

STREET & SMITH'S

JAN. 29, 1938

# LOVE STORY

EVERY WEEK

MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

10¢



BEGINNING

*So Many Hours*

BY AUDREY MOUNTAIN



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STREET & SMITH'S  
**LOVE STORY**  
MAGAZINE

Title Registered U. S. Patent Office

Vol. CXXXIX

EVERY WEEK

No. 4

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Publication issued every week by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Artemas Holmes, President; Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer; Henry W. Ralston, Vice President; Gerald H. Smith, Secretary; A. Lawrence Holmes, Assistant Secretary. Copyright, 1937, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1937, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, April 21, 1921, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Guianas and British Honduras, \$5.00 per year. To all other Foreign Countries, including The Guianas and British Honduras, \$7.00 per year.

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# HE THOUGHT HE WAS LICKED--THEN A TIP GOT BILL A GOOD JOB!

MARY-I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, IT ALL LOOKS SO HOPELESS.

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cast  
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after  
Twenty  
Lessons

\$10  
to \$25  
a Week  
in Spare  
Time



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HUNDREDS OF  
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MORE MONEY

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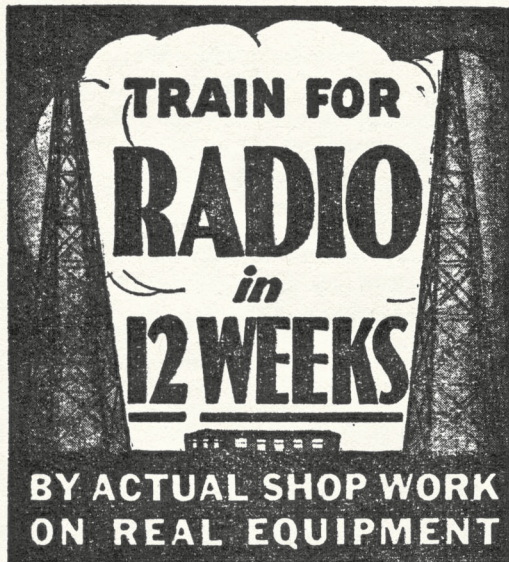
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NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....





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in  
12 WEEKS**

**BY ACTUAL SHOP WORK  
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Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

## BEAUTY HINTS

(Continued from last week)

EVERY department and drug store carries special hand soaps and most of them are pretty good. You will find softening soaps, bleaching soaps and many other varieties. You would be safe in choosing almost any of them. However, if you are still in doubt, the best imported castile is very satisfactory. Any soap that contains more than the average amount of oil is better than just "soap."

And here is something else for the housewife to remember—no matter how much soapy water your hands come in contact with during the day don't forget to wash them when you have finished your work.

Laundry and cleaning soaps contain much alkali and that is the drying element in soap. Even though you dry your hands thoroughly, that alkali is doing its harm. It should be washed off with clear warm water and corn meal—no toilet soap at all. Then massage your hands with the rind of a lemon or use lemon juice. After that dries, use your regular hand lotion. It may sound like a lot of work and a lot of wasted time, but it really takes only half the time you think it does.

Don't think you are finished with their care with the after-washing lotion. If there is anything hands need it is oil and plenty of it. All that thorough washing keeps them clean, but also takes the natural oils from the skin no matter how mild a soap you use. At night, wash the hands carefully and thoroughly and massage in a skin-nourishing cream. This may be the same kind that you use on your face or you may prefer a special preparation that is essentially a hand cream. There are also skin nourishing creams that are bleaching and these are perhaps the best.

TO BE CONTINUED.





# YOURS BOYS! • GIRLS! BIKE GIVEN

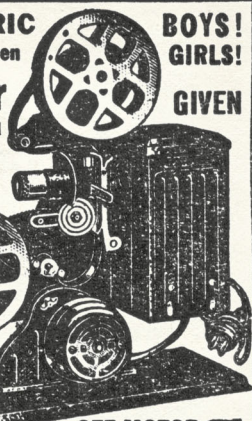
YOU CAN GET a Boy's or a Girl's Model Bicycle like this or big cash commission for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE**, used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to your friends at 25c a box (with art picture FREE) and remitting as per our new premium catalog and plan book. Many other premium offers in catalog. Our 42nd Year. We are fair and square!—Sell one or more boxes of **CLOVERINE SALVE** in most every home. Old Cloverine Agents order now. **SEND NO MONEY!**—We trust you. Be First! Begin now. **MAIL COUPON BELOW.**  
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DEPT. 88-29, TYRONE, PA.

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New Premium! Fully equipped with electric motor. Baked crystal enamel. Accommodates 200 feet film, eight minute show—two empty reels. Tilting device for angle projection. Reverse rewind to top spool. Frammer. Reflector. SPECIAL bulb, cord and a plug. Size of picture 20 x 26 inches at a distance of ten feet from the screen. A Jim Dandy! Get one now! **FREE** 25 feet of Film valued at 75c included if you remit in 10 days! You can get this Projector easily by **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE**, used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to your friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per our new premium plan catalog. Send no money. We trust you. Mail coupon. **Wilson Chem. Co. Inc. Dept. 88-29, Tyrone, Pa.**



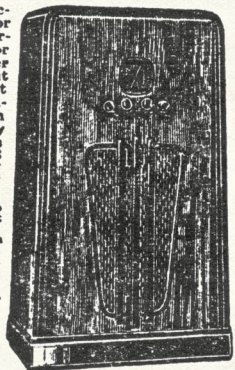
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GIRLS!  
GIVEN

SEE MOTOR

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**IVER JOHNSON 22-Cal. Bolt action self-cocking Safety RIFLE** or a Genuine 5-tube AG Superheterodyne Floor Model Radio, long or short wave band, dynamic speaker—aeroplane dial. Striped walnut cabinet. 37 ins. high. An ornament to any home. It's unusual. Radio, Rifle or big cash commission yours for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** art pictures with famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE**, used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium plan book! Our 42nd year. Be first.

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DEPT. 88-29, TYRONE, PA.



Mail Coupon!

GIVEN

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**Wilson Chem. Co. Inc.**  
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# GIVEN! Send No Money! Boys - Men - Women

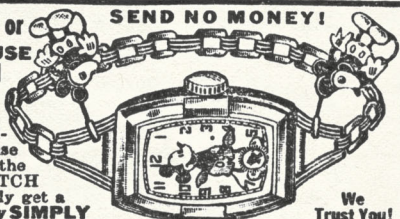
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A Beauty! A REAL COASTER WAGON—with a big streamlined all metal body, size 20 x 48, with 8 1/2 in. ball-bearing wheels and 1-inch rubber tires. Yours for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** beautiful pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for chaps, burns, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture Free) and remit as per our catalog. **WILSON CHEM CO., INC.**  
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Newest type steering  
**BE FIRST!**  
**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

## BANJO or MICKEY MOUSE WATCH



We Trust You!

## MAIL COUPON NOW!

**WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 88-29, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....**  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Bx \_\_\_\_\_ St. \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
PRINT YOUR LAST NAME ONLY IN SPACE BELOW  
\_\_\_\_\_  
PASTE COUPON on a Penny Postcard or Mail in an Envelope Today!

TRY - WILSON'S - COUGH DROPS - 5¢ EVERYWHERE



A SERIAL—Part I.



# So Many Hours

By Audrey D. Mountain

## CHAPTER I.

**T**AMARA BOLLING got off the train, and gasped in dismay as the August rain lashed at her ankles. She had spent a precious dime in New York for the shine on her shabby black slippers. She had ridden in the last coach on the train, and she bent her head against the drive of the summer storm, and ran swiftly along the platform to the shelter of the station waiting room.

As she ran, a dark mutter of thunder grew to a rolling crash in the west, and a flash of green-white brilliance outlined with stark clearness her too slender figure in the sober crispness of a black dotted Swiss frock. The eerie light touched the satiny glory of red-gold waves on the exquisitely groomed head under the modest black straw hat. Darkness blotted her out, but almost instantly the green-white glare came again, touching the delicate hollows under Tamara's fine cheek bones, hollows etched by grief



and sleepless nights, and of late by actual physical hunger. Glittering spears of rain tangled in her astonishing sweep of dark lashes, curly as a baby's, around the sweet, shining clearness of dark-blue eyes still shadowed by recent sorrow and heartbreak.

The station emptied rapidly. Tamara stood uncertainly in the center of the bare room, excitement ebbing from her, weariness and a cold, numbing sickness slowly possessing her. No one had come to meet her. Why had Mr. Webley insisted on her coming out so late? And what was she to do now? Only one limousine still waited. Not even a taxi remained at the taxi stand.

Some one touched her arm, in the room she had thought empty but for herself. Tamara jumped, and spun about to look up, a long way up, it seemed, into the browned, thin face of a lean, angry-looking young man with keen gray eyes under narrowed thin lids; and crisp, rebelliously curly black hair from which he had just dragged an immaculate rakish-brimmed white panama.

Something happened abruptly and a little sickeningly to Tamara's heart. It gave one great, choking throb, and then stood quite still. This—this slow, pervading ecstasy, this dizzy sense of being cut apart from all the rest of the world, standing alone on some sublime peak with this one man out of all the world's millions. This couldn't be true or real or credible, Tamara thought haltingly, even while his lean brown fingers were still actually detaching themselves from their brief touch of her arm. Her heart was racing now, in thick, shuddering throbs that shook her whole body, so that surely he must see her quivering. Why was he so angry? And—but only as an afterthought—who was he? Not that it mattered. Tamara had always had a healthy young scorn for love at first sight. It couldn't happen. It was hallucination, infatuation, black magic.

She made herself take a long, deep, shaken breath. It couldn't happen. But it had happened. As simply as that. In those few endlessly long, incredibly brief seconds.

"You're—are you Miss Bolling?" he asked huskily, in a low, pleasantly deep voice that went through Tamara like the thrilling of wild, unearthly music across hidden harp strings.

She said:

"Yes." Afterward, she was to wonder if she could actually have spoken. Words. What were they, in the irresistible, ruthless beauty and power of this miracle that had come to her?

He said reluctantly, "Tamara Bolling?" as if he wished, strangely, that she were any one else in the whole wide world but Tamara Bolling.

"Yes." Was that all she could say? Like a stupid doll with one song in her soul? It came to her terrifyingly, exquisitely, that whatever this man should ask of her, the answer would always be the same. That simple, unquestioning, instant, "Yes."

He shook his black head, impatiently, hopelessly. The anger that had faded during those brief, endless seconds, came back, more deeply. His generous, sensitive mouth hardened grimly.

"I'm David Mansfield," he said then, curtly, as if he had accepted the impossible. "My grandmother asked me to meet you. The car is just outside. Sorry it's such a beastly night."

Beastly night? It was a glorious night, Tamara thought, going swiftly, gracefully across the station beside the young man in his immaculate creamy flannels. David Mansfield. Mr. Webley, the Mansfield lawyer who had first interviewed her in New York, had spoken of David Mansfield. Briefly, as if he were, somehow, sorry for the rich, handsome young man who for several years now had managed the enormous Mansfield estates, properties, industries.



As if Mr. Webley felt, somehow, that David was being cheated by his arrogant, domineering old grandmother, Mary Scoville Mansfield. The woman who would soon be Tamara's employer. The woman Webley had called, in an angry mutter, "A wicked, spoiled old woman headed for tragedy."

David swung open the station door for Tamara, and they were outside in the wild, wet wind, with rain lashing at the wet bricks underfoot, with streaks of green-white dazzling their eyes.

David said curtly to a chauffeur who materialized at his elbow, "Get Miss Bolling's luggage, Fenwick. Have you checks for it, Miss Bolling?"

"I brought only one bag," Tamara said huskily, lifting contented eyes to his brown, stern face, half in shadow from his white panama's brim, pulled rakishly low over his stormy gray eyes. She made a gesture toward the shabby dressing case he had already taken from her, and which Fenwick was now putting into the front seat of the huge black limousine.

His raised his brows.

"A little thing like that? You don't intend to stay, then?" David asked, startled, incredulous, strangely eager and happy.

Tamara drew a deep breath of the sweet, wild, wet night into her aching lungs, gave him a starry, hopeful smile. "That depends on Mrs. Mansfield, doesn't it? I thought it would seem presumptuous to bring my belongings before I knew if she would engage me," Tam replied simply.

His face darkened again. She saw that, even as his hand under her elbow took her swiftly across the few feet of wet, gusty dark, and put her safely into the sheltering dusk of the big car.

"She'll engage you, all right," David muttered rebelliously. "But to think that you—you would fall in with a mucky scheme like that—Get us

home, Fenwick!" he broke off to say savagely.

Puzzled, chilled, a little frightened by his savagery, Tam said, "Mucky scheme? I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Mansfield!"

"Oh, you know the whole rotten plot as well as I do! It's silly, and a little stupid, to pretend you don't. Webley told you," David said impatiently.

Something was very definitely wrong. Tamara said haughtily, "Mr. Webley told me nothing but that Mrs. Mansfield wished to engage a social secretary, and that he thought I might do."

"Ha!" David said sardonically. "Hang on to that line, Miss Bolling. Kip will swallow it whole, poor young fool. I'm not so easily deceived. The duchess thinks she can hang us all on pegs, and we'll stay put. David is to live here, and Mimi here, and Kip there, and we are to marry whom she orders us to marry, regardless of whether we like it. She thinks I don't know what she's up to. Well, she's riding for a fall, only she won't believe it until she smacks flat on her stubborn old face!"

Tamara, dazed by this outburst, said nothing. "The duchess" must be Mrs. Mansfield. And Kip—why should he swallow, poor young fool, anything she, Tamara, might be supposed to give him? And Mimi—that would be beautiful Mimi Herrick van Horn, ward of Mrs. Mansfield, only child of Ellin Herrick and Stuy van Horn, who had left their baby daughter a truly staggering inheritance, half of which had been handed over to Mimi only a few months ago, and the other half of which she would get in nine glamorous years, when Mimi was thirty. Tamara had read enough of society in the papers to know that Mimi lived with her guardian at Mansfield House, that Kip and David were both Mansfield grandsons, but not brothers. But what had all that to do with the coming of Tamara Bolling to work as social secretary in the





*Tamara looked up at the handsome stranger, and her heart gave one great, choking throb. Who was he? Not that it mattered. She had fallen in love at first sight!*

huge, rambling old house on the shore of the Bay?

After a time, David turned to her, and gave her a reluctant flash of a smile in the dusk of the swiftly moving car.

"The duchess is a tyrant, and a spoiled old brat, Miss Bolling. But we all worship her, and so will you. You'll do what she tells you to do, and not even make a wry face when you pretend to

like doing it. If this were the Dark Ages, the duchess would be ducked on a stool for witchcraft. I swear sometimes I think she practices black magic!"

Tamara only half heard what he said. The enchantment had her again, the enchantment of this man's low, deep voice, the white blur of his flannels in the dusk, the occasional flash of white teeth across his brown face, the remembered keen



gray of his eyes under the curly crispness of his dark hair.

Fenwick wheeled the big car off the highway, halted briefly at enormous grilled gates, while a guard with a gun at his belt turned a flashlight on the car, saluted David, let the car pass through. They drove a long way over shelled white roads twisting under tall, stately old trees bowing and writhing now under the great fist of the wind. They came at last to a long white jumble of buildings, warm lights gleaming through the darkness, countless windows streaming with rain under the sweep of headlights as the great car wheeled around the drive and came to rest under a portecochère, where the blast of wet wind was broken. A big door opened at the head of wide steps, a gray man in black tails came smoothly, swiftly down the steps.

Fenwick had the door open. David got out, the gray man murmured, "Mr. David," and David said curtly, "Miss Bolling, Mallow. Mrs. Mansfield is expecting her."

"Yes, sir. Good evening, miss."

Tamara said, "Good evening, Mallow." And somehow, was inside a huge, paneled reception hall, gloomily lighted but magnificent. David's hat was off, Mallow had Tam's dressing case, a trim black-and-white maid was coming down the great sweep of curving stairs. And from a high door at the right of the reception hall a young man came swiftly. Black-haired, laughing, lithe, more deeply browned than David, younger than David, astonishingly like David, but, somehow, with none of David's vital force. David's first deep look at her had set Tamara's senses whirling in a new, wild sweetness. This young man, charming, gay, altogether delightful, left her untouched. She found herself answering his smile irresistibly, but it was a charming smile from a charming boy. That was all.

Seeing her, his swift stride checked.

Even his smile grew fixed for an instant and his brown eyes took on a dazzled, delightful glow.

He said slowly, "Well! Hi, David," without turning his eyes from Tamara for an instant. Even his voice was a lighter, gayer edition of David's fine deep voice.

David said curtly, "My cousin, Kip Mansfield, Miss Bolling."

Tamara said, smiling, "How do you do, Mr. Mansfield?"

"Beautifully, thanks, since you're here," Kip said gayly.

David frowned. "Miss Bolling has come to interview the duchess about the post of social secretary, Kip," he said, almost harshly, with something faintly mocking in his tone that Tamara heard and shrank from, if Kip did not.

Kip laughed, a gay sound that lingered pleasantly in the gloomy, lofty old room. "Social secretary for the duchess! Good grief, what next?"

David said evenly, "It's not unknown for the duchess to have a social secretary, Kip."

"Has she fired Miss Fern? Or does she need two?"

"Perhaps, since Mimi's début, she needs more help," David suggested icily. And, thought Tamara wretchedly, as if he didn't believe for one flicker of an eyelash that the duchess needed two social secretaries.

"Well, maybe," Kip said skeptically, unconvinced but willing to be. "Mimi does tear up the place pretty often, and the duchess is always in a dither about it. But the main thing," Kip said, smiling gently at Tam, "is that Miss Bolling is here."

"Mimi does what, you wretch?" said a pretty, gay voice from the high door behind Kip. Both men turned, and Tamara got her first look at Mimi Her-  
rick van Horn. She was small, exquisitely graceful, ravishingly pretty and



assured. She came running through the great door like a child, to clasp her small, strong, pretty hands around Kip's arm, and laugh up at him, her beautiful face with its great dark eyes, brilliant as stars, the gypsy-dark red of her mouth, the white flash of her perfect teeth, the arch of her slim dark brows, all animation and gayety and sweetness. She was dressed, like the two men whom she had all her pampered, adored life, treated as beloved big brothers, in white. The most expensive kind of utterly simple white, thin and cool and immaculately fresh.

"Hello, gypsy!" David's low voice said warmly. "I didn't know you were home!"

"Got back just after you left," Mimi told him, transferring her smile, her smooth hands to him. Quite simply she lifted the darkly glowing velvet of her mouth for his kiss. "Darling, it's good to see you," she murmured. David put his big arm around the eager figure, and Tamara felt a wave of actual illness sweep over her. If she had stood in Mimi's small white shoes, and felt the casual tenderness of that big arm! Just once, knowing she had the right to stand beside him and accept his caress, without caring who saw!

"What's all this about?" Mimi said interestedly, leaning her dark head affectionately against David's arm, smiling at Tamara.

"Miss van Horn, Miss Bolling," David said, looking down at the ravishing gypsy face at his shoulder.

"Oh? The new social secretary? How do you do, Miss Bolling," Mimi said, laughing, giving a warm, liquid flash of her dark eyes in shared merriment to Kip.

Tamara murmured, "Miss van Horn," nearly suffocating with unease and weariness. She so obviously didn't belong here, her coming seemed a joke to these arrogant, assured, beautiful

young things who did so easily belong here. She stood in burning silence, her knees trembling, a hot sense of injustice stiffening a pride that refused to surrender. She had been sent here, she had every reason to believe, on a legitimate job by the Mansfield lawyer. Why were they behaving as if she were something out of a circus?

Mimi's lovely face sobered. She came quickly across to lay her hand on Tam's arm. "Please forgive us, Miss Bolling. We're not being very kind," she said penitently. "When you know the duchess as we do, you will know that we wait for the next outburst from her, and then we all quietly have hysterics. You will, too. She's like that, but you'll never understand until you've been here a while."

"Our hysterics aren't always so quiet," Kip said merrily. "We're not sure what she has up her sleeve, but she's been so darned mysterious lately, we know there's something."

David did not smile. He sent Tamara a curt glance, said crisply, "I'll take Miss Bolling up to the duchess."

"I'll take her up, David," Kip put in eagerly.

David smiled down at Mimi, said gently, "D'you mind, Kip?" and as Tamara went up the great sweep of stairs beside Kip, she heard David say affectionately, "Have a good week-end, kitten?"

Mimi laughed richly. "Oh, marvelous, David! Wait until you hear——"

Tamara was silent as she and Kip went through the softly lighted, luxuriously carpeted quiet of the huge, rambling old house. She caught glimpses of charming bedrooms through half opened doors, chintzes and snowy dotted Swiss, shining old polished wood, neatly turned down beds with pastel thin blankets and snowy sheets under shaded bedside lights.

"Look here," Kip said abruptly, in



an audacious undertone, "you have a name, I suppose? It's absurd for me to call you 'Miss Bolling' very long!"

Tamara drew a little away from him, said quietly, "Tamara Bolling, Mr. Mansfield."

"To-morrow," he promised, "I'll have you calling me 'Kip.' Remember I warned you."

He stopped at a closed door at the end of the corridor, rapped lightly. A gruff old voice shouted, "Come in, come in!"

"Sure you're decent, duchess?" Kip called impudently. "I've a visitor."

"Send her in then, and get out yourself!" the duchess thundered back. "What are you doing here, anyhow?"

"Sending you my love, darling. Here's Miss Bolling to see you." Kip put her through the door, and shut it behind her reluctant back. But the friendly, encouraging pat he had given her arm before he released it, heartened her.

The duchess swung around from her dressing table, gave Tamara a shrewd, penetrating stare from faded blue eyes under bushy white brows, barked irritably, "Well?"

Tamara's confused senses took in the room and the woman haltingly. It was a big room, simple, comfortable, luxurious. Big four-poster bed with faded, chintz hangings, a huge deep chair by a fireplace banked now with ferns and potted bright plants, a dresser and dressing-table, a big chintz-covered chair for the duchess to sit in while her maid did her hair and made up her face. The duchess herself was small, erect, vigorous, indomitable. Any other woman would have been dwarfed by the big room, the big furnishings. The duchess controlled them, dominated them.

Tamara said, in a soft voice held fiercely steady, "Mr. Webley sent me, Mrs. Mansfield. He gave me a letter for you."

"Did he? Sit down, girl! Never stand if you don't have to," the old woman snapped, reaching for the letter, pushing Tamara into a big chair by a forceful flutter of her small, powerful old hands, impatiently setting the middle-aged maid to work on her white hair again, all without moving from her chair or speaking further either to maid or Tamara.

Tamara sat very still, too deeply tired, too drained of spirit to move. Very quickly now, she would know. And then, she would either be sent to a room in this pleasant, comfortable old house, or she would be taken back to the station to catch a train for New York. She had come to Journey's End. She shut her eyes for a moment. Perhaps it would be better if the duchess did send her away, she thought wearily. Living in this house, seeing David Mansfield's tenderness to Mimi van Horn, would not be easy. Perhaps it would be easier, simpler, give her less of heartbreak and useless, vain longing, if she were never to see him again.

When she opened her eyes, the duchess was watching her out of shrewd eyes.

"How long has it been since you had a decent meal?" she asked, in an amazingly gentle voice.

Tamara stiffened proudly, but before she could speak, the duchess rushed on, flapping Tom Webley's letter angrily against one veiny, old hand. If Tamara could have read that letter she would have understood what the duchess was trying to do. And she would have left Mansfield House, instantly.

"Tom is a sentimental old fool," the duchess said hotly, glaring at Tamara. "From this sickening mess of drivel, I take it he didn't tell you what I told him to tell you. Did he?"

She waited for Tamara's reply.

Tamara met the fierce demand quietly, wearily. "I don't know, Mrs. Mansfield. He told me very little except that



you wished to engage a social secretary, and that he thought I might do."

The duchess snorted elegantly. "Imbecile! Well, do you want the job? Do you?"

"As social secretary?" Tam said surprisedly. "Of course I'd like very much to try it, if you think I'm qualified." She'd like to try it! How mild an expression of her desperate anxiety, after being out of work for five terrible months!

"Take off your hat," the outrageous old woman demanded, "and let me look at you. Ah!" she finished suddenly, and was silent, staring at the shimmering glory of Tam's red-gold hair, a little flattened by the weight of her hat, but still, under the soft lamp beside her chair, seeming to gather all the light in the room to its bright glitter.

Tam, like an exhausted, obedient child, turned her white face to the light, and shut her eyes for an instant. Her soft mouth shook, stiffened gallantly, curled to a brave, small smile, defying the hollows in her delicate cheeks, the blue veins at her white temples, the shadows under her eyes.

The duchess said very mildly, "I think you'll do, child. Where's your father?"

Tam opened her eyes. "Dead, for ten years."

The duchess said gently, "Tom says you've lost your mother very recently. I'm sorry."

Tam said even more gently, "Thank you," and swallowed hard to keep back the tears that rose helplessly with every mention and thought of her mother. She shut her gloved hands tight together in her lap, and sat very still, trembling a little. Her grief was only two months old.

The duchess went on quickly, "College?"

"Two years at——" Tam named a very good, very expensive Eastern college.

The duchess raised surprised old eyebrows. "Rather over your head financially, wasn't it?"

Angry, proud red flamed up into Tam's white face. "That," she said distinctly, "was why I couldn't finish."

"Quite so," the duchess agreed briskly. "What was your job with Madame Menard? That would be Elise Menard?"

Tamara said:

"Yes. I was sort of a companion-secretary."

"Must have been a delightful job," the duchess jeered. "Elise was dull as a post. You take dictation, do typing?"

"Yes."

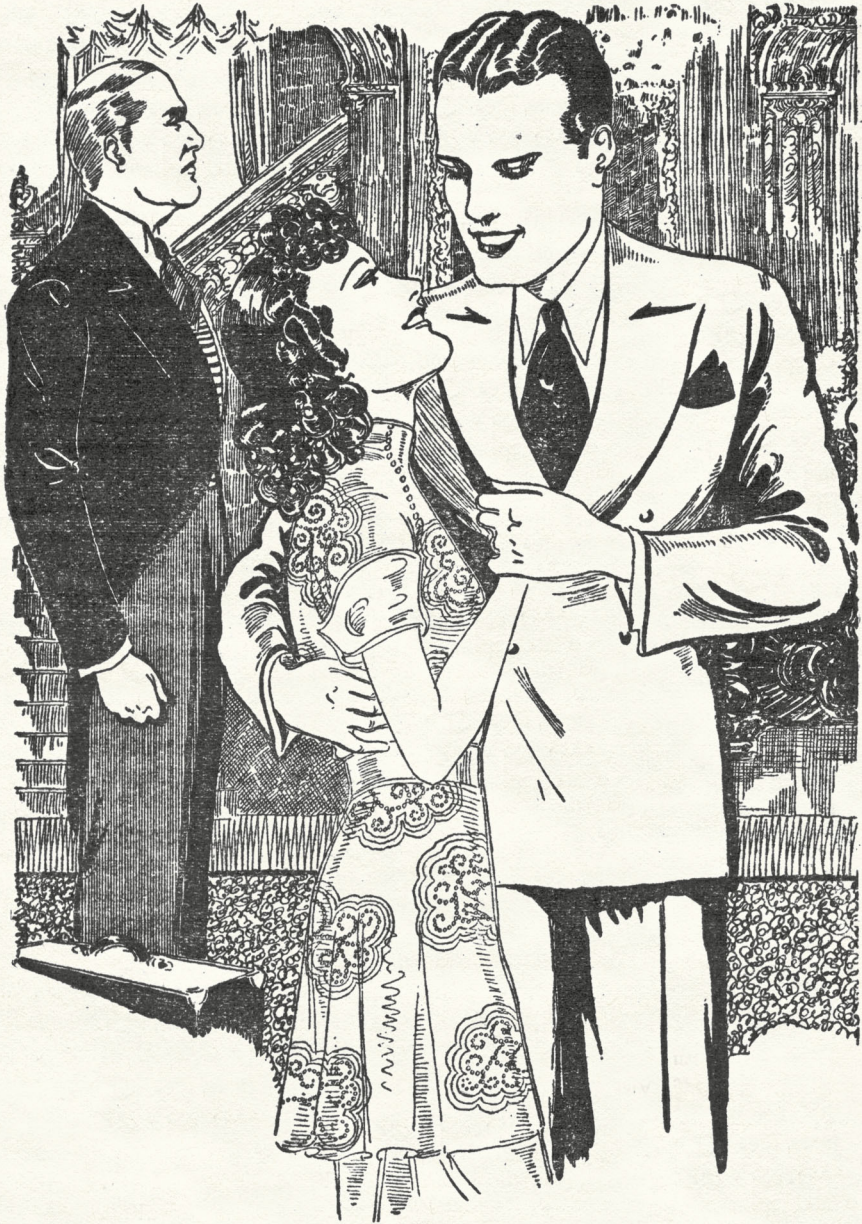
"Good. You'll keep my appointment book, take care of notes and letters, help Miss Fern with the household checks, help Mrs. Lawton, the housekeeper, with her accounts. And one more thing. David's father—you met David, he brought you up from the station—David's father is blind, and he enjoys having some one read to him. When he wants you, anything else can wait. Is that agreeable?"

"Perfectly," Tamara said, reluctantly delighted, eager to see David's father. She had indeed met David; perhaps it would have been better for her if she hadn't.

"Good. Fifty dollars a week, Tom told you? Of course you'll live here. When the family is alone, you may either eat with us, or have a tray in your room, as you choose. When there are guests—well, we'll have to see," the duchess said briskly, getting up from her big chair, saying impatiently to her maid, "Get my gown, Sarah. Dinner gong in ten minutes."

Tamara got up too, color still hot in her face from that brisk, "When there are guests—well, we'll have to see." Not quite a servant, even more distinctly not family. A sort of half world, this post of social secretary. Tamara resented





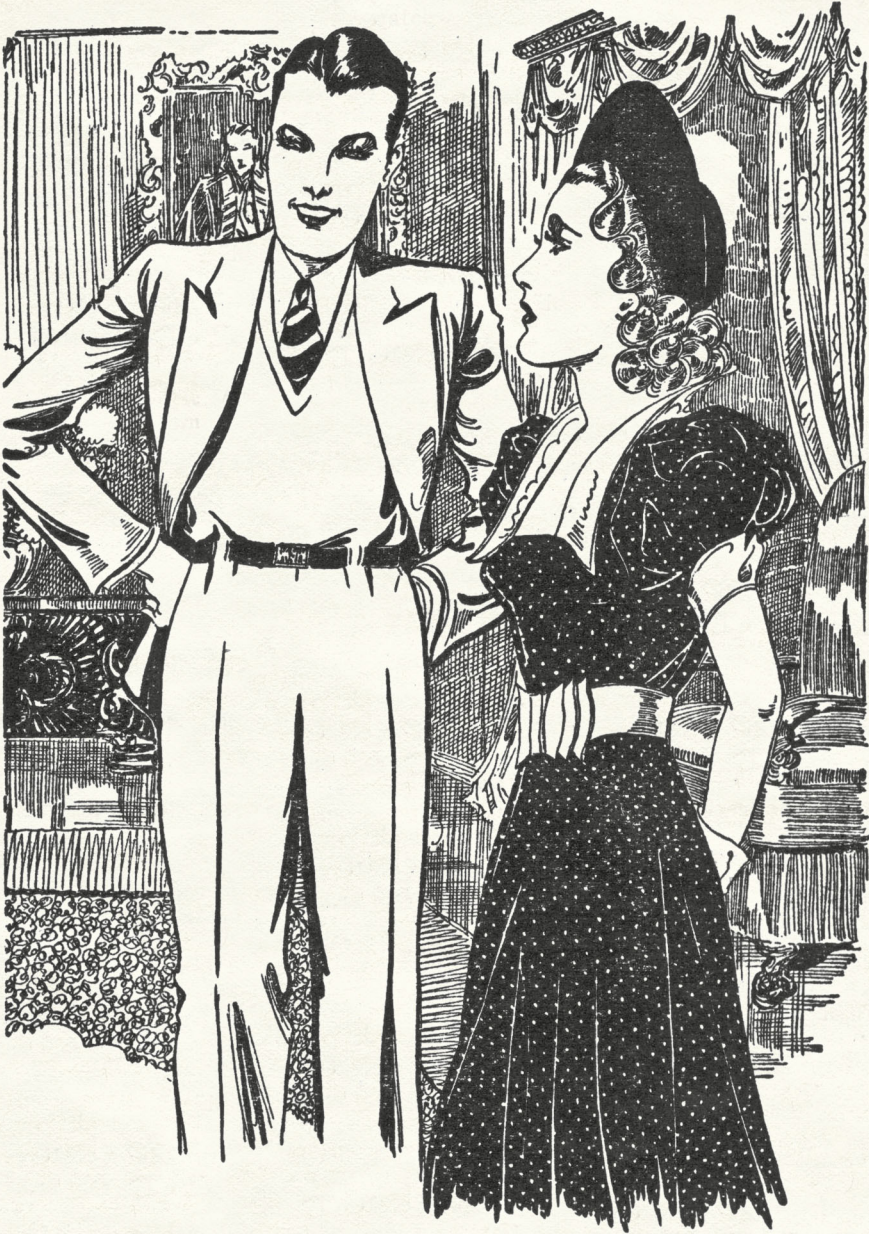
that, hated herself for resenting it. Wasn't any girl lucky to get a job with fifty dollars a week and board and room, even if she were considered a sort of superior servant? She'd known that before she came. But it cut more sharply than she had thought it would.

"I could quite easily commute from New York," she offered, a little stiffly.

"Nuisance, that. No, I'd rather have you here. Sarah, tell Mallow to take Miss Bolling to her room. He knows which one. Good night, Miss Bolling."

The duchess turned away. Tamara





*"Darling, it's good to see you," Mimi murmured. David put his arm around the eager figure, and Tamara felt a wave of actual illness sweep over her.*

said timidly, following the maid to the door, "Thank you, Mrs. Mansfield. I'll try——" But she saw the duchess was not listening. Everything necessary had

been said, as far as the duchess was concerned.

Mallow, hovering near the stair head, took her up another flight, and in at the



door of a fair-sized room on a corner of the great house, with three windows on the gardens, and one to the west. Green-and-yellow chintz was at the windows and on the deep armchair. A few pieces of good mahogany, a comfortable-looking bed, a big desk with a covered typewriter sitting on it. A small fireplace, two big closets, and a fourth door opening into a tiny bath. This, then, was where Tamara was to live.

She smiled at Mallow, and thanked him. He smiled back, a little stiffly. "What may I send you for dinner, miss?"

"Anything, Mallow, thanks. I'm too tired to think," Tamara confessed. The gray man softened.

"I'll send you up a good dinner, miss. Mind you eat it while it's hot, now," he bade her, as he went away.

The fatherly tone, just that little touch of kindness and concern, brought the tears very close again, and she told herself fiercely, over and over, that she would not cry. She would not!

## CHAPTER II.

In the morning, the sun was shining brilliantly, and the gardens, below Tamara's windows, were gloriously fragrant and sweet, with rain-flattened flower heads already lifting under the coaxing warmth of the sun. It was impossible to be depressed on such a radiant day. There was wine in the very air. Tam had her breakfast melon and coffee and cereal with cream from a tray brought by the same cheerful maid who had served her the night before.

"Mr. Mallow says could you eat a coddled egg, miss, with a piece or two of crispy bacon?"

"No, thank you, Bridget. Thank Mallow, but this is already too much. Isn't it a glorious day?"

"It is that, miss. You look so fresh in that white frock, like the day itself,

miss!" Bridget said cheerfully, obviously already an adorer of Tam's.

Tamara flushed with pleasure. She looked down at the white frock. Remembering Mimi's expensive, exquisite simplicity, Tamara's own white dress looked to her relentlessly cheap. But it was simply cut, not too badly made, and fitted her slim body prettily. And it was beautifully laundered. Tam had done that herself.

She went, with a new confidence, to her first day with the duchess. Mrs. Mansfield, fully dressed in pink cotton lace, her white hair beautifully groomed, her breakfast over, was just finishing the morning paper in a big chair by the windows. She greeted Tamara curtly, waved her to a stack of letters laid out on a table with a letter opener beside them, and by the time the duchess threw aside the paper, Tamara had them opened and sorted. She had done work like this for Madame Menard, on a much smaller scale.

