the hall.

"I guess I'm just not the jealous type," he told her absently, his eyes going over her in a surprised way as the glow of one of the hall brackets fell full on her. "Green," he said suddenly. "That green suit you're wearing—it's a knock-out, Jane. Come to think of it—" he cocked an amused eyebrow down at her as they came to a stop between their two doors, "—I seem to have been completely off the beam when I tagged you that first evening as Miss Country Mouse come to town in her gingham gown. That blue wool number you had on last time I saw you was mighty lovely, too."

Jane fell asleep that night still trying to tell herself his unexpected compliments meant nothing. Just the same, his remembering the color of the dress she had worn over a week ago made her heart glow with happiness—and, yes, with a faint stirring of hope, too. Because, after all, if a man remembered the color of a girl's dress all that time, it must mean he had thought at least a little about the girl herself, mustn't it?

SHE put on the same blue dress the next morning, a soft blue wool jersey

with a wide calfskin belt which matched her pumps and her shoulder-strap bag. Then, with her tan-flecked tweed coat over her arm, she stood just inside her door until she heard the sound of his door opening. She had meant to open her own door casually, make the meeting appear entirely accidental, but, before she could stop herself, she had practically popped out into the hall. So it was just as well Hugh had his back turned and was staring back into his own apartment.

"Why, hello!" Jane exclaimed, striving hard to sound surprised. "I thought you usually left for work long before this." Which last, at least, was perfectly true, she consoled herself. She had finally figured out that that was one reason she almost never ran into him mornings—because a go-getter such as he was would be bound to go to work earlier than other people.

"I overslept," Hugh said, still staring glumly back into his room. With a sigh, he added, "Aunt Amanda's going to haunt me all day. I couldn't take time to do my usual household chores this morning. The old harridan's coming in to give a final okay to the plans for her house at nine-thirty, and the old goat will want to okay them before she gets there. I'll barely have time to stop for a bite of breakfast."

"Well, look—" Jane said impulsively, "—I've already had my breakfast, so let me tidy up for you. I've plenty of time."

"Would you?" He looked at her gratefully. "I know it's silly, but I'd worry all day over leaving the place in such a mess. But I'll let you do it only on one condition, that I drop you off at your office in a taxi."

"Fine," Jane nodded happily. A ride all the way downtown with him—how marvelous!

"I'll try to hurry breakfast and get back up in time to help finish." He started to turn away, then turned back and handed her his briefcase. "Might as well leave this with you since I'll be coming back up anyway."

Inside his apartment a moment later,

Jane dropped her coat and bag on a chair and started to put the heavy briefcase down beside them. Then she gave a little gasp of dismay as the smooth leather handle somehow slipped through her fingers; she made a wild snatch at the falling bag, but it was too late. It fell to the floor, upside down, spilling its contents in every direction. That faulty catch had popped open.

Jane flew around, gathering up the thick, folded sheets and thrusting them back into the case; the last sheet had come unfolded and lay face up on the rug. When she saw what it was, she dropped to her knees and paused a moment to look at it. Hugh's sketch of the finished monstrosity—and it was exactly that, all right! All turrets and gables and bulging bay window and a row of massive, extremely ornate columns across the front.

Poor Hugh, Jane thought sympathetically. No wonder he had hated working on these plans.

She picked up the sheet and began carefully refolding it in its original creases. It was only then she noticed the several small sheets—pages from a notebook, obviously—attached to one corner by a paper clip. They had almost worked loose in the fall. She started to tuck the explanatory notes more firmly into place. She grasped the small stack firmly between thumb and forefinger, and thrust them back up under the clip—but when she removed her right hand the bottom small sheet stuck to her thumb and pulled completely free.

Jane stared, and then bust out laughing as she saw what it was—a sketch of a goat's head with "Old Goat Barron" printed under it! Hugh must have doodled the thing absentmindedly as he worked and it had accidentally got mixed up with his notes. It was certainly lucky for him she had dropped the case and discovered it—why, Mr. Barron probably would have fired Hugh on the spot when he saw the thing! Hadn't Hugh told her that Mr. Barron didn't have the slightest sense of humor?

About to crumple the sketch and toss it into the waste basket, Jane's hand suddenly paused. Suppose—just suppose she put it back right where it had been and Mr. Barron did fire Hugh? Wouldn't that, when you came right down to it, be the very best thing that could happen to Hugh? He wasn't happy working for Mr. Barron; he had practically admitted that himself. He'd be a lot happier if he went back to Riverview and opened his own office there. She just knew he would be. And, if Mr. Barron fired him, it was at least possible he might realize that himself, wasn't it?

Jane swallowed hard, and slipped the goat's head sketch back beneath the notes. . . .

ALL the while she hurriedly cleaned the room, she kept seeing the thing, kept picturing what was almost sure to happen when Mr. Barron saw it. And so of course she kept feeling guiltier and guiltier so by the time her tidying up job was done she had about decided she couldn't possibly go through with it.

Just then the phone on a table right beside her rang and, naturally, thinking it was Hugh calling to say he was on his way up, she answered it. Instead of Hugh's familiar deep voice, a stifled, definitely feminine gasp, answered her hello.

"Who is this?" the gasper demanded sharply.

Oh, golly! Jane thought, with a slight gasp of her own. It was Louise, of course, and she had a darn good idea what Louise was thinking about a girl answering Hugh's phone at this hour of the morning.

"This is Jane Miller," she said hastily, intending to go on to explain how she happened to be in Hugh's apartment. Only she didn't have a chance.

"Jane Miller!" Louise said furiously. "That girl from across the hall! So this is what's been going on behind my back—this is why Hugh broke three dates with me this week. What a fool I was to believe him when he said he had to

work! But I'll fix him. Just wait until I tell him what—"

"But you've got this all wrong," Jane broke in desperately. "It's nothing like that, really. Hugh just happened to oversleep this morning and so I offered to—"

"Oversleep!" Louise's voice was literally trembling with fury now. "How do you know he overslept if you weren't there, you little tramp, you!"

"Don't you dare call me a little tramp!" Jane was suddenly every bit as angry as the other girl. "If you didn't

So she flew to the desk and dashed off a note saying she had finished cleaning the room sooner than she expected and had gone on to work. Then she snatched up her bag and coat and fled back to her own apartment, where she waited, literally holding her breath, until she heard Hugh come up and, a few minutes later, leave again. . . .

She made so many mistakes in her typing that day that she had to type six letters over from start to finish. And how she managed to get them done correctly the second time, she couldn't

IN BLACK AND WHITE

by

Judith Clarke

THOUGH OF COURSE hardly anyone is ever consciously aware of it, the fact that Anne de Brelogne had blond hair more than 450 years ago affects us all today.

In fact, few of us probably know who Anne de Brelogne was. Well, it so happens that she was the wife of King Charles VIII. If she was responsible for any laws of humanitarian endeavors, they were not sufficiently significant to make a place for themselves in history. But she had blond hair . . . and that fact has its repercussions all about us today.

Queen Anne was, woman-like, quite proud of her light-hued tresses. And when her husband, the king, died, grieve though she might have, she did not permit the sorrow to blunt her feminine vanity entirely.

She donned black widow clothes . . . and looked so lovely that her husband's brother promptly married her and she became the queen again. But the significant part for us today is not that she was a doubleheader queen but that she donned black widow clothes. Because up until then white had been the color of mourning.

And why did she choose black, the color that has come down today as the one signifying grief and sorrow? Because it better became her blond tresses!

have such a nasty temper, and a nasty mind, as well, you'd let me explain. But since you're obviously determined not to listen to a word I say, I'll say just one more—good-by!" And she slammed down the phone.

Breathing hard, she looked wildly about her for a moment. And then, suddenly, she started violently. Good grief, Hugh would be coming back any minute now! He would see at once how upset she was and want to know why. And, of course, he would blame her for making Louise mad and would be furious with her himself. The way she felt right now, she simply could not face Hugh's anger.

imagine. All she could think of was what was happening down at Hugh's office. Had Mr. Barron fired him when he saw the goat's head sketch? And Louise—had Louise rushed straight down to the office to tell Hugh off and break their engagement?

Surely, if that last had happened, Hugh would have called her to tell her off, wouldn't he? Because if she hadn't lost her temper she probably could have convinced Louise her suspicions were unfounded, and Hugh would realize that.

At closing time, Hugh still hadn't called her. Going home on the bus, Jane tried hard to convince herself Louise must have calmed down, after all, and

realized she was mistaken. In that case, she would be too embarrassed about her own part in that ridiculous conversation to mention it to Hugh at all. Oh, she did hope that was what had happened! For, much as she loved Hugh, she would hate to be the cause of Louise throwing him over.

THE moment she stepped off the elevator and saw Hugh standing by her door she knew her wishful thinking had come to naught. For the expression on Hugh's face as she walked toward him left no doubt that he was completely furious with her.

"Hello," she greeted him weakly. "Were—were you waiting for me?"

He didn't even bother to answer that. He just took her key from her hand, flung open the door, and practically shoved her inside. Then he slammed the door shut, and leaned against it, his arms folded across his chest.

"And I thought you were my friend," he said bitterly. "Tell me, just as a matter of curiosity, just what absurd lies did you tell Louise when she called this morning?"

Jane's head jerked up. "I didn't tell her any lies at all! When I answered your phone she just jumped to the wrong conclusion all by her hot-headed little self! I did my best to explain, but she wouldn't listen to a word I said."

"Ha! You don't really expect me to believe that, do you? Louise would never have gotten the wrong idea if you hadn't said something to give it to her. And you must have said plenty because she was so convinced your lies were true when she rushed into the office this morning and flung my ring in my face that she wouldn't listen to a word I said."

"But I tell you I didn't—didn't—" Jane's voice broke on a choked sob, and she suddenly burst into tears. How could he, how could he talk to her like that, call her a liar when she loved him so! "Go away—please go away and let me alone!" She rushed across the room

and flung herself face down on the studio couch.

"All right, but—" Jane heard him walking slowly toward her, felt the couch sag as he dropped down beside her. Then she heard him draw a deep breath and sort of blurt out, "But I guess maybe I ought to apologize to you, first, Jane. Louise is awfully jealous and she does have a pretty quick temper, I know that. So I guess if you say it was like that this morning, then it was. The truth is, Jane, I'm so darned upset I'm not thinking straight. You see, it wasn't only Louise breaking our engagement. I've been fired, too."

"Oh, Hugh!" Jane sat up, stared at him with tear-drenched eyes. "Because—because of the goat's head sketch?"

"Why, yes." He blinked his astonishment. "But how did you know?"

"Because I left it there—on purpose," Jane wailed, and somehow managed to explain how she had happened to find the little doodled sketch and why she had decided to leave it where it was.

"I thought—that is, I hoped, after you got over the shock, you'd be glad to be rid of that job. I thought maybe you'd decide to go back to Riverview and open your own office there. But it must have happened hours ago and you're still angry and upset, so—so I guess I was wrong," she finished miserably.

"Wrong!" Hugh let out an explosive breath, jumped up and began to pace furiously back and forth across the room. "Gets me fired from the best paying job I ever had, and she guesses she did wrong. What does she think I am—a puppet she can make dance to her tune?" He jerked around to face her and shouted, "I am not a puppet!"

Jane jumped and gasped, "Of course you're not."

"You're darned right, I'm not." He glared at her a moment longer, then, slowly, his face broke into a wide grin. "Now that we've got that straight, I've a confession to make, Jane. Sure, I'm still mad and upset at being fired—who

wouldn't be? But ever since about an hour after it happened, I've been glad, too. In fact, if it hadn't been for wanting to wait to tell you what I thought of you for causing Louise to break our engagement, I'd be on my way to Riverview right now. I've already called Aunt Amanda and told her I'm coming home to stay."

"Oh, Hugh, I'm so glad!" Impulsively, Jane jumped up and grasped both his arms, smiling happily up into his face. But the smile faded as she suddenly realized what this decision meant to her. Why she would probably never see him again!

THAT one awful thought uppermost in her mind, she burst out wildly, "But maybe you shouldn't go back to Riverview, after all! Maybe if you stayed here you and I together could convince Louise she's wrong and she'd take you back again."

"Well, yes, maybe we could, at that," he said slowly, frowning. "Only—well, the truth is, Jane, somewhere along the line I've come to realize I don't want Louise to take me back. I think I loved her, though I'm not too awfully sure. But after you explained what happened this morning and I saw how narrow-minded and suspicious she could be without any foundation at all, my eyes sort of opened to a lot of other things about her I'd been blind to before."

There was a long silence then, while they just stood there, Jane's hands still grasping the sleeves of his gray tweed suit, her eyes searching his face, his searching hers.

And then Hugh drew a long, shaken breath and said huskily, "Well, I'll be darned! Jane, I believe I'm in love with you. No, that's wrong, I know I'm in love with you."

"I'm so glad—so glad," Jane whispered.

"You mean—?"

"Of course, I mean," Jane laughed shakily.

Hugh's arms went swiftly around her and his lips stifled the shaky little laugh with a kiss that Jane was sure must be tinged with sheer magic. For not only did it set her heart to pounding until she thought it would leap right out of her body and go dancing off across the floor, it also seemed to unlock that mysterious door between the present and the future so that she had a sudden, ecstatic glimpse into all the happy years they would share together.

