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MAY 8, 1937

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A  
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IN THIS  
ISSUE



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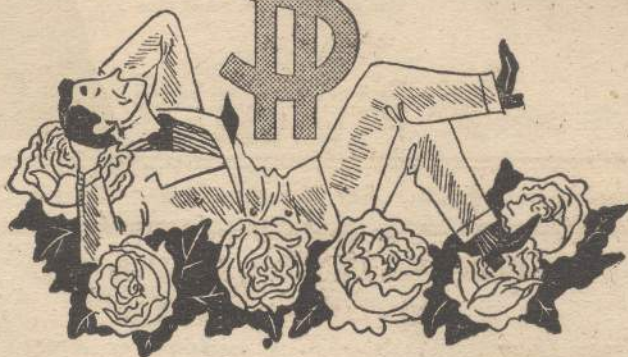
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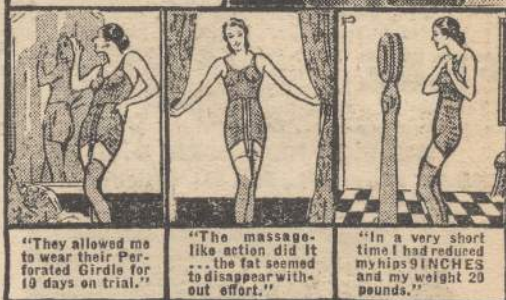
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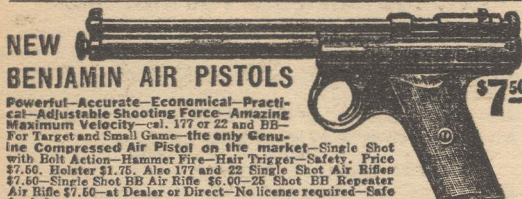
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# Wake Up And Love

By Willametta Turnepseed

**I**N winter, when the summer resort was deserted and almost forgotten, the Anchor was open three nights a week. The tables were cleared from the sea-green floor, members of the orchestra in naval-cut jackets and yachting caps occupied the space beyond the polished rails, and youth and gayety reigned.

There was youth and gayety everywhere, except in the heart of

Amy Joan Arthur. She looked around the long room as she danced, admiring again the shining white booths built like staterooms with a boat-deck effect overhead with awnings, low rails, life preservers, and even a real lifeboat, and pretended not to mind that Fred Jerew, known as "Fizz," had surrendered her at the end of the first dance and plunged toward the bar.



She had danced steadily—every one knew Fizz's weakness and looked out for her—and told herself that all men drank now and then, although with Fizz it was more than just now and then, and more than just drinking.

"If it were true that love is blind I could be happy," exclaimed Amy Jo, her eyes shamed as she caught sight of the spectacle Fizz was making of himself in one corner of the dance floor.

Her partner, one of the college crowd that had descended on the Anchor in the course of celebrating some athletic victory, swung her around and down the floor. But she couldn't easily dismiss the memory of the foolish expression on Fred's flushed face, his bloodshot eyes, and the tumbled blond hair that fell across his forehead, giving him a very boyish look.

Above the throbbing of the orchestra came a raucous burst of laughter, and Nina Diehl, dancing past with Luke Ainge, called out:

"Boy! Did you see the flop Fizz Jerew took?"

Amy Jo flushed. "He's really an awfully good tap dancer," she defended, looking up at her partner for almost the first time. The look in his blue eyes stopped her short. She was accustomed to seeing amusement or derision in the eyes of the men to whom she had attempted to defend Fizz in the past year, even disgust at times, but never sincere sympathy and understanding.

He didn't say anything, possibly because whatever he could have said would have been the wrong thing, but just met her wistful brown eyes steadily.

Now, why couldn't she have fallen for some one like him?—she thought. He was well-built and tall, but not so tall that he made her petiteness

absurd. His hair was much darker than hers, and was thick, crisp and curly. It would probably lay in deep brown waves if he took any trouble with it, but he was plainly too masculine for such an impulse of vanity to stir him. His mouth was generous and sharply cut. In fact, every feature was clear-cut and cleanly articulated like a pen-and-ink etching of a cameo.

She met his serious blue eyes again. All this time he'd been studying her with a reserved courtesy that seemed to be characteristic, and her heart gave a strange leap.

If she weren't so much in love with Fizz, a real man like this could become important to her.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Listen, come over to my table where we can talk alone and maybe I can offer a plan. I believe it'll help you."

She followed him to one of the booths that seemed like a stateroom with the high sill and little round windows. They sat on either side of the small table where they could watch the dancers, but she was more interested in his plan.

"I'm a senior at the U, majoring in psychology, and our experiments in hypnotism might be put to some practical purpose. If your friend is willing—no one can be hypnotized against his will, you know—the professor can perhaps help him overcome his drinking."

"How? Has he ever done that?"

"Not drinking. But he stopped one of the fellows in class from smoking by suggesting that he couldn't light a match. He can put a cigarette in his mouth but when he starts to strike the match, he throws it away instead."

"But no one can make Fizz do anything he doesn't want to do. Could this?"

"Oh, yes, if it's suggested while



he's in that state, he'll have to. The problem will be to get him to agree. Of course, you understand that you can't make a person do anything that's against his moral code. For instance, in these lurid melodramas they have a person committing a murder while hypnotized, but that's impossible.

"Funny angle there, though. If you give a subject a rubber dagger and tell him to stab some one, he will do it. But he wouldn't if the dagger were real. And if you give him a glass of orange juice and tell him that it is poison he will still drink it. But if you give him poison and tell him it's orange juice he'll not drink it."

"I'd always thought hypnotism was a sort of trick. What good is it?"

"It's no trick even if charlatans have exploited it, but we are just discovering its good. For instance, just this past winter a man had to have an operation but his heart was too weak for an anæsthetic, so he allowed himself to be hypnotized and stood the operation without pain."

"Oh, if only Fizz will!" she breathed. Bewitched by the thought of Fizz clear-eyed and forever free of drink, she put both hands on her partner's, and as he took them quickly into a warm grasp a singing fire shot through her. She wanted to snatch them away but found herself strangely incapable. Reluctantly, she met his eyes, but he was only smiling eagerly as he said, releasing her hands:

"He should, for you. Be firm, and if he loves you he'll want to be perfect for you."

He told her other things before some one came to tell her Fizz was out cold and they'd have to take him home—about a young man who was so lonely, so incapable of making friends, that he wanted to commit

suicide when he came to the attention of one of the senior students and allowed himself to be this student's subject. How, during the mental sleep that brings the subconscious to the surface, his hidden fears were discovered, and it was suggested to him that he was popular so that soon he found himself capable of making friends.

The stinging icy wind, blowing in from over the lake, revived Fizz enough to make him cling to her penitently as Nina and Luke drove them home. As Amy Jo supported him and felt his tumbled fair hair against her chin, she knew that she would countenance anything that would give her Fizz whole and unpossessed with that unreasonable thirst. His other faults she could endure—his passion for gambling, his swearing and occasional fights—for at least he loved her and was true to her. After all, his weaknesses weighed lightly in the balance against disloyalty.

"If he loves you, he'll want to be perfect for you," the handsome stranger had told her. And there was no doubt in her mind as to Fizz's love when he came to see her next evening.

He drew her into the tiny entry of the apartment she shared with three other girls and muttered:

"Do you want to see me to-night, Amy Jo? How you can stand me, I don't know. I'm just rotten clear through. Oh, darling!" He crushed his repentance against her lips and held her tight for a long moment, during which her heart gathered momentum until it seemed to choke her.

"If I had one drop of manhood in me I'd get out of your life."

"No. I don't want you out of my life, darling. Come in and let me tell you something splendid I heard."





*"How you can stand me, I don't know," he muttered. "I'm just a rotter, clear through. If I had one drop of manhood in me I'd get out of your life forever."*

She had been wondering how he'd take the suggestion. He was proud, except in his rare moments of humility, and hot-headed. He might be angry at an attempt to reform him, or he might be skeptical and refuse to have anything to do with it, or he might even resist because he was naturally stubborn and didn't want to be told what to do. But she never expected the reaction she got.

He listened quietly as she explained, getting a little breathless

because he said nothing, and she couldn't guess from his expression what he thought.

"I don't believe I'm interested, Amy Jo," he said finally.

"But why not, Fizz? If you didn't drink we could save money and buy a little house——"

"And grow middle-aged and stuffy like every one else. Not for me, thank you. I enjoy drinking and gambling so why should I give it up? I suppose you have a picture of me staying home every night and listen-



ing to the radio or playing honeymoon bridge? I suppose betting on the ponies and prize fights is out."

"Don't you want to have a home? Don't you love me? You've been talking about when we are married and——"

"See here, I suppose you've even had a goofy notion of a houseful of kids? Oh, gee, Amy Jo, I'm nuts about you, honest I am, but I can't get a picture of fifty years with my nose to the grindstone to raise a bunch of kids who'll call me the 'old man' and—— Gee, kid, don't look at me like that. Can't you see that life is a racket you can't win? The thing to do is to have a good time, do whatever you feel like doing, and not get a lot of uplift ideas in your head."

"That's just a hangover, Fizz," protested Amy Jo, brushing the tears out of her eyes. "It's just your attitude that makes you feel that life is a miserable failure. The kind of good times you want give you nothing but a headache, but having a home and feeling as if your life amounts to something is what makes life worth living. I can't convince you, I realize that, but I know people who live my kind of life and are happy and contented, but I never heard of any one living your kind who didn't end in the gutter."

"Go ahead, call me a gutter rat while you're at it."

"I didn't, Fizz. Please be reasonable."

"Reasonable! You're the one who's unreasonable. You fell in love with me the way I am. Don't try to change me. If you don't like the way I am, pick out some one who suits you as he is."

They were both furiously angry. Fizz stood facing her, a sneer on his rather weak but good-looking mouth, and Amy Jo glared right back from

the depths of her miserable feeling that she would never have happiness with Fizz.

"Why don't you change yourself if you are so anxious to change some one? Get that guy to hypnotize you out of love with me. I can get along swell without you."

"All right, I will," she retorted, and Fizz left with a bang of the outer door that brought Amy Jo's friends from the bedroom where they were getting ready for their dates.

Of course he'd be back, she thought, but he wasn't. Then Nina and Luke drove her around to all the places at which he might be, but he wasn't at any of them. The boys in their crowd promised to find him and bring him back to Amy Jo but, after all, it was she herself who found him. It was almost three weeks later—three weeks in which the icy wind of March was tempered and began to hint of spring—three weeks during which Amy Jo knew with a sense of desperation that life without Fizz, no matter what his faults, wasn't worth living, even though life with him would probably be misery, too.

It was twilight of a cold March day, and she was standing on the corner waiting for the traffic light to change when something made her turn and look at the man crossing the other street. The light changed then, but she didn't know it as she plunged after him, caught his arm and swung him to face her. His arms went around her as he pulled her onto the curb, but they held her in a different way than they'd ever held her before, and he avoided her eager kiss.

"Fizz darling, it's really you!" she exclaimed, running her hand up his arm in a caressing gesture. "Where were you? I've been nearly wild."

His face changed, hardened. He pushed her hands down gently.



"Would you like to see just where I've been, where I live, Amy Jo?"

He motioned down the street and she walked at his side, feeling half frightened of the strangely hard man her boy-lover had become.

"I didn't know how much I have been missing you, Amy Jo," he muttered. "I didn't appreciate you. You're so straight and sweet and lovable. Always stay that way, will you?"

"Fizz, darling, you talk so—so queerly."

"Why shouldn't I? I'm just beginning to realize how right you were and how awfully wrong I was. You stick by those ideals of yours. I'm beginning to think you've got the right dope."

He led her up a flight of stairs in a neat middle-class apartment house, knocked on the door at the head of the stairs, then opened it for Amy Jo to enter. Her heart tightened as an untidy girl rose from a chair under an unshaded light.

"Rose, I want you to meet Miss Arthur. Amy Jo, this is Rose."

The other girl ground out her cigarette in the ash tray and threw her magazine aside before she advanced.

"So you're the dame my man's so nuts about!" she said, her eyes dark with jealousy.

"You're not married?" gasped Amy Jo, turning to Fizz, then back to the girl.

Fizz made an imperative gesture but the girl replied, "No. Not married," and turned away to hide something in her eyes that made Amy Jo's heart ache.

"But we are going to be," Fizz exclaimed quickly. "Rose knows what I am and we'll make a go of it. She doesn't expect me to be perfect. I couldn't have lived up to your ideal, Amy Jo."

Somehow, Amy Jo said the right things, brought a look of thankfulness to the girl's dark eyes, and a relaxation of tension to Fizz. But she felt as if a part of her had died there in that shoddy, littered room. It wasn't her heart, because that kept right on loving Fizz. It was going to be harder than ever because the gang welcomed his return with Rose, and she could avoid them only by staying at home.

She was alone at the apartment several nights later, when she had an unexpected visitor—her dancing partner that night at the Anchor. She had almost forgotten him, but at sight of him a wave of anger swept her. He was the one who had caused all her trouble. Before she could say anything he explained:

"I was just out at the Anchor and saw Fizz with another girl, and the gang told me——" He was stopped by the expression on her face. "It's true then. Are you—I mean, was it because of my silly suggestion?"

"That climaxed it. But we'd have split up sooner or later. You see, I'm the reforming kind and Fizz doesn't want to be reformed. Only"—she tried not to cry, but she could feel hot tears sliding down her cheeks—"he hasn't touched a drop since he's been with Rose."

The tragedy of that struck her suddenly. He had professed to love her, and yet it was Rose for whom he had reformed. She buried her face in the cushions on the davenport and broke into a storm of sobs. She raised her head to tell him to go away, but his expression stopped her. He looked so bewildered and at a loss.

"Maybe you can get him back," he began.

"But he's married her already."

"Married? I didn't know that."



Presently he suggested, "Perhaps you ought to go to the Anchor and show him your heart is not broken."

"But it is! I loved him, you see. I still love him." She sat up and dabbed at her eyes with a pale-blue handkerchief. "Could you make me forget him?"

His face flushed suddenly. "I could try."

It was her turn to blush then. "I mean, could you hypnotize me?"

Before he could answer Nina and Luke came in, hoping to coax Amy Jo to go out with them. It was not until she began introductions that she realized that she did not know her visitor's name.

"Joergon Banta, usually known as Jory," he helped her out. "We were introduced, but I didn't make any impression on her."

"I was just asking him if he could hypnotize me into falling out of love with Fizz. I wish he could."

"So do I," exclaimed Nina. "If you could, I'd be eternally grateful. He's nothing but a fascinating rotter."

"Joergon Banta!" exclaimed Luke. "Say, I've heard of you. You're the one who took over some fellow who tried suicide. There was an article in the paper about you, too. Planning to devote your life to psycho-analyzing people out of their troubles, or something."

Jory looked confused but he only said, "I'd be very glad to help Miss Arthur if I could. I feel as if it were mostly my fault."

"Oh, dear, I don't know," exclaimed Amy Jo, feeling fluttery and undecided now that the moment was actually here. "I feel funny. Suppose I say something I don't want any one to hear, and yet——"

"Listen, dear"—Nina was quick

to understand—"Luke and I will make us all some drinks and leave the kitchen door open."

Jory grinned down at her so matter-of-factly that all her fears vanished, and she obeyed his instructions about leaning back comfortably on the davenport.

"Now relax. Don't think of anything but what I say. Just relax and be comfortable. You feel so sleepy," he said in his deep, soothing voice. "You are going into a deep, deep sleep. Relax, you are going into a deep sleep. When I count ten you will be asleep. One—two—three—four——"

His voice went on but she did not hear. Curiously, a sense of peace crept over her and she knew she was falling asleep. The next moment his voice was calling her back and she awoke to a feeling that she had been asleep only a moment, and yet she had had the most exciting dream. Jory had bent over her, his arms had gone around her and held her tightly, and his lips had sought hers in long, tender kisses that shot her with fire. The experience had such a sense of reality that she looked up at him shyly, expecting to read confirmation in his expression, but he was smiling down at her calmly, and beyond him she could see Nina and Luke leaning against the kitchen door as they sipped their drinks.

"Now the thing to do," he suggested, "is to go out to the Anchor with us and test your new immunity."

She took Nina into the bedroom with her while she changed clothes.

"Did you watch all the time, Nina? What did he say and do?" she demanded, as she slipped into a flowered taffeta with ruffles at the shoulder.





"Yes, we watched all the time but we couldn't hear, he talked so low. He just kneeled beside the davenport on one knee and held your wrist loosely in his hands and talked. That's all."

Then what, thought Amy Jo, made her have that dream?

Walking into the Anchor sent her blood racing. It was a kaleidoscope of color, a carnival of laughter and music, and was crowded with collegiates, so that Jory laid a protective arm around her waist as he guided her through the dancers. Amy Jo hoped Fizz would see her. He would know she didn't grieve long and had done much better for herself this time. And yet, when she caught sight of his blond head, sleekly combed now, she felt herself grow weak and clutched at Jory's arm. He covered her hand reassuringly and held it against his chest. Suddenly, she knew that with him beside her she didn't at all mind meeting Fizz, though she was oddly excited.

She managed to introduce the two men lightly and asked casually, "Where's Rose?"

"Dancing somewhere. How are you, kid?"

"Just fine, Fizz." Had he always had that sullen droop to his mouth?

"Dance this?"

"I've got it with Jory, but you can have the next."

Still with that fever of excitement in her veins, she went into Jory's arms and though there wasn't much room to dance it provided privacy for talk.

"Did it take effect, Amy Jo?" he asked, head bent to hers so that he need only murmur.

She thrilled at the sound of her name on his lips but she answered, "Yes, like a miracle. Just for a moment I felt odd." Her voice trem-

bled and she caught her lower lip in her teeth. She kept her face down, yet she knew it was ridiculous to feel shy of him because of that dream.

"He still loves you."

"But he mustn't. He's married."

"Did it occur to you that he might have done what he has to set you free? But he isn't free himself. You're still in his blood."

"And Rose adores him. Can't I do something to give him back to her?"

"He'll realize when you two are together that he doesn't stir you any more."

Nina and Luke, threading their way through the dancers, bumped into Jory and announced they were going out on the promenade.

"Let's go, too," suggested Jory. He caught Amy Jo's hand and led her through the nearest door. The promenade, at least on this level, was nearly deserted, but they could hear laughter and voices on the lower deck where the shuffleboards were located. The tiny spiral stairs were nearer than the incline but they were steep.

"Let me go first, so that I can catch you if you fall," he began, but was halted by Amy Jo's cry of dismay as she caught a ruffle on a nail.

"There! I'm loose, and it didn't tear."

"Wait," he whispered. "Fizz followed us out. He sees us. If you acted as if you liked me, it might cure him."

His head was heart-high, and at her gesture of assent he leaned back against her shoulder. Instinctively, an arm supported him while both of his went around her waist.

She looked down at him as if bewitched by the brew of moonlight which accentuated the purity of his features—dark eyes challenging



hers, lips parted and waiting. She could feel her heart pounding against his cheek and urging acceptance of that invitation.

And then, because her head was as wise as her heart, she bent and met his demand. She was shaken and bathed in a purifying fire, and it seemed as if the bewildered phantom of her love for Fizz floated away into the moonlight. As if it had been a fog that had blinded her, she saw her love for Fizz for what it was—a protective love that ended when another came to fill that need of his. With the same dazzling insight, she realized that she stood in the clasp of her own lover's arms.

Her hand lay along the clean line of his cheek and the touch of it, smooth and warm beneath her fingers, shook her as deeply as the kiss that was sweeping her soul with the fire of ecstasy.

Reluctantly, they drew apart and not a word was spoken as they went down, Fizz utterly forgotten, to the gang under the bright lights shining on the shuffleboards.

Presently, when she and Luke were standing apart from the others he exclaimed excitedly:

"That Banta guy! I've been wanting to tell you about him. He's got more money than ten people could spend. He could roam all over the world, buy a Texas ranch or have a string of polo ponies, yet he's going to spend his time and money straightening out people's mental troubles. That piece in the paper said he's going to study in Vienna next year."

Amy Jo could not control the shiver that shook her. Of course, it was possible that he liked her for herself, that she was more than a subject, an interesting experiment, but the case history of the near-suicide

whom he had rescued provided other proof. He had taken that boy home with him, bought him clothes, provided him trade training and set him up in a dry-cleaning business. All his life he would be finding those who needed him and give them his time and money.

Doubtless, he would never find any one who would love him unselfishly for himself as she did, or miss such love. How funny, she thought unsteadily, that she should reward him by falling in love with him. With his detached, impersonal attitude so much like a doctor's, that possibility probably had not occurred to him.

The only way she could save him embarrassment, and her own pride, was to pretend that his efforts had been unsuccessful, that she still loved Fizz. She did still feel a sympathetic tenderness for him. But regardless of developments, she must not let Jory guess that she loved him.

She danced with Fizz, and because Jory was watching she gazed up at him in the old tender way, and his eyes were bleak as he held her closer, crying her name brokenly against her hair. It was so easy to counterfeit emotion.

Although she did not say it in so many words, she let Jory believe from her manner and expression that Fizz was not entirely out of her heart.

Even Luke commented on Jory's puzzled frown as he took his leave.

"Looks as if he had something more up his sleeve."

She learned what that something more was, Wednesday night. The other two girls were out, and she and Nina were playing two-handed bridge when the buzzer rang.

"Oh, these curlers make me look





She looked down at him as if bewitched by the moonlight which accentuated his features—dark eyes challenging hers, lips parted and waiting. With dazzling insight, she realized that she loved him.



awful," exclaimed Nina, making a dash for the bedroom. "I hope it's some one for you so I'll not have to take them off."

Amy Jo opened the door to reveal Jory, his slouch hat dripping water, his topcoat glistening with the rain. He murmured something about the April weather as he shook out hat and topcoat and hung them where she indicated, before following her into the cheerful living room.

She could hardly realize that he was there, sitting in the scarlet leather chair, so close that she could put out a hand to touch him. But she dared not. She waited breathlessly for him to speak. Had he come to tell her that he loved her?

"Fizz still loves you," he began. "And you—I guess you still love him. You see, I know quite a bit about psychology but very little about love. But I'm learning. Love may die but it can't be assassinated."

"But my love for Fizz is dead," she wanted to cry aloud. "I love you!"

"So now I can give you back what I lost for you," he was continuing. "Fizz, his love, and your dreams of happiness."

"But Fizz is married. I wouldn't take him from Rose if I could."

"He is not and never has been married. As I suspected, the whole act was simply to make you hate him, and give you happiness."

"But he lived with Rose—still does."

"Can't you forgive that? It was an act of desperation. It was for you."

Before she could answer, he plunged on, "He loves you, Amy Jo. He's cut down on drinking already, and is ready to let me help him overcome it entirely if you'll take him back. Will you?"

Of course, she would have to agree in order to keep Jory from suspecting the truth. But she would see Fizz and Rose and tell them the truth when Jory was not around to hear.

"That's glorious of you"—as she nodded. "Fizz is waiting outside. I'll get him."

Amy Jo felt trapped and sick, but tried to smile as she met Fizz's blue eyes.

"Gee, kid, you'll never be sorry," he muttered. "I'll make you happy."

"How about Rose?"

"She left me. I tried to play fair. I didn't send her away. She just left."

Amy Jo had the surest feeling that if Rose hadn't left him he wouldn't be here. Now he had no one but her, and Jory showed plainly enough that he didn't want her.

"I'll let Banta put the erimp on drinking and gambling, baby. Starting now, to-night."

A sob caught in her throat. "I don't love you now, Fizz," she cried. "I did as you said and had Jory cure me." She turned toward Jory with a pleading gesture. "You'll have to make me love him again."

His eyes were wide and bewildered as they met hers. "But I never stopped you," he protested.

"I just pretended that it didn't have any effect," she confessed.

"I mean, I didn't do anything, tell you anything——"

"That night, didn't you hypnotize me so that I wouldn't love him? Didn't you?"

"No. I don't even know if that could be done. But making you think that I had, had the natural psychological result. I thought if you didn't love him you would find



it out. You would know that you were free."

"Then I didn't love him, and never can. Is that it?"

His face was white and drawn as he nodded.

"What did you say to me then?"

"I suggested a substitute. I told you to love me."

Fizz was forgotten as she answered, voice very low and unsteady, "That was cruel."

"I didn't think so. There has to be a substitute and I had loved you from the first time I talked to you. I thought if you loved me——" His voice broke and her heart leaped to hear it. "But that was an experiment never tried before that I know of, so I didn't know if it would work. I only hoped."

"No, it didn't work," she said softly. "You didn't make me love you."

She looked at him, his dark head bent, his hands clenched between his knees, but his clean-cut lips firm. He loved and thought he had lost, but he was taking it courageously.

She added huskily, "Because when

we danced and you were so understanding about Fizz—oh, darling, I loved you then."

His head jerked up, and their eyes locked. Then she was in his arms and his lips were fire on hers.

Presently Fizz coughed and remarked, "I could get Rose back if you were marrying some one else, Amy Jo."

His shining eyes, the tremulous smile, the eager tension of his body, all told a story of their own—told of the friendship almost as deep as love, that he had had for Amy Jo which was holding him back from complete happiness with Rose. Just as Amy Jo had felt herself freed by the love in Rose's eyes, so did Fizz feel his responsibility end when he saw her in her lover's arms.

"She is," exclaimed Jory happily. And then, "You are marrying me, aren't you, beloved?"

"If I'm awake, I am. But if I'm dreaming, let this dream go on forever."

"It will," he promised, and as she gave him her lips again she knew that it would.

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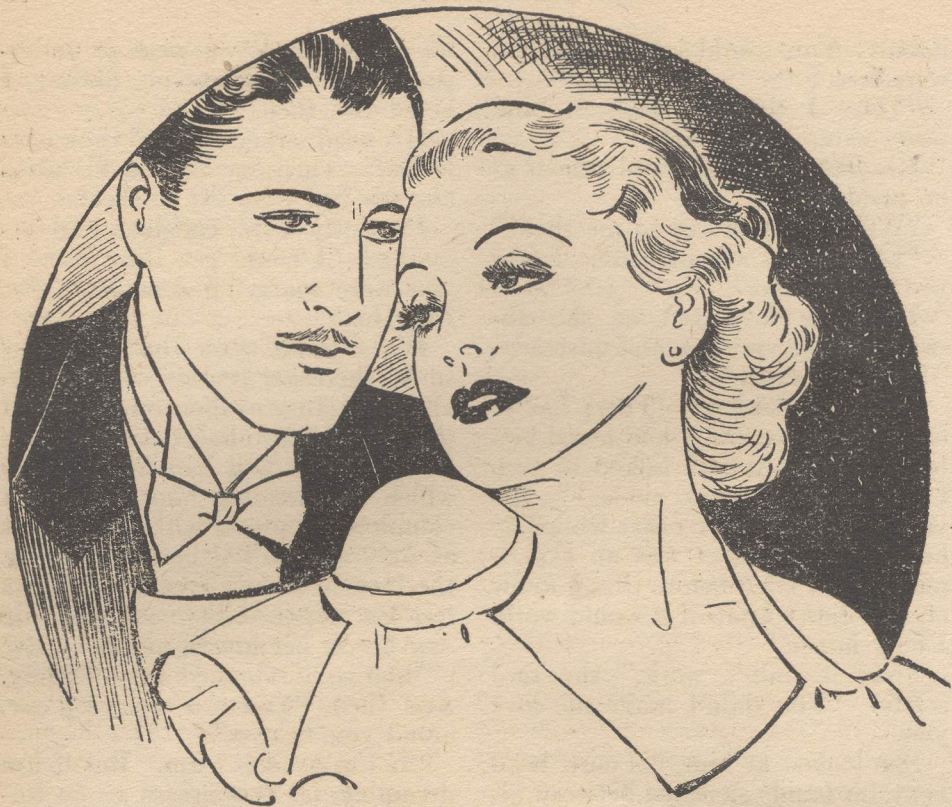
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# A First Kiss

By Cateau De Leeuw

SUSAN wiped away the tears that splashed down her face with a weary gesture, and tried resolutely to put her recent sorrow out of her mind. She was utterly worn out after the last few days.

She wondered what the future would be like—a future that was inextricably bound up with Easton's. She knew so little about her new guardian, although she had seen him occasionally at her father's office, and at a few formal dinners at home.

The car turned into a long, tree-bordered drive. Were they here so soon? She looked at the house with interest. It was a simple brick with white trim, and stood on a raised terrace. The lawns were neatly kept. In the distance she could see the stables. She had heard that Jay Easton was fond of horses.

She was somewhat astonished at the elegance of his home. He, himself, had always seemed so intent on business, that she had never thought



of him in any background other than an office. Yet, she admitted, she had known that he lived in his old family home, willingly making the long trip into town every day so that he could enjoy life in the country.

With a flourish, the chauffeur drew up before the door. It opened instantly, and a middle-aged woman in smart black came forward. The housekeeper, no doubt.

"I'm Mrs. Jasper," the woman introduced herself promptly, "and I hope you're going to be very comfortable here, Miss Oliver." She smiled as she spoke, but the smile did not reach as far as her eyes.

Susan did not like her. Perhaps her manner showed it, for Mrs. Jasper's smile faded and she said stiffly, "Mr. Easton is waiting for you in the library."

Easton here? Susan tried not to look too surprised. She had not dreamed that he would stay away from the office just to welcome her to her new home!

At first she did not see him as she entered the high-ceilinged room. A fire was dying on the hearth, and there was no other light. She stood staring at the book-lined walls, the fine lamps and vases.

Then a movement near the far window caught her eye. It was Easton, rising swiftly to his feet. He came forward to greet her, his voice sounding unnaturally hurried.

"I'm sorry. I didn't expect you so soon. I should have been at the door to greet you. Won't you take off your coat? Mrs. Jasper, I think hot tea would be welcome and some—some sandwiches and things!"

He seemed breathless and embarrassed. Susan could hardly believe her ears. Was this the calm Jay Easton, victor in so many courtroom battles, the stony, self-possessed Easton who had taken charge of her

father's funeral, who had seen to the closing of her old home, and had read her the conditions of her father's will?

She put out her hand with a friendly gesture. "You are very kind," she said, "but I don't want to be any bother."

Over their teacups, they were formal again. Susan said with a smile, "I shall not have to disturb your household very long, I think. By next week I shall be able to go back to school, and by the time school's over, you'll only have me on your hands for a few weeks until I'm eighteen."

He told her flatly, "You're not going back to Miss Sempel's."

Susan's head jerked up. "Not going back? Of course I'm going back! This is my senior year, and though I'll have missed a few weeks, I know dad would have wished me to finish with the others. I can make it up easily enough."

"I have engaged a tutor for you—a Miss Berry," he went on, as if she had not spoken at all. "She is highly competent and will give you everything you need—perhaps more than you would have had at Miss Sempel's."

Susan looked at him aghast. "But I don't want a tutor. I've gone to Miss Sempel's for the past four years, and I want to finish there with the rest of the girls!"

He rose restlessly and stood by the mantelpiece, looking down at her. For the first time, Susan realized that Jay Easton was a young man— young, lithe and good-looking.

She had always thought of him as a contemporary of her father's. But he wasn't. He couldn't be more than thirty-one! The shock was so great that she hardly heard his words when he spoke.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I prefer



you to be taught here." And he left the room.

It was not until he was gone that the words penetrated. Susan was furious. Her breath came hard. Just because her father had known and trusted him, just because he had been named her guardian in her father's will, she would have to submit to his ridiculous tyranny until she was eighteen. Four months!

As she rose wearily to go to her room, she reflected with a grim twist to her soft red mouth, that she could stand it. She would have to! But after those four months, she would be free to do as she pleased—to live where and with whom she pleased. Jay Easton would have no more jurisdiction over her, only over her money.

Mrs. Jasper took her up to her room. It was a charming bedroom—soft-yellow walls, furniture that had been stained a pale-gray, and draperies of sea-green. It was a room that went with her blond curls and blue-green eyes.

"He had it all done over when he heard you were to live here," Mrs. Jasper said. The tight lump in Susan's heart began to thaw a little. "He drove the workmen something awful to get it done in time," Mrs. Jasper continued. "I told him you could sleep in one of the spare bedrooms if it wasn't finished, but he wouldn't listen to me!"

The color came back into Susan's cheeks. "That was nice of him!" she said warmly. "It was nice of him to be here to-day, too, when I came."

Mrs. Jasper turned to go. "I don't know about that," she commented from the doorway. "I thought he stayed home because one of his favorite mares was sick and he wanted to consult with the vet'nary."

The lump hardened again. "It's going to be a horrible four months,"

Susan whispered to herself, as the door closed.

But by the time the crocuses and hyacinths were carpeting the lawn, Susan had changed her mind. After one stiff week, in which Jay was formal to the point of coldness and Susan sulked because of her new tutor, things brightened. For one thing, the weather cleared and they could go riding cross-country together in the soft spring air.

Trotting along, side by side, Jay would forget his rôle of guardian, and would talk to her as man to woman. And Susan, learning more and more of his personal life, came to realize that he was really quite young, that he could be charming, and that he was terribly lonely. It was because of that very loneliness that he had made such a reputation for himself as a lawyer before he was thirty. And it was loneliness that had made him don his protective armor of chilly reserve.

The more Susan understood Jay, the more she liked and admired him. More and more, she found points of resemblance between him and her father. And as her anger dropped away from her, she blossomed forth into her natural, sunny self.

One night, as April was drawing to a close, Jay excused himself after dinner, saying that he had work to do in his study. He often worked evenings, and Susan sighed when he left the room. These evenings alone were dreary. Miss Berry, who had turned out to be a young, attractive woman, went home at night. There was no one to talk to but Mrs. Jasper, and Susan had never gotten over her first feeling of dislike for the woman.

For a while she wandered around the large living room. She picked up a novel and tossed it down again.





She was restless and unhappy to-night, without knowing why.

Susan turned with a start at a noise in the doorway. Jay stood there, his brows drawn into a frown as he stared at her. She wondered how long he had been watching her.

"I hadn't realized," he said abruptly, "how lonely it is here for you. I'm sorry I didn't let you—I really wanted you to be happy." His words came in jerks. The dis-

*In the soft light of the desk lamp stood Jay, his arms about the slim figure of Francesca. Her long white arms were twined about his neck, and her scarlet lips clung to his. Susan stood still for a moment, suddenly feeling ill. Then, with a murmured apology, she stumbled from the room.*

jointed phrases, Susan knew, were an apology for his attitude about Miss Sempel's. But he sounded so queer, almost as if he were ill.

She started forward impulsively, but he backed away from her, almost with a look of horror. "I have a client coming to see me here, this evening," he stammered. "She lives



with her brother and his family. I'll tell her to have her nephew bring her over."

Bill Morse brought his aunt to the door with a screeching of brakes. Susan stood in one of the tall windows, hidden by the folds of the drapes, and watched them. Bill was about twenty-one, tall and sandy-haired, with a snub nose. Susan dismissed him without a thought. But her eyes drank in every detail of the woman who stepped languidly from the car.

Francesca Bruyon was tall and willowy, with an exotic head held proudly upon her long, slim neck. Her evening wrap of black velvet clung to her beautifully molded figure.

They came into the room where she stood, a small lonely figure near the hearth. As introductions were made, Francesca Bruyon gave her one swift, searching glance from her heavily shadowed eyes, then ignored her.

But Bill, after a quick handshake, stepped to Susan's side with a low laugh. "Boy!" he exclaimed. "If I'd known there was anybody like you parked in the countryside, I'd have gotten fired out of college sooner!"

Susan barely heard him. Jay and Francesca were walking slowly toward the door. The woman's hand lay heavily on Jay's arm, her sleek head inclined flatteringly toward his. The black sequins of her low-cut gown sparkled and shimmered in the light and their weight revealed every seductive curve of her figure.

With an angry gesture, Susan smoothed the blue crêpe of her simple dinner dress.

"I said," Bill Morse was repeating patiently, when she came back to reality, "that you're the first girl

I've been allowed even to look at since my last shindig."

Susan turned dazed eyes upon him. "You'll have to enlighten me," she said. "I'm afraid I don't know anything about you but your name."

"Wise woman," he commented. "You must have been reading the rules of conquest: 'Always get a man to talk about himself, and he is yours.'"

She laughed. It was the first time she had laughed that evening. It was fun to be with some one young, foolish and irresponsible again.

She patted the seat beside her. "And rule two is: 'Make him comfortable, and he will tell you things he hadn't intended to.'"

Their gay voices rang through the quiet house. Billy told her all about his latest escapade, for which he had been expelled from college.

"And now," he ended mournfully, "dad says I've got to get a job! I ask you, is that a way to treat a dutiful son? I wonder what he'd do without me? Why, if I didn't keep an eye on Aunt Fran, she'd be in hot water every other week, and the family would be involved in one scandal after another. D'you know what she's come over to see Easton about to-night? She wants to get a divorce, and she has no grounds!"

"But Jay doesn't take divorce cases," Susan faltered.

Bill's low laugh rang out. "Maybe he never did before," he said with a significant lift of his eyebrows, "and maybe he never will again. But this time he will! I've never known Aunt Fran to fail yet!"

Something in his voice made Susan jump up, her heart pounding strangely. "Why are we sitting here?" she cried. "Let's have a game of ping-pong. I haven't had my daily exercise to-day, and you can give me a good dose of it!"



She led the way to the back stairs. It was dark, and she had forgotten to switch on the hall light, so she felt her way carefully. She could not see that the door of the study was barely closed, so that when she pressed against it with her finger tips it swung open.

There, in the soft light of his desk lamp, stood Jay, his arms about the slim figure of Francesca Bruyon. Her long white arms were twined about his neck, and her scarlet lips clung to his.

Susan stood perfectly still for a moment, suddenly feeling ill. She never knew how long they remained there, the four of them, motionless and quiet. But something, some little sound must have penetrated to the two lovers. Francesca's long black lashes lifted as Jay raised his head. Then, as she saw who stood in the doorway, she laid her head upon his shoulder and smiled.

Susan had no memory of her and Bill's murmured apology, of their stumbling descent to the ping-pong room. It was not until they were savagely batting balls at each other that she remembered Bill's triumphant, "I told you he would take the case!"

Through the blur of pain that enveloped her mind, she distinguished one clear thought. She loved Jay!

She didn't want to love him, her heart cried out rebelliously. It could mean nothing but hurt and disappointment for her, she knew. He did not love her—he did not even think of her as any one to love. He had been kind and courteous these past few weeks, but it had been the kindness of a host, no more. He had insisted on her presence in his house only because of his promise to her father.

It was to hide her love, then, that she played up to Bill's advances out-

rageously. It was to salve her pride, too—to reassure herself that, though one man might not even be aware of her as a woman, another could be, and was attracted at first meeting. She acceded so swiftly to Bill's proposal of a date for the following evening that he was encouraged to ask for more. And she recklessly said "yes" to everything.

It was not until much later that she and Bill were startled by Jay's voice on the stairs. "Come on up, you two! Refreshments are about to be served."