The duchess was busy dictating personal notes, which Tam would presently write in her pretty script, when Mimi knocked on the door and came in, without waiting for a reply from her indulgent old guardian.

"Go away, nuisance! Can't you see we're busy?" she snapped. But one imperious old hand pulled Mimi down onto the arm of her chair, and her delicate, sagging face flushed with pleasure when Mimi bent lower and kissed her affectionately.

"Bear! What a wicked growl you have! Good morning, Miss Bolling. Is this tyrannical old darling working you to death?" Mimi laughed.

"Oh, not at all, Miss van Horn," Tamara said shyly. "I'm enjoying it."

"Keep quiet a minute, Mimi. We're almost finished," the duchess said, as Mimi started to speak. "Ready, Miss Bolling?"

"All right, but hurry up, darling. Kip



and I have a date for tennis, before we swim," Mimi said reasonably, swinging one beautiful, smoothly-tanned leg, revealed by yellow linen shorts.

Tamara, lost in admiration of the sheer, exquisite perfection of the lovely young heiress, almost jumped when the duchess growled. The old woman was scowling.

"Kip?" she said sharply. "Why must you play tennis and swim with Kip all the time?"

"Because I enjoy it, and so does he," Mimi answered, smiling down at her own tanned knee, not meeting her guardian's eyes. For an instant, she looked almost smug, so complacent, so secretly radiant was the small smile tugging at her red mouth.

"Where's David?" demanded Mrs. Mansfield, in a curiously throttled voice.

"You know he's always with Uncle John at this time of the day, duchess!" Mimi said lightly. She got up from the chair arm, just as Kip stuck his handsome black head around the edge of the door.

"'Morning, duchess dear. Greeting, Miss Bolling. Ready, sweetheart?" This last was to Mimi, and for an instant then, Kip looked guilty and confused, as if he had said more than he intended to say.

Mimi laughed, a rich, bubbling note. "Just coming, dear. 'By, duchess. We'll be back for lunch."

The duchess made a small, furious sound. "That's all now. When you've finished with the notes, tell Mallow to take you to Mr. John Mansfield—that's David's father—and see if he'd like you to read to him for a while."

Tamara got up, put her notes and letters in order. "Very well."

When she was at the door, Mrs. Mansfield stopped her. "Oh, Miss Bolling. When Mr. Kip comes in from his swim, I'm asking him to take some flowers, baby clothes and such things to a

New York hospital. I think you'd better go with him, and take care of the red tape. He's such a scatterbrain."

Tamara hid her astonishment as well as she could, under a polite, acquiescent smile. But the smile faded, stiffened as the duchess went on very casually.

"You and he might as well lunch in New York. And while you're in town, you might arrange to have your things brought out. Mallow says you brought only a dressing case."

Tamara leaned against the door for a moment, when she had shut it between herself and the duchess. Would Mrs. Mansfield stoop to try to use Tamara Bolling for a wedge to separate Mimi and Kip? Tamara went on down the corridor, a little soberly. If that idea grew in the duchess's mind, it might lead to all sorts of complications, mostly unpleasant.

When the letters were finished, she found Mallow, and went with him to a pleasant, sun-flooded big room on the first floor. A fine, mellow voice bade them enter, and a tall, sturdy man with a shock of white hair turned a brown face in the sunlight toward them.

"It's Mallow, sir."

Tamara hardly heard the butler. All her senses were in sweet confusion again, for another tall, lean figure was outlined against the sunshine at the windows. David Mansfield, cool and freshly groomed in a brown Palm Beach suit, a cream-colored tie against a brown silky shirt, his rebelliously curly black hair gleaming in the sunlight. His gray eyes, narrowed against the strong light, gave her a hard, cool stare. But it seemed to her that he was a little pale under his tan. His sensitive, generous mouth, so deeply dented at the corners, shook once, uncontrollably, as he looked at her. Tamara felt that same slow, all-pervading ecstasy sweeping over her again, but this time it was chilled and sickened by his silence, by the hardness in his eyes.



He bent his dark head a little, in chilly courtesy, and Tamara told herself sternly that she was a fool to let him shake her so. Was she to go through life so tormented that even the sight of him, tall and brown and keen—and hard, to her, as brown marble—could tear her to pieces, leave her heart thudding, her breath shortened, blood throbbing in temples, throat and finger tips, this brassy taste like new pennies, in her mouth?

She dragged her eyes from his. John Mansfield had risen from his big chair, he was looking with his blind eyes straight toward where she stood.

He said clearly, "I know, Mallow. Who's that with you?"

Mallow glanced once toward David. When he made no move to speak, Mallow said quietly, "It's Miss Bolling, Mrs. Mansfield's new secretary, sir."

John Mansfield said alertly, "How do you do, Miss Bolling?" He put out his hand in her direction, and Tamara went irresistibly toward him, drawn by his fine, gentle dignity and graciousness.

She said, "Good morning, Mr. Mansfield. Mrs. Mansfield thought you might allow me to read to you a little, before lunch." Her hand was in his, and if she hadn't known he was blind, she would have thought him looking directly down into her face. His eyes, unfaded, open, clear, were the same keen gray as David's, without David's brilliance and awareness.

John Mansfield saw now through his ears, through his sensitive finger tips, but Tamara knew in that instant that no intelligent person could ever, would ever, dare to pity John Mansfield for his blindness. He was too vital, too richly filled with the beauty and strength of life, too wise in his seeing ever to seem old or pitiful.

"I should enjoy it very much, Miss Bolling. You're small, aren't you? Like Mimi?"

"An inch or so taller, I think," she told him, smiling.

John Mansfield swung his head toward the window. "Do you know Miss Bolling, David?"

"Yes. I brought her—— Yes," David said.

"D'you know, she's extraordinary. Her voice is so soft and warm and rich. She actually doesn't pity me for being blind. I'd swear," his father said whimsically, "—well, if any one tried to tell me she isn't beautiful, I'd call him a liar, David. She may not be pretty, but she's beautiful inside."

Tamara's heart stood still. David would answer his father—how?

After a stiff space of silence, David said evenly, "She's beautiful outside too, dad. A little too beautiful. If that matters."

Tamara knew that her small hand contracted uncontrollably in John Mansfield's big fingers, betraying her to the sensitive touch of the blind man. David not only actively disliked her, he despised her.

John Mansfield bent a gentle smile down toward the Tamara he would never see, and yet perhaps he saw more clearly than physical eyes could ever do. His fine, mellow voice was even more gentle than his smile.

"I taught you better than that, David. Beauty always matters—true beauty. It's so astonishingly rare. Will you sit here, Miss Bolling?" He led her unerringly to a chair near his own, ignoring David. "We'll send this strange son of mine away while we get acquainted. David, you know, is too young to see clearly. What is your first name?"

"Tamara," the girl said, almost inaudibly, her shaking fingers straining together in her lap. There—David had gone; the door had closed behind him. She relaxed on a breath too near a sob.

"Do you enjoy detective yarns? I'm reading one now, perhaps you'll catch



up on what's already happened to-night. Then we can share the climax together. You," said the blind man, without a change of tone, his white head tilted toward her stillness, "love David, don't you? And somehow he's hurt you."

Tamara said nothing. She could not. She thought painfully, "Is my insanity so obvious that a blind man can see it?"

John Mansfield said again, "You love David, Tamara."

"Do I?" she said then, bitterly proud, admitting nothing. She added, because she had to, "The prince and the beggar maid. Intelligent, isn't it?"

"That came out happily," he reminded her gently.

"This won't. That was a fairy story. This isn't," Tamara said painfully, chin up, soft mouth bitter. She burst out then, to the only Mansfield she felt she dared ask, "Why was I brought here, Mr. Mansfield? Mrs. Mansfield doesn't need me. Why am I here? And why does your son believe Mr. Webley told me something he was intended to tell me, and didn't?"

The blind man put his sensitive finger tips carefully together. "My mother," he said mildly, "is sometimes a very wise woman, more often a tragically foolish one. Her bringing you here was the most tragic mistake she ever made, if she wishes to achieve the object for which she brought you. She's arranged for her own defeat, and she doesn't know it."

"But what is that object?" Tamara persisted desperately.

"I think," Mansfield said pleasantly, "that our detective story is on that small table at your right hand. The place is marked."

And Tamara dared ask no more.

Tamara, unbelievably, had been at Mansfield House for over a month. She had learned much in that month. She had learned that Mrs. Kensall Mans-

field, Kip's pretty, lazy, golden mother, would be home from Paris again presently. Kensall Mansfield was dead, as was David's mother. Carol, Kip's mother, had never married again, because the duchess would not permit the girl elevated to Mansfield rank by marriage, to forfeit that distinction. Once a Mansfield, always a Mansfield, Kip told Tamara irreverently.

Tam had not had to learn to love John Mansfield. The love she might normally have given her own father, was transferred without a halt to David's father. The duchess claimed her services less and less. Most of her time was spent in John Mansfield's big room, reading to him, taking care of his bills and letters and checks, cutting and pasting clippings, occasionally shopping for him, or walking with him in the gardens. Frequently, they played chess—Mansfield had a set of ivory chessmen, with distinctive shapes for red and white, to let him tell the difference by touch.

Tamara never lost her awed admiration of the delicacy with which his sensitive fingers moved lightly over the men, checking their positions, thoughtfully considering possible moves, and then eventually, triumphantly, doing the one thing she had not expected. Frequently John had her tray brought to his room and they ate together, in a deepening intimacy and friendship. As father and daughter might, Tam sometimes thought wistfully. As she might really have the right to do, if David—

She had learned a kind of hard, still patience about David. The breathless magic, the glory and wonder of her love for him, went on through all those brilliant early fall days. His face under her closed eyelids was the last thing she saw at night, her hope, her piteous silent pleading, that he might be only a little kinder to-day, was her first thought every morning. She had schooled herself not to betray her hopeless secret with every unexpected sight



of him, she rarely spoke in his presence, when he came to visit his father she invariably slipped away.

But with all her learning, she knew no more about the reason for her coming to Mansfield House than she had known when she first came.

It was Kip, finally who enlightened her.

Kip, since that first drive into New York with her, their lunch and dancing together, had been very attentive to Tamara, in his breezy, reckless young way. During that first dance, he drew her suddenly closer, looked down into the startled, tilted sweetness of her face, his own browned young face suddenly sober.

He said, almost breathlessly, "You're so sweet, little thing!"

Tamara, startled, her eyes shining with the joy of this dainty lunch, this gay adventure into the world of smart cafés and beautifully dressed women, had drawn away a little, not answering. And Kip, astonishingly serious, said gently,

"You're right, of course. I won't rush you. But you're mine, little thing. Don't forget it—ever."

And again Tamara had nothing to say. Too vividly, like a sword flashing in sunlight, David's lean brown face hurt and dazzled in her eyes. She was not Kip's, that torturing new something in her heart said gravely. She couldn't be. If David never smiled at her, never lifted a finger to claim her, she was his own. Forever and ever.

She drew a sharp breath of protest, against the light brush of Kip's young mouth at her white temple, and he loosened his hold of her instantly, and took her back to their table. After that he was very gay, and won her laughter and held it. Just before he pulled into the drive at Mansfield House, she said weakly, joyously,

"But you're such a giddy fool, Kip!"

He nodded, grinning. "Pay me, lady! I told you you'd call me 'Kip' before the day was over, and you've done it!"

It had slipped out unconsciously. Tam sent him a frightened, sobering glance.

"But I mustn't—again," she said quickly.

Kip nodded. "Not unless we're alone," he agreed. "The others might not understand."

"But——"

He gave her a hard, straight stare, flames dancing behind the bright brown eyes. "You didn't think we wouldn't be alone again, little thing? If you did, forget it. I intend to see as much of you as you'll let me, here or anywhere else. This isn't a hide-in-the-corner affair, Tam. You belong to me. Some day they'll all know it."

Tamara was terrified the first time Kip took her away from the duchess. He looked around the edge of the door with his handsome, engaging grin, said cheerfully:

"Duchess, darling, d'you mind if I take this industrious Tamara for a walk? She could stand some color in her silly little face that doesn't come out of a box."

To Tam's astonishment, the duchess grinned wickedly back at Kip, and told Tamara to get out. They were all calling her "Tamara" now, even the duchess and Mimi. All except David. David never spoke to her at all if he could help it, and then always as "Miss Bolling."

Since then, Kip had grown bolder in his claims on her time. He took her out for luncheon, for tennis or swimming or a drive, occasionally for dinner.

The russet-gold day when Kip told her why she had come to Mansfield House, they had walked deep in the forest back of the Bay. They sat down to rest, Tam beating at her sturdy black brogues and black wool skirt with a stick Kip had cut for her, ripping open the zipper on her black jacket, pushing





*Tamara put her face down into her hands with a silent groan deep in her soul. "Oh, David, David!" she prayed bitterly. "My own dear love, who is not mine at all, but Mimi's."*

the damp, red-gold curls back from her white temples with a reckless hand. Kip, in fine, careless tweeds, stretched beside her on the deep carpet of fallen leaves, and lit a cigarette.

"Kip, why on earth did the duchess bring me here?" Tam asked suddenly, a little idly, not really expecting an an-

swer. "She needs me about as much as she needs another foot. Kip, this is the most enchanting day." She breathed deep, contentedly, of the sharp autumn air. Nothing warned her that it was the last contented breath she would draw for days and weeks.

Kip chuckled lazily. "The duchess



went off, as usual, half-cocked. She got a crazy idea that Mimi was in love with me, and I with her, and that she had to do something about it. Hence you."

"I? But——" Tamara began, bewildered.

"What a picker the duchess is," Kip said happily, eyes closed. "She couldn't have found a girl surer to lay me out flat, if she'd let me pick her myself. I might have missed you, but not the duchess. She always gets her man!"

"I still don't see——" Tamara said faintly, staring down at his relaxed, tanned young length at her feet.

He chuckled.

"It's because you're red-headed, little thing. And so beautiful I sometimes think I dreamed you. And intelligent and well-bred. At least, it started off with the duchess's idea that I'd fall for such a girl if there was one. There was, and I fell. Head over heels. As I've never fallen before, nor expect to again," Kip said piously, grinning. "I'm not supposed to know the duchess's naughty plot against Mimi and me. But young Kip gets around."

Tamara sat frozen. This was it, then. This was what Mr. Webley had not told her, what David had believed she already

knew, the "mucky scheme," the "whole rotten plot" he had said she knew as well as he did, and it was stupid to pretend she didn't. That was the "line she was to hang onto," the line "Kip would swallow whole, poor young fool." She heard again his scornful, savage voice in the dark of the Mansfield limousine, taking them swiftly through the stormy, rainy dark, with the scent of Mimi's exotic perfume in the air.

She put her face down into her hands with a silent groan deep in her soul. No wonder David despised her! No wonder he thought her cheap and common, too beautiful, "if that matters," but nothing more! A lovely decoy, paid to snare Kip away from Mimi before their love reached its culmination in marriage.

A feverish, desperate sickness grew in her. David would never believe she had not known this whole dreadful thing when she came to Mansfield House; never believe that she would have gone on gladly, being hungry and afraid and lonely, rather than come to Mansfield House on such a mission. "Oh, David, David!" she prayed bitterly. "My own dear love, who is not mine at all, but Mimi's."

TO BE CONTINUED.



### FAITH

THE wind may roar in angry gales,  
Tuning the wires to fitful wails,  
The snow may come and shroud the land——  
I'm contented when you hold my hand.

To have you near me calms all fears,  
The wind may howl, I'll shed no tears,  
Though storms and trouble may abound,  
I'm safe as long as you're around.

LYDIA A. EDSTRAND.





# Diamond Wedding

By Daisy Dean

**S**ILVIA MACCHORD, with her cameo face and silvery hair, looked like some distant star far remote from the tawdriness of Lawyer Jason's office and the earthiness of the young shortstop dashing in through the door. She turned from the window and watched him with curious contempt.

Why must he barge in as if he were running to bat for the Silver Team, with brass bands playing, cameras trained

on him and the fans shouting to the grand-stand roof: "Such-A-Man! Here comes Such-A-Man!"

"Good morning, all!" The great Shores swooped to a stop and tilted his



kingly, dark head at an applause-getting angle.

Lawyer Jason's prim secretary beamed admiration, seeing in Lanny Shores what all women saw—a pagan lover. Lawyer Jason's eyes envied the athlete's towering height, his broad shoulders and the brawny muscles that rippled like steel under his tweed suit.

But the only applause he received from the girl by the window was open mockery in those warm brown eyes of hers that were such a contrast to the rest of her blond, silvery self.

"Sit down, Shores! Sit down!" Lawyer Jason bowed like a jack-in-the-box. "Silvia, my dear, come over here and sit down."

Lanny Shores sent her a sharp gray glance. Silvia Macchord! As much like her famous father, the late Silver Macchord, as a young woman of twenty-two can be like a man of sixty—tall, willowy, slender. A pliant steel whip you could bend far, far back but never, never break.

"How do you do, Mr. Shores?" Silvia glided over and took the indicated chair.

"This is a pleasure I didn't count on, Miss Macchord," the great Shores said, bowing dramatically before he sat down.

Silvia thought, "Hollywood is losing a sure bet with this boy acting like a Shakespearean ham all over the big league of baseball. Now, why should I think his 'Such-A-Man' act no real part of the man himself? Especially since nobody else believes in him and I've only met him once before?"

Once before! An eight-course breakfast in honor of her father. Bored with speeches from the baseball association and press, Silvia had watched the new shortstop whose blow-horn tactics were putting him in the headlines daily. She admitted his primitive good looks and saw that the speeches bored him. He

was overdoing his Such-A-Man act that day, for the benefit of a cabaret entertainer, Maza Delinque, who added spice to the breakfast with two impudent songs and, after that, more spice to Lanny's career. And "Old Silver," who would have stopped it, was taken ill that night with the old chronic ailment which, this time, proved fatal.

Now her father was gone and Silvia Macchord was trying to start the baseball season in his place. She knew baseball thoroughly, for, motherless from birth, she had traveled constantly with Old Silver. She had her father's level-headedness and his sense of fair play, as well as the wealth of silvery hair he had bequeathed her. Then, too, she had the passionate brown eyes she had inherited from her French mother plus an emotional daring that she was using to-day with every ounce of her feminine wits.

"I sent for you, Shores, so that you could hear a portion of the will of the late Silver Macchord." Lawyer Jason began reading in his stiff, important voice, using long, legal terms that caused the twenty-four-year-old shortstop from Georgia to squirm.

"Whoa, Jason," he cut in. "The great Shores is a mere hero of the diamond. If I'm being sent back to the minors or being traded off, tell me in American. Such-A-Man can take it, old boy, but he first has to know what he's taking."

Silvia's voice, like muted, musical chimes, answered him.

"You aren't being sent anywhere at all, Mr. Shores. That is, unless you refuse to marry me."

"Unless I what?" His gray eyes widened and he gestured with one big, well-shaped hand. "Am I crazy, Miss Macchord, or are you?"

Her coral lips twisted with contempt. "I thought you said you could take it!"

"I can!" He smiled, showing daz-



zling white teeth. "I can take you, too, if it's the order of the will. That what it was all about, Jason, old boy?"

"Well, you see, Shores—— I mean——well, that is——" Lawyer Jason gave up and mopped his brow with a handkerchief.

"That was what it was all about," Silvia said decisively.

"Well, I'll be a triple out!" the great Shores exclaimed.

Silvia's chin went up proudly. "Mr. Shores, your flattery overwhelms me!"

He looked her over coolly. "Listen, the great Shores isn't the fellow who goes around flattering women. Also, I hate being forced into things even with very beautiful"—he brought the word out with taunting emphasis—"young ladies like yourself."

"Don't step out of character to flatter me," Silvia advised him icily.

"That wasn't flattery. I'd be blind not to see that you're beautiful. But that doesn't change the fact that Maza and I are very much that way about each other."

Silvia flung back heatedly, "Nor does it change the fact that Jicky King, the announcer and I, are very much that way about each other."

"Jicky King!" Lanny scoffed out the name. "He and his crooner-boy voice okaying all my errors before they're officially chalked up! I guess the great Shores would be doing you one sweet favor, saving you from the fate of becoming Mrs. Crooner Announcer King!"

"Oh, do you think so?" Silvia's voice dripped acid. "What about my saving you from the fate of being Mr. Mexican Cabaret Singer Delinque?"

He got up heatedly, overturning his chair. "Miss Macchord! Get this and get it now! The great Shores will never be Mr. Female Anything to any woman on earth. And if I marry you to please

Old Silver I will not be publicized as Mr. Silvia Macchord. Do you get it?"

"Vaguely." Silvia sounded as cool as the cucumber-colored blouse, hat and gloves she wore. "I'll take on the minor rôle of Mrs. Such-A-Man, if that's all that's worrying you."

He said:

"It isn't all." He towered above her, an unexpected dream in those deep-gray eyes of his. "A marriage always seemed to me as if it should be sort of final, sort of——"

"Made in heaven?" Silvia prompted. "This one need be neither final nor made in heaven. We're required to live together only throughout one baseball season. Then I'll go to Reno and you'll have your Maza and I'll have my Jicky."

The dream faded from his gray eyes and rebellion returned. "Just a mere formality to save my baseball hide and your conscience. That it?"

"Something like that." Silvia's cheeks burned brightly pink. She fumbled nervously with the kick pleats in her dark-green suit skirt.

"And just when," the great Shores asked huskily, "do you expect us to start playing foul ball with marriage?"

She raised her eyes to his, but he was now staring morosely at the wall above her head.

"I thought we'd be married on the diamond before the opening game Thursday, with cameras shooting us, loud-speaker mikes on the field and reporters around in droves."

There was hurt defiance in the eyes he lowered to meet hers. "No doubt I deserve that," he said stiffly. "It sounds right up my private alley, doesn't it?"

"I thought it did." Silvia arose to extend a gloved hand that became lost in the strength of the great Shore's handclasp. A sharp emotion went winging through her, and she couldn't look



at him. She regarded the gray print of his tie and fought for composure.

"Seriously, Miss Macchord"—he spoke gruffly—"if your father wished this thing, the deed is as good as done. Understand?"

Then she did look at him and all their recent combat melted into a tender moment of shared sentiment. They smiled at each other waveringly and sat down to arrange the details with Lawyer Jason.

An hour later, Silvia was keeping a luncheon appointment with "Big Biff," playing manager of the Silver team. A great, uncouth, red-headed fellow, he resented Silvia and she distrusted him. But her father had signed him as manager for two seasons, and she could not break the contract.

When they finished eating, Big Biff lit a cigarette and leaned back to tell her what she and the sporting world already knew—that a girl with a baseball team on her hands was on the spot.

"You gotta make yourself scarce, sister, and let some guy step up as your head man, see?" Big Biff grinned. "We can't have the fans yelling 'sissies' at the team."

Silvia cried:

"They wouldn't do that!" Chagrin clouded her warm brown eyes. "Oh, they wouldn't, Biff!"

"Wouldn't they, though? What's worse, the boys won't play good baseball for any girl. You'd better sell the team. Or else get married to some ball player"—Big Biff's green eyes narrowed with meaning—"who can also run the show for you, see?"

Silvia saw all too plainly, and she froze up.

"I have something to take care of, Biff. No, don't bother leaving with me. I'm going up to my room first. Thank you for the dinner that I en-

joyed very much and for the advice that I didn't."

"Say, now listen here, sister——"

Silvia waved him aside royally, and swept from the dining room of the Hotel Charles where the team made its headquarters when in town. She knew she had stepped on the big slugger's toes, and it would be war to the end between Big Biff and herself.

"Diamond Wedding! Diamond Wedding!" Newspapers screamed the headlines. The men fans were disgusted, the women fans thrilled, and reporters, writers, and photographers swarmed over the ball park in greedy droves.

Up in the announcer's booth, Jicky King, who was bony, blond and temperamental, had to broadcast the wedding of the girl he loved to the one man in baseball he hated. Lanny Shores had not only come up from the minors to strut like a theatrical ham, but by his lightning genius at short, he had pushed Jicky's younger brother, Joey King, off that position, and poor Joey had been sulkily warming the bench ever since. Now, to make matters worse, the man who had finished his brother's career was also getting his own girl!

"Ladies and gentlemen"—there was a husky catch in Jicky's clear, tenor voice—"the orchestra is playing, 'Here Comes the Bride,' and Silvia Macchord is entering the field with Big Biff who, as manager, will give her away. She is wearing a long dress of silvery-white satin with a flowing veil attached to a sort of Dutch cap. Yours truly is a sports announcer, ladies and gentlemen, not a fashion editor. The day is chilly, so she has the mink coat Old Silver gave her last Christmas, flung about her shoulders.

"Now the great Shores, Such-A-Man, struts forth with to-day's pitcher, Barney Wells, as best man. The groom



is wearing top hat and tails under an overcoat. And the lady, also in white, who is attending Silvia as matron-of-honor, is none other than the eighteen-year-old daughter of Red Shaffer, veteran pitcher! They are all at home plate now, risking pneumonia by removing their coats, to pose for the eager swarm of photographers who have been permitted on the field.

"The entire Silver Team, in top hat, white tie and tails—and does that look comical!—are running to their regular positions on the field. The minister is heading sedately for the pitcher's mound, the band is playing softly, 'Oh, Promise Me,' and the little batsboy, Sherwood, is singing the words through the loud-speaker microphone, as the famous procession proceeds up to the pitcher's mound where the ceremony will be performed. Ladies and gentlemen, this broadcast of the marriage of the daughter of the late Silver Macchord, to the publicity-getting shortstop from Georgia, Lanny Shores, is being brought to you by courtesy of the Better Cheese Bits Co., and it is, beyond doubt, the most novel wedding yours truly has ever witnessed."

Down on the field Silvia's low voice trembled out the words, "I do." She was cold, nervous and terrified.

"I do," Lanny said firmly.

Lanny's hand, warm and encouraging, closed over her own, and she felt a platinum band encircle her third finger. It seemed to encircle her heart. Silvia, feeling it there, so alien and cold, was more cold, more nervous, more terrified.

"I pronounce you man and wife!" The minister boomed the words through the loud-speaker for all to hear, and the orchestra again played "Oh, Promise Me," the batsboy again singing the words.

Lanny's lips touched hers very briefly. Now Lanny had hold of her hand and

they were making a hurried dash for the dugout, applause roaring like thunder in their ears, dodging their heads against the shower of rice flung at them by the boys from every position on the field.

They had to have a police escort lead them through the crowds from the dugout to their waiting limousine. When they finally reached its shelter, they were cold and hungry, both of them feeling like anything but man and wife.

"The boys were excited about the wedding," Lanny observed.

"It's bad luck to win the opener," Silvia said. "Daddy always believed that."

They were alone on the night of their wedding and thoroughly ill at ease. They had talked trivialities for many tense moments while avoiding each other's eyes. They'd commented over and over about the Silver Team losing the opener to the Stags, 7-1, until there was nothing more to be said.

They'd moved to the best three-room suite in the hotel, the team had toasted them very thoroughly in champagne, even Big Biff putting aside his surliness for the occasion.

Now every one was gone, and it was ironical how well they both looked their bride and groom parts. Silvia was a walking bridal advertisement in a negligee of moonglow satin, and the great Shores might have stepped from the pages of a fashionable men's magazine in his black mandarin tailored robe.

Silvia said again, foolishly, "We made so many errors!"

He retorted:

"Your darned Jicky credited me with six! I did make four, but Biff had dynamite on everything he tossed me from first."

"Biff was thoroughly unpleasant," Silvia recalled. "I can't understand why daddy ever made him manager."





"His batting average is plenty sweet," Lanny said.

"But he hasn't any batting average as a man!" Silvia complained.

Lanny looked directly at her for the first time. "And what do you consider my batting average as a man?"

Silvia studied the pink tint of her finger nails. "I'd hate to judge it by your batting average as a player to-day," she hedged. "But the fans will

probably overlook a very new benedict playing his first game of the season."

He watched her move to the fireplace, temptingly lovely, and he felt himself overcome with a sudden heady desire to take her in his arms. Though he instantly guarded his feelings, his voice was husky when he spoke.

"This sort of wedding shouldn't make any bridegroom muff three double plays and an easy out."





*"Diamond wedding! Diamond wedding!" The men fans were disgusted, the women fans thrilled, and reporters and photographers overran the ball park in greedy droves.*



"This sort of wedding?" Her brown eyes melted with humorous challenge. "Except for the fact that it doesn't intend to last, what's so different about it?"

"It doesn't mean a darned thing," he flung out angrily. "You know it doesn't mean a darned thing!"

"Oh, doesn't it?" Silvia tilted her silvery head like a reproving princess. "Whoever told you that, Lanny Shores?"

"I'm gentleman enough to understand without being told!" He stalked over to a window and glared down at the street below. "It's just one of those frame, no picture, get-ups."

"'Wedded In Name Only,' or 'The Unkissed Bride.'" Silvia's tingle of soft laughter broke forth. "Is that what you have in mind for us?"

He swung about. "Have in mind? What the devil do you mean by that?"

"Oh, I was just finding appropriate titles for what you think this is all about, that's all." Mocking devils danced in her brown eyes now, while the rest of herself seemed so remote, so untouchable.

Sheer male rage got the best of Lanny, and he crossed to stand before her angrily. "Let's be frank about this thing, Silvia. Do you mean that you want it to be otherwise than a comedy?"

She said coldly, proudly, "Have you forgotten that I am the daughter of Old Silver? My father played baseball fair and square, not foul. I'm playing this marriage fair and square, too, not foul. Now do you understand what I mean?"

He could only stare at her unbelievably. His magnificent, virile body seemed rooted to one spot on the Oriental rug, his mind unable to grasp the fact that all her remote silvery loveliness was his for the mere taking.

Silvia was, by far, the more composed of the two of them. She lowered her lashes and dropped him a playful courtesy.

"My lord, the bridal chamber awaits beyond. I shall retire. You may come when you wish."

She moved to sweep eloquently down the narrow hallway that led to her bedroom, but he suddenly sprang to life, and reached her in one stride, grasping her slender wrists with such determined strength, she felt the ache and delight of it down to her very toes.

"No, wait! I can't let you do this, Silvia. It isn't fair! Can't you see it isn't fair?"

"Isn't fair to whom?" Her voice was a husky whisper destined to drive any man on earth mad.

"To you, of course," he said with gruff tenderness.

She stood there, slender and proud, like the steel whip you could bend far back but never break, and she flung the one taunt at him that she knew he would not take.

"Such-A-Man!" Her lips twisted to silken scorn and the pools of her brown eyes held passionate ridicule. "Such-A-Man!"

"You—you——" The white mask of his face seemed to melt into a blur, leaving nothing but the gray of his eyes, burning now with a wild, primitive longing.

Then she was crushed in his strong arms, and his lips took hers fiercely.

She sat in Jicky King's radio booth watching Lanny make one error after another, while all the other Silver Team players seemed to have gone out like lights. Only Big Biff seemed belligerently alive on first to see the team he managed curling up its toes.

Silvia turned miserable eyes from the field. She had failed in piloting her beloved father's Silver Team as badly as she had failed in her marriage to his unruly shortstop from Georgia!

That one wonderful night when she and Lanny had passed through the gates



of paradise was just a memory now. He had not cared to share paradise with her again. He had, ever since, been abrupt, impersonal, even unfriendly. Silvia veered from bitter humiliation at having given herself to him, to an agonized longing to feel his arms around her again. Night after night she tossed awake wanting this man, separated from her by a mere door—a door he never opened, though he knew now that she wanted their marriage to be real.

Jicky whispered, "Darling!" above a between-inning summary of the miserable game, then turned the mike over to an assistant.

"You look all upset, Sil," he said.

"Oh, Jicky, Jicky!" She yearned to put her silvery head down on his wiry young shoulder and sob.

"As bad as all that, Sil? Listen, I'd like to take that concenited ham and string him up! Darling, I'm taking you some place to dine and dance after this game. You look like a million in that black satin suit business, so you won't have to go back to change. I'll dash out now and phone for reservations."

After the game, she and Jicky waited for the crowds to disperse, then stole down a side way. On the bottom of the runway Silvia, somehow, tripped over Jicky's foot and stumbled into his arms. Jicky crushed her close eagerly, pressing his lips to her fragrant hair.

When they drew apart, Big Biff was grinning down at them from the door of his dressing room on the tier above, and a photographer was scooting around the corner out of sight.

"Unfortunately, he shot that." Biff tipped his baseball cap and disappeared into the shower room.

"Don't worry, Sil," Jicky offered quickly. "I'll have it killed. I know that bird well."

"Please do, Jicky, for my sake." Silvia was so busy pleading with Jicky, she didn't see that there had been an-

other witness to the love shot the photographer had gotten. And if Jicky saw Lanny Shores, he didn't say a word.

Nor was the picture killed. It appeared in Jicky's own paper under the pert caption, "Radio announcer catches Such-A-Man's bride."

Silvia was furious, but Lanny made no comment, and at the end of that week he went out of town with the team on their long trip East. Lawyer Jason advised Silvia not to travel with the boys, so she spent her days with Jicky at the studio, watching the ticker tape as he broadcast the out-of-town games. The pain of love unrequited lived with her every waking hour and haunted her throughout the night. When the Silver Team came back, worse losers than ever, Lanny was scarcely ever in the apartment, and soon Silvia was to know the reason why.

Big Biff came up to see her one day and told her.

"You counted me your enemy, sister," he said. "Yet, I should have benched that husband of yours long ago for the errors he's been making. I didn't for your sake, baby, see? Now he's drinking half the time and chasing that Mexican dame again."

Silvia chose to ignore the personal angle, though her heart sank. "Lanny's errors, alone, couldn't put the team where it is, Biff," she managed.

"Oh, no? Well, get this, sister. There's a reason for those errors! He's making them on purpose, see?"

Silvia went paper-white. "Oh, no, Biff. I don't believe that. I'd never believe that about Lanny."

"Then what's he hanging around that Mexican dame for, at her cousin Tony's joint? Tony is a big gambler and every one knows it."

"How do you know Lanny hangs around there?"

"I saw him there."



"What were you doing there, Biff?"

"Gosh, sister, a manager has to check these joints to see if any of his boys are there. And you wasted yourself on a guy like that! If your old man were alive——"

"Leave my father out of this," Silvia said icily. "We still have a fighting chance, Lanny or no Lanny. Only half the season is over. I'll talk to the boys myself to-day, and ask them to help."

Pleading with them in her lovely, muffled voice didn't help much. They were flawlessly courteous to her, in memory of Old Silver, and they admired her courage and beauty. They made excuses assuring her that Lanny was a great guy, Biff was the tops, and it was just the breaks against them. Among themselves they called her "swell stuff but a woman," and it sort of took the backbone out of a fellow, playing on a sissie team. They'd been scoffed at as the "Silver Sissies" plenty, out of town, and Big Biff was always complaining about it. They thought Lanny Shores a chump, married to her and chasing a girl like Maza. To the last man, any one of them would have married Silvia, but none of them wanted to play baseball for her.

Such-A-Man sat at a back table with Maza Delinque, resplendent in a bright-red sequin dress. Lanny held a bottle of beer in one hand, using it as a baton to keep time to the *risqué* song she was crooning for his ears alone. His thatch of black hair was rumped, his gray eyes narrowed, and his well-cut mouth twisted. The great Shores gave every appearance of being very tight.

Seeing him, Silvia's courage almost failed her. She drew her ice-blue taffeta coat close about her and raised panicky brown eyes to Jicky King, who walked beside her.

"Steady, Sil," he encouraged gently. "Just act natural."

Now they had reached the back table, Silvia's pride helping her to stare down the jealous rage that leaped into Maza's black eyes at sight of her.

"Eet ees your leetle wife, Lanny." Maza spoke scornfully. "Ask them to seet down, no?"

"Sit down." Lanny looked up briefly, then down at the soiled white tablecloth.

"You make zee beeg game talk on zee radio." Maza turned her feline stare on Jicky. "I no like zee baseball talk but I like zee voice you tell heem in."

"Do you?" An orchestra began throbbing out swing music. "Care to dance with a mere sports announcer, Maza?"

