

ALL STORIES COMPLETE



APRIL

10¢

# Love

## BOOK

MAGAZINE

APRIL

Love BOOK MAGAZINE



10¢



*Wanted. A Millionaire*  
by VINA LAWRENCE

*Mail  
Order Bride*  
by  
PEGGY GADDIS



# \$1 Brings your Choice of these 6 GREAT VALUES from AMERICA'S Greatest JEWELRY BARGAIN BOOK

**10 MONTHS TO PAY**

**10 DAY TRIAL**

**MONEY BACK  
IF NOT SATISFIED**

**14K SOLID GOLD \$2975  
21 JEWELS**



**P417** - A tiny new watch for ladies. 14K solid natural gold with guaranteed 21 jewel movement. Usually sells for \$45. Look at our price. **\$2.88 a month**



**K516** - Man's 21 jewel curved watch, fits snug to wrist. Case in charm and color of natural gold. Leather strap. A watch that will keep accurate time for a lifetime. Regular price \$40. **\$2.88 a month**

**21 JEWEL  
CURVED  
WATCH  
for  
MEN  
\$2975**



**1/4 CARAT \$4250  
DIAMOND RING**

**A341** - Direct importing makes this low price possible. 1/4 carat selected quality diamond with 2 other diamonds. 14K natural gold engagement ring. Reg. \$75 value. **\$4.15 a month**

**The BARBARA - a 17 JEWEL  
BULOVA FEATURE \$2975**



**R129** - A special feature by Bulova - a tiny watch in charm and color of natural gold; 17 jewels. **\$2.88 a month**

**15 Jewel BULOVA  
\$2475**

**J607** - Bulova's Packet Watch Feature - an extra thin model 12 size case in charm and color of natural gold. 15 jewels. **\$2.38 a month**



**BULOVA  
15 Jewels  
\$2475**

**M11** - The Bulova Banker - an attractive feature with 15 jewels. Case in charm and color of natural gold. Leather strap **\$2.38 a month**

**FREE TO ADULTS.** A postcard brings our complete 52 page catalog of diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, leather goods, electrical appliances and other gifts - all on 10 months terms. Send for it today.

We select for you six of the greatest values in our Jewelry Bargain Book. Let us send your choice of these bargains for approval and 10-day trial. Here's how you do it.

Simply put a dollar bill in an envelope with your name, address and the number of the article wanted. Tell us your age (must be over 20) occupation, employer and a few other simple facts about yourself. Information will be held strictly confidential - no direct inquiries will be made.

Upon arrival of your order we will open a 10 month Charge Account for you and send your selection for approval and free trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back and your dollar will be refunded immediately. If satisfied, pay the balance in 10 small monthly amounts you will never miss.

Send your order today.

**L. W. SWEET**  
MAIL ORDER DIVISION  
OF FINLAY STRAUS  
1670 BROADWAY  
DEPT. 18D NEW YORK

# THIS EMPTY

# MEANS

**I**t takes brain to earn money—trained brain!  
 The man without training is usually the man without cash. You can train your brain! Thousands of men have done it through spare-time study of I. C. S. Courses. Be a cash man—be a trained man—mail this coupon!



# THIS EMPTY

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 3276-E, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X: ★

### TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- |  |   |  |  |  |
|--|---|--|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker     | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing          | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting           | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman   | <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaker            | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating           | <input type="checkbox"/> Ventilation             | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge and Building Foreman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating       | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer     | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder    | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work         | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio             | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer          | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman      | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer   | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer       | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman   | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotives | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman   | <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Foreman                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Management of Inventions  | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist              | <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker         | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes              | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalmen             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer       | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker           |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering     | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting         | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines         |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering       | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines       |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping   | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints   | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanic    |  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals  | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration          |  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming             |

### BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- |  |   |   |  |
|--|---|---|--|
| <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"/> Cartooning            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountant      | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising      | <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards  |
|  |   | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk           | <input type="checkbox"/> Signs                 |

### DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

- |   |   |  |  |
|---|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Foods and Cookery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Designing | <input type="checkbox"/> Designing            | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering |  |

Name..... Age..... Address.....

City..... State..... Present Position.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

# 10¢ Love BOOK MAGAZINE

Jane Littell, Editor

Vol. Four

April, 1938

Number Four

THIS SEAL PROTECTS YOU  AGAINST REPRINT FICTION!

All stories in magazines bearing this seal are written especially for this publisher and have never before been printed in any form!

## STORIES OF LOVE AND ROMANCE

MAIL ORDER BRIDE.....	<i>Peggy Gaddis</i>	6
The order specified one blonde bride to be sent collect.		
STAY FOR BREAKFAST.....	<i>Helen Ahern</i>	27
It's no fun to be rescued from a public jilting.		
TAKE LOVE WITH YOU.....	<i>Helen Welshimer</i>	40
Wanted for murder, Peggy could only think about her love.		
LOVE LOCKED OUT.....	<i>Katherine Page</i>	52
Nora could not lock Kip from her new home nor from her heart.		
A CHANCE FOR LOVE.....	<i>Helen Hines</i>	64
Sally gambles her life for an imitation of love.		
I'M GOING TO BE A LADY.....	<i>Cynthia Sutton</i>	77
Terry told Randy that love was not enough.		
WANTED: A MILLIONAIRE.....	<i>Vina Lawrence</i>	86
June staged a husband hunt and found more millionaires than she could marry.		

## FEATURES

WANT YOUR FORTUNE TOLD?.....	<i>Zamora</i>	51
You lay out the cards. Zamora reads them for you.		
A SWEETHEART BRACELET.....		83
DRESS UP FOR SPRING DAYS (Two pages of patterns).....		106
ROMANCE IN YOUR STARS.....	<i>Leo King</i>	108
An astrological forecast for March.		
TO LET.....	<i>Gertrude Curtis Ryan</i>	115
HOLLYWOOD STARS GO OFF THE DIETS.....	<i>Dorothy Wooldridge</i>	116
PEN PALS.....	<i>Polly Porter, Hostess</i>	119

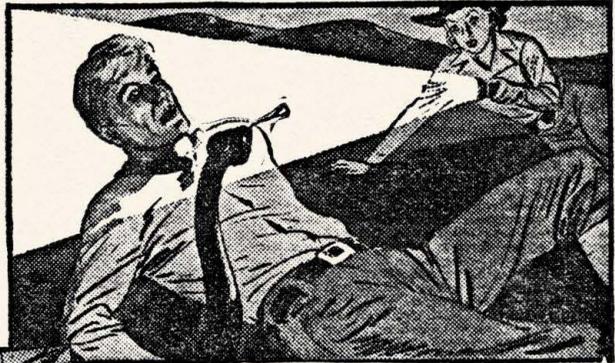
Published every month by Popular Publications, Inc., 2256 Grove Street, Chicago, Illinois. Editorial and executive offices, 205 East Forty-Second Street, New York City. Harry Steeger, President and Secretary. Harold S. Goldsmith, Vice President and Treasurer. Entered as second class matter June 5, 1936, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Title registration pending at U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1938, by Popular Publications, Inc. Single copy price 10c. Yearly subscription in U.S.A. \$1.20. For advertising rates address Sam J. Perry, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. When submitting manuscripts kindly enclose stamped self-addressed envelope for their return if found unavailable. The publishers cannot accept responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, although care will be exercised in handling them.

# "We Were Asleep in a Nest of Rattlers!"



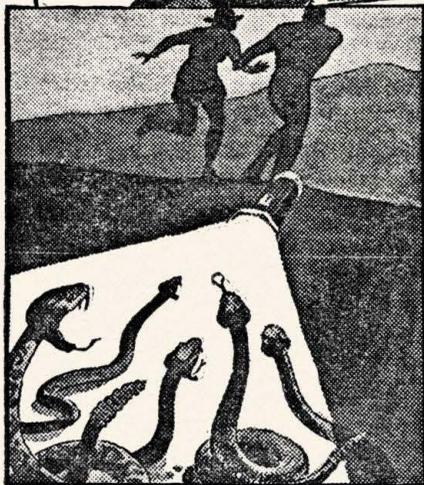
"I READ YOUR ADS REGULARLY," WRITES RAYMOND COBB, OF 303 EAST LIBERTY STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C., "BUT I HAVE YET TO SEE AN 'EVEREADY' EXPERIENCE THAT COMPARES WITH MINE."

"Roughing it in the mountains, my wife and I were sleeping on a large flat rock, when I was suddenly awakened. My wife, who had the light, was flashing it in my eyes.



"A second later a rattler cut the mountain stillness. He sounded like a machine gun, he was so close...and, as I lay motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, I felt his lethal slithering body cross my own!...Then other rattles sounded all around us!

"But before he could strike, my wife diverted the snake's attention with the flashlight beam. I leapt to my feet, so did she, throwing the light at the six-foot intruder.



"We fled through the dark woods while the rattlers gathered on the rock to strike at the light that saved us, a light powered with DATED 'Eveready' batteries that were really fresh when we bought them months before.

(Signed)  
*Raymond Cobb*



**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE**

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 EAST 42<sup>ND</sup> STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# AUDELS Carpenters and Builders Guides

4 vols. \$6



Inside Trade Information for Carpenters, Builders, Joiners, Building Mechanics and all Woodworkers. These Guides give you the short-cut instructions that you want—including new methods, ideas, solutions, plans, systems and money saving suggestions. An easy progressive course for the apprentice and student. A practical daily helper and Quick Reference for the master worker. Carpenters everywhere are using these Guides as a Helping Hand to Better Work, Better Work and Better Pay. To get this assistance for yourself, simply fill in and mail the FREE COUPON below.