She saw a small, cozy house in Riverview, saw tall, thin Aunt Amanda come calling, bringing a gingerbread man she had baked for a small, sandy-haired boy, a doll she had dressed for a tiny, blond baby girl. But best of all, she saw Hugh come striding up the flower-bordered front walk, grabbing her and kissing her, just as he was kissing her now—



*Modern Stories of Romance and Marriage by Popular Writers in Every
Issue of Our Companion Magazine*

POPULAR LOVE



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY AT ALL STANDS!

By Arch
Whitehouse



Dolly wanted a
glamorous career
till the hucksters
made her heart
do a sitzplatz

Carnival Queen

THE first time Gordon Campbell saw Dolly Blythe she was a blue streak careening down the Wildcat slope of the Shrewsbury Winter Carnival layout. Her course carved a picturesque series of curves, stems and skillful Christies, and he held his breath until she came to a halt throwing a feathery plume of snow across

his shins. She glanced up quickly.

"Oh . . . sorry!" pealed Dolly, beautiful and breathless. "I thought you were Mr. Stiles, the coach. Let me brush you off."

"Never mind. It's quite all right," Brother Campbell assured her. "Where have I seen you before?"

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Campbell? I'm Dolly Blythe. I live out on the Farnum Road. I go to the Sarah Barrett School."

Dolly Blythe, Mr. Campbell noted, was about five-two, neatly proportioned and her buoyant energy made him feel the weight of his forty-two winters. She came complete with a creamy complexion, a mop of honey-yellow hair and a set of teeth that would have sent a movie scout reeling. Her outfit was nothing. Just a pair of patched denim pants, a home-grown sweater dotted with snowflake designs and fuzzy white mittens with small pine trees embroidered along the backs.

An hour before Mr. Campbell had been on the long distance phone haggling with Mather Musgrove. Mather had argued that a special Championship week required something exceptional even if it cost more money to put over.

"Look, Campbell," Boss Musgrove had explained. "You've got to have a personality. I can't sell a winter carnival with pictures of guys hopping off a ski jump. They come a dime a hundred. You need a snow queen . . . something with looks and photogenic. I mean a Sonja Heine or at least some jill who can stand on those boards long enough to have her picture taken."

"Oh brother!" moaned Mr. Campbell. "Where would I get. . . ."

"One that's stacked, I mean. Pick out the best you got and ship her down here."

"How?"

"Run a contest in your local paper. Who cares how? Get some kid with looks—and ambition. We'll do the rest."

Mr. Campbell knew Dolly could stand on skis. She sure had personality and

looks. Whether she was stacked was difficult to determine. The sweater was good and roomy, designed for Connecticut weather conditions, not for glamour.

"I'm taking a classical course at Sarah Barrett," Miss Blythe was saying and her words were like crystal water rippling along a brook. "Some day I'm going to be an artist . . . maybe," she laughed at the glorious idea.

"Nice knowing you," Mr. Campbell closed and went off to promote a deal.

It was a simple matter to announce that a Winter Carnival Queen would be selected from the students of the Sarah Barrett School. A well-publicized poll of the students could be taken and the votes would be counted by Mr. Campbell and the other members of the Winter Carnival committee.

The finer nuances of electoral procedure were dispensed with and Dolly Blythe was shipped off to New York City where the publicity hounds of the Musgrove agency took over.

WHEN Bill Terrance first saw Dolly Blythe in the lobby of the Biltmore Plaza on Lexington Avenue he barely managed to suppress a low gasp. Bill was a live wire—with connections, and he had been assigned to squire Miss Blythe through a full treatment of public appearances, television shows, radio programs and other gatherings where her girlish charm and gaiety were calculated to send sports enthusiasts stampeding to the Shrewsbury Winter Carnival.

Bill was fairly tall, hollow cheeked and groomed for his job. He had a good voice, deep-set eyes and some posture left over from two years of military service. He'd been in New York for more than three years. Just long enough to have forgotten what a cream-fed girl looked like.

Dolly was turned out in a pair of scuffed loafers, a gabardine skirt . . . and the sweater. Her hair billowed out like the mane of a galloping palomino pony.

"Jumping Jee-rusalem!" Bill squeaked. "Who fixed you up—like that?"

Dolly feasted her eyes on Bill's crinkly reddish hair as she explained. "No one. I just got dressed and came down when you called."

"You mean, you always look like that . . . without makeup?" He worked in a quizzical expression to fit the first jolt of suspicion. "Say 'peaches'," he commanded.

Dolly looked puzzled but she obeyed. At that minute she would have tried figure eights through the potted palms. "Peaches!"

Bill had never seen such teeth. Clean, white, strong and perfectly aligned. "What the devil do they feed you up there?" he demanded. "You're really beautiful! I expected some finishing-school Judy stumbling around on ski boots and smelling of wax. This will be fun, baby!"

Dolly had no hat, not even a ski cap. She was just Dolly. A country girl willing to do or die for dear old Shrewsbury. Bill bundled her into her camel's-hair coat and started her toward the revolving doors. "Let's get moving. We have quite a program lined up. You'll be here a week, at least."

"Wonderful," cooed Dolly.

"You'll find out," Bill said with a faint tinge of pity in his voice. "It'll be a waste of money, but I'm supposed to take you to a beauty shop. You're on Rob Doyle's Dinner Date program tonight."

Dolly was in a sixth or seventh heaven. "Maybe do something to my hair . . . a permanent?"

"I'm afraid so. It'll be gilding the lily," Bill said morosely while he tried to decode the warning throb thumping at the back of his neck. "Musgrove Malaria," he usually called it; but the symptoms were always the same and the end result something tragic. While they waited for a taxi to roll up he obeyed the urge once more. "Say 'peaches' again," he ordered.

"Peaches," responded Dolly display-

ing the dentistry. "What's that for?"

Bill moaned. "Why didn't your parents accompany you?"

"They couldn't at this time of the year. Daddy is busy with the roads . . . plowing snow and Mother . . . she's never been to New York. Mr. Campbell said I'd be in good hands," Dolly gave Bill a No. 1 smile of appreciation.

"I don't like any part of it," Bill murmured. "Did you sign anything before you came down here?"

"Daddy did. Mr. Musgrove sent up a paper and Mr. Campbell had Daddy sign it because I'm hardly eighteen. Something about using my pictures for the carnival publicity, I think."

The taxi moved up and Bill helped her in. He gave the driver the address of a Park Avenue facial factory and stared at Dolly again. "Baby, I hope you're not being rigged."

Grave with concern Dolly asked, "What's the matter? Won't I do?"

"Do!" exploded Mr. Terrance. "If I know the Musgrove Mob, you're going to do about a million dollars worth . . . for Musgrove. I can't wait until Miss Hardcraft sees those teeth!"

Miss Blythe hugged one knee and stared out at the city. "Oh, I'm going to love this! I'll miss a psychology exam, but I think I'll get a lot out of it, going around New York for a week . . . with you, Bill."

"Wait until Hardcraft sees you," Bill said bitterly.

MISS HARDCRAFT, who looked exactly like a Miss Hardcraft, was at the beauty shop peering over a TV script and working out a new commercial line that would fit a winter carnival queen into the sales promotion of Grimbocker's Ginger Ale. The Musgrove Agency had Grimbocker's as well as half a hundred other impressive accounts. If Miss Blythe could sell a winter carnival there was no reason why she couldn't double for Grimbocker's. Why stop with ginger ale? If she had personality she could be fitted into silk stockings, bath powder,

deodorant, uplift bras, home permanents, shampoo and a dozen other Musgrove accounts. She'd come cheap too, if they worked the racket right.

Once she got over staring at Miss Blythe's teeth Miss Hardcraft nearly swooned. That wooly pull-over nearly floored her. She picked up the phone and called a Fifth Avenue department store.

"A complete outfit," she said in closing. "White cashmere sweater, size 34, gabardine ski pants, size 12 and the latest in ski boots. We'll be over later."

"She's got a ski sweater," Bill protested knowing what Hardcraft was setting up. "Her mother knitted this one for her."

"Why don't you show her in a hospital nightgown?" sneered Miss Hardcraft. "Call up Studio Associates and arrange for pictures at 2 o'clock. "Silver-gray backdrop for good definition."

"Hey listen," Bill moved in. "What are you trying to do? She's just a country junior college schoolgirl. She's perfect just as she is. All we need is to have her pose hugging a pair of skis. She's selling a winter carnival not the Police Gazette. Her old man works on the roads and her mother—"

"Knits sweaters that would comfort a polar bear," snapped Hardcraft. "What editor would use a shot of her swaddled up like that?"

"But she's the clean, wholesome type. You can't give her the uplift routine. She'd never live it down . . . back home."

"Okay, she's supposed to be selling a winter carnival, isn't she? You want her peering out of an igloo? I know what I'm doing. Get Studio Associates."

"Oh brother," Bill moaned and sat down wearily beside a phone.

At Miss Hardcraft's orders Ramon sheared Dolly's mane to what he called a modified poodle cut. It added three inches to her height and twice as many years to her appearance. Dolly thought it was bewitching. They chucked in a facial, a manicure and Miss Hardcraft supervised the final make-up details. Shrewsbury's schoolgirl beauty strode

out to the reception room looking like the Queen of Sheba as conceived by Miss Hardcraft. Bill couldn't believe his eyes and let out a low cry of despair.

"Oh no!" he protested and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Isn't it marvelous . . . what it does to me?" Dolly cried and tilted her lovely chin.

"I guess so, if Hardcraft says so," Bill admitted and had to agree Miss Blythe looked beautiful in a burlesque theatrical sort of way. She had assumed a new stateliness, a poise, an almost brazen personality. He wanted to ram the blunt end of a shovel into Miss Hardcraft's throat. Dolly glared at him as though he were covered with scales and had cloven feet.

"Okay, get her some lunch—not too much," Miss Hardcraft ordered, "and meet me at the studio. You'd better brief her on what she should say about the carnival on tonight's show. Just tell 'em where it's to take place—and when. Winter sports or something, isn't it, dearie?"

"I start out with a wonderful schoolgirl," Bill complained, "and wind up with a Mary Martin who looks like she's washed a hell of a lot of guys out of her hair. How could you do that to her?"

Miss Hardcraft gave Bill a searching stare. "Listen, Junior. Don't tell me you're going for this milk-maid frill. The boss'll have you pushing that sewer pipe account again, if you don't look out. You just go along playing pretty."

Bill walked Dolly back to the hotel hoping the chill winds would loosen up Ramon's poodle cut but Dolly forestalled that by knotting a gay silk scarf over her head and she pranced into the Grill as gay and gorgeous as a carousel pony.

"I'm beginning to get butterflies, Bill," Dolly confided when they sat down to lunch.

"Hardcraft working out on you?"

"No. I mean appearing on television. What do I do and say?"

"I'm not worrying about that. Rod

Doyle will be a big help. He'll just put a few leading questions to you. You supply the answers. Just tell him about the Winter Carnival."

"You'd better tell me what to say, then. I don't really know much about it. I just live up there."

"Can do," Bill said and stared at the menu. "What I'm worrying about is what Hardcraft is doing to you. I mean, the sort of photographs she'll cook up."

"But my hair was terrible, Bill. That sweater made me look like . . . like . . ."

"To me you looked like what I'd expect to see if I went up north for a weekend of skiing. Fresh, wholesome and natural. The typical winter sports girl. Baby, you were something. That's the way I wanted you to appear to the public. When Hardcraft gets through with you you'll look like some third-rate starlet posing for cheesecake. Bill no like."

Dolly looked puzzled and her bewilderment gradually changed to chagrin. "I think you have a nasty mind. This is what I came down for, isn't it? To look my best so I can attract a lot of people to the carnival. It will take a big crowd to cover the expense, you know."

Bill leaned on his elbows and argued. "You were selected to represent the spirit of winter sports. Now you're just another glamour gal with a Park Avenue hair-do and pancake make-up."

"But you have to be made up for television, don't you?"

"Of course not. That's old hat. You certainly needed none the way you looked this morning. And wait until you see what Hardcraft does to you this afternoon."

Dolly explained to set Bill's mind at rest. "She said a white sweater would photograph better."

"The dean at your school will scream her head off," Bill warned.

"Oh, I see," Dolly said finally. "You mean they intend to bring out my figure? What's wrong with that? Girls do have figures, you know."

"Not the kind Hardcraft will work up for you, sweetheart."

"Stop talking like that!" she protested bravely. "It's just for publicity. Wearing a tight sweater won't be too bad, will it?"

"I hate to tell you but this is only the beginning. It's not worth it, baby. Not even the success of a winter carnival is worth what Hardcraft can do to you. By rights I should be enjoying this," he went on. "I should feel pretty high squiring a girl like you around, but somehow it all makes me retch."

DOLLY wore an expression of mixed pity and doubt. "Let's make it fun, Bill," she tried again. "I feel obligated to Mr. Campbell for sending me down here, putting me up at this fine hotel and getting all this attention. Maybe the publicity will help in other ways. I want to have a career like any other girl, you know. I'll want a job when I get out of school. I want to get into art work, maybe in costume design. I'll want to work here in New York. All this experience and publicity may help me later on."