Bill gave a whoop of delight and pulled Susan reluctantly up after him. At the head of the stairs stood Jay himself. He was smiling, with an attempt to be jovial. Susan avoided his eyes.

"If you hadn't stopped," Jay was saying with a laugh, "I might not have had any ward left. I'm going to be a guardian for such a short time, I can't have you cheating me, Bill."

The boy whistled. "You're wasting your worry," he answered emphatically. "I'm the one who needs sympathy! Has that little girl got appeal! And have I fallen for it!"

Jay's face slowly hardened as he glanced from one to the other. There was an uncomfortable silence, before he turned and led the way to the living room.

The hour which followed was strained and quiet. Bill pretended to be afraid of Susan's "big, bad guardian," as he designated Jay in a whisper. Jay sat unsmiling, his eyes almost constantly on the two young people. Francesca lounged in her deep chair, thoroughly relaxed, lovely head thrown back, a satisfied smile curving her red lips.

When the Morse car had disappeared down the driveway, and she had turned back into the house, Su-



san suddenly felt very tired. She started for the stairway but Jay's voice, behind her, brought her to a halt.

"I'd like to speak to you a moment," he said.

A certain quality of appeal in his eyes, in his voice, sent Susan's heart into her throat. Her fingers touched her mouth in an unconscious gesture of hope. Perhaps—perhaps he was going to explain.

"What did you think of Bill Morse?" her guardian asked abruptly.

She lowered her lashes so that he could not see her pain-filled eyes. "I liked him," she said slowly. Oh, what did she care about Bill Morse? She had hardly been aware of him all evening. She had been too unhappy at the discovery of her love.

"He seemed to like you, too," Jay replied, his voice tingled with distaste.

"He seemed to," she admitted. "He's already dated me twice for this week, and three times for next. We're going to the country club dance together, and he's taking me driving to-morrow. He's going to take me over to the Greshams', too. They're having a house party, and there'll be a lot of young people there——"

"That's enough!"

Susan's head came up with a jerk. Jay's face was stern. "I forbid you to go to the Greshams' with that—that pup!" he cried. "I forbid it, do you hear? I won't have you going with that set. They're fast, hard-drinking, and a hotbed for scandal. I'll give Bill Morse a piece of my mind for even thinking of taking you there! And you're not

to go driving with him, either. He's been arrested for speeding and reckless driving—I don't know how many times! As for the dance at the country club——"

But Susan, her astonishment giving way to angry resentment, cut in, "If you forbid me to go to that, too, I'll walk out of here, and I won't come back! What right have you to treat me as if I were a two-year-old? The law says I'll be old enough to take care of myself in three months. Do you think that just because I'm three months under the legal age, I'm a complete nitwit? Do you think I've lived seventeen years without having acquired any common sense at all?" She gave him a long, furious glance, then turned her back on him. "At least I haven't lived long enough to have lost my principles!" she cried, and, without a backward glance, fled upstairs.



Susan bought a new dress, especially for the country club dance. She searched the shops until she found just what she wanted—a chiffon of soft sea-green, with a corsage of pale-gold flowers and a twisted girdle of green-and-gold. The gold wrap was lined, surprisingly, in a light shade of red-orange, and the effect was one of extreme simplicity, yet a simplicity that was the last word in sophistication.

When Bill came to call for her with Francesca, who was to be escorted to the dance by Jay, Susan was a radiant green-and-gold vision. Francesca wore sequins—bright-blue ones that shot angry lights. Somehow, Susan's gown made Francesca look theatrical and unnatural.

Susan saw Jay's approving glance



as she came down the long, curving stairway, saw him glance at the tall figure of Francesca in comparison. She hardly heard Bill's admiring exclamation as she put on the gold wrap. She only knew that Jay had liked it, and her heart beat smotheringly with the knowledge.

All the way to the country club, she hugged the thought to her. Life had been horrible these last few days, with Jay retreating into a coldly disapproving shell, and herself white and defiant. But now everything would be all right. Jay would dance with her. He would hold her in his arms, and he would know—he couldn't help knowing—that they were made for each other. She closed her eyes and willed it to be so.

Jay had the first dance with Francesca, and Susan was paired with Bill. And, after the first few minutes on the floor, there were so many men clamoring to meet her, so many introductions and cut-ins that she lost sight of her guardian.

It was not until she was dancing with Bill again, that a tall figure tapped the younger man on the shoulder. A murmured "Sorry!" and she was held in arms as rigid as oak. Susan looked up, startled, and found Jay's stern eyes gazing at her intently.

"You're having a good time?" he asked.

"Yes," she said in a low, unhappy voice.

"You seem to be very popular," he volunteered, a little later.

Susan could have wept. This wasn't the way she had planned it at all. He held her so stiffly, as if there were an invisible wall between them. He spoke to her in the same way. What was the use of her new dress, of her popularity, if she weren't beautiful in his eyes?

His arms held her away from him with unyielding firmness. She tried to press a little closer to him, and stumbled.

"I'm not a very good dancer," he apologized grimly. Susan felt the tears gathering. If Hal Peters had not cut in at that moment, she would have broken down.

She made the transfer automatically, and watched dully as Jay picked his way expertly across the floor to tap Francesca's partner on the shoulder. With a movement like blue flame, Francesca flowed into his arms. He did not hold her away from him, Susan noticed. He danced superbly with Francesca!

At midnight, she missed them. She no longer saw the brilliant-blue flash of Francesca's sequin gown, nor the tall, tanned figure of her guardian. She thought, sickeningly, of the veranda, of the dark gardens.

With one after another of her partners she made some excuse to go outside and see. But she saw nothing. Then she thought of Jay's car, and looked at the parking space. The car was gone.

The rest of the evening was a haze. She remembered having to fight off Hal Peters some time later. This time, she had really gone out on the veranda for a breath of air, but Hal was beginning to think that her constant suggestions of the veranda had another meaning.

She had to slap his face hard, before he would stop kissing her—drunken kisses that left her feeling soiled and trembling. She repaired her make-up and sought out Bill.

"I want to go home," she said simply.

Bill took one look at her white face, and leaped to his feet. "You're tired!" he cried. "Too much simple life at Jay Easton's place is go-



ing to unfit you for the social whirl, if you stay much longer!"

He was foolish and tender by turns on the way home, as Susan sat wearily beside him. He was a nice boy, she thought gratefully, even if Jay did not approve of him.

And so, when he took her breathlessly in his arms as they stood before the long French doors of the library, and pressed his eager lips down on hers, she responded gently. It was balm to her wounded heart to know that some one loved her!

Bill's eyes shone in the dark. "You sweet thing!" he murmured, and kissed her again, then again. Beneath the more demanding pressure of his lips, Susan stirred faintly. He mustn't go any further, she thought in something like panic. She took his head between her hands.

"Bill!" she cried softly. "Bill dear!"

"I'd like a word with Bill, myself," said a stern voice behind them. "Susan, you will go to my study and wait for me there."

Susan's heart gave a great throb, then settled leadenly within her. "Good night, Bill," she managed in a calm voice. "Thank you for a lovely evening!"

Without a glance at her guardian, she went slowly into the house. She went to the study, not because he had ordered her to, but because she was determined to have things out with him to-night. He could not treat her like this! She would ask him to let her go back to Miss Semple's, to let her stay there for the remaining three months of his guardianship.

How long she stood there, seething with indignation, trembling with nervous fatigue, she did not know. Jay's presence in the doorway roused her.

"Do you know what time it is?" he began, before she could speak. He did not wait for an answer. "Three o'clock, and you and Bill had promised to be home by one. But this is the last time it will happen, I can tell you. There'll be no more dances while I'm in charge of you. You'll stay here, where I can keep an eye on you. Have you any idea what I've gone through, how I've worried, while you've probably been parked on some dark road?"

Susan's voice cried above his, "That's not true! We came straight home! We simply lost track of the time, and you needn't act as if we had committed some crime, because we haven't!"

"I wish I could believe you," he flashed back bitterly. "I suppose you'll be telling me next that that was your first kiss to-night!"

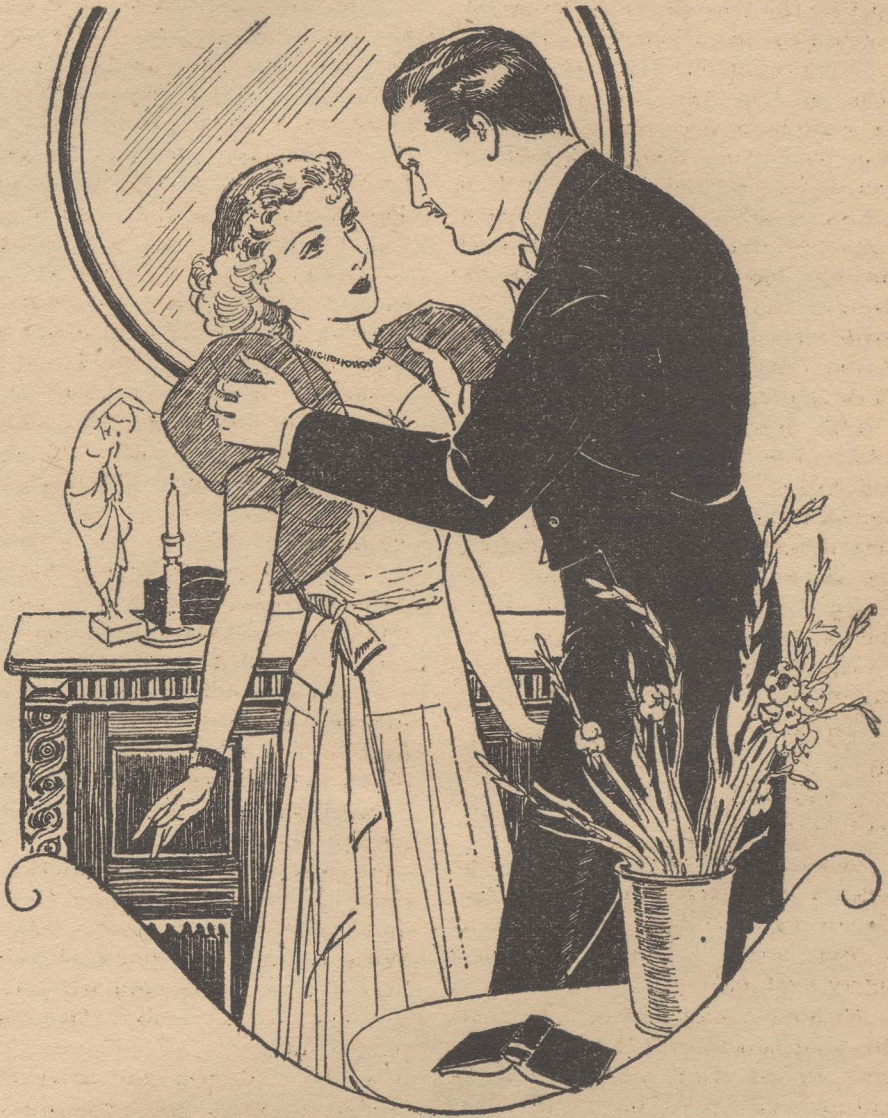
Susan's eyes blazed. "It——" The memory of Hal Peters's kisses swept over her, and with it a telltale tide of red that left her paler than before.

She quailed before the fire in Jay's eyes as he took her shoulders in an iron grip. "Good heavens!" he cried. "You look so young, so sweet and innocent, and you're just——" With a single movement, he swept her into his arms, and his lips descended brutally upon her softly parted ones.

A kiss that was torture was succeeded by a kiss that was peace, as her trembling figure relaxed in his embrace. Hard at first, then so tender that the tears came to her eyes, the caress left her thrilling with happiness. Slowly, rapturously, Susan opened her eyes, and saw the door of the study.

It was like a blow over the heart—the memory of that other kiss she had seen from the study door. With a choked sob, she drew away from him.





*"You look so young, so sweet and innocent," he cried, "and you're just——" With a single movement, he swept her into his arms, and his lips descended brutally upon her softly parted ones.*

"I—I hate you!" she said in a dull tone.

Jay's arms fell to his sides. Susan did not see the deeply bitter lines that formed around his mouth, nor the stricken look in his eyes. "I hate you!" she repeated, and left him standing there.

She stayed in bed late the next day, so that she wouldn't have to see Jay before he left for the city. All day she sat listlessly in her room with Miss Berry, only rousing when Mrs. Jasper told her that she was wanted on the phone.

She went with dragging steps,



dreading the thought that she might hear Jay's voice. But it was Bill.

"Hello, angel!" He sounded as blithe as ever, despite the lecture Jay must have given him the night before. "Did the big, bad guardian leave you whole or in pieces?"

She struggled for the right note of gayety. Whatever happened, no one must guess how she felt about Jay.

"In pieces, of course," she answered. "But very attractive pieces, if I do say so myself!"

"Well, I hope you were properly reassembled this morning," Bill chuckled. "Nothing left out, like a heart, for instance?"

Her breath caught for a moment then she said gayly:

"Oh, that was misplaced long ago!"

"Before I met you?"

"Well," she answered slowly, "that would be telling!"

Bill's voice suddenly sobered. "Listen, angel," he said seriously, "you can't stay there with that cold-blooded fish of a guardian of yours. I won't have it! I love you, you know. Don't tell me you didn't, because it's been written all over me ever since I first saw you! And you like me a little, too, don't you?"

"Why, of course, Billy," she returned feebly, "but——"

"No 'buts' now! I'm in earnest. It drives me crazy to think of you being penned up there by his selfish whim. What say I come for you about one in the morning? Have a bag ready, and we

will drive to a little town I know that has an obliging justice of peace. He never minds being awakened in the middle of the night, and we'll get married. Is it a go?"

Susan thought of living for three more months under the same roof with Jay—of loving him, yet hating him, so much that her whole being seemed torn by the conflict; of knowing that he despised her; of longing for the thrill of his kisses and the shelter of his arms. It would be unbearable, she knew. And Billy wasn't a bad sort, really—just young and a little flighty. But the very contrast to Jay would make him acceptable.

She took a deep breath. "It's a go," she said, so low that Bill could hardly hear her.

"Then you'll be ready at one sharp?" he cried exultantly. "I'll leave the car outside the drive and walk in. I'll meet you on the terrace."

"On the terrace," she repeated, and replaced the phone like one in a trance.

As she turned away from the library, she saw Mrs. Jasper coming out of the study, a bowl of faded flowers in her hand, her face as

expressionless as ever. Susan had a moment's panic. There was an extension in the study. She stared searchingly at the older woman, but she could tell nothing.

She was very poor at her lessons that day, and Miss Berry went away, shaking her head. But







*Susan slipped out onto the terrace, where she had promised to meet Bill, when a firm hand suddenly caught her and drew her back. "You can't get married to Bill Morse or to any one else without my consent," Jay told her sternly. "And I'm not giving it!"*

Susan barely noticed. She had other, more important things to think about than French literature, economics, or history. She was going to be married to-night, to a man she didn't love.

Surely, she told her throbbing heart, she would learn to love him afterward. Surely, making Billy

happy would teach her to forget Jay!

It was hard to sit through dinner as if this were any other day. She had hoped Jay would phone that he had been detained in the city. But he came home at the usual hour, his face a little whiter and sterner, his



lips compressed into a thinner line. Susan hardly dared look at him, lest he surprise her secret in her eyes. She was monosyllabic at the table, and later excused herself, to go to her room.

"I have a headache," she said. A heartache would have been closer to the truth, she thought miserably.

Jay half rose from his chair. "Don't you feel well?" he said anxiously. "Is there anything you would like?"

"No," she answered, her whole being conscious of the fact that these would be the last words she would speak to him for a long time. Her lips trembled, and she turned away so that he would not see there was something amiss.

She changed to a light wool suit and packed a week-end bag. Then she sat down to wait in her dark room. For a long time, she could see the light from Jay's study flooding the evergreens near the house. Then it went out, and she heard him go to his room. But she thought he would never stop his pacing up and down, up and down. Was he nervous, too?

At last there was silence, but Susan crept from her room with careful stealth. He might still be awake. After all, it was only one o'clock.

As she came out on the terrace, she saw the lights of Bill's roadster coming down the road. When they stopped, and she at last made out

his dim form striding across the lawn, she felt as if she would faint. Her knees shook so, that she set down her bag and leaned a hand against the wall to steady herself.

"Susan!" Billy's whisper seemed like thunder in her ears. "Are you there?" he questioned eagerly.

"Yes, Susan is here, and so is her guardian," said Jay's voice from somewhere beside her. Susan leaped like a stricken deer and turned to flee, but a big, firm hand caught her and drew her back.

At his touch, all her fear left her and only anger remained. "Let me go!" she cried. "You can't stop me, even if you are here!"

"Yes, I can. You can't get married to Bill Morse or to any one else without my consent. And I'm not giving it!"

"How did you know? It was Mrs. Jasper, I suppose. The snooping thing!" Her rage was unbounded.

"Yes, it was Mrs. Jasper. But she was snooping, if you want to call it that, at my orders."

"Paying people to spy on me! Oh, you're despicable!" she cried.

"You may stop us this time, Mr. Easton," Bill put in, "but Susan will be able to do as she pleases in three months. And then try to stop us!"

Jay laughed—a short bark of a laugh. "I'll still have control of her money, Bill," he said, and there was a deeper meaning in his words. "I





can always stop her allowance until she is twenty-one. I don't imagine you would be so keen about marrying her then, would you?"

Susan waited for Bill's angry denial, but none came. "You mean," he faltered, "she won't have any money until then?"

"That changes matters, doesn't it?" Susan hated Jay for his sneering tone, hated Bill even more for his evident scheming to get her money. She stood, a still statue of a girl, while Bill mumbled apologetically, and went silently back to his car. Then Jay was holding the door of the library open for her, and she entered automatically.

"Why," she asked at last, "didn't you let me go? Why didn't you let me find a little peace with him?"

She watched his strong hands knotting and unknotting before he spoke. "Because I couldn't stand it!" he cried, the words seeming to be wrung from him by some force stronger than his will. "I didn't let you go for the same reason that I didn't let you go back to Miss Sempel's. I was only going to have you for four months! I couldn't bear to lose a minute of it, I tell you. I didn't care if you thought me harsh, cruel and domineering! I had to have you where I could see you, could speak to you, could feel your

presence in my home, even when I lay sleepless in the middle of the night! It was all I was to have of you for the rest of my life!" He stopped, as if the words had been choked off.

Susan strained toward him, trying to see his face in the dim light. "But why," she demanded softly, "did you want me here?"

He made a gesture of defeat. "Because I love you!" It was a mere whisper.

"And Francesca?" Her whole life hung upon his answer.

"When a man has been driven to a certain point, he takes anything that's offered," he said in a low voice.

Susan put her hands upon his arms, and thrilled to their trembling at her touch. She drew a long, quivering breath. "But you never even tried—you never even asked me!" she cried. "My dear, my dear, must I do it all?"

He gave a groan—half sob, half incredulous laughter—and held her to him as if he would never let her go. "Susan darling, am I dreaming?" he breathed before he kissed her.

And in the blissful rapture of that perfect kiss, Susan knew they were both dreaming—of their future, the thrilling beauty of which was about to enfold them.

*So much more*  
**ENJOYMENT**  
*- WHEN YOU*  
**SAY-PABST**







# Her New Boss

By Vida T. Adams

**J**ILL BASCOMB'S harassed soft brown eyes swept uneasily to the clock over the office door, then to the pile of unanswered mail in her basket. With renewed speed, she drove her fingers over the typewriter keys.

"Give the accoustiphone a fair trial, Mrs. Gray. Don't expect to

distinguish words at first. See Page Two of your instruction book. 'The hearing nerve, long unused, must be gently awakened——'"

The office door opened.

Distractedly, Jill bent her red curls over the typewriter. Her fingers spurted against time. "Use the accoustiphone at first for——"



A faint, unmistakable, exotic perfume drifted to her faintly freckled nose. She turned abruptly.

"Oh! It's you again!"

Blond Glenella Whitmore's answer was silvery melodious laughter which she sent cascading through the hushed silence of the swanky branch office like a spring waterfall. The sylvan echoes of it brought Jed Blythe from his job of mending acoustiphones in the anteroom.

"Hi, Jed!" Glenella dumped a shower of small batteries on the counter. "Recharge these overnight for me this time. Aunt Maidie complains you did a bad job of them last week." She lowered her incredibly long lashes at Jed. "But I don't really think it is the batteries. I believe Aunt Maidie's growing more deaf."

Jed adjusted his black-rimmed glasses on his nose. Jed was a serious, thoughtful young man, who rarely smiled but he grinned now, showing his firm, white teeth.

"We'll give Aunt Maidie the benefit of the doubt. Test the batteries anyway," he said. He carried the batteries to his workshop beyond the demonstration room. Glenella's blue eyes followed his lithe figure.

But Jill was not deceived. Bringing batteries to be recharged three times in as many days was the excuse Glenella used to come to the office. But not to see Jed!

Jill raised her brown eyes to meet Glenella's mocking gaze squarely. Her heart began to beat suffocatingly.

"If you came to entice Lee Evans to another of your rummage sales, or bridge teas, or even a recital, he isn't in!"

Shamelessly, Glenella exhibited a devastating dimple in her left cheek. "It was a bridge tea," she admitted.

Jill moved closer to the counter,

her intriguingly throaty voice muted so that Jed, in his workroom, might not hear.

"You don't look like the kind of girl to tramp on another's exclusive territory," she said with a significance that the other girl could scarcely ignore.

Glenella took out her cigarette case, offered it to Jill before taking a cigarette herself. What could Jill do but proffer her her lighter? It was hard not to like Glenella.

Both girls smoked a moment, taking each other's measure.

"If Lee Evans has asked you to marry him, I'll sign off," said Glenella.

Jill colored. Lee hadn't asked her, but she knew in her heart of hearts that, if he ever took time off from business, he'd realize he really loved her. But she could not tell Glenella this. Glenella, sophisticated, worldly wise, would laugh.

"It's his career I'm thinking of," Jill sparred. "Lee can't squander every other afternoon with you without his work suffering!"

Glenella blew a perfect smoke ring ceilingward.

"If I'm to stand a chance with Lee, I have to use whatever means I can," she said. "You have the edge on me, being with him every day. He's learned to depend on you."

Jill's eyes narrowed. Lee was hers, even more than Glenella thought. He was bound to her by countless hours of business companionship. He was hers because of the vital personal and business emergencies she had helped him master. By the battles she had fought for him when he was absent, by the advice and encouragement she had, as his secretary, handed out unstintingly. For three years, she had been his spur,



his comfort, his conscience, his alibi when things went wrong.

The job had been too much for her. She had helped to make Lee Evans. There was pride to be found in the accomplishment, but no peace. For she had fallen in love with Lee and the fall was a deep, irrecoverable plunge.

The mere sound of his footstep in the corridor had the power to set her body trembling. The sight of his dark head bent boyishly over his letters aroused every feminine instinct to clutch him to her heart. How could she turn him over to another girl? To Glenella who merely saw, admired, and wanted.

Jill eyed Glenella warily. "Lee can't spare the time from business! I'll see to that!"

Glenella laughed her silvery cascade of sound.

"It's a challenge, then," she said. "May the best gal win!" Deliberately, she walked to the settee provided for waiting customers, seated herself picturesquely. Through a series of smoke rings, she gazed ceilingward.

Jill dropped down at her typewriter. Her knees felt unjointed. She ran a hand through her red curls, brushing them back from her high, white forehead. Staring at the letter in the typewriter, she struggled to get back into her interrupted sales mood.

But Glenella's defiant presence mocked her attempts at concentration. The knowledge that she must somehow best the girl distracted her. Worse, she felt like giggling. It was absurd, Glenella even thinking she could take Lee from her!

Outside in the corridor, Lee's footsteps sounded. Jill's hands stiffened on the typewriter keys. She looked up as Lee came in but his eyes were on Glenella.

"Visitors!" he cried. A slow, infectious, yet teasing twinkle crinkled the corners of his usually serious gray eyes. Boyish despite his mature, rugged figure, he towered over the petite Glenella. "What good fairy brings you here again?"

Glenella fluttered effectively her long dark lashes that contrasted so startlingly with her blond hair.

"An errand of mercy brought me," she confessed meekly, and stopped. Lee's gray eyes were traveling uneasily to the mound of afternoon mail still on his desk. "But," she amended, "the errand can wait while you check up on what Uncle Sam has brought you."

"It'll only take a second," apologized Lee in his pleasant, quick voice. "Come on inside." He held the gate open for her.

Glenella did not glance at Jill as she swept past her desk. But then Glenella never was one to flaunt her innings, reflected Jill. The girl was too clever for that. Her siren's eyes, alluring, seductive, promising, were focused ahead on Lee.

Of a sudden Jill knew this was to be no ordinary battle. Glenella, under her cloak of good sportsmanship, was sincere. She really wanted Lee Evans. Her honesty in warning Jill made the situation all the more convincing.

Uneasily, Jill surveyed Lee's closed office door. No sense barging in. Lee liked to open his mail uninterrupted. At last she heard the swivels of his chair squeak. He had relaxed. She entered quickly with a basket of letters in her hands.

"These need your notes indicating how you wish them answered," she said quietly, setting the basket on the desk.

Absently, Lee drew the basket toward him, grinned over the top of the pile of work at Glenella.





"Now what's on your mind?"

Tactfully, Glenella avoided meeting Jill's strained glance.

"It's Aunt Maidie," she confessed in well simulated concern. "I'm worried about her hearing. I believe she needs a stronger accousti-phone, but she's stubborn. I thought if you could give her a personal demonstration, bring out the latest model, she'd see her need and help us all out by buying it."

Jill coughed. "Mr. Brandt telephoned that he hadn't as yet received your last week's sales report," she interrupted smoothly. "I told him you'd mail it to-night."

Lee's long fingers flipped hesitantly through the papers before him.

"But I shan't take all your afternoon," cried Glenella in an aston-

*Jill entered Lee's office with a basket of letters in her hands, striving to appear calm in Glenella's presence. Tactfully, Glenella avoided Jill's strained glance.*

ished, little-girl voice. "I have the car outside. I'll run you over and back. Aunt Maidie has no engagements for this afternoon. She's alone which is unusual for Aunt Maidie. I thought it my one chance to catch her off guard."

Lee glanced up as Jed appeared in the doorway.



"Just unpacked that shipment of new models." He set an accousti-phone master model in front of Lee. They all examined it.

"Only change is a lighter weight earpiece," said Lee.

Glenella's blue eyes widened from sheer excitement. "Aunt Maidie is always complaining of the weight of the earpiece she has."

Lee glanced at the clock on the wall. "Fix me up a demonstrator set," he said to Jed. He picked up his hat.

"But the letters and the report for Mr. Brandt," protested Jill, trying to put all the allure and persuasion she could into her throbbing voice.

"We'll squeeze them in somehow," said Lee. "Where's your car, Miss Whitmore?"

Jill, alone, sat down at her desk feeling much like a deflated balloon. She tried to fend off a creeping bleakness. Glenella had won the first skirmish, and cleverly, too. Of course, she'd have to take Lee to demonstrate the new model to her aunt, but it was a sure bet she'd also contrive to have Lee appear with her at the bridge tea as she had originally planned.

Jill became positive of this as the day wore on and Lee did not return. Mr. Brandt telephoned.

"Mr. Evans is not in," Jill explained. "House demonstration. An elderly Mrs. Whitmore in Piedmont. Her niece came for him in her car."

"Oh, well, as long as he gets the report in by Friday! It's time enough."

Jill returned the phone to its cradle. An elderly couple stood at the counter.

"Pa's deaf. We saw your ad," explained the stoop-shouldered woman.

"I'll be glad to give him a demonstration," said Jill brightly. She unlatched the gate and flung open the soundproof door of the demonstration room just as three other people came into the office. Her heart sank. Another demonstration! It always happened this way when she was busy.

"Let me take them in Lee's private office. I think if we clear off the desk," offered Jed.

Jill's red lips parted. "You?"

"Sure, I can do it! I've heard you and Lee demonstrating often enough, and surely I know the instrument, mending it all the time as I do."

Jill was dubious, but she also was swamped with work. It took her an hour to fit Pa Bentley, to get his check and to wipe the happy tears from Ma Bentley's eyes and to get Pa Bentley calmed down enough so that he could walk without wabbling.

"I can hear music," he whispered. "Music!"

Letters still waiting at her typewriter! A customer to buy new batteries. The telephone again! Lee's office door still closed. Surely Jed had sold his customers by now.

Jill opened the door. Jed was alone. The cash for the instrument he had sold lay on the desk. Jed was bending over Lee's open desk drawer. He was copying something.

A chill ripped to Jill's finger tips. The open drawer was the one in which Lee kept his prospects!

With difficulty she broke out of her trance of amazement. "I see you sold your prospect," she said, striving for a natural voice.

Jed's eyes flashed. He adjusted his glasses with one hand; with the other, he thrust a piece of paper into his pocket.

"Was that woman tickled!" he



said cheerfully. He handed Jill the money on the desk. "Never heard her son's voice before."

Not a word about what he was doing in Lee's desk drawer! And Jill was too shocked to ask him. Jill, back again at her desk, pounding out letters, stopped suddenly.

Jed copying names from Lee's private prospect files could mean only—— Jed was after Lee's job!

Jill recalled now seeing Jed loitering about, watching demonstrations. Several times lately he'd questioned her about the routine of the office, the proportion of sales they made from the ten-days-free-trial system.

Mending instruments, checking batteries was Jed's job. But if he showed initiative, worked up outside sales of his own, why shouldn't Mr. Brandt, the coast manager, be impressed? And, if Lee neglected the office as he was doing, Mr. Brandt might easily give Jed a chance at Lee's job!

"Oh, no!" Jill writhed inwardly. Her worried brown eyes watched the clock. Four! She laid a neat pile of letters on Lee's desk. Put his fountain pen handy. Rapidly, she went through the incoming mail, opening everything but the personal. Two letters needed immediate answering. She carried these to her typewriter. If Lee didn't like her answers, she could retype them. Quarter of five! Another demonstration. A battery customer.

Jed was at her elbow. "Want me to take the demonstration? My work's all done."

Every instinct urged her to snub him. But the telephone was ringing. She couldn't handle everything.

"Start them. I'll be in soon."

Quarter after five and Jed had sold another instrument. Mr. Brandt on the wire again.

"Well," Jill explained carefully, "those older women prospects require time you know. Yes, I'll have him phone you as soon as he comes in."

Jed went home, his shoulders jaunty. Who wouldn't be cocky? Two tries and a sale for both of them! Six o'clock. Jill straightened up her desk. The door opened. Lee, of course. Nobody but Lee could open a door with such spontaneous enthusiasm.

"Hello, useless! Still here?"

His gayety hurt her. He looked so big, handsome, so carefree. She had been shouldering all his responsibility. He'd been having a good time with Glenella. Jill's lips were stiff.

"The letters! I wrote some of the replies. I'll wait to retype them if you wish changes."

"No. You're tired. You run along. I'll sign 'em and mail 'em myself later." He pulled out a check from an inner coat pocket. "Sold Aunt Maidie the new model, with batteries." He gave her his slow, infectious, yet teasing smile. "Not such a bad afternoon's work!"

"Mr. Brandt phoned. Jed had to help me with the demonstrations."

"That's right. Deflate me! But I've got a list of all Mrs. Whitmore's deaf friends and Glenella's, too, to whom I'm to take instruments for demonstrations. Glenella's a swell sport. Said she'd chauffeur me about."

So it was no longer "Miss Whitmore"! Jill felt a swift reaction settle in the pit of her stomach.

"But you can't leave the office as you did to-day, Lee! The office won't run itself!"

He answered her with his slow grin.

"It ran itself to-day, didn't it?"

In her pale face her eyes blazed





*From the office windows, Jill watched Lee climb into Glenella's long, sleek coupé. Her red lips tightened. Her heart raced in a smothering agony of jealousy.*

darkly. "But Jed helped me! I'd never have gotten through alone."

"Good for Jed! He's coming right along." Lee glanced at her, half irritated. "And now run along like a good girl. And don't turn into a boss's keeper. No man likes a wet nurse for a secretary."

Jill drew back her head sharply. Somehow, she managed to close her parted lips, to assemble her features in her usual gamin grin. But inwardly her blood seethed.

So she was a wet nurse, was she? Well, she also was a red-head. She wasn't a lily to mope and pine away. When she was about to lose her man, she did something about it. She was a fighter. She was dynamite, ready to blow the works!

She walked home that night from the office. She could scheme better on her feet. Her high heels clicked like trip hammers on the cement. She thought of Lee almost frantically. Of his fine, cool eyes. If only she could awaken the fire that stirred in their gray depths. She was an office automaton to



him. If only he could see her as a girl! She pictured his strong, firm hands drawing her to him. She had loved him when he had nothing. Would Glenella?

She stopped motionless, struck with the idea. Glenella had social standing, swanky friends. Would she still pursue Lee if he lost his job as manager of the branch office?

It was worth a try, finding out. It would be easy to make Lee jobless, the way things were shaping at the office.

Jill wished next morning that she had no conscience. No sense of moral right. The sneaking shame with which she started her campaign would not bother her then. Her dark eyes, more enormous than ever, stared at Jed.

"Jed, after you get the day's supply of batteries tested and wrapped, would you mind going over these inquiries? Perhaps typing out sales replies? You could do it in your place. I'm simply swamped and Lee is out again, this time to the Orinda Club, a lecture on deafness. He'll probably be gone until noon."

Jed's serious eyes peered speculatively at her from behind his glasses. But Jill stared back at him guileless as a child. Later, she heard him typing as she took a demonstration. Lee was back and she was fearful lest he hear, but Lee, after a hurried thumbing through of the mail and a couple of telephone calls, left with another new model and Glenella.

Finished her demonstration, Jill went in search of Jed. "How are you coming along?"

Jed handed her three letters. She read them, astonished at his apt progress.

"But let me give you a couple of sales tips that Lee passed along to me when I first started." She stood

leaning over Jed's shoulder, pointing out the emotional appeal of stock paragraphs she used. Not until Lee spoke, did she know he had returned, stood staring at her in the doorway, rubbing his chin with long, well-manicured fingers.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "if Brandt phones, tell him I'll be back at five." A second longer he stood hesitant in the doorway, then left, slamming the door behind him.

From the office windows, Jill watched him climb into Glenella's long, sleek coupé. Her red lips tightened. Her heart raced in a smothering agony of jealousy. Her fingers clenched and opened. If only she could fight with her hands, but she had to use her wits now. But how slow her wits were! How maddeningly unsatisfactory and unreliable!

In a flurry of renewed activity, she turned back to Jed. "If you'd like to try the follow-ups this morning, it would help a lot."

"Trot 'em out!" grinned Jed.

Jill winced at his eagerness, the too apparent zeal with which he reached out for the new work.

There were moments when, lining up branch office detail for Jed, Jill felt like a Judas, betraying Lee. But Glenella's laughter filled the air like goading prongs. Time and again, she brought her aunt's batteries to be recharged. If Lee wasn't in, she loitered, waiting for him, joking with Jed, watching him check amperage. Once she and Jed took her aunt's accoustiphone completely apart on the pretext that it needed cleaning.

Lee came in before the job was done. A second, he stood taking in the entire office force grouped about Jed. At Jill, he directed a lowering glance. Frantically, she wondered if her lipstick was too lavish. Or if the seams of her stockings were crooked.



"Did you put through that sale to Mrs. Ivan Morgan of Orindo?" he demanded.

"I'll do it this afternoon," said Jill. She hastened back to her typewriter. Perhaps Lee suspected her. Her heart cringed. She hated herself. But how else could she hope to win?

Glenella, waiting for Lee to gather together his inevitable demonstration kit, smiled at Jill. It was an alluringly friendly smile.

Jill wished she could hate the girl.

"What are you going to do when you run out of elderly deaf friends and relatives?" she whispered.

Glenella smiled. "There's left the matter of getting batteries tested and recharged," she whispered back. She looked so pleased at her own cleverness, and yet so kindly toward Jill, that Jill, far from despising her, felt again that mad desire to giggle.

She sat late that afternoon, sorting mail, with Jed taking all first inquiries, when Mr. Brandt came in. A pompous, short man, bald, with brilliant, clever eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

"I take it Lee Evans is out gallivanting with the upper crust as usual," he snapped in his rasping, curt voice.

Jill's heart contracted. Her fingers numbed. Why should she endure losing Lee's job for him by degrees? Here was the chance in a lifetime to rid him of it in one swoop. She steadied her voice.

"Mr. Evans has gone to a bridge tea," she explained carefully.

"And those sales reports; I expect he left them for me."

"They're not done," said Jill. "I'm simply swamped, Mr. Brandt. There was the cash to make up for the bank, demonstrations, these letters to care for. If it weren't for Jed Blythe here, I'd never have gotten this far."

Mr. Brandt adjusted his spectacles and eyed Jed. "You are the young man who services the instruments, aren't you?"

"Yes," Jed replied. "But I made two sales yesterday, and have two more prospects promised for the afternoon."

"Jed knows almost the entire office routine," rushed Jill. "He composed these sales letters, too, and I think they are some of the best we've ever sent out." She held the letters up to Mr. Brandt, who took them, adjusted his spectacles, and examined them at great length while Jed, flushed, breathing audibly, tried not to watch his face.

"Come into the office here, Jed," said Mr. Brandt. "Let me talk to you."

Outside the private door where Jill was trying to carry on her work, their voices sifted frighteningly. Mr. Brandt asking; Jed answering. Jill sat aghast, her piquant face torn and rumpled with the knowledge of this thing she had set in motion. Jill wanted to tell Mr. Brandt the truth, that Lee's executive ability was ingrained, not cultivated like Jed's efforts; that Lee could sell a door post an accoustiphone if he had to. But the evil tide she had created swept her before it. She was powerless even to raise her voice when, at last, Mr. Brandt left. With added dismay, she grew aware of Jed excitedly thumbing through Lee's prospect file openly as if he had a right to do so.

"Well, what did you and Mr. Brandt talk about?" she demanded in a voice that trembled.

"I'd like to tell you, Jill, but the big boss asked me to keep it under my hat for a day or two," blurted Jed. His eyes glittered with secret excitement.