## Inside Trade Information On:

How to use the steel square—How to file and set saws—How to build furniture—How to use a mitre box—How to use the chalk line—How to use Rules and scales—How to make joints—Carpenters arithmetic—Solving measurement problems—Estimating strength of timbers—How to set girders and sills—How to frame houses and roofs—How to estimate costs—How to build houses, barns, garages, bungalows, etc.—How to read and draw plans—Drawing up specifications—How to excavate—How to use setlines 12, 13 and 17 on the steel square—How to build hoists and scaffolds—skylights—How to build stairs—How to put on interior trim—How to hang doors—How to lath—lay floors—How to paint



**THEO. AUDEL & CO., 49 W. 23rd St., New York City**

Mail Audels Carpenters and Builders Guides, 4 vols., on 7 days' free trial. If O.K. I will pay \$1 in 7 days, and \$1 monthly until \$6 is paid. Otherwise I will return them. No obligation unless I am satisfied.

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 Occupation.....  
 Reference..... M. G.

## YOU CAN LEARN TO DRAW

**AT HOME—IN YOUR SPARE TIME**

A few pleasant hours a week of study and drawing during your term under our instruction should start you on the road to earning money in the Art field.

### COMMERCIAL ART ILLUSTRATING CARTOONING

Many of our most successful graduates never studied Art before enrolling with W. S. A. YOU have the same opportunity of becoming an Artist. Our proven, practical training is actually fun. Write for FREE BOOK—"Art for Pleasure and Profit". State age.

**STUDIO 894E WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART**  
 1115-15th ST. N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Home-Study Business Training

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. Free 64-Page Books Tell How. Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin today.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy   | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mod. Salesmanship    | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law       | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Mgmt      | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Mgmt        | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Corres.     |   |

**LaSalle Extension, Dept. 434-R, Chicago**

# Salesmanship

YOU don't often think of the word salesmanship in connection with popularity, do you? And yet salesmanship is the very essence of popularity. Salesmanship is the art of creating a desire in the customer's mind for what the salesman has to sell. And how does the salesman go about this?

He shows you his wares. He extols their merits. He may even name important persons who have purchased what he has to sell. He makes you want his wares.

And so it is with popularity, only you are your own salesman and you must be subtle and clever about selling yourself.

You want people to like you. The first step is to analyze yourself and decide what there is about you that people should like. Are you a good cook? A good dancer? A sympathetic listener? A good hostess? Any accomplishment can be turned into valuable advertising material to put yourself across.

Beauty, of course, is a short-cut to popularity. But mere beauty with no other admirable qualities to back it up isn't sufficient to sustain popularity very long. With beauty very often goes vanity, although beauty is the last thing one should be vain about, and vanity is about the biggest handicap to popularity there is.

Sometimes beauty is more satisfactory to look at than to live with, which explains why so many smart men pass up the birds of paradise and marry the little brown wrens. The little brown wrens are not so interested in themselves and the maintenance of their own beauty that they have no time to spare to provide the comforts their husbands want. And there never was a marriage made yet where the man didn't expect his wife to concern herself with his creature comforts and add to them. So you can see that salesmanship is not only an aid to popularity, but a long step towards marriage.

If a girl has beauty and will back it up with qualities of kindness and consideration and thoughtfulness for others, the world is hers.

Even without beauty, a girl who learns that she must give to receive can have just about anything she wants from life. We like people because they like us. If you want to be popular, you must prove to people that you are friendly, kind-hearted, interested in them. In other words, show your wares.

When you are seeking popularity, do not overlook the older people, the fathers and mothers of your young friends. Take a bouquet of flowers from your garden to your friend's mother. Remember what your friend's father likes to talk about, and if you find an article in a magazine that would interest him, take it to him. Do not be afraid to stop at the chaperons' corner at a dance and chat with the older women there. Remember that no matter how old the mothers look to you, they still feel young and they are still interested in the young folks' doings.

If you have difficulty in making friends,

## SALESMANSHIP

select someone you like to experiment on. Someone you do not know very well but admire and would like to know better. The very fact of your seeking them out is flattery of the sort that few people can resist. Do not be afraid to show your admiration, for there isn't a person alive who doesn't thrive on that sort of unspoken flattery. And it need not be entirely unspoken, for people like to hear nice things about themselves.

If you deliberately set out to win one person's friendship and accomplish it, you have learned all you will ever need to know about becoming popular.

Cleanliness and neatness are fundamental virtues. The popular girl is invariably the girl with the freshness of springtime about her. Then, too, cleanliness and neatness are tangible evidences of a clean, orderly mind. They are the wares you show. Now, taking a leaf from the salesman's book, you extol your wares. And how do you do that? Certainly not in words.

You make sure that no matter how simple or inexpensive your wardrobe is, you never appear with a soiled shoulder strap showing, or runover heels, or a run in your stocking. You make sure your hair is always sweet and clean. You manage always to be so perfectly groomed that there is never a fault to find with you on that score, for as a girl cares for her person, so she will care for her husband's home. Don't think that men don't realize that. They do.

Never say unpleasant things about anyone. One enemy can undo all your work. Be happy. Be gay. Be expectant of the good things of life and your very expectancy will bring them to you. Learn to dance well, not only because men like good dancers, but because dancing is one of the very best exercises and a supple, slim, well-muscled body is an asset to any girl.

Learn to cook well because cooking is one of women's duties, and it is a lot more fun to know that you do a thing well, since you have to do it anyway. Then you will be happy doing it, and make your family happy when you have one.

Read the newspapers and keep posted on current events, so that you can talk intelligently when the occasion requires. But don't chatter. Learn when to talk and when to smile.

Don't forget that men are lordly creatures and they like girls who mold themselves to their men's preferences. Show that you are adaptable and can adjust yourself to any sort of surroundings and situation, and you will be extolling your merits without the words the salesman uses to extol his wares.

Never talk about past conquests. No man ever likes to think you have been interested in anyone before him. That's where selling yourself is different from the salesman's efforts. But the salesman makes you want his wares, and if you want to be popular, you must make people want what you have to offer. If you want to marry, you must make some man think you will make him the best wife in the world. You do it by showing him how considerate, how thoughtful and kind you can be.

You do it by a clever and subtle sort of salesmanship.

—JANE LITTELL.

# UNEMPLOYED MEN and WOMEN Mail This Application At Once!

## COFFEE AGENCY APPLICATION

Over 350 more men and women needed at once to open fine-paying Coffee Agencies right in their own home localities. The chance to make as high as \$60.00 in a week, starting at once. No past experience needed. This company will send you everything you need and give you all the help you require. You risk no money. Mail this Application if you want to know whether your own or nearby locality is open. No obligation—you decide after you read the plan.

1

### Write Your Full Name and Address Here

Name .....  
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

City and State.....

2

### How Much Time Can You Devote to Coffee Agency?

Mark with an "X"

FULL TIME;  PART TIME

Full time pays up to \$35 to \$60 in a week. Part time, either during the day or evenings, pays up to \$22.50 in a week.

3

### State Which Bonus You Prefer—Cash or Ford Sedan

In addition to their cash earnings, we offer our producers a cash bonus of \$500.00 or a brand-new, latest model Ford Tudor Sedan. State which you would prefer if you decide to accept our offer.

Mark "X" before your choice.

\$500.00 CASH BONUS;

LATEST MODEL FORD TUDOR SEDAN

4

### Can You Start at Once?

Mark with an "X"

YES;  NO

If you cannot start at once, state about when you will be able to start.

## SEND NO MONEY

No money fee is required with this Application. It merely tells us that you would consider running a Coffee Agency in your locality if we have an opening for you. There's no obligation. You will be notified by return mail whether your home locality is available. Then you can decide if the money-making possibilities look good to you. A chance to

be independent, work as you please, and make more than just a modest living. Those who apply first will be given preference, so mail your Application without delay. No letter is required, just the Application.

ALL  
APPLICA-  
TIONS  
WILL BE  
HELD  
STRICTLY  
CONFIDEN-  
TIAL

MAIL AT ONCE TO

Albert Mills, President

5071 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

# MAIL ORDER BRIDE

By PEGGY GADDIS



*The order specified one blonde bride to be sent collect. With heartbreaking faith and courage, Drusilla went to fill that order*

*The thought of a place where it was really warm made her pause to dream.*



**O**UTSIDE a bitter wind, laden with the sharp sting of sleet, battered against the windows. Inside the huge office of one of the largest mail-order houses in the country, it was warm. But when five o'clock came, Drusilla knew that she would have to wrap her thin coat about her shrinking body and fight her way against that bitter wind to her chilly hall bedroom where she had never been completely warm in winter or comfortably cool in summer.

This morning there was an added fear to her discomfort. Thrust into the pocket of her smock was a significant little blue slip which read, "The management regrets that owing to business conditions, your services will no longer be required after this week." Her heart had settled coldly at the thought of that. Her fingers shook a little as they handled her share of the morning's mail. But with the eyes



of the boss upon her, she must maintain a briskness she was far from feeling.

She opened an order, drew an order pad towards her, copied the name and address from the letter. "Peter J. Howell, Lazy H. Ranch," and a town and state in the southwest. The thought of a place where the sun was actually shining, where it was really warm, where there were no bitter, icy winds to lash a too thin body in a paper-thin coat made her pause a moment. Her eyes sped over the items ordered. And then she caught her breath with a startled gasp and her soft, blue eyes widened.

At the bottom of the order there was a postscript. It read, "P. S. One bride, blonde, blue-eyed, not very tall and not too fat. Deliver with invoice, advising time of arrival." And below there was the scrawled signature of Peter J. Howell.