"Two weeks from now you'll be forgotten but the pictures Hardcraft will have taken this afternoon will be in the Musgrove files for years. You'll never live them down, sweetheart," Bill poked at his rubbery scallops and stared at her like a pathetic beagle. "If I had my way you'd go upstairs, pack your bag and beat it home right now." He held it for timing and added: "I can lose my job for that, but it still goes."

Dolly flamed up in her own defense. "That would be childish and unfair. It would be letting the Carnival Committee down." This made no impression on Bill so she went on. "And look at all the important people I'll be meeting."

"None of them is that important."

"They're important to me. What are you trying to do? Just what is wrong with having ambition to get ahead?"

Bill gave up. "If I hadn't seen you this morning I wouldn't have thought anything about it. I'd figure it was just another glamour puss getting the Musgrove routine. I've handled dozens of

them; but you . . . I mean the you I saw before Hardcraft started snipping."

"But I've got to grow up sometime. You couldn't expect me to stay a wild-haired schoolgirl forever."

"Listen, there're a couple of million women on Park, Madison, Fifth and all around Central Park who are trying to buy what you had. They think it comes in tubes, jars and pills. They're shelling out fifty or one hundred smackers a treatment to look like you did this morning. You had it and now you're letting Hardcraft smear it off because you think it has something to do with growing up. This morning you were a very sweet girl of seventeen or eighteen. Right now, you're a very pathetic-looking patsy who is trying to look glamorous. Frankly, you're not doing too well."

Dolly burst into tears and rushed out of the restaurant. . . .

An hour later Bill called her from the lobby.

"Okay, dry your eyes, sweetheart. You're due at the studio in fifteen minutes."

The phone fairly crackled in response. "I'm to go alone," Dolly snapped. "Miss Hardcraft will take care of me from now on. You are to report back to your office."

Bill hung up realizing Miss Blythe had lowered the boom. That put him back on Operation Sewer Pipe.

"Still trying to inject a little fragrance in the huckster business, eh Terrence?" he queried as he stuffed his hands into his balmacan pockets. "You'll never learn, will you? She wants to be a glamour girl but you figure you can keep her the sweet girl graduate. They could use dopes like you in the United Nations setup. They'd have you trying to stop wars within a week. Fat chance!"

But he refused to go down. He went back to the office fighting mad and eased into the Legal Department. When no one was looking he took a quick gander at the contract Dolly's father had signed in the presence of the Shrewsbury Winter Carnival Association. He studied it

carefully and came up with a whistling "Whew!"

HE TOYED with the idea of taking the contract and tearing it into shreds but realized there were limitations to his one-man campaign of rebellion. It was too late to head Dolly off from the camera studio. It was all very clear now. He'd bet there wasn't a pair of skates within three miles of the studio. Hardcraft and Musgrove weren't worrying about a New England winter carnival. The trick was to get Dolly for a million-dollar account Musgrove had been angling for for years.

He mooched out of the office and slunk back to the Biltmore-Plaza, huddled into a club chair and gnawed at his knuckles. It was nearly six o'clock before Dolly came in looking tired and discouraged. She sported enough smeared make-up to rough in a backdrop for a Gay Nineties drawing room set.

She smiled her forgiveness and dropped beside him.

"How's it going, baby?" he inquired solicitously and suppressed a wild desire to caress her.

"Pretty rugged," she said and rewarded him with a warm glance. "I'm due at Studio 4 for a rehearsal in an hour."

"What about clothes?"

"I'm wearing what I brought with me."

"Didn't Hardcraft get you a gown for Rod's show?"

"No. She said I could wear anything I had. I brought a blue suit with me."

"You mean you've been at the studio till now?" Bill ranted. "What went on?"

"Well," Dolly began but Bill interrupted savagely.

"Don't tell me. I know. She put you in that cashmere sweater and did things to it with clothes pins . . . to give it what she calls contour. They took one full length with you resting on a pair of ski poles so that it brought out—your figure. Then another—bust high—a closeup."

"How did you know?"

"Never mind. Next she had you in some fancy undies, brushing your teeth in a bathroom. You put on a dressing gown and began packing some new luggage. Always with the same tube of tooth paste. Right?"

"Yes, but"

"Okay, you think you're selling a winter carnival. For that they took two shots which will be shipped out to a few papers here in the East. That covers the carnival . . . but you could be selling uplift bras."

"Are you starting this again?" she cried and tried to sound petulant. No soap. She couldn't be angry with Bill.

Bill was torn between a desire to strangle her and a desire to yank her into his lap. "You listen to me! Just what does lacy underwear have to do with winter sports? Do you wear stuff like that under your ski pants?" Dolly's eyebrows formed two high arches. "You do not. You probably wear red long-johns. Will you be brushing your teeth on the skating rink? Where the heck are you going with all that fancy luggage? You're supposed to be in Shrewsbury enjoying the winter sports. They didn't even pay you the minimum rate of ten bucks an hour!"

Dolly agreed somberly. "It did seem silly—some of it."

"Remember now. In all those pictures you were either using or packing a tube of Den-creme tooth paste, weren't you? Tooth paste isn't selling a ski slope or a skating rink. You're handing Musgrove one of the biggest deals they ever hoped to clobber. They have every type of account but a dentifrice, and Den-creme has been looking for a face like yours for years. Just figure Musgrove's piece in a deal like that."

"But Bill"

"They'll have your picture—the 'Peaches' pose—on every billboard in North America. You'll be on the back cover of every magazine in the country. You'll be grinning from every railroad poster and looking down on the public

from every car card from here to Oregon."

Some of Dolly's original enthusiasm began to simmer back.

"And if you say 'Wonderful!' I'll clout you in the mush," Bill raged. "There goes the career you've been hoping for. You've had it, sweetheart. It'll be wild and wooly for twelve months and maybe next year your Carnival Committee will send down another snow-swept beauty who'll go through the Musgrove routine. Flooie, your career!"

Dolly sat back, shoved her feet out and stared at a dusty palm across the lobby. "Why is it, that whenever I experience a great happiness, I always have to pay for it with something like this?" she complained.

"It'll be all over in twelve months," Bill repeated and feasted on her eyes. "There's nothing so dead as a picture of last year's No. 1 cover girl."

"Please Bill," she protested feebly and got to her feet. "It may not work out that way at all."

"Leave it to Musgrove . . . and Hardcraft."

"Well, I'm here now and I intend to go through with it. If you'll excuse me I'll go upstairs and get a quick shower."

He peered at her morosely. "You still intend to submit to this stick-up?"

"What can I do? I have an obligation to the Carnival Committee."

"But you're doing damn little for the Carnival Committee. All these TV and radio appearances are on shows that plug Musgrove accounts. As a guest star you should be dragging down anything up to five hundred bucks an appearance. Are you getting it? Of course not. You're just giving the Musgrove agency a million-dollar shot in the arm."

"But I wouldn't back out because of that. I fully intend to go through with it," she said obstinately and started to flounce away. "In fact, I'm determined to like it."

"If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," reflected Bill with a sudden inspiration. He reached out and grabbed her arm.

"You still want to do a job for the winter carnival? That's what you came for, eh? Okay, I'll see you appear on every blasted air show in New York . . . and a few out in Jersey." He looked at her with deep affection. "I guess it's the only way, eh sweetheart?"

"I knew you'd see it my way, Bill," she said sweetly and didn't protest when he kissed her.

THERE was no question about it, butterflies or not, Dolly put on a swell act for Rod Doyle's Dinner Date show. They also had Gretta Hagar, the newest Book-of-the-Month scribbler, with them but Dolly grabbed all the camera close-ups. The Hagar character had a convincing line on the literary situation but the cameramen were human after all, and when they caught Dolly all starry-eyed and bubbling about winter sports they couldn't keep her out of focus. She didn't fluff a line. Finished up by explaining that snow or no snow the carnival would go on. It seems the Shrewsbury crowd had all sorts of snow-making machines at the ready.

Bill figured the railroads and the bus lines were already racking up a dividend.

He watched it on a monitor set in the control room and it came over like cream spilling across a Formica table top. It was good—but bad.

"That wonderful wench can work up a career yet," he grumbled. "She's a natural."

He sighed and felt heartsick—but hurried off to make a few more contacts. Contacts were Bill's stock-in-trade and when he checked in the next morning Musgrove grunted, poked his warty nose up and down the list and Terrance went back on Operation Carnival Queen.

"She's all yours as long as you can keep her occupied," Musgrove said holding Bill with his beady eye. "Why this sudden reversal of interest, Bill? You were in there slugging yesterday."

"I figured Hardcraft was giving her a bum treatment. We should have kept

that schoolgirl quality. It would have been terrific on TV."

"Okay! Like I said, she's all yours. Duke her out any way you like," Musgrove wiped off his executive frown with an oily grin. "Just don't get fighting with her again. You might connect and knock some of those teeth out."

"What do you care? You got all the dentifrice art you want," Bill said accusingly. "Looks like you racked her up for the Den-creme account, eh?"

"It's an idea," Musgrove said and avoided Bill's eyes.

"For you. What about Dolly? She could use some of that cabbage."

"Look Bill. We got a kid who perhaps never saw New York before. She's holed up at a swank hotel . . ."

"Maybe on a due bill."

"Could be. She's getting the glamour routine—for free. It was my idea, remember. She'll revel in it as long as she lives. The way I see it she got a nice deal. Just figure it's part of her education."

"Yeh. I guess she's gonna learn the hard way."

"Don't we all?" Musgrove concluded the interview.

Bill ducked back to his cell and made three more phone calls. One appearance on Jerry McCarthy's Sports Parade, a sit-in on Martha Morgan's Round-the-Town program and an interview on Slattery's Teen-Age Roundup. He hurried off to brief her for an appearance on Luncheon at Luigi's and on the way to the hotel he ran into Wally Spruance and sold him on the idea of having Dolly appear between periods at the Ranger-Maple Leaf hockey game at the Garden.

Wally thought it was a wonderful trick and suggested Bill call Eric Prosser who had just taken over the Automobile Club's "Wanderer's Week-End" show.

"A lot of people would love a trip into New England for a winter show like that," Wally explained.

Prosser went for it in a big way. "Is she good looking?" he asked as he jotted

down her name on a scrap of paper.

"Good looking?" exclaimed Bill. "She's the most beautiful girl to hit New York in a century. You know Barbara Ann Scott? This jill will have Scottie banging on Arden's door for a charm course. I'm telling you"

"Hey! What's that joyous jingle tinkling off your tonsils?" Prosser came back.

"I'm just selling a winter carnival; but I'm telling you, Eric, you've never seen a girl like this. Try to catch her on McCarthy's show at 7:15 tonight. This is something fresh and fragrant. She's wonderful!"

"You work it right and you can get yourself a TV ceremony, a couple of diamond rings and a free bedroom suite," Prosser gagged, "but bring her along while she's single. I think I can use her."

"Thanks," Bill said and hung up. He turned back outside the booth and stared at the pay phone. "What did I say that brought that up?"

HE MET Dolly in the lobby and bounded up like an affectionate St. Bernard. "Sweetheart, you were wonderful . . . last night," he babbled on. "It was perfect. How do you feel?"

"I feel fine." Dolly beamed. "What do we do next?"

Bill blinked. "You're not tired?"

"I like it, Bill. Everyone is so nice to me."

"Sure. They're getting you for free. However . . ." he sighed. "We have quite a program lined up. Looks like you'll be here for a couple of weeks."

"Here . . . at the hotel?"

"You don't have to worry about anything. You just sit in and speak the same piece—but remember, don't sign any papers of any sort. You're just selling a winter carnival. That clear?"

"Two weeks," Dolly said softly and looked into Bill's comforting eyes. "I'll be missing a lot of classes and I'm still trying for a scholarship, you know. Daddy can't afford to send me to college."

"I understand, sweetheart—but we can't let the Carnival Committee down, can we?" He went into the hand-holding routine.

"I wish I had brought a few books along. I might have found time to keep up"

"Don't bet on it," Bill said somberly. "Let's go. We're due at Luigi's for a quick briefing. This is where you'll see the suburban matrons at their war feast before they storm into the matinees."

"You'll be with me, won't you, Bill?" Dolly pleaded.

"To the bitter end, sweetheart," Bill said and grinned.

Before the next four days had passed Dolly began to show signs of strain. The original luster was a dull glaze in her eyes and her winter carnival routine sounded like poop coming off a recording tape. The smile had to be daubed on with a lipstick brush. In the middle of Daphne Dawn's Wardrobe show she produced a sleepy-baby yawn that nearly panicked her hostess. Daphne smirked. "I hope we're not keeping you up, dearie," and wanted to strangle the little chit.

"You know, Bill," she confided in the gloom of a television stage one night. "It's getting so I have to restrain myself. Today I almost put my fingers in my mouth and let out a loud whistle the way I do back home when I'm calling Shep. Sometimes I could scream."

"But we can't let the Carnival Committee down, sweetheart," Bill—the louse—said with no show of sympathy.

"I wonder if it's worth it. Do you think it'll bring a crowd to Shrewsbury?"

"I know one guy who will be there," Bill said and searched her eyes for his next lead.