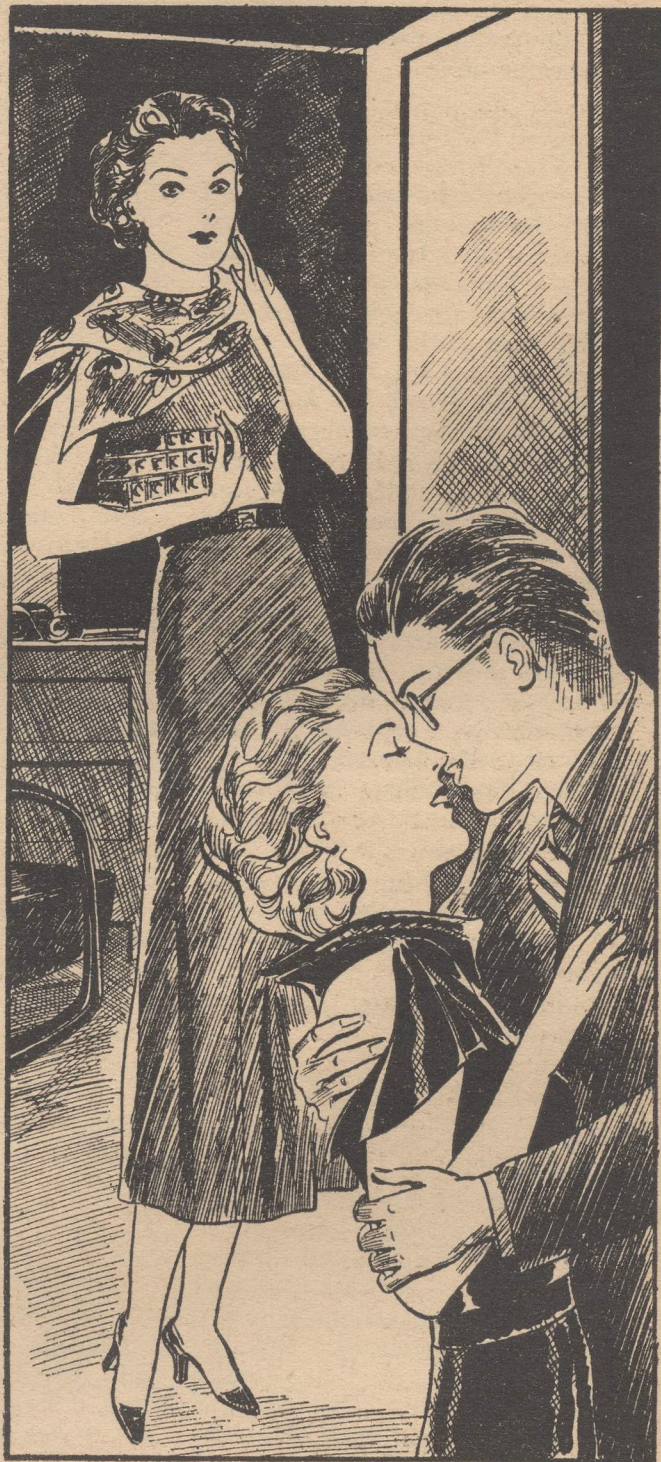
"It's as if he saw the pot of gold



at rainbow's end," thought Jill, striving to down the awful sense of apprehension that grew upon her. What had she done? Sense of guilt grew upon her. What right had she to ruin Lee's career?—she asked herself. She loved him. To hurt him was sacrilege. Worse! For she had done it to serve her own selfish ends. When Lee did not show up at closing hour, she fled to her apartment, for the first time not awaiting his return.

Through the night she knew the dregs, the bitter depths of one hour hating herself, another finding excuses. Morning found her pale, cold, huddled over Lee's desk, sorting mail.

There was a special-delivery letter from San Francisco. She slit all the other mail, segregated it. She arranged the venetian blinds. She filled Lee's pen. The special delivery mocked her, un-



*Jill was surprised to find the demonstration room occupied. Jed was there. And Glenella. They were in each other's arms. They did not even move apart when Jill opened the door.*



opened, on the desk. Suddenly she had to know what was in it. She slit the envelope quickly.

LEE: Kindly be at the S. F. office by ten thirty.  
BRANDT.

Jill's clenched fingers all but crushed the message. But she could not destroy it. Her body, frozen with fear, remained in Lee's chair. She could not move, even when Lee, himself, came in the door.

He stood looking down at her. His gray eyes swept her face in a queer fashion. She was sure now that he knew of her betrayal. But still she could say nothing. Her lips would not move. But she had to speak. If she were to salvage even a vestige of her own self-respect, she must confess now before he accused her. But her tongue lay dry and still in her mouth. She could only hold out the letter to him.

Mechanically, Lee took it. His eyes clung to her face.

"I have some tickets to Tibbett's concert to-night at the auditorium. Would—would you like to go?"

It was the first time Lee had invited her anywhere, but she could think of nothing but what she had done to him.

"Why——" She was stammering and stuttering.

"Never mind deciding now!" Lee was brusque. "If I'm to be in San Francisco by ten thirty, we'd better get at the dictation."

She sat taking his letters, listening to his clear, low-pitched voice. How much more direct and decisive he was than Jed! His chin firm, well rounded, concentration and power in his wide, high forehead. But the endearing slow grin that usually lurked at the corners of his lips was gone. And his gray eyes were restless, searching. They'd be cold

when he returned from talking to Mr. Brandt. When he returned from being fired, he'd loathe the sight of Jill.

After he had gone, she stumbled through her work. As a murderer is drawn back to the scene of his crime, so she returned again and again to Lee's office. She rearranged his pen and pencil set. She refilled his already overflowing pen. She opened the venetian blinds and later closed them. She rubbed trembling fingers over the worn arms of his office chair. Her long lashes were wet with the tears she could not shed.

Her arms filled with discarded batteries, she opened the door of the demonstration room, expecting to go through the empty room to Jed's anteroom.

But the room was occupied. Jed was there. And Glenella. They were in each other's arms. They did not even move apart when Jill opened the door. Glenella snuggled closer in Jed's embrace, her blue eyes radiant as Jill had never seen them.

"Jill, you're a peach to make this possible," she bubbled. "I told Jed that when he became manager of this office, I'd announce our engagement. I thought he never was going to get there until you gave him a helping hand."

Motionless with shock, Jill stood, recalling Glenella hanging about, watching Jed work; Glenella bringing in innumerable batteries for testing, instruments to be cleaned!

"And you've been in love with Jed all along?"

Glenella rushed to her, grasping both her hands. "I'm sorry, my dear, if I caused you any heartache, but it was necessary to get Lee out of the office in order to give Jed his



chance. How could Jed show what he could do, if Lee alone handled all the work?"

"And Jed is to be the manager here now?"

"Brandt told me last night," said Jed, flushing. "It was keen of you to help me, Jill."

Somehow, Jill got back to her desk. The palms of her hands were moist. Her lips trembled against her teeth. She sat down and presently she was typing. "The hearing nerve long idle must be awakened——"

Vaguely, she knew that Glenella and Jed came out of the demonstration room, went off. The outer door closed with a soft swish behind them. Jill realized that it was past closing hour. She could go home, too. She could run away. She could write out her resignation, leave it on Lee's desk. She had betrayed Lee hideously when there had been not the remotest need of betrayal.

But her feet stayed under her desk. Her fingers typed on. Suddenly, the door squeaked.

In a flash she was on her feet, hands clenched behind her, her still, white face turned expectantly to Lee.

Lee came in slowly. He closed the door definitely behind him. His face was drawn. Dark shadows lurked under his gray eyes. Jill leaned heavily against her desk for strength.

"I helped Jed get your job!" she blurted. "I deliberately undermined your standing with Mr. Brandt, praised Jed so that you would get fired!"

Lee stood so close to her that he could touch her. But his hands,

clenched, remained at his sides. His face which had been so lifeless flashed vivid with a quickening, frightening fire.

"Why did you do that to me, Jill? Tell me quickly! Why?"

She sobbed, a great racking gulp of sound. "Lee, I couldn't help it. I—I love you! I thought Glenella was after you—thought you——"

She had no time to finish. Lee's arms swept her into a fierce, powerful embrace. She was held so tightly against his thundering heart that there was no possible escape from the wild, hurting ecstasy of his kisses.

"And I thought you and Jed——" he whispered. "Seeing you helping him—— I never realized I loved you at all until I came on the two of you with your heads together, and then did I suffer!"

"But I lost you your job! I played up Jed to Mr. Brandt!"

He tilted her chin back. "Mr. Brandt sent for me, not to fire me, but to tell me I'd won the S. F. office, manager of all the Northern territory. He's going into the Southern territory to open up new branches. Some time ago, I suspected that he was studying me to determine if I could contact the more wealthy trade as well as pick employees who would work together when the boss was absent on field work. That's why I went after Glenella's crowd. That's why I left you and Jed alone when I knew Brandt was due at the office."

She raised star-lit eyes. Gone was all her shame now, all her anguish. Happiness such as she had never dreamed for herself stretched before her in a gleaming road straight to the clouds.







# Retreat From Love

By Jennifer Ames

A SERIAL—Part V.

## CHAPTER X.

**T**HE idea that Dickie Pringle might be trying to learn trade secrets from Delia made Ann feel a little sick, and at that moment she felt an intense sense of loyalty to the Mellier establishment. Ann had taken the job in the shop deliberately to try to harm Constance Mellier if she could because of the harm she believed the other woman

had done her mother. But now, for some odd reason, she knew she would fight tooth and nail to prevent Dickie Pringle getting any information about their new models, if that was what he was after.

"You know we're not supposed to talk about the new designs, Delia," she said. "It is always dangerous with an outsider."

Delia laughed. "Are you quoting that old gag of Mr. Martin's? He



says the same thing to each new girl when he takes her on. Don't be an idiot, Ann. And as for Dickie Pringle being a dress spy"—she threw back her head and laughed. "As I told you, he has no connection with our trade at all. He's in the beauty business."

Ann said nothing. She felt she must think this thing over before she said any more.

Ann made a point of going to see her mother that evening, since she knew she would be alone. Moppet welcomed her enthusiastically.

"Darling, how nice of you! I was hoping some one would come and here you are—providentially, as it were. Dickie, poor boy, had to dine with Countess Lengtin. He was terribly upset about it, but what can he do? After all, she is his best customer. And as he was telling me last night, he hopes she will put money into the business so that he can expand. It's dreadful the way women chase the poor boy, isn't it?"

Ann answered: "Yes, it is dreadful, mother." She could have laughed and at the same time she could have cried.

"Tell me about this dress business Dickie is interested in," Ann said as the two women settled themselves down to eat.

"Oh, he thinks he's going to make a lot of money out of it," Moppet told her. "He was saying only the other evening that the main thing is to get some exclusive designs, to be in on the ground floor, as it were, where the new fashions are not only

being created, but

being discussed. Dickie's is not a very large firm so, of course, at the present moment they can't afford to buy many exclusive models. I mean models of creators like Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Chanel."

"Or Constance Mellier," Ann suggested. Her voice was a little harsh.

Moppet started. Her face went white and then red.

"I do wish you wouldn't mention that dreadful woman's name here."

Ann pushed her plate aside. She leaned her elbow on the table.

"But supposing, Moppet, there had been nothing between dad and Miss Mellier but friend-

ship?" she suggested, pointedly. Her mother's lips tightened.

"You can scarcely expect me to believe that, since it is he who wants the divorce in order to marry her!"

"But, don't you see," Ann said, "that's one of the chief reasons why it may be true? If Miss Mellier and my father had been—had been sweethearts for years, what would be

### THE STORY SO FAR: Ann

Layton is engaged to Gerald Aitken. Ann takes him home to meet her mother and finds that a wild cocktail party is in progress. Gerald is disgusted at the party and he and Ann quarrel. Laura, Ann's mother, tells her that she and her father are being divorced. Disillusioned, Ann goes to live in a girls' club and gets a job, under an assumed name, modeling in the shop of Constance Mellier, who is the woman Ann's father is going to marry. Miss Mellier, not knowing who Ann is, takes a dislike to her because of her partner's, Cyril Danton, attention to the younger girl. Jealous, Constance invites Cyril to have dinner at her apartment with her. Constance realizes that she loves Cyril, but he tells her that he will never marry her. However, they make plans to go to Paris together. Meantime, Gerald comes to see Ann. They quarrel. Anthony Mellier, Constance's nephew, calls and learns who Ann really is. She tells him that it was necessary for her to take a different name to get a job. Ann discovers that Dick Pringle, who is her mother's present admirer, and who has an interest in a gown shop is trying to learn trade secrets from Delia, one of Mellier's models.



the point of his suddenly wanting this divorce in order to marry her? I think he feels romantic about her. She is very charming and lovely."

Her mother stared at her hard.

"How do you know, Ann?" she asked sharply. "Have you seen her?"

Ann colored and stammered: "Well, yes, I did the other day. She happened to drop in where I was working."

"Oh," her mother said. She looked at Ann curiously but she said nothing.

There was an uncomfortable pause while Wilson cleared away the remains of the omelette and the crisp green salad. He brought black coffee.

"I shouldn't have thought you would take sides with that woman," Moppet said presently. Evidently the subject was still in her mind.

"Oh, Moppet darling, don't look at it like that," Ann begged earnestly. "But things aren't always what they seem, people aren't always what they seem. I mean, Miss Mellier may seem like an abandoned woman and all that to you, but she needn't be, honestly. She's probably thinking you are a nagging wife who has never cared a darn about your husband!"

Her mother said coldly: "I didn't think I'd live to hear my own daughter turn against me."

"Oh, darling," Ann implored, "I'm not turning against you, but you must see there may be another side to it, a pleasanter side." She broke off sharply, astonished at her own words. Why should she be fighting for Constance Mellier?

"Oh, well," her mother sighed, "it doesn't matter now. I'm sure I don't know or care whether she's an abandoned woman or as pure as the driven snow." Her voice was openly

sarcastic. "But I do know that your father wants to marry her."

"But, Moppet," Ann said softly, "supposing that she doesn't want to marry him?"

Ann didn't know why she said that, nor why she should think that Constance Mellier mightn't want to marry her father. It may have been intuition, or it may have been the way she had seen Constance looking at Cyril Danton lately.

Ann hadn't thought, either, how Moppet would receive this information, but she was totally unprepared for the effect it had upon her.

"The effrontery!" Moppet cried, her voice high pitched and angry. "The effrontery of her not to want to marry your father! Why, your father is a thousand times too good for her! He is one of the finest men I've ever met—the finest she'll ever meet, anyhow. Why, I never heard anything like it! She ought to go down on her bended knees and be thankful for having got such a splendid man." Moppet broke off abruptly, her face crimson. "I'm letting my tongue run away with me, saying stupid things," she mumbled and called out: "Wilson, some more black coffee, please."

Ann thought, "Oh, dear," and sat opposite her mother, slumped in her chair, rather like a balloon which has been pricked with a pin. She had had no notion that her remark would cause this outburst. And yet suddenly she was very glad she had made the remark, for she knew now whom her mother really loved and it wasn't Dickie Pringle. And yet, knowing that didn't help matters.

"How did you and dad drift apart in the first place, Moppet?" she asked presently. Her mother could snub her if she wanted, but she felt it would help if she really understood.



Her mother said: "I guess—I guess he met this Mellier woman."

"But before that," Ann prompted, "you were—you still lived together?"

It was on the tip of the elder woman's tongue to agree that they had, but for some reason she paused. She leaned back in her chair and stared at the silver spoon in the saucer of her coffee cup. It shone in the lamplight and perhaps she saw pictures reflected in it. Perhaps for the first time since all this had happened she was facing the truth, or trying to face it.

"I don't know, Ann," she finally said. "Maybe we had begun to drift apart before then, only I hadn't thought about it, that was the trouble. When one is happy one doesn't think about things, one is pleased with what one has, one never imagines that one may lose them. If your father was short-tempered or distant, I said to myself, 'He's got a headache or a liver attack, or he's worried about business.' I never imagined I might be the cause of it. I thought because he'd loved me once and married me when I was young and pretty, he'd go on loving me always. I thought marriage was an insurance against—well, against being left out in the cold."

She shivered suddenly, and went on presently, her voice strengthening:

"I didn't think one had to do anything about it. I thought that because a man had married one that was enough. I—I let myself get old, fat and dowdy. I thought once one was married that sort of struggle was over. I mean the struggle to attract men, or a man, by keeping one's youth and one's looks. I never even tried to keep up with his other interests, either. I knew he was interested in antiques, in old glass, in

art, in pictures, but I never interested myself in any of it. I let him see frankly that the subject bored me. Oh, but what's the use?" Suddenly she wrung her hands together and cried sharply. "What's the use, Ann? It is never any use seeing things when it's too late. It only makes the hurt more painful." She rose abruptly from the table. "Come upstairs. And don't speak of this again, will you?"

"I won't," Ann said. There was a choked feeling in her throat, a stinging sensation at the back of her eyes. She wished now she had never put that question to her mother. It is dreadful to see any one whom one loves unmasked.

A few days later, at the shop, Ann ran into Anthony Mellier.

"Hello, Miss Manning," he said. He emphasied the name and stood grinning down at her.

She looked at him coldly.

"Do you mind stepping aside and letting me pass?"

"Not on your life," he said. "I've been longing for an opportunity to speak to you for days, ever since that night in your place. I'm afraid I lost my temper."

She said nothing. There was a short, awkward pause.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Oh, prying about, trying to ruin your aunt's business and incidentally, her reputation." Her voice was openly sarcastic.

"Look here," he rumbled. "I'm darned sorry I said the things I did. Won't you forget them? Come and laugh with me. I want to talk to you. I have a definite urge to talk to you."

"And supposing I have no definite urge to talk to you?"

"All the same, be a good sport and lunch with me," he begged. "I



may have said one or two things I shouldn't have the other evening, but you must admit it was a shock for me to discover who you really were."

In all fairness she had to concede him that point.

"Besides," he said, "one gets strange and dark fancies at night. I imagined that you must have some very dark motive in concealing your identity and getting in here."

"You no longer think my motive was so dark?" she challenged.

"Oh, I don't know," he shrugged. "But it may have been pure curiosity. I don't blame you in the circumstances. You probably thought this a grand adventure."

"Not a very grand adventure," she said quietly.

He ceased smiling. His blue-gray eyes were serious.

"I see what you mean and I remember what you said about your mother. I—I'm sorry for the way I spoke about her that first afternoon we met. And, of course, you must be loyal to her and put her welfare before any one else's."

He sounded sincere and she felt herself weakening.

"Come on"—he smiled suddenly—"you will lunch with me? We'll keep our swords sheathed, at least for the duration of the meal."

"Very well," she agreed.

"Shall we meet at the Orlean Bar in a half hour?"

As she combed her hair and powdered her face preparatory to going to lunch, Ann found herself wishing that she had worn a more becoming dress. This one was all right, a navy-blue business dress, but she had others at home which became her better. "Though why should I care what I wear when I'm lunching with Anthony Mellier?" she told herself harshly.

All the same she did care and it annoyed her that she should. It made her greeting, when subsequently she met him, brusquer than she had intended it to be.

"Hello"—he whistled softly—"I thought we'd agreed to leave our swords at home, or at least to sheathe them temporarily? You can't eat on a young man and be rude to him at the same time." His eyes twinkled.

"Can't I?" she said grimly.

He sighed. "I'm beginning to suspect that you may be able to. Have a cocktail?" he urged. "One is always more tolerant toward one's fellow men after one has had a drink or two."

She accepted the cocktail and, although she wouldn't have liked to admit it, it certainly made her feel in better humor. They sat on high stools before the cocktail bar, jostled about by people passing them. They laughed and she suddenly found she was enjoying herself.

She was beginning to discover that for all his surface rudeness, he had a great deal of Constance Mellier's charm. Incidentally, he had a very good sense of humor, which she appreciated when she wasn't angry with him.

They had to wait to get a table and she wondered aloud why, the more crowded a place was, the more people would flock to it?

"The desire to huddle," he told her. "Human beings fear nothing as much as they fear being alone. It's as though they were afraid of themselves. Everything to-day is devised to prevent one from thinking, even autos have radios so that you needn't be alone with your own thoughts. I wonder"—he added in a quiet voice—"why people have suddenly become so afraid of their thoughts?"



"I don't know," she murmured. "Perhaps because there's so much misery and unhappiness about."

"And yet if one thought about that more, there needn't be so much unhappiness or misery. The world is going along at a crazy pace," he went on as they seated themselves at

took that job with my aunt," he said.

"You seem worried about it."

He knotted his hands on the table and frowned down at them.

"Frankly, I am. The other night I said things I shouldn't have said or even have thought." He smiled



*"I think an awful lot of you," Anthony said quietly. "We're going to be friends, aren't we?" Ann smiled back at him. She had thought she disliked him, but she knew she didn't. She knew she could like him very much if she let herself.*

a small corner table. "It's like a spinning top, it must go faster and faster. Some day it will probably stop altogether, as the top stops eventually. It would be queer, wouldn't it, to be in a world where everything had stopped?" He gave a short laugh and added: "We are getting morbid!"

They consulted the menu and ordered. Suddenly, the conversation became personal once more.

"I wish you'd tell me just why you

faintly, apologetically. "Was it mere curiosity? I can understand that. If I heard my father was going to marry some woman I'd certainly like to get a look at her. Was that the reason?"

"Partly," she admitted and then, her voice a little hesitant as she went on: "I—I did want to stop the marriage if I could. You see, there's my mother. She pretends to be pleased about the divorce but I know she isn't. I think in her heart



she's miserable about it. At least," she amended, "she would be if she'd let herself be. But she's too proud. She pretends to herself she'll have a better time without dad. She pretends to herself she likes all sorts of impossible people." She broke off, astonished she should be talking so frankly to this young man whom she scarcely knew.

"Yes, I see your point," he said gravely. "I admit I didn't before. I only saw the whole thing from Aunt Constance's angle. I knew your father was decent and reliable and devoted to her. I thought it would be the best thing for her to marry him. I thought she was in love with him." He emphasized the word "thought" and paused. His frown had deepened, his hands were clenched more tightly on the table.

"You only thought she was in love with him?" Ann caught him up sharply.

"She may still be," he said, "but lately—well, frankly I've been worried."

She looked at him inquiringly, her brown eyes open wide.

He nodded, although she had said nothing. "Yes, I'm afraid she's fallen in love with Cyril Danton."

Ann drew a deep breath. "I—I rather thought the same myself," she said and added after another pause: "But even if she has, does it matter? I've always thought Mr. Danton charming."

He nodded and said a little grimly: "Yes, he's charming, all right, an excellent business man, a delightful companion. But for all that I think he'd be a dangerous man for a woman to fall in love with."

"How do you mean, dangerous?" But despite her question, Ann had an inkling of what he did mean. She, too, had felt that Cyril Danton

might be dangerous; that he could be very charming and very dear, but very cruel, too, if he wanted to be.

"It's difficult to explain," he said after a slight pause. "But some men are givers and others are takers. Some men give a woman love, worship and security, all the things which really make her happy. Other men demand and keep demanding until they've taken everything, then when they reach that point they throw her aside."

"And you think Cyril Danton is that sort of man?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, I think he's that type," Anthony replied. "He has a soft, charming manner, but I think he's as hard as granite underneath. And then," he went on purposely, after the waiter had brought their coffee, "he cares a lot for his independence. Oh, I know a lot of men boast of their independence and swear they'd never give it up for any woman—I've done the same myself." He grinned suddenly. "But most of us don't really mean it. We're perfectly willing, even delighted, to give it up when the right woman comes along. But I've a notion Danton is too intrinsically selfish to let any woman possess him, at least for any length of time. That's why I'm worried."

"But surely," Ann protested, "Miss Mellier is capable of taking care of herself? She is a sophisticated woman of the world. She must know a lot about men."

He smiled and shook his head slowly. "That's where you're wrong," he told her. "Aunt doesn't know a lot about men. She's rather like a child in respect to them. She hasn't made men her study. She's made gowns and business her study. Besides," he paused, "I'm just beginning to realize that she's never really been in love."



"Not even with my father?" she asked sharply.

He shook his head again. "No, Ann, not even with your father. But I didn't realize that until recently." He broke off and added: "I don't know why I'm confiding in you like this, but, somehow, you're an easy person to confide in."

"And then," she said slowly, "we're both concerned in this thing, aren't we? It's queer. Somehow, I feel—well, if Miss Mellier did marry my father, we'd be sort of brother and sister, wouldn't we?"

"I don't feel like a brother toward you, Ann," he said harshly. "Pray Heaven I never shall feel that way!"

Ann laughed, because she thought it best to laugh.

"All right," she said. "But what can we do about your aunt and Mr. Danton?"

He made a wide, sweeping gesture.

"Nothing. No one can ever do anything about other people's love affairs and yet we always try. The world is composed half of lovers and half of busybodies. Of course, the two can change rôles, they often do. The lovers of to-day become the busybodies of to-morrow and vice versa.

"Ann"—he leaned further across the table and covered one of her hands with his—"are we meddling busybodies, or rather, am I a meddling busybody? I don't want to be. I'd rather be—well—" He broke off with a short laugh, but his eyes told her what he had left unsaid. The gray-blue eyes that looked into hers suddenly with a curiously intent gaze. "You see," he said slowly, "I've just learned that my aunt and Cyril Danton are going to Paris together for the dress shows. Of course, in the circumstances, it's perfectly natural that they should. It is their line of busi-

ness. But I've a curiously disturbing feeling that it has nothing to do with business. Have you ever felt like that, that some one you know and love very much is heading straight for disaster? Or even if disaster is too strong a word, at least for misery and heartbreak? Have you ever realized this and yet felt yourself powerless to stop it?"

She bent her head. "Yes, I have, Anthony." And she didn't realize that she had called him for the first time by his Christian name. She had been thinking of Moppet and the misery she knew her life would be if she married Dickie Pringle.

"They say the young don't know anything," he went on savagely. "But I've a feeling that they know far more than the older ones do. When you're young, you have the courage to face things squarely, to measure up to life. You don't accept the compromise you do when you're older. Aunt had ideals, just as you have, Ann, but I've a feeling she'd be false to them if she thought she were losing her man. That's because of the fear in her heart, the knowledge that she's getting older, that soon it may be too late to do anything at all. So you see, she doesn't really see things clearly any more, not as you and I do."

"You think we see things clearly, Anthony?"

He nodded slowly. "I think we do. We won't put up with substitutes or half measures. Everything has got to be the best, the very best, or we've no time for it. I wouldn't compromise. You wouldn't compromise, either, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't compromise," and for a moment their eyes met and held. Suddenly her glance fell beneath his steady gaze. She was thinking of Gerald. She had loved him. She believed she loved him



still. Would she have compromised for him? But she hadn't compromised. The first time he had disappointed her she had sent him away. She had sent him away even though it had broken her heart.

"You're thinking of that fellow I met at your place, aren't you?" he accused.

She started. Her pale cheeks colored.

"Yes, I was," she admitted.

"Do you love him, Ann?"

Under his direct gaze she stammered:

"I don't know—I thought I loved him."

"You quarreled with him?"

She nodded. "Yes, we quarreled. We were engaged."

"A lovers' quarrel?" He tried to make his voice sound light but it wasn't light.

She shook her head. "No. Not a lovers' quarrel. Something happened and he disappointed me."

"You are idealistic. I knew you were." His voice was almost accusing.

"Is that a crime?" she countered.

"I have always thought it was," he said quietly, "but not in you, Ann. I'm glad you are idealistic."

The color flooded her face again and there was a pause.

"I think an awful lot of you," he said quietly. "We're going to be friends, aren't we?"

She smiled back at him. "Yes." Her voice was warm. She felt warm throughout her whole being. She had thought she disliked him but she knew she didn't. She knew she could like him very much if she let herself.

She glanced at her watch suddenly.

"My heavens," she exclaimed. "I must be getting back. I'm late already. What will they say?"

He winked across the table at her.

"I'll fix it with aunt."

"Don't," she begged. "I'd rather she didn't know we are friends."

He raised one eyebrow inquiringly.

She nodded and repeated: "Yes, I'd rather she didn't know. But I must fly. I have a fitting with Mr. Danton."

She felt his hand grip her wrist.

"Does he make love to you? Does he ever try to make love to you?"

She shook her head. "No, of course not. I'm a model. He's a designer and the head of the firm. Our relations are purely professional."

"You're sure, Ann?" There was something curt, almost rude in his voice.

Her color heightened. She tossed back her head.

"Of course, I'm sure."

"All right," he said. "But I don't trust that man."

"Don't be ridiculous," she said.

"He regards me as though—as though I were clay. I'm just a model to him. He has no personal interest in me." But even as she said it she had an uncomfortable feeling that that wasn't quite the truth. There had been moments when Cyril Danton's eyes had met hers, there had been times when he had touched her arm, her hand, unnecessarily; there had been moments when he had shown her that she was a girl and an attractive girl, and that he appreciated the fact.

"You'll let me see you again, Ann?"

"If you wish," she said and smiled at him. "You know where to find me."

"I'll find you, all right."

She laughed up at him.

"A threat or a promise?"

"Both," he said earnestly.



## CHAPTER XI.

Delia stopped Ann as she was going out to lunch and said:

"You wouldn't like to go out on a party to-night, I suppose?" She went on a little breathlessly before Ann had time to reply: "It should be a good party. I told you about my friend, Mr. Pringle? He's bringing a couple of other men along and he asked me if I'd like to bring a girl friend with me. He is sure to take us to one of the best places. That's why I thought you might like to come."

Ann couldn't quite decide whether that was a compliment or not and, anyhow, it didn't bother her. What did bother her was whether or not she should go. Her instinctive reaction was to refuse. She didn't want to go on a party with Delia's friends and most certainly she didn't want to go on a party with Dickie Pringle.

She was about to refuse when it occurred to her that by going she might accomplish a double object. She might rid her mother of that odious Pringle man forever; she might discover whether Dickie's interest in Delia was genuine or if he were merely getting from her information of what was going on in the Mellier fashion house.

"All right, I'll come. It's very kind of you, Delia."

"That's grand," Delia said. "I'll phone Dickie. He said he'd rather I brought another girl from the shop. He said his friends would like to meet another of the models." She tittered. "But then I think all men like to meet manikins, don't you? They think we're glamorous. Men like glamorous girls, whether they're on the stage, in the movies, or in a job like ours."

"Yes, I suppose they do," Ann agreed, but she hadn't been thinking of what Delia was saying. She was wondering just why Dickie had stipulated that the friend Delia brought should be one of the other models from the Mellier establishment.

"Dickie will be tickled to death to meet you," Delia went on eagerly.

"Yes, I'm sure he will be," Ann remarked dryly.

Delia was faintly worried by her tone of voice.

"I say you'll—you'll be a good sport, won't you? I mean," she added quickly, a faint color rising to her cheeks, "you won't get stuck up if we all have a bit of fun?"

"I like a good time as much as any one, Delia."

"That's O. K., then," Delia said. "And I bet we do have a good time to-night."

Ann was frowning as she went on to her luncheon date with Anthony Mellier. She was definitely apprehensive of what the evening might bring forth. And yet, her curiosity to find out what was the secret of Delia's attraction for Dickie Pringle made her determined to go. She would tell no one about it, not even Anthony.

It was somewhat of a shock to her to realize suddenly that she was telling Anthony Mellier most things lately. They saw each other frequently. They were conspirators, gay conspirators. For although they both felt passionately about certain things, they were young and it was in their natures to be gay.

Ann told herself that he was her friend and added how much nicer it was to have a man for a friend than a sweetheart. Love might bring ecstasy, but it brought too much pain. She even believed she was





immune from love for the rest of her life, that she would be content always with a friendship such as she shared with Anthony Mellier.

Both being fond of Chinese food they usually lunched in a small Chinese restaurant. This noon, Anthony was standing waiting for her in the doorway. He saluted her cheerfully and said:

"What excuse, miss? You're late."

"I know," she apologized. "I was kept at the shop."

He laughed, ran a hand through his red hair, and said:

"Well, it's good to see you, anyhow."

Her spirits rose. For no reason at all she suddenly felt light-hearted.





*Ann had wondered how Dickie Pringle would greet her when Delia introduced them. Would he betray the consternation she was sure he would feel when he learned she was "Miss Manning"? But when they met at a fashionable cocktail bar neither his face nor manner betrayed a flicker of surprise.*

"It's good to see you, too."  
"Then we're both satisfied." He slanted a smile at her and led the way through the small, crowded restaurant to the table which he had reserved.

While he ordered, she found herself studying him with a heightened interest. She found herself more conscious than usual of the definite hint of laughter in his blue-gray eyes; of his bright-red hair and his



strong chin and rather high cheek bones. He glanced up suddenly.

"Well," he demanded, "do I meet with your ladyship's approval?"

She flushed furiously, she was conscious that even her small ears were burning.

"You look sweet, Ann, when you're all red like that."

"Idiot," she said. "I'm not all red."

"Take a look in your mirror if you don't believe me."

She knew that she was red, so she didn't bother to look. She contented herself with a platitude:

"Men shouldn't notice such things."

"Men do," he said, "because it flatters them."

The food arrived, a huge bowl of fried rice and another of chop suey. They fell upon it hungrily.

"I am really rather disillusioned in you, Ann," he remarked presently. "For a girl with a figure like a match stick you have a disgustingly healthy appetite. You have eaten far more than your share of the chop suey. And look here"—his voice rose sharply—"you're not going to take another helping?"

Ann smiled sweetly and complacently as she emptied the remainder of the chop suey onto her plate.

"Working girls must eat."

"While their boy friends starve? I do think there is much to be said for the good, old-fashioned girl who fainted at the mere sight of food. I'm ravenous after a morning at the hospital."

"The remedy is in your hands," she told him. "You can order another dish of chop suey."

He groaned audibly. "So be it! Here goes my cigarette allowance for the next three weeks!"

They both laughed and he gave the order. Presently, as they were eating, he asked:

"How has aunt been behaving this morning?"

"Much the same as usual," she said.

"She's been pretty worried these last few days," he commented.

"About Cyril Danton?" she asked sharply.

He shook his head. "No. After all, it is a bit early in the affair for her to be worried about him yet."

"You think it is an affair?" she asked quietly.

His nice-looking young face clouded.

"I'm afraid it is and she's pretty gone on him. I know I shouldn't be telling you this, Ann," he broke off sharply.

"Because of my father?" she asked in the pause.

He nodded. "Yes, but I think aunt will tell him everything when he comes back. She's straight. If she has ceased to care for him, she wouldn't deceive him."

"No, I don't think she would," Ann answered and there was another pause.

He attacked the food again but after a moment he laid his fork on the plate and said:

"I'll tell you what is worrying Aunt Constance, Ann. You might have some idea who is responsible. A few weeks ago she designed a cock-tail suit, rather after the manner of an old-fashioned riding habit."

"I know the one," Ann said quickly. "I thought it absolutely stunning."

"Well, the idea has been pinched," he said slowly. "She and I were out walking the other evening and we saw practically the identical suit in a very inferior type of shop. Of course," he added slowly as he



picked up his fork again and made little mounds of the rice, "it might have been a coincidence. Some one else might have had the identical idea at the same time as aunt, but it's darned funny. Anyhow, it made aunt feel rotten. And that isn't the only instance she's come up against lately of this kind of thing happening. She said only this morning that it makes her feel as though there is some one in her employ who is not to be trusted, who is selling her ideas to a dress pirate. It worries her tremendously."

"It must," Ann said but her face had colored. She had a dreadful feeling, almost as though she were guilty. Could this be the result of what she had been afraid of? Was Dickie Pringle deliberately pumping Delia as to the new fashions of the Mellier house?

"Anyhow, I shall find out to-night," she thought and resolved to go, however much she might hate it.

Presently Anthony glanced down at his watch and exclaimed:

"Gee, I must fly. I'm due back at the hospital in five minutes. Another six months and with any luck, I'm through."

"What are you going to do then?" she asked.

"Work hard and be poor," he said with a grin. "I've lived on aunt long enough. I'm going to stand on my own feet for a change."

Ann liked him for that. It was faintly worrying how many things about him she was finding out lately that she did like.

"Ann," he said suddenly, and he leaned across the table. For once, his lean young face was serious, there was no humor in his blue-gray eyes. "Ann," he repeated, "have you ever imagined yourself being poor, really poor?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "I am poor now."

"You're not," he contradicted. "You're only acting poor. The moment you asked him your father would send you a good check. If things got really bad you could go and live with your mother. But supposing you married some one who was poor, really poor and you had to fight and struggle with him and make countless sacrifices——"

He broke off abruptly and there was a curious tenseness in the air. She looked away from him deliberately. She couldn't meet his glance just then. But her heart was pounding and there was a curious choked feeling in her throat.

"No one minds being poor with the right person," she stammered at last but she still didn't look at him.

He jerked back his red head and gave a short, gleeful laugh.

"That's all I wanted to know, Ann," he said. A moment later he had risen to his feet and was pressing her hand.

"Good-by for the present. You won't mind my tearing off, but there's an operation I have to attend at two-fifteen."

It was quite in keeping with their friendship that he should run off suddenly like this, leaving her alone to finish her lunch. Another day she might have done the same thing. They had mutually agreed there should be no nonsense about their comradeship, no standing on ceremony, neither one expecting too much of the other. But as she sat there alone at the table after Anthony had gone she began to wonder if this friendship wasn't drifting into deeper, more troublesome waters.

She had just realized that for the past weeks she had looked forward to these meetings with



Anthony. She was seeing him usually at least once a day. Once, after their last encounter, Gerald had phoned her. She had not only been cold to him but she had felt cold. She had suffered no pangs of regret as she replaced the receiver. She had thought at the time: "That's good. I'm getting hardened and indifferent. Love won't trouble me any more. It doesn't even interest me."

She had felt rather proud of herself, almost cocksure, as though she had become a being set apart, a girl indifferent to love and the miseries it brought one. And yet now, although Anthony had said so little, she found herself confused. She found her hands shaking; she was unable to finish her lunch. She found herself thinking: "It would be fun helping him get on. It would be fun struggling with him."

And then suddenly she became furious with herself. "Just as well I am going out with other men tonight. Yes, even though it is that odious Dickie Pringle!"

While she dressed, Ann wondered just how Dickie Pringle would greet her. Would he exclaim sharply, betray the consternation and dismay she was sure he would feel? She felt it would be worth a good deal to see his face when Delia introduced them. It might even repay her for all she had suffered through him.

But when they met at a fashionable cocktail bar neither his long, pale, expressionless face nor his manner betrayed a flicker of surprise.

"This is my girl friend, Ann Manning," Delia said as she brought Ann forward.

Dickie smiled easily as he held out his hand.

"Ann and I are old friends."

"Really?" Delia said. "You mean

you knew him, Ann, and you never told me?"

"Probably Ann thought you were talking about some one else," he said easily. "I'm afraid my name is rather common."

But Delia didn't look convinced. She threw a dirty glance in Ann's direction.

Dickie Pringle's pleasant, easy reception of her had completely taken the wind out of Ann's sails. She couldn't help admiring him for the way he had taken it. On the other hand, she was furious with him because he had deprived her of the satisfaction she had hoped for witnessing his discomfiture.

He turned and introduced Delia and Ann to two other men and a girl.

"Miss Delaware," he said, "Mr. Leffat, Mr. Reynard."

Miss Delaware was a tall, thin girl whose manners were so refined that Ann wondered how she could bear to live at all.

The two men were short and dark-haired and one had decidedly effeminate manners. Ann disliked them both instinctively on sight. From her point of view it was certainly not going to be a cheerful evening.

"Another friend of mine, Bill Jesmond, is joining us later at the Diamond Club," Dickie said. He turned toward Ann: "I'm sure you and he will hit it off splendidly." His lips were curved in a smile, but there was a decidedly malicious gleam in his eyes.

They had cocktails where they were and presently all got into Dickie's limousine and were driven to the Diamond Club.