"Maybe yes." Maza gave herself a little too quickly into Jicky's arms. It puzzled Silvia, although she knew Jicky had maneuvered the girl away so that she could talk to Lanny.

"Lanny," she said shyly, and touched his coat sleeve.

"Why did you come here"—shaking off her arm—"with him?"

"I couldn't very well come alone. Oh, Lanny, how can you do this terrible thing to me? How can you?"

"Do what?" he asked hotly. "Our marriage isn't the sort that gives you the right to dictate to me."

"I know, but couldn't you at least see it through decently for this one season? Haven't you any self-respect, or any loyalty to the team and—and the memory of my father?"

"I've played every game, haven't I?"

"But every one knows you're chasing Maza and it's making a laughing-stock of me."

"I suppose every one doesn't know you're with him—up in his booth during every game, at his studio when we're on the road?"

"Oh, Lanny," Silvia cried brokenly, "I'm so terribly disappointed in you. I thought you were so different."





*"Oh, Lanny, how can you do this terrible thing to me? Every one knows you're chasing Maza, and it's making a laughing-stock of me."*

"Sorry." He reached out a hand and pressed a button for the waiter. "If you hung a hero's halo on the head of Such-A-Man, lady, that's your fault. Want something to drink or not?"

LS-3D

Jicky came back then, alone, and they had two hostile rounds of high balls before Jicky remembered to tell Silvia that Maza wanted to talk to her alone in the lounge.



"Why you come here?" Maza asked at once when Silvia located her there.

"He's my husband," Silvia answered tiredly.

"But he no like you. He loff me. Look. Maza, she geeve you sometheeng to prove he no like you, that he do what I say." She pressed a long, thin envelope into Silvia's hand. "You go home and read thees, then you leave heem to me and marry thees announcer man, no?"

Silvia placed the envelope in her evening bag without comment and with no curiosity whatsoever. She felt strangely numb, miserable that she had come to this terrible place at all. For the short-stop from Georgia she had so ardently believed in was worthless. Yet even though she knew he was, she still loved him. What a fool she'd been to have faith in him!

Later that night, she was to think herself an even worse fool. Later, she was to burn with rage, waiting for Lanny to come back to the apartment.

He came, early in the morning, tiptoeing in, heading for his own room.

"Lanny." Her voice came, small and baffled. To her own astonishment, the very nearness of this man was causing all her rage to crumble and only that numb, tired weakness of despair remained.

"Still up?" He switched on a light, his gray glance sweeping over her figure, covered by the moonglow negligee of their wedding night. "Why?"

"This!" Silvia handed him the envelope.

Lanny opened it and withdrew a canceled check. He regarded it, puzzled, then read aloud slowly, "'Pay to the order of Lanny Shores five thousand dollars. Signed, Tony Delinque.'" He turned it over on the back and read aloud his own signature.

"I could excuse your drinking. I could even excuse your going back to

her, but this—this is unpardonable," Silvia whispered.

He stared at her above the check.

"You don't think that I cashed this miserable thing, do you?"

"What else can I think?" Her voice was a sob. "Biff told me you were selling the team short, making errors on purpose, but I didn't believe him."

"You did believe him!" Lanny's gray eyes blazed angry fire. "And this is the extent of your grand faith in me. Where did you get this piece of paper, anyway?"

"Maza. To-night. In the lounge at Tony's, just before Jicky and I left."

"I thought as much. Well, the little fool has overplayed her hand this time and so has some other smart guy." He grabbed his hat, pocketed the check and started for the door.

"Lanny, wait! Where are you going?" Silvia cried after him.

"To find Big Biff. You wait right where you are until I come back. And when I do come back I'll have plenty to say to you, young lady!"

And not until after he had gone, did Silvia recall with astonishment that although he had seemed intoxicated at Tony's, he was perfectly sober now.

Once again Silvia stood by a window and watched the great Shores barge into a room. Only this time there was no mockery in her brown eyes, as he strode across the room to stand before her like an outraged young god who had been vindicated.

"I have here six signed confessions from members of your team—Mollins, pitcher; Jans, catcher; Kaney, third; Blumenthal, pitcher; Joey King, from whom they all accepted the bribery checks that Tony Delinque wrote."

"Joey King?" Silvia gasped. "Jicky's brother? But what about Big Biff? I could have sworn if any one were crooked, it would have been Big Biff."



"Lawyer Jason would call Big Biff an accessory to the fact, or something like that. He knew but he shut his mouth, and as I also have his signed confession to that, it blows his manager's contract sky-high."

"How did you get Big Biff to admit it?" Silvia marveled.

"Easily enough. Even last year I suspected Joey King. I'd seen him and Tony together too often. That's why I began rushing Maza. I was headstrong and didn't obey rules, but, nevertheless, I respected Old Silver and I didn't want stuff like this put over on your father. Or you," he added softly.

Silvia said, "Oh!" and wanted to sink through the floor, remembering how accusingly she had spoken to him at Tony's when he was really doing it all for the team.

"As for Big Biff, he's a bully but he's also a coward. It was easy to bluff the truth out of Biff." Lanny smiled crookedly. "I did it with the check you gave me."

"The one with your name on it?" Silvia was still puzzled. "How did your name get on it?"

"Erasure on front, forgery on back. I put Biff's on the same way Maza substituted mine. And that scared the truth out of him."

"What did Maza expect to gain by giving me that check?" Silvia asked.

"I don't believe Maza thought about it much. Your announcer boy friend put her up to it while they were dancing, I'll swear."

"Oh, no, Lanny! You can't make me believe that Jicky had a thing to do with it."

"His brother Joey is in on it, isn't he? If he could throw suspicion my way, he could kill two birds with one stone! Save his worthless brother and get rid of me so that he could have you. A guy who would trip a woman into his arms and have a photographer planted

to shoot the scene might do anything, Silvia."

Silvia shook her silvery head. "Oh, no, Lanny. Jicky King didn't do that on purpose." But she wasn't so sure. It had been queer the way his foot had gotten in her way and it had been strange that Jicky hadn't had the shot killed as he had promised her he would.

Lanny laughed bitterly, mirthlessly. "Sorry, Silvia. I'm being a ham again. I've cleared myself and I've cleaned up your father's ball team, but there's no use spoiling your life on top of it. If Jicky did those things he did them for love of you, Silvia, and they say all is fair in love and war. As for me, I'm ready to accept any alternative to this marriage business of ours. I'll see Lawyer Jason to-day and tell him so."

"Alternative?" Her lips scarcely breathed the word. "But—but, Lanny, you can't. I mean, there isn't any alternative. There never was. There isn't even any will. I persuaded Lawyer Jason to read a fake one."

"You did what?" His gray eyes went dark with amazement. "But why, Silvia? Why the devil did you want to marry me?"

She lowered her lashes and clasped her slender hands nervously. "Well, you see, I was in a tough spot. A girl with a ball team and I didn't trust Big Biff. I needed some one I could depend on."

"So you picked on me! Big blow-horn from Georgia! Publicity hound even Old Silver couldn't make behave! Silvia, that doesn't make sense."

"It doesn't seem to now," she said miserably. "Only, I didn't think you were as you acted. I thought if I married you, you'd change and be real. Why, I even hoped you'd eventually manage the Silver Team for me, Lanny!"

"Well, I'll be a triple out!" Lanny Shores grinned, then shook his head.



"But that still doesn't seem sufficient reason for faking a will to get me to marry you."

"No," she agreed softly, "it isn't." She looked at him, her brown eyes swimming with tears, then buried her face in her trembling hands. "I—I was a fool."

"Now, Silvia, wait! Please—please don't cry. I'll stay and manage the team if that's what you really want. Maybe with luck and the bribery cleared up, we can even hit third place. As to this marriage of ours, outside of that one night, we have nothing to regret, have we?"

"I don't regret that one night," she sobbed. "I'll never regret it as long as I live. Never! Now go away, Lanny. Go away."

But he didn't go away. Instead, he swooped her up into his arms, and sat down with her on the divan, stroking her silvery hair with clumsy tenderness.

"Darling, listen, I'm just a rookie from Georgia, but even a rookie from Georgia can guess at the answer if you don't regret that one night we shared. Silvia, have I guessed the right answer? Could you, by any chance, care about me?"

She raised her brown eyes and looked at him with brave tenderness. "Do you

suppose I would have given myself to any man on earth, for any purpose whatsoever, if I didn't love him?"

"That's all I wanted to know." He pressed his lips to her hair, and he held her closer. "I've been half insane since that night, Silvia, wanting you. But I thought you were only being game and I couldn't stand mere gameness from you, my dearest. Shall we get married all over again, darling?"

"No, darling, no. That marriage on the diamond was as real to me as anything in the world could ever be. It was final and made in heaven, Lanny. I meant it that way."

"Well, you had your nerve, Silvia Shores!" Lanny teased her tenderly. "And so did I. Because I meant it the same way, too. I've always worshiped you, Silvia, the same as I worshiped your father before you."

"Such-A-Man!" She reached up and rumpled his dark hair. "My very own Such-A-Man!"

"Remember the last time you taunted me like that, young lady?"

"Perfectly. What are you going to do about it?"

"Only this," Lanny said. He bent his lips down to hers, and this time the ecstasy of their kiss promised that they would share paradise for keeps.





# Shadow Woman

By Ruth Lyons

**I**N the Pennsylvania Station Marcia had her first regret that she hadn't wired Philip she was coming. She found it depressing and bleak to get off a train and know there was no one to meet her, no face to light up at sight of her.

A porter picked up her bag and hat-box, and she followed him up the stairs and through the gate, her eyes instinctively searching the waiting faces for a familiar visage, even though she knew she would find none.

She said, "Taxi," to the porter a little





breathlessly, feeling suffocated because in a few minutes she would be seeing Philip.

"I should have wired him," she thought. "He isn't expecting me until to-morrow morning, and he might be out." But there hadn't been time to wire him. She had abruptly decided at three thirty that afternoon that she must get back to Philip. She had thrown clothes into her bag and just made the four o'clock with no time for sending a telegram. Anyway, she had reasoned, she would be in New York in less than two hours. And Philip would be overjoyed that she had come home sooner than he had expected.

It had seemed to her that afternoon a shameful waste of time to spend another night in Philadelphia, when she could be with Philip. As if their days together were numbered! As if they weren't to be together forever and ever!

Julia, her sister, had said smiling, "Go on, Marcia. You might as well go home to-day, if it's that bad with you. It was a comfort having you here while they carved me up, but I'm feeling fine now, and anyway Bill is here. I shouldn't have asked you to come, perhaps, but there's something about having an operation that makes you want to call your family around you. And you're all the family I have. Except Bill, of course, but a husband isn't family in that sense."

Marcia had answered, "If you're sure——" with starry eyes, and Julia had smiled again and told her, "You run along home and, for Heaven's sake, don't let that husband of yours know how anxious you are to see him. If I acted like that with Bill he'd run off with his secretary."

Marcia had said, "Pooh," knowing that Philip knew the depth of her love for him, and loved her more for her generous acknowledgment of it.

But, as the porter put her bag and hatbox into a taxi, she thought, "I

really should have wired. If he's not there——" That was a chilling thought, and she shrugged it off. Of course he'd be there. He was always home at six, bent over papers spread out before him on his desk, or sitting straight and silent behind his typewriter, fingers in motion on the keys or motionless on the desk, eyes far away and glassy with concentration. She always had to break into that concentration, much as she disliked doing so, to tell him it was almost dinner time.

Of course he'd be home now, sitting there at his desk, perhaps not realizing it was almost dinner time, or putting it off because he disliked eating alone. She could almost hear his cry of delight at sight of her, and feel his swooping hug and the hard insistence of his lips.

She shivered in the taxi, and fastened the Persian lamb coat tightly about her throat. It was bitterly cold, with wind howling around the taxi and blowing showers of snowflakes against the windshield and windows. The taxi moved slowly through the congested streets, thick with traffic, the sidewalks crowded with people hurrying past brightly lighted shop windows. Marcia felt a thrill and an exhilaration, looking at those scurrying figures hurrying about their own special business, looking at the tall buildings stretching up into the dark evening sky, and at the yellow squares of light that were windows guarding warmth within.

In a little while now, she would be looking up at the three yellow squares of light that were the windows of her home, and know that there would be warmth in there for her, and Philip. Again that breathlessness, that suffocation, and she laughed silently from sheer joy.

She loved New York at night. She loved this night with its howling wind, flurrying snow, scurrying people, and bright-yellow windows. Philip! Philip! Two more blocks, and then Philip.



It was strange that she should feel so excited, almost panicky at the thought of seeing Philip again, after only four days away from him. Strange that after two months of marriage it should still seem unreal that Philip was her husband, that she should feel almost frightened by her happiness, as if this union were far too ecstatic to be lasting.

The taxi was turning into Tenth Street now, and her eyes flew down the block to the brownstone house where she and Philip lived. She found it instantly, by noting first the street lamp beside it shining on the small tree which, on one side, was flattened against the house and seemed to grow out of the stone. From half a block away, she could see the three yellow squares of light on the second floor, and her heart pounded with relief and joy that Philip was home. Behind those windows, in the snugness of their apartment, Philip would be waiting for her, not knowing that he was waiting for her, and he would give a glad cry and swoop her into his arms—

She said breathlessly, "This house, right beyond the light," and looked up again at the bright windows.

And then, for a long moment, she couldn't take her eyes away from one of those windows. The cold air that swirled into the taxi was not half as cold as the chill that went through her shivering body.

Silhouetted against the drawn shade of the last yellow oblong of light was the shadow of a woman. She was pulling a garment over her head, arms flashing up into sleeves, hands lowering to pull at long hair, push it free of face and neck. While Marcia watched, the shadowy woman did something to the hair around her shoulders, twisting it up onto her head. And then, suddenly, her shadow was no longer in the window, and Marcia found herself still clutching the handle of the taxi door, one foot on the running board.

She got back into the taxi, closed the door and tried to stop the chattering of her teeth. When she could manage to speak she said, "Drive on. Anywhere. I'll tell you when to stop."

She thought, "I'm a coward. I should go up and see who that woman is and what she is doing in my bedroom, dressing and combing her hair." Then she started trembling and shivering again. She told herself, "It's too cold and bumpy in this cab. I'll be ill if I don't get out of it." And looking out the window, she saw that they were on Fifth Avenue, passing a restaurant where she and Philip often went for a drink or dinner.

She said to the driver, "Stop there. And can you wait for me? I don't know how long I'll be."

He touched his cap, and she hurried across the sidewalk into the restaurant, shivering a moment inside the door with the shock of the spicy warmth. She sat at a small table near the bar and ordered brandy in a steady voice. She put up her hands to remove the dark-red scarf from her throat, and was surprised to see that her fingers were shaking. When her drink came she swallowed some of the fiery liquid, then shivered again, feeling heat burn inside of her.

She was frightened, desperately frightened and panicky, and she held onto the edge of the table with her hand as if to steady herself and her thoughts.

"If I go there now and find a woman with Philip that will be the end of everything, of all my happiness. I would break down, perhaps, and cry, and Philip would be distressed because of my tears and there wouldn't be anything either of us could do about it to make it right, with that knowledge between us. I haven't the courage to face it. I haven't the courage to find out whether or not Philip has done something shameful, because then I would be forced to do something about it, like leaving Philip. And I can't face the thought of leaving Philip.



But it might be perfectly innocent. It might be that some friend of ours dropped in to call. But why, why was she dressing in our bedroom? Philip, Philip, you couldn't do this to me. You love me!"

Bewildering, sickening, frightening thoughts darted through her mind like lightning flashes that go as swiftly as they appear, but leave a vivid, horrifying memory. She dug cold fingers into her temples and thought, "If I could only think in a straight line!" But her thoughts were winging from Philip and the shadowy woman to a time years before she had met Philip, and other times in between, and then back again to Philip and the shadowy woman. It seemed that there was so much to think out, and so little really to do.

Go up there now and confront them? Say, "What is the meaning of this?" Her lips curled. If she went up there now she would only cry, "Oh, Philip!" and weep and make things more distressing and messy. But perhaps there was some innocent explanation.

"It might have happened this way," she thought. "Suppose Dot Carew or some other friend of ours dropped in and Philip gave her a drink? Suppose she spilled the drink on her dress and then took off her dress to sponge it and let it dry, and I happened to come along just in time to see her put her dress back on again? It might have happened that way, mightn't it? But it probably hadn't. But I should make certain, instead of sitting here worrying and making myself sick with fear that Philip no longer loves me. I should find out who that woman is and what she was doing there, or I shall be tormenting myself with the thought of it forever, and looking at women with long hair and wondering if this were the one I saw in the window."

Her mind touched on all the women and girls they knew, and she found it strange that it was so difficult to remem-

ber which of them had long hair. She could remember about her close friends, but there were so many girls she and Philip had met here and there at parties. Of her close friends, there were two who had long hair. Dot Carew was one. But Dot and her husband, Dennis, were Philip's dearest friends, and Dot and Dennis were completely devoted to each other, more so now since Dennis was down on his luck. Then there was Helen Greer. But Helen was at least forty, and somewhat masculine, and Philip liked feminine women. That was what had first attracted him to Marcia.

The night they met at Gower's party. She hadn't wanted to go but she was desperately lonely because Julia had just married Bill and gone to Philadelphia to live. She and Julia had been so close, having no family, working for the same artists and photographers, sometimes posing in the same pictures. She had been lost without Julia—Julia, who would shake her head and say, "I can't understand how it is that even the public character of our work hasn't robbed you of your shyness."

The party was in Gower's large, somewhat bare studio, cluttered around the edges with canvases, screens, easels and photographic equipment. There were a lot of people at the party—artists and a great many writers because Gower's wife was a writer. Marcia was the only model there. She had felt out of place in that gathering of people who talked so quickly and brightly and who were all much older than she. Then Philip had come up and talked to her, making her feel that it was important to be feminine and soft.

She left the party with him an hour later, unquestioningly, as if she had known him a long time. His name was Philip Warren, he was in the English department of a New York college, and his first novel had just been published and was doing very well.



He was tall and broad with very steady blue eyes, and he had a self-confidence that was very comforting to her somehow. It made her sure that she could always rely on him. He telephoned her every day, and she saw him every evening. She was incredibly happy. He let her read his work, and she found it brilliant, sometimes a little out of her mental grasp.

She loved him partly because he knew so much more than she and because he was willing to share that knowledge with her. He took her



*The door was flung open before she could guide her shaking fingers to the keyhole, and she was swooped into Philip's embrace, felt the firm pressure of his lips on hers.*



to concerts and symphonies, starting in her the understanding and appreciation of music. He made her aware of the faint New England twang in her speech, and taught her how to use her voice correctly, because he said she had a beautiful voice and it was a shame to misuse it. It might have been tedious work if she had not loved him so much, and wanted so terribly to be just right for him.

She loved him so much that there was always a little ache somewhere in her consciousness that she might lose him, that this was too good to last. She was always a little in awe of him, but not enough to spoil her happiness. Just enough, in fact, to give it spice. She believed a man should be superior to a woman.

All through that spring and summer she lived in a glory of happiness, only occasionally feeling a twinge of pain because Philip said nothing about marriage. And then, at the end of summer, he told her he was not going back to the college. He had sold a story to a national magazine and they had contracted for more, and he was going to free-lance. And would she marry him?

Julia and Bill came to New York for the wedding. Then Philip and she left for the mountains, where for two glorious weeks they lived with an old couple in a white farmhouse near the Hudson River, and took long walks through fallen scarlet leaves and over thick, slippery mats of pine needles.

They went back to New York and took the apartment in Tenth Street, because of the tree that seemed to grow out of the stone, and because there was a small room that would make a good workroom for Philip. Marcia no longer posed for artists and photographers.

For two months they had lived in the apartment in Tenth Street—two wholly beautiful months. And now, sitting alone with her fingers curled around a brandy

glass, remembering all the exquisite moments of her happiness, she felt herself dull and numb with the pain of remembering also about that shadow in the window.

She brushed her fingers over her face, trying to brush her thoughts away, and felt a desperate need of Philip, a hunger to hear the beautiful clipped tones of his voice, to meet his steady blue gaze, to have him explain why there had been another woman in her bedroom.

She was steadier now, after the two brandies, and she remembered her taxicab waiting outside for her. Her watch said six forty-five. It was suddenly clear to her what she must do. She would go home now, as if she had taken the five o'clock train from Philadelphia. If the woman were still there, she would be steady enough now to face it. If she had gone and Philip with her, it would give her more time to consider the problem. If Philip were there alone she would say nothing about what she had seen. She would leave it to Philip to tell her. He must tell her, whether it was innocent or not. If their happiness was over she wanted to know it right away. But until Philip told her, she couldn't mention it. If he had done nothing to be ashamed of, he would despise her forever for doubting him.

She paid her bill and went out of the restaurant, feeling unsteady and frighteningly excited. The taxi driver was blowing on his hands, his nose red with cold, and she felt a detached sort of pity for him. When they arrived at the house on Tenth Street she saw that the windows were still bright with light, and she could almost hear her heart thump and pound suffocatingly.

The driver carried her bag up to the landing on the second floor, and she paid him, tipping him too much. Then she rapped on the door, calling "Philip!" before she inserted her key in the lock. The door was flung open before she could guide her shaking fingers to the key-



hole, and she was swooped into Philip's embrace, felt the firm pressure of his lips on hers, while the shaking and quivering inside of her miraculously subsided. She knew then that whatever Philip had done, it was all right with her. She would endure anything rather than lose him.

She sat down, with Philip close beside her, and babbled on about Julia, Bill and Julia's operation, and how she had decided to take the five-o'clock train instead of waiting until morning. She was concerned only with making her voice light, and preventing Philip from sensing that there was anything wrong.

When she stopped for breath and really looked at him, she saw that he was pale and that his eyes held hers with a curious intentness. She held her breath, afraid to move, afraid of what Philip's pallor might mean, sickeningly afraid of what Philip might say. He put his hand on hers and she couldn't tell whether it was his hand that was trembling, or her own.

He said, "Marcia," low, hesitantly, and she closed her eyes, waiting for it to come.

But after a moment of silence, he pulled her to her feet. "Let's go to dinner now," he suggested. And she thought, "The way they give a condemned man a good meal before they lead him to the chair."

They walked against the snow and wind, and she made herself talk, asking Philip about his work. He answered in a flat, emotionless tone. That frightened her, and she bent her head against the wind, robbed of the power of speech, unable to feel the motion of her legs as she walked.

When she raised her head they were at the door of the restaurant on Fifth Avenue where she had had the two brandies. At sight of it she shuddered a little, associating it with her distress, as if it were partly to blame for what had happened to her, and she knew she

never wanted to step inside that restaurant again. But Philip held the door open for her and she went in, powerless to protest.

When she sat across the table from him she searched his face for some sign of what he was thinking, noting that it still wore that curious look of strain and pallor. She tried to read his eyes for some sign of guilt or shame, but she could find none.

She said desperately, "It's so good to be back, darling. Tell me what you have been doing. Have you seen the Carews? Has Dennis found a job yet?"

He shook his head slowly, as if he were not really thinking of the Carews. Then he answered. "No, he hasn't, poor devil. They had to move day before yesterday, into a cold-water apartment. Have you ever been in one? Rather awful in winter. No heat. They have a little coal-burning stove. No hot water, no bathtub—just a sink. But Dot's rather wonderful about it, taking it with her usual good humor. I told them they could use our bathtub any time they wanted to, and they dropped in this afternoon to take me up on it. You missed them by just a few minutes. They wanted to know when you'd be back. They said we must drop in some time for a cold rinse."

Marcia felt her heart stop beating completely, then start again rapidly. She said, "Oh, Philip!" in a husky voice, and her eyes were starry, wide and bright with moisture. She added shakily, "The poor darlings," but she wasn't thinking of the Carews. She wanted to cry, "Philip, Philip, I doubted you! And all the time it was poor Dot Carew taking a bath because they have no tub and because you were so good and offered them ours."

Her happiness was so great that she wanted to cry, shout, throw her arms around Philip and kiss him fiercely. She felt deliciously warm and relaxed, until





But he spoke first, without looking at her. He said slowly, "I didn't want to ask you. I wanted you to tell me without my asking. But I always have believed that if either of us should doubt the other we should bring it out into the open. Only I was afraid to, and I didn't want you to think——"

she saw that Philip was still looking at her strangely, that he was still pale and nervous.

And then the waiter was bending over her, saying, "Ah, back again, Mrs. Warren! You left your scarf here before." He handed her the dark-red kerchief that had been about her throat when she entered the restaurant the first time that now seemed so long ago.

She thanked him, smiling because she was happy, and turned back to Philip. He was crumbling a roll between his fingers, and she remembered that he hadn't known she had been in there before.

She opened her mouth to explain, not knowing how to tell him, without making him despise her for doubting him.

Through her sick bewilderment, she saw that he was very pale now. He went on rapidly, "I called you in Philadelphia about six o'clock, and Bill told



me that he had put you on the four-o'clock train. Dot and Dennis waited because we thought you should be home any moment, and we'd all go to dinner together. Then, when you didn't come and the Carews left, I sat and worried and called up the railroad station. The train had come in all right. Then an hour after you should have arrived, you came, and you had been drinking. You didn't tell me that you had been drinking, nor with whom, and you told me you had left on the five-o'clock train instead of the four. And now I find that you were in here before you came home. Why, Marcia? And why didn't you tell me? It's made me sick and I can't stand it any longer."

She said softly, "Oh, Philip darling!" Then suddenly, she knew that she could tell him all she had been thinking and feeling, and that he would not despise her because he loved her. And she was no longer a little bit afraid of him, nor quite so awed by him, but she loved him a great deal more. Because he was, really, almost as foolish as she, and just as human, only he was intelligent and fearless enough to bring it out into the

open whereas she would have hidden it away in her silly little heart.

Her spirits lifted.

She said gayly, "Oh, Philip, smile, and don't look so worried, darling, because it's really a very funny story. You'll probably use it some day."

But before she told him she reached over and, curling her fingers tightly around his hand, said gravely, "First of all, I love you with all my heart, Philip."

He smiled at her then, and in his eyes was written all that she wanted to know. He would never love her less. So, while the snow whirled outside and beat soundlessly against the plate-glass windows, she poured out the story of the shadowy women, her misery, her shame now that——

Philip didn't let her finish. He leaned across the table, lifted her chin with one finger so that her eyes looked straight into his. They were stern.

"Never, never doubt me again," he said quietly. "I love you." Then again the smile came into his eyes—a tender, kissing smile—and all Marcia could do was to smile back—the sort of smile a woman gives the man she loves.



### WINTER NIGHT

WILD go the clouds across this dark,  
 The streets are wind-blown white,  
 My hearth fire roars in sudden stress  
 And yet the heart is light.  
 For winter has not found my mind  
 And summer's ecstasy  
 Still fills my world with rose and gold  
 And starlight's witchery.  
 Strange how a little thought can tear  
 Night's wintry curtains through  
 And bring back June and love and light—  
 Just dreaming, dear, of you!

PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND.





A Novelette

# Dangerous Kisses

By Gladys Johnson





## CHAPTER I.

**S**UNSHINE and blue skies; color, romance and the glamour of the East!

With fast-beating heart, Barbara Ferrers glanced around the office of the

travel agency as she waited for the tickets that were to be her passport into a new world.

All her life she had longed to travel, to see the strange and colorful countries of which she had read and dreamed.

Now at last, it was actually coming to



pass. A cruise on a great luxury liner. The Mediterranean, Spain, the Riviera and Morocco, Naples, Port Said and then Cairo and a winter in Egypt!

It wasn't as though she was going to be a first-class passenger with nothing to do except wear wonderful clothes and lounge about, like Diane Meryon. But even as a lady's maid it seemed to Barbara that something must surely happen on this wonder cruise.

She heard her name spoken and turned away from her examination of the model of the liner on which she was to embark the next day.

"Mrs. Peter Meryon and Miss Barbara Ferrers? Here are the tickets and the passports, madam."

The clerk was smiling at her from the other side of the counter.

Eagerly Barbara took the tickets and passports. She smiled at the clerk, her blue eyes shining like stars.

Very lovely she looked as she turned away, the vivid gold of her hair displayed by her small black hat.

It was raining, a dismal drizzle. Outside the office Barbara paused to put up her umbrella.

Suddenly, from a scaffolding overhead, a slab of stone was loosened, striking her arm a glancing blow as it crashed to the ground and sending her staggering off the walk, directly in front of a heavy, horse-drawn truck.

It all happened in a second.

She was conscious of hoarse cries, of great hoofs just above her head as the driver jerked back the two animals.

Then a man's face came in between, strong arms snatched her swiftly away. People were crowding around her, and through the dizzying roar of the traffic she heard a man's voice, cool, reassuring and authoritative.

"You're all right. Nothing touched you. It is only the shock."

The world was swaying slightly. The people who crowded around her were a confused blur of faces.

Only one stood out, a sinister-looking face that showed dark and exotic, with a flash of white teeth. For a second, dark, piercing eyes looked into hers, then faded away.

She found she was sitting in a taxi, and beside her was the man who had picked her up.

He was tall, with a lean, clear-cut face, lined and tanned by the sun. Not much more than thirty, but with grim, hard lines etched into the forehead and a tight-lipped mouth whose hardness was belied by the kindness of clear, gray eyes.

A strong man, a man one could trust.

Barbara was conscious of a quickening of her pulse and of something catching in her throat.

"You saved my life. I don't know how to thank you," she said.

A grim smile flickered across the man's face.

"On the contrary, I'm afraid I endangered your life," he answered dryly. "I happened to be beside you coming out of the office. That slab of stone was intended for me, only my Egyptian friend aimed badly."

Barbara gave a low cry and faced her companion in astonishment.

"You mean it wasn't an accident?" she cried, wide-eyed and breathless. "Oh, what a dreadful thing! Why didn't you call the police?"

Her companion laughed again grimly.

"It looked like a perfectly good accident! I'm used to them. It is all part of my job and in a day's work. The only real grouch I've got is that they nearly got you this time instead of me. That will weigh heavily in the score I'm going to settle one day! But don't let us talk about it any more. Luckily, you're not hurt. Will you let me take you to tea to steady your nerves?"

Barbara felt her heart beat quickly with excitement. She glanced at her watch, and a cry of dismay escaped her.

"Oh, it's five o'clock. I'd no idea



it was so late! I'm afraid I haven't the time."

Diane Meryon would be waiting for her. She had expected her back at four thirty.

"In that case, will you tell me where to drop you?"

Barbara mentioned the hotel where her employer was staying.

Would he suggest meeting her again? In breathless excitement she waited.

The taxi drew up at the hotel. Her companion helped her out. His hand held hers for a second in a warm clasp.

"Good-by. I can't tell you how thankful I am that you escaped without serious injury."

His handclasp relaxed; then, in a flash, he was gone.

Biting her lip to crush down a sense of disappointment, Barbara walked quickly through the revolving doors of the hotel. She knew somehow that the man who had saved her was some one of importance.

Tears filled her eyes. Angrily, she pulled herself together. Wasn't she going away to-morrow with Diane Meryon?

If he had asked her to meet him again she wouldn't have been able to. But for a moment the glamour of to-morrow's cruise was a little dimmed.

The last visitor had gone ashore, the gangplank had been raised.

With a long, deafening whistle, the huge ship slowly moved away from the pier. Passengers crowded the rails, shouting and waving frantic farewells to friends.

Barbara drew a long, quivering breath as she leaned over the railing of the private porch which belonged to the suite which Diane Meryon had taken for the voyage.

The city sky line was slipping away fast now, with the sun touching some of the roofs to pale gold and making a shimmering path across the gray waters.

LS—4D

In spite of her excitement, Barbara was conscious of a shiver of fear as though a cold finger had been run along her spine.

Somehow, the change seemed so tremendous, this sudden uprooting of her life from its quiet, unadventurous routine.

Most of her life had been passed in the country. Her father had been caretaker on a big estate. Both her parents had been killed together in an automobile accident when Barbara was only sixteen.

Mrs. Barnforth, her father's employer, had been kind and sympathetic, hiring the girl as a sewing maid; then, because she was neat and quick to learn, had deft fingers and good taste, had promoted her to be lady's maid.

It was a comfortable life, but a dull one, for her employer was middle-aged and spent all her time in the country.

A few months ago, Mrs. Barnforth had had a heart attack and died suddenly.

For a few weeks Barbara had been out of work, then she had been lucky enough to get her present position with Diane Meryon.

It would have been impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that between her two employers.

Diane Meryon was young, pretty, extravagantly dressed, exquisitely groomed and not very long married to Peter Meryon, a wealthy financial magnate, many years older than herself.

Barbara had never seen him, for he had gone to South Africa on business. Now he was on his way back, and his wife was to meet him in Cairo.

Barbara's life, which had gone on for so long in an unchanging humdrum routine, bid fair now to become a constant stir of change, travel and excitement.

She turned away from the rail and went back into the luxuriously fitted bedroom of the suite.



She worked quickly, taking clothes from the wardrobe trunks and hanging them in the spacious closets.

Never had she seen such clothes. Barbara handled the rich velvets, the delicate silks and crêpes with loving fingers.

How wonderful it must be to wear clothes like these, she thought with a sigh, to snuggle into these glorious furs, summer ermine and silky fox; to dine or dance in evening frocks, slinky and backless, held up with thin jeweled straps, or extravagantly frilled and ruffled, but bearing the unmistakable stamp of Paris.

Then there were the costly undies—wisps of chiffon and lace; cobwebby stockings; evening slippers that seemed to be just a high, slim heel and a few strips of satin or silver kid held together by a jeweled buckle.

How lucky some girls were!

Yet her employer, who seemed to have everything that a girl could wish for, was often restless, moody and discontented.

Barbara hung up the last of the gowns, then started back as the door of the bedroom was flung suddenly open and Diane Meryon appeared.

Her face was white. There was a look of terror in her eyes as she slammed the door behind her and leaned against it as though to keep out some intruder.

Barbara gave a low cry.

"Mrs. Meryon, is anything wrong? You look ill, as though you'd had a dreadful shock."

Diane Meryon turned the key in the cabin door, then tottered forward and threw herself into an armchair.

"I have!" she said. "Get me some brandy—at once."

Quickly Barbara got the brandy and held the glass to her employer's quivering lips.

"Shall I get the doctor?" she asked quickly.

But her employer shook her head as she set down the glass. Then she jumped

up and began pacing the cabin with agitated steps, her brows drawn together in a frown.

Barbara waited silently, realizing that something serious must have happened.

Her employer turned around suddenly and gripped her by the arms.

"Will you do something for me?" she cried hoarsely. "I need your help. You're the only person who can help me."

Barbara looked up in astonishment.

"Of course," she answered quickly. "I'll do whatever I can."

"I'll pay you well." Diane Meryon's voice was curt and harsh, yet shaking with underlying eagerness. "No, don't refuse," she added imperiously as Barbara gave a cry of protest. "You don't know yet what I'm going to ask you to do. It is a big thing. It won't be easy. But I think you can do it. You've got to do it. You can't refuse me." Her voice rose to a shrill, imploring wail.

"I'll do what I can." Barbara's sympathy came quick and ready.

Her employer took another turn or two across the cabin, then once more she clutched at the girl's shoulder.

"Listen," she began hoarsely, "you're not unlike me and you're just about my size. You could wear my clothes and no one would know they hadn't been made for you. That is what you've got to do. You've got to change places with me. For the rest of this cruise you're going to be Mrs. Peter Meryon. Do you understand? You've got to!"

A gasping cry fell from Barbara's lips.

"But—but—" she stammered, then drew a long breath. "Oh, but I couldn't."

"You could—you can—you must!" Her employer shook her arm frenziedly in her agitation. She gulped down a queer sob. "Can I trust you?" she asked in a shaken voice. "Will you swear that you'll never, never betray what I'm going to tell you?"



Barbara's heart went out in sympathy to the other girl. The whole world seemed suddenly to have turned topsyturvy.

She nodded her head.

"Oh, yes," she promised breathlessly. "You can trust me. I swear I'll never tell a soul."

"Listen." Diane spoke in a low voice. "I wasn't always rich. I used to be poor, horribly poor, then I met my husband, and he fell in love with me and married me. You know how hard life can be for a girl who is alone, with no one to look after her. You know the sort of scrapes that poverty can drive you into. There are things in my life that my husband doesn't know. There is a man"—her voice trembled—"a man who'd drag me down into the mud and rejoice over it, if he got the chance. He doesn't know I'm Mrs. Peter Meryon. If he did——" She paused dramatically. "He is on this boat—I saw him just now. Thank Heaven he didn't see me and he mustn't see me. That is why I ask you to do this for me. My whole life and happiness are at stake. You see, I love my husband——" Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hands.