Dolly muffed the inference and said, "How many more shows, Bill?"

"Only eight or ten . . . unless I put something else over. I got an idea. A new idea, pet."

"Please, no more, Bill."

"No. Not programs. I'm working on an idea that may build up to a career."

Maybe we can dub out Musgrove's Den-creme promotion." He waited to see how that would sit. "He's selling you as a glamour gal with teeth. My idea is to get someone to buy you for what you are . . . just a nice wholesome girl. We just need an outlet for someone like you were the day I met you. Get it?"

"I wish it was all over," Dolly responded dolefully.

"Hey, you're the gal who liked it! I thought it was fun. Everybody liked you. You're doing a wonderful job."

"Thanks," she said wearily. "I guess you're the one who should get the credit."

"Take it easy. Why don't you go catch a movie . . . maybe a newsreel until we head for Clyde Bryan's show late this afternoon? Then after we duck out of the Cavalcade of Youth program tonight we might catch the latter half of . . . say, *The King and I* or *Guys and Dolls*. I think you'd like that."

"What are you going to do?"

"Here's my idea. There're two or three accounts that might be able to use you for a new series of ads. Nothing to do with any Musgrove account. It would all be yours. I mean, all the dough. If I can sell you as the wholesome school-girl type, no telling how far you might go. I just wish we had some pictures of you as you were—back home."

"But I have, Bill. A photographer from the Shrewsbury paper made a set up before I left. I have them upstairs."

"Holy Smoke! Why didn't you tell me before?" Bill said but didn't mean it. "Run upstairs and get them."

They were all Bill dreaded. Dolly in her ski sweater and a pair of real ski pants. Dolly cuddling a pair of gleaming skis at the runout of the Shrewsbury championship jump. Dolly in a fast Christie on one of the advanced slopes. Half a dozen of the real Dolly. The Dolly Bill would always remember and love.

"These are just what we need. They're marvelous. If I don't sell you on these—I give up."

There was the old gleam in Dolly's

eyes again. "You think so, Bill? You think you can work something out?"

"I'll get you a contract," he said and then added in an undertone, "for life."

"I think I'll take a nap, Bill. Call me when you get back. I'll be waiting here."

THERE was nothing to report when Bill turned up to take Dolly to Barron's afternoon show. Barron ran one of those programs where lifted eyebrows, matronly squeals and the promise of a refrigerator made up most of the fill-in between the commercials. Dolly sat through a nauseating interview trying to ignore the lecherous eyes and revolting references to her curves and other physical appointments. Barron made the most of the phrase "sitzplatz" which went over big with the squealers in the audience.

For that performance Dolly was rewarded with a 17-jewel wrist watch which practically exploded when she tried to wind it.

"Never mind," comforted Bill, "it's all for the winter carnival. Tonight it will be different."

None of it was different. Every program was based on the same moronic viewpoint. The Cavalcade of Youth turned out to be a teen-age amateur pot-pourri of tap-dancers, leggy ballet students and a vocalist mimicing Dinah Shore. *Wish You Were Here* made him wish he were dead. A cowboy with gestures reminiscent of the movements of a steam shovel, added more gloom with his adenoidal rendition of *Home on the Range*.

Dolly had to submit to another informal interview by a pigeon-chested jerk who put his arms around her and went into the "sitzplatz" routine.

"Wouldn't you like to make a snow man with her?" he inquired of his audience.

"Get along, little doggie," Dolly said under her breath and retreated out of the camera range.

Bill walked her back to Broadway, fretting and fuming but outwardly en-

thused at her ability to cope. She took his arm and said, "I sure wish all this was over, Bill. I want to go home."

"Stick it out, sweetheart," he encouraged, "something will break. It has to."

"I know what's going to break," she said mournfully.

"I have two appointments lined up tomorrow. You should be just what they want."

"What happened today?"

BILL looked worried. "I just don't understand it," he explained. "Maybe I don't know as much about this racket as I thought. They don't seem to want nice little girls like you. I mean the fresh wholesome type like the pictures you had taken at home. They want what Hardcraft wants."

"That's the way it will always be, I guess," she said disconsolately. "That's the way it is at school. The other kind gets all the dates and the invites to the Yale Prom. If Mr. Campbell hadn't seen me skiing he would never have thought of picking me for the Carnival Queen."

"And you can't just ski all your life," Bill added.

"Right now I don't care whether I ever see a hill or a pair of skis again. That's the way I feel, Bill."

"But there's still a chance I can get you with this Camelot outfit. They specialize in high priced teen-age wear. A mail-order setup with a catalogue put together for the young socialite trade. If I can get you for their sub-deb of the year you're in. It can be a terrific contract."

Dolly shook her head despondently.

"You could become Miss Camelot for the year. After that you graduate to the cafe-society type. They have a special on bridal outfits. Young matrons and so on up. You click this one and you can be in business until you're modeling wimples for someone's grandmother. In between you could be working on a few design ideas of your own. Who knows?"

Dolly pinched in a smile. "You're so very kind, Bill, but I know it won't

work. I'm not the sub-deb or cafe-society type. I don't look like it and I don't feel like one of those people. That's what they want, I know. I see it in their eyes, all the time. I guess no one wants my kind of girl any more."

"That's where you're wrong," Bill argued and put his arm around her waist. "I know"

"No Bill. Just stay with me until we get through this program for the carnival. I know where I belong."

"I'm telling you, sweetheart. I know someone who would take you in a minute. You just have to say the word and put your name on the dotted line . . . on your own terms."

DOLLY missed a step in their double shuffle.

"You could stay on here and go home whenever you wanted. You could have a wonderful little apartment and go to one of the fashion schools, maybe the Art Students' League."

"What sort of a deal is that?"

"I mean," Bill drew her in closer. "I'm the guy who wants you, Dolly. I like nice . . . girls like you. We could work it out pet—any way you want. I love you, Dolly. I want to marry you and protect you from all this."

"But . . . but I can't sign anything like that," she cried and then stopped dead in her tracks. "But Mother and Daddy could, couldn't they? I love you too, Bill. Oh, how much I love you."

"What about the carnival program?"

"Just take me home. Just long enough to tell Mother and Daddy. That's what I want to be. Just like I was when you first saw me, Bill. Isn't it wonderful just when things seem at their worst—something marvelous always bobs up and makes me happy again?"

"And if Musgrove thinks he can use my wife to get him that Den-creme account he has another think coming. We'll show him, sweetheart."

"Just so I have you, Bill," she said and they sealed the deal right there at Broadway and 52nd. ♥ ♥ ♥



THE PERFECT PICTURE

By ANN KENNEDY

It looked like Paula's recipe for a happy marriage was working—until a pinch of jealousy was added!

PAULA had mixed martinis, all but the ice. The steak was seasoned, ready to go into the broiler, and the sparkling burgundy had been in the refrigerator all day long. Personally, she'd prefer to let the celebration wait until Tom's big, fat pay check was safely in hand, but she knew Tom would enjoy a special dinner after his first

day on the new job. In little things she liked to please him.

Little things, she felt, could make or break a marriage, and Paula was determined that hers should succeed. She had chosen Tom carefully from a host of suitors—for his steadiness, his kindness, and just a little for his strong, pleasant face. Besides, she loved him, and so

when she heard his footsteps she smoothed her organdy apron and ran to the door of the apartment to greet him.

"Hello, big shot," she said, smiling.

Tom let go of his newspaper and briefcase, sent his hat flying and reached for her. She felt happy and secure in his embrace, even though she was getting a little mussed. She waited for his arms to relax slightly before she pulled away. "Goodness, darling," she laughed, "you're so ardent!"

"I couldn't help it. If you knew what a picture you made, standing there—"

Paula really couldn't help knowing—she'd been told too often. First it had been what a cunning child she was, then what a pretty girl, what a sweet young thing. By the time she reached college, men had begun telling her that she was beautiful.

Her eyes were pure blue and her skin the color of honey-flavored milk. She had the classic beauty that demands a severe coiffure, so she parted her golden hair in the middle and swept it tightly into a flat, shining coil. She thought it unfortunate that her hair was a little curly, and without constant vigilance it softened into waves around her face.

TOM watched her tenderly as she picked up his hat and put it away. "I'll make martinis to celebrate," he said.

"They're all made," answered Paula, noting his look of disappointment and thinking she really should leave the masculine chore of cocktail making to him, even though he never got martinis dry enough. "Just put the ice in, dear."

"Well, how did it go today?" she asked when he brought in the drinks. "Do you feel as important as your title? Do you have a big, beautiful office and a big, beautiful secretary?"

"Neither is very big or beautiful, but I have them. And an assistant."

"Oh, my! What's his name?"

"Miss Kelly," said Tom, grinning at

her as he gave the martinis a final stir and filled the glasses.

Paula raised hers. "Here's to the new Public Relations Director of Titan Textiles, Inc." She sipped her drink. "What's she like, Tom?"

"Miss Kelly? Nice. Very helpful. Very eager."

"What's her first name?"

"Mm-m, Sally, I think."

Sally Kelly, thought Paula. She doesn't sound like much of a threat, but you can never be sure. "What does she look like?"

Tom frowned, apparently evaluating Miss Kelly's appearance for the first time. "Oh, she has darkish hair, I guess. Kind of medium-sized. Kind of medium-looking, really."

Paula was satisfied that no danger lurked in Miss Kelly. "Will you want another drink or shall I put the steak in?"

"Steak!" Tom repeated happily. "Put it in. This is really a celebration!"

They'd only had steak once before—on their anniversary—since they'd been married. Tom's salary from the ad agency might have been stretched to afford it once a week, but Paula's passion for security made her frugal. Her fondness for system in saving and in everything else was a revolt against her unsettled childhood and her turbulent parents, rich one year and poor the next, impatient with methods, with hard work and eventually with each other. During Paula's sophomore year in college they had been divorced. Paula hadn't seen either of them since her wedding day, more than a year ago.

Paula enjoyed her steak. Her happiness proved to her that all her little rules were bringing success to her marriage. She felt complacent enough to break one of her minor regulations and recklessly left the dishes for the next morning.

When Tom relaxed in his favorite chair, Paula brought him his slippers. He pulled her into his lap. "Gosh," he said huskily, "I'm a lucky guy. Why did you pick me?"

Paula sat up straight. "What do you mean?" she asked seriously. "It was *you* who picked me."

Tom laughed. "Oh, my sweet, convention-loving wife. Of course I picked you. But you had plenty of other offers. Why me?"

"Oh. Because I loved you." She sank back into his arms a moment to kiss him, then struggled to her feet and went to fetch her knitting.

Only one thing marred the contentment of her evening—Tom's remark about her picking him. It started her thinking. She knew she had selected Tom very carefully, but she wanted it to be her secret. She might have had a handsomer man or a smarter one. In college she might have married Alan Brewster, the man most likely to succeed in his classmates' opinion. For one evening she'd worn his fraternity pin, but she'd taken it off her sweater before midnight.

ALAN was brilliant and demanding, always talking politics, discussing his career, telling her how important she would be to his success. Even then Paula had avoided opinions on issues which caused contention, and Alan's success, she felt, was strictly his affair. He had expected too much of her.

"You're not listening," said Tom.

Paula smiled at him appreciatively.

"No, dear, I wasn't," she admitted. "What did you say?"

"Just something Miss Kelly was telling me—"

She yawned luxuriously. "Oh, Tom, don't start bringing your job home with you."

The interest in his eyes faded. "Sorry to bore you."

"Darling, don't be hurt. I just mean that when you're home you ought to get your mind off business. You ought to relax—like I do."

"And while you relaxed," Tom inquired coldly, "what were you thinking about with such concentration?"

"Nothing. I was just sitting here be-

ing happy," she answered, hardly aware that she lied.

Tom slowly smiled back at her. "That's enough," he said, putting his hand on the golden ripple of her hair. "I guess that's all any man could ask."

Before she went to sleep that night, Paula's mind surprised her in the twilight between thoughts and dreams by suddenly lighting up the face of Alan Brewster. She didn't want to think about him, indeed she hardly had since she'd been married to Tom. But she felt sleep slipping away, as her mind inexorably presented memories of a love affair she'd run away from. She turned over quickly, hoping also to reverse the direction of her thoughts.

"Can't sleep, dear?" asked Tom.

She made a sleepy mumble, which satisfied him, but Alan Brewster was more persistent. He brought with him the sterilized smell of new-fallen snow on a cold winter night, and the prickling awareness of a fraternity pin over her heart. Alan never wore a hat, and she remembered the sharp peak of his hair in the middle of his forehead. He'll be bald in ten years, she thought.

He never cared about things like that. He was talking enthusiastically about his career in the diplomatic service. "Paula, it'll be so exciting. We could be sent anywhere," he prophesied. "Want to go to Timbucktu?"

"No," said Paula fervently.

Alan laughed. "Well, how about the Court of St. James? You'll chat with the Prime Minister and have tea with the Queen."

"Oh, no!" she whispered. What could she say to a prime minister, and wouldn't any queen dislike her on sight because she was so pretty?

Paula, lying in bed, could still feel the unspoken fear gathering right underneath the fraternity pin. She could still hear the crunch of their footsteps in the hard snow—hers coming faster and faster until she was running to get to her dorm. At the door she was out of breath. She turned to Alan, just shaking her

head, and then tried to go inside. But he held her arm tight and wouldn't let her get away.