The Diamond Club was one of those night clubs where society went incognito. There was a colored dance orchestra and an excellent floor show. Prominent and wealthy





*"What was your object in coming here to-night, Ann?" Dickie asked in his cool, insolent voice. "Did you come to see how I was carrying on with Delia so that you could report to your mother?"*

men came, but they rarely brought their wives or their daughters. Their daughters might come with other men.

Tables were dotted like mushrooms about the dance floor and above was a balcony with curtained alcoves for private supper parties. They were taken up to one of these.

"You can't talk with a jazz band thundering in your ears," Mr. Leffat said, but the glance directed toward Miss Delaware told Ann that he had

engaged this private alcove for a very different reason.

Ann knew she was going to dislike the party but she was determined to see it through. She must find out why these men were so interested in Delia. She didn't think it was the girl's sex appeal, though Delia had plenty, for that matter. She became convinced that it wasn't that when, during the meal, the conversation turned to the gown trade and Mr. Reynard was saying to Delia:



"What's the Mellier woman designing now? You're her chief model, aren't you? Heavens, it must be tiring standing all day! What's it this time, an evening gown, a coat or a cocktail suit?"

Delia, who was more than half drunk by this time, replied:

"Well, if you must know, it's an evening gown, though I'm sure I don't see why you're so interested. It's rather an awful thing, I think. It's slit almost to the knee and it's ever so tight behind. There's a big tulle bow on one shoulder, and——"

"Delia," Ann's voice broke in upon her sharply, "we're not supposed to talk about the gowns we're modeling."

"But it doesn't matter with these boys," Delia protested peevishly. She was enjoying being the center of the conversation and resented Ann's interruption. "You don't think they're dress spies, do you?"

"What a notion! What an absurd notion!" the two men said in unison, but after that incident Ann felt them both regarding her with angry, suspicious eyes.

"Ann is Cyril Danton's special model," Delia said after she had had another glass of champagne. "I don't see why she should be so fussy, do you, boys? He's quite a one for the ladies, Mr. Danton is, and ever since Ann came he's hardly used another model. Of course, he says she suits his designs, she's just the right figure."

"Please be quiet, Delia," Ann said. Her face had turned scarlet.

Delia waved an unsteady hand.

"Oh, you're no fun on a party, Ann. I thought you would enter into the spirit of the thing."

Dickie Pringle saved the situation.

"Come and dance, Ann," he said quietly.

She followed him down the steps of the balcony and out onto the floor. Had any one told her beforehand that she would be actually thankful to dance with Dickie Pringle on any occasion she would have laughed. But the fact remained that she was so intensely relieved to get away from that table she would gladly have danced with Satan himself. They didn't speak until after they had started dancing.

"Well, what was your object in coming, Ann?" he asked at last and when she didn't reply immediately, he went on in a cool, insolent voice: "Did you come to see how I was carrying on with Delia so that you could report it to your mother? If you did, let me assure you at once, my dear girl, that whatever you said wouldn't carry much weight. I should explain to Laurette just why I am interested in Delia and she would believe me, because she would want to. You could tell her to the contrary until you were black in the face, but she wouldn't listen to you."

He smiled slightly and when she still didn't speak he added:

"You think you've caught me in a miserable intrigue, don't you?"

"Not at all." She shook her bright head. "I don't think you're interested in Delia in that way. At least, I give you credit for that; but I do think you are interested in her because she is in the Mellier establishment. Mother told me you had become a partner in a gown business recently."

"Oh, so that's what you think?" He laughed suddenly. "Well, you're right, Ann. Now what are you going to do about it? If you tell Constance Mellier you'll get Delia fired. And it wouldn't be a very nice thing to get your friend fired."

"At least I can warn her," she protested.



"You can warn her but as soon as she's had a few drinks we can get all we want out of her." He smiled grimly. "All the same, I'm glad she brought you to-night. It's just as well we've had this little chat."

Ann couldn't help saying: "You didn't seem very surprised to see me."

He smiled again. "I wasn't surprised at all. I've guessed for some time where you were working and when Delia spoke of Ann Manning and described you, I knew I was right." Again he smiled that same rather grim, unpleasant smile. "I'm afraid, my dear, there's nothing you can do about it. You will have to resign yourself to that."

They continued dancing for a while in silence. His face in repose was hard, his eyes narrow and calculating. Ann was suddenly, poignantly aware of the extremely ruthless streak in Dickie Pringle's nature. He would be an unpleasant enemy, she decided.

She felt cold although the room was hot. She even found herself shivering.

"I don't see why you, of all people, should feel any loyalty toward Miss Mellier," he remarked presently. "She has been your father's mistress for years. It was she who separated him from your mother."

"That isn't true," Ann said. "At least, I don't believe Miss Mellier has been my father's mistress."

His lips tightened. "What a child you are, Ann! A sweet little idealist." His voice was sarcastic and mocking. "But I'm willing to swear it was through no sense of loyalty that you went to her establishment in the first place. I bet you went there to do her some harm if you could. At least, to separate her from your father."

"That may be true," she admitted reluctantly, "but I feel differently now. And since I'm working there I am loyal to the house. Certainly I'm not going to allow you and your friends to get Delia drunk and make her divulge trade secrets."

He raised one dark eyebrow. "And how do you propose to prevent it, pray? Apart, of course, from causing Delia to lose her job?"

"I can ask you not to take her out any more," she said. She raised her head and looked directly into his face. Her color had heightened, her brown eyes flashed him a challenge. "If you don't agree, Mr. Pringle, I shall tell Moppet, and even if she doesn't believe me I don't think she'd like to hear about what you've been doing. Besides, it's all very well to say she wouldn't believe me. If I gave her proof she'd have to believe me."

There was a short pause and then he gave a soft, malicious laugh that grated on her nerves horribly.

"My sweet child," he said, "you've got this thing all wrong. It is not I who am frightened of losing your mother. It is your mother who is frightened of losing me."

"That's a lie," Ann accused. But she knew in her heart it was true and she could have killed him for saying so.

He shrugged slightly. "It's the truth," he said, "and you know it. Not that I flatter myself that it is actually me with whom your mother is in love. But she is in love, quite desperately in love with what I represent. For her, I represent her last chance of romance, and that is why she clutches on to me with desperate, straining fingers. If I let her down she would be desolated; not so much because it was I who let her down, but because in the light of your father wanting a divorce she



would believe that no man loved her, that no man wanted her."

He paused and resumed presently:

"Do you know what that feeling can do to women of your mother's age? It can break their hearts, it can drive them to suicide. I am fond of Laurette but I am not desperately in love with her. You think me a cad, but I'm not enough of a cad to let her down now. Unless, of course"—he raised his eyes and gave her a hard, searching glance—"unless you force me to, Ann."

"How could I do that?" she stammered, but she knew, of course, just what he was driving at.

"Don't you think you would be wise if you closed your eyes and your ears to my relationship with Delia?" he asked quietly. "It's true that I want information from her, or at least my business associates do. Why shouldn't we get it if we can, for nothing? Shall we say, perhaps, at the price of a few dinners and a little flattery? All is fair in love and war, and business is war."

"But it's underhand, contemptible." Her voice was small and fierce. "To pick some one's brains in that way, to spy upon their designs."

"My dear child," he said, "don't excite yourself. It's done all the time."

"That doesn't excuse it," she insisted. "I shall do all I can to prevent your finding out anything."

"But you are not to warn Delia against me," he said sharply, "or to suggest that we are connected with a rival gown business. If you do——" He paused. There was an unpleasant menacing note in his voice.

"You wouldn't take it out on Moppet?" she whispered.

"Why not?" he said. "That is exactly what I intend to do, Ann, so you'd better be careful."

She knew he was making no idle threat. He would let Moppet down, and her mother, in her present state of mind, might do anything.

How well Dickie knew her mother and how he must trade upon that knowledge! Ann had seen enough of him to-night to realize that he was utterly unscrupulous, and yet with it all there was a curious honesty about him. He was a blackguard, but he was quite ready to admit that he was.

When they got back to the table the party had become considerably drunker and more uproarious. Delia was saying, blurring her words slightly and obviously showing off:

"And, oh, boys, I must tell you about the cutest designs Miss Mellier——" But, somehow, she happened to glance up at Ann. The look on Ann's face silenced her. She went red suddenly and mumbled: "I guess I don't know what I'm talking about."

Presently Mr. Jesmond arrived; a tall, thin man with eyes set too closely together. His eyes rested upon Ann admiringly. She hated the way he looked at her. It made her feel almost naked. He had seated himself beside her and every now and then she would feel his hand on her knee, or on her arm, and draw sharply away.

Dickie Pringle announced that he must go. He looked across at Ann. She felt there was something faintly malicious in his smile when he said:

"May I take you home, Miss Manning?" He stressed the name, too.

Ann had never wanted to leave any party more than she longed to leave this one, but Delia was becoming more intoxicated each moment





*Suddenly, without any warning, Bill leaned toward Ann and kissed her. She was too startled for a moment to speak. Then her brown eyes flashed. "How dare you?" she said.*

and Ann was afraid of what she might say if she were left alone with these men.

"I'll get Delia home to bed soon," she thought, "and then in the morning I'll give her a good talking to. Even if I don't tell her who Dickie Pringle and his friends actually are, I may be able to frighten her into keeping her mouth shut in future."

The smile she gave Dickie back was cool and insolent.

"No, thanks. I prefer not to

leave, Mr. Pringle. I think this is a heavenly party."

"Yes, you look as though you were enjoying yourself," he said and bowed.

Mr. Jesmond patted her knee. "That's right, baby," he said, "you're not going to run out on the party, are you? I like you. I like you a lot. You're a manikin, eh? In the Mellier outfit? Listen, baby, if you want a change come into my show. I've got a fine business, it's



going well now, it's going to do even better. We're smart, we are, right up to the minute." He chuckled and added: "We get the latest designs almost before the well-known designers themselves know about them. Get me?" He winked broadly.

"Yes, I follow you perfectly," she returned icily.

"What do you say about it?" he asked. "Think you would like to come in with us?"

"No, thank you," she returned. "I'm quite happy where I am."

"Oh, shucks!" he said. "You'll never go far with the Mellier outfit. They're too old-fashioned a firm and they don't pay big money because they don't need to. Listen, what are you getting?"

"I've told you that I don't want to change my job," she replied.

"Oh, well, there's no reason why we shouldn't be pally," he said. "Hey," he called to a waiter. "Draw the curtains."

The waiter drew the curtains obediently, screening the party from view of those on the dance floor. Delia and Miss Delaware relaxed immediately into the other men's embraces. Mr. Jesmond obviously wanted Ann to do the same thing. She was hot and uncomfortable, hating him, hating the whole party.

"If he puts his hands on my arm again I'll scream," she thought.

Suddenly, without any warning, he leaned toward her and kissed her.

Ann was too startled for a moment to speak. Then her brown eyes flashed.

"How dare you?" she said.

"Come on, baby," he laughed, "don't be mad, give poppa another kiss."

"How dare you?" she whispered again through tightly clenched teeth.

She felt insulted, revolted. How dare that odious man kiss her like this and before all the others, too? Not that the others seemed to mind. They tittered gleefully and Delia said:

"Come on, Ann, be yourself. What's a kiss?"

"Yes, what's a kiss?" Mr. Jesmond said. "I think I'll take another one."

"You shan't," Ann said. She sprang to her feet. "I'm going—good-by, every one."

She pushed her way through the curtains. She had to go down the stairs and cross the dance floor in order to reach the exit. Halfway down the stairs, she heard footsteps. Mr. Jesmond had followed her.

"Come on back," he urged. "Don't act that way, baby. I'll apologize if you like. Say, if we have a little dance, eh?"

"I don't want to dance," Ann snapped. "I said I'm going home and I'm going."

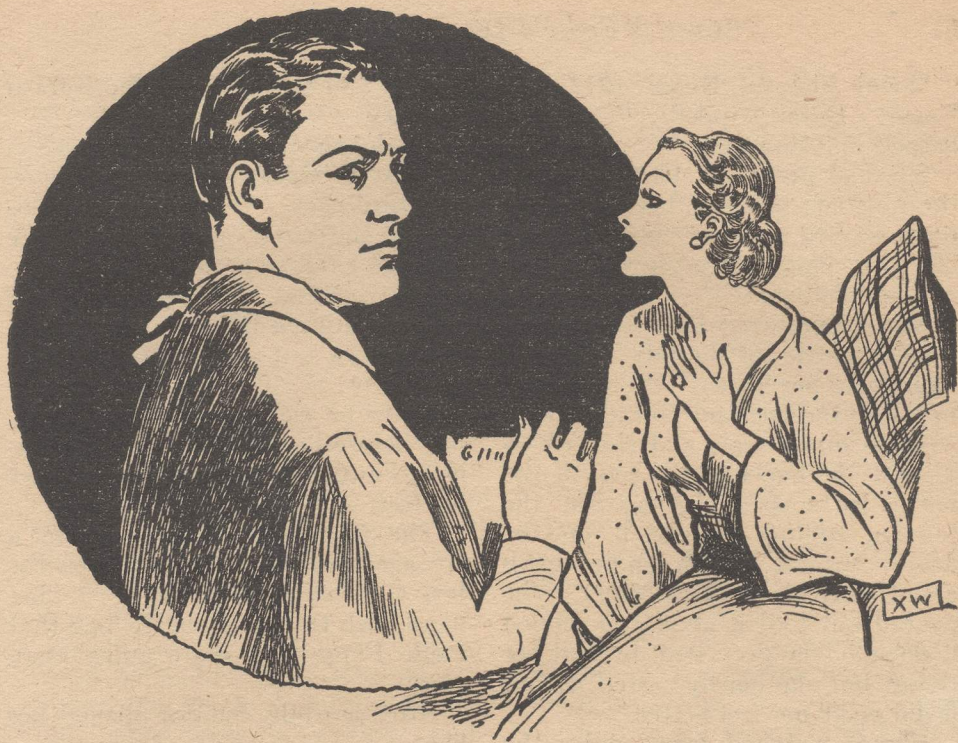
"You're not going to get away from me as easily as that," he said. "If you're going home, I'll take you. I'm a big-hearted fellow. Besides, you probably haven't the money to pay for your own taxi."

"I have," she said. "Leave me alone, please. Don't come with me—I don't want you to."

"But I insist," he said. "Don't act that way. I'll behave myself."

They had crossed the dance floor and reached the far exit. Ann had been too worried by this man's persistence to look either to right or to left. She merely walked on, her head held high, with him beside her. She didn't even notice that seated at one of the tables she passed were Constance Mellier and Cyril Danton.





# Doctors Shouldn't Marry

By Dorothy Quick

SANDRA was waiting for the elevator when she suddenly heard a menacing growl and looked down at her wire-haired terrier, Flippy, just in time to see him bare his teeth. Then, before she had time to discover why, she was the center of a whirling mass of dogs.

She pulled Flippy up by the leash until she got him under her arm and tried to beat off the vicious airedale with her free hand.

Then things happened quickly. A maid came running down the hotel corridor. Flippy made a lunge at the airedale who jumped at him the

same moment. Two sets of teeth fastened in Sandra's hand.

The pain made her scream. The dogs released their holds. While the maid captured the airedale, Sandra pulled Flippy back to her room.

Inside she looked at her hand, then thrust it deep into the pocket of her coat. Strange misgivings assailed her. Dog bites were dangerous and she felt faint. She must get a doctor.

She called the office of her family physician, only to be told that he was away, but that his nephew was attending to his practice.



"Send him to Room 1912, the Vance Hotel, quickly," Sandra gasped and hung up.

She had never felt like this in all the nineteen years of her life. The room seemed to be receding from her like the change of perspective in a moving picture.

She remembered that in her bag was a bottle of brandy she had bought for her father. She managed to get to the bag and find it. There were so many seals and she felt so ill that she knocked the top off the bottle by smashing it against the bureau, spilling half of it on the floor. Sandra didn't know much about brandy. Unsteadily, she poured out half a glass and gulped it down. The fiery stuff burned her throat but she hardly tasted it, and it did make her feel better.

Flippy watched from under the bed. He didn't like the strange odor that had filled the room.

Presently the bell rang. Sandra managed to get to the door. When she opened it, she saw a young man who looked like a combination of her favorite motion picture stars with all the best points of each.

"I'm Doctor Clive Newton," he said.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sandra. She hadn't expected any one so young and good-looking, and she wished her eyes wouldn't go blurry every few minutes.

By now the aroma of brandy had insinuated itself into Clive's nostrils and he noticed Sandra was unsteady on her feet.

"Where is the patient?" he asked.

"I—it's me," Sandra stammered.

"Do you mean you've called me away from some one who is really sick to treat a hangover?" There was scorn in Clive's voice. "You don't need a doctor. A Turkish bath

will fix you up." He started toward the door.

"I do need you!" There was a quality in Sandra's voice that made him turn back. "I don't drink, honestly!" she went on. "It was only because I felt so awful. Look!"

For the first time since she had put the injured hand in her pocket, she took it out and extended it toward him.

"How on earth——" Clive began, but before he could finish the question, Sandra collapsed in a heap at his feet.

The next thing Flippy knew, a strange man put his mistress on the bed and began doing things to her hand with things out of his bag that made Flippy feel more guilty than ever.

After a while, Sandra opened her eyes.

Clive made her drink some water before he said, "I'm sorry about the Turkish bath."

Sandra managed a grin. "I don't wonder you misunderstood."

"Suppose you tell me about it," he suggested.

When he heard the whole story, he smiled at Sandra. "You'll do. We'll just have to keep a wet dressing on. Are you alone here?"

"I'm supposed to be in Europe, with a strictly chaperoned party of ten girls. I got bored, so I sent myself a wire in father's name to come home. The chaperon put me on the boat and here I am. Father's in Newport and hasn't the least idea his daughter isn't gondola-riding in Venice. I think Venice was due about now." Sandra giggled. She didn't tell Clive her father had sent her abroad to break up a budding romance with Jim Paine, popular man-about-town.

Clive picked up the phone. Greatly to her surprise, Sandra



heard him order a nurse to come at once to Miss Corbin, the Vance Hotel.

"I don't want a nurse," she protested.

"I do. You can't keep that wet all night. You obviously can wangle chaperons about to suit yourself, but doctors aren't like that."

"Is that a challenge?" A faint flush crept into Sandra's cheeks. She had made a date with Jim for dinner and dancing, and she wasn't going to miss it for either dog bites or doctors—not when she had come all the way from Europe to find out if she liked Jim Paine as much as she thought she did.

Clive, looking down at Sandra, decided he hadn't quite realized how lovely she was. Auburn hair and blue eyes were a glorious combination. He didn't, however, betray his admiration as he answered her question.

"It's a statement. I'm a very stern medico."

After that, Clive smoked three cigarettes and told Sandra all about himself—how his uncle had raised him to be a doctor. There was a shining light in his eyes as he said, "I want to carry on for my uncle. I want to be a good doctor and do something to benefit mankind."

Just then the nurse came, and Clive became a dignified professional.

"I'll look in on you in the morning," he said as he shook hands with his patient.

"That will be nice." Sandra was surprised to find how nice she really thought it would be.

Several hours later Sandra, at the Peacock, was telling Jim all about it.

"You have had a day! But it must be allright for you to be out.

You don't look ill. Do you know, I'm more in love with you than ever?" Jim smiled fascinatingly.

Sandra thought of what her father had said about this handsome admirer of hers.

"He's the sort who charms everyone and will never amount to anything."

For the first time she noticed that his mouth was weak.

"Why don't you get a job?" she asked.

He looked at her incredulously. "Don't tell me you've gone businesslike!"

"Surely you want to do something with your life. You can't always fritter it away on parties, and you can't afford to marry on your income." Sandra knew Jim had a small trust fund.

"You've got plenty, and I'm aiming to marry you, darling." The way he said the words robbed them of their baldness, even made the prospect seem attractive.

"You mean you'd live on my money?" Sandra exclaimed.

"Certainly. What's money for if not to enjoy? I'd hate working," Jim explained blithely.

Sandra heard Clive's voice echo in her ears, "I'm not afraid of work. I'd dig ditches if I thought it would make me a better doctor."

All at once she felt too weary to argue. With a shrug, she gave up.

"Come on, let's dance."

As they swung out onto the floor, Jim whispered gayly, "Are you going to support me in the luxury to which I am accustomed, Sandy?"

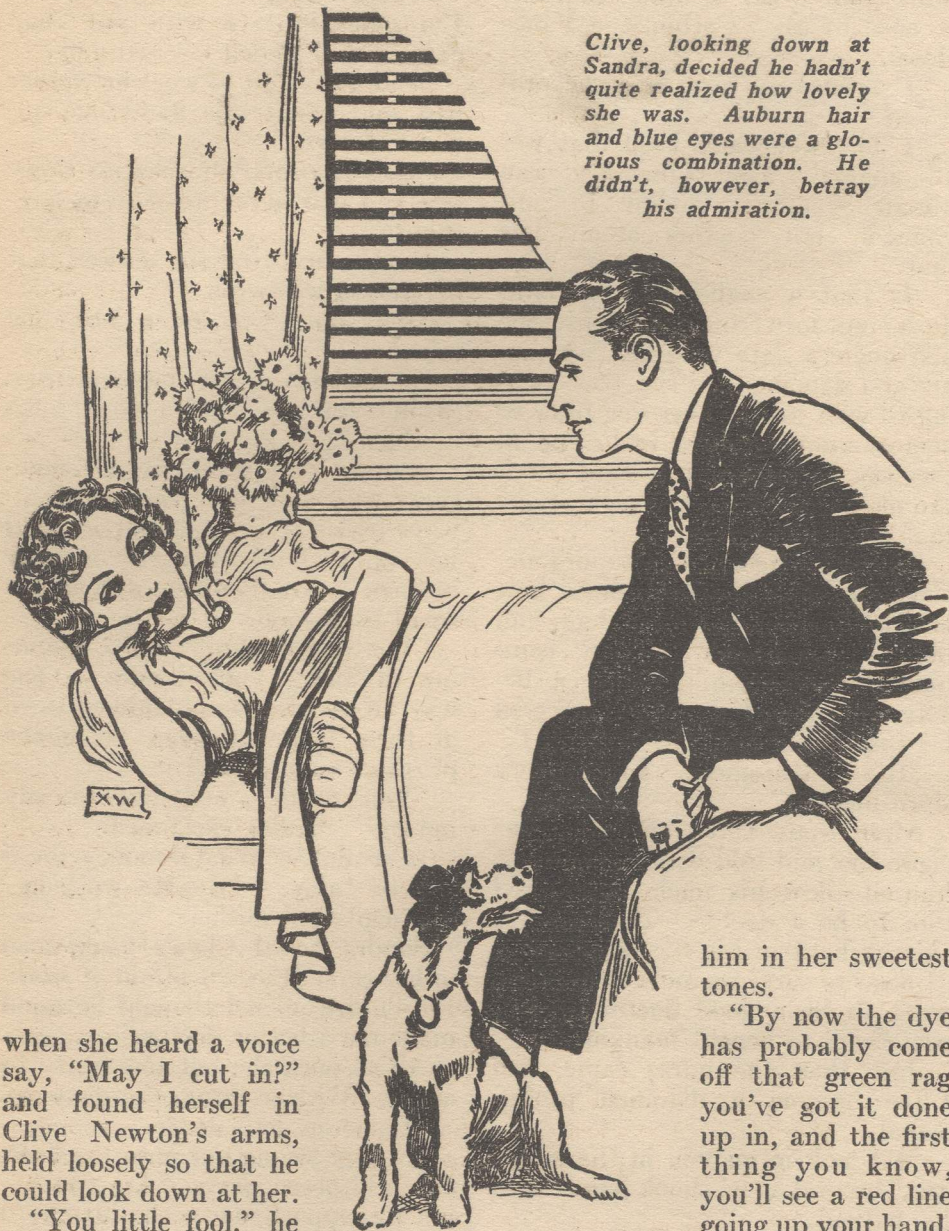
She shook her head. "Somehow, I feel I'd rather have the man do the supporting."

"Let me know if you change your mind. I really do love you, Sandy." He held her close against him.

Sandra was just going to reply



*Clive, looking down at Sandra, decided he hadn't quite realized how lovely she was. Auburn hair and blue eyes were a glorious combination. He didn't, however, betray his admiration.*



when she heard a voice say, "May I cut in?" and found herself in Clive Newton's arms, held loosely so that he could look down at her.

"You little fool," he began.

"I walked out when the nurse went to supper."

"I know that. She's been on the phone," Clive said dryly. "I suppose you realize you can get an infection in that hand."

"It's still damp," Sandra told

him in her sweetest tones.

"By now the dye has probably come off that green rag you've got it done up in, and the first thing you know, you'll see a red line going up your hand, and that will mean

you've got blood poisoning." In his annoyance Clive snapped the words at her.

Sandra held up her left hand. "See," she started blithely, then her eyes widened. "Oh, it has!"

Clive stopped dancing, pulled her



around and looked at the crimson streak.

Almost before she knew it, Sandra found herself in a taxi with Clive. He had made a few hasty explanations to Jim and asked him to take his place with his friends until he got back.

Sandra was very tired and it was an effort to keep awake. Still, her curiosity flogged her dull senses to action.

"Was that pretty girl your fiancée?" she asked.

Despite his concern over the condition of his patient, Clive laughed. "Ye gods, no! Friends of my uncle. I promised to amuse them a night or two. I don't intend to marry, ever. Doctors shouldn't."

"Of course they should. Of all men, they need to be looked after." Sandra continued, "Don't you care anything about love?" as she pushed her hair off her hot forehead.

"Doctors haven't time for love." Clive slipped his arm around her shoulder. "Lean back and relax. We're almost there."

"I'm sorry," Sandra half whispered, as she obeyed his instructions. "Sorry for what?"

Through the haze that surrounded her, she heard his voice. It seemed to bring her back a little from the far places toward which she was drifting.

"That you haven't time for love. I think it would be so wonderful if you did——" Her voice trailed off into space.

For the next two weeks, time seemed to stand still for Sandra. Constantly changing scenes impressed themselves upon her like the varied patterns of a kaleidoscope—nurses, dressings, doctors, a morass of pain through which she waded, Flippy's bark strangely subdued,

sometimes reaching her. After a while her father arrived, ready to scold his only daughter but remaining to tiptoe in and out of the room with the most anxious expression Sandra had ever seen on his face.

Superimposed on all these shifting pictures was one that didn't change—the face of Clive Newton. There were days when he almost seemed to pour vitality into her by his mere presence, and Mr. Corbin insisted that he remain constantly within call, even when Sandra was on the road to recovery.

At last Clive announced, "There's no reason why you shouldn't begin to lead a normal life now, Sandra." They had progressed to first names long ago.

Sandra, sitting up on the chaise longue, charmingly attired in a powder-blue negligee that would have made the average man's heart putty in her hands, looked at Clive.

"Really," she protested, "I don't feel strong enough yet."

Clive threw back his head and laughed. "Humbug! You've been perfectly fit for the last ten days. You don't want a doctor the rest of your life!"

"Why not? A doctor in the family would be very useful, and I—I love you, Clive." Sandra hadn't meant to say that. Somehow, the words had just slipped out.

"Lots of patients imagine they're in love with their doctors. It's only being used to them around, mixed up with a little hero worship. They get over it," Clive said laconically.

"I won't."

"Wait until you go out with that good-looking young man of yours again. You'll forget all about Doctor Clive."

"Don't be silly!" Sandra completely ignored the fact that a few weeks before she had come home



from Europe solely to see Jim Paine. "I love you. Don't you like me, even a little?"

"Sure I do, Sandra. I think you're swell! But I haven't time for love in my scheme of things."

"I know," Sandra said wearily. "Doctors aren't like that. Well, we might as well drop it. But one thing you can do for me. Join us for dinner Thursday night. Jim Paine's coming, and Edith Madry, the girl your uncle wants you to be nice to. You can consider it in the light of duty."

Clive ignored the hint of sarcasm in her voice.

"I'll look forward to it. You can get along without me now. I'll look you over in a week." He wrote professionally in his little black book. "Don't do too much."

"The Peacock, Thursday night at eight." Sandra was crisp, as casual as he. She waited until he had reached the door before she called softly, "I believe you're in love with me, Clive, but you won't admit it."

Clive pretended not to hear.

After he had gone, Sandra called Flippy and, taking him in her arms, buried her face in his neck.

Thursday evening got off on a grand start. Then, just as everything seemed to be moving along as Sandra wanted it to, Clive received an emergency call and had to leave at once for the hospital.

Sandra didn't say anything, but when Clive came out of the hospital, she was waiting in his car.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

Sandra slid into the driver's seat.

"Surprise!" she said lightly. "I got bored and followed you. Let me drive and you can relax."

He made no protest, and presently they were rolling along Riverside Drive.

After a while, Sandra swung the car up the incline on the road that led to the park. As it was very late, she had no trouble in finding a parking space.

Below them lay the Drive, the Hudson River serene and lovely in the moonlight, with the dark cliffs of Jersey for a background.

"The lights over there," Sandra pointed, "look like gigantic fireflies."

Clive drew a deep breath.

"This is better than the hospital," he admitted.

Silence descended upon them. Sandra moved nearer to Clive.

The scent she used insinuated itself into his thoughts. He looked at her, and it seemed to him as though he were seeing her for the first time. Clearly, her profile etched itself against the moonlight. Suddenly, she turned her head and her eyes looked up into his. There was an expression in them that made his heart beat faster. Her lips quivered a little, then all at once she was in his arms and he was tasting the sweetness they offered.

Finally he let her go.

"You do love me!" she exclaimed, her eyes brighter than the twinkling lights.

Clive felt as though he had been drinking strong, heady wine. "Don't be foolish and leap to conclusions. That I kissed you doesn't mean——" He drew away from her.

"Darling, don't go medical on me," Sandra pleaded. "We can be so happy. I won't interfere with your profession. Father will give you a whole hospital for yourself if you want it."

Clive held up his hand. "Just because sheer animal magnetism got the better of me for a few minutes, don't let your ideas run away with you. You're no wife for a doctor."

"Why not?"



"You're a typical society girl. You'd have to be amused, have some one running around after you all the time. There's not a serious thought in your head. Besides, doctors shouldn't marry. If they do, they should pick out a nurse who understands their work."

"All right, I'll be a nurse, if that's the only way I can convince you I'd make a good wife."

Clive threw back his head and laughed. "A nurse? You? You couldn't stick training six weeks, let alone two years."

"You seem very sure of it."

"I am."

"Enough to promise to marry me if I graduate?"

Clive gasped at her audacity, then relapsed into mirth once more.

"That wouldn't even be taking a chance, it's so safe. But I shouldn't think you'd want to marry a man who wasn't in love with you."

"I wouldn't. But I believe you love me, though you're too much wrapped up in your pills and patients to know it. That's a chance I'll take, and if I lose I won't pester you any more. Is it a bargain?" There was an expression on Sandra's face that, had Clive only known it, could have been labeled, "woman's intuition."

Clive was too busy laughing to see the look. "It's a bargain," he said, "though it's not quite fair. In the first place, you won't even get a chance to train. They like workers in a hospital."

There was determination on Sandra's face. "Then they'll get one," she told him firmly, as she looked ahead into the future and saw a nurse's cap on her head and Clive Newton's ring on her finger.

She started training three weeks later. It hadn't been difficult to get

accepted as a probationer in Essex Hospital—the one with which Clive was connected—once Mr. Corbin had started the ball rolling. He was on the hospital board and one of its largest contributors.

At first he had laughed at the idea of Sandra's becoming a nurse, very much as Clive had done. But when his daughter had broken down and confessed the real reason for her sudden interest in nursing, he had taken her in his arms and wiped away her tears.

"All right, Sandy. I'm for you, and I'll do all I can to help because I'm glad you're in love with the right sort of man at last. I know you'll make good. Flippy and I'll look after each other."

If it hadn't been for her father's assurance and the memory of the scorn in Clive's voice, "You couldn't stick training six weeks," Sandra would never have been able to. It was the most awful six weeks she ever had lived through—six weeks during which she had tumbled into bed with every muscle of her body aching, and staggered out as tired as when she had gotten in. But she kept going, kept up through sheer physical fatigue and mental strain. It wasn't easy for Sandra at the hospital. Every one in authority was so anxious not to appear to be favoring the daughter of a member of the board, that they bent over backward and made things particularly difficult for her.

She saw Clive often. A formal good morning, afternoon or evening, whichever happened to be appropriate, was all he ever said. And to make matters worse, each time he ran across her in the ward, he looked as though he was surprised to find her still there.

Sandra often felt the same way, and yet she stuck through inter-



minable hours of work, doing things she detested, studying things she wished she never had to know. But there wasn't a student nurse who had as high marks. Sandra was like the sands absorbing moisture, taking anatomy, practical nursing and all the other items of the training into her mind because some day, when she was married to Clive, she would know what he was talking about when he mentioned his cases.

Once, when the wave of longing for something besides sickness had overpowered her, she had called up Clive. She asked him to take her to tea and he had refused because, he said, "It would be irregular."

"Bunk!" Sandra had ejaculated inelegantly. "You and your old medicine! Never mind. I'm going to be a swell nurse. You'd better order yourself a high hat."

"Aren't you a trifle optimistic?"

At this point Sandra hung up.

After that Sandra hadn't called Clive again, but whenever she met him she looked deep into his eyes, challenging him to remember a moonlit night when for a few minutes he had forgotten his profession.

The day Sandra had been in training six months, two things occurred. She had her first personal contact with death, and Doctor Lane McDevitt returned to the hospital from abroad where he had been doing research work.

The two things happened simultaneously so far as Sandra was concerned. She had just left the bedside of a patient who had died. Sandra was remembering Mrs. Martin's zest for life and her eyes were so full of tears, that she ran blindly into Doctor McDevitt who was coming along the corridor.

He caught Sandra and steadied her. "I might have known I'd go

away and miss something like you! What's the matter?"

"It was Mrs. Martin—she died," Sandra sobbed.

Lane McDevitt grasped the situation and guided Sandra to the diet kitchen, gave her his handkerchief, and let her alone while he filled a glass of water.

By the time he returned with it, Sandra had pulled herself together.

"It's hard at first, but you'll get used to it. We can't always save them," he said matter-of-factly.

"I wish we could." Sandra would have been surprised if any one had told her that on her face was the same light that she had often noticed on Clive's.

"You're new and too personal. You've got to get an outside view of it, then you can weather the storms. It's all crazy, but we've got to take it as it comes and do our best."

Lane's words were far more serious than his sparkling eyes and Irish smile. He was one of those men whose homely features are part of their charm, for his personality, strong and forceful, completely obscured the irregularity of his nose and the squareness of his jaw.

"You've been very kind." Sandra suddenly realized that he was the first person who had treated her as a human being since she'd entered the hospital.

"Then you'll let me talk to you again?"

"Of course."

"How about tea? What day are you off?"

"Tuesday."

"Meet me at the restaurant in the park near the zoo, at four thirty," he said gayly and added, "I'll manage somehow to exist till then."

That night Sandra sent Clive a calendar, six months neatly checked





*"I guess I've been mistaken about you," Sandra said bitterly. "I thought you were human, that underneath that white coat was a man, but I was wrong. It's only a doctor." He started, and a flush crept up into his face.*

off with red crayon, and a large exclamation point. The day after she received an answer—one of Clive's prescription blanks.

Take as directed for one year and a half, unless it disagrees with you.

CLIVE NEWTON.

The signature was as big and fascinating as Clive himself.

Clive didn't want her to succeed. He was happy without her. Perhaps the kiss had been just a matter

of psychology, as he had said. Perhaps she'd better give up the whole business, and yet—

Sandra sobbed herself to sleep, unconsciously using Lane McDevitt's handkerchief which happened to be handy.

Things were better for Sandra after the encounter with Lane. She had no way of knowing that when he had asked about the new probationer and been told, "She's Corbin's daughter. Better lay off," he had re-



marked, "I wouldn't care if she was on the board herself. A little friendliness won't hurt her. She seems lonely."

Sandra didn't know this, but she did know that it made life pleasanter to have Lane smile at her from across the ward, or touch her hand surreptitiously as he passed. It even helped her bear the burden of Clive's coldness.

The tea in the park was repeated several times before winter was over, and there were drives added to the teas when spring began.

The day Sandra received her cap she made the rounds with Clive. In the ward windows she caught reflections of herself as they passed. The fragile bit of organdie was more becoming than any hat she had ever worn. But she was a different Sandra from the one who had frantically opened the door for Clive that first day at the hotel. She was no less beautiful, but in place of smart sophistication, was an indefinable something that gave her a thoughtful, earnest look.

Sandra, touching her cap with furtive fingers to see if it was still in place, met Clive's eyes.

He smiled and her heartbeats increased in a manner that would have alarmed her had it been a patient's.

When the rounds were over, he walked beside her out to the corridor.

"Pretty proud of it, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"I never thought you'd get this far." He stopped and faced her. "I'm not sure whether I'm glad or not. Perhaps you're not either." He hesitated, then went on, "I hear rumors about you and Lane."

"If he's jealous," thought Sandra, "there is hope." Out loud she bantered, "You don't mean it matters?"

His eyes held hers, and for a second it seemed as though the world stopped spinning on its accustomed orbit. Then he replied lightly, "Certainly. If you go for Lane, all bets are off."

"I see," she said bitterly. "Well, as far as I'm concerned, the bet is off. I guess I've been mistaken about you. I thought you were human, that underneath that white coat was a man, but I was wrong. It's only a doctor."

He started, and a flush crept up into his face. "No, you don't. The bet's on and it's going to stay on until you lose. I don't care for charity." He swung on his heel and disappeared down the corridor before she could utter a single one of the words that rushed into her mind.

The influenza epidemic hit the hospital a few weeks before Sandra's graduation day was due. It swept down with a force that was overwhelming and caught the staff as well as patients in its grip.

Sandra, who was in charge of one of the children's wards, found herself practically alone with no helpers and a tremendous amount of work. She had a probationer to assist her, and Lane McDevitt, who managed to stay healthy, spent all his spare time in Ward B.

"You should be getting sleep," Sandra told him once.

He blinked his eyes at her. "So should you. You're doing four people's work. But you don't know why I come here."

"Because you're a swell egg." Sandra lapped into the old vernacular.

He shook his head. "Purely selfish! I like to look at you."

"That's sweet, Lane."

"I suppose you know by this time that I'm in love with you."



The ward was quiet. It was almost three a. m. Most of the children were asleep, and the others were too sick to be disturbed by whispers.

Sandra looked up into his kindly eyes and wished she could have loved him. "I'm sorry," she began.

He held up his hand. "We won't say anything more about it, Sandy. Only, if ever you should change your mind, won't you please let me know? You see, I won't change."

For one fleeting instant she touched his cheek with her fingers, delicately, like a butterfly's caress.

"I certainly will," she whispered. "I'm awfully fond of you."

"That's something!" He grinned.

From one of the beds came a thin, wavering voice, "Angel nurse!"

"That's Peter," explained Sandra. "He calls me that."