But she was acting now and between her fingers her cold blue eyes were watching her maid shrewdly, calculatingly.

Would Barbara Ferrers accept this rather vague story? Would she believe her employer to be a victim of persecution, an innocent, hunted victim?

But it wasn't in Barbara's nature to suspect another girl. Her eyes flashed with anger, as she turned toward the other.

"It is a wicked shame that any one should be trying to harm you!" she cried. "Of course I'd do anything to help you if I could. Only I'd never be able to do it. No one would ever believe that I was——"

Diane Meryon breathed freely.

"Oh, yes, they would! You've too poor an opinion of yourself. You speak well and your manners are perfect. You won't have the slightest difficulty in passing yourself off as Mrs. Peter Meryon. You'll have the time of your life and you'll look lovely in my clothes."

Barbara caught her breath.

"But you don't mean I'm to wear your clothes?" she cried, unbelievably.

Diane Meryon laughed with a note of relief in her voice.

"You couldn't very well wear your own, could you? Besides, I shall want yours! Everything you wear you shall have for your very own at the end of the cruise."

Barbara's head was spinning. Those furs and evening frocks, the shoes and undies—all to be hers!

"But suppose there should be some one on board who knows you?" she protested.

Diane Meryon shrugged her shoulders.

"Not a chance! I've seen the passenger list and there is not a soul on board who knows I married Peter Meryon. You'll be perfectly safe, I assure you. If that man should happen to see me as a lady's maid, he couldn't do anything. I should be beneath his notice. So that's settled."

She took a cigarette from her case and lit it.

"Get out of that dress and let me have it! You'd better get into some of my clothes at once and I'll give you a rehearsal for this evening!"

Was it possible that this radiant vision could be herself?

Barbara caught her breath as she faced her own reflection in the triple mirror of the cabin; faced a whole series of Barbaras, from every conceivable angle, and all of them equally strange, exciting and exotic.

She had always thought of herself as an ordinary girl, but to-night, why—she



leaned forward with slightly parted lips and eyes that shone like stars—she was actually beautiful!

"Well, are you satisfied that you can look the part now?" asked her employer dryly.

Diane Meryon was wearing the demure black dress and frilled apron that Barbara usually wore. For once her face was guiltless of make-up.

With a start Barbara realized that her employer, who attracted so much attention, might pass now without a second glance from anybody.

She turned with a gasp, and the light faded from her eyes.

"I—I don't like it," she faltered. "I hate to think of you in my place, with no one to wait on you——"

But with a gesture of impatience the other girl cut her short.

"For Heaven's sake stop that talk. Walls have ears, you know, and every ship is a bed of gossip. Nobody has anything else to do except discuss their neighbors. Don't worry about me. I shall keep to my cabin most of the time and pretend to be ill. The stewardess will look after me. Now go alone to the dining salon. Don't shrink from people. Make yourself believe that you really are Diane Meryon. Don't forget the promise you made me."

Barbara threw her employer a grateful, reassuring glance.

"Oh, I won't."

Diane Meryon nodded.

"I'm sure I can trust you. After all it is only for a day or two until the first port where we can make a shore excursion. Then we can manage to get left behind. Now run along. I want to be alone."

Barbara went with a faint rustle of silk and a wave of expensive perfume.

Diane Meryon sank down into a chair with a gasping, stifled cry and covered her face with her hands.

What an escape! Thank Heaven she had caught sight of Rick in time this

afternoon! Rick, whom she had left for dead after that auto accident eighteen months ago. Rick was so poor and she had always hated poverty.

Peter Meryon, who didn't know that she was married, was mad about her. She had wanted Rick to be dead that night. She had persuaded herself that he was dead.

Sometimes, in the middle of a sleepless night, she would remember him as he had looked with blood on his face lying beside that lonely country road, would wonder if he would have recovered if she had gone for a doctor instead of running away.

Now Rick was alive, after all, and he was still her husband!

If he knew that she had married Peter Meryon, he wouldn't hesitate to expose her. He would drag her down to poverty again, poverty and disgrace.

Thank Heaven she had a maid like Barbara, a girl whom she could trust not to betray her, and who would be able to act as well as to look the part she was supposed to be playing.

Barbara would save the situation. But there was one thing she would have to find out.

Why was Richard Bridges on this boat?

On the answer to that question depended her own future movements.

## CHAPTER II.

Barbara told herself it was the most wonderful evening of her whole life!

Her face flushed with excitement, her eyes shining like stars and her lips just slightly parted, she stood looking around the ballroom, her foot tapping almost unconsciously in time with the rhythm of the orchestra.

Her red-gold hair framed her head like a flame, while her white, ruffled frock set off her slenderness to perfection.

By far the loveliest of all the ex-





*Barbara woke suddenly. Some one was in the cabin! She put out her hand to switch on the light, and felt herself seized and crushed in a man's fierce embrace.*



pensively dressed girl on board, she drew admiring glances from every one.

Dinner, which she had been dreading as an ordeal, had turned out to be easy after all. A white-coated steward had pounced upon her the moment she entered the dining salon and conducted her to the captain's table.

Just at first she had felt herself trembling with nervousness, her head swimming with the noise and the laughter and the bustle all around her, a little dismayed by the knives and forks and glasses in front of her.

But very soon she had found her poise again.

After all, she had been accustomed to Mrs. Barnforth's entertainments. More than once she had helped serve dinner and noticed how people behaved.

Then, too, she realized suddenly that Captain Murchison was exerting himself to entertain her, that every one at the table was friendly.

In particular there had been a handsome, dark-skinned Egyptian who had been introduced to her as Prince Achmet Sala, and who had never taken his eyes off her all the time.

A real prince!

She had danced with him several times already to-night. She had danced with Captain Murchison, with the first officer and the ship's doctor and with half a dozen others.

Which of all the lot, she wondered suddenly, was the blackguard who was threatening the happiness of her employer?

"Mrs. Meryon, will you dance again?"

It was Prince Achmet Sala bowing before her once more.

With a dazzling smile Barbara slipped her hand in his and moved away. He danced exquisitely, and her eyes closed with joy in the rhythmic movement and the golden music of the waltz.

Then, suddenly, she realized that he was holding her close, too close, while his lips brushed her hair as they danced.

At once she stiffened and drew away.

With a flash of white teeth the handsome Egyptian smiled down at her.

"You are not angry, lovely lady? All the same I apologize. Your beauty makes me forget myself."

Despite his smile, there was a note of passion in his voice that sent a shiver of fear down her spine. She spoke coldly.

"If you don't mind, I am a little tired. I think I won't dance any longer."

He bowed.

"It is as you wish. Let us go out on deck instead. For me your slightest wish is a command."

The ballroom opened out onto the promenade deck.

As they passed out, the prince almost collided with another man who was coming in.

It was her rescuer of yesterday afternoon! How splendid he looked as he towered above the other man.

"So we meet once again, Prince Achmet!"

Just for a moment a flash of hatred twisted the face of the Egyptian, so that Barbara, half hidden by a palm, gave a gasp of horror.

"Just so! We meet again, Bridges Pasha. It is an unexpected pleasure."

His voice was smooth and oily, and a smile flickered across the lips that had been twisted a second before in venomous dislike.

The American spoke again a little grimly.

"At least I can well believe it is unexpected! Good night, Prince Achmet."

With a stiff bow he passed swiftly along the deck.

Barbara drew a quivering, unsteady breath. He hadn't even seen her! Yet her heart was thumping, the blood racing through her veins. She turned quickly to her partner.

"Who was that?" she cried excitedly.

Once more the Egyptian's dark eyes spat hatred.



"That is Richard Bridges, the most hated man in Egypt," he answered shortly. "But let us not talk about him. Come up onto the boat deck, Mrs. Meryon. There is a moon, and I have much to say to one who is fairer, more lovely than the moon herself."

He drew close to her and put hot, trembling fingers on her bare arm. A shudder passed through her.

"Not to-night, prince," she said quickly. "I am tired. I am going to bed. Good night."

Hastily she held out her hand.

The Egyptian raised it to his lips.

"To-night you run away from me," he said softly, "but it will not always be so. Destiny has brought us together. I have something of the second-sight of my race, Mrs. Meryon, and something tells me that our lives will be mingled, that our fates will be linked together. I am content to wait. Good night!"

Barbara snatched her hand away while an icy thrill of fear ran through her as his piercing, glittering eyes seemed to bore into her very soul.

Swiftly she walked along the deck to the suite of which now she was to be the occupant. Almost with a sense of panic she locked the door behind her. Then her common sense reasserted itself.

What an idiot she was to be upset by Prince Achmet.

"I never heard such nonsense as he talked!" she told herself.

She went into the lovely bedroom, stood for a moment before the glass contemplating her own reflection, then slowly unfastened her gown.

A smile was on her lips now and she had forgotten already the Egyptian prince with the piercing eyes.

"Richard Bridges!" She murmured the name to herself. "The most hated man in Egypt!"

A thrill passed through her at the words, as she recalled that slab of stone smashing down onto the pavement yesterday afternoon.

Richard Bridges! And he hadn't even seen her to-night. To-morrow she would be sure to see him.

If he didn't recognize her, she'd speak to him. After all, he had saved her life.

Her pulses still beat quickly as she got into bed. She thought she would be too excited to sleep, but within a few minutes she was sound asleep.

It was some time later when she woke suddenly.

Some one was in the cabin.

She sat up in bed, choking back the cry that rose to her lips and put out her hand to switch on the light.

But her arm was caught and held, and as a cry escaped her lips, she felt herself seized and crushed in a man's strong, fierce embrace.

She fought and struggled.

"Who are you? Let me go!" she cried fiercely.

Her fists were caught and held in a viselike grip. In the darkness she heard a man's grim laugh.

"So you thought you'd escape from me and marry a man who would give you clothes and jewels and all the things I couldn't afford to give you! You wanted to be rid of me. You hoped I was dead or at least you hoped that I would die that night! You thought you'd be Mrs. Peter Meryon, the spoiled and petted wife of a millionaire. But you made a mistake. You see I didn't die!"

A cry of terror rose to Barbara's lips. Horror gripped her and her heart seemed to miss a beat.

"No, no!" she cried. "You've made a mistake. It isn't true. Let me go!"

But the unseen man only laughed again, a grim, sardonic laugh. His arms crushed her roughly without tenderness or mercy.

Barbara screamed out, but his hand upon her mouth stifled her cries.

Then, suddenly, she bit hard and heard a sharp exclamation of pain.



"You shall pay for that!"

Then his kisses were on her lips, and suddenly, strangely, she was aware of something that ran through her like a golden flame, thrilling her with happiness. Just for a moment she lay unresisting in his arms, then once more revulsion swept through her.

Fiercely now she fought against him.

But he was crushing the breath out of her body and she knew that her strength was ebbing. The room was spinning around her in the darkness now, and before her eyes were points of green fire.

Her brain was a blurred confusion. Faces chased each other before her straining eyes. Diane Meryon, Captain Murchison, the Egyptian and Richard Bridges—all melting and blurring into one another.

For a moment one was clearer than the rest—Richard Bridges. Almost she seemed to hear his voice in her ears. Then blackness descended upon her with a sound like the rushing of many waters.

What happened in those blank hours of unconsciousness? That was the question that filled her mind when Barbara awoke next morning, that tortured her all the long, dragging hours of the next day.

What had happened when she lay fainting and at the mercy of that man who had forced his way into her cabin, mistaking her for Diane Meryon?

A wave of shame and anger swept over her.

Pacing the cabin, she clenched her hands, and hot tears pricked her eyelids.

He was somewhere about the ship. He would know her, but she wouldn't know him.

The blue skies and sunlit water that danced and sparkled so alluringly outside the window of her cabin, meant nothing to Barbara. She only wanted to die.

Yet it wasn't her fault. She wasn't to blame. Why should she hide here in her cabin all day as though she had done something wrong?

There came a knock at her cabin door, and a stewardess stood there.

"If you please, Mrs. Meryon, I'm sorry to trouble you, but your maid has been taken ill. She was sick in the night and this morning I had to call the doctor. He says it is acute appendicitis, and he must operate at once."

A cry of dismay fell from Barbara's lips.

"I'll come and see her at once," she said, and followed the stewardess to the cabin that was set apart as a hospital bay. Softly she stepped inside.

There was only one occupant of the cabin besides Doctor Garsten, hardly recognizable in his white uniform and gauze mask.

"How is she?" Barbara caught her breath as she approached the white bed where her employer lay flushed and moaning. "May I speak to her alone?"

The doctor nodded.

"I can allow you just two minutes, Mrs. Meryon. I am operating at once. There is no time to be lost."

Beckoning the nurse, he moved into the adjoining room.

Barbara bent over the bed.

"Mrs. Meryon!" she whispered.

Diane Meryon's eyes opened. "No!" she whispered sharply. "Keep it up. Don't give me away. You swore it. I'm not going to die!"

Her voice died away just as the nurse and doctor returned.

In a daze of horror Barbara wandered out of the cabin and up on deck.

It was the dinner hour, and there was no one about. For the moment she had forgotten her own tragedy in her pity and sympathy for the girl who was facing possible death beneath the surgeon's knife.

The rising moon threw a pale, opalescent light over the heaving waters.



From the dining salon below there drifted the sound of music from the ship's orchestra. An excellent orchestra it was, but she hardly noticed the lovely sounds as she paced to and fro unceasingly.

Then, suddenly, as she neared the top of one of the companionways, she collided with a man who came running up on deck.

He drew back with an apology.

"I'm awfully sorry. I hope I didn't hurt you?"

She shook her head.

"No. Oh, it is you!"

"Yes, of course it's I!" Richard Bridges gave a quick laugh, then his face relaxed into a smile of recognition. "And it's you, too!" he went on, as he caught and held her hand in his own for a minute. "This is really amazing! Though of course that time when we met before you were just coming out of the travel-agency office, so I suppose it is not so surprising after all that we should meet on this boat."

"No, I suppose not!" Barbara was conscious of her heart beating in queer, breathless jerks against her side.

"Queer!" went on the man, looking down with interest and admiration into her flushed face. "I had a sort of feeling that we should meet again, though it seemed unlikely when I was starting for Egypt the next day. However, it seems that Fate was on my side. Now that we've met in this miraculous fashion, don't you think we might introduce ourselves? My name is Bridges—Richard Bridges. Won't you tell me yours?"

Barbara hesitated.

Suddenly she knew that she didn't want to tell this man a lie, to claim a position to which she was not entitled.

A flush swept over her cheeks.

Diane Meryon's voice in an agony of entreaty, rang in her ears.

"Keep it up! Don't give me away!"

"Mrs. Meryon!" a suave and husky

voice broke in. "Where have you been hiding? I have been looking for you all day. But no one had seen the beautiful Mrs. Peter Meryon!"

Barbara turned and saw Prince Achmet's face smiling down at her with a caressing flame of admiration in his eyes.

An unreasoning wave of anger swept over her that the Egyptian should break in upon her new-found acquaintance. But the die was cast now. She couldn't disown that name. She heard a sharp gasp of surprise from Richard Bridges.

She spoke stiffly.

"I have been in my cabin most of the day, prince."

"That was unkind! Will you not come and dance with me? The orchestra is playing now in the ballroom."

She shook her head, but before she could reply, the other man broke in.

"This lady has just promised to walk the deck with me," he said.

"Then later?" persisted the Egyptian.

"Perhaps later." But Richard Bridges was already guiding Barbara forward, his hand lightly but firmly on her arm. The Egyptian glared after them with a scowl of hatred for the man.

They moved to a darker, more deserted part of the deck, then Richard Bridges relaxed his hold.

"So," he said in a harsh voice that sounded strangely familiar, "you are Mrs. Meryon?"

Barbara caught her breath.

How she hated lying to this man!

"I am," she whispered.

"And you are in the Sandringham suite?"

"Yes. Why?" Puzzled, she raised her eyes and saw the expression on his face.

"So it was you!"

The words were so low that she could hardly hear them, as though he was hardly conscious that he had spoken. The man and the girl stared into each other's eyes, and in that moment enlightenment came to Barbara.



A fierce flush swept over her cheeks, then retreated, leaving her deadly pale.

"Oh!" she gasped faintly.

She couldn't say any more, for no words would form themselves in her brain under the blinding flash of this sudden knowledge.

The man in her cabin last night— This was he!

Shame and humiliation swamped over her. Then came swift, hot anger, and something else—an emotion that was like a sword of golden flame cleaving through the stormy welter of her brain.

Joy, a fierce, exultant joy!

Now all her nerves were tingling and sparking. In a flash she knew. She loved this man—she had loved him at first sight!

The expression in his eyes had changed to a hard, blue glittering flame.

"You are a liar, an impostor!" he said. "You are not Diane Meryon!"

Barbara gave a sharp cry. Dismay and horror darkened the golden revelation that had dazzled her.

When he had come to her cabin the night before, he had been expecting to find Diane Meryon there, not herself.

He was the man her employer had feared and tried to avoid.

"How dare you say that?" she cried. "It is an outrageous impertinence. I tell you I am Mrs. Meryon."

"I tell you that it is a lie, because I happen to know Diane Meryon rather well!" he retorted.

Barbara drew a long, quivering breath. "There must be some mistake. I swear——"

"I shouldn't!" he interrupted curtly. "It is useless. Keep your lies for those who will believe them."

He studied her with shrewd, appraising eyes, and she had the sensation that he was looking right into her mind.

"Mrs. Meryon or not, you're very lovely," he spoke in a hoarse, shaking tone. "It is my duty to denounce you at once to the captain."

She broke in with a despairing cry.

"Oh, please don't!"

He laughed grimly.

"I don't know what your game is. I don't know that it is my business, and you might be useful to me." He was studying her closely with a calculating frown. Suddenly his brow cleared and he smiled. He had made up his mind. "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll promise to keep your secret if you'll do something for me. Only it may be dangerous."

Barbara caught her breath.

"So long as it is nothing wrong," she answered in a low voice.

A puzzled smile crossed the man's face.

"Wrong?" he mocked. "No, it is nothing wrong, since your conscience is so sensitive. In fact, it is right, if you think it right to try to help your country!"

"My country!" She looked up in surprise. "Why, what on earth could I do?"

"Probably a good deal with those eyes!" he returned dryly. "Listen. I told you the first time we met that accidents had a knack of happening to me. It is because I am working for my country, for England's influence in Egyptian affairs against a handful of fanatical natives. The leader, without whom everything would collapse, is on this ship. It is Prince Achmet Sala."

"Oh!" Barbara gave a gasp of horror. "Prince Achmet! But he is almost like an Englishman."

"That is why he is so dangerous," said Richard Bridges. "I happen to know that Prince Achmet is carrying about with him at this very minute a document which would give us all the plans of this conspiracy and the names of those implicated. I've got to have that document. Get it for me and I'll keep your secret."

Barbara gave a cry of dismay.

"But how could I get it?"



The man laughed grimly.

"Do you know how beautiful you are? Prince Achmet is in love with you. Lead him on. With wine and moonlight, it won't be difficult. He'll ask you to go ashore with him, ask you to dine with him. Agree to everything. Go with him to Villefranche when we put in there. Get him to take you to the Palais Splendide. Let him order dinner in a private suite. I'll give you a drug you can slip into his drink. When he is unconscious, search for the document—you'll find it on him—and then get away. I'll be waiting for you with a fast car. By the time he comes to, the ship will have sailed and you will have done good work for your own country. Will you do this—Mrs. Meryon?"

His voice shook with eagerness in spite of the faint mockery of those last words.

Barbara felt herself thrilling in response with excitement. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkled.

"If only I dare—if only I could!" she breathed. "But I'm sure I could never make a man in love with me like that!"

"Couldn't you? At least you can try." Richard Bridges looked at her with a puzzled expression. "Well, is it a bargain?"

Barbara drew a quivering breath and a shiver crept down her spine.

"Very well. I'll do my best."

The man laughed, took out a cigar and lighted it.

"Good! Then go down to the ballroom now and get to work. Hint to Achmet that you don't care for me—that shouldn't be difficult! You've four days before we get to Villefranche. I'll send word to your cabin if I want to see you, otherwise we won't meet again."

He turned and left her, and Barbara stood with a throbbing heart. She seemed to have stepped into some unreal, fantastic world that was hurtling her through space at a dazzling, break-neck speed.

She caught her breath in a sob.

Then resolutely she turned away and went down to the ballroom in search of Prince Achmet Sala.

### CHAPTER III.

At last the critical moment had come.

Barbara felt her heart beating jerkily with excitement and a sick underlying fear as she entered the suite in the Palais Splendide Hotel where she was to dine with Prince Achmet Sala, and took her place at the elegantly appointed table decorated with costly orchids, crystal and silver.

Would she succeed in getting that document which meant so much to Richard Bridges?

No longer was there any anger in her heart against him. Only pain that burned and stabbed because it was Diane Meryon whom he had expected to find in the suite that night, because it was Diane Meryon whom he had claimed as his own with cruel, revengeful kisses which had suddenly become passionate and loving—and painfully, excruciatingly sweet.

She was in love with Richard Bridges in spite of everything. He had swept into her life conquering, masterful, making her his slave.

Despairingly, she knew that she would never mean anything to him.

Didn't he think her a liar and a crook, pretending to be Diane Meryon? He despised her, but Barbara knew that she would die for him if need be.

So far her task had been easy. He had been right when he said that Prince Achmet was in love with her. To her own amazement, Barbara had seen the Egyptian's passion growing and increasing every day, every hour.

Every day he had sent her flowers and expensive trifles from the shops on board.

All the time she had smiled at him, danced with him, sat with him on the un-





*"At last, my beautiful darling! At last we are alone! At last I have the chance to tell you how much I love you, how your beauty maddens me like a poison in my blood." He caught her hand and raised it to his lips.*



lighted boat deck at night, refusing his advances with her lips while promising with her eyes.

To-day, going ashore with him at Villefranche, they had driven to Nice and Monte Carlo, explored the coast line of the Riviera, and Barbara had found herself thrilled and fascinated.

How wonderful it would all have been—the blue seas and soft golden sunshine, the roses and palms and orange trees, the vine-terraced slopes of the loveliest coast in the world—if only her companion had been Richard Bridges.

All day long a sense of excitement had possessed her. She was gambling for much higher stakes than any of the greedy, hawklike people whom she had seen clustering around the green tables in the gaming rooms of the Casino.

She was here, in a private suite with Prince Achmet, and presently the silent-footed waiters would withdraw.

They would be alone together.

Her heart gave a sickening lurch when at length coffee and liqueurs were placed before them and the door was closed.

Prince Achmet was speaking in his soft, caressing tones.

"At last, at last, my beautiful darling! At last we are alone! At last I have the chance to tell you how much I love you, how your beauty maddens me like a poison in my blood."

He caught her hand and raised it to his lips. Laughing, she drew it away.

"You forget, Prince Achmet, that I am married!" Her eyes and voice coquetted with him, while she hid her repulsion.

"Your husband is old, my lovely Diane," he said softly. "You should have youth and fire and love to match your own. You will be mine and I shall make you happy, and Peter Meryon shall never know. I shall give you jewels such as no woman possesses, pearls and emeralds that Cleopatra herself might have envied. The ship leaves at midnight, but you shall stay here with me.

You will wire your husband you have missed it and will come on by the next. It is easy. I have already arranged everything. You will stay with me—say 'yes.'"

Barbara lowered her lids to veil the anger and contempt that flamed in her eyes.

She forced a laugh of natural-sounding gayety.

"You dazzle and tempt me, prince! Let us drink some more champagne."

Smiling, he picked up the bottle and filled their glasses. Then, just as he set it down again, Barbara gave a little cry.

"Oh, my bracelet—it has fallen off. Down there, under the table."

The Egyptian bent to pick up the bracelet which she had purposely loosened.

In a flash she emptied into his glass the white powder from the paper which she held ready in her hand.

Then he was beside her, fastening the bracelet on her wrist again.

His arms slipped about her.

"My lovely, lovely one!" he whispered.

She felt his breath on her cheek and moved her head swiftly to avoid his kiss.

Then, with a laugh, she seized her glass.

"Let us drink to the future," she cried, "and to the happiness it may hold for both of us. Empty your glass, prince. To our future—together!"

She touched her glass to his and raised it to her lips, pretending to drink.

With wildly beating heart she saw him drain his glass.

"Diane, you're adorable!" he cried. "I'm mad about you. From the first moment I saw you I wanted you, and now, at last, you're mine!"

He got to his feet and lurched toward her.

With frightened eyes she watched him. Suppose nothing should happen!



He was coming toward her, his hands were on her bare arms.

She screamed out in uncontrollable repulsion and alarm.

"No, don't dare to touch me!"

The man staggered, passed his hand over his eyes, saw the expression on her face, and enlightenment came to him. He gave a snarling cry of rage.

"You've tricked me, you've drugged me! But you shall pay, you——"

The ugly words died away in a sort of spluttering choke. His arms went out blindly and he grasped at the table.

Then, suddenly, he slumped to the floor, pulling the tablecloth with him so that the wine upset in a thin, golden stream.

Barbara gave a sob of relief.

Hastily she bent down beside the unconscious man and, with trembling fingers, ransacked his pockets.

Suppose the document she wanted wasn't there, after all?

Her heart seemed to turn over at the thought. She seized his wallet. Money. Impatiently, she tossed it aside.

Ah, at last—this looked like the document which Richard Bridges had described to her.

Hastily she thrust it into her bag, restored the wallet and snatched up the key.

There was no one in the corridor as she slipped out of the suite, locking the door behind her.

A moment more and she was in the lobby. A uniformed boy spun the revolving door for her.

For a moment she stood uncertain, then a figure came out of the shadows of the palms and waving mimosa trees, caught her arm and led her to a waiting car.

He gave a curt order to the chauffeur and then they were away.

"Have you got it?" Richard Bridges's voice was hoarse.

She nodded. "Yes." With shaking fingers she took the document from her

bag and thrust it into his hand. He glanced at it and gave an exclamation of gratification and relief.

"Splendid!" Impetuously he seized her hand and raised it to his lips.

The man spoke in a low, vibrating voice.

"You have done a fine thing. You should be very proud."

Proud?

Her heart was singing with joy and pride as the car raced along.

They heard the ship's whistle, proclaiming her approaching departure. They reached the pier just as the gang-plank was about to be raised. They were the last on board.

Prince Achmet still lay, drugged and unconscious, on the floor of the private suite in the hotel.

The two days that followed were the happiest Barbara had ever spent in her whole life.

Now, instead of Prince Achmet, Richard Bridges was always at her side.

Together they swam and sun-bathed and danced. Together they talked and sat up on deck at night in a lovely and breath-taking companionship.

How would it all end?—Barbara asked herself sometimes at night despairingly when she lay sleepless in Diane Meryon's luxurious bed.

There was only one possible ending. They would part forever when the boat reached Port Said.

Diane Meryon was out of danger now and slowly recovering, but still she urged Barbara to carry on the deception. Because of the shock it might prove to her, Barbara dared not tell her mistress that Richard Bridges, the man she feared, had discovered her secret.

They touched Italy on a day when sky and sea were like powdered gold dust.

With Richard Bridges she saw the colored, teeming streets of Naples, the ruins of Pompeii, and Vesuvius with its curling plume of menacing smoke.



Glorious, romantic, glamorous hours, packed with interest and color!

So long as she lived, Barbara knew that she would keep and cherish the memories of this day.

They sailed at six o'clock, and an opalescent night succeeded the colorful day.

They danced together, then paced the deck. For a time they walked and smoked in silence, then suddenly Richard Bridges turned to her, put his arms around her and, bending her back, looked deep into her eyes.

"I wish I could understand you," he said abruptly. "I wish I knew why you were doing this thing. I've watched you, and I've a wide experience of men and women. I can't believe that you are really the adventuress you seem to be."

Barbara drew a quick breath and her heart sang with joy at his words.

"Perhaps one day I can explain," she said in a low voice.

"Explain now," he urged, his lips close to hers.

Barbara had a moment of temptation. But no, that would be to betray Diane Meryon's trust in her.

She couldn't do that, however much she longed to put herself right with this man beside her.

"I can't do that." Barbara's voice was low. Her eyes were looking beyond him.

Surely something had moved there? Surely in those dusky shadows she had seen a gleam of white?

For a moment she held her breath, then suddenly the moon, which had been behind a cloud, sailed clear.

Clearly she saw a dusky face distorted with rage and hatred; a dusky hand, outlined by a light shirt cuff, which pointed a revolver.

She gave a shrill cry and drew free.

"Look out!"

As she spoke, the silenced revolver spat a little tongue of flame.

Instinctively, Barbara flung herself

before the man beside her as a shield and protection. There was a stinging in her arm. She heard shouts above her, felt strong arms clutch her as she staggered and fell.

Then—blackness.

Barbara didn't know how long it was that she lost consciousness, but presently she was aware of a voice speaking in her ear.

"Dearest, my darling, speak to me!"

The world was still swimming about her, but she seemed to be floating gently on a soft stream.

"Dearest—my darling!"

That was Richard Bridges's voice!

"My sweet—oh, my sweet! You did it for me. You tried to save me."

Her eyelids fluttered open and she saw his face above her, tender with emotion, and his arms held her close.

A flood of happiness filled her. "Thank Heaven I was in time! It was Prince Achmet," she whispered.

"I guessed as much!" The man's voice was grim. "All the same, I'm going to ask you not to denounce him here. Your arm is not badly hurt—it is the merest surface scratch really." He was busy binding the wound in a clean handkerchief. "I'm taking you to the doctor at once."

He swung her up into his arms and held her close, taking care not to touch the injured arm. A sense of peace and well-being and happiness flowed over her. In that moment of fear he had revealed himself.

Richard Bridges loved her as she loved him. She felt his lips against her hair as he bore her toward the companionway.

Because of her happiness she was conscious of no pain as Doctor Garsten dressed her arm. Her injury was very slight, and in a few days would be completely healed. She laughed at the doctor's concern and refused to satisfy his curiosity as to how she had come by her injury.



Richard Bridges was waiting for her when she left the doctor's cabin. He took her uninjured arm and helped her along to her suite.

"There's a lot we've got to say to each other," he said as they reached the door. "May I come in and talk to you?"

Barbara hesitated a moment, then nodded.

"Yes, come in," she invited. She opened the door and waved him into the exquisite blue-and-gold salon. "I expect you'd like a drink," she was beginning, then stopped at sight of some one already there.

A girl rose from one of the armchairs, white-faced and tottering.

A sharp exclamation fell from her lips, echoed by another from Richard Bridges.

"Diane! What on earth——" He paused, then gave a derisive laugh. "I see! So you are on board as well! Then it was you who made this girl change places with you, you who made her pose as Mrs. Meryon!"

"So she has betrayed me!" The words came in a snarl from Diane's lips. "Barbara Ferrers, I gave you money and expensive clothes, and this is my reward! You have betrayed me—betrayed my confidence!"

"You are wrong, Diane," said Richard Bridges quietly. "This young lady—I never knew her name till now—has been splendidly loyal to you. She never even hinted to me that you were on board. But, of course, the moment I heard she was passing as Mrs. Meryon, I knew that she was an impostor. I knew she had no more right to that name than you."

A cry of fear fell from Diane's lips and her face became ashen-gray. Barbara turned in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

Richard Bridges smiled grimly.

"I mean that Diane is not Mrs. Peter

Meryon, because she happens to be my wife!"

A heartbroken cry fell from Barbara's lips.

His wife—this girl was Richard's wife!

The whole universe seemed to come crashing at her feet.

"She told you I had married Peter!"

"Don't be foolish, Diane!" interrupted the man sharply. "That day, eighteen months ago, when you abandoned me after that auto accident, believing that I was dead, do you imagine that I didn't make inquiries about you? I found out only a few weeks ago that you had married Peter Meryon, but I hadn't had time to trace either of you——"

He broke off, for with a pleading cry Diane had flung herself at his feet.

"You won't give me away?" she pleaded. "You won't let Peter know? You could not be so unkind, so cruel!"

The man's mouth tightened.

"I shall divorce you."

He put aside her arms that clung about his knees as though they were contaminating.

The girl sprang to her feet and her eyes flashed with anger and vindictive malice.

"You can't!" she screamed. "You can't. I thought you were dead, and I've never lived with Peter Meryon as his wife! I was taken ill on the very day of our marriage, and he had to go abroad. I was going out now to meet him in Egypt, to be with him for the first time. You can't divorce me!"

The man's face grew tense and dark.

"You're bluffing," he said sternly. "That is a lie, but I can call your bluff."

"You can't!" Diane gave a laugh of vindictive triumph. "It is true what I've said—every word of it—and I can bring witnesses to prove it. You can put me in prison for bigamy if you think you'll get any satisfaction out of it, and if you can prove that I didn't believe you





*"I wish I could understand you," Richard said abruptly. "I wish I knew what your game was. I can't believe that you are really the adventuress you seem to be."*



to be dead, but you can't divorce me! It is no use hoping that you can marry my maid!"

The man gave an angry cry.

"Leave her out of it," he commanded.

Diane laughed.

"Do you really want to leave her out of it? I'll give you till to-morrow to decide what you're going to do. Now I'm going back to my cabin, they moved me from the hospital to-day. To-morrow there will be no further need to carry on this deception. We shall leave the boat at Venice. I shall become Mrs. Meryon again, and Barbara will be my maid."

She went out of the cabin, tottering a little, for she was still weak from her illness.

Richard Bridges turned to Barbara with outstretched hands.

"My darling!" he began, but with a gesture she cut him short.

"Oh, go, please go! I never knew—but I ought to have guessed!" Her voice broke in a sob.

He was Diane's husband!

"Go—go!" she repeated and waved him to the door.

"Until to-morrow, then. We'll talk all this over in the morning." Slowly, reluctantly, he went.

Barbara went into the inner cabin and threw herself down upon the bed, breaking into a heartbroken torrent of weeping.

For a time she lay, giving way to her despair, then suddenly she sprang to her feet and began to pack into a small suitcase some of the things which belonged to her.

There was only one thing for her to do—to go away.

From the porthole she watched the dawn and saw Venice, a pearly, rose-flushed dream city in the early-morning light.

They anchored at six o'clock. Before any of the other passengers were astir the supposed Mrs. Meryon stole ashore

with a small suitcase grasped in her hand.

Two weeks had passed, days during which Barbara lay ill and racked with fever from the wound in her arm in a cheap hotel in the back streets of Venice.

For days she had lain there, muttering to herself in delirium, receiving the scantiest attention from the harassed and overworked staff, until at last the fever had passed and she awoke, terribly weakened, but normal once again and clear in her mind.

For days after that she had only been able to walk a short distance, but to-day at last, she had felt better and went for a longer walk. At last she emerged into the famous square of St. Mark, which is the center of Venetian life.

The afternoon was drawing to a close.

Barbara sat down at one of the small café tables which line the pillared arcades about the square, and ordered tea.

She drew a breath of rapture at the beauty of the scene.

The setting sun gleamed on the golden mosaics of the cathedral roof, on the clouds of wheeling, tumbling pigeons — This was Venice!

This was the city of romance, the city she had always longed to visit, the city that was the right setting for love.

Bitterly it came to Barbara that this fairy city was no place for her; she was completely out of place here.

This was a city of wealthy, leisured travelers, the dream of honeymoon couples from all over the world. This was a city of ease and luxury and spending—no use to a girl like herself who had, somehow, to earn her living.

A desolating sense of her own loneliness swept over Barbara.

Close beside her was a honeymoon couple looking deep into each other's eyes, utterly absorbed in their own love, lost to the outer world.

A shiver passed over her. Love had come to her with a rustle of glamorous



wings, paused above her head and passed, never to return!

"Barbara—at last!"

She turned with a startled cry as she saw Richard Bridges. He sat down opposite her, his face alight with love and joy.

He spoke quickly, eagerly, as he took her hand in his.

"Why did you run away? I've been looking for you everywhere. Barbara, there's so much we've got to say, so much time to make up——" Hastily he summoned a waiter and threw down a bill in payment for her tea. Then he slipped a hand in her arm and drew her to her feet.