Paula moved uneasily in bed, remembering how she'd tried to explain her fear of adventure and how he wouldn't understand, remembering almost with panic how the fraternity pin had caught in her sweater as she fumbled with the clasp.

Alan stood on the steps of the dorm, pleading softly at first, shouting at her finally.

"No," she moaned softly. "Please—don't."

"Paula!" But it wasn't Alan's voice. It was Tom's. "What's the matter?"

"Oh," breathed Paula, and her sudden awareness of the sheet clutched in her fingers seemed a physical impact. "Oh—Tom. I—I had a bad dream."

SHE lay very still after that, breathing regularly, forcing her mind away from the memory of Alan's anger and the cruel things he'd said. Nearly three years ago, it was. A foolish love, a fleeting one. How could Alan Brewster hurt her now?

She knew she'd been right to break it off, so wise to wait until Tom Harris came along. Dear Tom, who made no frightening demands of her, who wanted only a beautiful, affectionate wife and a pleasant, smoothly run home. Those things Paula was glad to provide; for Tom she would never be inadequate.

She was tired in the morning when she woke. Usually she had ample time to dress before Tom got up, but when he opened his eyes she was still brushing her hair. She didn't see him because she was bending from the waist, and her hair flowed over her head toward the floor. As she completed each downward stroke a few golden hairs floated up like spray from a waterfall. When she lifted her head, swinging the heavy blond waves back, she was startled and therefore a little irritated to see Tom staring at her.

"Leave it all hanging down like that,"

he said. "Don't do anything to it."

Paula scarcely paused in the familiar routine of making a tight gold cap for her head. "Don't be silly, dear. Do you want me to look like Alice in Wonderland? Hurry, now, and I'll make you some French toast."

She drank only orange juice and coffee herself, though, feeling thoroughly out of sorts at the sight of last night's dishes in the sink. She kissed Tom goodbye with relief, eager to return her kitchen and her house to their usual immaculate state.

Only once did her mind touch on the disquieting memories of the night before, and she banished them by polishing the silver. But she found not quite her usual pleasure in the task. Tom's new job seemed somehow to blame for the feeling she had that there were pebbles in the snug cocoon of her life.

The blame seemed well placed when he was late for dinner that night. Afterwards she found it hard to retain her composure when Tom dragged some samples of cloth out of his briefcase.

"This stuff ought to interest you, hon," he said enthusiastically. "It's our new fabric. Perfectly marvelous—shrink-proof, fade-proof, and when it gets dirty you just wipe it with a damp cloth. I just got these samples this afternoon. That's why I was late. We got excited, talking—"

"We?"

"Sally and I."

Paula frowned. Yesterday it was Miss Kelly, today it was Sally.

"She's a whiz," Tom continued. "Already she's got a couple of magazines sewed up for a spread on Silco. That's what we're calling it. See, it looks like silk, feels like silk—"

"I see," said Paula.

"Here look at these." Tom handed her the samples. "You want some new drapes for this room, don't you? Sally says there's a pattern for every color scheme. You could pick one out—"

Paula glanced at the cloth impatiently and handed it back. "Yes," she said

scornfully, "I can have what every smart young home-maker in the country hangs at her windows. Tom, you run your office and I'll run my home."

Tom put the fabric away, looking so hurt that Paula regretted her remark. But she meant it and she didn't take it back.

A few nights later Tom phoned to tell her he wouldn't be home for dinner at all, explaining he wanted to work on a department store display for Silco.

"Couldn't you work at home?" Paula asked.

"Well, there are a lot of photographs and sketches I have to work with." He hesitated and added eagerly, "But if you'd like to see them—"

Paula was silent a second. "I'd love to, Tom, only—well, it seems like a lot of trouble for you—"

"No, not much," he said. "I'll be home soon, then." But he sounded doubtful, and five minutes later he phoned again. "Dear, I guess maybe I will stay here. Sally has a couple of ideas on this thing, and she's willing to work late—you don't mind?"

"Of course not," Paula assured him, and it was true. She felt relieved that her home and her evening would not be littered up with sketches and snippets of cloth. After all, Silco was Tom's job, not hers. It was Sally Kelly's job, too, as far as that went.

ORDINARILY Paula didn't mind being alone, but that night she felt uneasy. Uninvited thoughts kept intruding on her serenity. Alan Brewster. . . . Now why, she thought, exasperated with herself, bring him up again? But he was standing on the front porch of a dormitory, saying, "What do you think you are, a lily of the field, with no responsibility to the world but to be beautiful?"

Paula had said nothing then, but now she refused to hear again the rest of the things he'd said. She held up her sewing and answered him: I'm not lazy. Look, I've darned two pairs of socks already this evening. My home is beautiful, clean

and shining. I'm a good cook. And, Alan, I love Tom. What more can he ask?

Alan made no reply, but he wouldn't go away. In college he had bullied her: "Join the French Club . . . Come hear a lecture on the Far East . . . What do you think of the Eightieth Congress?" His specter seemed to be bullying her now, but she didn't know what he was saying, or why he should seem almost a physical presence in the room.

You don't mean a thing to me now, Alan. I love Tom. I'm sure of it. I don't even know where you are—or care.

She turned on the radio and got Beethoven's *Eroica*—loud. Then she put her mending away and reached for her knitting—argyle socks for Tom, which required concentration. Slowly the tenseness went out of her and Alan Brewster faded from her thoughts.

When the symphony was over, she turned off the radio and got ready for bed, relaxed enough to be humming a tune as she creamed her face. Now what was that song? Something about a devil, dead on the level, *My Gal Sal*.

Paula dropped her cleansing tissue as the significance of the title hit her. *Sal*—Sally Kelly, and Tom getting home late last week because he was talking with Sally. Dinner, no doubt, with Sally tonight. Heaven knew how many lunches. Paula stared at her face in the mirror, scornful of herself for wasting worry on a dead love affair while she was blind to a live threat to her happiness.

She was still up when Tom got home at midnight. "Hi," he said in surprise when he saw her. "You ought to be in bed."

"I thought I'd have a nightcap with you," she said, holding her face up for his kiss. Then she added, "But I guess you've already had one."

"Well, yes. 'I—'" He hesitated and then looked straight at her. "There's no reason not to tell you. I had one at Sally's apartment when I took her home."

Paula's smile was steadfast. "Of course dear. You probably both were tired."

"Still am." Tom yawned and headed for the bedroom.

Now Paula knew she had to see Sally Kelly for herself. "Tom," she said, as she was getting into bed, "I'm coming uptown for some shopping tomorrow. How about taking me to lunch?"

"Sorry. Tied up tomorrow. Make it next week."

On Tuesday Paula dropped in at the office before twelve, to be sure not to arrive during Miss Kelly's lunch hour. She smiled at his secretary. "I'm Mrs. Harris. I'll go right in."

Tom was sitting at a large desk. Standing beside him was a girl, bent over so that all Paula could see was a mass of untidy brown curls, until she looked up just as Tom did.

"Why, Paula!" Tom exclaimed.

"Lunch, darling?" asked Paula.

"I guess so. Oh, Sally, this is my wife. Paula, Miss Kelly."

She had warm brown eyes and white teeth that flashed when she grinned at Paula, holding out a square, rather grimy hand. Then she turned to Tom. "My, she is beautiful, isn't she?"

PAULA didn't feel called upon to return the compliment. Miss Kelly had a friendly face, a little freckled across the nose and a little smudged along the chin. Her lipstick was almost worn off, her sleeves were pushed up, and she had a breathless air. She looked as though she'd spent the morning running down a windy, dusty street.

In her relief Paula gave Miss Kelly her most winsome smile, apologizing for interrupting them.

"Oh, this stuff can wait," said Tom. "Bring it in again when I get back, Sally."

"Why don't you join us, Miss Kelly?" Paula suggested. "You and I ought to get acquainted."

"I don't think I—" She glanced at Tom, obviously hoping he would make it possible for her to refuse, but he seemed to think the invitation a splendid idea.

Over cocktails Paula and Sally settled down to first names and chatted mainly about Tom's sterling qualities, while he grinned self-consciously.

"Paula," Sally said, "don't you think Tom's department store display is marvelous?"

Paula just smiled, unwilling to admit to Sally that she hadn't seen it nor to lie in front of Tom.

"He has such wonderful, eye-catching ideas, I think," Sally went on excitedly, "but of course I'm prejudiced."

"No more than I," Paula replied, and Tom shot her a quick, appraising glance.

Paula went home after lunch and did some thinking. She tried to see Sally Kelly objectively—an energetic, enthusiastic, rather plain young woman, who greatly admired her boss. Paula could not understand the nature of the threat, but she knew it was there.

When Tom came home she was wearing his favorite blue dress and her hair hung over her shoulders like a shiny shawl.

"Alice in Wonderland?" he asked, as he kissed her.

"If you like me that way," she said. "It only takes a little practice to keep it out of the gravy."

He laughed but his eyes were thoughtful. "Wear your hair to please yourself. Dinner almost ready? I think I'll make a drink."

His martinis weren't dry enough, but Paula pronounced them the best she'd ever tasted.

"Sally seems like a nice girl, Tom," she said.

"Well, you two have hit it off fine," he said, sounding somewhat puzzled. "She just raved about your looks and your charm and your poise."

"How sweet of her." Paula smiled, as a point in strategy occurred to her. Friendship with the wife, she thought, might make husband stealing a little awkward. "I ought to know her better. Why don't you bring her home for dinner soon?"

"You're suddenly very amiable,

Paula," Tom said. "What's up?"

"Suddenly?" Paula hedged. "I try to be always. Ask Sally for tomorrow night, Tom."

Sally, however, couldn't make it the next night, nor any other night when she was invited. But previous engagements never kept her from working late at the office with Tom, which became increasingly necessary with the textile show at Grand Rapids approaching.

Paula didn't abandon her plan. A couple of weeks later she stopped in at Tom's office, knowing he had a lunch date.

"Tom's out?" she said, in surprise, to Sally, who was sitting at her desk about to unwrap a sandwich. "Well, then, you have lunch with me."

"Oh, I—" Sally tried hard to think of an excuse to refuse with the evidence of the drugstore sandwich in front of her.

"Do come," Paula begged. "I'm just in the mood for a long, gossipy lunch."

SALLY was trapped, but she hid her disinclination for lunch with her boss's wife. Paula tried skillfully to put her at ease, chatting with the casual intimacy of an old friend, flattering Sally about her ability to hold her own in a man's world.

"Oh, it's not really a man's world," Sally protested. "The men are on top, but for every one who's successful there's usually a girl who helped—" She stopped in dismay and then plunged on, "I mean a secretary can—"

"Or an assistant," Paula interrupted, smiling and calmly buttering a roll. "Don't think I don't know how much you've done for Tom."

"Oh, I didn't mean—"

"Don't be modest, my dear. I really appreciate all you've done for Tom," Paula said, a little condescendingly. "I certainly couldn't do it. I had a job for a while before I was married, and I was a complete flop. I never seemed to come up with a sensible suggestion."

Sally stared at her for a moment, and

[Turn page]

MAKE **CRIME** YOUR BUSINESS

ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW!

Help fight crime! . . . Earn steady good pay as a Finger Print Expert or Investigator. I.A.S. trains you—by easy, low-cost home study lessons. Learn this exciting work in spare time. Write for full details now!

OVER 800 POLICE BUREAUS...

Employ I.A.S.-trained men . . . proof of what I.A.S. can do. Write today (state age) for details. No obligation. No salesmen will call.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Dept. 7963 1920 Sunnyside Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois

STUDY **LAW** FREE AT HOME **BOOK!**



Prepare for the Bar!

Write today for a copy of our FREE book, "The Law-Trained Man," which gives the bar rules in your state and tells how ambitious men and women since 1890 have been preparing at home in spare time for the practice of law by studying the famous Blackstone bar-training course. All needed instruction material is furnished including big 16-volume law library. Law diploma awarded. Moderate tuition; easy monthly terms. Write for FREE book today!