"I don't wonder." Lane was emphatic. "Come on, let's see what we can do for him. He's pretty sick."

Three nights later, Sandra sat behind the flat-top desk at the end of the ward, writing up her charts. It was late and all her patients were asleep. Suddenly a shadow fell across the desk. She looked up into Clive's dark eyes.

"I came in for an emergency call, so I thought I'd see how things were going in Ward B before I left," he explained.

Sandra got up as hospital etiquette demanded.

"Please sit down. You look very tired," he said gently.

Quick tears rushed to Sandra's eyes but she kept them back.

"The whole hospital is singing your praises," he went on, "even the supervisor. I'm afraid it looks pretty bad for my chances of winning the bet."

Sandra flushed. "I won't hold you to it."

"I happen to be a man of honor." His voice was cool. Then he changed the subject abruptly. "How's Peter?"

Sandra handed him the chart.

"His temperature is down two degrees." She had worked over Peter all evening.

Looking over the chart Clive frowned. "Perhaps you haven't filled in the medications."

For a second Sandra played with the idea of agreeing with him. When she had come on duty she had found that Clive had ordered codeine for Peter, and the bottle reposed unopened in her uniform pocket. She decided to make a clean breast of it.

"I didn't give him the codeine, Clive. It makes him fighting mad, and with his fever so high, it would mean——" She stopped short, because she knew Clive understood as well as she how important it was that Peter be quiet.

"You have deliberately disobeyed my orders."

"Peter is better. He'll get well."

"Do you realize I can report you, have you dismissed?"

Clive was looking at her strangely, smiling with triumph Sandra supposed. A blind rage swept over her, leaving her face whiter than her uniform.

"I suppose that's why you gave the order, so you wouldn't have to lose the bet. But you needn't have worried." She hurried on, "You can report me or not as you like, but whatever you do, the bet is off definitely. I'm going to marry Lane."

Before Clive had a chance to speak, Lane McDevitt was beside them, his arm around Sandra, joy shining in his eyes.

"What's this about reporting my fiancée?" he asked.

A smile set itself in Clive's expressionless face. "I was teasing





*"You can report me or not as you like," Sandra told Clive, "but whatever you do, we are no longer engaged. I'm going to marry Lane." Before Clive had a chance to speak, Lane McDevitt was beside them, his arm around Sandra, joy shining in his eyes.*

Miss Corbin," he said slowly, then turning to Sandra, "Naturally, I didn't know Peter couldn't take codeine and I am grateful that you didn't give it to him. I hadn't the least intention of reporting you. Congratulations, old man, and best wishes to the bride." He set Peter's chart down on the desk and left the ward.

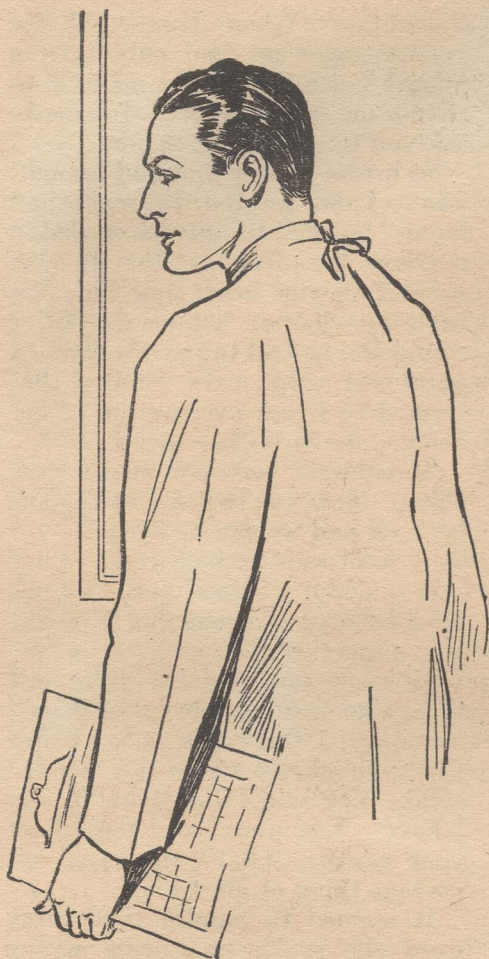
Sandra turned to Lane. "I must explain," she began.

But Lane cut her short. "My darling! You can't know how I felt when I came in the door and heard you say you were going to marry me. You are, aren't you? It isn't a dream?"

Sandra looked up at him. Dear Lane, he was so sweet, and she was fond of him. "If you really want me," she whispered.

"If I want you! Oh, my dear!" He took her in his arms and the glory





on his face made Sandra feel that even if she couldn't know happiness herself, she was glad to be able to give it to him.

The morning of Sandra's graduation exercises, she and Lane were standing in the hall when a nurse came running down the stairs. Her face was ashen and there were tears on her cheeks.

"What's happened?" Lane and Sandra exclaimed simultaneously.

"The elevator fell—the cable broke. Doctor Newton was in it," she gasped.

"Clive?" Sandra forced the word

through lips that were suddenly numb.

"Yes." The nurse caught Lane's hand. "Hurry up!"

"You'd better wait here," Lane told Sandra.

"No! No! I must go to Clive!" Sandra cried.

No one thought of taking one of the other elevators. They rushed down flights of stairs that seemed interminable. When they got to the basement there was a group of people standing over a huddled form.

Sandra thought she would faint. "Clive, Clive!" Her lips formed the words but she was unconscious that they did so.

Suddenly, a figure detached itself from the group and miraculously, Clive's voice said, "Poor chap. I was going down with him. Some one called me and I got out of the car. That was close!"

Sandra clutched at Lane. "Take me away," she begged. "Take me away!"

After the graduation Sandra said good-by to Lane. "You're coming up to Newport next week-end?"

"Yes, dear," he told her gently. Then, "Before you go, Sandra, will you do something for me?"

"Of course."

"Let's say good-by here, while we're alone, before the rest of the crowd arrives."

"I'd like it better, too. And then I'll slip out the back way." Sandra didn't tell him that she couldn't face Clive. He had avoided her ever since the night in the ward, and she knew that if they met now he would have to congratulate her on graduating first in her class. It would be more than she could bear.

Lane's kiss was very tender and he held her for a long time. Finally, he let her go. "All right, my dear.



Ardent suitor surrenders girl to proud parent—temporarily, of course."

They both laughed. A few minutes later Sandra and her father were on their way to Newport.

On Friday Sandra was in her car at the station waiting for Lane, a happy Flippy sitting proudly beside her. There were lines of suffering around Sandra's eyes that, no matter how she tried, she could not conceal.

The train puffed in. Sandra left Flippy and went out on the platform, looking for Lane among the people being disgorged from the Pullman car.

Suddenly a familiar figure appeared. The greeting Sandra had ready for Lane died on her lips. "Clive!" she exclaimed, and would have fallen if he had not caught hold of her.

"Which is your car? Oh, I see Flippy!" He half led, half carried her toward the green roadster, put her on the front seat with Flippy, who was exuberantly glad to see him, threw his bag in the back and took the wheel of the car himself.

"Where's Lane?" Sandra found her voice.

"Lane sent me in his place. He said to give you his love and tell you he understood when the elevator fell—whatever he meant by that," Clive said calmly.

All around them was the hubbub of greetings being exchanged and cars leaving. But as far as Sandra and Clive were concerned, they might have been in a deserted village.

Lane had discovered her secret, Sandra was thinking. That was why he had kissed her good-by so lingeringly. There had been renunciation in his kiss and she hadn't known it!

Clive's voice broke through her

thoughts. "When Lane told me your engagement had only been a joke, I knew that you'd made it to release me from the bet. I came to ask you to marry me, Sandra."

So it was the bet that had brought him! Lane wanted to make her happy, but he had only succeeded in making her feel as though she wanted to run away and hide her head for shame. Of course, Clive would feel he had to pay the bet. A numbness crept over Sandra that seemed to freeze every atom of her being. She broke the silence.

"I couldn't possibly marry you, Clive. Now you're quite free. The bet's off and we can be friends."

"I don't want to be friends," Clive said quickly. "I love you. I can't have been such a fool that I've lost you altogether?"

"I know you're doing your best to be a good sport, Clive, but it isn't necessary. Truly it's not. I was what you labeled me—a silly, spoiled child. You said I'd outgrow it, and I have. You were right, too, about your career. That's the most important thing of all, Clive."

It seemed to Sandra that every word she spoke was being wrung from her soul. If only she could have put her head on Clive's shoulder, have once more felt his lips on hers! But she never could. Thank goodness, she had some pride. She wouldn't snatch at crumbs when the loaf was denied her.

Suddenly, he caught her hands in his. "Sandra, it's not like that! I couldn't have a career without you. I've got to make you see! I've always loved you, Sandra, ever since that first day when Flippy brought us together. I didn't know it then. I thought I hadn't time for love. When I kissed you, I almost realized it, but I fought against it. I went on fighting until I made myself believe



that I didn't care. I wanted you to lose the bet, Sandra. I actually did. But after a while I began to think it might not be so bad if you won. I admired your determination. I even admitted to myself you'd be a swell doctor's wife. But I had too much pride to let you know it. That night about Peter I had a queer, twisted idea that if I could make you indebted to me for your graduation, it would save my pride, and it would mean more when I told you I loved you. Then you sprung Lane on me and I began to glimpse how much I cared. I was pretty miserable. I didn't dare talk to you, even, for fear you'd see through me."

Sandra couldn't speak. Joy seemed to paralyze her.

"I didn't know how much I loved you till I thought I'd lost you," Clive went on. "Then I knew that being a doctor meant nothing without you. My career, even my life, meant nothing. When Lane told me you

weren't going to be married, I felt as though I could breathe again, that there was hope. I broke down and told him all about it, and he sent me up here with his blessing. Oh, Sandra, tell me it's not too late! I love you so!"

There was yearning in his voice, an integrity Sandra could not deny.

"It's not too late," she whispered, as her arms went around his neck. When their lips met, she knew she had found happiness at last.

Flippy seemed to understand what was happening. He sat up and barked joyously. When that didn't win him any attention, he insinuated himself between them, forcing their faces apart.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Clive, and pulled the dog's ear affectionately.

"Flippy darling!" Sandra hugged him, and Flippy wagged his tail triumphantly. He had a feeling that from now on everything was going to be all right.



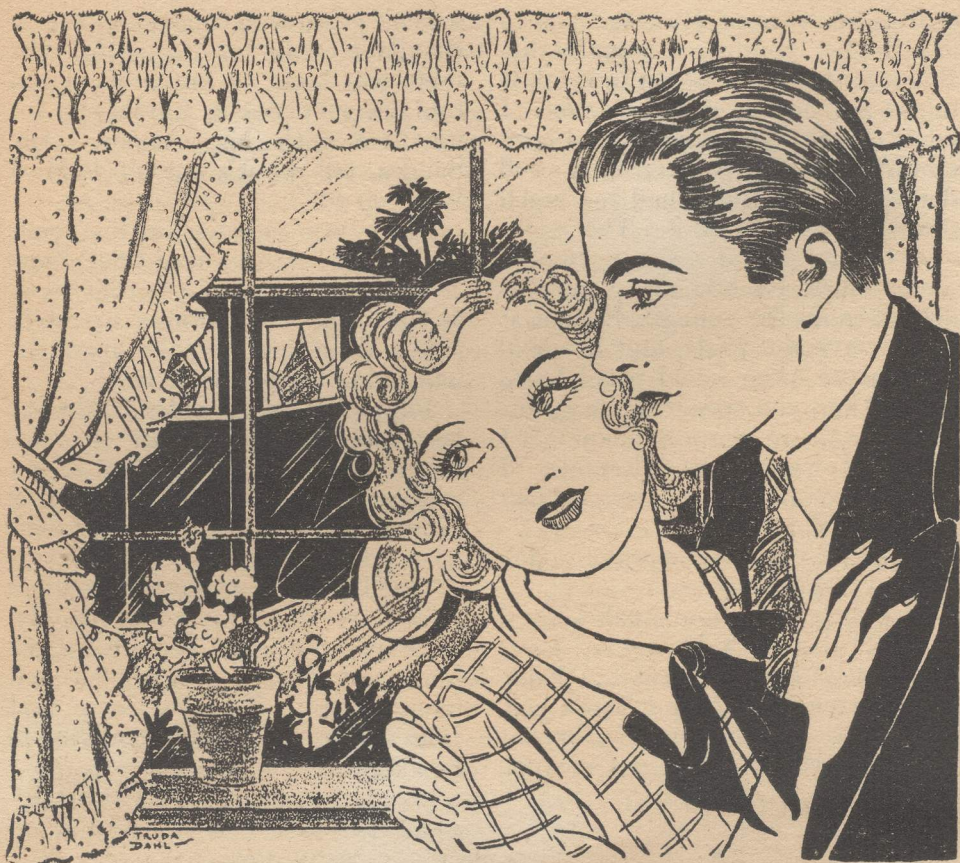
### BUTTERFLIES ABOUT YOU

**G**REAT yellow butterflies  
Poising there—  
Orange ones with velvet stripes,  
Black as your hair.

What can be more beautiful  
Than you, my dear,  
With great yellow butterflies  
Hovering near—  
A thin blue gown  
Veiling your throat—  
And in my heart a song  
Like a bird's love note?

HELEN BAYLEY DAVIS.





# Wedding Coach

By Brigid O'Farrel

**B**Y the time she had been at the Auto Show for half an hour, Lynn Sherman was enjoying delusions of grandeur. She slid into the driver's seat of the most expensive custom-built models, played with the lovely chromium gadgets on the instrument board, experimented with the gear shifts and finally tipped the rear-view mirrors

so that she could gaze at her own reflection. What she saw was a vivid oval face distinguished by brown eyes dancing with a zest for living, and by a sweet mobile mouth that was the texture of crushed crimson velvet. A chic hat of hunters' green capped the shining waves of her hair, which glistened like brown oak leaves after autumn rain. A



very knowing hat, that. She smiled in approval.

Polly Dorman who had come to the show with her, was worried by her boldness. "Lynn," she scolded, "the way you act and talk the salesmen will think you are going to buy one of these cars."

"And so I am, Polly precious. I'm just shopping for a bargain."

"You know darn well you'll never find a car here that you can pay for," her friend grumbled.

"But I must see what the market affords," Lynn laughed, sweetly mischievous.

She didn't want Polly to remind her that she'd be lucky to find a two-year-old used car which her small savings could purchase. Just for tonight she would make believe that she might own the luxurious maroon convertible sedan listed at five thousand dollars, accessories and tax extra.

"Let's look at the trailer section," Polly suggested, trying to divert her.

"All right. Only a trailer won't do me much good until I get the car," Lynn replied cheerfully.

But the minute she stepped inside the Caravan Coach she was enthralled. It was the most compact playhouse on wheels that any home-loving girl could imagine, complete from the Pullmanlike living room which turned into a double bed, to the wee kitchen with its enameled sink and electric ice box. Like a delighted child, Lynn explored everything, exclaiming over the peasant china in the cupboard and whirling the dials of the radio.

"Oh, Polly, I'm never going to be happy until I own one of these," she cried.

"Then why not place your order to-night? I'd hate to see you unhappy a moment longer than was

absolutely necessary," a deep masculine voice broke in.

Whirling, Lynn looked at him and her heart gave a bound. Not that he was handsome, because he wasn't. His chin was too stubbornly square and the forelock of his straight dark hair tumbled down over one eyebrow. But he was the most clean-cut, virile man she'd seen all evening. He made the other salesmen in Convention Hall look like so many animated plaster dummies.

He did not smile at her as the others had, but with intense seriousness began his sales talk. The Caravan Coach, he assured her, was the ultimate in trailer construction, with a new kind of steel body, rust resisting and shock proof. It was equipped with special brakes which made it easy to handle on hills or in traffic, the windows were shatter-proof, the chassis was——

Fascinated by his enthusiasm, Lynn let him talk on and on. She wasn't the least bit interested in the technical details of trailer construction but she liked the fire in his eyes, the eager earnestness of his manner. When he paused for breath she said, "What makes the ice box run? And where does the hot water for the shower come from?"

Glibly he answered her questions, then demonstrated how the dining table opened out of the wall, and the bookcase collapsed if you didn't need it.

Polly hemmed and hawed, but neither of them paid any attention to her.

"It would make a perfect guest house for the summer cottage on Lake Huron. I'd just love to cook in that ducky kitchen," Lynn said, her eyes shining.

"Yes, indeed. Or a fine winter home in Florida, or a hunting cabin in the upper peninsula, or a——"



"Oh, dear, I've got to have it. How much does it cost?" Lynn demanded.

"As is?"

"Yes, of course. It would have to be just like this."

"This is our de luxe model. We make them cheaper, without quite so many conveniences. This one, as it stands, is nineteen hundred dollars."

"Nineteen hundred dollars!" Polly repeated, in the awed tones of a person mentioning the national debt.

Lynn ignored her. "Can I buy it on terms?" she asked briskly.

"Yes. We'll be glad to arrange it. If you'll just give me your name and address," he answered eagerly.

"My name," said Lynn with deliberation, "is Annabelle Murphy and I live at 897 Lawrence."

Polly gasped audibly and Lynn frowned at her. "Don't you like the Caravan Coach better than any of the others we've seen, Polly?" she asked, as she kicked her chum.

"Oh, yes. I think this is certainly the last straw—I mean the last word." Polly rubbed her ankle.

"Just sign here, Miss Murphy," instructed the attractive young man. "How much would you like to pay down on delivery?"

"Well, suppose we say two hundred and fifty dollars," Lynn casually mentioned the complete sum of her savings with which she had planned to purchase a used car.

"We can't make delivery in less than three weeks. Will that be all right?"

"Yes. I plan to go to Florida in the late winter but I'm in no particular hurry," Lynn told him airily.

"Here's my card in case you think of anything you'd like changed in the meantime. You have no idea what this sale means to me." His voice was sober and as he shook

hands with her he looked deep into her eyes.

Lynn squirmed inwardly. Now that the first glow of amusement over the situation was fading, she was not very proud of herself. She stole a look at the card. Tyler P. Moore was the young man's name. It had a vaguely familiar sound. In that moment she wished she might have met him any other place, under any other circumstances.

"Good-by, Mr. Moore, and thank you."

"Good-by, Miss Murphy. I'm sure you'll have many happy hours in your Caravan Coach."

Neither Lynn nor Polly said a word until they were outside Convention Hall, waiting for the street car to carry them home. Then Polly exploded. "Lynn Sherman, of all the low-down tricks to play on that nice man! So you plan on going to Florida in the late winter, do you? What will you use for money and what are you going to do with your job in Hodd's millinery department while you're away? I'm ashamed of you."

Lynn was ashamed of herself by now, but it didn't help any to have Polly rub it in. She said coolly, "There's no harm done. He'll never be able to find me again."

"I hope not. You'd want to crawl through a crack and shut it after you, if you ever did see him again. How much commission do you suppose he makes on a sale like that—I mean, a real sale of nineteen hundred dollars?"

"I don't know. A couple hundred, maybe. He'll probably be disappointed to lose it."

"So you just thought of that, did you? What's his name?"

"Tyler Moore. It sounds familiar. Did you ever hear of him before?"

"Yes, I've heard of Ty Moore. So



have you, if you read the Sunday society sheet like you should. He's the boy Janie Hodd has been seen with all this season. You would choose to make eyes at the boss's daughter's boy friend!"

"If he's in Janie Hodd's crowd he won't worry about losing a little commission. Let's forget him, Polly. He's nothing in our young life."

She found, however, that it wasn't easy to forget Tyler Moore. There was something about the special way he had looked at her when he took her hand, something about his keen zeal which she could not banish from her mind. For hours she tossed on the narrow bed in the small apartment

which she and Polly shared. When at last she fell asleep she dreamed that a tiny car driven by Tyler Moore came speeding down the road, drawing a trailer as big as a barn. When these strange vehicles drew near, the road suddenly opened in a huge chasm and they tumbled into it. Lynn shrieked and woke to find Polly shaking her sympathetically.

This would never do. She must see him again and explain that it was all a joke. At breakfast, Polly agreed that she'd better go back to the auto show during the noon hour and confess. With a twinkle she added, "Besides, unless you give him your right name, you'll never see him again."

"I won't anyway, after pulling that cheap trick," Lynn said sadly.

"Oh, I wouldn't be too sure of that. He acted last night as if he'd fallen for your big brown eyes, and a man in love forgives many things," her friend commented shrewdly.

"Do you really think so, Polly? Oh, he wasn't thinking of anything but his precious Caravan Coach last night." Lynn's words were light, but in her heart she hoped Polly was right.

At noon Lynn ate sandwiches on the street car that carried her to Convention Hall. The closer she came, the harder this job of confessing loomed. Maybe he would be out to lunch. In that case she could leave him a note. It would be easier to write it than say it personally.

Still, she wanted to see him again, wanted to feel the firm clasp of his hand and have him look deep into her eyes with that sober intentness he had shown the night before.

As soon as she entered the trailer section she saw him. He was talking to a tall, fair girl who wore a mink coat and a hat that had been priced at forty dollars in Hodd's French Shoppe. Lynn recognized the girl as well as the hat. Janie Hodd shopped often in her father's store and the clerks were all afraid of her.

Neither the man nor the girl noticed her, so Lynn drew back, picking up a pamphlet and pretending to read. Even then she could not help overhearing the girl's angry, impatient words.





"Oh, Ty, don't be like that. Your swanky trailers will sell themselves without you hanging around here like a trained nurse in attendance. You've lived in this hall since the show opened. Surely the regular salesmen can handle this job now."

Her voice changed to the wheedling tones of a girl who is accustomed to getting her own way. "Come on, honey. Your little Janie is all lonesome and forlorn without you. I won't have any fun at the house party unless you come, too."

Lynn tried not to notice the possessive way the girl's fingers trailed down his sleeve. Tyler Moore looked troubled, as he answered, "But, Janie, life is just one house party after another in our set, and the auto show comes but once a year. You'll have to spare me this week, I'm afraid."

The girl drew her coat around her closely. "All right, if you're determined to be mean. I'll go, anyway. Rex Danforth will be glad to look after me."

He gave a low, sharp exclamation. Janie laughed, but her laughter was not pleasant. "You don't want me playing around with Rex? Then you'd better look out for me yourself, my dear."

Lynn turned away, an odd pain weighing on her heart. Tyler must be in love with the glamorous Janie. Strange that it made so much difference to Lynn. She knew now that she did not want to talk to him again, that she could not face him with the truth about the cheap stunt she had pulled the night before.

She moved away to a convenient writing table. How to start the note? What to say? Perplexed, she nibbled thoughtfully at her fountain pen.

But Tyler Moore found her there. He said eagerly, "Say, I'm glad to see you again. You're not thinking of purchasing another trailer, are you?"

Lynn looked at him unhappily. Evidently Janie had gone. For a fleeting moment Lynn wondered whether he had given in to the girl's wheedling. Then she stood up, crushing the sheet of note paper in her hand. This was going to be much harder than she anticipated.

She looked him straight in the eye. "I came back to tell you that I was being funny last night, and I'm ashamed of myself. My name isn't Anabelle Murphy. I just made it up."

A strange expression crossed his face. "Then you were only pretending about the Caravan Coach. You're just another four-flushing female! You weren't crazy about it, as you said. You don't want to order it?"

She couldn't have him look at her like that, so scornfully and coldly.

"Why, no," she faltered. "That is, I mean, of course I want the coach, only——"

He was suddenly immensely relieved. "Oh, you mean you want to give me your correct name and address. I was sure you couldn't be like all the others. Here, I'll tear up your old order and make out a new one."

"But, you see——" Lynn began, then stopped helplessly. When the man looked at her like that, how could she tell him that she was only a salesgirl who didn't even own a car to pull a trailer? She remembered the airy way she had talked about a summer home on Lake Huron, about a winter trip to Florida, and her cheeks burned.

Unexpectedly, she made a crazy decision. She'd let the order stand,



buying the Caravan Coach just as she had said she would. After all, the money for the down payment was in her savings account. By scrimping and saving every possible penny she might squeeze out the installments on it. It would mean that for the next two years she couldn't have any new clothes, any vacation or other good times. Still, she might be able to sell the trailer to some one who could use it. She'd take a chance. Anything was better than having Tyler Moore look at her as if she were a cheat.

With a hand that trembled slightly, she signed her name and address to the new order blank Tyler Moore prepared.

"Lynn Sherman," he murmured. "That's a poetic name."

"It's my own, this time," she assured him.

"Say, I've got an idea. Why don't you come have some lunch with me? We could get better acquainted and I could tell you some more about the Caravan Coach."

Lynn hesitated. It would be wonderful to lunch with him, only she didn't want to talk about the trailer. She glanced at her watch and panic seized her. She'd have to race if she got back to work on time. She said a little breathlessly, "I've had lunch, thanks, and I must hurry back for—an appointment with the hairdresser."

"Imagine the woman turning me down in favor of the hairdresser," he said in mock anger. "What about dinner to-night, then? Please—I want to talk to you."

Hodd's was having a fashion show to-night which all the girls were supposed to attend. Maybe no one would miss Lynn. She threw caution to the winds. "All right. I'll meet you in the lobby of the Book-Cadillac at seven," she promised.

For all her frantic hurry she was ten minutes late for work. Miss Watkins, head of the department, reproved her coldly. "Please don't let this happen again, Miss Sherman. We must be punctual. Our jobs depend on it," she stated significantly.

Lynn colored and murmured an apology. She would be careful. Certainly she couldn't afford to endanger her job now that she had signed a contract involving the payment of nearly two thousand dollars!

All afternoon she moved in a flurry of excitement. Absently, she brought out three bright scarlet hats to be tried on by a customer with vivid red hair. The woman scolded her loudly and afterward Miss Watkins said, "Really, Miss Sherman, I can't imagine what you were thinking about."

The answer was, of course, that she was thinking of Ty Moore. Over and over, she told herself that she was a fool. In the first place, he was crazy about Janie Hodd. In the second place, she knew from the conversation she had overheard, that he must be important in the Caravan Coach Company, doubtless he was rich and powerful. Last, but not least, because of him she had bought a trailer she would never be able to use.

But to-night she was going to have dinner with him. Nothing mattered now but that. When closing time came she dashed home. Polly loaned her a golden cocktail dress, much more expensive than anything Lynn herself owned. She would have to be very smooth if she was going to compete with Janie Hodd.

It was one of those rare, perfect evenings. Ty brushed the lock of hair back from his forehead, and straightened his tie when he caught



sight of her. "You came, after all," he cried. "I was afraid that you might be pretending again."

They talked about food and discovered that they both had a passion for thick steaks smothered in onions, for New England boiled dinners, for fudge cake, rich and sticky. "I can cook them all, too," Lynn bragged.

"What a swell wife you'll make some lucky man," he sighed enviously. "I knew the minute I saw you playing house in the coach last night that you were a home girl. Will you invite me to dinner some time, just the two of us, dining in your Caravan Coach?"

"Of course," she promised gayly, but under the table she crossed her fingers because she knew she wouldn't.

They found that they danced together as if they had been partners all their lives. It was heavenly to be held so firmly, yet lightly, in his arms. Lynn closed her eyes and wished that life could always be like this—a succession of happy evenings in Ty Moore's arms. She must enjoy these hours to the full, a happy memory to treasure.

Then Janie Hodd came in, followed by a thin bronzed man who looked bored and blasé. They paused beside the table where Lynn and Ty were smoking over empty liqueur glasses. Janie's eyes were frigid as she spoke to Ty. She barely acknowledged his introduction of Lynn. The man with her was Rex Danforth and he stared at Lynn with lazy eyes, as if he wondered where Ty had picked her up.

"I see you can leave the auto show if you want to." Janie's sharply rouged mouth twisted into a bitter laugh.

"Leaving for dinner is hardly like going away for three days, Janie.

Still, I suppose we all do the things we want to do most," Ty answered smoothly.

"Yes, there's nothing like novelty and variety to whet a man's appetite." Janie's eyes flicked Lynn insolently, and then she turned away.

With her went all the delicate magic of their evening, vanquished as ruthlessly as a broom sweeps dew-spangled cobwebs. Lynn and Ty stared at each other in uncomfortable silence. At last he said, "Don't mind Janie, Lynn. She's spoiled. I've tried this winter to do something about her because her father asked me to, but it seems to be too late."

Lynn's heart leaped like a helium-filled balloon. Ty was telling her that he wasn't in love with Janie. Did it mean that he might be a little bit in love with her, Lynn?

After that he talked about business. He told her that his father, who manufactured the famous Moore automobile bodies, had set him up in business for himself. "I want the Caravan Coach to be the best, safest traveling house on the road. There's a future in trailers, but they must be sturdy, well-built, honest workmanship," he told her earnestly.

When at last they went home Lynn said "good night" to him in the entrance hall of the apartment house. It was a neat place of imitation marble, quite impersonal. She didn't want Ty to see the tiny apartment she and Polly shared. True, the rooms were scrupulously neat and cozy with inexpensive wicker and cretonne, but she did not want to destroy the illusion she had created for him that she was a glamorous girl of wealth, dwelling in spacious quarters, flitting light-



Lynn and Ty had just finished dining when Janie Hodd came in, followed by Rex Danforth. Janie's voice was frigid as she spoke to Ty. Rex stared at Lynn, as if he wondered where Ty had picked her up.



heartedly from the shores of Lake Huron to the beaches of Florida.

He held her hand for a long time, and looked deep into her eyes. For a breathless second Lynn prayed that he would kiss her. Instead he said formally, "This evening has been most pleasant. We must do it again soon. And don't forget that

you have promised me a dinner in the new trailer."

"I'll not forget," Lynn assured him.

No, she'd never forget a moment of the precious time they had had together. It did not seem strange that she should feel this way about a man she had just met. Love is not



a matter of clocks and calendars. Love is a magic that bewitches the heart and makes all life enchanting by the mere waving of a wand.

Polly was awake. Lynn hugged her ecstatically. "I've had the loveliest time, precious. He is the grandest man," Lynn told her.

"Looks as if you'd straightened out your difficulties all right," Polly laughed. Lynn hadn't the heart to tell her that she had really signed up to buy a trailer.

Lynn was arranging a special section of felts in the French Shoppe the next morning when Janie Hodd swept in. Miss Watkins came with her, bowing and smiling. She seated Janie before a deep triple mirror and then called to Lynn, "Miss Sherman, please bring me that black-and-gold coronation hat Yvonne modeled last night."

Lynn bit her lip. She had no idea what Yvonne had worn at the style show, but she knew Miss Watkins would be furious if she admitted her ignorance in Janie Hodd's presence. Maybe one of the other clerks could help her. She went back into the stock alcoves, hoping to find a girl who wasn't busy.

Fate was against her. There was no one she could ask. Panic-stricken, she picked out one of the tissue-wrapped confections of veiling, ribbon and flowers which smart women were wearing on their heads these cold winter nights.

As Miss Watkins unwrapped it Janie shook her head. "No, I wouldn't care for that at all," she said.

"This isn't the one I had in mind," Miss Watkins exclaimed.

Lynn admitted, "I couldn't find the one Yvonne wore, but I thought this one might be becoming to Miss Hodd."

For the first time Janie really

looked at her. A tiny pucker creased her smooth white forehead. "Haven't I seen you somewhere recently? Oh, I know. You're the girl who was with Ty Moore at the Book-Cadillac last night, aren't you?" A malicious glint came into her eyes. Then she turned to Miss Watkins imperiously: "The girl wouldn't know what anybody wore at the style show last night. You'd better get some one else."

Miss Watkins gave Lynn a look which spoke venomous volumes. "Call Miss White, please," she ordered curtly. Crimson, Lynn moved away.

What was the matter with her lately?—she wondered wretchedly. She seemed to get into trouble wherever she went. It was all her own fault, too. All because she kept pretending that things were different from the way they really were.

She was hardly prepared for the next blow, however. After Janie Hodd left Miss Watkins sent for Lynn and told her that she could look for another job. "It isn't just this morning, Miss Sherman. You've been behaving very stupidly. We can't afford it with the people we have in this department."

They paid Lynn two weeks' wages that night. The next day she started out to look for work. Polly was indignant and sympathetic, but that didn't help much. Lynn herself was stunned. She had never told Polly about the contract for the trailer. What would she do now with that stupendous debt?

Tyler Moore called several times in the next two weeks, but Lynn made Polly answer the phone and say she was out. She couldn't see Ty now. When he found out the truth—well, she'd rather creep away and never see him again than face his scorn.



Drearily, she tried agencies and answered ads. One day she received notice that the trailer was ready for delivery. Would she please come down to the dealer's to-morrow? The finance company wanted to complete their report on her.

For a long time Lynn stared at that letter. Then she made up her mind. She began packing frantically. "Polly," she told her distressed roommate, "here's my share of next month's rent. Maybe you can find some one else to come in with you by the time that's used up. I'm going to Aunt Belle's down near Three Rivers. After I've had a good rest, I'll look for work in Chicago. I'm not coming back to Detroit, ever. I'm sick and tired of the town. Please forward any mail that comes for me, but you're not to tell any one where I am—not any one. Remember?"

"I think you're a little fool," Polly said vigorously. "Something is bound to turn up if you stick it out a little longer. What's all the secrecy about? I don't understand why you're behaving so badly to Ty Moore, either. I thought you liked that man."

"I do. I did. Oh, well, never mind. I just want to forget all about everything!"

She kept fifty dollars out of her savings fund. She sent a check for two hundred dollars to Ty Moore. With it went a stiff note in which she said that because she had lost her job she would be unable to pay for the Caravan Coach. Would he please try to sell it for her? She was sending him all the money she had and she hoped the company wouldn't sue her on her contract because they wouldn't get anything if they did.

Aunt Belle, whose children were all grown and married, was glad to

have her. Lynn worked around the farm house and did much of the cooking. She loved to fry chicken a crisp golden brown and her apple pies brought praise from Uncle Joel and the hired man. Sometimes she could almost forget the pain that pressed heavily on her heart. Because of her silly pretending, she had lost the only man she ever loved.

One day Aunt Belle was called to a neighboring farm where there was sickness. Lynn was getting dinner for the men when a slick new car with a trailer attached drove into the yard. The girl looked at it and her heart stood still. The trailer was certainly a Caravan Coach. Her eyes jumped to the driver. It could be Ty. And it was. Even as she looked he brushed that errant lock of hair back from his forehead.

Lynn smoothed her hair before the mirror over the kitchen sink. She was glad that her yellow smock was fresh and crisp. Demurely, she opened the kitchen door. "Hello, Ty," she greeted shyly.

"Lynn! At last I've found you." His eyes held an expression that made her heart turn over. Could it be that he still liked her?

The man came in from the barn at that moment and she asked Ty to stay for dinner. There was a platter of delicious ham, an omelette that was a miracle of light puffiness, fried potatoes, jelly and pickles. Lynn's coffee was strong and clear. For dessert she had made a lemon meringue pie which fairly melted in one's mouth.

The men talked about crops and general business conditions. Lynn was so busy keeping their plates filled that she did not have much to say. It was only after Uncle Joel and the hired man went back to their work, that she and Ty could really talk.





"Lynn, I've been trying to find you so I could return your check. I sold your Caravan Coach. You don't owe the company anything."

"I'm glad, Ty. It was silly of me to pretend that I could buy it."

"Yes," he agreed soberly, "it was silly. I was terribly disappointed in you. I thought you were more genuine than the girls I knew. You seemed interested in homy things,

*Janie looked at Lynn speculatively as she tried on the hats Lynn showed her. "Haven't I seen you somewhere recently?" she said at last. "Oh, I know. You're the girl who was with Ty Moore last night, aren't you?" A malicious glint came into her eyes.*

and you said you liked to cook. When I found you were only pretending about having the money I thought that the rest of it was only a pose, too. Still I couldn't forget you. I finally persuaded Polly to talk. She told me

about Janie Hodd having you fired, and all."

"That was my fault, not Janie's." Lynn was determined to be com-



pletely honest with him about everything at last.

"We won't argue about that. Anyway, Polly told me to come to see for myself and I decided to make the test. If you really could cook as you said, if you really loved a home, then the other things were just foolishness."

"Well?" Lynn asked, her heart shining through her eyes.

"Darling, I never ate such lemon pie before in my life. I never saw a girl dressed for a yacht club dance who was half as adorable as you are in that smock with flour on your elbows and on the tip of your nose.

There, don't rub it off. I'll kiss it off instead."

He folded her close in his arms and Lynn surrendered to a kiss that made the whole world spin crazily. He loved her! In spite of everything Ty loved her. Eagerly, joyously, her answering lips told him that she loved him, too.

"I brought along the Caravan Coach for our wedding trip to Florida," Ty told her fondly. "It's the same one you ordered. Will you come with me, Lynn darling?"

"To the ends of the earth, if you like," she answered promptly and they sealed that promise with a kiss.



## MOTHER

To M. S. F.

MOTHER dear,  
 No flowers ever grow  
 Sweet enough for you,  
 No sun can shine so brightly  
 As the sun shines in your eyes,  
 No little child can know  
 Such love, who never lies  
 Within your arms,  
 No bird at eventide  
 Can sing so liltingly  
 As you can laugh—  
 Sweet music ever dear to me.

Beloved, never can there be another  
 So beautiful, my mother.

LENORE EVERSOLE FISHER.





# A Thousand Times "Yes"

By Beatrice Browning

**J**ULIE'S heart skipped a beat as she heard his familiar, cheerful voice in the outer office, greeting her secretary. Hastily, she powdered her nose and arranged her brunet waves as his footsteps approached the door marked "Private."

"Who is it?" she called unnecessarily, in answer to his knock.

"A ghost," his smiling voice sang through the transom. "I'm selling sheets."

"I don't want any," she cried, laughing. "Come in!"

The door burst open and Peter Cartwright, tall and immaculate in gray tweeds, his face beaming a friendly greeting, strode into the room. "Miss Julie Chandler, as I breathe and live!" he exclaimed. "And how is the proprietor of New York's newest and most promising advertising agency this glorious, sunshiny morning?"



"Fine," said Julie, turning to a stack of copy on her desk, "and very busy."

"Oh, is that a hint?" Peter draped himself unceremoniously on the edge of her desk and his smiling blue eyes peered inquiringly into her face. "You don't have time, this morning, to chat with one of the world's greatest ad writers?"

"I'm sorry," she answered, smiling, "but I've an appointment with Darlington & Co. at ten o'clock. It's nine forty-five now."

"In that case"—Peter hopped from the desk and bent his athletic form in an exaggerated bow—"I shall leave you immediately, if not sooner."

"Oh, Peter, you're so funny!" He was so big, tall and handsome, so much like an unspoiled youngster with always a warm, friendly smile for every one! She didn't know how the Chandler Advertising Agency would have gotten along without him. He was like the sun, always brightening up the place.

"Incidentally," he said casually, his hand on the doorknob, "you wouldn't care to marry me, would you?"

Julie rose and went to him, her hands grasping the lapels of his coat. "Peter, how many times have I told you to stop asking me to marry you?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I've lost count."

"But it's impossible, Peter. Don't you understand?"