For a long moment Drusilla Wayne stared at that scrawling postscript. A mail-order bride! That was what this Peter J. Howell wanted. She didn't know anything about him, but she knew that in his part of the country the sun would be shining and it would be warm. There might even be flowers and grass and trees. Surely grass and trees because cattle had to have grass.

Even as her crazy jumble of thoughts shook her, she was tearing the postscript off of the order and thrusting it into her pocket. And at lunch time, with the color high in her thin cheeks, her eyes shining with a reckless light, her body hunched against the wind, she made inquiries about railroad tickets to the little town Peter J. Howell had given as an address.

She knew the whole thing was wild, crazy, fantastic. But when she discovered that her painfully hoarded savings would buy a ticket to the little town in the southwest, though it would leave a terrifying small amount over for food on the way, she knew she was going. She had the courage of desperation. It was a reckless

thing to do, but if she didn't do it, she probably would die of starvation and cold. She could get by on very little food during the trip, she planned busily as she worked that afternoon, and she needn't take a Pullman. The day coach would be warm and comfortable.

That night at midnight, with a battered suitcase carrying her small store of earthly belongings, she settled herself in the day coach and with shining eyes, saw the station slip past her, and afterwards the thick darkness of a winter night. . . .

**T**HERE was no use, during the long days and nights of her trip across the country, to be frightened at the thought of what she was doing. She had burned her bridges behind her. She couldn't go back because there was nothing to go back to. And she had no money to go back, even if there had been somebody there to receive her.

She sent a telegram to Peter J. Howell just before she left the station, announcing the time of her arrival, and then she settled back to let fate take care of the rest. She only ate when hunger made her faint and even then her money gave out twelve hours before the end of her journey.

When she heard the trainman announcing that the next stop would be Cactus City, her heart began to thud painfully. She was weak from hunger and weariness, but excitement lent her a false brightness.

With the aid of a pocket comb and a compact she made herself as attractive as she could. The pale gold hair framed an oval face that was too thin, so that the blue eyes, deep and warm-looking as spring flowers, seemed overly large in that pallor. She rubbed on a bit of rouge and then rubbed it off again, for it looked too artificial. Her shabby suit was wrinkled and train-soiled. Her thin coat looked limp and tired. But when she

stepped from the train, excitement lent a color to her thin cheeks that was very becoming.

Cactus City was scarcely more than a junction stop. Not more than half a dozen houses, a store with a false front that pretended it was two stories high, and the station. A tall young man in a blue shirt with a brilliantly colored neckerchief tied tightly beneath his sunburned chin, a wide, curly-brimmed white hat aslant on his dark head, stood talking to the station master.

Drusilla took one look at him and her heart turned over. "He looks like Gary Cooper," she told herself shakily. "He couldn't possibly be Peter J. Howell, for nobody who looks like that would need to send for a mail-order bride."

He glanced at Drusilla, and then at the departing train. Then he started away and she heard the faint musical jangle of spurs as he went.

Drusilla drew a long breath and spoke to the station master, "I'm looking for Mr. Peter J. Howell," she said, and the jangle of spurs stopped and the tall young man who looked like Gary Cooper turned and stared at her, his eyebrows making question marks of surprise.

The station master jerked a thumb towards him and said, "That's Mr. Howell."

Drusilla and Peter J. Howell stared at each other, neither of them able to speak for a moment. Drusilla's heart was thumping so loudly she felt sure he must hear it. Something stunned and incredulous and not too pleased about his look frightened her so that she stammered wildly,

"Well, you didn't say I had to be pretty! When my face is clean and I've had something to eat, and rested a little, I won't look so bad. And I'm lots stronger than I look. I've had to be. I won't be any bother to you, truly, I won't."

When Peter J. Howell still seemed unable to speak, she suddenly, to her own

horror, burst into tears. She knew how men hate tears and through the humiliating downpour, she managed to say, "And I never cry! It's just that I guess I'm—frightened—a little."

Peter seemed to recover from whatever astonishment had deprived him of speech and he said half under his breath in a tone of sharp pity, "Why, you poor little devil!" And then aloud, as he took her suitcase, he said quickly, "I'm sorry. You sort of bowled me over. You're not at all what I expected."

He paused and stared at her frowning a little, "You are Drusilla Wayne, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course," answered Drusilla, fighting hard to down the tears. She was trying desperately to prove to him that she could be gay and bright and vivacious, despite her weariness and hunger and the little slow, creeping fear that she had fought all the way across the country and which now threatened to overwhelm her. "What did you expect?"

Peter led her to a powerful looking roadster, and stowed the pathetic suitcase in the rumble.

"I expected someone a whole lot older and more sure of herself."

"And of course more beautiful," Drusilla finished for him gravely, "I know. You could probably have found some one like me most any place. I know I had no right to answer your order and be such a disappointment. But I was desperate. I had lost my job, and I hadn't very much money saved up, and it was so bitterly cold."

She was watching his lean, handsome dark face anxiously for a hint of relenting, for some warmth, some friendliness that would lend her a needed courage. But he only looked at her queerly, and said almost curtly,

"You had better have a bite to eat while I see about the license."

"Then you're going to let me stay?"

Drusilla whispered, and the depth of her passionate relief, her almost frantic gratitude, gave some eloquent hint of the despair and the terror that had shaken her at the thought he might not.

His dark face warmed, softened. He said swiftly, "Of course I'm going to let you stay. Just try to get away from me."

The moment was too poignant for any lightness on her part. She lifted her pallid face with its great, warmly blue eyes and her mouth trembled as she said in a tone that made the words a vow she would never break, "I'll never try to get away from you. I'll never want to."

Peter frowned as though the intensity of her emotion disturbed him a little. And then he tucked his hand beneath her elbow and led her towards the lunch room beside the station. He settled her at a table, ordered for her and went away. And as she ate with the frank, unashamed appetite of a starved child, peace and confidence and a new happiness beyond anything she had ever known flowed into Drusilla's heart.

For the first time in her life, she knew what it meant to be promised shelter, and protection, to have some one think about her and want to do things for her. Brought up in a home where she was an unwanted, unwelcome poor relation, pushed out to shift for herself the moment the law permitted it, ill-equipped for self-support because of a lack of training, she had found the years filled with hardships and terrors, the greatest of which had been the aching loneliness of not belonging to any one, of not having anything or anyone belonging to her.

**W**HEN Peter came back for her, she seemed to have bloomed. There was a faint color in her cheeks and her eyes were shining like dim stars.

She was still a little like a mistreated, bewildered animal that suddenly, incredibly finds friends, Peter thought, as he

walked with her out of the lunchroom.

In a dingy, unkempt office, a justice of the peace married them. Drusilla's small cold hand stopped being so cold as Peter's hand held it firmly. Peter gave his response in a firm, almost defiant voice so that she told herself breathlessly there was no doubt about their being married when at last the justice finished and closed the book.

"Ain't you forgot something, Peter?" he said slyly when Peter had thrust a bill into his hand. "Weddin' ain't legal until you've kissed the bride, you know."

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten," said Peter and his jaw was a trifle set as he turned to Drusilla.

And Drusilla said with pitiful concern, "You needn't, if you'd rather not."

Peter said, his voice a little warmer, his expression not quite so grim, "But of course I want to kiss my bride!"

And then his arms were about her, holding her lightly, and he was bending his handsome head, setting his mouth on hers in a kiss that was, to Drusilla, the loveliest, the most exquisite thing that had ever happened. She clung to him and hid her face against his shoulder, suddenly desperately shy of him and of the eyes of the frowsy old justice. It was as though she feared that once they saw her face after that revealing kiss, they would know of the fireworks that had exploded in her heart.

Peter released her very gently and a little later they were in the roadster flying over the road that soon became nothing more than a trail. Drusilla looked about her with shining, eager eyes. The world stretched away for endless miles, until the eye ached with trying to encompass the distance. There was a pungent scent of sage-brush in the air. There were tall, grotesque cactus clumps and weird looking leafless trees that Peter said were the famous Judas trees of the desert.

It was all strange and fascinating and

utterly glorious. The bright hot sun beat down and she felt like a cat relaxed in its lulling warmth as her body seemed almost to expand beneath it.

She tugged off her hat, and shook her pale gold hair loose and lifted her face to the sun's burning caress.

"Put your hat back on, you foolish child," said Peter. "Do you want to get a sun-stroke?"

"No," said Drusilla, obeying him docilely. "I just want to get warm. It seems to me I've been cold all my life."

Peter asked her some questions about herself. As artlessly as a child she told him about herself, without any reaching out for pity or sympathy, but with a feeling that now he was her husband, it was his right to know her short history. When she had finished he nodded as though he understood that frantic, desperate impulse that had sent her flying across the country to a man she had never seen.

**I**T SEEMED to Drusilla that they had been riding for hours, and indeed the sun was sinking in the west when at last a barbed wire fence loomed up before them. Set into it was a padlocked gate. Peter unlocked the gate, drove through, locked the gate again and drove on. It was perhaps a mile before she saw the silver-green of a lovely grove of cottonwoods. Set in the midst of them like a jewel in its carefully chosen setting was a ranch house of white stucco with a roof of faded rose tiles. It was so beautiful that when the car stopped beside a gate set in a white patio wall she sat still in the car, oblivious to Peter's attempt to help her out.

"But surely we don't live here?" she marveled, thrilling to the ecstasy of knowing she belonged to Peter.

"This is Santa Theresa, the home ranch of the Lazy H," said Peter. "There are more than fifteen square miles of the place, but this is the headquarters. My

home—and now yours—welcomes you."