"We can't talk here," he added with a laugh. "Come. We'll get a gondola and go out on the lagoon."

She allowed him to lead her from the square, to hail a gondola on the lagoon that stretched golden and sparkling to the Lido sand bank.

He settled her carefully among the cushions, lay down beside her and with smooth, even strokes the gondolier swept them out onto the bosom of the water.

He held her hand in his and smothered it with kisses.

But with a little cry Barbara drew back.

"No, no!" The words came like drops of blood from her heart. "You mustn't, Richard. Not that. It can't be. There's your wife!"

His face grew grave.

"Darling, I haven't a wife any longer. Diane came ashore here at Venice, too. The first night she was here she took a sleeping draft she had begged from the

doctor. She took an overdose. Diane is dead!"

"Oh!" Barbara gave a gasping cry.

"I heard the news when I reached Port Said," he went on. "I am sorry for her, but it would be useless to pretend that I am upset. All that was between us she killed ages ago. She hated me, deserted me, married another man. Poor Diane—may she rest in peace!"

There was a short silence, then he moved his shoulders as though throwing aside a burden.

"The past is dead, darling, with all its follies and mistakes. Prince Achmet was shot by one of his own confederates the day he reached Cairo. That, together with the information which you secured, clears the board of this conspiracy against our influence. I'm going home now. Barbara, will you come with me? Will you be my wife?"

His wife!

Suddenly the whole universe about her seemed to be ringing with chimes of joy.

Barbara drew a long quivering breath. She turned her eyes to his and there was no need of words. Suddenly, with a cry, he swept her into his arms.

"My darling!"

His lips were on hers. Screened by the hood of the gondola, she lay in his arms.

With long, even strokes and a song on his lips, the gondolier swept them on into the sunset gold of the west.

This was Venice, and here romance had come into her life to stay as long as life itself should last.







# What Your Dreams Reveal

By Marie Calvane

Part III.

**F**OR those who might have missed some of the previous articles, or may still be a little uncertain how to go about deciphering a dream, I will give a brief and simple example. Let us assume that you were walking along a lonely road when at some place along the road a dog joined you. After that, the road did not seem to be as long or lonely any more.

The most outstanding details would no doubt be the loneliness of the road and the dog. Then you should try to recollect—was the road rough or stony, did it seem dark and were you afraid, or was the sun shining? Let us assume it was dark. That is a secondary item, for it describes the road along which you were walking. What about the dog? Was there anything especially impor-



tant about him? Were you glad when he joined you or were you still afraid? Let us assume further that you were glad of his companionship. There might have been more details—usually there are—and you would list them all in the same way, but these will do to serve as an example.

Can you see now how the meaning of the dream practically reveals itself to you? You were lonely and discouraged, but you will soon meet a friend who will make you happy, who will go along the road with you and you will not feel lonely again.

Simple, isn't it? And there was no trick to it. With a little practice, you should find it just as easy to decipher your own dreams.



**CAGE**—A dream of a cage symbolizes imprisonment of the spirit. To dream that you find yourself in a cage means that you are held against your will to conditions that are hateful to you. If you manage to escape from the cage, it is a sign that you should be patient. Eventually, you will find a way out of your difficulty and gain your freedom. If you dream of possessing an empty cage, it indicates that you will receive little appreciation or reward in return for sacrificing your freedom. If you dream of a pretty, gilded cage, you will at least be well rewarded with material things for your loss of freedom. If you see a pretty bird in a cage, it means that love will hold you a willing prisoner. If you dream of seeing wild animals in cages, it is a sign that there is a period of bitterness and much quarreling ahead of you.



**CELLAR**—To dream that you are entering a dark, damp cellar is a warning of illness. To enter a cellar and find it bright and cheerfully furnished implies that you will find happiness in

a most unexpected place. To dream that you are cleaning out a cellar signifies that you must be prepared for a long convalescence after an unexpected illness.



**CATS**—If you dream that a cat spits or scratches you, it is a warning that false friends are about to cause you much misery and unhappiness. If you hear cats mewling, it is a sign that you will hear some unpleasant gossip repeated. If a cat licks you and tries to make friends with you, it signifies that some one whom you suspect of being false to you is a true friend and is really quite fond of you.



**CHURCH**—To dream that you see a church far off in the distance is a sign that peace and well-being shall come to you after a long period of doubt and uncertainty. To dream that you are praying in a church implies that you will deeply regret some unwise action. To see mourners enter a church, or to enter one yourself in mourning, indicates that you will hear of a death which will touch you deeply.



**CLIMB**—A dream of climbing implies that you will have to use a great deal of effort and perseverance in order to reach your goal. If you dream that you are climbing up a steep hill and the road is rocky, it is an indication that you will find many obstacles and much discouragement on your road to success. If you reach the top, however, eventual success will be yours. To dream of climbing downward implies failure. You will give up too easily. A dream of slipping or falling downhill—which is different from a dream of falling through space—presages a rapid decline, probably brought about through some error



or misstep on your part, which could have been avoided.



**CLOCK**—To dream that you see many clocks of different shapes and sizes all busily ticking away implies that you are wasting your time in many foolish, frivolous activities. To hear a clock strike signifies that you will hear important news very soon. If you see a clock stop, you will hear of the death of a friend or some one close to you. To repair a clock, which has gone out of order, denotes that you will make an effort to rectify old mistakes.



**COFFIN**—To dream of a coffin is a very unfavorable omen. It is a prediction of disillusionment and disappointment. To see a new coffin in your dreams forewarns that some new plan or hope is doomed to failure. An old coffin presages continued disappointments.



**COWS**—To dream of cows is a good omen. It foretells plenty and a contentment with life as you find it. To dream that you milk a cow implies that some contemplated undertaking or business venture will bring good results. To herd well-fed cows in a field signifies that careful application to your work and a little honest effort will bring you prosperity. To dream that you are milking a dry cow means that you have already drained all the possible profit out of your business and should try something different. To dream of a sick cow is a warning to prepare against long, lean days and perhaps want.



**COOKING**—To dream that you are cooking implies that you will soon have to prepare for a large gathering. If the work is hard and you are tired, you will be entertaining unwelcome guests. If you taste your cooking and it has an unpleasant taste, there will be dissension within the home.



**CLOTHES**—To see many garments hung on a line means that you will soon find yourself at a large gathering—a party or a dance if the clothes were nice and new, sickness if they were tattered, a funeral if the clothes are black. To see pretty dresses hung in a closet means that there is a pleasant surprise awaiting you. You will probably meet a new sweetheart at the next party you attend. If a man dreams that he finds a woman's dresses in his clothes closet, it signifies that he will soon be sharing his worldly goods with a bride. To dream that you go about gathering soiled garments signifies that you have been guilty of gathering and perhaps spreading malicious gossip. If you dream that your dress is soiled or muddy, it is a warning to be very watchful of your conduct. You are giving gossips a chance to sully your reputation. To receive a new dress as a gift foretells an advancement in business or social position.



**CLOUDS**—To see light-colored clouds against a clear sky is a favorable omen. It presages happiness and peace of mind. To see heavy, ominous clouds is a forewarning of impending trouble and disappointment.

The next in this new series of dream articles will appear next week.







# Dawn Of Love

By Toby Thatcher

**K**ATHIE was conscious of a sharp flash of annoyance as her gaze encountered that of the pilot of the New York-Palm Beach plane.

She had never seen him before, which to her seemed all the more reason why he should be practically overcome with admiration, as all other men she met invariably were at first sight. But he wasn't admiring her at all. Apparently, he was completely disinterested.

Something new to Kathie—this amazing indifference to her beauty and prom-

inence. It ruffled her terribly—she who was used to disturbing other people!

His keen gaze disconcerted her. She couldn't remember ever having felt that way in all her life. It made her feel as though her slip were hanging, a broken shoulder strap dangling, or as if she had a ghastly run in her sheer wisps of stockings—none of which had happened, nor could happen, to perfect Kathie.

He stood on the ground beside the plane, waiting for her to enter the cabin. He was compellingly good-looking—



tall, lean, graceful, his blue uniform fitting him superbly.

Though his manner was restrained and respectful, his handsome mouth was ungraciously stern, unsmiling. With maddening indifference to her charms, his steady glance swept over her costly gray tailored suit, her smart, becoming hat, the huge intricately set diamond-and-emerald clip which had been her father's gift on her twenty-first birthday a month ago, the fine detail of her handmade blouse that had cost as much as most girls pay for an evening gown, with as little approval as if she were wearing a percale house dress! He was completely unaffected by the supreme luxury of her rich sable coat so nonchalantly thrown across her shoulders.

He seemed absolutely unmoved by the creamy beauty of her satiny skin, the appeal of her heart-shaped face, the satisfying curve of her deeply reddened, beguiling lips, and her strangely topaz-colored eyes whose lashes had made history among the younger set from Manhattan to Palm Beach, from Newport to Aiken.

In the look of his keen blue eyes she sensed something of disdain, amused contempt, as if he were thinking:

"Oh, I know you are Katherine Cambridge Blaine, fourth richest girl in the world, only child of widowed Perry Blaine, the oil king, with a palace of a home on Park Avenue, a vast mansion in Newport, a palatial estate in Greenwich, an overwhelming Adirondack lodge where you spend perhaps two weeks once a year, and an astonishing villa in Palm Beach. That you're the darling of the social whirl from coast to coast, that your jewels are as famous as you are, and that your slightest whim is news, but what of it?"

Anger swept her. Who did he think he was, she fumed, that he could treat her so offhandedly—she, Katherine Blaine, who day after to-morrow was to be married to Prince Nicholas Destinati in Palm Beach?

She decided that she mustn't let this pilot person annoy her or ruffle her poise for one single minute more. After all, he was merely an employee, and, therefore, a nonentity as far as she was concerned.

As she mounted the steps leading into the plane, she tilted her shining auburn head arrogantly, as if she were royalty and this man who was to fly her South merely her slave.

But the amusement, the smooth hint of contempt she'd sensed in his gaze wasn't easy to forget. She found that her annoyance persisted.

She was about to step inside the cabin when her antelope purse with an ingenious clasp made of a small watch set in emeralds, slipped from under her arm and fell to the frozen ground.

Quickly, the pilot picked it up. The winter wind, blowing sharply across the wide plane of the airport landing field, ruffled his thick dark hair as he inclined his head in a slight bow that had a touch of mockery about it.

As she took her purse from him their fingers touched, and as their eyes again met briefly, antagonism flared strongly between them.

"Are you quite sure, Miss Blaine," he asked, and Kathie noticed how deep, young and rich a voice he had, "that you want to make this flight?"

"Naturally," retorted Kathie. "Why not?"

"Because," he said in businesslike, clipped tones, "the latest weather report is bad. The weather ahead over the course we will fly, along the Florida coast particularly, is dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes. Hurricanes are predicted. It may be rather rough going."

"I," announced Kathie haughtily, gathering the magnificent sables closer around her slim form, "chartered this plane to take me to Florida now. And that's where I intend to go now, weather notwithstanding."



"As you wish," he said distantly.

With great finality, Kathie turned again to mount the last step. But her heel caught, momentarily unbalancing her. The pilot steadied her by grasping her arm as she involuntarily flung it out to gain balance.

Immediately, a current of feeling assailed her. Never had she been so conscious of the touch of any man. She jerked her arm away and stepped over the threshold into the luxuriously fitted plane. His touch still seemed to be burning through sables, through the fine woolen of her jacket sleeve, through her very flesh. This unexplainable surge of feeling caused her a moment's wild wonder.

"It's because I hate him, the insolent creature," Kathie told herself fiercely as the plane rose strongly, surely into the sky. "I hate him!" she whispered vehemently, as she realized that she would have to look at the back of his proud, handsome, utterly indifferent head all the way to Palm Beach.

While the plane roared southward through threatening gray skies, Kathie tried to extinguish the persistent fire of resentment the pilot's disdainful scrutiny, his treatment of her as if she weren't Katherine Blaine at all but just anybody, had aroused, by thinking about things that pleased her. The thoroughly satisfactory things toward which she was now flying—her wedding, her gorgeous wedding presents, the tide of admiring "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Isn't she beautiful!" that would follow her progress to the altar.

She enjoyed remembering the excited, approving stir she'd created by choosing to be married in the lush tropical garden of the Palm Beach estate, instead of in the chill winteriness of Manhattan.

Closing her eyes to shut out the irritating sight of the pilot's fine, tanned hands steady on the controls, she con-

centrated on the picture she'd be in her wedding gown.

White tulle delicate as summer clouds, veil of priceless flowerlike lace, wreath of real orange blossoms, extravagant bouquet of white orchids! June in January to the life!

Being Nicky's wife meant that she was entitled to have an imposing crown embroidered on everything she owned!

So there it was, just as she wanted it, embroidered on all her handkerchiefs, on all her linens. It looked particularly elegant on the bath towels and wash cloths—if that didn't floor her friends, nothing could—and on the quantities of pastel satin undies.

Papa'd have jitters until she arrived safely. He hadn't wanted her to fly—thought it a dangerous mode of travel for his valuable child. But she'd wanted to stay in New York until the last possible minute, attending to final details of some trousseau garments—gold negligee at Lendell's, ermine wrap at Randall's.

Last-minute fittings had been possible simply because the plane would get her to Palm Beach and Villa d'Or in such a short time.

Villa d'Or—House of Gold, that meant. She liked the sound of it. It meant something to call your residence House of Gold and be able to back it up. Papa was so rich. He wasn't very keen on Nicky as a son-in-law. Papa'd worked hard for his money, and liked working.

"Somehow, honey," he'd said, "I wanted you to marry a—a regular guy who cares more about making his way in the world than he does about making eyes."

Oh, yes, Nicky could make eyes—Nicky, whose privilege it would be to bestow upon her the one possession which just now she wanted with fervent intensity—a title!

When she married Nicky she'd become a princess. No other girl among her friends could boast that distinction!



She'd met him at Palm Beach nearly a year ago. He'd been staying with the Chichesters who were rich, but not as rich as Kathie. All the girls and women were mad about him. Princess—they all wanted to be that.

When Kathie realized what being a princess would mean, she wanted it, too. And she always got what she wanted. The prize was hers.

They were going around the world on their wedding trip. Prince and Princess Destinati would be royally received in every glittering circle in Europe.

Nicky himself? Oh, he was all right, even if he was a good bit older than she.

He had charm, manner. He had that priceless Continental way of letting you know, every instant, how lovely you were. Satisfying, that.

His every action, word, glance, bespoke his admiration of everything that was Kathie Blaine. It was like being bathed in sunlight constantly. It was like being a shining star with the world for your stage and an admiring audience concentrating on you alone.

Why let this rude pilot bother her when she could remember Nicky's expansive compliments?

Love? She believed there wasn't any such thing. "Love" was only a word.

It was like eating your cake and having it, too, to be wooed fervently by Nicky with all the subtleties, meaning glances and caresses, yet remain coolly untroubled by unsettling emotions yourself. Emotions were so difficult. They could upset you, make lines in your face to mar your beauty—which simply wouldn't do!

Her beauty, her money, her title were the most important things in the world. With her money and Nicky's *savoir-faire*, their way through life would be one gay, smooth journey.

Much smoother, she hoped, than this journey was proving to be, for the plane was now doing very odd things. The going was decidedly bumpy.

She realized, suddenly, that they'd been flying for hours, and that she'd been so absorbed in her thoughts she hadn't noticed the bumpiness until now. She didn't like it. She wouldn't have it, that's all.

She raised her voice imperiously, to make it heard above the motor's powerful throbbing:

"Oh, driver!"

No answer. But the pilot stiffened perceptibly.

She tried again: "Driver!" It was the tone she would have used to a servant she considered lacking in respect.

When finally he answered, his voice was cold with suppressed anger:

"Do you mean me? This is no twenty-cent taxi, you know."

"I certainly do mean you. Slow down or something. I don't like this bumpy feeling."

"I'll speak to the weather man about it," he said with deliberate irony. "That's all I can do."

"Oh." The disobliging, exasperating man!

As they flew on, the discomfort increased. The weather went from bad to worse, from worse to perilous. It dawned on Kathie that they'd met one of those tropical storms he'd mentioned.

Wind whined through the wings, rain washed harshly against the plane which shuddered sometimes, as with increasing uncertainty it nosed its way through ever darkening skies.

Tenseness now, about those brown hands at the controls, added alertness and vigilance in the controlled set of that dark head. He was fighting the storm.

A growing feeling of stress seemed to emanate from the very fibers of the plane. The motor grew feeble, coughed unevenly. The plane was a weary bird unable to struggle farther through the storm.

The pilot's face was grim. Apparently, he'd forgotten Kathie. But then, abruptly, he said:





*"I can't stay in this awful place—I won't!" Kathie cried shrilly. Surely, if he tried hard enough, he could fix the plane and get them safely away.*

"The motor's failing. I'll try to make a landing. Hang on, we're going down."

There was a sickening downward rush. Water from the skies was forcing them down, water below was rushing up to meet them.

Thanks to the pilot's skill, before the motor failed entirely, the amphibian plane made a comparatively safe landing on the water, though it struck with a terrific shock. For a few moments it drifted helplessly, uncontrollably buf-



feted by the storm. Then presently, there was a jolt that indicated they'd grounded on a beach.

To Kathie the landing shock had seemed to be the end of the world. She wondered briefly if she were about to die. If so, she'd have to powder her nose and prepare to die beautifully! Then she began to get her bearings.

"Where are we?" she demanded.

"Your guess is as good as mine," he told her. "We were blown off our course. I think we're on one of the small islands off the Florida coast." He peered intently through the lashing rain.

Somehow, despite the fury of the raging storm, he managed to tie the plane securely to the remains of an old pier half buried in the sand. Somehow, he lifted Kathie out.

"I see an old shack over there under those palms," he said, as he decisively set her on her feet, while rain whipped against them both. "Run for it!"

"Run for it?" echoed Kathie indignantly. "Why, aren't you going to carry me?" Nicky would have pleaded for the honor of carrying her. Any of the men she knew would have.

"Carry you? Certainly not! What's the matter, are you spavined?"

Spavined? As far as she could recall, spavined meant a knock-kneed horse, or something like that! Was he insinuating that she was knock-kneed, or that she looked like a horse? How dared he?

Nevertheless, she ran for it!

Notwithstanding the storm, the air was hot, steamy, tropical. Kathie's suit and sables were nearly smothering her. She thought of the thinner, cooler clothes in her bags.

"I want my baggage," she stated.

"What?"

"Yes. You should have brought it in the first place. I don't want my trousseau kicking around in that storm. Go at once."

"I'd forgotten," he said bitterly, "the

trousseau and all it stands for!" Then he dashed out into the lashing rain.

For some reason, as his eyes had rested so stonily upon her, Kathie had experienced the oddest sensation—a tingling throughout her being. It was something that came perilously close to a thrill. She brushed aside the thought impatiently as she waited for his return.

He came back in a few minutes, rain dripping from his hair, and flung the bags unceremoniously into a corner. Kathie inquired caustically:

"I suppose you've got a name?" She wanted to be rude, wanted to shatter his indifference. She was so utterly unaccustomed to having her fascination ignored. It made it even worse that he was unquestionably the handsomest man she'd ever seen—far handsomer than Nicky who was stocky, much older, heavier, with hair just a bit too thin.

His expression was unfathomable as he replied:

"My name is John Starrett, Miss Blaine." He emphasized her name, elaborately. "Do you mind if I sit down?"

She saw then how tired he looked. But that was nothing to her, naturally.

"Not at all," she said as ungraciously as possible.

They sat there all night, the width of the shack between them. Silent, withdrawn, apparently unaffected by the desirable loveliness within arm's reach, he paid no attention to her. Wearier than she'd realized herself to be, Kathie, leaning against the rough board wall, fell asleep.

When she awakened, the storm had ceased. It was dawn. The rising sun was spreading rosy gold over the rough sea. John Starrett was standing outside the shack.

"It's over," he told her.

"We'll leave at once then," Kathie ordered.



He turned and looked steadily at her.

"Leave?" he inquired. "In what?"

"The plane, of course."

"You've another guess coming. We may never leave here in that plane. In fact, we may never leave here at all."

"W-what do you mean?"

"I mean," he said levelly, "that the plane may be so irreparably damaged by the beating it took that it may never fly again."

"Then——" she questioned fearfully.

"Then we're stuck here, Heaven knows how long, unless some one picked up the S O S I sent before the motor went dead altogether. This island's off the beaten track. It's been deserted for years. I've looked around. There's fresh water, luckily."

"But I can't stay here—I won't!" Kathie broke in, her voice shrill. Surely, if he tried hard enough, he could find some way of getting them safely away from this place. "I won't!" she almost screamed. She was going to make a scene—she'd always found such behavior the sure way of getting what she wanted.

But he ignored her. He merely shrugged, turned away, and said, "I'll see if I can catch some fish for breakfast," then strode away.

When he came back he tossed the fish to her.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Kathie.

"There's your breakfast," he told her.

"Cook it. I'll build a fire."

"I will not! I hate fish."

He shrugged his broad shoulders again.

"It's eat fish or starve here," he informed her.

"I'd rather starve," she flared.

"It's immaterial to me," he said. Gathering up the fish, he went striding quickly down the beach toward the plane.

The sun was beating down hot and strong now. Kathie opened her bags, made up her face carefully, groomed her hair.

She was stubbornly possessed of the idea that he could perfectly well get the plane going if he wanted to, but wouldn't, just because he didn't like her. Why, if she were stuck here for weeks, perhaps given up for dead, some one else would nab Nicky's title! Unthinkable! She'd make him take her!

From among her trousseau garments, Kathie deliberately selected and put on a scanty, seductive, devastatingly becoming bathing suit—satin, just the color of her satiny limbs, a shade that blended with her eyes, heightened the auburn glory of her hair.

In one slender hand she clutched a large roll of money and her emerald clip, and started out to find him.

He was working on the plane's motor. He was stripped to his waist. His body was smoothly sun-golden.

When he looked up and saw Kathie with so much of her loveliness revealed, an indefinable expression crossed his face. Then he said:

"Swimming is dangerous, you know. Sharks and barracuda in these waters."

She ignored this, having no intention of going swimming.

"You've got to get me away from here to-day—now!" she demanded. "You've got to!"

"I'm afraid not. I'll have to locate the trouble, and even then I may be unable to fix it."

She moved very close to him, forcing him to gaze upon her dazzling beauty.

"But I've got to get to Palm Beach—my wedding," she cried. "Here," she urged frantically, thrusting toward him the thick roll of money and the valuable emerald clip. "I'll give you all this if you'll get me out of here to-day."

She had never seen any one look as he looked then—had never seen another human being flame into such righteous anger. His indifference had broken at last. Not as she'd intended it should, but into scathing contempt, burning words, proud fury.



"How dare you?" he blazed. "How dare you make me an offer like that? Trying to bribe me as if I could be bought!" His eyes were hot coals, scorching her.

"You," he continued in level, deadly tones, "you're the most spoiled individual I've ever known. You're trivial, caring only for the glittering things of life. The brighter they glitter the better you like them, because their brilliance blinds you to their worthlessness."

He was standing closer to her now. The power and magnetism of the man held her spellbound in spite of herself. She couldn't speak.

"Beautiful? Yes, you're beautiful, but like a doll. And even the most perfect doll that walks and talks is a poor substitute for a real, live woman with blood in her veins, courage in her soul, and love in her heart."

"Never in your selfish life have you cared what happened to any one but yourself. Never felt a moment's responsibility for the happiness of anybody else, as long as you had what you wanted—all that your money could buy! Well, there's one thing your money can't buy—love!"

Kathie went to pieces then.

"What do you know about love?" she jeered, red lips quivering.

For answer he swept her roughly into his arms.

"This!" he said. His lips crushed down on hers, then again and again. She struggled. The money and emerald clip fell to the sands, forgotten.

In her was rising a surge of emotion such as she'd never dreamed existed. Frantically, she hammered at his bare chest with trembling hands until, suddenly, swept by an urgency of feeling she didn't understand, she no longer resisted. The fervor, strength, passion and magnificent roughness of his hard, savage yet irresistible kisses compelled her unwilling lips to obey his.

There was something primitive, wildly

sweet, gloriously mad about standing within the relentless circle of his arms and answering his lips with hers. It was real! Nicky was only a name. Nothing was real but John Starrett's kisses and the new sensations they aroused in her.

"Don't—don't!" she gasped.

Abruptly, he released her. Momentarily, she stood dazed, unable to think. She could only feel. What was this tempestuous emotion suddenly born in her heart, her soul, her whole being?

"Lesson," he said unevenly, "in love."

She wanted to strike him. But she couldn't. Sobbing, she ran blindly from him—ran until she sank exhausted behind some sheltering rocks.

"I hate him—hate him!"

Her heart was pounding tumultuously. The vivid awakening of forces, formerly unknown, shook her unbelievably. Sensations, real, vital, elemental, gripped her without mercy. This uncontrollable emotion that was desire and tenderness, humility and glory, blended, shamed and exalted her.

Hate? Oh, no! This wasn't hate. In all its force, sweeping simplicity and brutality, this was, she knew now, love!

How long she lay there shaken by her discovery, her heart acknowledging the truth of every word he'd said, she didn't know. Suddenly, a steady thrumming noise penetrated her consciousness.

The plane's motor? Yes.

She ran back along the beach, saw the plane moving slowly back and forth upon the water, quite a distance out. He was testing it.

All of a sudden it gathered speed, left the water and rose into the air. Then, without warning, the motor sputtered, died, and like a falling star the plane crashed into the water.

"John—John!" Kathie's horrified scream was torn from her heart.

An awful stillness about the wreck. Was he dead? He mustn't be!





*He swept her roughly into his arms and his lips crushed down on hers, again and again. "Don't—don't!" she gasped.*

Then she saw, moving beyond the broken plane, the evil fins of sharks! She must reach him—she must—before the sharks did.

She plunged into the waves, thankful for the expert instruction that had made her speed and strength possible. Not a doll now, but all woman! At stake

was the life of the man who'd torn away the tinsel curtains of her existence and showed her reality—the man she loved!

Underwater, something slid against her legs. Barracuda? They could tear you to pieces, maim you hideously. But it didn't matter about her. It was John who mattered. She must save him.



Those ugly fins were getting nearer constantly.

They were sickeningly close as she reached the wreckage and dragged John from it, unconscious but alive.

As she towed him shoreward, she prayed desperately that those sinister fins would keep their distance. It took all her strength to get him ashore but, somehow, she managed.

He regained consciousness as she struggled to drag him to safety on the beach. He hadn't been hurt, only stunned. He sat up, and the look in his eyes told her that he knew she had done a courageous, noble thing.

He rose to his feet then, gently took her hand.

"Forgive me," he murmured, "for all I said. I——"

"Please don't," Kathie interrupted clearly. "You've taught me a lesson I've needed for years. It's I who should ask forgiveness for being such a useless, self-centered, poisonous creature. I don't wonder that you hate me. You're so fine, honest and wise——"

"But, darling girl," he broke in surprisingly, "I don't hate you! I couldn't, because I love you."

"You love me?"

He smiled then, for the first time, and his smile was marvelous. But immediately, he was serious again.

"Yes," he answered. "I knew the instant I saw you that it was you I was destined to love. It hit me hard. But I knew you belonged to—to your prince, so I had to pretend an indifference I didn't feel. Then, when I realized that the fine, wonderful girl you really are was imprisoned in a lot of false standards of living, I ached to set her free—free to realize how much life can mean. I'm sorry I was so cruelly blunt."

"I had it coming to me," confessed Kathie, looking straight into his eyes.

"And I'm glad you said what you did, every bit of it."

He started to take her in his arms, but stopped himself. She could see that he was thinking of Nicky, even before he said:

"I must tell you, Kathie. When I got the motor going and the radio working a few minutes ago, I picked up messages saying that we've been located and that your father's yacht will be here to rescue us any time now, with your father on board and your fiancé."

"Listen," said Kathie, flinging her arms around him and clinging tight. "The prince is no longer my fiancé! He doesn't know it yet, but he isn't! Because, you see, beloved, I've learned my lesson. Somebody else can have Nicky's fancy title and all that goes with it. I don't want it any more. The only title I crave now is 'Mrs. John Starrett'—that is, if it's all right with you."

"Kathie, my dearest!" Joy illuminated his eyes as he drew her to him.

"It will be very nice to be rescued, of course," said Kathie, close in his arms. "But I want you to know right now that if there were any choice in the matter, I'd rather stay here and starve with you than live safely in luxury with anybody else."

"But, Kathie, sweetheart, we won't have to starve exactly, wherever we are. My father owns Skyhigh Airways. And I'm rich in my own right. I've simply been trying to prove that I can make my own way in the world as a commercial pilot."

"Well," Kathie answered seriously, lovingly, "I know now that money doesn't matter one way or the other, as long as we have love. You've taught me that love is all that matters."

"Your love and mine, my darling," he said tenderly, as his lips sought hers in a passionate yet reverent kiss that was both a thrill and a promise.







# Passion Star

By Jennifer Ames

## CHAPTER V.

A SERIAL—Part III.

**T**HE doctor had ordered Coert to rest his back for a week. He had insisted that he must not get up under any consideration. But four days later saw Coert on his way out to one of the outlying suburbs in an old roadster he had picked up cheap.

The house he was in search of was an attractive square house standing well back in its own garden. It was called "The Woodlands," and perhaps it had stood once in the midst of woods, but

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now it merely stood in the midst of neat little rows of suburban houses, all exactly the same, as though they had been turned out of some gigantic machine.

When he rang the doorbell, a maid answered his ring. The name he asked for was Mrs. Clive.

Mrs. Morris Clive was regarded in



the neighborhood as an inoffensive, sweet woman, whose husband was a traveling man. That accounted for his long and frequent absences. The neighbors knew practically nothing about him. Indeed, when he was at home, Mrs. Clive didn't entertain at all, although several curious neighbors had caught glimpses of him in the garden.

They reported that he was immensely good-looking and reminded them of some one, but they couldn't quite say whom.

The maid wasn't sure that Mrs. Clive would see Mr. Hillman.

"Oh, I'm sure she will see me," Coert insisted. "I'm an old friend."

"A lot of them say that," she confided. "And a lot of them aren't."

"Tell her," said Coert and he smiled his most engaging smile, "that I met her at the Redferns. My name is Coert Hillman. She may remember me."

The maid ushered him into the hall and withdrew. He sat down on a hall chair. His back was still paining him considerably.

Presently she came back to say that Mrs. Clive would see him. She showed him into a long pleasant drawing-room with French windows that opened out onto a lawn.

A woman rose as he came in. She was pretty in a rather faded way, with light-brown hair and large gray eyes. She didn't look happy. She had the air of a woman who lived mainly in the past.

"Mr. Hillman?" she said and smiled gravely. "Yes, I remember you. I remember you because you made me laugh."

He looked astonished. "Why, is that so extraordinary?"

A moment later he was sorry he had said it.

Her smile faded. "Yes, it is. So infrequent that I remember it." She turned away from him as she spoke. There had been a perceptible break in her voice.

"And yet I should have thought you were naturally a gay person," he remarked quietly.

"I was once," she murmured. She turned toward him again and added with a forced smile: "Life changes one, doesn't it?"

"It shouldn't," he told her. "One shouldn't let it change one. One should be strong enough to make one's own destiny."

She gave a small, unhappy laugh.

"How few of us are! Things happen. One can't control them. Or perhaps"—and again she gave that faint, forced smile—"it is one's own emotions which one can't control."

"Won't you sit down?" she suggested presently and added with a more natural smile: "You didn't come here to talk about controlling one's emotions, I'm sure. What did you come to talk about, Mr. Hillman?"

"I came humbly and fearfully," he said quietly. "I want you to do something for me, Mrs. Morant."

She started and paled slightly.

"How did you know I was Clive Morant's wife?"

"You must promise not to be cross with me if I tell you," he said. "Lottie Redfern told me. She's my cousin and we've been pals since childhood. She made me promise not to pass on the information and I can assure you I haven't."

She accepted that. There was something about Coert that made one feel sure that he wouldn't betray a confidence. She leaned slightly forward, smoothing the dark dress across her knees.

"What do you want me to do for you, Mr. Hillman?"

He hesitated one short second, then he took the plunge.

"I want you to let me bring a young girl out to see you. I want you to allow me to tell her that you are Clive Morant's wife, and I want you to talk to



her. You see, she's heard about you, but she pictures you as some one entirely different from what you are."

There was a pause. While he had been speaking, the woman's face had changed. It had hardened; her eyes had become cold, her lips had set in a grim straight line.

"I think I understand," she said in a low voice. "You want me to talk to some girl who is infatuated with Clive?"

"More than infatuated," he said earnestly. "She believes herself desperately in love with him. I—I don't dare think what may happen if you don't intervene, Mrs. Morant."

Celia Morant flinched. For a moment she rested her hand on the back of the chair as though to steady herself, but when she replied her voice was cold, even antagonistic.

"Why should I intervene? Just because some stupid little girl becomes infatuated with Clive? My dear Mr. Hillman, there are hundreds of girls infatuated with Clive. You can't be a male movie star without that happening!"

"But this is different," he insisted hoarsely. "Julie isn't an ordinary girl and I'm afraid that it isn't merely an infatuation. If it were, she wouldn't be prepared to——" He broke off.

"You mean she's prepared to go all the way with him?" She smiled slightly. She added in a lower tone: "But lots of girls have done that, too, Mr. Hillman."

He straightened and stared at her incredulously, interlocking his long lean fingers on his knees.

"And you don't mind, Mrs. Morant?"

At that she swung sharply toward him. She had seemed, when he first met her, a pretty but ineffectual little woman; now he saw that she was far from that. There was fire in her eyes, tension in her slight, trembling body.

"Mind?" She threw back her head and gave a fierce, unhappy laugh. "Do you think there's any woman who wouldn't mind, Mr. Hillman? Any woman, that is, who loves her husband."

"I'm sorry," he muttered uncomfortably. "I didn't realize——"

"You didn't realize that I loved Clive?" Her lips curled slightly. "Very few of my friends do. They think because I'm willing to put up with so much that I can't love him. They think I only hang onto him because of the money. They think I actually like not being able to tell the whole world that Clive is my hus-

band." She paused a moment, breathing heavily. "I don't like it, Mr. Hillman. I hate it. But there's something I would hate far worse and that is to lose Clive permanently."

There was a brief pause and then he said slowly:

"But, surely, since you see so little of him——"

"But so little is better than nothing," she interrupted. "He's everything I have—he's everything I want. I know this isn't a conventional marriage, that very few women would put up with it. But Clive isn't an ordinary man, Mr. Hillman, and this is the way he wants it. It's the only way he'll have it. And"—she smiled faintly—"he's the boss."

#### THE STORY SO FAR:

Julie Carmaine, movie extra, is in love with Clive Morant, a movie star and a married man. He asks her to go away on a trip with him and she consents, in spite of the disapproval of Olive Sanders, her roommate. Coert Hillman, a stunt man, tries to show Julie how shallow and selfish Clive is, but Julie ignores him. Coert is hurt doing a high dive and Julie goes to see him. He tells her that Clive's wife is not the hard woman Julie has pictured, but Julie refuses to listen to him, declaring that she loves Clive and that is all that matters.



There was another pause and then, leaning forward, he said abruptly: "But this case is quite different, I assure you. Your husband may have had flirtations in the past and you have condoned them, but this isn't a mere flirtation. Julie, at least, is decidedly in earnest. It means everything to her. She believes you to be cold and indifferent to your husband. She believes that it is only for reasons of publicity that he can't be divorced. She believes these things sincerely, Mrs. Morant. That is why I want you to see her. You needn't tell her anything you don't wish to. But just to see you and talk to you; to realize you're not the hard, indifferent woman she pictures you, should help."

She shook her head slowly. "I understand, but I can't do it, Mr. Hillman." There was regret in her voice, a note of tragedy, too.

"You won't even see her?" he cried.

She rose to her feet. "No," she said sharply. "If I did, Clive would never forgive me. I've promised. I've sworn never to interfere in his life any way."

"But, Mrs. Morant!" Coert ejaculated. He, too, had risen. "You're surely not going to let your husband go off with this young girl and do nothing to prevent it?"

She flinched slightly and then she said in a low voice that shook: "You mean it's as serious as all that?"