"I've always figured that where there's life, there's hope." His eyes turned into two large blue question marks as he tilted her chin and turned her face to him. "How about it, Julie?"

"Peter, you must understand." She walked to the window and looked out at the city, spread quilt-

like, seventeen stories below. "I'm just starting out in the advertising business, and I can't give it up now. And you're just starting a career for yourself. You mustn't marry until you're more settled, more certain of your future." She added to herself, "Besides, a girl wants to be sure that she really loves a man before she marries him. Just because your heart beats faster every time you see him does not necessarily mean that you're in love with him."

"All of which," said Peter sadly, "is a roundabout way of saying that you don't love me." He hesitated a moment, then went on, "I suppose it's Kent Goodrich, isn't it?"

"Of course not!" Julie laughed, pushing him toward the door. "Trot along now, and get to work on the copy for Bennington & Sons. It's due to-morrow morning, you know."

With a shrug of his broad shoulders, Peter turned to go. Then suddenly he turned to her again. "If you won't marry me, then perhaps you'll have lunch with me, to-day. What do you say?"

"Silly!" Julie laughed. "You've already asked me three times this morning."

"Have I?" His well-modulated voice joined hers in laughter. "I must be growing absent-minded in my old age."

"I'll be ready at twelve."

For long minutes after Peter had gone out to his own office, Julie stood at the window looking down at the swarms of people who were scurrying to and fro like tiny ants on the sidewalks below.

For almost a year now, she had been operating her own advertising agency, specializing mostly in preparing copy for dress shops, beauty parlors and other small establish-



ments patronized mainly by women. Her agency had prospered, and after two months, when she was unable to handle the work alone, she had employed Peter Cartwright as both salesman and part-time writer.

Peter had loved her desperately from the first moment he had walked into her office to take the job, and soon after he had begun taking her out, he had asked her to marry him. It was a little unorthodox, going out with one of her employees and then being proposed to by him, but she liked it. She couldn't, however, give up her business so soon as all that. And besides, she wasn't sure that she loved him. It took time, lots of it, to really and truly fall in love, she felt, and she had known him but a short time.

Besides, there was Kent Goodrich. Good old Kent, who had grown up from childhood in the same neighborhood with her, and who had loved her ever since she could remember. She couldn't forget him!

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, looking at her wrist watch. "The Chandler Advertising Agency is going to have some trouble on its hands if its president doesn't attend to her appointments!" She grabbed her hat and coat and dashed out to her engagement with Darlington & Co.

At luncheon that noon, Peter was beaming, as usual, his tanned face a blanket of pleasant smiles. "Let's sit at this table," he said. "There's more light here."

"Why do you want more light?"

"The better to look at you, my dear!" He leaned back in his chair and surveyed her chic brown ensemble, a perfect symphony of blending color from head to toe. "My, but you're adorable to-day," he exclaimed.

"You'd better pay less attention to me and more to the menu," Julie remarked dryly. "The waiter's been waiting for your order for at least five minutes."

"Let him wait," said Peter. "I'm not hungry."

"But I am," Julie insisted.

They ordered their lunch then, and had gotten as far as the dessert when Peter took a large envelope from his brief case. "There, Miss Chandler, is a Christmas present for you."

"What is it, Peter?"

"The Bennington & Sons copy, all completed and wrapped in cellophane."

"Why?"—Julie's eyes clouded with a frown—"why, that's impossible. We just got the order this morning."

Peter Cartwright chuckled. "I know. But I never let grass grow under me."

"Maybe," said Julie gravely, pushing her coffee cup aside and leaning across the table, "it would be a good idea to let a little grass grow beneath you now and then."

The smile melted from his face. "What do you mean?" He knew by her tone that this was no time for flippancy.

"I've been meaning to tell you this for some time, so it may as well be now." She tapped the envelope with an expertly manicured forefinger. "Your work hasn't been up to par lately. You haven't been putting the time and effort into your copy that you did before. This Bennington material, for instance, wasn't due till to-morrow morning. You should have——"

"Nonsense!" Peter interrupted. "Just wait till you see that Bennington copy!"

"I don't need to see it," said Julie solemnly. "I know what to expect." It was difficult, telling him this, but





*"Peter!" she cried, going to him. "You're not leaving so soon?" She smiled and looked up into his inquiring face. "You've forgotten to ask me to marry you. You usually do, you know."*

she had known for some time that she would have to do it. Several of her clients had complained about Peter's work, and she couldn't let that go on, not for his sake or hers. "Take my advice, Peter, and work more slowly from now on."

Gravely, but with a smile, he answered, "Thanks, Julie. Anything to please you."

Back at her desk that afternoon, she thought that perhaps she had been a little too harsh with him. After all, some of the copy he had turned in lately hadn't been so bad. But when she read the Bennington & Sons copy, she decided that she

had been wise in advising him. It would have to be completely rewritten before she would allow it to leave the office.

"You sent for me?" Peter asked when he came into her office a few moments later.

"Yes," she said. "I want to talk to you about the Bennington copy."

"You've read it?" He sat down opposite her desk, his dark wavy hair glowing dully in the afternoon sun. "What do you think of it?"

He waited for her reply.

"Frankly"—Julie spoke slowly, deliberately—"I don't."

Peter's eyebrows rose question-



ingly. "But I thought it was some of the best copy I'd turned out."

"I think it's your worst," said Julie, trying to be as firm and harsh as possible. "It's got to be done over, completely." It was a painful, strained moment.

Peter broke the silence. "But I'm sure they'll take it," he insisted. "It's as good as any of the other copy they've had."

"But it's not as good as the copy you're capable of producing, Peter. That's the point." Julie tapped the glass top of her desk with a pencil, her tone firm and cool. She knew it would have to be to make him understand that she meant business. "You'll have to do much better, Peter, or——"

"Yes?" He was almost whispering.

"Or you'll have to find work elsewhere." As she spoke the words, something sharp and biting, like a dagger, tore painfully through her. It was terribly hard, saying this. She hoped he would take her advice the right way so that some day he would understand that she had done it for his good, not only hers.

She was totally unprepared for his sudden reaction. "All right," he said, rising. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'll start looking for other work right now." Without another word, he turned on his heel and strode from the room.

Dull-gray clouds swung up from the river and threw a blanket of gloom over the city. Julie, standing at the window of her office, reflected how well it suited the gray dullness in her heart. It was three months since the day that Peter, his handsome face flushed with anger, had walked out of her office, never to come back again. Three months since the day the sun had last really

shone in the place. He had said he would find other work somewhere, and he had found it immediately, for his advertising copy was now being handled by the Ferndon Agency, a competitor of Julie's.

What mattered more was the fact that he was going around with Marcia Ferndon, daughter of J. C. Ferndon, owner of the agency. Marcia was a sleek, polished, sophisticated-looking girl, the type who look exotic in black satin and wear it often. She was startlingly attractive, but one whom Julie instinctively disliked. She had seen Peter with her often, dancing, dining, driving together.

The door of the outer office opened and Miss King, Julie's secretary, looked in. "Miss Chandler, Mr. Goodrich is here."

Kent Goodrich! She hadn't seen him in ages! "Show him in," she said hurriedly, opening her compact and removing the gloss from her nose.

A moment later, Kent Goodrich's powerful figure filled the doorway. "Great day!" he exclaimed, his bronzed face aglow. "Where's the funeral?"

"What do you mean?" Julie laughed. It was good to see him again. "Whose funeral?"

"You look as though your last friend had just been buried at sea." He thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at her the way a doctor looks at a disobedient patient. "Young lady, you can't fool me with your smiles and laughter. You look as though you've spent a couple of days in a bad hailstorm. And I know your cure."

"What is it?" she asked weakly.

"You need a good large dose of Kent Goodrich. That'll fix you up." He consulted his watch. "I'll call for you at your home at eight



o'clock this evening, and we'll have a good large time together."

They did have a large time that evening. It began with dinner, followed by a motion picture, and then concluded with a visit to the Café Madrid. They danced for a while, and then later, sipping a cocktail at their table, Kent took Julie's hands in his.

"My dear," he said softly, "do you remember the last time we were out together?"

"Yes," answered Julie.

"That was long ago," he went on, looking straight into her eyes. "I told you then that I loved you, would always love you, and that some day I would ask you to marry me."

"Yes, Kent?" Her voice was scarcely above a whisper, her eyes fixed on his blond head, his well-molded features that were so firm and mature, yet retained a young freshness.

"I said I wouldn't ask you until I had a good job and was well established in my field." He paused a long time. "Well, Julie, I'm an established engineer now. Just got back from a big job in South America. So I'm asking you—will you marry me?"

The lights were dimmed just then as the spotlight flashed on for the floor show, and Julie breathed a silent prayer of gratitude for the temporary darkness. Kent's proposal had taken her completely unaware. She didn't even know what to say. He was so big-hearted and so kind—a sort of big brother, kind-hearted father and loving friend, all rolled into one. What should she do?

Presently the lights came on again and then she saw them—Peter and Marcia Ferndon at a near-by

table, sitting close together, holding each other's hands! Something hot and violent sprang into being within Julie as she saw them, and she was tempted to reply, "Yes, of course, Kent, I'll marry you!" But in that brief moment she knew that she loved Peter Cartwright—had always loved him. Seeing him with Marcia had made her realize that, once and for all, and she knew that to say "yes" to Kent would be cruel and unfair to both of them.

"I'm sorry, Kent," she said, avoiding his eyes. "Very sorry."

"You mean——"

"No, I can't marry you."

Julie was sitting at her desk several weeks later, looking through a stack of copy, when the sound of a familiar voice drifted in from the outer office. Her heart beat wildly as she heard a knock on her door.

"Who is it?" she called, struggling for an even, steady voice.

"Peter Jennings Cartwright, Esquire," he said, lively and friendly as ever. "May I come in?"

"Of course."

And then there he was, tall, handsome, his ruddy face studded with smiles as before. "Good morning," he said, dropping into a chair. "And how is the advertising business this morning?"

"Fine," answered Julie in a voice that managed to be as casual and unconcerned as his own. "Getting better every day."

"I'm glad to hear it." Suddenly, he dropped his flippant air, the sparkle in his eyes simmered out, and his voice became low and vibrant. "Julie, you were right. I've come to tell you that, and to ask you to forgive me, if possible."

"I was right about what?" she asked. "What do you mean?" This was the day she had long expected.



Sooner or later, she had felt certain, he would come back. She had doubted it lately, but here he was!

"You told me I was slipping, working too carelessly. You were right." He looked solemnly at the floor for a moment. "I lost my job with Ferndon yesterday."

Julie remained silent. She could command no words.

"So I've come back to ask whether you can ever forgive me, whether you can ever take me back. I promise to work like a beaver!"

In the same businesslike tone, Julie asked, "Couldn't Marcia get your job back for you? You seemed quite friendly with her."

Peter smiled ruefully. "I know what you mean, seeing us together, dining, dancing. But that's all over and forgotten. She has an attractive face. I guess I must have gone for it in a big way. But I've never really loved her." He sat forward, his whole being straining to impress her with the truth of what he was saying. "I've found out, Julie, that a woman must have more than a pretty face before you can really love her."

For a moment Julie held her breath, her heart bursting with ecstatic joy. Then she smiled broadly. "Of course, Peter, you may have your old job back. You can start to-morrow."

"Thanks, Julie!" For a moment it looked as though he were on the verge of saying something else, then suddenly he rose. "I'm terribly grateful."

He was going! His hand was on the knob! Was that all he had come for—to ask for his old job again?

"Peter!" she cried, going to him. "You're not leaving so soon?"

"But you're busy," he said uncomfortably.

"Not too busy to talk to you."

She closed the door which he had already opened. "Besides, you've forgotten something."

"Have I? What?"

Julie took a small breath, smiled, and looked up into his inquiring face. "You've forgotten to ask me to marry you. You usually do, you know."

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "I didn't think there was a ghost of a chance."

"But there is," she cried, her eyes dancing with brightness and threatening to fill with tears at any moment. "Every chance in the world, Peter!"

"There is?" The solemn look left his face as he caught her arms and held her close to him. "Do you mean that? You don't love Kent Goodrich?"

"There's only one man I love." As an afterthought, she added, "Besides, the agency is doing so well that I think I need a partner, and I'd like to keep the business in the family. Would you consider a half interest in the company?"

"Would I consider it!" For an instant Peter looked at her as though he found it difficult to believe his ears. Then, with a suddenness that was breath-taking, he swept her to him, his strong arms encircling her with almost cruel force.

"If I propose to you now, Julie, what will you say?"

"I'll say 'Yes,'" she said breathlessly, "a thousand times 'Yes!'"

"Darling!"

His arms tightened around her, but Julie, aglow with an inward happiness she had never known before, felt nothing but the sheer joy of living and of loving the only man in the world. As his lips sought hers and pressed them fervently, she knew that here at last was love, true and enduring.





Part IV.

# Shadows from the Past

A TRUE LOVE STORY

## CHAPTER VII.

**I** NEVER before had seen Eric Reischman dirty, and seldom angry. Now, he was both.

The smart tweeds that he wore and loved were wrinkled and dusty, and oddly out of place in this far-away corner of a far-away world. His eyes were puffed from lack of sleep, and dust and coal smoke were grained in his skin. The shock of finding me there in the arms of this

man in gypsy clothes had given way to a fury that purpled his face and shook his voice.

I was almost in front of him, before he could bring his choked and stammering words to a semblance of meaning:

“—not hearing from you—not a word. Coming all this way over this farce of a railroad to find—this! What’s going on here? What in Heaven’s name’s come over you, Tully? Taking my money, prom-



ising to marry me, and pulling this behind my back! A gypsy! Kissing him, making love in the street, like—— Get out of my way! I'll give the fellow something he'll remember. I'll——"

I grabbed his arm. Timmy, weakened and frightened, was choking me with strangling arms. I cried at Eric over his head, drowning the anger of his voice with the anger of mine:

"He isn't a gypsy. Use your eyes! Look at him! He's John Anderson, the man who wrote that play you nearly bought. He's Ted Cassidy. Don't you understand? My baby's father. He's Juan, the gypsy! They're all the same! I didn't ask you to come here—you came yourself. And if I took your money, you know why—because of Timmy. Because I was scared to death he'd be taken from me. I'd have taken money from any one then, under any terms. Why don't you tell the truth? That you wanted me to take it! That you had tried to give it to me and I'd refused, until it meant losing Timmy! Go ahead, tell it. Tell what I said that day when you came to me and tried to bribe me to go away. Go on—I'm waiting."

"That will do, Tully." Ted's voice was soft as silk, but it frightened me as all Eric's blustering had failed to do. And stilled me. "Any money you owe this man will be paid, with interest. And he can collect the interest—here and now!"

What might have happened I'll never know, for the something that did happen was so sudden and so terrible that even Eric and Ted put aside their quarreling in pity for me.

"Señorita!" It was the landlord, hurrying around the corner of the patio, his gray hair rumpled, his eyes wide coals of fright. "You are

here—at last! Everywhere we look for you—everywhere! The old one—the señora, she ees so bad—so very bad! She cries for you and the child. Hurry, señorita—hurry!"

With Timmy clinging to me, stumbling, sobbing, I fairly flew up the stairway, down the hall, to kneel at granny's side. One look at her tired old face told me that death was there, so near I could feel its wings brushing me. And speech had come to her, a troubled parody of speech, forced by an agony of effort from her twisted lips.

"Timmy—you—found him! Hold him up—so—I—can see." Then, in a mumble that grew harder and ever harder to understand: "My—Bible—inside it—money. Jen's insurance—you never knew—— I—I hid it—for you—and Timmy. I—I—hid it—for you. I've—loved you—so, Tully—— You and—the—child. I've—loved you—so——"

Two things I'll never forget: the love that not even death could blot from those faded eyes, and her thin, old hand that hadn't moved for days, turning in a last desperate effort to touch Timmy's curly head.

She died that way—her fingers on his hair.

Eric had followed me up the stairs. When I rose from granny's side he was there. He looked tired and ashamed, and, for the first time, old.

He saw my eyes sweep past him in unconscious seeking, and he said stiffly:

"If you're looking for Anderson or Cassidy—Heaven knows which he is, or who—you won't find him. He wasn't half as keen on fighting when you weren't there to see. Oh, I'm sorry for what I said back there, and I'm sorry about your grandmother, and I'm ready to help you any way I can. I'm no villain in



a play. But you can't blame me for being sore. We've got some things to say to each other, you and I."

"Not here," I cried dully. "Please, Eric, not here. Go away, leave me alone. To-morrow—next day—any time, but now——"

The door opened and Father Ambrose came in, his broken English soft with pity.

"The Señor Juan, he has come for me but now, señorita. He say there is need for me here—bad need." And as his eyes flew to granny's still form, he shook his head at me in grave rebuke at my sudden, wild burst of tears.

"Ees eet kind, señorita, to trouble the old one's sleep with your weeping? See the peace on her face and feel shame for your selfish tears. And the leetle lame one—sec. You frighten heem. In the next room, the landlord he has feex a bed, so soft, so quiet. Would the señora please to go there? I have promised the Señor Juan that every-theeng will be cared for—every-theeng."

And to Eric: "I am sure you weel pardon, señor, but I am the physician. Eet ees best for the señora that she and the leetle one have their rest, be for a leetle alone."

They were gentle fingers, Father Ambrose's, but determined ones. There was the door being closed behind Eric's stubbornly reluctant shoulders. There were Timmy and I pushed gently but firmly into a tiny adjoining room where a tray with bread and cheese and milk was waiting.

It wasn't until I had Timmy undressed and fed, and tucked sleepily content into a clean, soft bed, that I dared let myself relax, think. Sleep was beyond me. So many

emotions fighting their battles out within me. Joys, sorrows, hopes, fears.

It was such a sweet thing—the thought that Ted was caring for me, watching over me. I could feel his arms around me. My lips were still warm with the pressure of his. But there was granny's death to mar their ecstasy, and my own accusing heart to torture me. She had been old and tired, and I had dragged her so many weary miles, fleeing from the shadows that were mine, not hers. Was her death to be my fault, too? Eric's wife, Aunt Jenny, granny—the vampire girl, killing everything she touched.

The four walls suffocated me, my thoughts suffocated me. The room I was in opened, as the other had, on the tiny balcony. I turned the oil lamp to the ghostliest flicker, and stepped through the open window into the cool freshness of the night.

The moon had risen, turning the world into a silver glory. The sky was a dark cloud ocean, through which it sailed, serene, untroubled. Unafraid. Like a ship, I thought, filled with the souls of the peaceful dead. And I thought of granny, freed at last of all her worries and troubles, sailing there on her last great adventure. Poor old granny, who'd been so eager, so full of life! How she'd love that! Unknown lands, unknown seas. Things to boast about to Aunt Jenny when they met. Tales to tell. And maybe, by this time, she knew about Ted, too. That Ted had come for us at last, for Timmy and me. That he loved us and would keep us always.

And almost as though thinking of Ted had created him out of the moonlight and the shadows, there he was beside me, his voice tender and pitying, whispering my name,



his arms around me, his dear face pressed close to mine.

We found a bench close to the balcony rail, and, cradling me high against his chest as he would have cradled Timmy, he held me during those long night hours while the moon sailed on its distant way, while the stars shone and paled, and a nightingale sang at us from the flowering fragrance of a near-by tree. And our talk wasn't talk at all—

just words, broken by love, threaded like pearls on a string of bliss.

I tried to tell him about Eric, about all that had happened be-



*With Timmy clinging to me, I fairly flew down the hall, to kneel at granny's side. One look at her tired old face told me that death was there, so near I could feel its wings brushing me.*



tween us, but he closed my lips with a kiss. And remembering, for the first time, what granny had said about Aunt Jen's insurance, I told him that, too, thankfulness fighting the sorrow that clogged my voice. "We'll use it to pay Eric back the money he gave me," I whispered. "We'll start with a clean slate. Granny would like that; she——"

"We'll start with a clean slate, all right," Ted broke in gravely, "but it'll be my money that squares that debt, not Timmy's. I have some, not much, in a bank in a little town north of here. I'll get it to-morrow—no, to-day, sweet! See, the day is breaking now. And after the—funeral, we'll leave. Hollywood until I can market this play of mine once more, until you can see to your house and pack your things, then wherever you want, whatever you want, always."

It wasn't until he had risen to go, that I whispered the question that had been on my lips to whisper, but the shame in my heart had stilled:

"Darling, don't be angry, but I've got to know. I've brought so much sorrow in my life to so many; sorrow and misery and death. I must never bring any more to any one! Tell me, in all these years, has there been any one else who has loved you and you have loved? To whom my coming would mean pain? Like Trini, the gypsy girl, perhaps? She's so beautiful and she—she loves you. I saw it that night at the caravans. If I thought—if—— Oh, Ted, it was so awful about Eric's wife, the things she said to me, what she did. I couldn't bear to hurt any one else that way. I couldn't bear it!"

"Poor, hurt, frightened baby," he comforted. "Poor, foolish kid! Seeing things, imagining things! Trini was just making Gavino jealous, that's all. She's his sweetheart.

They are as wild in their loves as they are in their lives, as primitive. Forget it. You are mine and I am yours. Here, hold up your lips while I swear it!"

We buried granny, according to the rule of the town, the next morning after her death, on a hill where the sun shone and the marigolds made a golden path into the sky for tired, old feet to tread.

Ted wasn't there. He had told me he couldn't be, but Eric was. Stood beside me while they lowered granny into the ground and we walked home from her stony hillside grave together.

I would have told him about Ted then, but he didn't give me a chance. He spoke first.

"I don't have to ram my head into a stone wall to know where I stand," he said. "It's thumbs down for me, all right. Have you made your plans—you and Cassidy? And where is the guy? Why wasn't he around for the funeral?"

"He's gone after the money to pay you what you gave me," I said simply. "And when he gets back—to-night, probably—we're going to be married, and take the first train out for Hollywood. He wants to sell his story, and I want to see about the house and the things in it. And"—it was hard to talk to Eric about money then—"that last check you sent. I never cashed it, Eric. And I won't have to. Grandmother left some money, not much, but it will care for things till Ted and I are——"

"Cut it!" he said, and I'd never heard his voice so gruff. "Use it to pay for your grandmother's funeral, give it to the kid. Do you think I haven't spent a few hours realizing what a hound I was last night? And have been for the last few years? Do you think I don't know



where the blame for Julie's death really lies? Let me do something for you. Give me that much of a break."

He was still talking, blustering, confused, when a half-naked child rushed against us, almost knocking me down. A woman, running, too, pushed by, unseeing, unheeding, and on her heels a laughing, shouting crowd that quickly hedged us in.

"Now, what the——" Eric began, and grabbing at a dirty little boy, stuffed a coin in his hand. "What's going on here, kid? All this noise—what's it all about?"

Ducking and grinning, the child pointed toward the open square where a red wagon was swinging into place.

"The gypsies—they dance. Has the señor no eyes?"

Not ten feet from us, the wagon stopped, and staring, I held my breath, for it was one of the wagons from the gypsy hollow, and climbing down from it, was Trini, the gypsy girl, gay and insolent, with painted lips and billowing skirts and black hair tucked beneath a scarf that circled her head like a flame.

Gavino was with her, the knife that had threatened my life so short a time before shining in the sash that bound his waist; the violin caressed beneath his chin, already wailing the first notes of a wild gypsy dance.

The crowd, pushing about us, held

us fast. At first Eric struggled against it, impatience and disgust twisting his lips. Then Trini began to dance and his eyes widened.

"Good heavens!" I heard him mutter, and I knew his mutter wasn't for me, but for the world at large, his universe of which Hollywood was the center. "An act like

that wasted! That couple and Cassidy's play—the hit of the century! Tully, where're you going?"

I had found an opening in the throng that hedged us in, was edging my way out of the crowd. I was in no mood for dancing, nor for century finds, just then. Sorrow

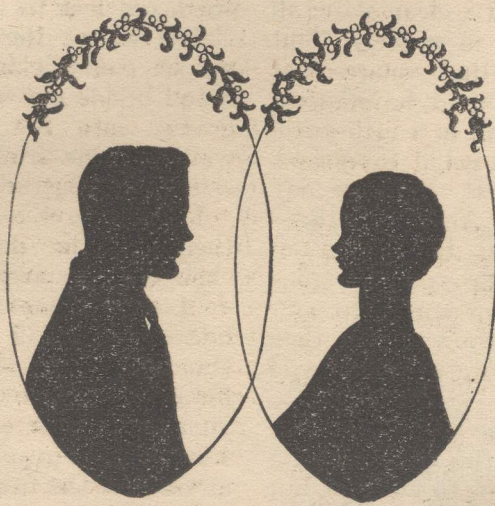
for granny's death was too heavy on me, and I'd left Timmy at the hotel in the care of a little Indian girl Father Ambrose had sent me, and was worried. And besides, there was my packing to do.

The last I saw of Eric, his eyes were glued on Trini, excitement flushing his face.

At the hotel there was a note from Ted, just a line, hastily written:

DARLING: Pack as quickly as you can. There's a train leaving about midnight. I think we'll be able to take it. I'll come to you as soon as I get back. Your TED.

My Ted! I kissed the words. And, in the quiet of my room at last, Timmy and his little nurse happy in the sunny patio below, I found granny's Bible, and opening it, there was the check, fifteen hundred dol-





lars, payable to granny and indorsed to me, and beneath it, as I lifted it out from the yellowed pages, I saw the words: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." And kneeling beside granny's empty bed, with my cheek against her pillow and Ted's note clutched in my hand, peace came to me. The first peace, it seemed to me, that I had ever really known.

I was to remember that before the next day came, and wonder dumbly that I had thought to find peace in a world where peace could never be again.

For, not half an hour after Timmy was safely in bed, in the adjoining room that I had used the night before, Trini, the gypsy girl, came to find me.

Night falls so suddenly in those hot Southern lands. Heat and sun, then darkness, like a soft gray curtain, hiding the sky. Busily lost in the tasks of my packing, I hadn't realized how late it had grown, nor how dark, until, coming in from Timmy's room, I lighted the old-fashioned swinging lamp, and found Trini standing, silent as a ghost, materializing like one from the shadows that held her. A black-haired, defiant ghost with red lips and sullen, burning eyes.

I caught at my throat. It felt tight and stiff. That feeling of danger that had chilled me in the gypsy hollow was on me once more.

It was Trini who broke the stillness that held us.

"You go." The words were not a question, but a statement, and a dark finger pointed at my bags. "You and the Señor Juan. Trini knows. Last night on the balcony outside your room, I saw you and him"—she spat the word in a jeal-

ous fury—"him whom I hate! Hour by hour I stand in the shadows below and watch you there together weeth the darkness all about you, and only the moon to see. And I think I keel myself! I theenk I keel you, too! That I came up these stairs as he did, and find you there keeing each other, and keel you both. But I am afraid. I am the coward. I theenk——"

She shrugged her shoulders, and her voice was mocking, bitter.

"Bah! I theenk eet ees good to live, to dance in the sun. I weel geeve her this one night, this white-faced fool! One night out of the nights that are mine. For the Señor Juan—he ees my man! We marry, as the gypsies marry. Two—three—four months ago. We keep eet secret. For me, I am promise to Gavino and I am afraid. But now eet ees different now. He ees mine. You shall not have heem! I have come to tell you so."

I was conscious vaguely of a noise on the balcony outside the window, but it would have taken a hurricane just then to have drawn my eyes from the sneering, boasting face of the girl before me. "You lie," I said slowly. "You lie, Trini. Juan is not yours. He is mine. He isn't even Juan—he is Ted—and he loves me. You are jealous and vicious and terrible. And I won't let you scare me. Ted and I are being married this very night, and we're going away, where we'll never see this place again nor you. Never!"

The girl's face was a small, twisting mask—spite, jealousy, hate, fear. "Thief," she cried, "stealing my man! Taking him from me! I weel keel myself! I swear eet. I weel keel myself and the child, his child. Thief—murderer!"

There was a noise at the window now, and a man's face—Gavino's—





staring ghost-white between the shutters.

I saw, but in a stupor that paid no heed. I couldn't see anything really but the girl before me; could hear nothing but the wail of her voice, which all at once had ceased to be Trini's.

It was Julie Reischman who was talking to me through Trini's twisting lips, her voice drifting back to me from some dreadful shadow land to threaten and accuse.

"Love thief—vampire girl—murderess."

As though walking in my sleep, I





*I found an opening in the throng that hedged us in and edged my way out of the crowd. I was in no mood for dancing just then.*



moved across the room and opened the door.

"You needn't worry," I said. "He's yours." And slamming it behind her, turned to my packing. I felt numb all over. Cold as ice.

I had just finished the last bag, and strapped it together, when I heard Ted's footsteps on the stairs, his knock on the door. His voice, low, love-filled:

"Tully—Tully darling!"

Oh, I couldn't face him. I wasn't ready. I must have time, just a little time to think.

Then all at once, there was no need to think, and as for my mind, there was no mind left, just a swirling pool of anger and hurt and shame. For Eric was at the door, too. He and Ted were talking to each other.

"Just the fellow I wanted to see, Cassidy! Want to apologize for making a fool of myself the other night. Tully told me to-day how things stood. Hear you are marrying to-night. Congratulations. No use pulling a long face over something I can't help. And when you get to Hollywood, how about giving me a look-see at that play of yours again? Got some ideas I'd like to talk over with you. I——"

I yanked the door wide. Stood for an instant in the opening, scornful, white-faced, hating.

No other woman, he had sworn to me. No other ties! Nothing but a wife and an unborn child, that was all. Ted had lied to me. Deceived me. He had asked for it—all right, he was going to get it. I wouldn't spare him, now.

My eyes held his for an instant—cool eyes that never swerved nor faltered. They swept him with one long, quick glance, from head to foot, then came back to Eric and

smiled. "Taking things a little for granted, aren't you, darling?" I laughed. "You see, I've changed my mind—a woman's privilege. We aren't being married, Mr. Cassidy and I. We were married once before and it didn't stick. I don't believe I want to try it again. It's a risky business making shadows come to life, particularly when they are shadows of a forgotten love. Go back to your gypsies, Ted. That seems to be where you belong. And you can't go too quickly to suit me, nor stay too long." And pulling Eric inside the room, I slammed the door on Ted's gray, blood-drained face.

And then we were alone, Eric and I, facing each other, and Eric was staring at me, embarrassed, stunned, his words a foolish stutter.

"Great Scott, Tully! You're crazy! What's that poor guy done to get a wallop like that? He's your baby's father, isn't he? And didn't you see his eyes? He loves you. And you love him. You don't want to marry me any more than—than I——"

"Than you want me to," I finished for him, my lips bitter. "And you needn't look so scared. I'm not going to. That was for Ted's benefit, that's all. I've money enough to get me back to Hollywood, and after things are settled there—Well, there are other places in the world. Other things I can do, but act in the movies. And if you want to know the whys and the wherefores, I'll tell you." And I did. Everything Trini had said to me, even about the baby.

Almost before I'd finished, Eric was making for the door. "And you call yourself wise, swallowing a lot of hooey like that! How about that cousin of yours? It would seem to me, knowing her would have put





"Taking things a little for granted, aren't you, darling?" I mocked Ted. "You see, I've changed my mind—we aren't going to be married, after all. Go back to your gypsies. That seems to be where you belong. And you can't go too quickly to suit me, nor stay too long."



you wise to this! It's the same technique and the same motive behind it. Snap out of it! Pull yourself together. I'm going to find that Ted of yours, and bring him back. What an act she must have put on, the little devil!" He chuckled in grim appreciation. "A natural, that's what she is. Stay put for a while, will you? I'll be back."

Stay put? Almost I laughed. I couldn't have done anything else if I'd died for it. My knees were like water, and I hadn't any heart at all—just an empty, aching hole where it should have been.

I couldn't even cry. All I could do was to lie, a crumpled, forlorn heap, across the bed, my face buried in my arms, while the lamp flickered and wavered and burned high in the smoke-blackened chimney that held it.

I don't know how long I had lain there, when Eric found me. I know it was still dark outside the window, but as he burst through my door, barely waiting to knock, I had heard the faint tolling of the mission bells, and from the courtyard, the shrill crowing of a cock.

He had hardly waited to knock, and his eyes were blazing with excitement. "Brace yourself, Tully!" he warned. "Hold yourself, kid. Things have been happening—and they still are. Look!"

And, with his arm around me, drawing me erect and holding me there, he nodded toward the door.

Such a sight! I couldn't believe it at first. I thought: "I've been asleep, I'm dreaming." I rubbed with frantic fingers at my eyes. Like a scene torn from a comic opera, was the draggled procession that was streaming through my door. A tawdry, poor comic opera, with Trini as a sullen, frightened heroine, her gay skirts tattered, dirt

and tears streaking her cheeks. With Gavino, a black-browed hero, swaggering bravado hiding his scared boy's eyes, and with old Margarita, as sinister, wrinkled and old as one of *Macbeth's* witches, bringing up the rear, the lash of her nagging driving them on.

"Fool! Evil one! She-devil of a Trini!" she scolded. "There she is, the señorita. Tell her! Tell her, I say, what your so wicked lies have made to happen! Tell her what he does because of them, this boy Gavino, to the poor Señor Juan, who lies so near death."

I pulled myself clear of Eric's arm. "Eric, what is she talking about, what does she mean? Where's Ted? What's happened to him?"

Eric tried to make his words casual, but in spite of himself his voice shook.

"There now, don't get all steamed up. Honest, I don't know—honest, Tully. All I know is that I've been hunting Ted everywhere and about half an hour ago, outside of town, I met this procession coming in. They wanted you and I brought them here. Near as I can make out, Gavino was listening in when that girl Trini sprung her yarn on you a little while ago, and went crazy. He laid for Cassidy."

But he was talking to the air as far as I was concerned. I had Trini now, and was beating at her with my clenched fists; shrilling at her in a desperation of fear.

"You're bad, bad, bad! You ought to be whipped! Where is he? What's happened to him—to my Ted? If you've hurt him——"

Gavino tore her loose. He said blackly: "Eef she ees bad, I weel punish her, not you. And eet was I who hurt the señor, not Trini. I strike heem weeth my knife—so." And dark fingers flashed a quick



and horrible gesture across a dark young throat. "I try to keel heem. And I try to keel Trini here, but she tell me the truth. That she lie to you about being Juan's wife, to make you go away. That she lie to you about child—a black, sinful lie. That the Señor Juan refuse always her love; even a kees he weel not geeve her. That she ees mad and weesh to do heem the harm. And she say, too, that she ees sorry, for she love only me, Gavino. I shall beat her good and we weel marry, and she weel live een my tent and cook my meals, and bear my sons. We understand each other, my Trini and I.

"Tell her eet ees true what I say, Trini. Tell the señorita as you promise." And to Margarita, chattering behind his back: "Be still, dame! No one said the Señor Juan was dead, did they? The señorita will find out all such things at the mission where he lies. We are waiting, Trini, for the truth of your so wicked falsehoods."

There was a moment's silence.

But I wasn't waiting. I was grabbing for a comb, smothering foolishly at my hair, shoving at Gavino and Trini. Pushing them before me, and Margarita with them, out of the room.

"Go away!" I cried wildly. "Don't let me see you again. Get out of my sight—I'm going to Ted. Go—begone, all of you!"

The mission lay just outside the town. I think Eric went with me—at least as far as the door. But I really don't remember. I don't remember much of anything, but Father Ambrose's pale face looking grayly at me through the morning mists; and how he led me down a dark, narrow corridor to a tiny cell-like room, where Ted was lying, his face, in the light of a guttering can-

dle, as white as the pillows that framed it.

That white, still face and Father Ambrose's voice sounding far away and dim above the *thump-thump* of my pounding heart.

"He weel live, señorita. He weel live. But you must be calm—very calm. You must not excite. Kneel beside him, daughter. Take his hand. Eet ees his weesh that I marry you. I was going for you but now when you came. I have give him my promise that I weel make you man and wife. Here, before God, in His house." He said the words of his church over us, chanting them softly, and when he had finished, blessing us, and making the sign of the cross above our heads.

I never left Ted's side again. One week—two—three? What did I know about weeks then, or care? Father Ambrose sent for Timmy and his nurse and brought them, too. And when a few days had passed, Eric came to say good-by. He was going back to Hollywood, and taking Trini and Gavino with him. "If I ever live to reach there," he said a little sheepishly, "with those two fighting, clawing, loving demons in tow! But if I do, Cassidy, and you'll give me another chance at that play of yours, our fortune's made." While Teddy, too weak to smile, took the friendship Eric offered, and gave it back, as men do, with a long look from steady eyes.

And, as the long days passed and grew into weeks, miracles happened within those old moss-covered walls. Strange, breath-taking, unbelievable miracles.

There was healing in Father Ambrose's strong but gentle fingers, a magic of healing that was known for miles around. As Ted grew better and with every day stronger, needed



him less, he spent more and more of his time with Timmy. Went over the little body, inch by inch, tender fingers gently exploring, wise eyes peering—peering.

It was a month after Ted's injury that Timmy took his first timid, feeble step.

Ted was sitting up then, a chair in the sun-splashed mission garden, with me, never far from him at any time, on the grass at his side, my head against his knees.

He brought Timmy to us there, Father Ambrose, and said: "A surprise, my children—see!"



*I never left Ted's side again. One week—two—three. What did I know about weeks, or care? All that mattered was that the man I loved would live.*



Such a little step, such a faltering, frightened, wavering one, but the march of a million armies across a million fields couldn't have raised a louder echo in two happy, grateful hearts. So loud that I think, perhaps, granny heard it, too, up there where her moon ship was sailing its peaceful way through peaceful, untroubled skies.

"A bone twisted, out of place," the old man said. "I work eet back, that ees all. And bind eet to keep eet there. But the leetle legs they are weak—a long time—patience. But, in the end——"

Then, when we tried to thank him: "No, no! Not me! Who am I that you should thank me, my children? Thank the Master—not me."

And raising Timmy, proud now and laughing in shrill triumph, high in his arms, he carried him back into the mission, while, with a sob, Ted leaned down and drew me close into his arms.

The shadows lengthened. The afternoon hours were long and still, and the sun dropping low in the west brought the evening wind singing through the trees, heavy with the magic of perfumed dreams.

Father Ambrose, coming to help Ted in, stood for an instant watching us, before turning, in Ted's arms, I saw him there, and smiled.

"Love," he whispered, "and youth!" and crossed himself, his answering smile making of his pale face a glory in the golden gloom.

THE END.



### MAY IS A BRIDE

MAY is a bride; her flowers are chaste and cool.  
Those pale-green balls that whiten after rain  
Bring back the snow. The iris is a pool,  
Or heaven-beckoning stream where ice has lain.

Leading her forth, May's name child hides her head  
Under a green umbrella, while great sprays  
Of bridal-wreath burst like a song, and shed  
White radiance along triumphal ways.

MAUDE BARNES MILLER.





# Good-by Kiss

By Kenneth Pearce

**T**HEY were sitting very close together in the glider on the dark porch. A high moon touched the fir trees in the garden with silver. They had sat many times thus. Not speaking. He with his arm

around her slim waist. She with her golden head nestling against his broad shoulder.