She was a little appalled, a little frightened. She had not dreamed that he was rich. She had thought him a worker, perhaps a homesteader. She had thought of herself cooking for him, scrubbing the floors of an ugly little house that would be lovely because it would be theirs, of making it a home for him, out of her passionate gratitude for his rescue. But this! This lovely, gracious white house with its patio wall enclosing a beautiful garden where roses grew, and the grass that was like a velvet rug! Beyond, an open door revealed massive furnishings of the Spanish type, gleams of scarlet leather and the dim, blurred colors of priceless wall hangings.

Peter said, almost annoyed with her silent awe, "Come along, child. You'll want to freshen up a bit before dinner. You must be terribly tired."

She let him lead her into the house, trying desperately to deny the little chill that settled about her heart as her wide eyes took in the beauty and the luxury that even to her untutored mind spelled not only great wealth but exquisite, discriminating taste as well. This house had grown with the years. Peter's ancestors had lived here. Peter's descendants would go on living here. And her heart gave a little startled jump at the thought. Peter's descendants! They would call her Mother.

Looking up at Peter's grim face, she was frightened and shivered as though a cold wind had blown suddenly over her. A pretty Spanish girl came towards them and Peter said,

"Carmelita, this is Mrs. Howell. We were married this afternoon. See that she is made comfortable and that dinner is served promptly at eight."

Carmelita's velvety black eyes widened and her pretty mouth made a little astonished sound before she recovered herself, and with Drusilla's battered suitcase,

led the way up a curving staircase to the most beautiful bedroom Drusilla had ever seen. Windows were set so deeply into the cool white walls that each one offered ample resting place for the gaily colored pots of growing plants. There were draperies of hand-blocked linen, a deep velvety rug, painted furniture, a bathroom that was a marvel of pale green tiles, with piles of apricot-colored towels behind glass doors set into the walls.

Drusilla was glad when Carmelita went away. Her suitcase had been unpacked. She was terribly ashamed of its shabby contents. She ran a hot bath, sprinkled bath salts generously into the crystal clear water and had the most luxurious bath of her life. Then she brushed her pale gold hair until it shone like silk and donned her other dress.

It was a cheap black satin that she had found in a bargain basement. Here in this handsome, distinguished house it looked cheaper than ever, but it was her best and when she heard the sound of a mellow-toned gong, she went down the stairs with her head held high and little drifts of lovely color in her cheeks.

Peter was waiting for her. She thought he winced a little at the sight of her but she could not be sure. It merely might have been that he was tired. She hoped it was that. He seated her at the head of the table as courteously as though she had been born to all this. And when the dark-skinned butler came in to serve the dinner, Peter saw to it unobtrusively, yet with a casualness that eased her embarrassment, that she knew which fork to use and when not to use her knife. She burned with the ambition to be worthy of all this, to learn to live up to it. She mustn't shame Peter. She must be the sort of wife he wanted, no matter what came.

**A**FTER dinner, the butler served coffee in cups so fragile that Drusilla was almost afraid to touch hers lest it

smash in her hands. They had not finished when suddenly, from outside the patio walls, there broke out the most horrible din she had ever heard. Drusilla was on her feet, white with terror, clinging to Peter. She saw that his face was as white as paper behind its burned-in tan, and that his eyes blazed with fury.

Above that hideous clamor, he spoke with his lips touching her ear, "Don't be frightened, darling. It's only a friendly serenade. A charivari in honor of the wedding."

He put her into a chair, walked across to the patio door and out onto the terrace. The furious din stopped suddenly. She could not hear any voice save Peter's and that was so low that she could not distinguish the words. She huddled in her chair, frightened and bewildered, trying to accept Peter's serenade. She had thought of stampedes, of attacks by Indians. Now she tried to laugh at herself for such thoughts.

She heard footsteps along the patio walk and then Peter came in, accompanied by four other men. They hung back, abashed, hats in hands, their leather chaps and spurs jangling a little as they moved uneasily.

"Darling," said Peter and there was an emphasis on the word that brought the color to Drusilla's cheeks, "these are four friends of mine who are going to be friends of yours, too. This is Breck Hart, my top-riding hand. One of the best in the business."

A young man as blonde as Peter was dark, stepped forward and held out his hand, smiling warmly down at Drusilla. There was something friendly and appealing in his eyes.

"We're sure pleased to meet you, Mrs. Howell," said Breck with a friendly pressure of her small, cold hand. "And we're mighty sorry we scared you with our foolin'. Guess we forgot you weren't a



*"She is going to take a lot of explaining, Petey, my boy."*

western lady and wouldn't understand."

Drusilla beamed on him, because he was the first man who called her Mrs. Howell, because he wanted to be friendly, and most of all because he was Peter's friend.

The next man introduced was the ranch foreman. The other two were fore-



men of smaller ranches, all of which were Lazy H property. They each apologized for the charivari and assured her they had meant no harm. When they had gone Peter said swiftly,

"You must be tired, my dear. Would you like Carmelita to help you get ready for bed?"

"No, thanks, I'm not use to having anybody help me," answered Drusilla and could not quite meet his eyes as she said good night, flushed and bridelike in her sudden shyness.

In the lovely room where Carmelita had unpacked her scanty belongings, she saw that the bed had already been turned down and her nightgown and kimona spread over the foot of it, with her cheap little slippers beneath it. She donned the cotton nightdress and wished passionately that it were a filmy wisp of chiffon and lace fine enough to have been crumpled and pulled through a wedding ring. The cheap little cotton crepe kimona was a shade of blue that matched her eyes exactly and she was glad of that.

She hoped with all her heart that Peter would not think her too shabby. She was his bride and she had given him her heart within the first five minutes of knowing him. She loved him and wanted to be his wife. Not just his mail-order bride. Not just a girl he scarcely knew. She wanted to belong to him in every lovely way that a wife may belong to the husband she loves. Of course she told herself hastily, she knew that Peter didn't love her. Not yet. He couldn't. Because she was a thin, frightened little thing. But some day he would love her, she promised herself as she curled up in a beautiful wingchair and waited for him to come to her. He would love her because she would make herself so beautiful and so clever and so irresistible that he would just have to love her, whether he wanted to or not.

She had not realized that she was so tired, but she roused suddenly to realize

that she had been asleep. Peter was bending over her, lifting her out of her chair, carrying her to the bed, where he laid her down, drew the covers over her against the chill of the desert night and for a moment stood bending above her, looking down at her.

Drusilla's heart thudded hard in her breast. She wanted to put her arms about him, to draw him down to her, to tell him wordlessly and beautifully that she belonged to him utterly. But she was shy. Suddenly Peter straightened, snapped out the light, and the next moment the door closed behind him. Drusilla lay quite still, and then she turned her face until it was hidden against the pillow and cried herself to sleep.

**A** BRILLIANT flood of golden sunlight was pouring into the room when she awoke. It was hard to remember where she was. She sprang out of bed and ran to the window, looking out at the beauty of the cottonwoods shimmering silver-green in the sunlight, the brilliantly colored flowers in the patio. A deep, exquisite contentment crept into her soul. She was at home! For the first time in her brief, harried, unhappy life, she was at home! That was so much happiness, such ecstasy, that her heart scarcely seemed large enough to contain it.

She dressed in a cotton summer dress and went downstairs. The butler told her, in perfect English only faintly accented with the soft sibilance of his native Spanish, that the Señor Boss had breakfasted early and was already somewhere about the ranch on his day's duties. The Señora's breakfast would be served any time she was ready. The Señor Boss would be home for lunch.

She had no difficulty amusing herself. She prowled about the house and the grounds, loving every inch of the place because it was her home. Here she was to

live all her days with Peter. It was a lovely thought. She was too enchanted with it to wonder why Peter had found it necessary to order a bride from a mail-order house.

When he came in at lunch, he was pleasant, friendly, studying her with a curious intentness that brought the warm color to her face and made her blue eyes drop before his. His manner to her was perfect. Not loverlike, but then she didn't expect that, she reminded herself humbly, because he wasn't in love with her. But he would be, because she was going to make herself such a lovely person he would have to be.

Late that evening, when they were in the living room after dinner, there was the sound of a car in the drive, the slam of a car door, and then voices. A moment later, a girl came into the room. A girl so beautiful that Drusilla could only stare at her, round-eyed and speechless.

"Peter, I've come to find out what all this nonsense is about your being married," the girl was saying even as she came into the room. But her eyes fell upon Drusilla and the words died on her lips.

"Darling," said Peter swiftly and seemed scarcely conscious he said it, as he hurried to the girl and caught her two hands. "You must let me explain."

The girl's lovely face was twisted with fury and she said harshly, her eyes tak-

ing Drusilla in from the top of her pale gold hair to the tips of her scuffed slippers,

"She is going to take rather a lot of explaining, Petey, my boy."

Peter said to Drusilla in an odd, constrained voice, "Drusilla, do you mind leaving us alone for a bit? This is Reitha Elliott, a very old friend of mine. Reitha—my wife," the word seemed to come with some difficulty Drusilla realized and she winced.

"Of course not," she answered Peter's question and nodded shyly to obviously resentful Reitha as she hurried out of the room and up the stairs to her own room.

She was shaken, although she couldn't quite understand why she should be frightened. After all, Reitha was a friend of Peter. He had called her darling, but that couldn't mean an awful lot because, she reminded herself a trifle shakily, he had called her darling, too. And that couldn't have meant anything. This Reitha was so lovely. Slender and dark and perfectly dressed, arrogantly sure of herself and of her importance; the sort of girl Drusilla had watched with wistful envy and never dreamed of knowing or being. A girl born to be sheltered and protected, to have the best and loveliest things in life without ever knowing the necessity of fighting for anything.