He nodded. "I'm afraid it is." He added lamely: "I'm sorry."

She gave a small, harsh laugh that had a quality of heartbreak in it. "I'm sorry, too, if that's the right word, Mr. Hillman."

"But, surely, now that you realize how——"

She raised a hand to stop him while she shook her head. "I realize everything. All the same I can do nothing."

"I don't understand you," he said angrily. "But I realize it's useless to argue. Good-by."

He turned toward the door, but she stopped him. He saw to his astonishment there were tears in her eyes and that the hand she laid upon his arm trembled.

"Please don't think too badly of me," she murmured. "I wish I could help you, but if I attempted to, I should lose Clive permanently. My chief hold upon him is that he knows I never interfere. Do you think I have no pride?" She smiled twistedly and sighed. "Perhaps I have no pride, Mr. Hillman. But one can't afford to have much pride when one loves terribly. One must try and keep the person one loves in whatever way one can, even if it involves humiliation and bitterness. Clive may go away with this girl, but"—her lips tightened, her gray eyes shone—"he'll come back to me. I know he will! He's gone before, in just the same manner, and he's always come back. I hold him because I don't try to hold him, if you can understand that, Mr. Hillman."

"Why did you marry him?" he heard himself ask.

She opened her eyes and smiled faintly. "You mean, why did he marry me? He loved me once. We had a baby and it died."

Coert said good-by to her and walked out of the house. As he went down the garden path the sunshine was playing on the white flagstones, but he didn't see the sunshine. He felt the world was a dark, bitter place. How could Fate make a woman suffer as that woman inside suffered? And was that same Fate to make Julie suffer in much the same way? He clenched his hands, his blue eyes glittered dangerously.

"I'm damned if she will!" he said aloud to no one in particular.

## CHAPTER VI.

Returning from the studio, Julie found Coert standing on her front doorstep. He had rung twice without receiving any





*"I will not see this girl," Mrs. Morant said coldly. "Why should I intervene? Just because some stupid little thing becomes infatuated with my husband?"*

answer. He grinned cheerily and saluted her as she approached.

"Can I sell you anything to-day, miss?" he asked mischievously. "What

about a nice pair of silk stockings, guaranteed to conceal nothing and run each time they are worn? Or would you like a new shade in hair dyes? That



ruddy-brown you're using is out of date, if you don't think me impertinent, miss. Silver-blond is all the rage this——"

She felt angry and exasperated with him but she had to laugh. "What on earth are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Now what do you think I am doing here?" he asked, raising one eyebrow slightly. "Maybe I'm going out with your cook—that is, if you have a cook. It couldn't be that I've come to see you, could it?"

She didn't reply, but she inserted her key in the door. "I suppose you'd better come in," she said ungraciously. "Olive will be home soon, anyhow."

His deep-blue eyes twinkled. "I don't know who the estimable lady referred to as 'Olive' is, but I can assure you you're perfectly safe. You may be disappointed, but I shan't leap on you in the dark or anything equally thrilling."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake shut up!" Again she laughed. "Are you trying to make fun of me?"

"That is the last thing in the world I would want to do," he said with a mock solemnity.

She went into the bedroom, took off her hat and coat and combed her hair. When she returned to the sitting room, he had made himself thoroughly comfortable. He was seated in an easy-chair, one leg thrown over the arm of it, and had helped himself to a cigarette.

"Is there anything I could get to make you feel more at home?" she asked not without sarcasm.

"A cup of tea?" he suggested amiably.

"Well, you're not going to get any tea," she snapped back at him. "I had my tea at the studio before I left."

"You are such a sweet-tempered and generous girl," he sighed and flicked the ash off his cigarette onto the carpet.

"You needn't be sarcastic," she flung back furiously. "And let me remind

you, that there are ash trays in the room!"

"Who was sarcastic a moment ago?" he asked her and added: "Cigarette ash is good for the carpet. Didn't your grandmother teach you that?"

"Will you say what you've got to say and go?" she said presently. "I'm sure I don't see why you came."

"You're not very vain," he murmured. "Supposing I said I came because I like you. In fact, I've got rather a crush on you. What would you say to that?"

Her small, attractive face colored.

"Are you trying to annoy me?"

"My dear girl"—his tone was exasperated—"you ought to feel flattered."

"Well, I don't!" she returned sharply. "And I'm sure it wasn't only to tell me that that you came here this evening. You came here for some other reason."

"How bright the child is!" He smiled up at her maddeningly. "Is that what they call the famous feminine intuition? The same feminine intuition which led you to believe I hadn't sprained my back at the studio the other day."

He saw her flush again. The twinkle died out of his eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said sincerely. "I really didn't come here to annoy you. Queer!" He smiled faintly. "How often one does annoy those people one likes best."

In the pause he rose out of the arm-chair, came over to her and laid a hand on her arm.

"Julie," he said quietly, and now there was no trace of humor in his voice, "I'm sorry if I've fooled with you. At times one fools most when one has something serious on one's mind."

She turned toward him. "If it's anything about Clive, I don't want to hear it."

"It is," he said, "and you've got to hear it." His voice was stern. "I told



you I knew Mrs. Morant, didn't I? Well, I've seen her to-day. I asked her to let me bring you to see her, if you'd come, but she refused."

"She wouldn't dare face me!" Julie cried hotly. "She knows how rotten she's been to Clive. She knows how, in refusing to let him divorce her, she is denying him every right to happiness."

"She loves him," Coert said simply. "She loves him very much, Julie."

He felt her tremble. He saw her small face working. For a moment he thought he had won a victory, then she wrenched her arm free of his grasp.

She straightened haughtily.

"You're lying!" she cried. "You're lying as you lied before when you intimated that Clive was a coward. Why do you lie to me? Do you think I would believe you before him? He's told me all about his wife. I know all about her. There's no need for me to see her nor for her to see me. Why do you come pestering me with your tales? Why do you try to interfere in my life? What has it to do with you whether I go off with Clive or not?"

Her brown eyes blazed up at him challengingly. But he returned her gaze undaunted, his lean face stern, his lips drawn into a tight line.

"This is why I interfere," he said curtly. "I said I liked you, Julie. I was wrong—I love you." And before she could protest, he drew her into his arms and kissed her.

He didn't kiss her once. He kissed her three or four times. Coert was never one to miss an opportunity.

"How dare you?" she gasped when finally he had let her go. Her cheeks were scarlet, her brown eyes dark with anger. "How dare you?" she repeated.

He laughed softly. "Why be so conventional in moments of mental stress? 'How dare you, sir?'" he mimicked her perfectly. "Such a right and proper retort."

"I don't care whether it's a right and proper retort or not," she said furiously. "I think you're the most impertinent young man I've met. Not only do you lie to me about Clive but you dare to kiss me."

"I'd dare more than that," he said, sudden mischief showing in his eyes. "I'd even dare to kiss you again."

She moved away from him quickly. She had an uncomfortable feeling that he might carry out his threat.

"Will you please go at once?" Her voice was icy cold.

"I have no desire to go," he retorted amiably. "Much to your surprise, I'm enjoying myself."

She had no answer to that. She merely flung the door open wide and repeated: "Please go."

At that moment Olive's voice floated up the stairs to them.

"Darling, I hear voices. Have you a visitor?"

"I have not," Julie returned shortly.

"Ah, I must beg to differ." Coert smiled as Olive appeared at the door, and it was such a pleasant, friendly smile that Olive's heart warmed to him.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Aren't you going to introduce him, Julie?"

"Mr. Hillman—Miss Sanders," Julie said.

"Oh, so you're Coert Hillman," Olive remarked. "I've heard about you."

He smiled broadly. "Nothing to my credit, I'm sure."

Olive pursed her lips together. "Um-um," she said.

"Mr. Hillman was just leaving," Julie broke in.

"I might be persuaded to stay," he suggested.

"Good-by," Julie retorted. "Olive and I have something to discuss."

"Well, good-by," he said. "See you again soon." He waved to them cheerfully and disappeared down the stairs.



Julie followed Olive into the apartment and slammed the door after her with such a furious bang that it rang through the house.

Olive laughed outright. "I hope you feel better for that!"

"I think I do," Julie admitted. She, too, smiled but somewhat sheepishly. Then her smile faded. "But I shall never forgive him. Isn't he a dreadful young man, Olive?"

"I thought him rather nice," Olive returned. "He has a very pleasant smile and I like the twinkle of fun in his eyes. He isn't bad-looking, either. A more—rugged edition of Clive." She had almost used the adjective "virile" but she was warned by the expression on Julie's face. "Of course," she added quickly, "he isn't nearly so handsome. But he's about the same height and all that."

"He'd have to be, he doubles for Clive," Julie replied shortly.

She walked into the kitchenette. She was not only furiously angry with Coert but she was angry with Olive. Olive, her best friend, sticking up for that young fool! Her lips were still smarting from the force of his kisses. How furious Clive would be if he knew! But he mustn't know, she decided quickly. He might actually injure Coert in consequence. All the same she had an uncomfortable and fairly shrewd suspicion that it might not be Coert who came off worse in the conflict.

Clive's picture was finished. They were forced to employ another double. After his one adventurous day out, Coert's back began to bother him again. He couldn't have done any more stunts for at least two weeks.

The day the picture was actually finished, Clive came to Julie.

He said to her:

"Well, that's that. You're coming back to dine with me to-night, young woman, and we'll discuss plans."

She smiled back at him. "All right, Clive." Her heartbeat had quickened. She could feel it pounding furiously under the thin dress she wore and she knew uncomfortably that the color had rushed to her cheeks.

He laughed down at her softly. "Don't worry, Julie. To-night we're only going to make plans." He bent close to her and whispered: "They'll be glorious plans, too, my darling. Plans to bring laughter to your pretty lips and make your eyes shine. You're so sweet, I don't know how I've waited —" He broke off and smiled faintly, twistedly. "Perhaps I've waited because I really love you, my dear."

She raised her eyes to him, the tears shone in them. In moments such as this she loved him utterly, believed in him utterly. But at other times, in the dark night hours, doubts, like snakes, twisted and turned in her mind.

As the big limousine drew up before the front door of the large, imposing building where Clive lived, a uniformed attendant sprang to open the door of the car. "Good evening, Mr. Morant," he beamed on Clive.

The clerk behind the desk, the elevator man, all smiled and bowed. They were all bowing obsequiously to the great Clive Morant, rushing to open doors for him, anticipating his wishes. Julie felt a thrill of pleasure and of pride in him. All these people bowing before him. Surely that showed her how much they all thought of him? Or were they merely bowing to the mirage of fame?

His apartment was lovely and luxurious. Julie caught herself thinking that perhaps for a man it was a shade too luxurious. But she crushed down the thought quickly. Why shouldn't Clive have all the luxury he wanted since he could afford it?

He showed her into the bedroom, where she left her hat and the light coat she was wearing. When she returned



to the sitting room, he drew her into his arms and kissed her.

"Do you realize that this is the first time you have been to my apartment, Julie?" he whispered. "It seems incredible, darling, doesn't it? What a little puritan you are, sweetheart! I've asked you often, but you've never come. But now you are here, tell me what you think of it. Do you like it?" His voice was low and vibrant. He displayed a child's eagerness to have her admire his apartment.

"Yes, I think it is very nice," she said quietly. She tried to simulate enthusiasm but she couldn't feel it. She did not like the apartment; it was too ostentatious, everything was too obviously expensive. Why should she think at that moment of Coert Hillman's room? The pleasant, sparse masculinity of the furnishings, the square plain table, the walls of light green, the two really good etchings upon them, black framed.

She shook herself with a start. What on earth was she thinking of?

He drew her over to the window. The apartment was high up and afforded a magnificent view over the park opposite. Everything was closing in. The sky was still a deep blue, but the moon was there, like a pale-silver plaque painted against the background of sky. The stars hadn't shown themselves yet. He put an arm about her shoulders and drew her to him.

"You are like the moon, darling, soft, shining and virginal. The moon is waiting until nightfall to show itself in its full splendor. You are, waiting, too, aren't you, my sweetheart? Waiting until you are crowned by my love. Then you will be radiant and glowing, the most beautiful woman in the whole world."

He drew her closer and kissed her eyelids. "A week from to-day we will be on the high seas, my sweetheart. I have it all planned. I even have our

passages booked. We are going to Madeira. A gorgeous semitropical island where we can lie all day in the sun and make love all night. You will like that, won't you? You'll leave everything to me?"

She nodded, her head against his shoulder. "Yes, Clive."

His low, slightly husky voice had lulled all her doubts and suspicions to rest. He was a magnificent lover on the screen. He was almost as magnificent in real life. He could set the hearts of half the girls in the world throbbing. Was it to be wondered at that he could make Julie's heart throb when he held her to him like this and built dream castles with words?

Presently they had dinner, excellently cooked, expertly served. Life was easy and pleasant with Clive; his money smoothed away so many raw edges, rounded so many difficult corners. She supposed her life would be like this afterward. She would have an apartment, not quite so luxurious as this, but fairly luxurious. She sensed that Clive would insist upon it. The days would be lazy and long. Would they be slightly devoid of excitement?—she wondered wistfully. Would she miss the struggle and fun of battling for one's very existence?

She was used to fighting for the things she wanted.

Julie didn't tell Olive that she was sailing in a week's time. She kept putting it off. Olive would not approve and it is so hard to live with some one day in and day out who disapproves strongly of a course of action one is taking.

But she couldn't keep her secret indefinitely. The evening before she was due to sail, Olive arrived back from the studio over an hour earlier than Julie expected her. She found Julie's trunk in the middle of the sitting room, her clothes all over the floor. Olive stood in the doorway and stared, first at the trunk, then at Julie.





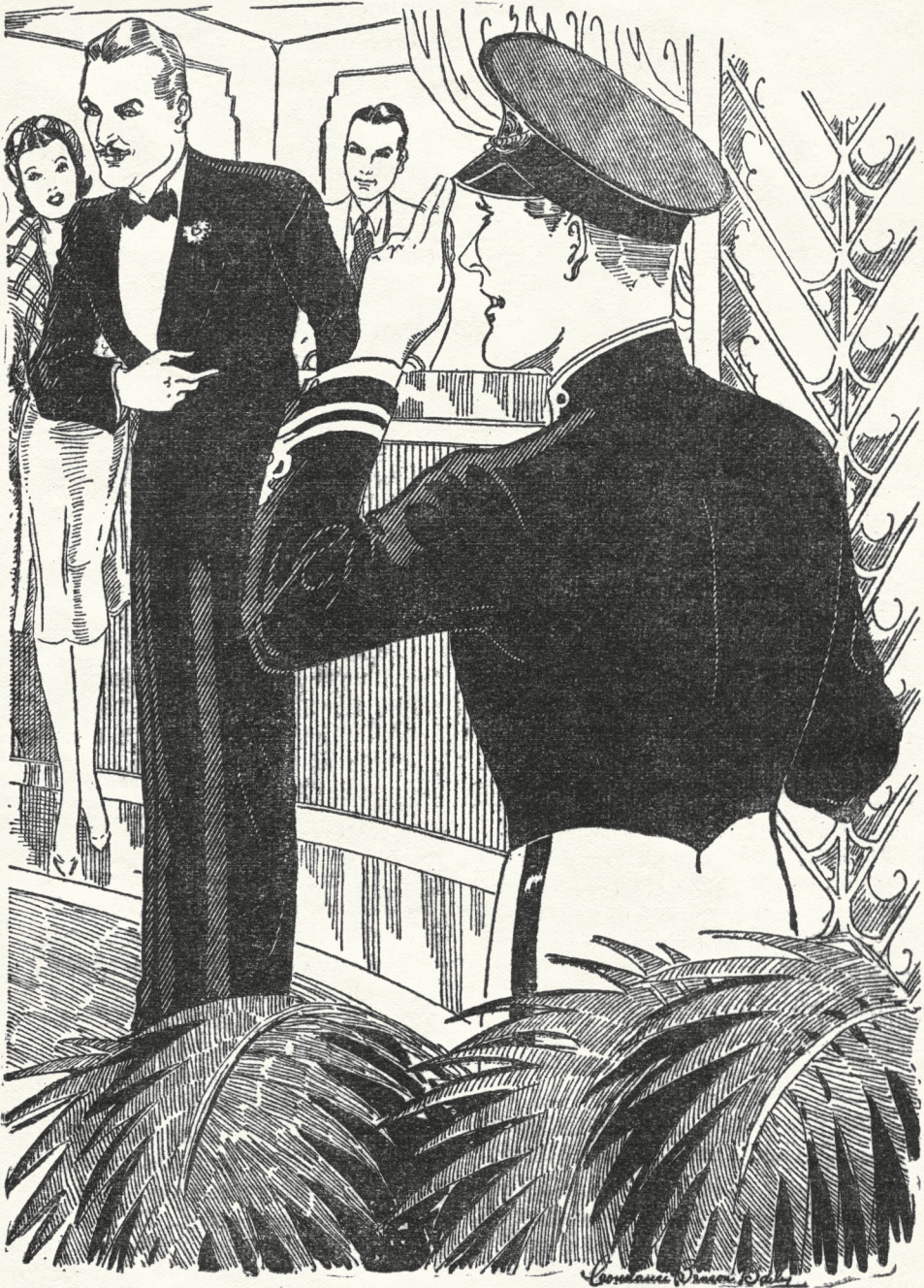
*Julie felt a thrill of pleasure and of pride in Clive. All these people smiling and bowing before him. Surely that showed her how much they all thought of him?*

"What are you doing?" she gasped.  
"Are you clearing out and leaving me?  
And if you are, why on earth didn't you  
tell me anything about it?"

Julie flushed uncomfortably. She  
rose from her knees and came toward  
her friend, one hand outstretched.

"I know I should have told you be-





fore, Olive," she said, "but I—I knew you'd disapprove. I didn't want to go through a whole week of fighting." She paused and added abruptly: "Clive and

I are going away. We are sailing on the *Nadalia* for Madeira to-morrow."

Olive didn't speak for a moment. Then she said:



"Oh, so it's all settled!" And added, her voice breaking sharply: "Oh, Julie dearest, don't do this thing! Please don't do it. I know you'll regret it."

Julie shook her head. "Don't try to dissuade me please, Olive. It wouldn't do any good and it would only end our friendship." Her voice was so firm, so resolute, that Olive realized the hopelessness of arguing. She took the younger girl in her arms.

"I wish you wouldn't, Julie," she said, "but I won't say any more. What time do you sail?"

"The boat sails at seven. I'm going to go down early. Clive is not coming aboard until the last minute."

Olive raised one eyebrow slightly. "He's afraid of being recognized?"

Julie nodded. "I suppose so. Anyhow, he thinks it is for the best."

"But surely he won't escape publicity indefinitely?" Olive exclaimed.

"He's going to try it," Julie said. "He won't travel under the name of Clive Morant. That's only his stage name anyhow. His real name is Morris Clive. We'll keep to ourselves until we reach Madeira."

"I see," Olive said. But she was worried, desperately so. So worried that she never closed her eyes once during that long night. Seeing her white face in the morning, Julie taxed her with it.

"You mustn't worry, Olive," she said. "Please believe I'll be all right. I can trust Clive. If you worry, you'll only make me unhappy."

Olive kissed her. "I don't suppose I'll see you again until you come back."

"Not until I come back," Julie agreed and added, hugging her: "And then I'll see lots of you as I've always done."

But Olive was still worried. If only she could do something! She worried so much that twice during the morning the director pulled her up shortly. It was during the luncheon hour that she

heard one of the assistant directors say:

"I just heard that Peter Farringway's in town. He got here a week earlier than we expected him."

Olive uttered a sharp exclamation. Peter Farringway! Julie's father whom she had never seen, but who, nevertheless, was her father. Oh, surely, if she got in touch with him, he would do something to save Julie from the mad step she was taking?

Olive went in search of her director.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't stay this afternoon. You'll have to shoot some scenes I'm not in."

He looked at her sharply.

"Aren't you well?" he asked and answered his own question. "I thought there was something the matter with you, that you were ill or something, you were so absent-minded on the set this morning."

She smiled. "I'm sorry. I'll try and do better to-morrow. But you must let me go this afternoon, Mr. Dearman."

"All right," he agreed. "I can shoot a couple of the other scenes. But be prompt on the set to-morrow."

"I'll be here," she promised.

She went to the office and ascertained that Peter Farringway was staying at the Dalton Hotel. She took off her make-up and slipped into her street clothes and hopped into a taxi. There was, of course, the chance she wouldn't find him there. They had told her in the office he was expected at the studio later, but later wouldn't suit her. She must see him at once.

It was after two when she arrived at the Dalton Hotel and she learned that Peter Farringway was out. They expected him back soon. They couldn't tell her exactly when. She sat in the lobby, her hands clasped tight upon her knees and waited. It seemed an incredibly long wait. The clock ticked the minutes slowly by.

Olive felt she wanted to spring up;



cling to one of its huge black hands and stop it by main force. It was well after three when Mr. Farringway returned to the hotel. A page boy came over and pointed him out to Olive. A strikingly handsome man was Peter Farringway. He must have been fifty, though he looked scarcely forty-five. His hair was only gray at the temples and this added to his air of distinction.

Olive went toward him.

"Excuse me," she said nervously. "Are you Mr. Farringway?"

He turned toward her with a smile—a friendly, pleasing smile. "Yes, I am."

"I am Olive Sanders," she said. "I work at the Marathon Studios. I knew you were expected. There's something

I want to see you about—something urgent."

He looked faintly bewildered but he said quietly:

"Certainly, Miss Sanders. Shall we sit over there in a corner of the lounge? Would you like a cocktail?"

She shook her head. "I don't want anything, thank you. And we—we haven't much time."

He didn't reply, but he ushered her courteously into a corner of the cocktail lounge, invited her to be seated and sat down himself.

Olive wet her lips nervously. She had no idea just how to begin. She couldn't plunge straight in, and, yet, how was she to lead up to what she wanted to say to him?

TO BE CONTINUED.



### NATURE'S SEQUENCE

ONE rose left upon the bush  
 Bravely blooming alone;  
 What responsibility!  
 To carry the fragrance of the whole  
 And yet, like the first,  
 It bears the distinction  
 Of stealing the summer show.  
 But a certain pathos enters in  
 Like the final curtain  
 That rings down on some good play  
 To realize that only too soon  
 All is o'er, and summer's gone.  
 But like all of Nature's episodes  
 In her pageant of the year,  
 She only waits patiently  
 For her cue to appear again,  
 To bring beauty in the lives of men,  
 Through hosts of blooming flowers  
 That nod acquiescently in the breeze,  
 To return the bows of gracious trees.

RUTH LAMSON.





## Romantic Ideas

By June Jennifer

**Y**OU can't mean it!" Jeanne Mason, as modern and up-to-date both in appearance and viewpoint as to-morrow's newspaper, looked as if she were about to revive the Victorian practice of swooning. Her gray-blue

eyes, that could turn to purple pools, closed for a moment, allowing dark, gold-tipped lashes to rest upon her cheeks.

Through the window with the southern exposure, the sunlight fell upon her smooth dark hair, bringing out that tantalizing gleam of gold and revealing the perfection of her satiny complexion. But Grant Andrews, frowning down at the papers on his own desk, did not notice.

"Of course I mean it," he all but snapped back at her. "Drew Weatherby



wants a secretary and you are the best secretary there is, therefore I shall send you. I implore you to have a little tact. A little tact, understand?"

Jeanne opened her eyes just enough to peer at him. If she had not been so much in love with him she would have hated him. The big, handsome brute! What right did he have to send her away from him, farm her out to even the most noted—and eccentric—of novelists?

"The fellow is unpredictable," Grant muttered, still studying the letter that had so annoyed him. "Some responsible person has to be there to see that he has that novel finished in time for us to publish it in November."

The girl stole another glance at him. He was so utterly unaware of her existence, except as a perfectly satisfactory secretary, that the mere thought made her tingle resentfully from top to toe.

She loved the way his dark-brown hair grew in a sort of stubborn swirl, the way his deep eyes matched it. The strength and ruggedness of his profile and the determined way his chin jutted out stirred her. She had secret dreams about his firm, good-looking mouth.

"I won't go," she said flatly, thinking of the way Belle Grayson drifted in and out of his office. Belle was beautiful, blond, and a member of his own social circle. One of these days she would float into the place, waft Grant right out again with her and marry him.

He looked across the space that divided their desks. "Of course you'll go," he told her. "I've already phoned for your ticket. You might as well start right away. It isn't so far to Haydon. It will be just like another vacation. Drew lives on a fine estate and his aunt is a nice little old lady."

Blustering, threatening and arguing did no good. Sulkily, Jeanne selected certain personal possessions from her desk and, turning a cold back upon her employer, started for the door. It was opened from without, almost in her face.

Murmuring a vague apology, Belle Grayson came in, looking more beautiful than ever in a chiffon bouclé of soft creamy yellow trimmed with crisp gros-grain of a deeper shade, an astoundingly silly but becoming hat upon her head.

Jeanne slammed the door. It made her feel better. To work off some of her indignation, she took part of the afternoon to shop and arrived at Haydon shortly after nine that night.

Drew Weatherby was at the station to meet her. She had read his books and seen his picture on the wall of Grant's office, but she was not prepared for the sheer vitality of the red-headed author. He recognized her with apparent intuition, strode to her side, lifted her off her feet and planted a resounding kiss upon her astonished lips.

"Life-saver!" He grinned. "You are here."

Jeanne gasped. "Do you always greet your secretaries like that?"

"Only the very superior ones," he told her. "From what old Grant telephoned me I gathered that you are the queen bee of them all, something only slightly lower than the angels. He threatened, long distance, to knock my block off if I did not treat you with extreme consideration."

Jeanne looked at him wistfully, her heart beating fast. "Did he, really?" She could scarcely choke out the words.

"Actually." The novelist threw back his head and laughed. His eyes were like green, mocking jewels with golden lights. His mouth was impish, mobile, its expression changing constantly. She wanted, suddenly, to run her fingers through his waving, electric-looking hair.

"You're starved," he told her. "We'll just dash out to the Willow Inn, snatch a bite and get acquainted—things like that."

She protested that she was not hungry, that she had come down to attend



to her official duties; nothing else, but Drew, skillfully driving his huge, foreign-built car, only laughed at her.

"You're my property now, young lady," he informed her. "Your fate is in my hands."

She allowed herself to smile rather doubtfully. Her lips felt just a little bruised from his impulsive kiss. If he attempted any future familiarities like that, she would certainly destroy his enthusiasm with cool ridicule. She had come to type; not to be kissed.

In the Willow Inn, high-domed, exotic and glittering with dime-sized globes of varying shades that made an intricate design upon the high ceiling, she studied her companion across the glass-topped table, sipping her cocktail.

Drew Weatherby's portraits, she was thinking, did not half do him justice. He was handsome and more magnetic, more dynamically alive than any man she had ever seen, even Grant Andrews. Although she had given her heart to Grant, she found it beating rather dramatically when Drew smiled at her lazily across the table, his eyes lingering caressingly upon her.

He seemed to know every one. Smart, sophisticated-looking individuals in small droves drifted to their table. Drew introduced her. He shook his head forbiddingly when they asked her to dance.

"Some other evening," he said before she could speak. "Jeanne's tired tonight and Aunt Libbie is waiting to receive her. Scat!"

Despite that statement, however, they lingered on for nearly an hour while the novelist talked, frowningly, of the book he was writing. He was still steering the conversation in the same channel when he drove her through the grounds of his estate, where the yellow moonlight spilled itself down through the branches of the old elm and oak trees.

"If only I were riding like this with Grant," she thought wistfully.

Aunt Libbie, a pink-cheeked, bright-eyed little woman with a curling crest of snowy hair, inspected her thoughtfully, then impulsively kissed her cheek.

"You are not a bit like the painted hussies Drew has been pestered with," she said. "I'm sure you'll get along. I'll see that you are called at five."

"Five?" Jeanne had come home at that hour, but never risen at such a time in her life.

"Yes, Drew does his best work in the morning hours. The earlier the better. He only paints in the afternoon."

Paints? Jeanne had forgotten that the novelist illustrated his own material, but she was reminded of his dual artistic abilities when he ushered her, next morning, into an apartment that was a combined den and studio. Books were massed at one end, a background for two desks littered with papers. The other end, all cold north light, was both roofed and lined with windows. Easels stood about.

Long before the morning was over, Jeanne understood the reason for his inability to keep a secretary. He walked the floor, flung his arms, tugged at his hair, shouted, moaned, and then suddenly he would withdraw into silence.

He dictated material, ordered it stricken out, and flung forth the words so rapidly and incoherently that not even the most excellent stenographer could have transcribed it. Then, abruptly, he settled himself into a chair, rested his handsome head in his hand and began dictating smoothly and clearly.

When he had finished he snatched her up, whirled her dizzily about the room. "You're a gift from heaven," he told her. "You don't fidget, you don't get nervous, you don't cry or giggle. I'll never part with you, not even if I have to marry you to hold you."

He kissed her again and Jeanne, suddenly closing her weary eyes, tried to imagine that it was Grant kissing her instead. Only Grant would never as-



sault her lips explosively like this. He would kiss her tenderly, tasting the sweetness of her lips. She had dreamed so many times of the way her employer would kiss her.

Grant called up that afternoon, anxiously, to inquire how she was getting along. "Why don't you come down and see for yourself?" she asked daringly. Grant laughed and said that he might in a day or so.

She spent the next few days in a fever of expectation. Grant, however, did not come. In subtle ways she encouraged Drew to finish his novel as swiftly as he could, but there were whole days when he insisted that he was not in the mood. Sometimes he sketched, sometimes painted and, much more often, he herded her into his car and drove furiously from place to place. If it happened to be in the evening, he took her to places where they could dance.

Dancing with him one evening, Jeanne looked up to see Belle Grayson. The next day while they were at work, the girl invaded the top-floor studio just as, back in the city, she had so often appeared at the office. From her conversation it was apparent that she was an old friend of Drew's.

"She's everywhere," Jeanne thought bitterly, watching the two of them from beneath her long lashes. "Just the little friend of all the men. I had forgotten that she had relatives here in Haydon."

They made a handsome couple. Jeanne sat up straight in her chair, making aimless marks on her pad. Why shouldn't Belle and Drew make a couple? Her mind began to busy itself with furtive planning. If Belle could be made to fall in love with Drew, then she could not marry Grant. If she did not marry Grant, then there remained an excellent chance for Jeanne herself to interest him.

Her eyes turned to purple pools. The best way to make Belle notice Drew was to be conspicuously attentive to him her-

self. She crossed to where the two were standing together, chatting. Resting her hand on the man's arm, she looked up adoringly into his face.

"Shouldn't we go on with the novel?" she asked. "I am sure Miss Grayson would not mind waiting while you finish this chapter. It is so—so divine!"

Drew looked astonished and pleased. Her lifted eyes held his unwaveringly. Belle, she could see, was giving her a thoughtful yet startled glance. Jeanne seated herself at some distance away, where she could watch them. Drew, drawn back into his inspired mood, not only finished the chapter but continued well into the next one.

"I don't know what I would do without you," he said softly. "I don't see how I ever lived before you came."

She smiled up at him, letting her purple gaze linger, melting into his, a fierce triumph sweeping through her. But she was unprepared for it when Drew bent and brushed her lips. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Belle's smartly shod foot tapping the floor furiously, while her lips puckered petulantly.

"It's working," she thought.

"Do you always reward your secretary with a kiss at the end of each day's session?" Belle said icily. "No wonder she was so anxious to continue with her work!"

Drew shrugged with just the right degree of nonchalance. Belle and he left the studio apartment together, the blond girl clinging possessively to the author's arm.

The next day the man was thoughtful. Jeanne was demure, waiting for him to begin his work. But he paced the floor, played idly with this and that, and then came toward her, resolutely drawing her to her feet.

"Look here, you minx," he said. "In that office there in the city, did you let Grant Andrews kiss you as you worked?"

Belle had put that ridiculous idea into





his head! Jeanne smiled, very faintly. "What do you think?" she countered.

He shook his head impatiently. "I don't know what to think." He took his hand away, paced the floor in that nervous way that he had, then came back to her.

"Do you know that you are sweet—the most desirable little secretary a man could have? It's none of my business, I suppose, but I don't like to think that you kiss every man you work for."

"You kissed me first," she reminded him, her eyes sparkling with mirth. "That night at the train. It seemed very much to me as if you were in the habit of greeting every girl with a kiss."

"Well, I'm not." He turned shortly again, presenting her with a view of a

sulky back. "I don't believe I'll work to-day," he said. "I may paint but I won't need you for that."

It was a dismissal but she ignored it, following him over to the easel set in the northern light. The canvas upon it was not yet touched by paint.

"Why don't you paint a portrait of Miss Grayson?" she asked serenely. "She's so beautiful, don't you think?"

He regarded her with a blank stare. "I thought you were down here to keep my mind on my novel. Instead of that, you're trying to throw diversions in my path. You don't know Belle very well, but she's the kind to monopolize a man's time. Why do you want me to make a portrait of her?"

"She's so beautiful."

His brows drew together. "If you like them blond," he conceded.





*Out of the corner of her eye, Jeanne could see Belle's smartly shod foot tapping the floor furiously, as Drew bent and brushed her lips. "It's working," she thought.*

"The heroines in your stories are all violently blond."

His frown relaxed and his lips twisted into a smile at that. Encouraged, Jeanne urged him to see Belle and arrange for a sitting. But Drew, apparently suspicious of something, decided to work on his novel after all, and they were busy even in the afternoon. Working at this furious rate, the novel would soon be finished.

Jeanne felt strangely regretful. She did not just know why, except that she had grown genuinely fond of Aunt Libbie and, of course, if she left the arena

too soon she might fail to accomplish her purpose of throwing Belle and Drew together.

She praised the other girl as extravagantly as she dared, calling attention upon every occasion to her sweetness and beauty, and it seemed to her that Drew was beginning to be interested. Over the phone she heard Drew ask the other girl not to return to the city just yet. Before she hung up the extension instrument in her room, he had asked Belle for a date.

When Drew asked her, later the same week, to accompany him again to the



Willow Inn, she accepted with alacrity, hoping to see Belle there and incite her jealousy by candid devotion to the man. But Belle was not there, and they soon moved on with several other couples to a newly opened resort down the river.

"Did you see that man?" Aunt Libbie asked when they came home.

"What man?"

"That nice Mr. Andrews. He wanted to see you both. He seemed so disappointed. I told him he might find you at the Willow Inn."

Jeanne felt the burden of intense disappointment. Her heart sank wearily while she looked at Drew with resentful eyes. Grant had come here, as he had promised. He had wanted to see her and she had been gone. Bidding them an abrupt "good night," she went up blindly to her room.

The next day she called up the office and told her employer how sorry they had been to miss him. "I wish you would come again," she said breathlessly. "The novel is—is coming along."

She was rather surprised when, several evenings later, Grant appeared, looking as handsome as ever and much taller than she remembered him. She was wearing a dull-pink sheer dress that evening, with a drift of careless white butterflies across it.

She had dressed up in the expectation that Drew might ask her out, but he had gone off silently and alone instead. Grant, who had never seen her except in her office dress, stepped back a little and stared.

"I didn't know you," he confessed, laughing and coming forward to offer his hand. "I thought you were some guest of the family." His clasp closed, warm and firm, over hers. "How's the book?"

She told him, taking him up to the lofty studio apartment and switching on the lights to show him what had been written. He scanned it hurriedly, nod-

ding his head in approval. But it seemed to her, standing there, her heart beating fast because of his presence, that presently his attention wandered.

He handed her the typed sheets. "You look sweet and all dressed up," he said. "Couldn't we go somewhere? To that Willow Inn where you went the other night or somewhere?"

"We could if you wanted to," she answered breathlessly. "I'd like to, myself."

He looked down at her as they danced, a smile in his eyes. "It's rather nice, Jeanne," he said, "dancing with you instead of giving you dictation."

She nodded, unable to speak. It was nice to be in Grant's arms but, somehow, not nearly as thrilling as she thought it would be. That must be because she was so terribly tired. She arose at five and worked with Drew now almost all day. Grant was not nearly as good a dancer as Drew, who seemed like a feather on his feet. Once, her employer bruised her ankle with an awkward step.

"You long for things to happen and then, when they do, you are too tired to appreciate them," she was telling herself, when suddenly across the room she saw Drew and Belle Grayson dancing together.