BLACKSTONE SCHOOL OF LAW

225 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 253, Chicago 1, Illinois

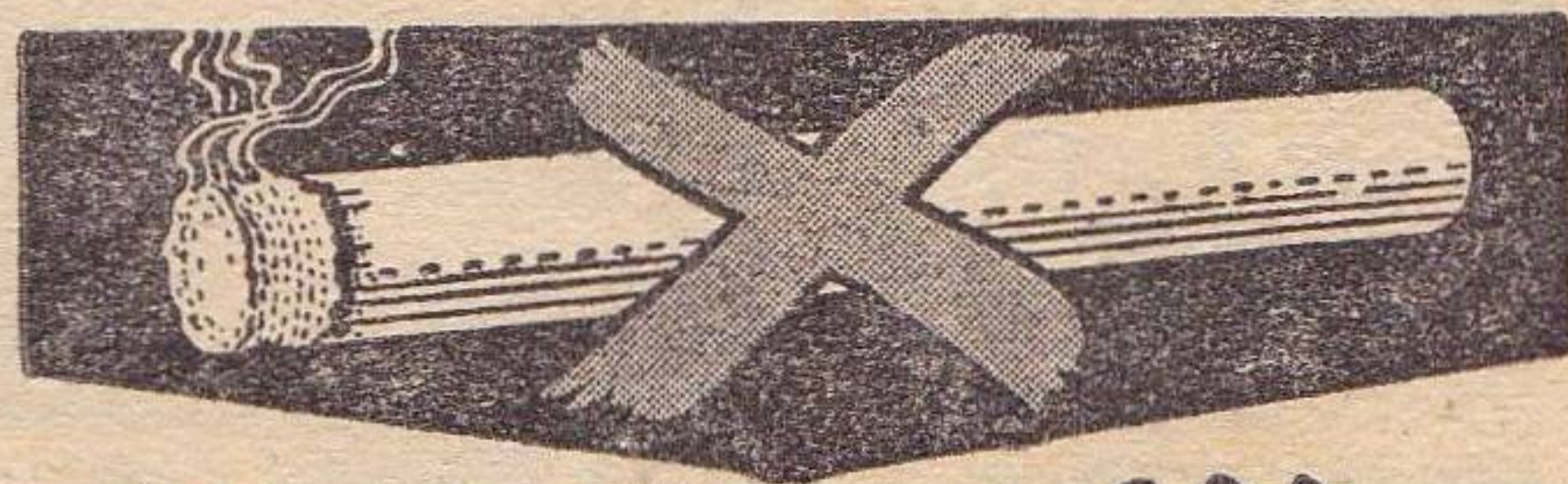
CARBURETOR TOO RICH MAKES MOTORIST TOO POOR



Car owners who are wasting money, getting poor gas mileage due to over-rich mixtures, will be pleased to learn how to save gasoline by **VACU-MATING OVER-RICH MIXTURES.** Vacu-Matic fits all cars, trucks and tractors. Automatic and operates on the supercharge principle. Easily installed in a few minutes.

SALESMEN WANTED! Big Profits

For FREE particulars, how you can install one on your own car for introducing, just send your name and address on a postcard to **VACU-MATIC, 7617-1970 W. State St., WAUWATOSA, WIS.**



New Easy Way STOPS SMOKING HABIT

TOBACCO BREATH TOBACCO NERVES TOBACCO HEART

Banish forever the tobacco habit with its health killing effects on heart, throat and lungs. Don't be fooled by today's cigarette advertising with its tricky sayings and catchy jingles. Nicotine IS poisonous and a real danger to good health. Tobacco smoke DOES dry out the throat and make you cough! Sensational **SMOK-NO-MOR** Tablets must break the smoking habit within one short week or money refunded. Break your tobacco habit today . . . feel better . . . eat better . . . sleep better. Send no money, pay postman \$3.00 plus postage for liberal supply, cash orders we pay postage. Write to:

CURTIS PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 15 C
53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

DEVELOP A STRONG HE-MAN VOICE

STRENGTHEN your voice this tested scientific way. Yes—you may now be able to improve the **POWER** of your speaking and singing voice—and in the privacy of your own room! Self-training lessons, mostly silent. No music required.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOK

Eugene Feuchtinger's great booklet "How to Develop a Successful Voice." It's absolutely **FREE!** You must state your age. Booklet mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. No salesman will call. Send your name, age now!

PREFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
210 S. Clinton St., Studio CX-6, Chicago 6, Ill.

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a **FREE** trial of the **FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE**, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO. 448-T FRONTIER BLDG.
462 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO 1, N. Y.

TOMBSTONES

DIRECT TO YOU \$14.95 up

Genuine Beautiful Rockdale Monuments, Markers. Satisfaction or **MONEY BACK**. Freight paid. Write for our **FREE** Catalog and compare prices.

ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO.
Dept. 438 JOLIET, ILLINOIS



New FALSE PLATE for OLD IN 24 HOURS

Low As Only \$15.95

Wonderful New Scientific Method Transforms OLD, LOOSE, Cracked or Chipped Plates into LUSTROUS BEAUTY-PINK DUPONT PLASTIC PLATES

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Why envy beautiful false teeth of others? We will transform your old, loose, cracked or chipped plate into a beautiful new, lightweight DuPont Beauty-Pink Plastic Plate, using your own teeth. All missing and broken teeth matched and replaced. Your cost amazingly low; actually save many dollars. No impression needed under our new scientific False Plate Method. 24-Hour Service.

SEND NO MONEY Enjoy life again, and save money on beautiful, new, natural-looking plastic plate. Rush name, address for full details sent **FREE**. If your plate is loose, we show you how to make it comfortable, tight-fitting before duplication.

West Dental Laboratory, 127 N. Dearborn St., Dept. S-45, Chicago 2, Ill.



MONEY for YOU Men or Women—Full or Part Time

Sell STARK Home Beautifying Plan

World famous Stark Bro's—Oldest, largest nursery in America—seeks men and women to make money calling on homeowners. Big demand now for home landscaping—flowering shrubs, roses, shade trees, vines, other "ornamentals". Also exclusive new fruit trees. Big profit on large, easy orders. Giant sales outfit **FREE**. Write today.

FREE! Sales Kit... Write Today!

STARK BRO'S, Desk 6033, Louisiana, Missouri



there was a spark of anger in her eyes. "Perhaps you weren't interested enough," she said. Her voice had lost all its breathlessness and she sounded completely composed. "Usually the woman who is behind a man's success is his wife. She *should* be the one, I think. She can influence him and help him even if she never sets foot in his office."

Paula suddenly had lost command of the conversation. Her eyes couldn't meet Sally's discerning gaze. She thought, This girl is completely certain that she's got Tom, or soon will have him. She's so sure there's nothing I can do to stop her. Why? Why is she so confident?

"You're not much interested in fabrics, are you?" Sally asked, steadily eating her lunch. "I just love them, and Tom has such a wonderful way of knowing how they can be effectively handled. I think we'll have the most exciting display at Grand Rapids."

"Really?" said Paula stiffly.

"Of course, we have a million things to do before we go and only two more days to do them, but I never get tired—"

Paula stopped listening. *Before we go.* Sally was going with Tom! Counting traveling, she'd have nearly a week with him. And she was sure that was all she needed.

She's so sure, Paula thought, that she's telling me right to my face. Why has this happened to me? Just because I don't like Silco?

Sally calmly finished her coffee, and Paula picked up the check, grateful that her ordeal was over. But saying good-by to Sally gave her only momentary relief.

She started to board a Fifth Avenue bus for home, then changed her mind and walked downtown. She paused at no shop windows and barely glanced at the traffic as she crossed streets. Bright pieces of cloth whirled through her mind, and she hated them and blamed them for her misery.

At the Public Library she saw people sitting on the steps enjoying the spring sunshine. Exhausted, she sank down with them.

Paula hadn't sat on stone steps since the cold night when she had collapsed on an icy snowy one in front of her dormitory, weary and hurt from Alan Brewster's bitter words. Paula closed her eyes. It didn't matter any more. Let him haunt her.

"You're a vain, wasteful fool, Paula," he'd said. "Sure, you've got a beautiful face, but it won't take the place of a brain and a heart. They're the only things that will ever bring you happiness, and if you don't start using them, they'll rust out of you. Some day you'll find out you need them, and you'll search for them and it'll be too late. But you'll always be beautiful, I guess. People will look at you and gasp at how lifelike you are, the way they do at the waxworks."

"You all right, lady?"

PAULA raised her head, and the man who had spoken to her drew his breath in admiration.

"You'd swear I was alive, wouldn't you?" said Paula.

The stranger stared at her. "You're alive, all right, but you do look kind of faint. Shall I call a cop?"

"I'm alive, all right," Paula repeated. "You hear that, Alan? I'm alive." She stood up quickly and strongly, smiled reassuringly at the man and thanked him. Then she strode down Fifth Avenue. "Good-by, Alan. I'm not all rusted out. I can still fight."

When Tom got home that night, he walked slowly into the living room and then stopped in astonishment. Heaps of material, which he immediately identified as Silco's harvest pattern, had been pinned over the windows and streamed all askew onto an armchair and made a big, bright puddle on the floor. Tissue and wrapping paper were strewn about widely. Paula's sewing chest had overturned, spilling out a tape measure, scissors, pin cushion and dozens of spools of thread. Also on the floor was Paula, partially covered and completely surrounded by books and magazines. Her dress

[Turn page]

**BOOST YOUR
EARNING
POWER WITH**

DIESEL

Train Now For This Big Pay Trade!

Are you mechanically inclined? Then you'll like **DIESEL**! You'll like working on these modern engines . . . pulling down the big pay of **DIESEL-TRAINED** men. Train at home for Diesel opportunities with simple, practical UEL Training. Learn **DIESEL** engine operation, fuel systems, repairs, maintenance PLUS Scientific Motor Tune-up. Course includes shop training in our big, well-equipped shops, working on Diesel engines. Write now for **FREE** booklet!

UTILITIES ENGINEERING INSTITUTE (Founded 1927)

2521 Sheffield Avenue, Dept. DR-8, Chicago 14, Illinois

'How to MAKE MONEY with Simple CARTOONS'



A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address

**FREE
BOOK**

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE

Dept. 73

Pleasant Hill, Ohio

**High School Course
at Home**

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-358, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

**FREE — Amazing Book on
RHEUMATISM, ARTHRITIS**

If you suffer the aches, pains and discomforts of Rheumatism, as manifested in ARTHRITIS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA or LUMBAGO, send today for the **FREE** Book. It reveals important facts about why drugs and medicine give only temporary relief without removing causes. Explains fully a proven, specialized system of treatment that may save you years of distress. No obligation. Write for this **FREE** Book today!

BALL CLINIC, Dept. 504, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

STOP TOBACCO



Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909 •

**FREE
BOOK**

THE NEWELL COMPANY

153 Clayton Sta. • St. Louis 5, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE

WORK HOME or TRAVEL. Experience unnecessary.

DETECTIVE Particulars **FREE**. Write

GEO. T. H. WAGNER, 125 W. 86th St., N. Y.



LEARN AT HOME

- to be a Nurse's Aide
- Practical Nurse
- or Infant Nurse

Prepare in spare time for a fascinating, high-pay career. Thousands of men and women, 18-60, are graduates of this physician-endorsed course. High school not required. Easy payments; earn as you learn. Trial plan. 54th year.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 423, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send me free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____

City _____

State _____

Age _____

INVENTORS

Learn how to protect your invention. Specially prepared "Patent Guide" containing detailed information concerning patent protection and procedure with "Record of Invention" form will be forwarded to you upon request—without obligation.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HARVEY JACOBSON

Registered Patent Attorneys

38-A

District National Bldg.

Washington 5, D. C.

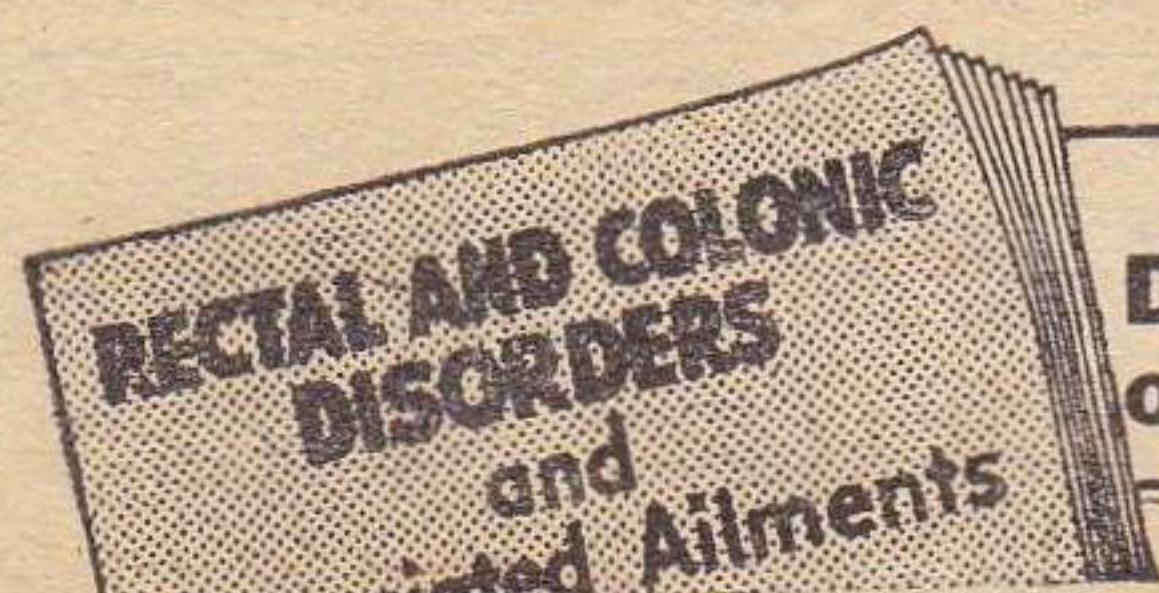


OWN a Business

If employed, start part time. Alert dealers can gross \$5 hourly profit on own service plus \$3 on EACH serviceman. Clean, revive, mothproof rugs and upholstery on location. No shop needed. Services nationally advertised. Repeat customers. Easy to learn. Quickly established. Easy terms. Send today for FREE booklet. No obligation.