Drusilla huddled beside the window for a long time. She heard the door of a car



## JOY HODGES IN NEW MOVIE GIVES STAR PERFORMANCE

Joy Hodges highlights the Universal Picture, "Merry-Go-Round of 1938". Why not highlight your mornings with another Star Performance—a clean, lasting shave with a Star Single-edge Blade? 4 for 10¢. Famous since 1880. Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.



FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

# STAR Blades

4 FOR 10¢

slam and the car drive away. She waited and waited for Peter to come up, but he never did and at last she crept into bed, to lie wide-eyed in the dark, trying desperately not to worry.

In the morning when she came down to breakfast Peter was still at the table. He greeted her with his usual courteous friendliness and then said,

"I want you to learn to ride, Drusilla. I'll have Breck Hart teach you. And I'm having some clothes sent down from Dallas for you. They'll do until we get a chance to go to Los Angeles for some more shopping."

Drusilla looked up at him and said quietly, "There are a lot of things I want to learn, Peter, and riding is just one of them."

Peter looked at her with a faint hint of interest, "And what are some of the others, Drusilla?" he asked with an attempt at lightness.

"I want to learn all the things that will make me the right wife for you," she told him steadily. "So that you might even some day be proud of me, though I know that's an awful lot to hope. But I've got to be—the kind of wife you won't ever need to be ashamed of."

Peter's dark, handsome face was touched with tenderness and warmth and he said, conviction inescapable in his voice, "Get that idea out of your head, Drusilla. I mean that I could ever, conceivably, be ashamed of you! That's absurd. You're too fine and sweet for any man to ever be anything but proud of you."

Out of the little rush of eager happiness his words gave her came the courage to say something that had trembled in her heart since the moment she looked into his eyes, "And maybe, some day, if I try very hard to make myself the sort of wife you want, you might even—like me a little?" She hadn't dared say love.

Peter looked away from her, frowning,

and he said as though he couldn't trust himself to say more, "I like you very much now, Drusilla."

"But not quite enough?" asked Drusilla softly and wondered where she found the courage to ask that.

Peter looked at her, puzzled, "Not quite enough for what?" he said.

The warm color flooded her thin face and her blue eyes fought to meet his and lost the battle. But she answered him simply, "Not quite enough to want me for your wife."

Peter hesitated. And then he said, "But you *are* my wife, Drusilla."

"No," said Drusilla simply, "I'm just a mail-order bride."

Peter shoved back his chair and she saw that he didn't want to answer her. Instead he said almost brusquely, "And a very nice mail-order bride, too. Shall we leave it at that for the present?"

He excused himself and went out of the room. Drusilla sat there, her untasted breakfast before her. She had put into words, at a tremendous effort, the shy longings, the half-frightened yet ecstatic hopes, the breathless, tender little dreams that had quivered in her young girl's heart since first she had looked into his eyes. And he had told her curtly that he wanted no part of them. Her face burned at the thought.

She told herself humbly that she had no right to offer herself, her heart and her dreams and her hopes, until she had made herself over, until she had made herself wise and charming and lovely. She must do that because only in that way could she have his love. And she knew that above everything on earth she wanted Peter's love, wanted to be really his wife, not just a mail-order bride.

And so she began the task of making herself over. She put herself in Breck Hart's hands and learned to ride, and while she learned to ride, she learned more about the husband she adored. But

she couldn't understand what he wanted with a mail-order bride.

Breck and Peter had grown up together. Breck's father had been Peter's father's right hand man. The two fathers had come west together. Breck's father's hard work and shrewd business sense, quite as much as Peter's father's wealth had built this vast cattle-empire. Breck and Peter were as devoted as brothers and Breck was delighted at the chance to be of service to Peter's wife.

He taught her more than riding. He taught her to know and love the vast desert, to love the wind and the sun in her face and the scent of sage-brush. And while he taught her these things, she showed him, unconsciously, the beauty and tenderness of a girl's heart. She did not know that Breck was falling in love with her. Her own heart belonged so completely to Peter that she was blind to Breck's growing devotion.

ONE evening when Peter came in after a late visit at the bunkhouse, he discovered Drusilla curled up in a corner of the sofa, facing the open fire that the chill of the desert nights made pleasant. Her pale golden head was bent like an absorbed child's above her task, and Peter stood quite still, watching her very carefully darning one of his socks.

She looked up, startled at sight of him and a warm tide of scarlet flowed into her face. She answered the unspoken look in his eyes.

"I wanted to do things for you," she told him simply. "I'd like to scrub and wash and cook and sew for you but the servants are so much better at those things than I am. This was all I could find to do."

Peter looked as though something hurt him. He said huskily,

"You've very sweet, Drusilla."

And to her startled wonder, he bent his handsome head and kissed her. The next

moment he had gone. Drusilla sat as still as a little statue, savoring the unexpectedness, the loveliness of his kiss. She was breathless with it. A glory burst suddenly in her heart like exploding fireworks. Peter had kissed her. Peter said that she was very sweet. A little whisper crept to her lips, slipped into the room as she clasped her hands like an awed child and the words came straight from her heart. "Oh, please, God, make him love me—a lot! The way I love him!"

A few days later Mrs. Wilson came to teach Drusilla the things she wanted so desperately to know. Drusilla never knew where Peter found her. She didn't ask. She was too grateful for this opportunity to make herself over for Peter, so that Peter would love her. Boxes and packages began to arrive at the ranch house and to disgorge the most exquisite of frocks and hats and wraps and blossom-tinted lingerie. Drusilla now had her web of a chiffon night dress so fine that it could have been pulled through a wedding ring, and matching negligees frosted with fragile laces. But more than the exquisite frocks and frills, she welcomed the books that would reveal to her the knowledge she must have in order to be the sort of wife Peter could love.

Breck, watching her with eyes that grieved for her and a little for himself, too, said one day, "You're certainly putting in a lot of time at this transformation business. How come? You're pretty swell the way you are, you know."

Drusilla lifted her face, that was no longer too thin nor too pale, and laughed a little.

"I've got to make myself so beautiful and so wise and so very attractive that Peter can't help loving me," she answered, baring her heart to him proudly, glorying in her complete adoration of Peter.

Breck's jaw set so hard that a little ridge of muscle leaped into prominence as he spurred his horse. Breck, who had

never done such a thing before. His horse, a beautiful, spirited chestnut, outraged and indignant at such treatment, reared savagely. By the time Breck had apologized to the horse and made his peace with that equine autocrat, the moment had been wrecked, without Drusilla ever having realized that there had been a moment.

And then one evening just as the early winter twilight was closing in, Drusilla thought her moment had come and the gates of her paradise swung open before her dazzled eyes. She was alone in the living room. There was an open fire that the dusky chill made welcome. Before her was the after dinner coffee service and Drusilla, as absorbed as a child playing house, was practising, as Mrs. Wilson had taught her, the graceful rite of after-dinner coffee. She poured imaginary coffee from a gracefully held pot. She held the tiny, fragile cup to an imaginary guest with a pretty smile and a graceful word and looked up, startled, as Peter took the cup from her and lifted her to her feet.

"You absurd infant," he said and his tone was low, caressing, warm with the tender laughter of an adoring parent. And then, looking down at her, feeling the warmth of softness and faint fragrance of her there within his arms, he drew her suddenly close and the laughter flicked out of his eyes and flames leaped there suddenly. He was no longer the indulgent, amused parent. He was primeval man, and she was primeval woman. The knowledge flashed through Drusilla's young, untaught heart with a blinding radiance and the color flowed into her cheeks richly and her eyes flamed beneath the fires in his.

"You lovely thing," said Peter huskily and then he had bent his head and his mouth closed on hers. For a breathless, exquisite moment, she stood within the incredibly beautiful gates of the land of

her heart's desire. Because Peter was holding her close. Peter was loving her. Peter was her own! Her heart stood on tip toe with delight, tilting its lovely chalice, offering him the stored sweetness it held for no man's taking save his. Heaven was within her grasp.

Neither of them heard the sound of arriving cars in the drive. Not until the front door banged open and a babble of voices reached them were they conscious of this cruel interruption. Peter released Drusilla with such obvious, angry reluctance that her shaken heart was comforted a little by it. And the next moment the lovely Reitha stood in the doorway, surrounded by half a dozen or more men and girls like herself.

"Hello, darling," she greeted Peter with a gay impudence that dared him to say she was unwelcome. "You can't hope to be a hermit always, you know. Your friends want to meet your wife."

She glanced at Drusilla almost disdainfully, and then looked again, her eyes widening, for here was no thin, shy, frightened, shabby little creature such as Reitha had seen on her first visit. In a beautifully simple frock of blue crepe that exactly matched her eyes and moulded superbly the perfect lines of her young body, Drusilla was lovely. Reitha's eyes flashed sullenly as Peter welcomed his guests and introduced them to his wife.

Reitha said, thrusting both hands through the crook of Peter's arm, lifting her chin arrogantly in Drusilla's direction, "Don't bother about me, Drusilla, I've been here so much it's a second home. I'll have my old room, of course, darling."

Peter glanced swiftly at Drusilla and there was something in his eyes that shook her to the depths of her being. "The one at the head of the stairs? Of course, if you want it."

Reitha drew him away, laughing and Drusilla welcomed her guests with a youthful poise and dignity that was

charming. When she was free of her duties as hostess, she escaped to her room and stood there, leaning against the closed door, her knees shaking a little. If only Reitha and her guests had come a few moments later! If only they hadn't come at all! She closed her eyes and conjured up the breathless, ecstatic loveliness of those precious moments in Peter's arms. Almost she had been convinced that she had Peter's love. She pulled herself erect and stared at the girl in the mirror who looked back at her with wide, hurt, honest eyes.