Her heart gave a startled leap. Her campaign was working magically. Belle, laughing, was looking sweetly into Drew's face. The girl must not be distracted by the sight of the man she was beginning to forget. Pleading an aching ankle, Jeanne suggested they leave.

They drove slowly through the great branching trees and in a shadow, under the greatest of them, Grant stopped the car and took her in his arms. "Little Jeanne," he murmured, "I never realized you were so small, so sweet. I've missed you like the very dickens at the office. Have you, by any chance, missed me, too?"

She nodded, too brimming with emo-



tion to speak. Grant Andrews was tightening his arms about her, making love to her at last! She trembled with the immensity of the moment, but when his lips crushed hungrily down upon hers, it was different from what she had dreamed.

She had wanted him to kiss her in a tender, lingering way but the pressure of his demanding lips on hers was roughly passionate, almost harsh. She struggled, pushed him away.

"Please don't, Grant," she cried, a sob in her throat. "I—I think I am too tired for this to-night. Please——"

"But I have only to-night. In the morning I must go back. I've lived without your kisses so long, not even knowing I wanted them, that you cannot deny me now, little one."

He continued kissing her, disregarding her protests, trying to overcome her reluctance with the intensity of his caresses but killing, bit by bit, the adoration she had felt for him. He was just a man, kissing her because she was feminine and pretty.

He laughed excitedly when they said good night. "I won't be so blind another time," he said. "Hurry that fellow up and get back to the city."

Not a word of love! Not a mention of marriage! Jeanne washed her mouth with a pungent pink soap, but still she could not completely erase the rough pressure of his lips on hers.

She heard Drew come in in the early morning and knew that he would sleep late. He would be unable to work the next day, and she was glad. Now that her idol had been shattered, her romantic obsession about Grant Andrews dissolved, she knew that she could never return to work in his office. She wanted to linger on in this peaceful place as long as she could.

"What's the matter, child?" Aunt Libbie asked solicitously at luncheon. "You're looking terribly pale."

Drew was down, his eyes heavy. "Perhaps she made a night of it, too," he suggested sourly.

"Well, she went out with that nice man."

"What nice man?"

"Why, you know—Mr. Andrews. They parked under that big oak tree the longest time." The old woman beamed.

Drew looked at Jeanne. Then, shaking his head, he pushed back his plate and left the table, vanishing from the room. When Jeanne followed him up to the studio he was sitting in a chair, his head buried in his hands.

"Does it ache?" she asked solicitously. "My mother used to say I could rub her headaches away. Do you want me to try?"

He looked at her. "No," he snapped. "Go away. When I want you for anything, I'll let you know."

"Oh!" She turned away hastily and retreated, her face a burning red. She knew in her heart that she had wanted to touch him, to soothe his pain away. And he had repulsed her. Once he might have been interested in her a little, but not now—now that she was, she realized, more than a little interested in him. She had succeeded rather too well in interesting him in the lovely blond Belle and, of course, now he had no eyes for any one but her. Jeanne went down to her room and, impulsively, began to pack.

She unpacked again. She had come down here with a task to do and she meant to finish it. For the sake of Grant Andrews who was, after all, still her employer, as well as for Drew himself, she must see that the novel was finished. She would have to stay.

During the course of the next week, Grant called her up twice, urging her to have Drew hurry with the novel. Desperately, she tried but Drew, withdrawn and aloof, would not settle down to work. Often, he was away from the place all





*"Look here, you minx," he said. "Did you let Grant Andrews kiss you as you worked? It's none of my business, I suppose, but I don't like to think that you kiss every man you work for."*

night and slept the following day. She supposed he was out with Belle.

"It's all my fault for meddling," she thought miserably one day, determined to have it out with him. Grant had telephoned that he was coming out to see her that evening, and she did not intend to submit to his love-making again. If Drew were busy dictating to her, the other man wouldn't dare interrupt.

She went up to the studio and opened the door. Drew Weatherby was sitting listlessly in his chair behind the desk, idly scribbling notes on a pad. Some-

how, the sight of him filled her with unreasonable anger. She walked in and pounded childishly on the desk.

"You can get another secretary," she said. "I can't waste time sitting around while you moon. I'm going back to the city. Good-by!"

Tears blinded her, she ran stumblingly toward the door, almost colliding with Belle Grayson who was entering on swift, silent feet. They stopped abruptly.

"We always seem to be doing this," Bell said acidly. "You have a habit of getting under the feet of men I am inter-



ested in. Drew, I demand that you discharge this girl at once."

The man, looking a little dazed, approached them. "I can't—" he began, meaning, of course that Jeanne had already discharged herself.

"You won't, you mean," she snapped out. "You want to have a brunette to make secret love to on the side and a blond to take out for ornamental purposes, but you can't get away with it. I won't have it!"

Drew looked so comically distressed that Jeanne almost giggled. Looking at Belle's fury-twisted face, robbed momentarily of its loveliness, she felt calm.

"Drew hasn't been making love to me, Miss Grayson," she said.

"You're lying. I've seen him kiss you with my own eyes."

"But it didn't mean anything."

Belle raised her brows. "Not to you perhaps, even if you are in love with Grant Weatherby. Your kind thrive on stolen kisses. When you worked in Grant's office I could see you were in love with him. That is why I suggested that he send you down here."

Jeanne gasped. "You wanted to get me out of the way?"

The other girl stamped her foot. "Yes. It was a mistake. I found that it was Drew I really cared for and now you are interfering with my interests here. Drew will have to ask you to leave this house!"

The man's shoulders straightened. "I'll do nothing of the kind, Belle," he told her. "I haven't made love to you, you know that. And you haven't the right to say anything against Jeanne."

Her eyes glared. "You boor! You worthless philanderer! You made love to the girl from the very first, then tried to cover up your conduct by pretending to be interested in me!"

"That isn't true," Jeanne cried out. "It was all my fault. I tried to get him

interested in you so that you two would marry because I thought I was in love with Grant Andrews. You schemed and so did I."

"Well, you—you shameless thing!" Belle paused to glare and then, glancing at the expression on Drew's face, turned and left the room.

Drew stepped forward, a queer light in his eyes. "Did you say you thought you were in love with Weatherby?" he asked softly.

She nodded, suddenly conscious that something was drawing her toward him, into his arms.

"I thought so too," he said, smiling tenderly. "That night when he came and you were not here you looked simply tragic. Then I realized that Belle was telling the truth when she said you were in love with Grant. I began running around with her just for want of something better to do."

"I thought for a long time I was in love with him and then, suddenly, I wasn't any more. Then I knew it was just a romantic idea."

His arms tightened around her and she knew that she did not need to say any more. "I kissed you carelessly," he said in a low voice. "I want you to forget those kisses. Now I'm going to kiss you the way a man kisses the girl he's going to marry—the girl he loves with all his heart."

She lifted her lips, her eyes shining, and he brushed them softly, then with a swift rush of tenderness, crushed them beneath his own. "I love you," he said. "I want the right to kiss you this way all my life. I wanted you as a secretary. Now I want you, terribly, to be my wife."

"And I want, terribly, to be," she whispered, her arms around his neck. "We'll live a love story——"

"Instead of writing one." Their lips and their laughter merged.





# Lightning Love

By Edwin Baird

save one: Neither seemed to possess a grain of romance.

Except for her eyes, which were large and blue and softly compassionate, there was nothing particularly attractive about Louise. Her nose was rather pointed and so was her chin, and she wore her brown hair straight and slick, and she also wore plain dresses and very plain hats, and she never made the slightest effort to beautify herself. She just didn't seem to care a damn.

But how she could cook! There wasn't a finer cook in all Cook County. She made an art of cooking; and she was a genuine artist if there ever was one.

But either there was nothing to the old gag about the "road to a man's heart," or else Louise was stuck in a detour. At any rate, her cooking won no husband. All the young men who came to her home, and ate her food and praised her art, were interested only in her sister Evelyn.

Evelyn was a blue-eyed blonde of twenty-two, with luscious lips and long lashes and honey-colored hair and peach-bloom skin, and she had a beau for every weekday, with a choice of three for Sundays.

It was only through her that Louise met any men at all, and it was because of her that she met Stanley Shea.

Stanley Shea was a Hollywood scout,

**L**OVE is like lightning. You never can tell where it will strike.

Take the case of Louise Dittmar. When Louise met Stanley Shea, you'd have thought, to look at them, that nothing would come of the meeting except a mutual dislike; but, instead, for the first time in her twenty-seven years of life, Louise Dittmar found herself hopelessly, irreparably in love.

You'd go a long way and look a long time before you'd find two persons more opposed to each other. In every way they were direct opposites—in every way



and he was in Chicago seeking talent for the "Feldman Frolics"; so of course when Evelyn heard about him she forthwith filed her application.

Louise went along as chaperon. That had been her job—that and managing the family home—ever since the death of their parents.

They were received by Stanley Shea in his hotel apartment, and with the experienced eye of a seasoned showman he appraised Evelyn's blond loveliness, and jotted down her name and address and said she would hear from him if and when.

Louise, effacing herself as usual, sat off to one side and kept a watchful eye on Evelyn. She also watched Stanley Shea. His rumpled red hair and laughing brown eyes, his breezy air and superb self-assurance, his habit of addressing everybody he met either as "sister" or "buddy," fascinated her. She had never met anybody quite like him. And, though she had spoken less than a dozen words with him, she knew when she started home with Evelyn that he had knocked her completely off her feet.

She sternly put him out of her mind, however—or tried to. She would never see him again, she told herself, for she had no hope that Evelyn would hear any more of her application, and so that was an end to that.

But, as it turned out, it was not the end; for two days later Evelyn burst radiantly into the kitchen, where Louise was preparing dinner, and rapturously exclaimed:

"Oh, Lou! What d'you think? Stanley Shea is dining with us to-night!"

Louise, rolling chicken in flour, felt a strange fluttering of the heart when she asked: "You mean he is coming here for dinner?"

"Sure. Where else? And you know why? Because when I learned he likes home cooking and is sick of eating in hotels and restaurants——"

"You told him," Louise broke in, "that if he wanted a good home-cooked meal this was the place to come."

"Precisely," said Evelyn. "And you should have seen him jump at the chance. I do hope you have something especially nice, Lou."

"I've fried chicken," said Louise, "and creamed potatoes and my combination salad and hot biscuits, and I've baked some green-apple pies." She was thinking ecstatically that now maybe at last her art was going to get her somewhere. But any such hope was dispelled by Evelyn's next words:

"There's something else I told him, Lou. I told him—well, I told him I would cook the dinner."

Louise turned from the stove to stare at her lovely sister. "You told him that? Why, Evie, you never cooked a thing in your life."

"I know that, Lou." Evelyn picked up a biscuit cutter and studiously examined its rim, thus avoiding Lou's eyes. "Of course I know that. And I probably never will. But what I'm getting at is this: Will you let me pretend I cooked dinner? He thinks I'm a marvelous cook—after what I told him—and he'll never know the difference. Will you do it for me, Lou? Please!"

Louise looked steadily at Evelyn's eager young face that was like the face of an adorable child. "What's back of this, Evie?" she wanted to know. "Why do you want to deceive Mr. Shea?"

"It may mean my getting a Hollywood contract. It may even mean something more."

That "something more" jolted Louise. "But he's sure to discover the deception, later. And when he does——"

"We'll worry about that," said Evelyn, "when it's time to worry about it. Won't you do this for me, Lou?" she begged. "It wouldn't matter to you and it will mean such a lot to me."

Louise was thinking: "No; it wouldn't matter to me. It wouldn't



matter to me even if he did know. A man like that would never look at me." She said: "Of course I'll do it, Evie. It'll be a good joke on him, won't it? Now you run upstairs and fix yourself and leave everything to me. You'll make a hit with him, I know."

Evelyn did make a hit with him—because of the food he ate. He ate with enormous gusto, and with every second mouthful he uttered lavish praise. And, ironically, he addressed his encomiums not to Evelyn, but to Louise.

"Your sister," he said to her, "is certainly tops in the culinary department. Boy, what a meal!"

Louise sat in stony silence, not meeting his eyes. It was bad enough, Heaven knows, to hear him praise her sister for something her sister had never done, could never do if her very life depended on it, but to hear him—

She stood it as long as she could, and then, at the end of the meal, as he sat smoking a thin cigar and still eulogizing the meal he had eaten, she rose and fled to the kitchen.

But she couldn't thus escape him; for the breezy and confident young Mr. Shea promptly followed her.

She sat in a kitchen chair beside the kitchen sink; and she was swallowing hard and she kept her face averted so that he couldn't see she was crying. She felt him standing beside her, tall and friendly and self-assured, and she heard him say. "Your sister is certainly a gifted cook."

She wanted to scream: "I've heard you say that fifty times to-night, and if you say it again I'll yell that my sister couldn't cook an egg." But she said nothing.

She heard him go on: "I'm getting along now toward the age where a man begins to think of a wife, and when a man thinks about a wife he thinks of one who knows how to cook."

She started to say: "Evelyn will make you a good wife." But again she

said nothing. She was afraid to trust her voice, with her throat all choked with tears.

He continued: "You know how it is when a man like me finds a woman who knows how to cook——"

She did not look at him. If only he would go away and leave her alone! But at his next words she looked up, startled:

"However, when a man looks for a wife he wants more than a cook."

"But," she protested wonderingly, looking at him through her tears, "Evelyn is the prettiest girl——"

"That's just it," Stanley Shea broke in. "Good heavens, Lou, can't you see that pretty girls mean nothing to me? Nothing except a sharp pain in the neck. For the last five years I've lived with pretty girls—redheads, blondes, brunettes, brownettes, doll babies and beauties and cuties of every sort. I'm fed up with pretty girls. I'd never marry one!"

She heard his voice running easily on, and then from his flow of words a few detached themselves and smote her with such terrific force as to leave her breathless with astonishment.

"What I'm trying to say, Lou, is this: You're just the sort of woman I've always wanted for my wife. I knew it the minute I saw you. I could see it in your eyes. Will you marry me, Louise? I mean it."

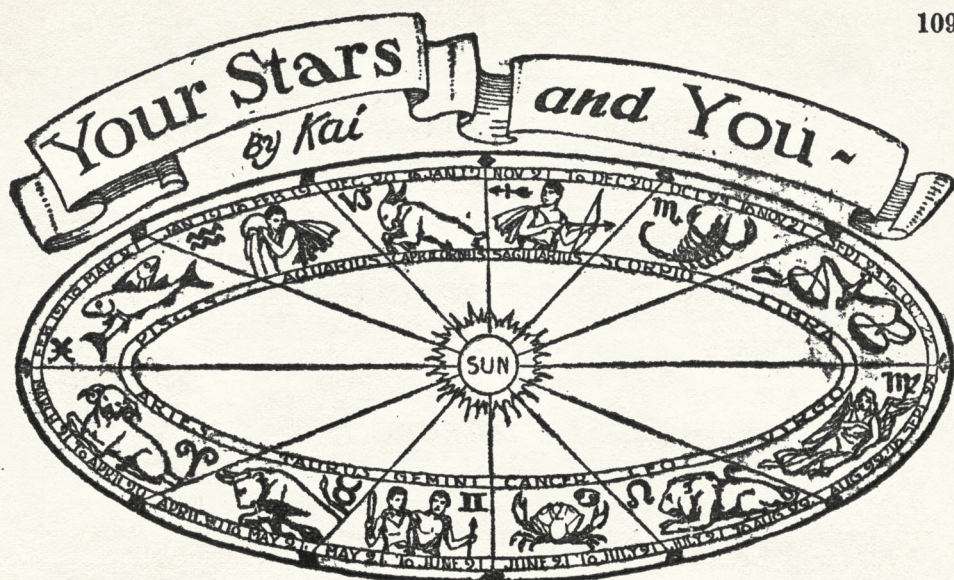
"B-but," stammered Louise, all aflutter, "if I can't cook——"

"That, of course," said Stanley Shea, "is a point against you, but maybe you might learn."

"Yes," murmured Louise, "maybe I might. Maybe Evelyn could teach me."

But when, a little later, Evelyn came back to the kitchen to see what was detaining young Mr. Shea, she found him sitting in the kitchen chair, with Louise on his lap, and so engrossed in each other that they didn't even know Evelyn was there.





### YOUR WEEK

The major influences during the week are mostly good, and those that are adverse are likely to manifest themselves to an annoying degree only if you permit them to. You will have a tendency to extravagance in money matters and even if not deliberately so, if not careful you may put yourself in a position where expense will logically follow. Social activities are likely to cost you more than you will anticipate and you will find it to your financial interest to curtail them during the week. Friends will do more than the usual amount of borrowing from each other and pleasure parties are likely to find some of you financing the rest when their funds run low or are inadequate to start with. Love interests can be advanced, but be careful in courtship. Marriage matters will be generally benefited, but the unexpected may happen to your annoyance in some respects and you may be put to expense on account of it. Employment matters will be under excellent influences and if you are out of work, you should make a special effort to gain employment during the week.

### DAY BY DAY

Hours mentioned are Eastern standard time. If not using that time, make correction to the time you are using.

Saturday, January 29th

h

During the morning hours, friends will do you favors. Social activities can be planned for later in the day, of a nature

that may not prove too expensive. Financial benefits may be received. Occupational interests may be advanced. Between 1:30 p. m. and 3:30 p. m., business and financial benefits may be received. It is a good time for social activities. Between 3:30 p. m. and 5:30 p. m., business and employment benefits may be received. Between 5:30 p. m. and 9:00 p. m., love and marriage interests can be advanced. Social activities are likely to be very pleasant. Business and financial benefits may be received. You may benefit in connection with a journey—your own or that of some one else. It would be well to conclude the day's activities by midnight, if that can be done conveniently.

Sunday, January, 30th

☺

During the early-morning hours, you may be put to unexpected financial expense. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Friends may ask favors of you, or you may be under the necessity of asking favors of them. Between 10:30 a. m. and noon, friends will do you favors. Love interests can be advanced. Between 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m., friends will do you favors. Business benefits may be received. You may profit in connection with real estate. Between 2:30 p. m. and 9:00 p. m. may be quiet. Between 9:00 p. m. and midnight, mark time in employment matters. You may be put to unexpected financial expense. Some financial benefits, however, may be received. Social activities may be pleasant in some respects but annoying in others.



Friends may do you favors and may ask favors of you.

### Monday, January 31st

♂

During the morning hours you are very likely to be put to unexpected financial expense. Friends may borrow from you or you may be under the necessity of borrowing from them. Annoying surprises may occur. Fortunately, a number of beneficial influences will be in operation. You will be mentally alert and should be equal to meeting emergencies. Financial benefits may be received to offset money necessarily paid out. Love interests may be advanced, but be careful in courtship. Marriage benefits may be received. You may profit in connection with business transactions. The afternoon hours may be somewhat quiet. Between 5:30 p. m. and 8:30 p. m., curtail social activities. Mark time in love affairs. Watch your speech carefully. Between 8:30 p. m. and midnight, business benefits may come to you through alert thinking.

### Tuesday, February 1st

♂

The morning hours may bring a check on impulsiveness, followed by serious thinking. Friends may call to your attention business opportunities that may prove beneficial. The afternoon hours are likely to be quiet. Between 6:30 p. m. and 9:00 p. m., employment benefits may be received. Business opportunities may come to your attention that may add to your income. Between 9:00 p. m. and midnight, environmental benefits may be received.

### Wednesday, February 2nd

♂

During the morning hours, environmental benefits may be received, but do not be too hasty in making environmental changes in connection with your employment. Your judgment may be poor in environmental matters. Mark time in employment matters. Business and financial benefits may be received. Friends will do you favors. Between 2:30 p. m. and 4:00 p. m., unexpected financial benefits may be received. Pleasant surprises may come to you. A sudden beneficial change affecting your environment may occur. Between 4:00 p. m. and midnight, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Business, financial, and environmental benefits may be received. Friends will do you favors. Social activities are apt to be very agreeable.

### Thursday, February 3rd

♀

During the morning hours, avoid unnecessary environmental changes. Mark time in employment matters. Watch your speech carefully. Between noon and 4:00 p. m., avoid anger and bitterness of speech. Mark time in environmental matters. Between 4:00 p. m. and 5:30 p. m., beneficial business opportunities may come to your attention. Environmental benefits may be received. Between 6:30 p. m. and 8:00 p. m., you may be put to unexpected financial expense. Unpleasant surprises may come to you. Between 8:00 p. m. and 9:30 p. m., avoid extravagance in money matters. Curtail social activities. It is not a good time to have business dealings with friends. Between 9:30 p. m. and midnight, employment and financial benefits may be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Friends will do you favors.

### Friday, February 4th

♀

During the early-morning hours, mark time in environmental and marriage matters. Avoid unnecessary business transactions with friends. Be careful of your speech. Keep your mind on your employment duties and do not be upset by trifles. Between 10:30 a. m. and 1:00 p. m., keep your temper under control. Unexpected financial benefits may be received. The later-afternoon hours are apt to be quiet. Between 6:00 p. m. and 8:00 p. m., be careful of your speech. Avoid anger and bitterness. Between 9:00 p. m. and midnight, unexpected financial benefits may be received. Social interests may be advanced.

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.

S

### IF YOU WERE BORN BETWEEN

March 21st and April 20th

(Aries ♈)

—Aries people born between March 21st and 26th should mark time in love and marriage matters this week. Avoid cuts, burns, and falls. Best day for you this week is Sunday. Mark time on Friday. If born between March 27th and 31st, you will find it an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Business and financial benefits may be received. Friends will do you favors. Best days for



you this week are Sunday and Monday. If born between April 1st and 5th, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Friends will do you favors. Business and financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. If born between April 6th and 10th, watch your speech carefully. Friends may do you favors. Best days for you this week are Monday and Tuesday. Mark time on Saturday. If born between April 11th and 15th, avoid misunderstandings. Be alert in employment matters. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Saturday. If born between April 16th and 20th, environmental benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Saturday and Sunday.

**April 20th and May 21st**  
(Taurus ♉)

—Taureans born between April 20th and 26th will be able to advance love and marriage interests this week. Best days for you this week are Tuesday and Wednesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between April 27th and May 1st, you may be put to unexpected financial expense. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Avoid unnecessary business transactions with friends. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time on Sunday and Monday. If born between May 2nd and 6th, mark time in love and marriage matters. You may be put to unexpected financial expense. Avoid unnecessary business transactions with friends. Best days for you this week are Wednesday and Thursday. Mark time on Monday. If born between May 7th and 11th, curtail social activities. You may be able to add to your income by alert thinking. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. Mark time on Monday and Tuesday. If born between May 12th and 16th, business, financial, and employment benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between May 17th and 21st, environmental and financial benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday, Sunday, Thursday, and Friday. Mark time on Tuesday.

**May 21st and June 21st**  
(Gemini ♊)

—Geminians born between May 21st and 26th will find this an excellent week in

which to advance love and marriage interests. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Friday. Mark time on Tuesday and Wednesday. If born between May 27th and 31st, you will find it an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Business and financial benefits may be received. Friends will do you favors. Best days for you this week are Sunday, Monday, and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between June 1st and 6th, you will find it an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Friends will do you favors. Business and financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday and Thursday. If born between June 7th and 11th, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Monday and Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between June 12th and 16th, mark time in employment matters. Avoid misunderstandings with near relatives. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between June 17th and 21st, avoid cuts and burns. Keep control of your temper. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday and Friday.

**June 21st and July 23rd**  
(Cancer ♋)

—Cancerians born between June 21st and 27th should avoid cuts, burns, and falls this week. Mark time in love, marriage, and home affairs. Be careful of your speech. Control your temper. Best days for you this week are Tuesday and Wednesday. Mark time on Friday. If born between June 28th and July 2nd, financial and business benefits may be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time on Friday. If born between July 3rd and 7th, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Business and financial benefits may be received. Best day for you this week are Wednesday and Thursday. Mark time on Friday. If born between July 8th and 12th, your judgment may be poor. Be careful of your speech. Avoid misunderstandings. Friends will do you favors. Best day for you this week is Thursday. Mark time on Saturday. If born between July 13th and 18th, employment benefits may be received. Be careful of your speech. Avoid misunderstandings in home affairs. Best day for you this week is Thursday. Mark time on Saturday. If



born between July 19th and 23rd, environmental and financial benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Thursday and Friday. Mark time on Saturday and Sunday.

**July 23rd and August 23rd**  
(Leo ♌)

—Leo natives born between July 23rd and 28th will find this an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between July 29th and August 2nd, mark time in love and marriage matters. Curtail social activities. Avoid unnecessary business transactions with friends. You may be put to unexpected financial expense. Best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time on Sunday and Monday. If born between August 3rd and 7th, mark time in love and marriage matters. Curtail social activities. Avoid unnecessary business transactions with friends. You may be put to unexpected financial expense. Best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time on Monday. If born between August 8th and 13th, avoid extravagance in money matters. Curtail social activities. Mark time on Monday and Tuesday. If born between August 14th and 18th, employment benefits may be received. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between August 19th and 23rd, be careful in courtship. Mark time on Tuesday.

**August 23rd and September 23rd**  
(Virgo ♍)

—Virgo natives born between August 23rd and 28th should mark time in love, marriage, and employment matters this week. Mark time on Tuesday and Wednesday. If born between August 29th and September 2nd, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Business and financial benefits may be received. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between September 3rd and 7th, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Business and financial benefits may be received. Mark time on Wednesday and Thursday. If born between September 8th and 13th, employment benefits may come through alert thinking. Friends may do you favors. Best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between September 14th and 18th, be alert in employment matters. Best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between September 19th and 23rd, avoid cuts and

burns. Mark time in environmental and employment matters. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Sunday. Mark time on Thursday and Friday.

**September 23rd and October 23rd**  
(Libra ♎)

—Librans born between September 23rd and 28th should avoid cuts, burns, and falls this week. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Postpone important decisions, if possible. Best day for you this week is Sunday. Mark time on Friday. If born between September 29th and October 3rd, the unexpected may happen in money matters. Be careful in courtship. Friends will do you favors. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Monday. Mark time on Friday. If born between October 4th and 8th, the unexpected may happen in money matters. Be careful in courtship. Friends will do you favors. Best day for you this week is Monday. Mark time on Friday. If born between October 9th and 13th, be careful of your speech. Avoid misunderstandings. Friends will do you favors. Best days for you this week are Monday and Tuesday. Mark time on Saturday. If born between October 14th and 18th, employment benefits may be received. Be careful of your speech. Avoid misunderstandings. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Saturday. If born between October 19th and 23rd, mark time in love, marriage, and environmental matters. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Saturday and Sunday.

**October 23rd and November 22nd**  
(Scorpio ♏)

—Scorpio people born between October 23rd and 28th should mark time in love and courtship this week. Best days for you this week are Tuesday and Wednesday. Mark time on Sunday. If born between October 29th and November 2nd, mark time in love and marriage matters. Avoid unnecessary business dealings with friends. You may be put to unexpected financial expense. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time on Sunday and Monday. If born between November 3rd and 7th, mark time in love and marriage matters. Avoid unnecessary business transactions with friends. You may be put to unexpected financial expense. Best days for you this week are Wednesday and Thursday. Mark time on Monday. If born between November 8th and 12th, be careful in courtship. Occupational benefits



may come to you through alert thinking. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. Mark time on Monday and Tuesday. If born between November 13th and 17th, employment benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. Mark time on Tuesday. If born between November 18th and 22nd, love interests can be advanced, but be careful in courtship. Environmental benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Saturday, Sunday, Thursday, and Friday. Mark time on Tuesday.

**November 22nd and December 22nd**  
(Sagittarius ♐)

—Sagittarians born between November 22nd and 27th will find this an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Business and financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Friday. Mark time on Tuesday and Wednesday. If born between November 28th and December 2nd, love and marriage interests may be advanced, but be careful in courtship. The unexpected may happen in money matters. Best days for you this week are Sunday, Monday, and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday. If born between December 3rd and 7th, love and marriage interests may be advanced, but be careful in courtship. The unexpected may happen in money matters. Best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time on Wednesday and Thursday. If born between December 8th and 12th, love interests may be advanced. Business and financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Monday and Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between December 13th and 17th, mark time in employment matters. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between December 18th and 22nd, avoid cuts and burns. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday and Friday.

**December 22nd and January 20th**  
(Capricorn ♑)

—Capricornians born between December 22nd and 26th should avoid cuts, burns, and falls this week. Mark time in love and marriage matters. Best days for you this week are Tuesday and Wednesday. Mark time on Friday. If born between December 27th and 31st, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Business and financial

benefits may be received. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time on Friday. If born between January 1st and 5th, business and financial benefits may be received. Love and marriage interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Wednesday and Thursday. Mark time on Friday. If born between January 6th and 10th, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. If born between January 11th and 15th, employment benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. If born between January 16th and 20th, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Environmental benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Saturday, Sunday, Thursday and Friday.

**January 20th and February 19th**  
(Aquarius ♒)

—Aquarians born between January 20th and 25th will find this an excellent week in which to advance love and marriage interests. Best days for you this week are Sunday and Friday. If born between January 26th and 30th, you may be put to unexpected financial expense. Be careful in courtship. Friends will do you favors. Business benefits may be received. Best day for you this week is Friday. Be careful on Sunday and Monday. If born between January 31st and February 4th, be careful in courtship. Business benefits may be received. Friends will do you favors. You may be put to unexpected financial expense. Best day for you this week is Friday. Be careful on Monday. If born between February 5th and 9th, love and marriage interests may be advanced. Financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Monday and Tuesday. If born between February 10th and 14th, be alert in employment matters. Best day for you this week is Saturday. Be careful on Tuesday. If born between February 15th and 19th, environmental benefits may be received. Love interests can be advanced. Best day for you this week is Tuesday.

**February 19th and March 21st**  
(Pisces ♓)

—Pisceans born between February 19th and 24th will be able to advance love and marriage interests this week. Best days for you this week are Tuesday and Wednesday. If born between February 25th and March



1st, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Business and financial benefits may be received. Best day for you this week is Wednesday. If born between March 2nd and 6th, love and marriage interests can be advanced. Business and financial benefits may be received. Best days for you this week are Wednesday and Thursday. If born between March 7th and 11th, friends will do you favors. Love and marriage interests may be advanced. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. If born between March 12th and 16th, mark time in employment matters. Love interests can be advanced by alert thinking; but do not become romantic. Best day for you this week is Saturday. Be careful on Thursday. If born between March 17th and 21st, avoid cuts and burns. Mark time in love, marriage, and environmental matters. Best days for you this week are Saturday and Sunday. Be careful on Thursday and Friday.

Note for "Born Between—" readers: The week referred to begins with Saturday, January 29th, and ends with Friday, February 4th. Compare with information given in "Your Week" and "Day by Day" to see what the general influences are.



### MORE ABOUT AQUARIUS PEOPLE

The earth in its journey around the sun, does not make one revolution in its orbit in exactly an even number of days. Consequently, from time to time there must be calendar adjustments to keep the day of the year somewhat in conformity with the time when the sun apparently enters each zodiacal sign. The astrologer thinks in degrees of the circle, which he tries to translate into days of the year for the benefit of those who think according to the calendar. If you were born about the time when the sun leaves one zodiacal sign and enters another, you cannot be sure in which sign it was at the time of your birth without having its position astronomically calculated. However, persons so born, in a measure partake of the qualities of each sign as one modifies the other. A similar observation may be made with respect to the various "Born Between—" groups. Those whose birth occurred at the end of one group, or the commencement of another, will, in a measure, partake of the qualities of each group, in modified form, as there is a merging of group influence

much as the colors of the rainbow blend by gradations one into the other.

Last week I told about the general characteristics of Aquarius people. While all Aquarius natives have certain traits more or less in common, there is a difference in the expression of those traits according to the portion of the sign occupied by the sun at the time of their respective births. This week I will give the general characteristics of the first three Aquarius "Born Between—" groups.

If you were born between January 20th and 25th, you may become a civil engineer, with the ability and the desire to work at difficult construction. The more gigantic the project and complex the engineering problems, the better you like it. You may also become an architect, with a fondness for building massive or lofty structures. You have good industrial vision and sense industrial trends long in advance of their occurrence. You may become prominent in the industrial life of the nation. You may meet with success as a photographer, preferably in commercial work where the stern realities are more essential than the flattering of people. You may take up strange hobbies and make them pay financial dividends. You have excellent self-control, which you should seek to maintain under all circumstances, as its loss may be followed by serious consequences. You are exceedingly determined and persevering. You have confidence in your ability and are not easily discouraged when things do not look too well for you. You have a keenly analytical brain and a high sense of humor. You acquire a philosophical turn of mind as the years go by.

If you were born between January 26th and 30th, you are friendly toward others and gain friendship in return. You endeavor to develop your talents to the utmost. You have much force of character and usually succeed in whatever you undertake. You are very determined and inclined to be headstrong. You resent infringements upon your liberty and are independent of thought. You sometimes lack proper self-discipline, often being too ready to defend your rights before they have been jeopardized. You are systematic and have good business ability. You like scientific subjects. You may become an expert mathematician. You may make an excellent commercial writer. You may become an instructor, whether on the lecture platform, in the classroom, or as a consulting industrial official or in a professional consulting capacity. Your interest in religion



is apt to be more intellectual than emotional and you are likely to develop your own philosophy from much reading and meditation. You are secretive and trustworthy, and these traits, in addition to your ability along other lines, may bring you into responsible positions.

If you were born between January 31st and February 4th, you are versatile, energetic, and restless. You should, if possible, avoid engaging in any pursuit that may prove monotonous. Work that provides variety is more apt to be to your liking. You should work to a definite end, however, as you have a tendency to do useless things. Make your efforts count. Choose a number of things, any one of which will bring you success, and then work at them. You may often engage in several pursuits at the same time. If compelled by circumstances to hold a routine job, try to do something as a sideline that will act as a relaxation and at the same time prove profitable. You should make a studied effort to get along with others with as little friction as possible, as your material interests will be greatly advanced thereby. Consideration of others will repay you many fold. You take a special pride in your home appointments. In wartime your originality and quickness of thought may result in some historic accomplishment for you.

(Aquarius article to be continued next week.)

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★ THE STAR QUESTION BOX ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss N. H., born June 6, 1916, 4:00 a. m., Massachusetts: For your guidance, note the following approximate times: Last half of May and first half of July, 1938, good for home affairs; middle of July, 1938, good for seeking office employment; last half of July and first part of August, 1938, avoid extravagance in money matters; middle of August, 1938, avoid impulsive speech or actions that may prove detrimental to employment interests; last half of October, 1938, probable home benefits; last half of November, 1938, pleasant surprises and unexpected benefits; middle of March, 1939, avoid financial extravagance; last half of September, 1939, avoid impulsive speech and actions that may affect employment interests; first half of November, 1939, excellent for finances.

LS—8D

PERRY, female, born August 1, 1922, 8:00 p. m., Connecticut (?): I think you will meet with a fair degree of success as a nurse. Whether or not you become one will largely depend upon your determination to acquire the necessary training.

UNHAPPY CHILD, born January 11, 1923, about 11:00 a. m., Italy: I am very sorry that you have no father or mother and that you have been so very unhappy. The influences in your nativity during the next twenty-nine months are mostly good, and they should make life a little more pleasant for you. You may have an excellent opportunity to marry about the middle of June, 1939. May God bless you.

Mrs. M. G., whose son was born July 13, 1924, 11:55 a. m., Illinois: Your son is essentially a dreamer, which probably accounts for his poor showing at school. I think eventually he may take up some occupation that will bring him into contact with water, possibly as a fisherman or connected with the fish-canning industry in some capacity, or perhaps as a freighter by water.

B. S., female, born October 14, 1922, between midnight and 2:00 a. m., District of Columbia: This date fell on Saturday, not on Sunday as stated in your letter. The degree of your success in love affairs will depend largely on the period of your life when they come to you. You may have an excellent opportunity to marry about the middle of October, 1938, and although you will still be quite young when that time arrives, should the opportunity come to you, it might be well to give it consideration.

Miss M. N. D., born August 27, 1921, 6:30 a. m., Texas: The following approximate times will be favorable for marriage for you: Latter part of June and first half of July, 1938; middle of May and middle of August, 1939.