"Anne"—his voice was very low and husky—"Anne, there's something I've got to tell you." He



stopped, as if unable to say what he had to say.

"Yes?" She was looking up at him now, adoration filling her eyes.

He suddenly caught her closer to him. "You know I love you, my little Anne. I've never loved any other girl. Never will. But Anne——" His voice broke, but he kept on: "I'm going to be married to-morrow morning, Anne. To a girl you've never met."

The little figure beside him stiffened. Took a quick, gasping breath. Anne's lovely body shuddered. Things seemed to be whirling around her. His words—she couldn't seem to make them mean anything.

"Married—to-morrow!" She spoke the two words slowly, in a dazed voice, as if they were words she had never heard before and was trying to learn their meaning.

"It's awful!" he groaned. "But I can't help it."

Suddenly she jumped to her feet. Walked to the edge of the veranda and stood leaning against a post. So he didn't love her, after all. After all his constant protestations of his feelings for her. After the number of times he'd held her in his arms. The number of times he'd kissed her. It all meant nothing—nothing!

He was standing beside her now. "Anne——"

She put her shoulder back. Looked bravely up into his face.

"I hope you love her, Rod." In her voice there was no hint of the emotions which were churning within her.

"I don't love her. I already told you——"

Her bitter laugh cut him short. "Then why are you marrying her?"

He caught her arm. "I can't explain, Anne. Don't you see? It's something over which I have no control. I'm helpless." He stopped

and looked down at her hopelessly. His eyes were bleak.

"I understand." She didn't understand. All she knew was that he didn't really love her. He couldn't. Perhaps he had once. But this girl he was going to marry—somehow, she'd won him away.

Anne wanted to throw herself down somewhere and cry wildly. But she wouldn't cry in front of him. She wouldn't let him see that he'd taken her heart and twisted it out of all recognizable shape, and then calmly handed it back to her. She would like him to believe that her heart was still whole.

Clenching her hands tightly, she took a deep breath to steady herself.

And then she said, her voice low: "I'd like to come to the wedding, Rod. Do you mind?"

His face lighted up. She could see it even in the dim glow from the moon. "Gee, Anne, that's swell of you." He reached out and caught her hands. "I'd feel better if you were there. I'd feel you understood!"

She looked away, across the garden to the fir trees down by the brook. What was there to understand?

"I must go." He was speaking again. "Anne, will you give me one last kiss?"

Her impulse was to flare up at him. But, no—he'd know then. And she didn't want him to know what this quarter hour had meant to her.

So she lifted her face to his coolly. "All right, Rod. A good-by kiss."

She'd made up her mind that his kiss would mean nothing to her. Made up her mind to be cool and unaffected. Then he would see that it wasn't such a blow to her.

He caught her in his arms; his lips were on hers. At first her lips



were cold and unresponsive. But in his arms, with the mouth she adored so on hers, her will power broke and was swept away. Her arms tightened about his neck. Her lips responded to his. Told him only too plainly what he meant to her.

A good-by kiss. A kiss that was ending her life. It was the sort of kiss that should have been the beginning of everything, not the end of everything.

He let her go at last. For a moment he stood holding her arms. Then he said, his voice very gruff: "To-morrow, at our house. At eleven."

He turned, and, without a single added word, strode across the porch, down the steps to his car.

Anne stood there, not seeing. She heard the starter. Heard the engine. And finally listened to the car drive away. Through a haze of tears, she watched its headlights reflecting against the trees down the road. Then, at last, there was nothing but the moon once more and silence.

With a cry of utter heartbreak she flung herself down on the glider and burst into the tears which she had so long and so bravely withheld.

It required iron nerve for her to go to the wedding the next morning. But she made herself do it. And she went with head high and a smile on her lovely lips. Her cornflower organdie dress with its white collar and frilly cuffs made her look adorably sweet.

There was a hush as she came into Rod's house. His mother received her. Kindly, gently. There were introductions here and there. And everybody there looked at her with glances that held curiosity or pity, or both.

But Anne showed no sign. Even when Rod and the girl of his heart

stood before the minister and the ceremony which was to take him away from Anne forever was begun.

As she watched them however, Rod and the dark-haired, slim girl with the minister and a charming bower of flowers in front of them, she felt as if she were going to faint.

There was a ringing in her ears. And black spots danced before her eyes.

"—promise to love and honor this man——" The voice of the minister droned on. Somewhere in the house a telephone was ringing. It struck a discordant note. Then suddenly it stopped, and the quiet hush of a solemn service once more filled the room.

"—why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony let him speak now or forever hold his peace——"

At that very moment a trim maid came into the room. Her face was pale. She looked agitated. As she walked directly toward Rod and his bride and the minister, everybody started.

The maid stopped beside the minister. He looked up at her, his voice broke off. She whispered something to him. His bushy eyebrows went up. He nodded. Whispered something to the bride and to Rod. Then the three of them, their heads down self-consciously and their cheeks pink with embarrassment, walked from the room followed by the maid.

The guests stood in an amazed silence. Looked from one to the other. Shook their heads. Frowned wonderingly. A few minutes later the minister returned, alone.

He looked around at the guests and said slowly:

"I am sorry, but this wedding will not take place."

The tension was broken then. Immediately, now that the service



which had never been finished, was over, everybody began to talk at once. The people began to mill around, every one asking his neighbor the same question. The question to which no one seemed to know the answer.

Anne edged her way to the door. She wanted to get away. She had seen enough. Whatever had happened to postpone the wedding, she knew that Rod loved this dark-haired girl.

Just as she reached the front door of the old house, a voice said, "Anne!" She turned, to find Rod standing before her. He reached out and caught her arm. "Come in here," he said softly, and drew her into a small room lined with books, off the entrance hall.

His eyes were bright and he was smiling. "I'm free, Anne!" he cried gleefully. "Free—to ask you to marry me."

Anne stared up at the man she loved and shook her head slowly. Events had happened so swiftly and so surprisingly that her mind couldn't really grasp the significance of his words. And all sorts of questions and doubts filled her brain.

He caught her hands. "I never loved that girl, Anne. I was marrying her for my brother's sake. He had promised to marry her—to-day. He had to go to Chicago on business. While there he met with a motor accident and was taken to the hospital. We didn't know that. All we knew was that a wire came from him two days ago saying he couldn't go through with the marriage."

He was looking at her very gravely now. "To save his bride-to-be's pride, her father begged me to marry her."

So he didn't love that other girl, after all? The realization of it all was at last taking hold of Anne. A surge of happiness was going through her.

"It was my brother who was instrumental in interrupting the ceremony just now," Rod went on. "He realized, on account of the wire I sent him after getting his, what had happened. While unconscious, he had been raving. An unscrupulous nurse who'd fallen madly in love with him, and determined to try to win him, sent the telegram. He knew nothing of it. He's on his way home now, to marry the girl who almost became my bride to-day." He smiled slowly. "She's a nice person——" He broke off and added happily, "But, oh, Anne, thank heavens, I didn't have to go through with it. My heart was breaking every minute——"

Her eyes were starry as she looked up at him now. She said in a husky, sweet voice:

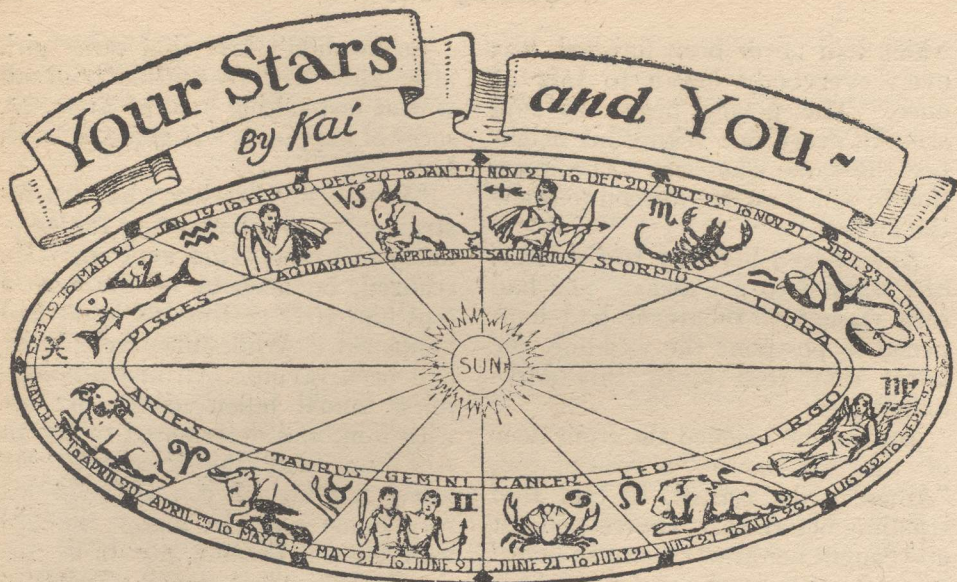
"Mine was, too, Rod. I only came because I wanted to show you that I could watch you marry another girl without its affecting me. But, oh, Rod. I was dying—dying——"

He caught her in his arms now. Put his cheek to hers. "Anne, the guests have all gone. But the minister is still here. How about a quiet wedding, Anne, now?" He was smiling down at her with boyish enthusiasm. "I can't wait to call you my very own, Anne."

She caressed his cheek with her soft lips. "I always was—I always will be," she said softly. His arms caught her even closer. His lips came down on hers in a kiss that swept all doubt from her mind that he had ever stopped loving her.







### YOUR WEEK

This is another week in which the major influences are not many. Business matters will show increased activity, and business benefits should come to you. Some matters that may have been hanging fire for a long time, will be quickly and successfully closed this week. Traveling in connection with business matters is apt to occur. Your social popularity will increase, if you give the matter serious thought and plan properly. Financial benefits are likely to be received, some of them as a result of your mental alertness. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. The mental will be stressed this week more than the physical, and so far as the major influences are concerned, you should be able to advance your interests generally, to a considerable degree. If domestic differences have got into court and a reconciliation is desired, this will be a good time to effect it. Hot-headedness will be tempered by serious thinking this week.

### DAY BY DAY

Hours mentioned are Eastern standard time. If not using that time, make correction to the time you are using.

Saturday  
May  
8th.

h

During the early-morning hours, avoid the transaction of unnecessary business, especially that which has to be done in a hurry. Financial benefits may be received. Between 8:00 a. m. and 9:30

Sunday,  
May  
9th



a. m., financial benefits may be received and love interests can be advanced. It is a good time to plan social events. The later morning hours will be quiet. Between noon and 1:00 p. m., financial benefits may come to you through alert thinking. You may be benefited in some way connected with personal property. The later afternoon hours will be quiet. Between 8:30 p. m. and 10:00 p. m., mark time in business and occupational matters. Avoid extravagance in money matters. Curtail social activities. Avoid unnecessary transactions involving real estate. Between 10:00 p. m. and midnight, the unexpected will happen in money matters.

During the early-morning hours, mark time in employment matters and be conservative of your money. Some financial benefits may be received from sources other than from your employment. The later morning hours will be quiet, as also will be the early-afternoon hours. Between 3:00 p. m. and 4:30 p. m., financial benefits will be received. Love interests can be advanced. Between



Monday,  
May  
10th

♂

5:00 p. m. and 6:30 p. m., the unexpected will happen in money matters, probably with mixed results. Between 7:30 p. m. and 9:00 p. m., you will be mentally alert in money matters and may be able to add to your income by clear thinking. Between 9:00 p. m. and 10:00 p. m., business benefits may come to you. A beneficial journey may be taken, either by yourself or by some one to your advantage. It is an excellent time to settle lawsuits that were started in anger and afterward regretted.

During the early-morning hours, employment and financial benefits may be received; but your judgment will be poor in money matters and if not careful, you will do something that may prove a burden in a financial way. Postpone, if possible, any matters involving expenditure of money, until later. Between 8:00 a. m. and 9:30 a. m., financial benefits may be received, possibly from more than one source. Love and marriage interests may be advanced thereby. You can also advance love and marriage interests by clear thinking. It is an excellent time to plan social activities. Between 9:30 a. m. and 11:00 a. m., you may be able to advance your financial interests by clear thinking. The early-afternoon hours will be quiet. Between 5:00 p. m. and 6:30 p. m., avoid extravagance in money matters. Do not travel unnecessarily. Restrain sudden impulses to do things that will cost you money. Some financial benefits may be received and your occupational and business interests may be advanced. Between 7:00 p. m. and 9:30 p. m., business, occupational, and financial benefits may be received. You will be mentally alert in money matters. Love, marriage, and social interests can be advanced.

Tuesday,  
May  
11th

♂

Taking it as a whole, the day will be a very successful one financially, if you take advantage of your opportunities and be thoughtful of your expenditures before you make them.

During the early-morning hours, avoid unnecessary traveling. Sudden decisions made at this time are apt to be the wrong ones, so think things over. Financial and business benefits may come to you by careful thinking. Between 7:30 a. m. and 9:00 a. m., avoid writing love letters, and be careful not to quarrel with relatives over love affairs. Mark time in love matters. The later morning hours and the early-afternoon hours will be quiet. Between 4:30 p. m. and 6:00 p. m., unexpected financial benefits may be received and a sudden, pleasant journey may be taken. Near relatives will do you favors. Between 7:30 p. m. and 9:00 p. m., avoid unnecessary business dealings with near relatives. Curtail social activities. Be conservative of your money.

Wednesday,  
May  
12th

♀

During the early-morning hours, mark time in employment matters. Avoid misunderstandings with near relatives. Financial benefits may be received. Between 7:30 a. m. and 9:00 a. m. will be a good time to write letters in regard to money matters. It will also be a good time to deal with near relatives concerning money matters. Love interests can be advanced. Social activities can be planned to advantage. Between 10:30 a. m. and noon, financial benefits may be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. It is an excellent time to deal with near relatives. The early-afternoon hours will be quiet. Between 4:30 p. m. and 6:00 p. m., the unexpected will happen in money matters, probably to your detriment. It is not a



good time to deal with near relatives. Avoid sudden journeys, if possible. The evening hours will be quiet.

Thursday,  
May  
13th

♂

During the early-morning hours, mark time in home affairs and avoid misunderstandings. Watch your speech carefully. Do not become sarcastic. Between 7:00 a. m. and 8:30 a. m., your judgment will be poor in money matters. It is not a good time to discuss family finances. Be careful what you write and sign. Watch your speech carefully. The later morning hours will be somewhat quiet. Between 12:30 p. m. and 2:00 p. m., avoid extravagance in money matters. Mark time in love, marriage, and home affairs. Curtail social activities. Between 4:30 p. m. and 5:45 p. m., business, occupational, and home benefits may be received, and social interests can be advanced. Between 5:45 p. m. and 7:00 p. m., unexpected financial benefits may be received. Home affairs may be benefited in an unexpected manner. It is not a good time to transact unnecessary business. Avoid unnecessary traveling. Curtail social activities. Keep your temper under control in home and business affairs. Do not be rushed into business deals. The evening hours will be quiet.

Friday,  
May  
14th

♀

During the early-morning hours, keep your temper under control in home affairs. Employment benefits may be received. You may have opportunity to increase your income or to cut down on expenses. Between 9:30 a. m. and 11:00 a. m., mark time in home and love affairs. It is not a good time to plan social activities. Between noon and 1:30 p. m., financial benefits and benefits connected with the home may come to you. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Between

4:00 p. m. and 5:00 p. m., love, marriage, and social interests can be advanced. Financial and home benefits may be received. The early-evening hours will be quiet. Between 10:00 p. m. and midnight, mark time in home affairs. Avoid extravagance in money matters. It is not a good time to unnecessarily transact business. Curtail social activities. Do not unnecessarily travel.

The influences affecting the particular zodiacal group to which you belong are given in the "Born Between—" section of this article, which you should also consult.



### IF YOU WERE BORN BETWEEN March 21st and April 20th (Aries ♈)

—Aries people born between March 21st and 26th will be stirred by emotions held under restraint this week. Business and travel benefits may be received, but there may be some delay incident thereto. Be careful to avoid falls and head injuries this week. Love interests may develop favorably, but obstacles may be raised. Best day for you this week is Tuesday, but be careful in courtship that day. Mark time on Thursday. If born between March 27th and 31st, matters will be about normal. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between April 1st and 5th, unexpected financial benefits may be received. Love interests will develop along unusual but pleasing lines. Avoid unconventionality. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between April 6th and 10th, financial benefits will be received. Be alert in employment matters. Love and marriage interests can be advanced, but do not become romantic. Best days for you this week are Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday. Mark time on Friday. If born between April 11th and 15th, financial benefits will be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday. Mark time on Friday. If born between April 16th and 20th, avoid the transaction of unnecessary business. Curtail social activities. Mark time in home affairs. Best day for you this week is Monday. Mark time on Friday.



## April 20th and May 21st

(Taurus ♉)

—Taureans born between April 20th and 26th should mark time in love and marriage matters this week. You will be inclined to extravagance. Minor financial benefits may be received. Avoid unnecessary traveling. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. If born between April 27th and May 1st, matters will be about normal. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. If born between May 2nd and 6th, the unexpected will happen in money matters. Unexpected developments may take place in love and marriage matters. Avoid unconventionality. Best day for you this week is Thursday. If born between May 7th and 11th, financial and employment benefits will be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. It may be a romantic week for you. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. If born between May 12th and 16th, financial benefits will be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. If born between May 17th and 21st, business, occupational, financial, and home benefits will be received. It will be an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday.

## May 21st and June 21st

(Gemini ♊)

—Geminians born between May 21st and 26th should avoid unnecessary traveling this week. Curtail social activities. Be careful around fire and sharp instruments. Also be careful around too energetic lovers. Keep control of your temper. It is not a good time to act on impulse in business and other matters. Some benefits may be received that have been long delayed. Best day for you this week is Sunday. If born between May 27th and 31st, matters will be about normal. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. If born between June 1st and 6th, unexpected financial benefits will come to you. Near relatives will do you favors. Love affairs will develop along unusual lines. Avoid unconventionality. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. If born between June 7th and 11th, financial benefits will be received. Mark time in employment matters. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. If born between June 12th and 16th, financial benefits will be received. Near

relatives will do you favors. A short journey may be taken with beneficial results. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. If born between June 17th and 21st, minor business and home benefits may be received. Social interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday.

## June 21st and July 23rd

(Cancer ♋)

—Cancerians born between June 21st and 27th should mark time in home affairs this week. Avoid misunderstandings. Be careful in courtship. Avoid unnecessary traveling. Best day for you this week is Sunday. If born between June 28th and July 2nd, matters will be about normal. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. If born between July 3rd and 7th, unexpected financial and home benefits will come to you. Love interests will develop along unusual but beneficial lines. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. If born between July 8th and 12th, financial and employment benefits will be received. You may be able to add to your income by alert thinking. Curtail pleasure-seeking and social activities. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Saturday. If born between July 13th and 18th, financial benefits will be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Saturday. If born between July 19th and 23rd, curtail social activities. It is not a good time to transact unnecessary business not of a routine nature. You will be inclined to extravagance in money matters. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Saturday.

## July 23rd and August 23rd

(Leo ♌)

—Leo natives born between July 23rd and 28th will find this an exceptional week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Your social popularity will increase. It should be a very pleasant week. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between July 29th and August 2nd, matters will be about normal. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between August 3rd and 7th, you will be put to unexpected financial expense. Curtail social activities as they will cost more than you may anticipate. It is not a good time to go pleasure-seeking. Unexpected



expense in connection with children may occur. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between August 8th and 13th, employment benefits may be received. Your judgment will be poor in money matters. Love interests can be advanced in some respects, but mark time in such matters as do not go smoothly. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time on Monday. If born between August 14th and 18th, be conservative of your finances. Your judgment will be poor in money matters. Curtail social activities. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time on Monday. If born between August 19th and 23rd, business and occupational benefits may be received. Home affairs will be benefited. Love and social interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time on Monday.

#### August 23rd and September 23rd (Virgo ♍)

—Virgo natives born between August 23rd and 28th should mark time in business and employment matters this week. Avoid unnecessary traveling. Curtail social activities. Be careful around fire and sharp instruments. Also be careful in courtship. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between August 29th and September 2nd, matters will be about normal. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between September 3rd and 7th, unexpected financial and employment benefits will come to you. Love and marriage matters will develop in an unusual but pleasant manner. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between September 8th and 13th, financial and employment benefits will be received. You may be able to add to your income by clear thinking. Love interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. If born between September 14th and 18th, financial and employment benefits will be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Your social popularity will increase. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between September 19th and 23rd, business and employment benefits will be received. More harmony will prevail in home affairs. You will find it an excellent week in which to advance love, marriage, and social interests. Best

days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday.

#### September 23rd and October 23rd (Libra ♎)

—Librans born between September 23rd and 28th should be careful to avoid falls and head injuries this week. Some advancement in love and marriage matters may take place, but there may be delay in some respects. Business benefits may be received. A beneficial journey may be taken. You will be more popular socially than usual but may have your social activities curtailed in some manner. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between September 29th and October 3rd, matters will be about normal. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between October 4th and 8th, the unexpected will happen in money matters, probably with mixed results. Sudden marriages at this time are apt to prove disappointing. Avoid unconventionality. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between October 9th and 13th, financial and employment benefits may be received. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time on Saturday and Friday. If born between October 14th and 18th, financial benefits will be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time on Saturday and Friday. If born between October 19th and 23rd, avoid extravagance in money matters. Curtail social activities; they will prove more expensive than usual. Postpone to a later date, if possible, the spending of money in connection with marriage and home affairs, as you will probably spend more at this time than necessary. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time on Saturday and Friday.

#### October 23rd and November 22nd (Scorpio ♏)

—Scorpio people born between October 23rd and 28th should mark time in love affairs. Social interests can be advanced. Minor business benefits may come to you. A journey may be taken. Best day for you this week is Thursday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between October 29th and November 2nd, matters will be about normal. Best day for you this week is Thursday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between November 3rd and 7th, you will be



put to unexpected financial expense. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Avoid unconventionality. Best day for you this week is Thursday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between November 8th and 12th, employment benefits may be received. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Be conservative of your money. Your judgment will be poor in money matters. Best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time on Monday. If born between November 13th and 17th, your judgment will be poor in money matters. Mark time in love and courtship. Best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time on Monday. If born between November 18th and 22nd, you will find it an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Business, occupational, and home benefits will be received. Your social popularity will increase. Best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time on Monday.

#### November 22nd and December 22nd (Sagittarius ♐)

—Sagittarians born between November 22nd and 27th will receive business benefits this week. Be careful around fire and sharp instruments. Love interests can be advanced, but be careful in courtship. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between November 28th and December 2nd, matters will be about normal. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between December 3rd and 7th, the unexpected will happen in money matters. Love affairs may develop surprises. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between December 8th and 12th, mark time in employment matters. Minor financial benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced, but do not become romantic. Best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between December 13th and 17th, financial and business benefits will be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between December 18th and 22nd, business and occupational benefits may be received. Social interests can be advanced. A pleasant journey may be taken. Best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time on Wednesday.

#### December 22nd and January 20th (Capricorn ♑)

—Capricornians born between December 22nd and 26th may receive minor financial and business benefits this week. Some delay may occur, however, in business transactions. Love matters will be under mixed

influences. Some love benefits may be received, but mark time in such matters as do not go smoothly. Be careful to avoid falls and possible head injuries. Watch your speech carefully and do not become sarcastic. Best day for you this week is Sunday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between December 27th and 31st, matters will be about normal. Best day for you this week is Sunday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between January 1st and 5th, unexpected financial and occupational benefits may be received. Love affairs may develop in a surprising but pleasant manner. Best day for you this week is Sunday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between January 6th and 10th, business, employment, and financial benefits will be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced, but keep your head cool and your emotions under control. Best day for you this week is Monday. Mark time on Saturday and Friday. If born between January 11th and 15th, financial and business benefits will be received. You will be mentally alert in money matters and may be able to add to your income by clear thinking. Best day for you this week is Monday. Mark time on Saturday and Friday. If born between January 16th and 20th, business and occupational benefits will be received. You will find it an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Be careful that you do not have misunderstandings in home affairs. Best day for you this week is Monday. Mark time on Saturday and Friday.

#### January 20th and February 19th (Aquarius ♒)

—Aquarians born between January 20th and 25th will receive business benefits this week. You will find it an excellent time in which to advance love and marriage interests. Friends will do you favors. Plans that have been long in maturing may be carried out at this time. Your social popularity will increase. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between January 26th and 30th, matters will be about normal. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between January 31st and February 4th, you may be put to unexpected financial expense. People will borrow from you; friends will ask favors. Curtail social activities. Avoid unconventionality. The unexpected may happen in love and marriage matters, probably to your annoyance. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born



between February 5th and 9th, be conservative in money matters. Curtail social activities. Keep alert in the discharge of your employment duties. Some advancement can be made in love affairs, but mark time in such matters as do not go smoothly. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time on Monday. If born between February 10th and 14th, your judgment will be poor in money matters. Conserve your finances. People will ask to borrow from you. Friends will ask you to do them favors. Watch your speech carefully and avoid misunderstandings with friends. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time on Monday. If born between February 15th and 19th, business, financial, and occupational benefits will be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time on Monday.

#### February 19th and March 21st

(Pisces ♋)

—Pisceans born between February 19th and 24th should mark time in love and courtship this week. Environmental benefits may come to you as a result of serious thought on your part. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between February 25th and March 1st, matters will be about normal. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between March 2nd and 6th, unexpected financial benefits will be received. A sudden, beneficial change in environmental conditions may occur. Love and marriage matters will develop along surprising but pleasant lines. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between March 7th and 11th, mark time in employment matters. Financial benefits may be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between March 12th and 16th, your judgment will be good in money matters. Financial benefits will be received. Environmental conditions will become more satisfactory if they have not been heretofore to your liking. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between March 17th and 21st, business, occupational, financial, environmental, and home benefits may be received. It will be an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Best days for

you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday.

Note for "Born Between—" readers: The week referred to begins with Saturday, May 8th, and ends with Friday, May 14th. Compare with information given in "Your Week" and "Day by Day" to see what the general influences are.



#### MORE ABOUT TAURUS PEOPLE

To ascertain in detail the events that may happen to a person during his lifetime, it is necessary to make rather abstruse mathematical calculations based upon his birth data. However, in a general way, groups of people are affected by the positions of certain planets at a given time. Each individual of the group will respond to the influence of such planets according to the planetary influences particularly operating in his own horoscope, the race to which he belongs, his inherited characteristics, his training, and his environment. Keeping this in mind, Taurus natives will be affected, beneficially or otherwise, during the twelve months ensuing from April 20, 1937, by the positions of certain planets, in the following manner:

If you were born between April 20th and 26th, during the months from May to October, 1937, the last part of January, and all of February, 1938, financial benefits, largely from steady application to work, will come to you. Benefits connected with real estate may be received. You will be serious-minded and can plan your affairs over a considerable period of time. During the first part of May and the middle portion of August, 1937, business or other necessary travel may put you to some expense. Some expense connected with business transactions may also come to you at this time. Social activities may prove expensive. Be careful in courtship around too energetic lovers. The first week in October, 1937, may especially benefit you in business, occupational, and financial matters. During all November, 1937, you may be inwardly uneasy in connection with heart interests. It will probably be nothing serious, though it may prove annoying. During the middle portion of November, 1937, control your temper in money matters and in your association and dealings with friends. During the latter part of December, 1937, and the first part of January, 1938, friends may ask favors of you. People will try to borrow money and things



from you. Curtail your social activities as you are apt to be extravagant in social matters. Conserve your money. The last part of December, 1937, may bring you environmental benefits. During the first week in February, 1938, you will be more than usually energetic and alert mentally. During the middle portion of March, 1938, be careful around fire and sharp instruments. Also be careful in love and courtship. Mark time in marriage matters. Avoid extravagance in money matters. Keep your temper under control. During the latter part of April, 1938, near relatives may do you favors.

If you were born between April 27th and May 1st, during the fore part of May and the last part of December, 1937, and during January and the fore part of February, 1938, the unexpected will happen in money matters. Love and marriage matters will develop along unusual and unexpected lines. Avoid unconventionality. During July, 1937, and during March and April, 1938, steady application to work may bring financial benefits. You may benefit in connection with real estate. You will plan seriously in important matters. During the last half of August, 1937, you may incur expense as a result of a business or other necessary journey. Business transactions may put you to some expense at this time. Curtail social activities. Be careful around too energetic lovers. During the fore part of October, 1937, business, occupational, and financial benefits may come to you. Love interests can be advanced, but be careful in courtship. During the latter part of November, 1937, and during January, 1938, you are apt to be extravagant. Conserve your finances. People will ask to borrow money and things from you. Social activities may prove expensive. During the latter part of November, 1937, control your temper, especially when around friends. Avoid misunderstandings with friends. During the last week in December, 1937, and the first week in January, 1938, you may receive environmental benefits. Incidental thereto, financial benefits may come to you, or you may have an opportunity to reduce expenses. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. During the first part of February, 1938, you will be active physically and alert mentally. Love interests can be advanced somewhat. Financial benefits may help you with your love and marriage plans. During the latter part of March, 1938, avoid extravagance in money matters. Be careful around too energetic lovers.

If you were born between May 2nd and 6th, during the months from May to December, 1937, and during February, March, and April, 1938, the unexpected will happen in money matters from time to time. Unusual developments will take place in love and marriage matters. Avoid unconventionality. During the last few days of August and the first week in September, 1937, you may be put to expense on account of a business trip or some other necessary journey. You may also be put to expense in connection with business transactions. Social activities will cost more than usual. Be careful in love and courtship, especially around too energetic lovers. During October, 1937, business, occupational, and financial benefits may be received. You can advance your love interests but be careful in courtship. During the last part of November, 1937, curtail social activities. Be careful that you do not have misunderstandings with friends. Mark time in love and courtship. Avoid extravagance. People will ask to borrow from you. Be careful around fire and sharp instruments. During the fore part of January, 1938, financial and environmental benefits may be received. Your social popularity will increase. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. During February, 1938, curtail social activities. Avoid extravagance in money matters. People will ask to borrow from you. During the middle portion of the month, financial benefits may come to you. During the last few days of March, and the first few days of April, 1938, avoid extravagance in money matters. Mark time in love, courtship, and marriage matters. Be careful around fire and sharp instruments. During the last part of April, 1938, business and financial benefits may be received, and you may benefit in some manner connected with real estate.

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★ THE STAR QUESTION BOX ★  
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*Kai does not send answers by mail*

B. V. P., female, born February 21, 1912, Hawaii: This date fell on Wednesday, not on Monday. I think I know what happened to you when you were eighteen; but worrying about it now will do no good and may do you much harm. Try not to think about it; and when you marry, do



not get some one of a jealous nature, who may throw it up to you. Marriage will come to you at sometime in your life. You will have an opportunity to marry at about the following times: May, June, September, October, November, and December, 1938. I was glad to get your letter, and I wish you the best of success and much happiness in your future life.

"Miss F. G. L.," born July 12, 1900, near midnight of 12th-13th, Florida: I have compared your horoscope with that of the man in whom you are interested. There are a few discords but many very fine harmonies, and I feel that you two would make a big mistake not to marry each other. If it does not occur to him to ask you, I suggest that you bring the matter to his attention. You cannot afford not to do something about it, with an opportunity to get a marriage partner as agreeable to you as this one in all likelihood will be.

H. B., widow, born June 28, 1897, between 11 a. m. and noon, British Columbia: You will have an opportunity to marry about September or October, 1937, that may give you a good chance for happiness. Unless you get a marriage partner with some strong harmonies in addition to physical congeniality, I am inclined to think that marriage will be pretty much of a gamble with you. You have a passionate heart and may let jealousy and differences over sex matters create trouble for you in married life.

A. M. P., female, born October 6, 1903, about 10:00 p. m., Indiana: You will have an excellent opportunity to marry happily about June, 1937, October, 1937, and July, 1938. I have compared your horoscope with that of the man in whom you are interested. There are quite a few bad discords and some very good harmonies. If you can close your eyes to the things you don't like, and let your mind dwell on the things that you do, you might find considerable happiness with this man; otherwise you may find marriage to him a disappointment. I doubt very much if you can ever forget him or that you love him, even if you don't marry him, so you might as well take him as he is and make the best of it.

Miss M. M., born March 20, 1915, between 3:30 a. m. and 4:00 a. m., Wisconsin: I think you are foolish wasting your time waiting for a married man in the hope

that sometime you can win him. You are narrowing your world and building an isolation wall around yourself that may leave you on the shelf when all your chances have gone by. You had better have a good talk with yourself. You have already wasted three years, hoping to get this man. Should you succeed in breaking up his home, what assurance will you have that he may not resent it, even though married to you? Should you suffer by comparison with the wife that you are now seeking to displace, he might not let you forget it. If he is interested enough in you to free himself without any persuasion on your part, he will put himself in a position to marry you; but after three years, it would seem that you are not that important to him. You did not send me his birth data, so I have no way of forming an opinion as to how you would agree or disagree, should you marry each other. I think you had better give some consideration to the numerous young men who are desirous of marrying you. From among them you may find a suitable husband whom you would love, if you would let your heart respond instead of preserving it in ice for a married man who may not want it.

Miss A. L. C., born March 6, 1911, "shortly after midnight," Italy: From time to time during the next three years, you will have opportunity to marry. With a little good judgment about your selection, you can probably effect a happy marriage during this period.

L. C. W., male, born August 21, 1887, 3:45 p. m.: I received your letter, giving planetary positions as worked out by yourself or by some one else, you did not state which. You gave Uranus as  $0^{\circ} 10'$  Libra. Evidently this is a mistake in transcription as the ephemeris for the date of your birth gives Uranus as  $10^{\circ} 10'$  Libra, mean noon at Greenwich. The position you give for Neptune is for August 28th to September 10, 1887, instead of for your birth date. You did not give me the latitude and longitude of your birth place, so I have not checked the accuracy of your figures in the case of the faster moving planets. You state that you are interested in the progressed horoscope. If you made the calculations yourself which you sent me, you may have a book on the progressed horoscope. If not, you should get one. You did not state what books, if any, you have, and I do not know the extent of your astrological knowledge, so I am at a loss



how to advise you. Should you write me again, please refer to file No. H-2187, and give me your full birth data.

M. G., female, born November 13, 1914, 12:10 a. m.: You will have opportunity to marry about May, June, and July, 1938, and about December, 1939.

B. A. E., female, born December 13, 1905, between 1:00 p. m. and 4:00 p. m., New Jersey: Opportunity to marry will come to you about the following times: August, 1938; December, 1938; August, 1940; December, 1940. If not married sooner, you will probably marry during 1940, or very early in 1941.

Miss CHERI, born February 27, 1917, about 9:30 p. m., Illinois: You will have opportunity to advance your marriage interests about the following times: December, 1937; January, 1938; February, March, April, May, and June, 1939; February, March, May, and June, 1940. You should have no difficulty in getting married satisfactorily at sometime during these periods.

Miss G. E. O., born February 18, 1918, 2:00 a. m., Indiana: This date fell on Monday, not on Tuesday. I am glad you got up courage enough to write me. You will be under influences conducive to marriage at about the following times: The latter part of May and first part of June, 1937, probably unsatisfactory; latter part of June and first part of July, 1938; latter part of October and first part of November, 1938, probably unsatisfactory; last half of June, 1939; latter part of October and first part of November, 1939; middle of June, 1940. You will probably marry at about one of these times.

G. M. C., born November 14, 1896, 1:00 a. m., Missouri: I presume you are a female. You did not state your sex, in writing me. If you are not a female, then the following will not apply. Opportunity to marry will come to you about October or November, 1937. If you do not avail yourself of it, you will probably marry about January or February, 1940, if you are unmarried when that time arrives.

Miss R. C. S., born February 7, 1917, 11:00 p. m., New York: You are under influences at the present time that may bring about marriage for you, but should you marry at this time, I am afraid it might prove unsatisfactory. About August, 1937, you may have an opportunity to marry but may encounter obstacles. About November, 1937, you may have an opportunity to marry some one of a fiery nature, with a jealous streak well-developed in him. In some respects the marriage, if contracted, may prove satisfactory; but you may smart under jealous restrictions and supervision. If you get by all this without marrying, you will probably marry about the latter part of July or the fore part of August, 1940.

WANELL, born February 24, 1918, about 12:30 p. m., Georgia: You are under influences at the present time that may lead to marriage. If it does not, you may marry suddenly about March, 1938. If this, also, does not occur, you will probably marry about June or July, 1938.

MRS. J. M. C., widow, born April 8, 1920, 7:45 p. m., Oklahoma: You will be under influences conducive to your remarriage at about the following times: Last part of October and first part of November, 1937; last part of June and first part of July, 1938; last part of February, 1939. You can probably bring about a satisfactory marriage during one of these periods.

Miss M. E. R., born November 28, 1921, 9:00 p. m., New York: Your problem will be to wisely choose from among the numerous suitors that you will have an opportunity to marry. You will be particularly susceptible to marriage at about the following times: Last part of May and first part of June, 1937; last part of August and first part of September, 1937; December, 1937, and first part of January, 1938; last part of February and first part of March, 1938; last part of November and first part of December, 1938; avoid marrying at this time, as it might make you a widow, or otherwise unhappy; first part of June, 1939; July, 1939. You will scarcely get through this array of dates without marrying.

**Editor's Note:** Questions for this department are answered only through Street & Smith's Love Story Magazine. Each reader is allowed to ask one question. Be sure to give the following data in your letter: date, month, year, and place of birth, the hour of the day or night, if possible, and sex. Address your letters to KAI, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.





# The Friendliest Corner

by MARY MORRIS



Miss Mary Morris, who conducts this department, will see to it that you will be able to make friends with other readers, though thousands of miles may separate you. It must be understood that Miss Morris will undertake to exchange letters only between men and men, boys and boys, women and women, girls and girls. All reasonable care will be exercised in the introduction of correspondents. If any unsatisfactory letters are received by our readers, the publishers would appreciate their being sent to them. Please sign your name and address when writing. Be sure to inclose forwarding postage when sending letters through The Friendliest Corner, so that mail can be forwarded. We are not responsible for money (coins) sent through the mail.

Address Miss Mary Morris, Street & Smith's Love Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

*Do not mail letters to these Pen Pals after May 14th.*

**W**HENEVER we look at magazines and newspapers we cannot help but notice the lovely faces of blondes and brunettes peering out, and many of us would no doubt like to know personally, some of these attractive girls. Modeling is indeed an interesting profession, and here's your chance to find out all about it. Blond Bea is an artists' model, and has plenty of spare time to write letters. All you lovers of friendship, whatever your age, answer her plea and win a sincere friend!

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I am a Love Story reader, and hope you can find room in your Corner for my letter. I'm a friendly young girl of eighteen with blond hair, hazel eyes, and for the past two years have been employed as artists' model. I make friends easily, and am not hard to get along with.

I would love to correspond with girls from near and far, and of any age. All letters will be answered promptly. Who'll be the first to answer my plea? **BLOND BEA.**

Men in your thirties, here's a stimulating correspondent for you!