"All right, you," she told that girl fiercely. "This is it. Here's where you do battle for your man. For a moment there he was yours—until she came along. She's got the look of a huntress in her eye and Peter is her prey. You might as well start doing something about it."

The trouble was she didn't quite know what to do. She examined the contents of her closet. At first her fancy was for a fluffy gown of yellow tulle that gave her a fragile, utterly frivolous look. She had worn it once but Peter hadn't seemed to notice. And then she saw something else. Black velvet, cut with extreme simplicity, but with a daring that outlined with an almost startling clarity the exquisitely youthful lines of her body.

Her pale golden curls were brushed back from her forehead. She had no jewels. She sent Carmelita down to the patio for a spray of pink primroses to fasten in the knot of her curls. And when she went down the stairs to her guests Peter stared at her as though he had never seen her before, and the male guests promptly surrendered to her.

Reitha, who had elected to wear flamed chiffon with a golden rose on her shoulder and another in her hair, knew that she looked garish and almost tawdry beside the exquisite simplicity of Drusilla. Her dark eyes flashed and her red mouth thinned to an ugly line.

THEY were very gay at dinner. Afterwards, they danced in the rumpus room that was fitted up like a saloon of the old, lawless '49 days and later Peter came to claim Drusilla. Her heart throbbed painfully at the touch of his arms about her, but she held herself almost rigid, afraid that if she relaxed she might beg wildly for the love for which she must fight so carefully.

It wasn't a very happy evening. For the first time since her strange wedding night, she cried herself to sleep, although no one seeing her the next morning, fresh and cool and exquisite, would have dreamed she had not had a full eight hours of dreamless sleep.

Reitha and Peter had already gone when she came down to breakfast. They came in late for luncheon, and did a great deal of low-voiced chattering at the table. They disappeared again that afternoon and by dinner time even the other guests were beginning to be a little uncomfortable about it. After dinner when she was sure that the rest of her guests were amusing themselves, Drusilla slipped out into the patio for a breath of air.

Her face felt stiff with the smiles she had forced throughout the day and she wanted to be alone for a little to rearrange her features to hide the long, ugly gash in her heart. But even in the patio she was not to be alone.

The great round yellow moon that desert dwellers swear can be seen nowhere else on earth had just heaved its copper colored circumference above the line of the patio wall. Its radiant yellow light spilled over the blossoming shrubbery, the beds of flowers. Yes, but it spilled, too, over two people who stood at the end of the flagged walk. Two people who, even as Drusilla recognized them, were swept suddenly into each other's arms and held closely. Drusilla stood rooted to the spot while Reitha lifted her face, laughing provocative, and



Peter bent his handsome dark face and kissed her. . . .

With both shaking hands pressed hard against her mouth, Drusilla turned and fled. She didn't know where. Anywhere away from that scene at the end of the patio walk. Anywhere away from those two figures that might now have been one.

She reached a bench beneath a giant cottonwood and collapsed on it, her face hidden in her hands, before she realized that she was not alone in this friendly shadow. Breck said swiftly, harshly,

"Drusilla, what have they done to you?"

She turned to him as blindly, as simply as a child that has been hurt beyond endurance, and welcomed his arms about her as a refuge from her pain and terror. She didn't know that she was sobbing out the sorry tale of what she had seen until Breck's arms tightened about her.

"Drusilla, darling, when I think that

*"The mail order you answered," Breck confessed huskily. "Peter didn't send it. I did."*



I am to blame for all this, I could cut my throat," he groaned.

Even through the daze of her heart-ache, that reached her and she lifted a tear-stained face and stared at him through the dimness.

"You, Breck?" Her voice caught with sobs.

"It was supposed to be a joke," Breck told her, his voice bitter with self-accusation. "A very funny joke. The boys at the bunkhouse thought it was hilarious. We all did, until we met you. I've wanted to shoot myself ever since."

A little cold finger of ominous dread lay suddenly against her heart. "I don't think I have the faintest idea—what you're talking about," she said faintly.

"The mail order that you answered, darling," said Breck. The words hurt him, yet they had to be said. "I wrote it."

Still she stared at him, wide-eyed. He went on grimly. "It was a perverted sense of humor, of course. The fact that I meant no harm by it only makes me out the worse fool. Anyway, Peter gave me the order to mail. And I wrote at the bottom, 'P. S. One bride, blonde and blue-eyed.' When your telegram came, addressed to Peter, we had to tell him. It didn't seem so terribly funny by then and Peter raised the roof. He sent a wire trying to stop you, but it was too late because you had already left."

Drusilla sat so very still that he broke off and bent his head to peer into her face. He could see only the blur of it, white and still and he went on, hating himself, yet knowing that she had to know.

"When he left here to meet you at the station, he expected to see some brazen hussy who was out for no good. He meant to buy her a ticket and put her back on the train again and that would be that. When we saw you, we understood why Peter hadn't been able to carry out his plan to send you back where you

came from." Her little broken cry stopped him.

"Oh, don't!" she whispered, and once more her face was hidden in her hands, for she was drowning in the deepest sea of bitterness and humiliation that she had ever known. It was all so clear, now. So painfully plain. Peter had meant to send her away, but she had wept and revealed her abject poverty, the fact that she was actually hungry. He had befriended her as he would have rescued a starving kitten. And she had hung herself about his neck and now he couldn't get rid of her!

Breck tried abjectly to comfort her but was at last still, knowing the futility of that. After what seemed a very long time to both of them she whispered,

"And—Reitha?"

"They've been engaged almost since cradle-days," answered Breck unhappily. "They grew up together. The three of us did, for that matter. Their families have expected their marriage ever since they were born, practically."

"I see," whispered Drusilla, and writhed at the thought that she had been happy as Peter's wife, believing that some day he would love her and want her as she loved and wanted him. Breck showed her just how silly those hopes and dreams of hers were. Far from loving her, Peter must have resented her. That thought hurt bitterly.

Breck said suddenly, his voice caressing, tender, "Drusilla, dearest, let me take you away from all this. I'll be so good to you that you can't help being happy."

Drusilla flung up her head and stared at him, round-eyed. "You, Breck?" she whispered faintly.

"But surely you must know that I love you, Drusilla," said Breck. There was a note of yearning in his voice that she knew well, because it was a yearning that had lived in her own heart since the first day she had looked into Peter's eyes. "I can take care of you, darling.

It won't be like this, but I've some land of my own and there's a good house on it and I've some money and we can make it better. You can do anything you like with it, darling—and with me."

**D**RUSILLA was still, her mind working swiftly, darting this way and that like a trapped animal. This was an escape from a situation that was unbearable. This way she could still salvage a little of her pride. More than that, this was a way to spare Peter any hurt. If Peter knew that she had learned the truth and was running away because she loved him, that would hurt him, because he was gentle and kind and generous. But if he thought that she was in love with Breck? That she wanted to marry Breck? He would be relieved and free to marry Reitha. She owed him whatever freedom from hurt she could give him, because he had given her only kindness and consideration. It was not right that he should be hurt now.

"I—don't love you, Breck," she told him quite honestly.

"I know you don't, darling," Breck answered her as honestly. "You love Peter. I've seen it in your face. But

you can't go on eating your heart out for Peter, now that you know the truth."

Drusilla winced but agreed. "No, I can't go on standing between Peter and his happiness."

"Then let me take care of you, darling," pleaded Breck. "After all, I'm to blame for this whole thing and it will help a lot if you'll let me just look after you and do things for you. If I can't win your love, then I don't deserve it. Will you give me a chance, darling? Will you let me take you away?"

"Yes," said Drusilla. "And I'll try very hard to be—a good wife, Breck."

Breck's arms about her were as gentle as a brother's and Breck's kiss on her tear-wet cheek was the kiss of a brother.

"Then let's go break the news to Peter now," said Breck. "I won't let you do it alone."

"Thank you, Breck," she whispered, because she already knew that it would be impossible for her to go through that scene alone.

Breck stood up and she put her small, cold hand in his. And together they went along the path meeting Reitha and Peter who were coming in from the patio. Neither Breck nor Drusilla noticed that

## DOES YOUR LAXATIVE MAKE YOU SICK IN THE STOMACH?

The first thing you want when you're constipated is a good thorough cleaning out. That's why you buy a laxative. But who said you had to take a rough bitter dose that makes you sick in the stomach?

Taking a laxative can be just as pleasant as eating a piece of delicious chocolate—provided you take Ex-Lax. It gets *thorough* results—but smoothly, easily, without throwing your intestinal system out of whack, without causing nausea, stomach pains or weakness.

For more than 30 years, Ex-Lax has been

America's favorite family laxative. Now it is *Scientifically Improved*. It's actually better than ever! It TASTES BETTER, ACTS BETTER—is MORE GENTLE than ever.

Equally good for children and grownups. 10¢ and 25¢ boxes at your druggist's.

Try the New Scientifically Improved

# EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Peter looked almost amused while Reitha's eyes blazed with fury.

Peter's casual greeting died unspoken as he saw the look on Drusilla's face. The amusement vanished from his eyes. He said curtly, "Well, Breck, out with it. What's up?" But he looked at Drusilla.

"I've come to tell you that I'm in love with Drusilla," Breck explained quietly, "and to ask you to consent to an annulment of your marriage to her."

Reitha said sharply, "An annulment? Then she's not really your wife?"

Peter ignored Reitha. His eyes were on Drusilla.

"Are you in love with Breck, Drusilla?"

Drusilla set her teeth hard for a moment, but Breck's hand was warm and firm and from its clasp she borrowed courage to look straight at Peter.

"I want to marry him," she said, and stopped because if she said any more she would burst into tears. And she mustn't do that. Peter hated tears.