Duraclean Co., 3-693 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

FREE BOOK—on Rectal Troubles



Avoid
Dangers
of Delay

Here is good news. This 171-page, up-to-the-minute book on Piles, Fistula and other related rectal and colon ailments—will be sent free for the asking. It may save you much suffering, time and money. Write today — McCleary Clinic and Hospital, 397 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

MEN AND WOMEN, 18 TO 60. Swedish Massage graduates make big money working full or spare time with doctors or in hospitals, health resorts, sanatoriums, clubs, private practice. A dignified interesting career! Qualify for your graduation certificate. Thorough instruction at home as in class rooms. Write for Illustrated Book—FREE!

The College of Swedish Massage
Dept. 363-C, 41 E. Pearson, Chicago 11

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Exciting Love, published quarterly at Kokomo, Indiana, for October 1, 1952. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Better Publications, Inc., 10 E. 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Editor, Alexander Samalman, 10 E. 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Managing editor, None. Business manager, Harry Slater, 10 E. 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 2. The owner is: Better Publications, Inc., 10 E. 40th Street, New York, N. Y., N. L. Pines, 10 E. 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Harry Slater, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1952. Eugene Wechsler, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954)

was wrinkled, her face damp and shiny, and hairpins were sticking out of her hair like croquet wickets.

"What the hell goes on here?" Tom roared. He looked as though he'd like to collapse somewhere, but the hurricane had deposited debris on every chair in the room.

"Oh!" said Paula wildly. "You home already and dinner's not even—"

Tom grabbed her as she dashed for the kitchen. "Paula! Have you gone crazy? What's all this mess about?"

Paula pushed a box onto the floor and wilted on the couch. "It's because—I thought—I mean I want to go to Grand Rapids."

Tom stared down at her, frowning and bewildered. "To the convention? What has that got to do with all this?" He kicked at a pile of magazines. He started to pace the floor and skidded on a spool of thread. "Damn it, Paula, I'm tired and hungry—and one thing I could always count on from you was a peaceful home and a good dinner."

"Yes, but that's all you could count on, wasn't it?" Paula didn't try to hold back the tears pressing against her eyelids. Even her rare beauty couldn't withstand red eyes and a drippy nose, but she didn't care. She ran around the room, adding to the confusion by trying to tidy it up.

Tom took her by the shoulders and held her still. "Will you stop going berserk long enough to explain all this?"

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, not looking at him. "I've been mean and self-centered. I've never paid any attention to what interests you. I never even went to see your department store display." One tear squeezed out and rolled down her cheek. "I tried to today. I went to Macy's and Gimbel's and Altman's and—"

"We took the display out last week," Tom said slowly, dropping his hands from her shoulders.

"Oh," Paula sobbed, "and I even went all the way down to Wanamaker's."

"Don't cry so, Paula," Tom said, sit-

ting down on the Silco. "The display wasn't important."

Paula covered her face with her hands and plunged on. "It was the first thing I thought of—to show you I'm interested. Then I—I bought these magazines about home-making and—and fabrics, and then I bought enough Silco for the drapes, and then I knew I'd never get them done in time—"

"In time for what, for Pete's sake?"

The tears stung her cheeks and squeezed out between her fingers. "Before you went to Grand Rapids with—with Sally. I—I don't want to lose you."

THE frown left Tom's face as he began to understand what Paula was saying. He waited for her to go on.

"I've known something was wrong with us for weeks. I felt you were drifting away from me. First I thought your job was too important to you, and then I thought Sally was stealing you."

"I didn't think you'd noticed."

"Today," Paula said in a small voice, "I realized I was to blame. I've been losing you by default. Sally was just giving you what I hadn't—sympathy, appreciation—"

"Flattery?" added Tom, looking at her keenly.

"No. You wouldn't have fallen for anything phony. Sally's honest. I found that out today."

"She seems to be," Tom agreed slowly. "She's so enthusiastic. She forgets all about herself."

"And I never do. Today I just went crazy, trying to catch up, trying to give you all the things you'd been missing—from me. I thought it was too late just to tell you I'd changed. I had to prove it."

A silent minute went by before Tom spoke. "There isn't anything between Sally and me."

"Not yet, but at Grand Rapids—"

"I don't know."

"I thought if I learned a lot about

[Turn page]



Free Yourself FROM Tobacco Habit

If you have longed to stop smoking, try NO-TO-BAC Lozenges. See how the aromatic flavor of NO-TO-BAC Lozenges helps you give up the craving for tobacco. Rush \$1 to NO-TO-BAC for 7 days supply. (For heavy smokers—16 days' supply—\$2.) Money refunded if not satisfied. Write:

NO-TO-BAC CO.
DEPT. S, HEWLETT, NEW YORK

LAW...

STUDY AT HOME Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before.

More Ability: More Prestige: More Money We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send NOW.
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, 417 South Dearborn Street
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 3329L, Chicago 5, Ill.

RUPTURED?

Get Relief This Proven Way

Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing FREE book, "Advice To Ruptured," and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write:
CLUTHE SONS, Dept. 33, Bloomfield, New Jersey

**EAR
ACHE?**

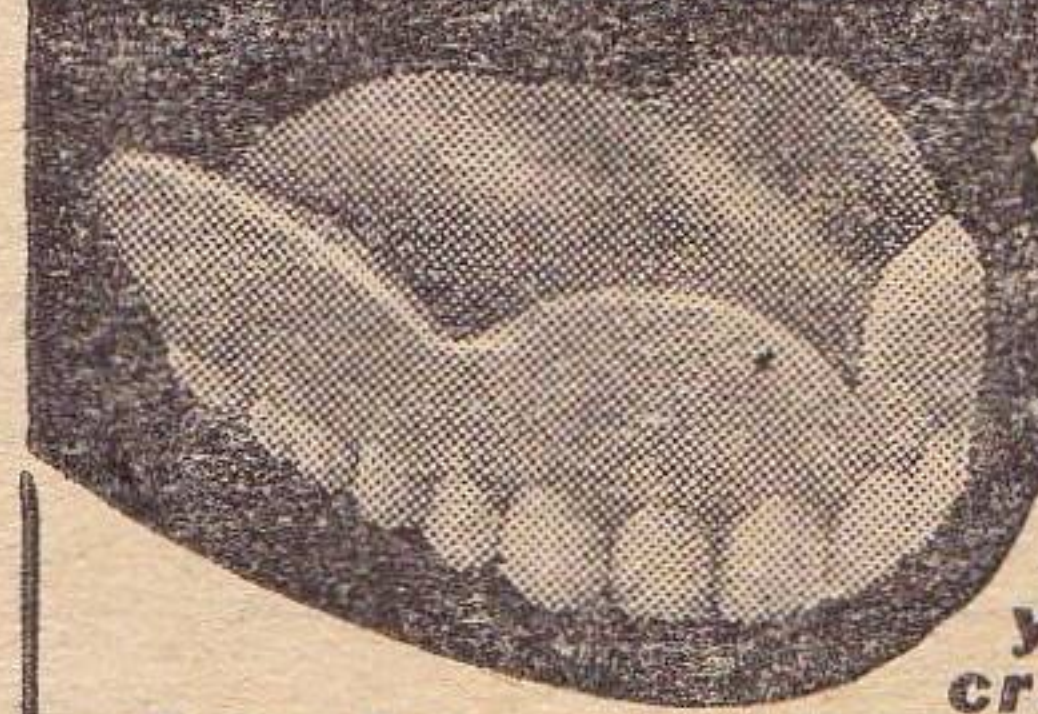
DENT'S

EAR WAX DROPS for fast temporary relief of accumulated wax condition

TOOTHACHE?

ask your druggist for DENT'S TOOTH GUM, TOOTH DROPS or POULTICE

COMPLETE New FALSE PLATE IN 24 HOURS
FROM YOUR OLD



NOW LOW \$15.95 AS...

Brand new process transforms your old, broken, cracked or loose

plates into new lightweight plastic plates.

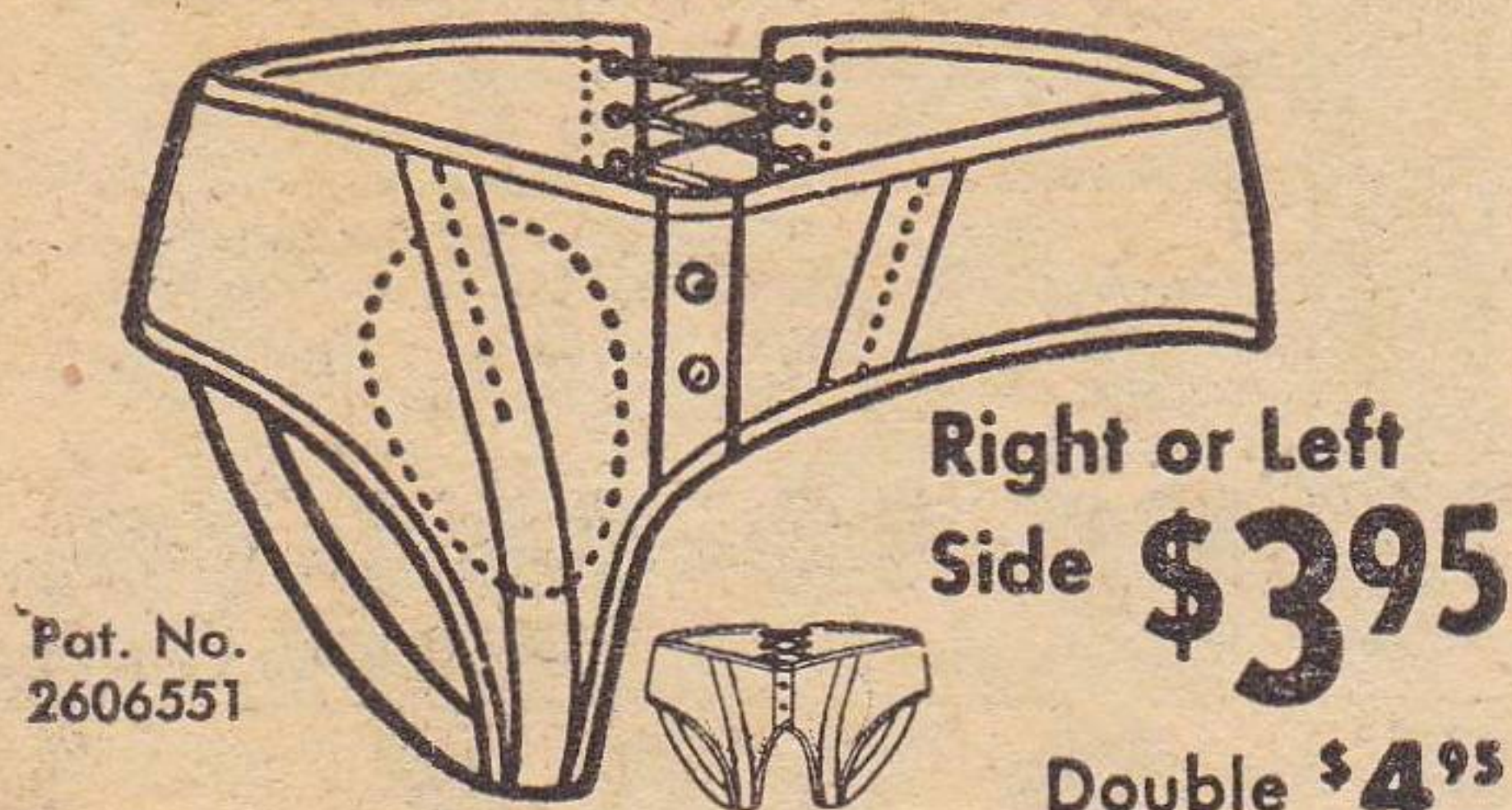
NO IMPRESSION NEEDED

Let us help you enjoy life again. You will marvel at this revolutionary new method. Using your own old plates, we will remake them completely in only 24 hours. Missing teeth are carefully matched and replaced. Work is done on an absolute **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

SEND NO MONEY —Just rush your name and address to us for full FREE DETAILS. If your teeth are loose, we'll tell you how to tighten them before duplication. Act now. Quit suffering!
Tru-Grip Dental Labs, 7th Fl., 127 N. Dearborn St. Dept. 15, Chicago 2, Ill.

Immediate Comfort And Relief for You with Patented **RUPTURE-EASER**

T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. (A Piper Brace Product)
For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN



A strong, form fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Snaps up in front. Soft flat groin pad—**NO STEEL OR LEATHER BANDS.** Unexcelled for comfort, **INVISIBLE UNDER LIGHT CLOTHING.** Washable. Also used as after operation support.

● THE MOST EFFECTIVE HERNIA SUPPORT.

Thousands of people who have tried old-fashioned, expensive devices turn to Rupture-Easer for new comfort.

● RUPTURE-EASER IS SANITARY.

Can be washed without harm to fabric—you never offend when you wear Rupture-Easer.

● NO FITTING REQUIRED.

Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and specify right or left side or double.

Over 400,000 Grateful Users

Harley Decoteau, Montpelier, Vt. writes: "The last brace you sent me was wonderful. I have been ruptured for 30 years. I am now 36, and in 30 years, I have never been more pleased."