SINGING BIDDY, data withheld by request: Keep on with your vocal lessons.

MARIA, data withheld by request: Continue with your commercial-art course. I suggest that you also take up writing. If you will marry some one who will appreciate your refinement and excellent mental qualities and who will be on a cultural par with yourself, your chances for happiness in married life will be excellent, in spite of



your heart trouble. But be sure to get some one whose attitude toward you will not add to your physical distress. It will pay you to have an understanding with your fiancé before marriage, so that he will have no cause to complain about your physical condition afterward. There will be a number of influences in your nativity conducive to marriage during the next several years, the most favorable of which will come into operation about the first half of August, 1939, the last part of October and the first part of November, 1940, and the middle of January, 1942.

**JO AND DO**, female, born April 24, 1920, 8:15 p. m., New York: I have compared your horoscope with that of the young man in whom you are interested. There are quite a few discords between you, but there are some very fine harmonies. If you will keep in mind the harmonies and ignore, so far as possible, the discords, I believe that you can make a success of marriage between you and find much happiness together.

**A. B.**, male, born October 14, 1900, 3:00 a. m., Belgium: After another several years, a permanent improvement should take place for you in matters affecting your trade. In the near future, good periods, that may bring benefits to you, are likely to occur at about the following times: First half of March, first half of July, last part of November, and first part of December, 1938; January, first part of February, last part of March, April, last part of August, first part of September, last part of October, and first part of November, 1939.

**MRS. J. H. S.**, born June 23, 1891, 10:00 a. m., Wisconsin: I think that your hus-

band has been doing some serious thinking lately and is due for another radical change within the next few months. If he has not put himself in a position where he cannot do so, I am inclined to think that he may try to effect a reconciliation, possibly within a year. You will be under excellent influences during the next few months.

**MISS H. A. F.**, born January 22, 1919, about 3:00 p. m., Michigan: You have recently been under influences that may have resulted in an unsatisfactory marriage for you. If not, you may be inclined to marry at about one of the following times: First half of May, last part of June, and first part of July, 1938, may be obstacles; first half of January, 1941, good; last part of September and first half of October, 1941, unsatisfactory; last part of February and first part of March, 1942, may be obstacles; middle of July, 1942, unsatisfactory, possibly hasty marriage; first half of August, 1944, unsatisfactory, possibly hasty marriage; middle of February, 1946, may be obstacles; last half of August, 1946, good; last part of June and first part of July, 1947, excellent.

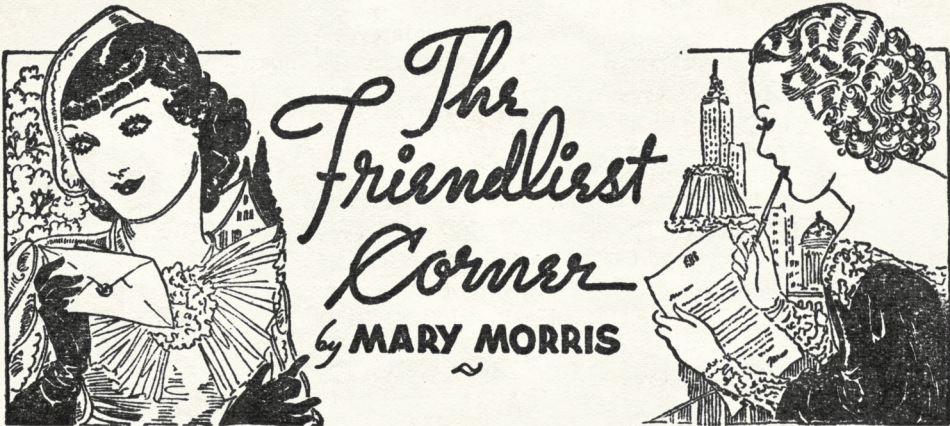
**L. G.**, female, born March 14, 1919, about 11:00 a. m., New York: You will come under influences conducive to marriage at about the following times: Middle of July, 1938, good; middle of August, 1939, may be obstacles; last half of September, 1940, excellent.

**MISS BLUE-EYED MARGIE**, born September 6, 1913, 6:00 a. m., South Dakota: You may have an excellent opportunity for marriage about the latter part of February, the fore part of March, and the first half of April, 1938.

**Editor's Note:** Questions are answered through Street & Smith's Love Story Magazine or by mail. 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.







*Do not mail letters to these Pen Pals after February 11th.*

**I**S any one interested in architecture? Here's a young man from Michigan who can tell you all about it, as that is his profession. He has traveled, his favorite pastimes are horseback riding and hiking, and he is anxious to hear from young men everywhere. He is friendly, sociable, and extends a cordial hand of friendship to those who accept his invitation. So here's your chance to make a new friend. How about it, boys?

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Would any one care to correspond with an architect from Michigan? I'm a young man in my twenties, particularly interested in horseback riding and hiking, considered friendly, congenial, promise to be a real friend and answer letters promptly. Who'll give me a chance?  
LENARD.

**A friendly Pal from Connecticut.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Pals everywhere, won't you give me a chance to write to you? I'm a friendly girl of seventeen, live in Connecticut, fond of sports, and writing letters is my special hobby. I've loads of time, and will tell you all about myself in my first letter.  
OLGA B.

**She collects picture post cards.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'd like some steady correspondents. I'm a married woman in my twenties, enjoy reading, movies, and collect picture post cards. I'll exchange them, and snapshots, with all who write to me.  
HAPPY WIFE.

**For Pals far and near.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here's another girl of eighteen looking for Pen Pals. I'll be a faithful correspondent, exchange snapshots with any one, and would especially enjoy hearing from

Pals in foreign countries, but every one is welcome.  
KENTUCKY BETH.

**She once traveled with a carnival.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I would dearly love to hear from Pals all over the country. I'm an Ohio girl of twenty-five, have traveled with a carnival for a while, will exchange souvenirs and snapshots, and be a true-blue Pal to all. Girls, single or married, please don't keep me waiting.  
LIMA SUE.

**Say Dee is a bookworm.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here's another plea. I'm a Jewish girl of nineteen, live in New York State, love to read, and spend a great deal of my time in the library. Won't all you girls everywhere please write to me? I promise quick replies.  
SAY DEE.

**For Pals of twenty-one.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a girl twenty-one years of age, stenographer, enjoy dancing, sewing, offer sincere friendship, and feel sure I can make my replies interesting. I would especially like to hear from girls of my age, but every one is welcome.  
CHOTTIE.

**From a small Canadian town.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May I have some Pen Pals? I'm a man in my twenties, live in a small Canadian town where snowdrifts are often eight feet high, and get very lonesome. Come on, all you fellows everywhere, no matter what your age, write to me.  
LOUISON.

**She'd rather write than eat.**

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please help me find some friends. I'm a girl of seventeen, high-school graduate, would rather write letters than



eat, and hope to hear from Pals all over the country. I'm fond of sports, will exchange snapshots, and am also a radio and movie fan.  
SMILING SARA.

Don't disappoint her, Pals.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I think it's high time I had some Pen Pals. I'm a married woman thirty-one years of age, live in New Jersey, interested in every one and everything, collect all sorts of interesting things, enjoy cooking, fancy-work, swimming, and I'll be terribly disappointed if I don't hear from at least one Pal in every State of the Union.  
DUTCHY.

Adores writing long letters.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I hope some of the girls near my age will write to me. I'm a girl of seventeen, live in Terre Haute, enjoy sports, and simply adore writing long letters. The more, the merrier. Won't you give me a chance to be your friend?  
ANN IRENE.

Shower her with mail.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: This is another S O S for Pals who like to write letters. I'm a girl of twenty-one, stenographer, interested in stamp collecting, dramatics, travel, and will exchange souvenirs and picture post cards. Girls, won't you shower me with mail? I'll answer promptly.  
ACCIE.

Ollie is an ardent movie fan.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'd love to correspond with girls who are sincere and appreciate true friendship. I'm a peppy girl of seventeen, like sports, music, and am an ardent movie fan. Pals, give me a chance. I'm sure my letters won't bore you.  
OLLIE.

This Pal has traveled all over the United States.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please print my plea. I'm a young man in my early twenties, have traveled all over the United States, and at present am working as usher in a theater. I have lots of time to write, and will answer all letters received.  
ZYGMUNT.

Gifts for fifteen.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a lively girl of seventeen, would more than welcome letters from Pals everywhere, and to the first fifteen I will send lovely Czechoslovakian gifts. I'll exchange snapshots, and will be a true friend.  
IDELA.

Attention, married couples!

DEAR MISS MORRIS: My wife and I would very much like to hear from married couples far and near, preferably those around our age, forty-three. We have three children, live in Chicago, enjoy music, like to make friends, and will answer letters promptly. Have we a chance?  
MR. AND MRS. W.

Norma wants Pals from the West.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm another lonesome girl of seventeen, and would especially enjoy corresponding with Pals who live in the Western States. I'll gladly exchange snapshots, and tell all about myself in my first letter. How about it, girls? I'll be waiting patiently.  
NORMA.

Every one is welcome here.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Who'll be the first to write to me? I'm a married woman of twenty-six, have two youngsters, often travel with my salesman-husband, and have lots of things to write about. I like sports, dancing and making friends.  
HELEN G.

Here's a Pal with literary interests.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May I have some Pen Pals? I'm a young girl interested in writing fiction, enjoy movies, radio and the theater. I have lots of photographs and letters from movie and stage stars, and will tell all about my contacts with them. I promise to answer every letter I get.  
IRENE JUDY.

He's interested in music and photography.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here's a young man of twenty-two who would like to hear from Pals of any age. I'm interested in music, reading, photography, and will send snapshots to all who answer my plea.  
KAM.

A call for Pals from Hawaii.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please find me some Hawaiian Pen Pals. I'm a girl of twenty, will exchange snapshots and promise prompt, cheerful letters. I like sports, and love to make friends. Please, girls, don't pass me by.  
LENA.

She's letter-lonesome.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young married woman, my husband works nights, and I am all alone. I'd love to correspond with single and married Pals of any age, regardless of where they hail from. To the first five who answer my plea I'll send lovely souvenirs. Hurry and write to me, Pals.  
READING JEN.

Wanted—dozens of Pals.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Who wants to correspond with a good-natured, cheerful girl of twenty-one, who wants a few dozen Pen Pals from all over the country? I'm a stenographer in a law office, like to embroider, and promise prompt replies.  
KATHRYN S.

Bookkeeper and secretary.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I hope you have room for my plea. I'm a fellow twenty years of age, employed as bookkeeper and secretary, and would like to hear from Pals in Hawaii and



the cotton-growing States. I'll exchange snapshots and picture post cards.

DEMAR.

She hails from Canada.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a lonesome Canadian girl of seventeen, fond of sports, and very much interested in people who live in other parts of the world. Won't all you Pals everywhere please write to me? I'll answer all letters received.

BLUE-EYED ESTELLE.

Loulou saves box tops. Want to discuss your hobby with her?

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please help me find Pen Pals. I'm a girl of nineteen, considered peppy, cheerful, enjoy swimming, dancing and other sports. I save box tops, and will exchange them and other things of interest with girls all over the country. Who'll take a chance on me?

LOULOU.

You'll surely like this Pal.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here is a plea from a married woman of twenty-two. I'm friendly, like to meet people, make friends, enjoy dancing, sports, movies, and want to correspond with single and married Pals. I'll exchange snapshots and souvenirs of Pennsylvania.

WAITING CLARA.

Who's interested in housekeeping?

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Come on, everybody, give me a hand. I'm a young married woman, have plenty of time to write letters, interested in sports, will exchange cooking recipes and household hints with any one. Prompt replies are guaranteed.

LOTTE.

Loves to travel.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Hi, everybody! I'm a young girl from Vancouver, love to travel, write letters, and have lots of interesting things to tell you. I'll exchange souvenirs and picture post cards.

DARK-EYED ELLIE.

Friendly brunette from New York.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Does any one want to hear all about the great city of New York? I'm the girl who can fill the bill. I'm twenty, considered attractive, friendly, and anxious to correspond with girls between eighteen and twenty-three. I'll exchange snapshots.

BRONX JOAN.

He appreciates real friendship.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a lonesome young man of twenty-six, live in the State of Wash-

ington, enjoy the great outdoors, appreciate true friendship, and will try hard to make my replies as interesting as I can.

BOB B.

Get in touch with this Wisconsin wife.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May I have some married Pen Pals around twenty-nine years of age? I'm a young, happily married woman, live in Wisconsin, have two children, and although I'm usually kept busy, I manage to make time for the things I enjoy. I'll exchange dress patterns and anything else of interest to other correspondents.

ANGEL.

She understands French and English.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a girl in my early twenties, live in Canada, collect stamps and will exchange them, and I also write fiction. I'm French, and thoroughly understand both French and English. I'll be waiting anxiously to hear from girls far and near.

MARLINE.

A girl you'll like.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a peppy girl of eighteen, anxious to hear from girls everywhere. Won't some one please answer my plea? I like sports, dancing, and anything that means a lot of fun. Come on, Pals, drop me a line.

JEANNY.

For high-school girls.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I want to correspond with high-school girls all over the country. I'm a girl of sixteen, go to high school, will exchange snapshots with any one, and promise to answer letters promptly.

FRECKLES.

She'll appreciate your letters.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'd like very much to have some Pen Pals. I'm a young married woman, live in Ohio, enjoy reading, fancywork, movies and the outdoors. My husband works long hours and I get very lonesome. Won't some of you single and married Pals write to me?

REMEMBER ME.

A music lover who tries his hand at song-writing.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Hi, Pals! How about all you lonesome fellows getting in touch with me? I'm a good-natured man of twenty-four, play the piano, and am really fond of music. In fact, I like it so well I even attempt to write songs. All letters will be highly appreciated.

T. C.

Miss Mary Morris 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, so that mail can be forwarded. We are not responsible for money (coins) sent through the mail.

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# THE FRIEND IN NEED

Conducted by

Laura Alston Brown

*Well-known Authority on Love and Marriage*

**M**EN expect plenty of attention from the girls who love them—and get it. Husbands, too, come in for a generous share of admiration from their wives. From time immemorial, men have been flattered, admired, praised, and openly adored by the feminine sex. Yet, it never occurs to them that women ache to be complimented, shown little attentions, too. After the courtship period, men forget that wives must be petted and indulged, yet go right on expecting, and receiving, those same attentions. Naturally, a woman becomes starved for admiration and, consequently, discontented. If men would only remember that a few sincere compliments mean so much to a woman, one of the serious thorns in marriage would be removed.

**DEAR MRS. BROWN:** Whenever I read about lonely wives, and how some of them accept the attentions of other men, I often think it serves a husband right if he neglects his wife to the point where she is starved for a little attention.

I've been married only three years and have one child. My husband loves our little boy, and so do I. I think my husband loves me as much as he ever did, but often I am tempted to believe that we could be much happier if he didn't take me so much for granted. During the first year or two of our married life my husband used to notice the things I did, and paid me all sorts of compliments. He noticed how I dressed, or made any little change around the house, told me he loved the different dishes I cooked, et cetera.

But marriage certainly changes some men. I know he loves me, but it's as though he were blind. I'm considered attractive, we have a cozy, comfortable home, and, of course, I long to be noticed, told I still look nice. But at times I'm inclined to think that I'm no more exciting to him than a piece of furniture.

Yet my husband expects me to be right on my toes where his appearance and interests

are concerned. He actually waits for me to tell him my appreciation of anything he does for me or the baby. He acts as if he wanted me to think that his interests are of the greatest importance in the world. I'm sure there isn't another woman in the case, but I'm disappointed. There are times when he's downright indifferent.

Well, now that we have the baby, I suppose I'll get used to my husband's indifference in time. I couldn't very well leave because I know he loves me and, of course, I love him. But it certainly would make life and marriage so much more exciting and interesting if husband's didn't forget to act like sweethearts.

My husband seems to think that he doesn't have to say and do all the nice little things he used to before our marriage. He thinks it's silly, and I can't convince him otherwise. I don't suppose there is anything I can do to change him, but I would certainly like to hear from other young wives who have the same trouble.

TIMMIE.

Husbands are often to blame for unhappy marriages because they forget that wives are warm-hearted human beings, hungry for compliments, soft flatteries, and comments of approval. No doubt, many a man loves his wife dearly and thinks all the lovely things in the world about her, but if he stints on words and actions of praise, how can she know what he feels?

Sometimes it seems as if men really forget that their wives also work hard to keep the home going, and that praise and an outward show of appreciation would be very welcome when the monotony of housekeeping is over for the day.

Much has been written about how to be happy in marriage, but one of the easiest ways of getting along happily is for a husband to treat his wife as he wants her to treat him, and vice versa, of course. Be patient with your husband, Timmie. If you love each other, you'll get along.



**DEAR MRS. BROWN:** Do you think a girl can learn to love her husband after they are married? About four years ago I met a young man who worked for my uncle. For two years we were only casual friends, but two years ago I asked him to attend a party I was giving, and after that we started going together.

He's very thoughtful, takes me anywhere I want to go, and we always have a good time. A year ago he said he loved me and gave me his fraternity pin to wear. But the trouble is that I'm not sure of myself. There are times when I adore him and would give my heart and soul for him, and then there are times when I feel I don't love him as such as a girl should love the man she intends to marry.

He knows all this, even that I am writing this letter to you. He tells me that, although I don't love him, I should marry him. All he wants is a little respect. I really don't know whether I'd be happy with him, knowing he loves me and not being able to return his love.

I've had other boy friends, but didn't enjoy their company as much as I do his, and when I was out with them I always had him on my mind.

Before I dated this boy I had another beau, but he became engaged to another girl, and I was heartbroken when I found out about it. This boy now says that because of that other disappointment I will never love another boy as I loved the first. But I don't think that's true.

He used to drink and was friendly with the wrong crowd of young people, but gave it all up when I asked him. Do you think I'll love him after we're married, or am I already in love with him and don't realize it? DINTY.

Marriage without love on both sides is invariably a failure. Love sometimes comes after marriage, but often it is for some third person. If you are not sure of yourself, my dear, why not postpone the idea of marrying this young man, and give yourself a real chance to find out if you can care for some one else?

You might keep right on seeing him, but enjoy, also, the companionship of other men. It will help you to analyze your emotions more clearly, and after a while you will be able to determine whether or not there is any use in continuing your friendship with a man whose love you cannot return.

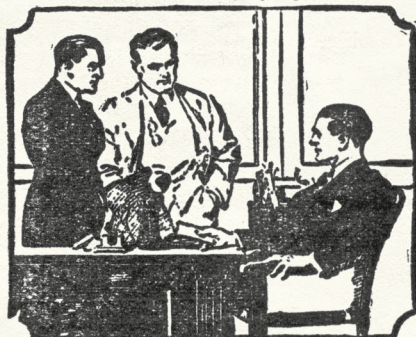
In case you are in love with him, dating other men will help you feel more sure of yourself.

**DEAR MRS. BROWN:** When I was twelve years old a young man of twenty-two came to our house, and I started going out with him, and at fourteen we had to be married. My husband didn't care about the baby, and things went from bad to worse. We quarreled, and he has even struck me.

I've tried to get along with him, but he is always saying things to shock and disgust me, and then claims I'm silly. Several months ago I went home to my mother. I became sick after that and had to have an operation. My husband and I are together again, but I'm a nervous wreck. He nags and bosses me until I can hardly breathe.

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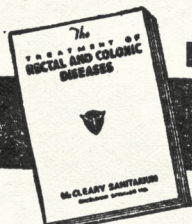
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Please don't tell me to have a talk with my husband. I've begged and pleaded with him to be different, but nothing helps. He still treats me like a slave. He gets drunk, and I often go hungry. I'm only sixteen now, but terribly disgusted with life. I wish I had never met him and made that foolish mistake. Do I have to continue paying all my life just because I did wrong once? It seems so unfair.

ANGELA.

Life often seems unfair, Angela, and the best thing we can do is to grin and bear it. I realize that it is a great deal easier to hand out advice than to actually follow it. But only with time can we find the solution to some problems.

It is a pity, of course, that meeting your husband has plunged you only into unhappiness. But you have one ray of sunshine to compensate you in a measure, and that is your baby. Try to be patient, my dear. We never know what fate has in store for us. Perhaps, before long, your husband will wake up and treat you better than he now does. Isn't there some member of your family, or a close friend, who could talk a little sense into your husband and make him realize that you deserve much better treatment than you have been getting?

DEAR MRS. BROWN: My problem may seem simple, but it worries me, so please help me.

There are two boys who, I know, are in love with me, because both have proved it. Bill lives in my home town, and Frank in a town forty miles away, so I see him only once a week, and Bill almost every day.

Last summer, before I met Frank, I went steady with Bill until he stopped coming to see me. I was broken-hearted, and Bill knew it. He later told me he just did it to see if I cared at all for him. I did, and still do.

I met Frank through my cousin. I dated him once, and he didn't ask me for another date. I don't know whether it was I or my pride that was hurt. No one before had dated me once without asking for another date. So I came home. But I couldn't forget Frank, even when Bill asked me to make up.

When Bill and I broke up again, Frank sent me a card, and I was thrilled. Then I went to Frank's town to stay with my cousin. One of the boys who knew me told Frank, and he came to see me. I was so happy. That night he told me he loved me, and from that week on he hasn't missed a chance to see me.

Then we became engaged, and Bill found out that he had competition, so he came back. He was very pathetic, and even cried. I told him that we must stop going together, that he didn't really love me, but only thought he did because I became engaged. He said that wasn't true because he had loved me before I met Frank and that he would wait and hope. That's just what he's been doing. Doesn't that prove he loves me? He doesn't date any one else. I hate to think I am hurting him, because I treasure his love and friendship.

But something happened between Frank and me. One night he put his arms around me and whispered all kinds of sweet things. Then



he kissed me, and, without a word spoken, I gave him all my love. The next time he came we talked about it. We knew it was wrong, and yet it didn't seem so. We haven't let it happen again because we know it's wrong. We avoid being alone, are always in a crowd, and yet that one incident worries us.

Bill has always kept his feelings for me to himself, except to tell me he loved me. I still go out with Bill and we have grand times together, but Bill worried himself sick about us, although I've told him we should stop going out together, because he says the more he comes to see me the more he wants to come.

Frank says the same thing. I adore Frank, but can't bring myself to marry him, because I can't hurt Bill. What should I do? I love them both, but can't marry one for fear of hurting the other. Both do everything to make me happy when I'm with them. Maybe I should go away, but I've tried that and it didn't seem to help.

RUBY.

Sometimes it is necessary to hurt those who love us in order to be kind. I mean, if you are really in love with Frank, you cannot be in love with Bill. And if you don't love Bill, surely he wouldn't want you to marry him? Why not be frank and tell him that? It is possible, of course, that you are in love with Bill, and only infatuated with Frank. But if you love Frank, then it would be kinder to stop dating Bill, and encourage him to interest himself in some one else.

Suppose you see both boys less often, and go out with other boys you know. Also, you might make new friends, and try not to think of Frank and Bill all the time. If you give yourself a few weeks' time, you should be able to make up your mind which boy you really love and want to marry.

You are wise to avoid being left alone with Frank and not making the same mistake over again. No matter what a boy tells a girl, when she permits her emotions to run away with her, there is always danger that sooner or later he may drop her and forget his promise to marry her.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I wish I knew why young men think they can't have good times when dating a girl unless she pets. For nearly a year I went with a rather nice young man, and he never attempted to pet. Then a friend of his, another boy, told him that he was a sap for dating a girl who wouldn't pet, especially a girl who wears glasses, when he could date pretty girls who were more fun.

I thought that was hitting below the belt. After all, I can't help wearing glasses. They don't prevent me from dancing, going in for sports, or being a good friend. Another thing that hurt was that this boy agreed with his friends when they called me a gold digger. That was just too much for me, although he said he didn't really agree with them.

Ever since this happened, I've felt that I can't compete with girls who don't wear glasses and pet all they like. I feel ill at ease when with boys because I think they don't really

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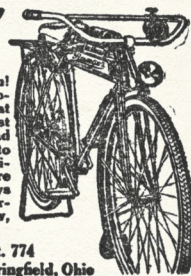
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like me, although we always had fun together before this happened. I feel so inferior that I could crawl into a hole and stay there whenever boys want to date me, because I feel that they are only making fun of me when they speak to me. Do all boys dislike girls who have to wear glasses? I wish I knew. Maybe you'll say I'm silly, but I can't seem to think differently.

DOLORES.

You'll have to make up your mind to snap out of this depressed mood and melancholy state of mind, if you want to be really popular with boys. In the first place, if a boy is interested in you, the fact that you are compelled to wear glasses means nothing. Evidently, the "rather nice young man" you went with was not interested in you, or he would not have been so thoughtless. As for petting, that is an outworn pastime. Any girl who shuns petting deserves plenty of praise, not scorn. No girl loses out if she puts a price on her head—one of self-respect—no matter what some boys may say.

If your former friends were not exactly satisfactory, why not make new friends? Join a club or two, and when a boy who interests you wants you to go out with him, stop hesitating and imagining things, and enjoy yourself.

Readers, especially those of you who wear glasses and have met "the" man, won't you write and tell Dolores that happiness and love do not depend on whether a girl does or does not wear glasses? Let's hear!

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I'm sixteen, blond, considered good-looking, and could double for a certain movie actress, or so friends tell me. A month ago I went to see my aunt, and my cousin introduced me to a young man who has recently moved into their neighborhood, and I fell for him right away. I don't think you could call it love, but I liked him a lot.

Tom seemed to fall for me, too. He tells me he loves me, but I've never said I loved him. He doesn't work, and before we met he used to come in at three and four o'clock in the morning, but he has given that up. Some people have told me he's rather tough, that he doesn't lead a straight life, and I shouldn't have anything to do with him. But he said he would go to work, just for me.

However, all this is just a plan my aunt and I made up, because we'd like to see Tom go straight. She thought that if some nice girl became interested in him, he might go straight for her. So I wanted him to think I was in love with him, and when he was on the right road, break off with him. But, although I don't know if I'm in love, I can't stand the thought of breaking off.

He makes love beautifully, and I love to have him kiss me. He told me many times he was going straight, but so far he hasn't even started looking for work. Should I keep on being friends with him? He's twenty-two, and lives with a relative.

DEANNE.

Any man who won't go straight for his own sake is hardly worth salvaging, Deanne.



Of course, you are young and probably have not thought of that, but your aunt should have known better.

I'm afraid this thing is out of your depth, and the wisest thing to do is to drop out. Tell Tom the truth—that you are not in love with him. Don't allow yourself to be moved by the idea that he needs you to help him live a worth-while life. Remember, no one can regulate and manage some one else's life for more than a short time.

So stop playing with love, my dear. It's too dangerous and important a thing for any one to toy with.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I am a girl of twenty-five, in love with a young man thirty years of age. Before we met he was the type of man who made dates with girls and rarely showed up. He had to be on the go every night, drinking and being with women who liked to do likewise. Also, when drunk, he cannot be approached very easily.

I saw him quite often before we met socially and fell in love. I believe he loves me, as he has stopped drinking. He has been drunk only three times during the six months we've been going together. Each time I refused to have anything more to do with him, but he begged me to give him another chance.

He drinks seldom now, is interested in his work, and seems to enjoy staying home evenings when we have no date. We exchange books and magazines, and he actually reads them. He also saves his money.

He constantly begs me to marry him, but I am afraid that if we get married he may fall into his old ways again. We have much in common, like sports, dancing, music, et cetera. We both are of the romantic type.

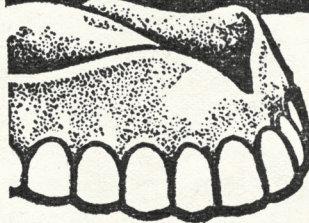
In spite of my love for this young man, I am afraid to take the chance, as I feel he will tire of me in time and leave me, seeing that in the past he took all girls for granted.

Please tell me if I am right in thinking that. Please tell me what you would do if you were in my place.

ANNETTE.

There is only one thing to do if you are not sure as to whether or not you should marry this man, and that is to wait a little while longer. A few months one way or another will not matter, and you will

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have a better chance to make up your mind about him.

Knowing him as well as you do, it should not be impossible for you to decide whether or not this change for the better is only temporary. Of course, I realize that no one can vouch for the future conduct of any person. But he is old enough to realize that if he has found the right girl, he must definitely turn over a new leaf and stick to all his good resolutions.

But until you can feel sure of yourself, I suggest that you also enjoy other friendships. If you love each other, having other friends will not diminish your love, and it should make this young man, more than ever, anxious to keep your affection by remaining changed for the better.

**DEAR MRS. BROWN:** When I was still in high school, my folks were so critical of my friends that the boys and girls I knew hated to come to see me. The outcome was that I have only one or two friends.

After my graduation I found a job as file clerk in a large office. I met many young men, and finally started going with one. Once I asked him to come to the house, and introduced him to my parents. But evidently they didn't like his looks, although he is neat and very nice-looking and has a pleasant personality. Anyway, they were very cool, and told me plainly they wanted me to drop him, so I started meeting him on the outside, and the outcome was that I made a very great mistake.

The boy dropped me shortly after I told him I was an expectant mother. I was in despair, and tried to end it all. But my brother found out what was wrong, and the doctor saved my life. That was when my parents found out my secret. However, I was very sick for several weeks afterward, and lost the baby.

One of my relatives, instead of keeping my secret, started to tell people about me, until the story spread. I don't know why she did it, but it made me feel very bitter, and I didn't care what happened when I went out.

But a short time afterward I woke up to the fact that there is nothing to these so-called good times, necking, drinking and dancing all night. I stayed home more. I date boys now, but try to act like a lady. I was twenty last month, but feel lots older. I'm working, and those who like me are very nice to me. But I want to make an entirely fresh start. How can I do it? Do you think there's a chance that some day I'll meet a nice young man who will want to marry me? I've often thought of going away to another town. Should I?

PEG.

Of course there is a chance for you. Since you realize your mistake and find the path of pleasure an empty one, your fight is already half won. A new start in life is not always easy, but keep up your courage, Peg, and don't ever slide downhill again.

If you have a chance to go elsewhere for a time and make new friends among people you have never met before, it would be a good beginning. Join a club, if you possibly can, find a job that will interest



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Dear Sirs:

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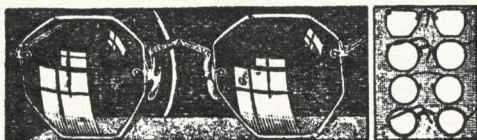
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you, and pull away from the old life as far as you can. In time, the memory of the past will not be so fresh and painful, and new interests will fill your hours. And who can say that, in the future, you will not find the happiness you want?

DEAR MRS. BROWN: May I say a few words to the girl who wondered if she should get married in order to get away from always working for a living? What in the world does she think it means to be married? It's so easy to say, "I do," but it means constant work—doing dishes, cooking, cleaning, washing, and with babies coming, it's more work than ever.

I've been married a year and a half and have two babies—twins. They are adorable, but at the end of my day am I tired! Much more tired than when I was clerking in a busy office. I get up at six o'clock, feed the twins, get breakfast for my husband, who leaves at seven fifteen, do the dishes, mop, dust, make beds, then feed the babies again and take them out for an airing. Then I snatch a bite to eat, put the twins to bed for an afternoon nap, wash, mend, prepare dinner, wash more dishes, and by the time the twins are in bed for the night, I'm so tired I could drop. I suppose that's a "vacation" from office work?

I've just described a normal day. Sometimes I've more to do, and when one of the babies is sick, there's more hustle and bustle than ever. But I feel I can put up with any amount of work because my husband and I love each other. I'm sure it's no fun for any girl to marry a man she doesn't love simply because she's tired of her job and wants a change, if she has to do as much as I do every day.

Mrs. Brown, my sister, married and the mother of an eight-year-old boy, would like to know how she can make some extra money to help out. Have you any suggestions?

**TIRED BUT HAPPY.**

That's an inspiring letter. My very best wishes for your continued happiness.

I don't know any specific firms which send out work, but I would suggest that your sister apply at the nearest Y. W. C. A. They will probably be able to give you much more detailed information about employment conditions in your section of the country. She might also consider taking a child or two to board, and if this would appeal to her, she should get in touch with her State department of public welfare, and find out what the necessary qualifications are. Good luck to you both.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: A year ago I met a handsome young man of twenty-one. He joined the marines shortly after that, but we promised to wait for each other, and corresponded steadily. After he left, I went to work in another town and met another young man. I don't know if it was love at first sight or just a crush, but two weeks after we met we were married secretly. When I went home and told my parents, they insisted that I try to make a go of it.

I went back to my husband and tried my best to get along with him, but we couldn't be happy, somehow, although he says he loves me



more than ever. But he doesn't treat me as a man should treat a wife. He never gives me things, and only once in a while have I any money. My parents seem to think he is good to me, but they don't know the whole story, because I always speak well of him, even to them. He's a traveling salesman, and not supposed to be married. He wanted me to stay in an apartment in one town and said he would come home week-ends, but I didn't like the idea.

I'm considered attractive and could have lots of friends and good times. I loved my husband, and we could have been happy if he had done his part, but he didn't, so I went to work, and he didn't say a word to stop me. He thought it was all right for me to work now and that we could get together again later. But if a husband loved his wife, he wouldn't be willing to part with her, would he?

Since I've been working, I've again met the boy I knew before I was married. He tells me he still loves me, even though I didn't wait for him, and comes to see me almost every evening. He will be through service in three years and wants me to get a divorce and wait for him. But when I mentioned divorce to my husband, he said he would never let me go. I've even told him I'm seeing this other boy again and that I won't go back to him, but he seems to think I'm just young and don't know my own mind, and that I'll want to go back to him again later on. But I'm sure I love the marine.

What can I do, Mrs. Brown? I can't forget my husband, although we haven't lived together for two months. He spends all his time working. I can't seem to give up the marine, either. Please give me some advice. BEWILDERED F.

Although you are not living with your husband, seeing another man is neither here nor there. It will not help you solve your problem, and is likely to lead to trouble. And, of course, you are not being fair to yourself, your husband, or this other man.

You see, my dear, there are no two ways about marriage. You should have tried to work out your problem before you and your husband parted. If he suggested that you stay in one town, what was wrong with that? Due to business obstacles, many men see their wives as seldom as your husband would have been able to see you between business stops. Besides, you would have had a home of your own.

Seeing this young man is not going to help you solve your problem. It would be much wiser to talk this whole matter over with your husband and find out if you two can't reach a more satisfactory agreement. If you both decide to give marriage another try, it might help if you could make your home in the same town where your parents are living.

Mrs. Brown will be glad to solve 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, 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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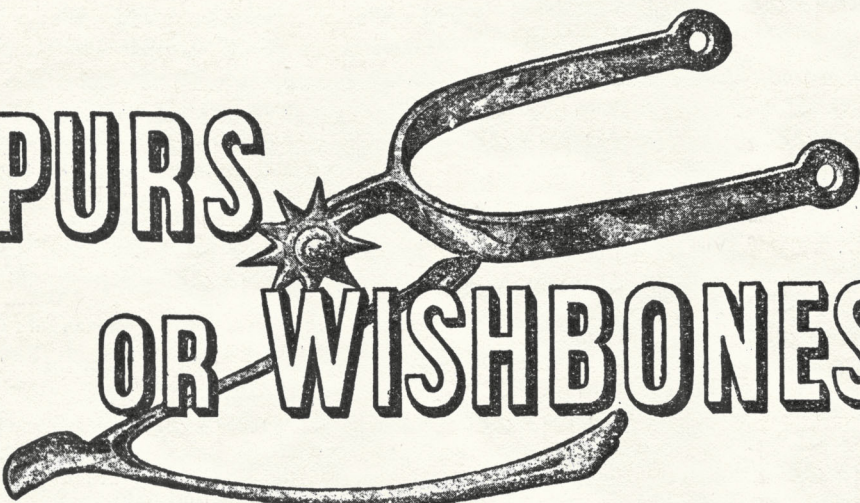
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman                               | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalmen | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas              | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints                | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanics                          | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals               | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping                               | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming                                     |
| <b>BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES</b>                                |  |  |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work                              | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College Subjects                         | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish                                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence                             | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy                            | <input type="checkbox"/> French  | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountant                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards <input type="checkbox"/> Signs |
| <b>DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES</b>                                 |  |  |  |
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