Peter drew a hard breath, his eyes chilling. "Then I guess there's nothing more to be said, is there?" he said curtly.

"Nothing, of course, except that I'm leaving the employ of the Lazy H," said Breck quietly and the two men looked at each other long, searchingly.

"Of course," answered Peter grimly.

Reitha stood at one side, acidly amused, triumphant, her eyes sharp with malice.

"Drusilla and I will be leaving together in the morning," said Breck and Peter nodded as though not at all concerned.

At the foot of the stairs, Breck said good night to Drusilla and she managed a little smile before she turned and fled up to her room. She was dazed and shaken. The discovery of the truth about her marriage to Peter had hurt her more than anything that had ever happened to her. But it made everything so plain.

At the railroad station that day he had said, "You're not at all what I expected." And Breck had said, "We all thought the woman who would answer that order would be a brazen hussy." Drusilla writhed at the thought. And she, like the little fool that she was, had dreamed of a day when Peter would love her, a day when he would want her really for his wife. She could have laughed aloud at that, except that her heart hurt so terribly that she didn't believe she would ever be able to laugh again.

She got out of the lovely new gown and the cobwebby underthings. She donned the cheap little cotton nightdress and the sleazy cotton crepe kimona, thrust her feet into the shabby little bedroom slippers; things she had brought with her to the ranch. She would leave here tomorrow wearing exactly what she had worn the day she came. She would take with her nothing she had not brought with her except a somewhat damaged heart that had been gay and young and radiant with happiness when she had brought it here.

She heard the crowd downstairs. They hadn't missed her. No one would ever miss her here again, she told herself desolately. She opened the door and peered out into the hall. She had a sudden irresistible longing to say good-by to this lovely place tonight; to peep once more into Peter's room, which she had entered every day while he was away, to touch with shy, loving hands his personal belongings. Things his hands touched and he used every day. It was on such a visit that she had found the socks to be darned.

**I**T WAS early yet. It would be hours before the party downstairs would break up. And so, in her cheap little cotton kimona and nightdress, her golden curls loose about her grieving, tear-wet face, she slipped across the hall and let herself into Peter's room. She stood still

with her back to the door, searching the room with caressing eyes, printing its every line upon her heart so that she could never forget it. She moved to the dresser, touched his brushes, passed her hand across the top of the chair in which he sat, the desk at which he sometimes wrote letters. She opened the closet door and buried her face in the folds of his dressing gown, weeping as though her heart would break. She was weeping so forlornly, so desolately that she did not hear the door open, did not know that Peter was there until he said suddenly, almost sharply,

"Drusilla! What are you doing here?"

She whirled, scarlet with painful confusion, her shaking hands still clinging to the sleeves of the dressing gown that she had wrapped about her shoulders, her face wet with tears, her slender body shaken with her sobs.

Peter came closer, his face was set and dark as though he were very angry with her.

"Why are you here?" he asked again, his voice a little rough.

"I just came to—say good-by," she stammered, not meeting his eyes because she didn't quite dare. "I wanted to say good-by before I—left."

Her heart was wrenched with the thought of leaving, not the place, but the man.

"You don't have to go, Drusilla," said Peter, almost harshly.

"Oh, but I do!"

"You want to, of course," said Peter gently, his eyes almost pleading, "because you are in love with Breck."

There was something parrotlike in her repetition of his words and Peter demanded shortly, "You are in love with Breck, aren't you?"

"Oh, of course I am," she assured him hurriedly.

"Of course," agreed Peter softly. "But that doesn't explain why you are here,

weeping your heart out with your face hidden against my dressing gown, does it?"

Drusilla drew a long hard breath and straightened, her clenched hands dropping to her sides. She had completely forgotten the cheap cotton nightdress and the cotton-crepe kimona, the shabby, scuffed slippers. She looked at him, her eyes grave and steady and drowned in tears.

"I am sorry that I came between you and Reitha—even for just a little while," she told him with a suddenly achieved steadiness. "I didn't understand until Breck told me—about how I happened to be a mail-order bride."

"What?" cried Peter sharply. "Breck told you that?"

"I should have realized a long time ago that *you'd* never have to advertise for a wife," she said simply. "And I should have known that you only let me stay because you were sorry for me."

"I let you stay because I was sorry for you," Peter admitted, "and then I fell in love with you."

She caught her breath and swayed against the closet door. Her eyes were enormous in her white face, her mouth all childish astonishment.

"Oh, no!" she gasped in the tone of one who cannot believe in miracles.

"Don't let it concern you," said Peter, shoving his hands into his pockets as though he did not trust them not to catch her close within their embrace. "I'm not going to put a straw in the way of your marrying Breck. He's a swell person and he can make you happy."

"No," said Drusilla and didn't know she meant to say it until the word had been spoken. "No, Breck can't make me happy because I don't love him."

Peter was silent for a moment, studying her. And then as though almost afraid to put the words he asked, "Who, then, do you love, Drusilla?"

"You," said Drusilla with a beautiful

simplicity. And, overcome by her confession, she cried hastily, "Only don't worry about that. I'll be quite all right and you and Reitha will be happy together."

"Don't worry about it!" blazed Peter, in a tone sharp with exasperation and a dawning wonder. "Don't worry about it! Good grief, woman, do you realize that I've worried about nothing else since the day you came here? I don't know the exact minute I fell in love with you. Maybe it was that day at the station when you tried to apologize for not being beautiful. Maybe it was that night when you fell asleep in your chair and I put you to bed. Or it might have been the night I found you darning my socks. But whenever it came, it came hard, and I've thought of nothing else since. And now you tell me not to worry about it!"

He moved now, and she was in his arms, but even with the world and heaven in her grasp, she was afraid to credit it.

"But Reitha? I saw you kiss her tonight—" she whispered, holding herself away from him, though it broke her heart to do it and she never knew where she found the courage.

"Reitha and I have known each other all our lives," said Peter.

"She's a swell person and I like her and we have fun together. If you hadn't come along, I might have married her, because I would never have known the difference between what I feel for her and this divine madness I feel for you. I kissed her in the patio just now, because she dared me to. She said that I was afraid to kiss her for fear I would find I really loved her. To prove that I didn't I kissed her—with her hand on my heart to prove that the kiss did nothing whatever to that very useful organ. It didn't, just as I knew it wouldn't, and Reitha slapped my face. And from here on, when she gets over the shock of discovering that there is a man in the world not disturbed by her, we'll be very good friends. But darling, you're going to be my wife. Sweet, I love you so much. Could you, just possibility, give me another chance?"

And all Drusilla could say, as she gave herself to his embrace, her arms wrapping eagerly about him, her lovely, soft mouth lifted for his kiss, was an ecstatic incredulous, "Oh—Peter!"

But Peter seemed to find the simple answer beautifully adequate, as well as the kiss that went with it.

THE END

**EXTRA! THRIFT-NEWS FOR SHAVERS**

● Save on smooth, clean shaves—with Probak Jr. Blades. You get *double* your money's worth here! Four blades in each 10¢ package—eight "keen" shaving edges in every sense of the word!

**8 SUPER-KEEN SHAVING EDGES FOR 10c**

**PROBAK JUNIOR**



## STAY FOR BREAKFAST

By HELEN AHERN

*It's not always love when a girl kisses a man, but  
Toby found it so with Jacqueline.*

JACQUELINE KEITH opened her eyes to a ceiling that was pale green instead of ivory, as it should have been in her own small snug bedroom.

Her golden, black-lashed eyes widened

in bewilderment that changed a moment later to shocked comprehension. She was not in her girls' club bedroom, nor her own narrow white bed.

She was lying on a wide studio couch

at the far end of a totally strange studio living room. A huge luxuriously masculine room, furnished with a grand piano and a profusion of deep easy chairs and small handy tables.

Jacqueline's gaze, darting from one unfamiliar piece of furniture to another, focused on the davenport that swung out from the opposite end of the studio near a great fireplace. It was occupied by a cocoon-like roll of blankets that stirred suspiciously.

Pushing back a childish tangle of tawny gold curls from her small startled face, Jacqueline sat up with a jerk. She was still wearing her turquoise chiffon evening dress, she noticed, and thought irrelevantly, that it was fortunate chiffon did not wrinkle.

Then, swiftly, she forgot about her attire.

From the roll of blankets a tumbled black head was emerging. The head of a man who was as strange to her as the room. A very tall young man. As she stared in horror, it seemed to Jacqueline that there was an endless amount of him to untangle from the covers.

He stood up finally, a lean, coatless, although otherwise fully clothed, figure. A gasp of mingled dismay and relief escaping from her brought darkly blue eyes around to her golden ones. He grinned.

"Good morning, stranger!" he said. Then, as her lips parted, "And now don't start asking where you are, or how did you get here. You surely remember being upstairs in Don Maitland's apartment. You weren't tight."

She nodded, flushing painfully as memory which she had been holding back surged over her.

The man in whose apartment she had spent the night was not entirely a stranger. He was a fellow tenant and friend of Don Maitland, and his name was Toby. Toby Sargent.

DON had introduced him the earlier part of last evening, before her heart had got broken and her nerves and pride had gone to pieces. Toby Sargent had been standing beside her when that happened, and just as she had broken off in the middle of congratulating Don on his engagement, to start laughing, laughing as if she would never stop, he had picked her up.

"You were on your way to a swell case of hysterics," Toby said, helping along her recollections. "So I carted you down here."

Jacqueline looked at him doubtfully. "I don't see why."

"Saving jilted girls from making idiots of themselves is a specialty of mine," Toby Sargent told her airily. Then in a more sober tone, "I didn't think you'd want to break down in front of Gloria Weldon. As it was, she was acting like a plump pink and white pussy cat that's lapped up the cream."