Minnie LaJeunesse, Minneapolis, Minn. says: "... the Rupture-Easer is very comfortable and almost a miracle as to the way it holds one in place, and am very much pleased and satisfied with the belt."

Frank H. Lewis, Adrian, Michigan writes: "Thanks to your Rupture-Easer I am able to continue my work."

BLESSED RELIEF DAY AND NIGHT—You can sleep in it—work in it—bathe in it!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Money-back guarantee if you don't get relief.

Piper Brace Company, Dept. TF-33
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 6, Mo.

PIPER BRACE CO., DEPT. TF-33

811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side ☐ \$3.95 Measure around lowest part of
Left Side ☐ \$3.95 my abdomen
Double ☐ \$4.95 is INCHES.

(Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

We Prepay Postage except on C.O.D.'s.

Enclosed is: ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for \$..... ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

fabrics you might take me along too." Paula sighed jerkily. "But just keeping an eye on you wouldn't do any good. It was a crazy idea."

He looked straight at her, and Paula could see the doubt in his eyes, the questioning. She knew he realized that his companionship with Sally was turning into a deeper relationship, and that he was on the verge of letting it happen.

"I wonder if you love me, Paula, or if I represent your precious security." He kept staring at her, as if he were trying to see behind her beauty. He had loved her once, but had she pushed him away too often for him to risk loving her again?

"I love you, Tom," she said.

Suddenly a look of astonishment came over his face and he smiled. "My gosh, Paula, you're a mess! I never saw you so—so wild." He came toward her, laughing tenderly now. "You forgot what you looked like! Oh, darling, you *can* come to Grand Rapids, and we'll leave Sally behind. Oh, my smart, foolish wonderful wife, you can be the textile queen!" He put his hand under her chin, tilting her face up.

Paula's tears began to trickle again, and her nose felt like a radish. "Don't kiss me darling. I look terrible. You said so yourself."

"You were never lovelier," said Tom.

Answer to Quiz on Page 61

1-n, 2-g, 3-m, 4-h, 5-l, 6-d, 7-j, 8-c, 9-k, 10-e, 11-b, 12-o, 13-p, 14-i, 15-f, 16-a.

BROTHERHOOD WEEK



February
15 to 22

SPONSORED BY
THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE
OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS
Observe BROTHERHOOD WEEK!

Learn **RADIO-TELEVISION**



Servicing or Communications at Home in Your Spare Time

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

I Trained These Men



**Employed as
Transmitter
Operator**

"A former employer recommended NRI training. Am now operator at Station WKBO." A. Herr, New Cumberland, Pa.

\$10 to \$15 Week Spare Time

"4 months after enrolling, averaged \$10 to \$15 week spare time servicing radios." William Weyde, Brooklyn, N.Y.



**Makes Money
With Own Shop**

"Am doing Radio servicing full time. I owe my success to N.R.I." Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

Works on TV Color Control

"My position with WNBT is video control engineer on the RCA color project." W. Deem, Malverne, N.Y.



**Praises N.R.I.
as Best Course**

"I realized a profit of \$300 by the time I completed the course." J. Hopper, Nitro, West Virginia.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME →

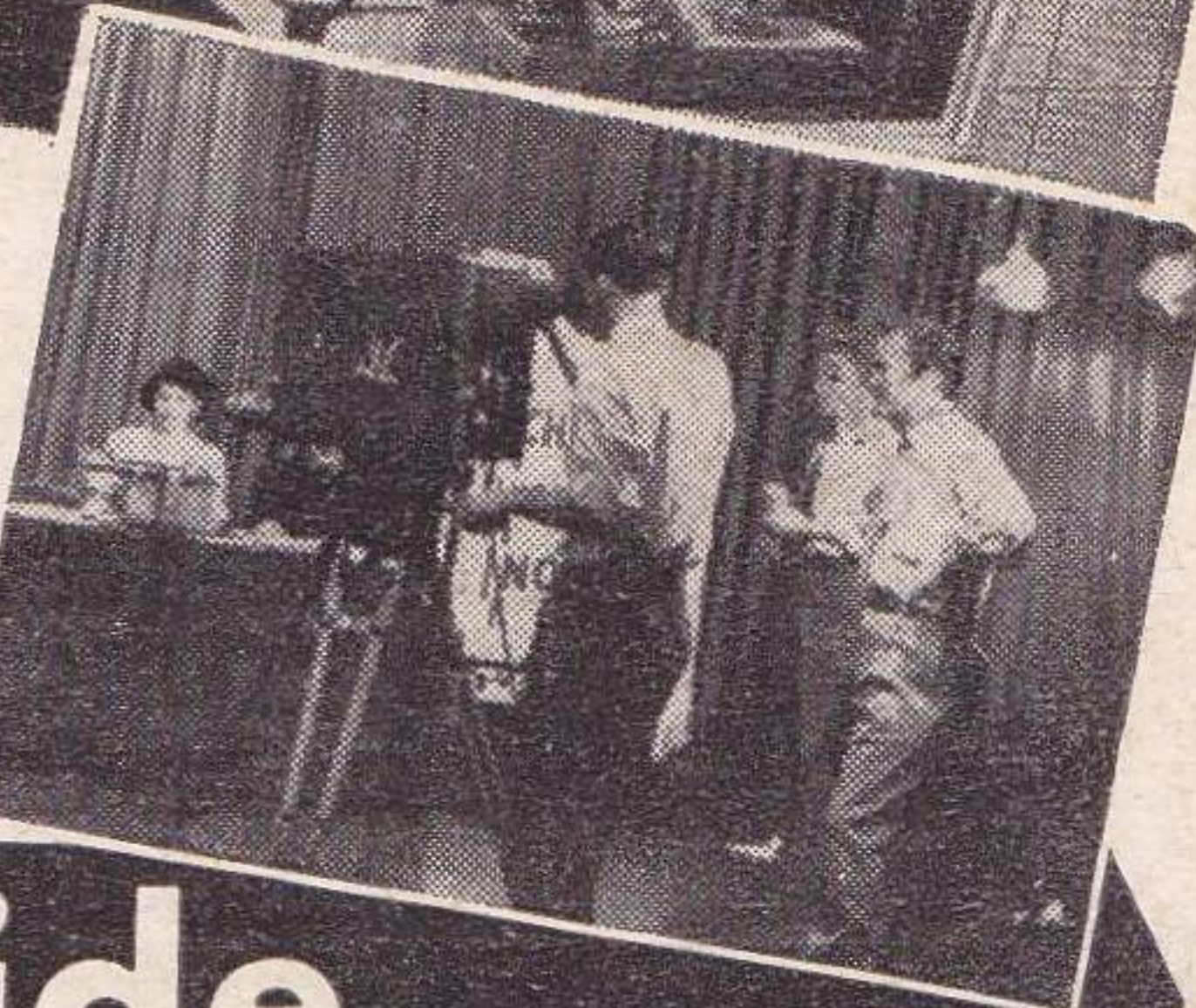
Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build, with parts I send, helps you make extra money servicing sets, get practical experience. All equipment I send is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB →

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million home and auto Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE →

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized—hundreds of these expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation and service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in Television! Want to get ahead? Find out what Radio and Television offer you. Mail card today!



See Other Side

TELEVISION



**Is Today's
Good Job
Maker**

TV now reaches from coast to coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes TV... you learn by practicing on circuits common to Radio and TV. Mail card. NRI training is a tested way to better pay.

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

4c POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE

16th and U Sts., N.W.

Washington 9, D.C.

FIRST CLASS

PERMIT NO. 20-R
(Sec. 34.9, P.L.&R.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.



I Will Train You at Home for GOOD PAY JOBS in RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.,
has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man.

Do you want a good pay job, a bright future, security? Or your own profitable business? Then get into the fast-growing RADIO-TELEVISION industry. Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience, many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from my easy-to-understand illustrated lessons. Get practical experience on actual equipment I furnish. Read below how many make \$5, \$10 a week and more extra fixing neighbors' radios in spare time while learning, get good jobs, build

successful businesses of their own. It's where you find growth that you also find opportunity. Radio-TV industry is growing fast. Send for MY FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Postage-free card entitles you to an actual lesson that shows how practical it is to learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-Page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Read what my graduates are doing, earning, see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Cut out and mail card today... no stamp needed! J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year!

**SEE OTHER
SIDE**

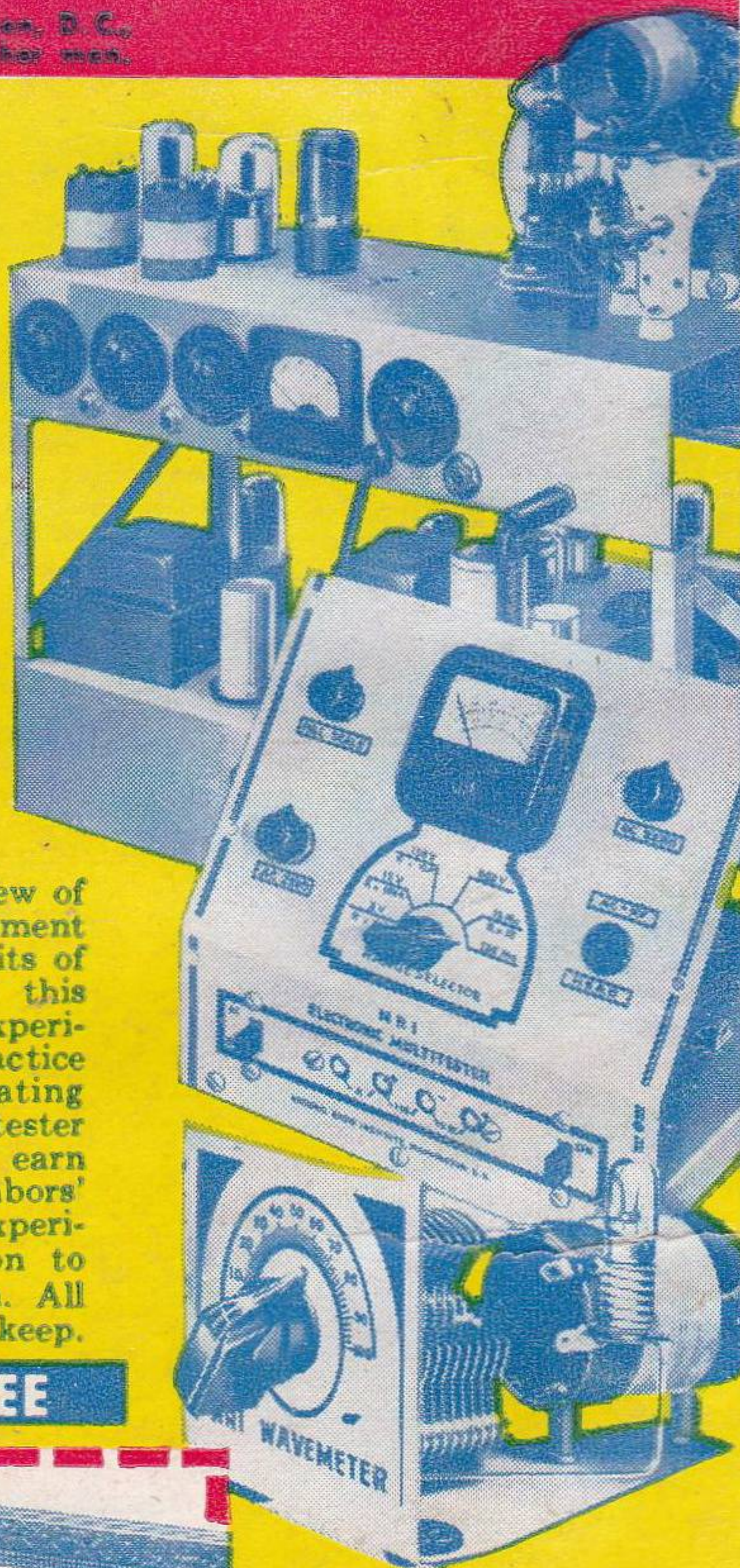
**You Practice with
Parts I Send**

Earn While You Learn



Keep your job while training. I show you how to earn extra money while learning at home. I start sending you Special Booklets that start teaching you servicing jobs the day you enroll. Multitester you build with my equipment helps. Many students make \$5, \$10 and more a week extra fixing neighbors' radios evenings and Saturdays.

Shown at right are just a few of the many pieces of equipment NRI students build with kits of parts I furnish. You use this equipment to get practical experience, make many tests. Practice servicing radios or operating Transmitter. You build Multitester valuable in servicing sets, earn extra money fixing neighbors' radios in spare time... experiment with circuits common to both Radio and Television. All equipment I send is yours to keep.



Mail Card—Actual Lesson and Book FREE

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS CARD

**Sample Lesson &
64-Page Book**

FREE

This card entitles you to Actual Lesson from NRI Course; see how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Cut out and mail this card now!

NO STAMP NEEDED! WE PAY POSTAGE 3CQ

Mr. J. E. Smith, Pres., National Radio Inst., Washington 9, D.C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and Book, "How to be a Success in Radio-Television." (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

**The ABC's of
SERVICING**

**How to Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION**

**Want Your Own
Business ?**

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown below, says, "Am now tied in with two television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