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young man in my thirties, a designer of interiors, have studied in Europe, worked on a newspaper, traveled a great deal, and would enjoy corresponding with men between thirty and forty years of age. I appreciate the value of sincere friendship, and will be a steady correspondent.

**P. H.**

Camping is this Pal's pet sport.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Are there any Pals who are especially fond of camping? If so, I certainly wish they would answer my plea. I'm a teen-age girl with black, curly hair, dark eyes, very fond of movies, sports, and writing long letters. I'm really lonesome and would appreciate hearing from girls of any age.

**CORNING MISS.**



### A friendly, young married couple.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: We are a young married couple who want to correspond with young married Pals everywhere. I'm nineteen, have a sweet little baby girl, and promise to exchange snapshots with any one. My husband is twenty-one, fond of sports, collecting stamps, snapshots, and likes to make friends. We'll answer all letters received. How about it, Pals?

MR. AND MRS. B.

### Girls, don't disappoint her.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young woman of twenty-two, live in Canada, and would like to hear from Pen Pals of any age, regardless of where they live or what hobbies they enjoy. I'm interested in every one and everything, and hope to hear from Pals in foreign countries, too. All letters will be answered promptly. Please, girls, don't pass me by.

M. M. M.

### Smiling Betsy has traveled.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Won't you please print my plea? I'm a peppy girl of seventeen, live in New Jersey, have traveled, will exchange snapshots with any one, and hope to get oodles of letters from all over the country. Pals, write to me. I'll be waiting to hear from all of you.

SMILING BETSY.

### A young man from North Dakota.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'd be very grateful if you will help me find some Pen Pals. I'm a young man twenty years of age, live in North Dakota, work in a chain store, interested in dancing, sports, and writing letters. I have lots of interesting things to tell about life in the West, and promise prompt replies.

LEONARD W.

### Her pet ambition is to travel.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Calling all Pen Pals! I'm a girl of eighteen, enjoy making friends and writing letters. My one great ambition is to travel, and I'm crazy to hear from girls who live in Arizona, Nevada, Montana, Wyoming, and other Western States. Come on, girls, let's get together!

NEW YORK MITZI.

If you want lively replies, write to this young married woman.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young married woman twenty years of age, have brown hair, blue eyes, a good-natured dis-

position, live on a farm in Pennsylvania, about two miles from town, and as my husband works long hours I get very lonesome. I want to correspond with single and married Pals of my age, and promise prompt, lively replies to letters received.

WAYNESBURG DOT.

### Girls, write to this Michigan girl.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May another young girl enter your Corner? I'm seventeen, live in Michigan, fond of sports, dancing, swimming, reading, and am a high-school graduate. I am planning to take a beauty course in the fall. Pals everywhere, regardless of age, please hurry and write to me.

IDA MAE.

This young secretary wants personal mail, Pals. Give it to her.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: This is a plea from a young secretary, a girl twenty years of age, with plenty of spare time to write letters. My hobbies are singing, reading, dancing, sewing, tennis, and I also collect coins. I want to hear from everybody, and will gladly exchange photographs or anything else of interest to other Pen Pals.

MERIEL.

### Cathrin has lived in Europe.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please print my letter in your Corner. I'm a lively girl of seventeen with blond hair and blue eyes, enjoy sports, including swimming, tennis, and hiking. I've lived in Europe, and have had many interesting experiences. I want to hear from every one. So hurry, girls, send me your letters.

CATHRIN.

A sensible, broad-minded young man.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a steady reader of your Corner, and hope some of the Pals will write to me. I'm a young man of twenty-two, considered broad-minded, sensible, and likable. I have a pleasant disposition, enjoy the finer things of life, sports, and haven't many friends. I've been an orphan since twelve years of age, and appreciate sincere friendship. All letters will be answered promptly.

KENNEDY.

Send a letter to South Africa.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: There's nothing I'd like better than hearing from Pals all over the world. I'm a girl of eighteen, live



in South Africa, will exchange snapshots, and promise to answer every letter I get. Girls, if you're interested in this part of the word, I'll be glad to answer questions and tell you anything I can. I promise to be a real friend.

GWENDY.

### Write and cheer her up.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: A long time ago I found some very lovely Pen Pals through your Corner, and hope you will help me again. I'm a young married woman in my twenties, have been very ill recently, but am now on the road to health. I want to correspond with single and married Pals between twenty-seven and thirty-seven years of age, especially those who live in or near New York City, but promise to answer all letters received. I am lonesome, and would appreciate oodles of letters from all over.

HELMIA.

### A Pal with a sense of humor!

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm seventeen, have a lively sense of humor, and friends tell me that I'm a very good-looking girl. However, I'm not a bit conceited. I love to make friends, write letters, and the first two Pals who write to me will receive a gift. Girls everywhere, won't you give me a chance to be your friend?

DOLA.

### A blue-eyed blonde from Maryland.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here is another plea from a lonesome young girl of sixteen who is very anxious to find some Pen Pals. I have blond hair, blue eyes, a cheerful, fun-loving disposition, enjoy sports, and will tell you lots of interesting things about Maryland. Girls, get busy and sling some ink my way!

BALTIMORE GERT.

### Who wants a Pal in Oklahoma?

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a lonesome Oklahoma girl of nineteen, live on a farm, enjoy outdoor sports, especially swimming and horseback riding. I am fond of music, can play the piano and guitar, and also enjoy movies, skating, and writing letters. I'll exchange souvenirs and snapshots, and promise prompt replies.

WESTERN RUTH.

### Friendship plays an important part in his life.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Have you room in your Corner for another plea? I'm a lonesome young fellow nineteen years of age,

live in the West, enjoy good music, books, travel, and value true friendship because it plays an important part in life. Come on, fellows, let me hear from you. I'll try to make my letters as interesting as I can.

CARDINGTON.

### A lonesome Dakota girl.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I hope you will print my plea. I'm a lonesome North Dakota girl, love to write, and hope to correspond with girls everywhere. I'll exchange snapshots and promise to answer all letters that come my way. How about it, girls? Let's be friends.

LIBBYE.

### Two peppy New York Pals.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: We are two high-school girls, live in New York City, travel to school in the subway, enjoy sports, dancing, photography, and music. We'll exchange picture post cards, souvenirs, snapshots, and want to correspond with girls between fifteen and seventeen. How would you like to hear all about this great city, girls? We'll be true-blue friends.

TWO EASTERN PALS.

### Shortie has a number of hobbies.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Will you please print my plea in your Friendliest Corner? I'm a fun-loving girl of seventeen, live in Ohio, have black hair, dark eyes, am a senior in high school, interested in all sorts of things, and have a number of hobbies. Girls, write and tell me all about yourselves and your hobbies. I'm sure we can be good friends.

SHORTIE.

### Six feet of friendship.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Do you think some of the Pals would care to get in touch with me? I'm a young man in my twenties, six feet tall, like to make friends, considered good-natured, easy to get along with, and promise to answer all letters and exchange snapshots. I live in Illinois.

PEARSON.

### She's lonesome at sweet sixteen. Snap her out of it, Pals.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm another lonesome young girl, and hope some one will take me for a Pen Pal. I'm sixteen, live in California, considered good-looking, fond of swimming, dancing, horseback riding, and will be glad to exchange snapshots with any one who cares to answer my plea. Who'll be the first to write to me?

MARYLOU.



### For married Pals of nineteen.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here's hoping that married Pals of my age, nineteen, will write to me. I'm a young married woman, enjoy dancing, movies, keeping house, writing letters, and have lots to tell about the South. Come on, Pals, let me hear from you. I promise interesting replies.

CAROLINA DEE.

### Sallee likes music and outdoor sports.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: S O S! Here's a plea for Pals everywhere. I'm a lively young girl of eighteen, enjoy sports, music, and as I live in a small Southern town I often get very lonesome and would appreciate having a few true-blue Pen Pals to correspond with. Girls, won't you try me? I'll try to make my letters interesting.

SALLEE.

### Her specialty is art.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please find me some Pen Pals. I'm a dark-haired girl of sixteen, and although I would love to become a professional tap dancer, my specialty is art. I also enjoy outdoor sports, and have oodles of interesting things to talk about. Pals, far and near, won't you write to a New Jersey girl? CORALIE.

### Another Pen Pal from Africa.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I was lucky enough to get acquainted with Love Story Magazine, and after reading your Corner I just couldn't resist the temptation to try my luck at finding Pen Pals. I'm a girl of nineteen, live in South Africa, have dark hair, gray eyes, enjoy reading, writing letters, drawing, and can play the piano. I'll exchange photographs and picture post cards, and promise to answer all letters as soon as I receive them. FRANCES JEAN.

### Who'll write to this older Pal?

DEAR MISS MORRIS: This is a plea from a widow in her fifties. I live in a large city in Oregon, and would appreciate hearing from Pals everywhere. I'd like to find Pals of my age, but every one is welcome. I'll answer all letters.

LONESOME EM.

### A peppy high-school Pal.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Hi, everybody! I'd like to correspond with Pals everywhere. I'm a high-school girl of fifteen, like swim-

ming, dancing, basket ball, and am a member of our school glee club. I enjoy reading, writing long, newsy letters, and will gladly exchange snapshots with all who drop me a line.

BERNADETTE.

### A college man from Missouri.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young man of twenty-one, attending college in Missouri, enjoy music, reading, art, swimming and dancing. I'll exchange snapshots and promise prompt replies. Come on, fellows, let's be friends.

WRIGHT.

### Eager for Pals from foreign countries.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: For a long time I've been very anxious to hear from Pen Pals in foreign countries, and here's hoping that I won't be disappointed. I'm a lively girl past sixteen, fond of outdoor sports, especially swimming, and writing letters is my pet hobby. Girls, won't you get in touch with me? I'm sure we can be good friends, and I promise to be a steady correspondent.

BLUE ISLAND PAL.

### Just Kitty will tell you about Florida.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May another lonesome reader join your Corner? I'm a young married woman of twenty-three, live in Florida, and would love to hear from single and married Pals of any age. I'll exchange snapshots, and have lots of interesting things to write about. JUST KITTY.

### An ardent stamp collector.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Pals everywhere, please write to me. I'm a teen-age girl fond of sports, live in Michigan, and love to collect all kinds of stamps. I also enjoy reading, making friends, writing letters, and will exchange snapshots. Pals, won't you give me a chance? I'll answer all letters.

THEA.

### Let this golden-haired, blue-eyed girl become your friend.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please print my letter in your Corner. I'm a girl in my early twenties, have golden hair, blue eyes, enjoy the theater, listening to the radio, reading and dancing. I'll be glad to hear from girls everywhere and of any age, and promise to answer every letter that comes my way.

ANNA LOUISE.



This Texas girl promises worthwhile letters.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: After reading your Friendliest Corner I can't resist sending in my plea. I'm a young girl who loves to make friends, live in Fort Worth, Texas, and can tell you all about the Centennial Exposition. I enjoy church work, and feel sure that I can make my letters worth while. Girls, won't you try me?

NADINE F.

Boys, send a letter to West Virginia.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I have plenty of spare time to write, and thought some of the fellows who read your Corner would care to drop me a line. I'm a young fellow twenty years of age, live in West Virginia, interested in the great outdoors, making friends, and meeting people. I'll answer letters promptly.

HILLER.

A friendly Pen Pal from Louisiana.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm sure there are many lonesome girls in their twenties who would enjoy corresponding with a girl in Louisiana, so please print my plea as soon as you can find room. I'm a cheerful young woman with a pleasing personality, have been working for several years, interested in every one and everything, and promise to answer all letters received. Hurry, girls, write to

ALEXANDRIA.

An American-Filipina girl.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Do you think some of the Pals would care to write to me? I'm a part Filipina girl, a normal-school graduate, born in the United States, in my early twenties, live in New York City, and would love to hear from Pals everywhere, especially from the Philippine Islands. I'm interested in art, travel, music, books, literature, and will exchange snapshots, souvenirs and stories about this part of the country.

MIJA.

Another New York appeal.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm very anxious to correspond with girls between fifteen and eighteen. I'm a young girl fond of sports, adore writing long letters, live in Brooklyn, New York, and feel sure that I could make my replies interesting. How about it, Pals, will you give me a chance? You'll find me a true friend.

NEW YORK NAN.

She enjoys music, sports, and dancing.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Won't you please help me find some Pen Pals? I'm a very lonesome girl of eighteen, have brown hair, blue eyes, a good-natured disposition, enjoy sports, dancing, music, and love to make friends. Please try me, Pen Pals. I live in a large city in Pennsylvania, and will tell you more about myself in my first letter.

BLUE-EYED FAY.

For married Pals of thirty-five.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: This is a plea all the way from California. I'm a married woman of thirty-five, and would like to correspond with Pen Pals of my age, single or married. I enjoy housework, fancy-work, and love to write long letters. Pals, write to me. I'll tell you all about California.

KEDDIE.

Boys, take him for your friend.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young man twenty-three years of age, enjoy outdoor life, swimming, skating, traveling, collecting stamps, and want to hear from Pals of any age, regardless of where they live. I'll exchange stamps and snapshots with any one, and answer all letters. How about it, boys?

WAGNER.

Exchange the latest news about movie stars.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Would any one care to write to a Missouri girl? I promise faithfully to answer all letters received. I'm fond of swimming, tennis, skating, and other outdoor sports. My hobbies are collecting pictures of movie stars, snapshots, and will exchange them with any one. Pals, be sure to write to me.

H. H.

Show her that true friendship exists.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I've read your Corner many times, and decided to ask you to help me find some friends. I thought I had a true friend, but she proved insincere and I've almost lost faith in people, but I still hope to find at least one true friend. I'm a young woman of twenty-nine, have a pleasing personality, am rather idealistic, live in a small town, but feel sure I can make my letters entertaining. I'll be very grateful if some one will answer my plea.

K. S. B.



## A bachelor from Illinois.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please print my plea in your Corner. I'm a young bachelor from Illinois, have traveled through half of the United States, like outdoor sports, shows, music, dancing, and want to correspond with Pals of any age. I'll answer letters as soon as I receive them. GLENN.

And here's a chance for all you sixteen-year-olds to get in touch with Pals of your age who are waiting anxiously to hear from you, and who will answer your letters promptly.

GLAD GIRL, Canada; FELICE, Pennsylvania; GRACIE, West Virginia; MARIANE, Illinois; JEANMARY, California; ALABAMA VEE, Alabama; CRISSIE, Illinois; TOMBOY GINGER, Massachusetts; YORK EM, New York; MILLIKAY, Pennsylvania; GWENNIE, Canada; EMOGENE, Texas; HAPPY RUTH, New York; REBECCA, Pennsylvania; SMILING GERT, Canada.

She's handy with a pen as well as a needle.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I want some Pen Pals from all over the world. I'm a married woman of thirty-one, a nurse, will exchange snapshots, souvenirs, and promise to be a true friend. I'm interested in poetry, tatting, crocheting, and hemming handkerchiefs. Pals, please write to me.

HAMPSHIRE NURSE.

## Your letters will thrill her.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I think that the biggest thrill in the world is receiving letters from Pals you've never met. I hope some one will write to me. I'm a girl of sixteen, live in the South, fond of swimming, interested in fashions and writing long letters. Pals, write to me. I promise immediate replies.

ETHEL V.

Girls, send a letter to Washington, D. C.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm another teenage girl looking for Pen Pals. I live in Washington, D. C., enjoy all sports, and have lots of things to write about. Won't some one please try me? I'll be a true-blue friend.

SKEETS.

Give her a chance to show what an interesting Pal she can be.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here's a plea from another young married woman. I'm eighteen, live in Idaho, and want to correspond with single and married Pals of any age. I'll gladly exchange snapshots and promise prompt replies. I enjoy outdoor sports, and my two hobbies are reading and writing letters. Come on, Pals, drop me a line.

IDAHO MRS.

Lawson knows that all that glitters is not gold.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young man of twenty-eight, like to meet people, travel, and have spent a lot of my time prospecting for gold in Canada. I have lots of exciting stories to tell, so come on, men, let's get acquainted. I'll answer all letters.

LAWSON.

She wants Pals who aren't man-crazy.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I want to correspond with Pals of twenty-five or older who are not man-crazy. I'm a girl in my twenties, interested in psychology, outdoor sports, reading, dancing, and appreciate sincere friendship. Pals, wherever you are, won't you write to me?

STELLE.

## Her hobby is interior decorating.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: For a long time I've enjoyed reading your Corner, and hope you will print my plea. I'm a girl of twenty-two, live in New York, am rather shy and find it hard to get acquainted. I like reading, swimming, dancing, camping, card games and traveling. My hobby is interior decorating. I'll be glad to exchange snapshots, book reviews, cooking recipes, menus, and ideas about interior decorating. I'll send souvenirs to all who write to me.

GERTIE KAY.

## Prompt replies guaranteed!

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May another lonesome girl join your Corner? I'm eighteen years old, live in Massachusetts, am fond of sports, literature, music, and want to hear from girls of any age. I'll answer letters promptly, and will try hard to make my replies interesting. Pals, won't you try me? I'll be waiting.

IZA.



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# THE FRIEND IN NEED

Department Conducted by

Laura Alston Brown

*Well-known Authority on Love and Marriage*

Mrs. Brown will be glad to solve in these pages problems on which you desire advice. Your letters will be regarded confidentially and signatures will be withheld.

Although Mrs. Brown receives more letters than she can possibly print in the department, she answers all the others by mail. So, lay your problem before her with the knowledge that it will have her full attention.

Address Mrs. Laura Alston Brown, Street & Smith's Love Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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THE in-law problem is always with us and, like other problems, should be handled with logic and ordinary common sense. However, due to the lack of these two qualities, young wives sometimes fail to assert themselves in their own homes, and the result is discord and unhappiness.

In marriage, of course, there are some things to which a wife must shut her eyes and not let herself become annoyed to the breaking point. So it is when a girl marries and discovers that she has a meddlesome mother-in-law to contend with. I receive many letters from brides who, like Georgiana, after a few months of marriage, are on the verge of leaving their husbands because the mother-in-law failed to realize that even in the ecstasy of love, two people cannot be happy together unless they are permitted to live their lives according to their own ideas.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: My future happiness seems to be at stake, so won't you give me some of your good advice? I'm twenty years old and have been married almost a year. My husband and I are

deeply in love with each other, and I'm sure we'd rather die than separate, but I can't see any other way out of the situation.

Why is it that so many mothers-in-law can't leave their married sons and daughters-in-law alone? Before I was married my mother-in-law seemed to like me very much, and I think she still does, but why can't she realize that my husband and I would like to manage our own affairs and live as we want to live?

For instance, she is forever running in when we least expect her. It doesn't matter to her whether it's morning, noon, or night. She openly criticizes my cooking, says I'm extravagant. I don't keep house in a way that pleases her. She tells me I spend too much for the laundry, that I get too many clothes, or that she doesn't like the lipstick I use, et cetera. My husband often hears her, but never stands up for me. I know he loves her, and I could be really fond of her if she would only mind her own business and leave us alone.

She comes in when we are entertaining friends, young people of our age, and if she doesn't like something they do, she tells them so without considering whether or not her frankness might be insulting. If we go for a ride in the car we have to take her along. My husband keeps the car in the basement garage of the house in which she lives, so she usually knows when we are going out, and without so much as, "Can you take me along?" she gets her hat and coat and settles herself in the back seat.



I've asked my husband to do something about all this, but he says she means no harm and that he hasn't the heart to say anything to her because he loves her. For his sake, I've put up with everything so far, but now I can't stand it any longer. His father died about three years ago. He has a sister who lives in another city, but his mother can't go there often.

Maybe I'm silly, but I assure you I'm not making mountains out of molehills. Sometimes I feel like leaving my husband. I'm young, and so is he, and we should be having lots of fun. We have many friends, and they invite us out, but they don't like my mother-in-law to come along so we are often left out when our crowd goes places. She even thinks now that we are married we shouldn't even go dancing.

Before I was married my parents never interfered with my fun, except to give me good advice. I've never dreamed any one could be such a busybody as his mother is. I've never been so picked on in my life, and it's getting on my nerves so that I'm unhappy every minute I'm awake. I'm not myself any more, and even my parents wonder what's wrong, but I don't want to worry them with my problem. I'd hate to leave my husband, but something's got to be done.

Have you any suggestions that I can follow? Please help me.      GEORGIANA.

Leaving your husband would hardly solve the problem, especially if you love each other. You would be more miserable away from him. In the first place, since your mother-in-law fails to understand that young people should be left alone to work things out their own way, either you or your husband should have a frank talk with her.

First, however, I would suggest that you talk it over with your husband. Being away all day, he probably does not realize that his mother's continual popping in without being invited, and her criticism regarding your activities is making you so unhappy. Knowing his mother as well as he does, naturally he does not allow her actions to annoy him. Nevertheless, it should not be difficult for him to grasp the

fact that as his wife, you should be left in peace to manage your home as you think best.

It is up to your husband to tell his mother frankly that young couples like to live according to their own ideas, no matter how they enjoy their parents' advice, and that it would be more agreeable if she first made sure it was convenient for you to have her visit you before coming over. If he shrinks from speaking to her, then you must take the initiative.

Be diplomatic; tell her you are fond of her and that you like to have her come to your home, but remind her that when she was first married, she no doubt wanted to do things according to her own way of thinking, too. Mention the fact that most brides like to learn from experience where managing the home is concerned. Say that you will be glad to make special arrangement to take her riding on certain days, and make the same suggestion as to when she can spend a day with you.

Remember, Georgiana, that your home is yours, and that it is up to you either to stand up for your rights, or be made miserable because nothing is done to remedy the situation. Of course you don't want to leave your husband; there is no reason why you should even think of it. By talking things over with him first, I'm sure that this matter can be settled satisfactorily.

Another thing that may help you is this: Whenever your mother-in-law begins to find fault with something, smile and ask her how she would do it. Listen to her ideas pleasantly, whether or not you agree. If you go about doing things your own way quietly, it is possible that your mother-in-law may become discouraged about giving you further



advice. At any rate, by being pleasant, you will avoid hurt feelings, gain her respect and slowly but surely your mother-in-law will no longer be a problem to you. But don't forget to be firm while you are being pleasant.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I am a girl of eighteen, considered attractive, and popular with boys and girls.

Last May I met a boy twenty years of age. He is considered nice-looking, has shown me wonderful times ever since I've been going with him, never breaks dates with me, and comes to see me every possible chance he has. We go to most of the dances, see the best shows, and take part in many social activities.

We see each other every other night, and every other Sunday he spends the day at my home.

Almost from the very first, this boy told me he loved me, and after a short time I fell in love with him. He has asked me to marry him and often talks about marriage, but he doesn't seem very anxious to get married soon.

I don't get along very well with my parents. My father doesn't approve of dancing and will not allow me to go to a dance, but as he is home only week-ends, mother lets me go. However, she is always throwing it up to me about how she lets me do things against my father's wishes.

I have talked it over with my boy friend, and I would like to settle down to married life, but he says he isn't making enough money. He earns between twenty and twenty-five dollars a week, and tells me he will get married only when he can give me a nice home and take care of me.

Of course, I admire him for saying that, but I don't care how much or how little he earns. I've told him we could get along on his income, but he doesn't agree with me.

What worries me is that he isn't trying to save his money and doesn't seem to be very anxious to find a better-paying job. I realize that he spends a lot of money when we go out, but when I object and tell him we'll go for a walk, or stay home, he won't listen to me.

What do you think of this boy? Do you think he really is in love with me and means to marry me? The reason I doubt him is that he will not try to save his money and won't talk about a definite time to get married. It's always, "Some day

when we get married." I have thought of dating other boys, but he told his best boy friend that if I ever started dating any one else, he would never see me again.

What can a girl do with a boy like that?

PUZZLED OF VIRGINIA.

This boy may love you as he understands love at his age, and it is natural that he should not feel ready to marry and settle down. But don't you think that both of you have plenty of time for marriage?

There is a great deal in what you say about a boy saving as much money as he can if he really intends to get married. If this boy does not seem anxious to start saving it probably means that, as I said before, he is not as yet ready to undertake serious responsibilities.

So for his threat not to see you again if you should date some one else, this reaction on his part shows that he is selfish and immature. He may not have a clear idea as to what love really is, and does not realize that every one has a right to some personal freedom. It might be a good idea if you remained on friendly terms with him, if that is possible, and had other friends. This would give you an opportunity to make sure that you two are really in love and that he is the right man for you to marry. If he actually breaks off with you, let him go, because if he really loves you he will not give you up, whether you have other friends or not.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: Recently I have begun to think that mothers are not always right. For instance, I'm a girl of twenty-one, live in a small town where there is little opportunity for an ambitious girl. For the past few years I have been working as maid in a large city about fifty miles away from my home town, and managed to save a fair amount of money with which I want to take a business course, so that I can get a job in the city. I would also like to live in the city.



However, my mother is opposed to the whole idea. In the first place, she doesn't think I'll ever get a job after I finish business college, and is continually saying that I'd be throwing my money away if I took the course.

Of course, I realize that no mother likes to see her daughter leave home. But I am very unhappy, and I'm not imagining my unhappiness, either. I want to get on in the world. I want to see people and not live in a poky little town where nothing changes year after year. Naturally, some day I hope to get married, but not for a few years yet.

I have hardly any friends here. I know only two girls near my age, but see them once in six months. If I stay home I will never have a chance to go out or meet anybody. That's another reason why I'm anxious to go to the city. I'm sick and tired of the life I'm living now, and I know I could get along all right and take care of myself.

My mother wants me to get work in a factory in our town, and although I don't think it's a disgrace to work at any kind of job, it would not make my future brighter to do as she wants me to. She has other children and would not miss me overmuch. I don't think it's wrong to live your own life and try to find happiness when you're miserable, though I hate to go against my mother's wishes. What do you think I should do?

CRYSTAL.

You are very considerate in not wishing to hurt your mother, and it is understandable that she does not want any of her children to leave home. However, she should realize the fact that now you are old enough to live your own life, and that you must accept every opportunity if you want to make something of yourself.

Taking a business course is a very good idea. You might even be able to find part-time work while you are going to school. Besides, you will not be too far away to come to see your mother every week, if you wanted to, while at the same time you'll be living your life in your own way.

Mothers should get used to the idea that sooner or later their chil-

dren will want to try their own wings away from home, and that it is perfectly natural for young people to be ambitious. Have another talk with your mother, and perhaps this time she will understand and withdraw her objections.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: A great many girls and boys are faced with a problem like mine, and I would appreciate your advice.

I'm a girl of eighteen, a student at a large university, and although I've always been quite popular I have never dated any boy steady until recently. The boy I'm in love with is almost a year my junior, though he seems old for his age. We have so much in common, enjoy the same sports, music, books, and want to get married, but not while we are in school. Until next year we will attend the same university, but after that he is going away to another school.

We have been going steady for several months, and prided ourselves on the fact that, to a great extent, ours seemed to be a spiritual love. We went out together half a dozen times before he even tried to kiss me, and in this university that's a record, especially since he has had many other dates before we met. During the past few weeks, however, there were times when we were in danger of forgetting ourselves.

We go out three evenings a week, but see each other every day in classes for three hours. Do you think that's too often? I'm so afraid that we'll get tired of each other, though I can't see how that can happen if two people are in love.

The other day I suggested that he date other girls, but he won't hear of it. He said he couldn't possibly spend any time with some one else. I feel the same way.

What's the answer to a problem like this? We have to wait at least four or five years before we can think of getting married. He says that no matter how long we have to wait he will never date any other girl. Do you think he means that? As far as I'm concerned, I don't care about going out with other boys.

BETTA KAPPA.

One way of keeping out of trouble is staying away from temptation. You may not agree with me, but I would say that although you and this boy think you are deeply in love, this might be the usual college



crush girls and boys experience before they find real love. Emotional crushes last only long enough until they meet some one who brings a new interest into their lives.

I don't mean to sound pessimistic and discourage you, my dear. But if you two have to wait four years or more before you can get married, it would be wiser if in the meantime you did not take each other so seriously. Both of you should enjoy other friendships and buckle down to your studies.

I would suggest that you avoid love-making. A girl should never forget that once emotions are permitted to rule, the boy quickly loses interest in her and looks forward to other conquests. See this boy only when there are others around and try not to be alone with him any length of time. After you are both graduated, and find that your affection for each other has not diminished, it will be time enough to think of marriage. Meanwhile, you should reach an understanding and agree to have other boy and girl friends.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I hardly know how to begin telling you about my problem. I'm so very unhappy. My husband and I were married two years ago when he was twenty-nine and I fifteen. I realize now that such a great difference in ages doesn't promise a successful marriage unless two people are very much alike, and we are not. He likes a quiet evening at home with a book or the radio, while I like to go out quite a bit even if only to the movies.

Another thing that causes trouble is that he drinks. He can hardly trust himself to go out alone without coming home, or rather being brought home, drunk.

This is nearly killing his poor old father and is driving me crazy, as I love him dearly. We have a three-month-old baby.

When my husband is sober he is the sweetest thing in the world and seems to love me, too. I mentioned getting a job in the same place where he works, but he doesn't want me to. However, I am going

to find something to do, and if he doesn't stop drinking I'll leave him. But I don't want my parents to support me and the baby, as they have enough to worry about.

However, I can't stand it much longer. I have tried to be patient, but I can't see any other way out, though I love my home and would hate to break it up.

I shall look for your advice in print because my husband opens all my mail.

RUTH OF MAGNOLIA.

Despite the fact that you and your husband haven't as much in common as you thought you had when you married, you must remember that now you have the baby to think of, and I would urge you to think this matter over very carefully before you make up your mind to leave. Going away will not help you to make something of your marriage, and if you love your home it would be still harder on you if you left.

Instead of thinking about breaking up your home, why not talk it over with your husband and tell him that if he tries to use a little will power to stop drinking, you will do all you can to help him overcome his liking for liquor? This vicious and destructive habit requires a great deal of time and patience if one hopes to deal with it successfully, so don't permit yourself to become discouraged, though you must know that you have a stiff battle ahead.

If you and your husband have different ideas about recreation, why not try to do some of the things he likes, and have an understanding that, in turn, he is to take you out as often as is convenient?

You are right in saying that fifteen years is a great difference in ages. However, when two people truly love each other and have their child's future to think of, they still have a chance to be happy together. So don't get discouraged, Ruth, and



forget about leaving. If your husband is making enough to support you, take care of your baby and try to find ways and means which will help you and your husband to reach a better understanding.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: Do you think a man can love a girl if he deliberately breaks dates and promises? About a year ago, I met a young man and liked him from the very first. I didn't see him again until about three months later, when his people moved into the apartment house where I am living. At that time, some one told me that he had just broken off with a girl he was engaged to.

However, when he wanted me to go out with him, I didn't ask any questions. We dated for about a month, and then he went back to this other girl. I was so crazy about him it almost broke my heart to know that he was seeing her. I stayed home all the time and cried. I didn't care to go out with any one else.

After some weeks he asked me to go out with him again. He said he wasn't going to date this other girl any more. I was so happy I forgave him for breaking off with me. We have been going steady for five months, and he tells me that he never even thinks of this other girl, but he has kept all letters and pictures and refused to give them back to her. However, he tore up all my letters and pictures of other boys that I've had for some time.

I have to dress as he wants me to, or there's an argument. He says it's only because he loves me. One night recently, we went to a party and I danced with other boys, and he accused me before every one of being cheap and common. I can't understand him. I don't even smoke or drink like other girls. He has a wicked temper, and thinks nothing of hitting me when his temper gets the best of him.

I've heard that this other girl said she wouldn't leave him alone no matter whom he was dating. I know she calls him up, and that he calls her up, too. And if they meet somewhere he always drives her home.

He says he loves me, but that things can never be the same again after the night of the party when I danced with other boys. Don't you think he acts as if he didn't know his own mind? Last Sunday he said he would come to see me. When he did come, another boy was with him, and he only stopped long enough to tell me that

he was all set to go places with this other boy and have a good time.

I don't know what to do about him. It's hard to break with some one you care for. Please give me some advice. My people think everything is all right between me and this boy. If they knew the truth they would probably tell me to drop him, but I don't want to do that if I can help it.

GEORGIA.

Certainly, this young man does not seem at all suited to you, and instead of wondering how you can change him into the kind of person you could depend on, I would suggest that you give him up. Human nature can rarely be changed, my dear.

His actions show that he is domineering and selfish, concerned only with his own ego, oblivious to the fact that other people have feelings, too. When a man has several unsatisfactory characteristics and makes no effort whatever to improve, a marriage ceremony will not make him over into a new man. You are very foolish to put up with his actions simply because you dread the thought of giving him up. After all, Georgia, he is not the only young man in the world. Judging from your letter, you are young and should give yourself an opportunity to meet other men in order to make the right matrimonial choice eventually.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I'm all alone in the world and have no one to advise me. Please help me decide what to do.

I'm a girl of nineteen, have been going to college for almost two years, and am undecided whether to continue or not. There is a young man I could marry, but I don't think I'm in love with him. Besides, we don't get along very well, and I'd hate to quarrel about every little thing after I'm married.

After I get through college I think I will be able to get a job teaching school. But sometimes I get so fed up with school, I could run miles and never come back. I'm terribly blue and unhappy.



I know my problem is not very important to any one except myself, but I'm sure your opinion will help. LEILA.

Education is a valuable asset, my dear, and if you have the opportunity to attend college, by all means continue. There may come a time when your education will prove of great benefit to you. As for marriage, a girl of your age does not have to rush into it, especially when she is not sure whether she has found the right man.

After you are graduated from college, you will have plenty of opportunity to find a young man who will be suited to you. And as for feeling despondent, perhaps you are studying too hard and give yourself no time for proper relaxation.

Now cheer up, and don't worry about the future. Try to enjoy the days as they come, and the years will take care of themselves.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I became acquainted with LOVE STORY and your department long before I was married, and now I need your advice. I've been married not quite a year, and have one child. When I was first married, my mother-in-law said she didn't want us to live with her, but a week later she insisted that we move in with her, and we did. The only reason I consented was because I wouldn't want my own mother left without means of support. You see, my husband is the youngest child. All the others are married and have their own homes, but they don't seem to care much how my mother-in-law gets along.

The very first day in her home she couldn't tell me often enough that this was her home, and those were her dishes, et cetera. Not only that, she told my husband I wasn't capable of handling his salary. I didn't hear her say that, but the friend to whom she'd said it told me, and I knew it was true as soon as my husband kept his check and just handed me a few dollars for groceries. I just simply couldn't make that money do, and pay insurance once a month.

Then my husband noticed that I had a good appetite and said that I was eating too much. I felt as if he had slapped me in the face. I finally told my mother and

she said that if I wasn't getting enough to eat to come to her. So I ate little during the day and then went to mother's for a real meal. I even borrowed money I knew she could not spare to make ends meet.

This went on until the baby was born. My oldest sister took care of me. Two weeks before the baby was born my mother-in-law wouldn't talk to me, and my husband walked around with a chip on his shoulder waiting for something to go wrong. But I never saw anybody snap out of a grouch as he did when the baby came. My husband became very good-natured. The only thing he was disappointed in was that the baby was a girl and not a boy. But I could see he loved her. However, my mother-in-law wouldn't even come upstairs to see me and the baby.

The trouble is now that my husband is not working, through no fault of his. We give my mother-in-law twenty dollars a week from the money we had saved, and she says it's not enough. I begged my husband to move, before he lost his job, but he doesn't want to leave her alone. I've even said I would leave him, but I know I couldn't because we love each other, and he loves the baby very much. He won't listen to me when I try to talk to him.

Things are getting worse every day. I don't want his mother to meddle in our affairs, and have told her so, too. Whenever I said anything she acted as if I'd hit her or something, but continued to interfere even where the baby is concerned. She tells my husband I don't know anything about bringing up children. I keep the baby on schedule, and she gets plenty of sleep. But my mother-in-law thinks she sleeps too much, and that I don't play with her enough. Why can't mothers-in-law learn to mind their own business?

Is there any solution for a problem like mine? I'm almost ready to give up hope.

UNHAPPY.

No problem is so hopeless that a remedy cannot be found. First of all, you should try to find a way to compel your husband to listen to you. As his wife, you have every right to expect a home of your own away from your mother-in-law, as soon as your husband is working and can support you and the baby.

Avoid nagging, crying, or arguing, but remember, the only way two



people can live harmoniously together is by frank discussion of all problems. Talk things over only when you know he is in a good humor and there is a fair possibility that you can make him listen to you.

Ask him if he wouldn't prefer a peaceful, happy family life to continual upheavals. Appeal to his pride and his affection for you.

As soon as he finds another job, suggest that he get together with the other members of the family and arrange, if possible, for each one to contribute a small sum of money toward your mother-in-law's support. Since none of the other children seem to want her to live with them, it doesn't seem quite fair that you and your husband should be the exception. Or, perhaps, she could arrange to stay with each son or daughter part of the time, and in this way all of you would have a breathing spell.

However, the best solution would be if she could have her own home, even if it were only a one-room apartment. It is a well-known saying that one roof is never large enough to accommodate two families, and married people should try to have their own home. There are exceptions, of course, but many marriages have been broken up because of interference on the part of mothers-in-law.

Now keep your chin up and try not to become too discouraged. Insist that your husband treat you with the confidence and consideration due a wife, and stand up for yourself. The more you submit to him and his mother, the harder it will be for you. Neither the wife nor the husband should be "boss." Both should work together on a fifty-fifty basis.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I'm a widow thirty years of age. My husband died a few months after my little girl was born. Last

year I met a young man who seemed to care for me. I liked him very much, and we went together for several months. He was always very nice to me, and my little girl liked him. He thought the world of her. He was living in a town twenty miles away, and I saw him only on Sundays.

One day he came to see me unexpectedly and I wasn't home. The next Sunday he didn't come. I wrote and told him I had been visiting a girl friend that day, but he didn't answer my letter.

About a week later, I happened to go to his town and thought I'd run over to his house to see him. He was home, but didn't seem glad to see me, and said he was going out with another girl. I told him that was all right. A few days later, I received a letter in which he said that we didn't care for each other, and that it was low of me to spy on him, and it would be better if we didn't see each other again. I felt terribly hurt, especially as at that time I was fairly sure that I loved him. This happened several months ago.

A few days ago he sent my little girl a card telling her that he had not forgotten her, and sent me his regards. Do you think there's a chance that he will come back to me? I don't know if I should keep on waiting for him or go out with other young men. I could have plenty of dates, as I'm considered attractive and look younger than I am, but I can't forget him. SELMA.

It is hard to say whether or not this man will ever come back to you. But you would be foolish to wait for him when you can have other friends who would appreciate you more than he does. Why not put all thought of him into the background, for the time being at least, and give yourself an opportunity to become interested in some one else?

Hide your heartache, Selma, and even if you do not feel especially light-hearted, cultivate other friendships. And if this man tries to make up with you again, don't let him guess how eager you are to have him back. Perhaps he has taken you too much for granted, or his interest in you was not deep enough to inspire love. At any rate, it is unwise for any woman to depend on one man when nothing has been settled.



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