Jacqueline smiled mirthlessly. His picture of Gloria was so very accurate. She had almost purred when she whispered that the two weeks West Indies cruise, which Don was taking with her and her father, was just a preliminary to announcing their engagement. She had guessed that Jacqueline was in love with Don.

Toby Sargent was right. It would have been too utterly humiliating to let Gloria see just how much she cared. She said, a trifle resentfully,

"I still don't see how I happened to go to sleep on your hands."

"You didn't happen to. You went from laughing to crying, and I gave you a sedative."

Jacqueline's flush deepened. She remembered crying now, and her eyes felt heavy. She must look like a fright, she thought, realizing at the same time that Toby Sargent, even in morning disarray, was probably the most virilely handsome

man whom she had ever seen. Although neither her appearance nor his should make any difference to her on the morning after a broken heart.

Toby misunderstood her concern and said reassuringly: "It was a very mild sedative. But you went to sleep like a baby."

"I was tired," she told him. "I had been simply slaving in the office all week. There were a lot of last minute letters and copy for Don to okay before he went . . . on his vacation."

"That's right," Toby said meditatively, "you both have positions at the Weldon Advertising Agency, don't you?"

"Don has a position. I have a job."

Her lovely young mouth twisted as she made the distinction. A very great distinction. Don was a junior executive, while she was just one of a staff of secretaries. She had been crazy to dream that he was serious about marrying her. Just from knowing him she might have guessed that his ambitions were fixed much higher. On things like the boss' daughter!

Toby brought her thoughts back to the previous night.

"After you dozed off," he went on, "I sat around for awhile. Then when you didn't waken, I wound up the cat, put out the alarm clock, and called it a night.

"You were very kind," Jacqueline said, with disjointed pictures of him drying her eyes and stroking her hair.

"Not too kind," he grinned. "Don't you remember me trying to shake some sense into you?"

"I should have been beaten."

"Sure you should," he agreed. "It was disgraceful, a swell girl like you flying off the handle and bawling like a spoiled kid just because one of your boy friends got himself engaged to another girl."

"Don wasn't just a boy friend," she said defensively. "I thought I was engaged to him myself."

"Evidently you made a mistake." His voice was dry and not especially sympathetic.

A little irritated, she threw back the blanket that he had tossed over her and stood up. She felt a trifle shaky, either from her hysterics or the sedative, but her heart was not aching half as badly as she had expected it to ache this morning.

Toby said cheerfully: "She breathes, she talks, she walks."

"Yes, and she had better walk herself home."

"There's no hurry. This is Saturday, a holiday," he told her. "Besides, it's raining."

He crossed to one of the front windows and drew open its brocaded green drapes. Outside, New York was at its dismal March worst. Rain was coming down in sheets through which she could scarcely see iron-grilled Gramercy Park which the brownstone studio apartment faced.

"At least stay for breakfast," Toby said. "I'll light a fire in the fireplace and scramble some eggs, while you get yourself together. The bath is yours, and here's your war paint."

Gratefully, Jacqueline took her evening vanity case. He had retrieved that and her wrap from Don's apartment on the floor above while she slept, he explained.

"You thought of everything," she said, "but I still don't see why you bothered with me."

His grin was amazingly infectious. "Maybe because I thought it would be fun to have a pretty face across the breakfast table."

"The face is somewhat the worse for wear, but I'll do the best I can with it," Jacqueline promised, and to her surprise found herself laughing.

"And you'd better change that chilly looking bit of fluff you're wearing for this bathrobe."

From a closet he produced a dressing gown of heavy maroon silk.

"And now run along. Papa's going to be busy." He took her to the bath off a small rear hall, and went on into the small kitchen just beyond. Jacqueline could hear him whistling and rattling dishes, as she stepped under a shower.

**A**LTERNATING streams of hot and cold water made her slim body glow and took away her shakiness. She set her hair in damp, dusky gold ringlets, shadowed her eyes and painted her mouth delicately.

Then, wrapped in the maroon dressing gown, in which she looked appealingly tiny and childish, she returned to the living room, where Toby gave her an appreciative whistle when he looked.

"Do I know how to pick breakfast partners!"

He had set a card table in front of the fire that threw out an inviting rosy glow. From the kitchen came the appetizing smell of bacon and perking coffee.

"I'm hungry," Jacqueline announced in astonishment.

It seemed almost indecent to be hungry before she had given her dead dreams of love a burial.

"Why shouldn't you be?" Toby stooped to stir the fire, which etched his fine thin face fascinatingly. "Life must go on, even though we can't always have our own way."

"You talk as if I had been crying for the moon." Irritation pricked Jacqueline again.

He smiled. "Love's a bit like the moon sometimes . . . changeable. Anyhow, I wonder if you were not more in love with love than with Don. Of course, he's a good-looking customer, but . . ."

He stopped and let her recall Don Maitland's faults for herself. Vanity, love of money and position, cowardice. Those weaknesses had been there for her to see during the whole six months of their secret half-engagement. But she

had been willfully blind to all of them.

Flattered by his attentions, infatuated with his blond, boyish good looks, she had lived in a dream. She had consented to concealing their engagement because he said that Mr. Weldon did not like office romances.

It was Gloria Weldon who would not have liked an office romance for Don Maitland. Jacqueline knew that he was seeing plump pretty Gloria, but she had to let him convince her that it was all in the course of duty.

She had shut her eyes to what was going on right under her small straight nose until Gloria herself had awakened her last night at his farewell party, as Don must have known she would. Gloria had been jealous of Jacqueline ever since she had come into the office one day and found them going out to lunch together, and she had reveled in breaking the news of her engagement to her rival.

And Don had let her do it. He had not been man enough himself to tell Jacqueline to quit dreaming.

Remembering that last cruel bit of cowardice, Jacqueline marveled that she could have loved him, and suddenly was not at all ashamed of being hungry. Her love deserved no burial.

Toby Sargent had straightened up from the fire, and was watching her keenly, as if trying to decipher what was going on in her mind. And as she tossed her head in involuntary defiance of her hurt, he said approvingly:

"That's the spirit! Wake up and live . . . and eat. Just give me two minutes to make myself presentable for a beautiful lady."

He went out briefly and came back with his dark hair brushed until it shone and a smoking jacket belted about his lean, hard waist. Then, draping a napkin with a flourish over his arm, he served breakfast. Honey dew melon, crisp bacon and scrambled eggs, and golden toast and

coffee. And Jacqueline ate and ate, while Toby beamed.

"I always did say," he observed, "that there's nothing like a good breakfast for a hang-over or a heart-ache."

"You seem to know a lot about hearts and love, for a man who's not married?" Jacqueline's voice lifted inquiringly.

"No, not married," Toby told her. "Just engaged."

"Engaged?" Jacqueline repeated the word, hoping that she did not sound as flat and let down as she felt suddenly and inexplicably.

She could not understand herself, for it was none of her business. And she might have known that a man as attractive as Toby Sargent would belong to someone.

"You might have met my fiancee," he said in a careful sort of tone. His dark thin face, it seemed to Jacqueline, had taken on a remote, guarded expression. "She poses for advertisements every now and then. Turns the money over to her pet charities. Know her, Annette Duveen?"

Jacqueline nodded. She had seen Annette in the office. A willowy blonde girl, beautiful in a pale chiseled fashion, but cold looking. Not at all the kind of girl Jacqueline had imagined a vibrant, laughing young man like Toby Sargent would choose, but of course she must not tell him so.

"She's lovely, and does a lot of good work, doesn't she?" Jacqueline recalled having heard somewhere that Annette Duveen was one of the most earnest-minded social workers in the Junior League.

Toby's grin just escaped being sardonic. "Annette's very charitable."

And then, for several minutes, there did not seem to be anything more to say. They smoked in silence that was broken by the ringing of the doorbell.

TOBY rose and went around the Chinese laquered screen that cut off the entrance way from the rest of the room.

"Probably only my tailor," he said over his shoulder.

But the clipped feminine voice that came into the room as he opened the door, was not a tailor's voice. It said sweetly:

"Surprised to see me on this rainy morning, darling? I know it's a vile hour to barge in, but I thought you might like to drive down to my Avenue A settlement house with me.' "

"'Fraid not. I've got a terrible cold." Jacqueline heard Toby say hastily. "A catching one, too, so you'd better just run along, back into the fresh air."

"But I smell coffee and I want a cup," said the feminine voice from behind the screen, a voice that undoubtedly was Annette Duveen's.

Jacqueline looked around the room wildly but could find no hiding place. She might slip into the bathroom, only it was not unlikely that Annette would want to powder her nose. Anyhow, the table with two empty plates and cups would arouse her suspicions.

Toby's voice was taking on a desperate note. "There isn't any coffee left, and you'd really better amscray, Annette."

"Why?" Annette snapped out the question. "Really, Toby, you're acting very queerly. I can almost believe you have something to conceal."

With that, she must have pushed past him. She rounded the screen, and stopped short. Her eyes, narrowing to slits of pale blue, swept the breakfast table and impinioned Jacqueline's small bathrobe-clad figure with two daggers of angry light.

"No wonder you tried to keep me out, Toby," she said in an icily sneering voice. "I'm surprised."

"You're confounded . . . I'm surprised, according to Mr. Webster." Toby was

trying weakly to grin and lighten the tension. "But seriously, Annette, you're assuming things that aren't true, that are not fair to Jacque . . . to this young lady!"

"Lady?" Annette's thin lips curled, while shamed, indignant color stained Jacqueline's flower-like face hotly.

"Lady's what I called her, and what I mean," Toby said, beginning to sound angry himself. "And stop glaring and sneering and let me explain!"

Annette laughed nastily. "You could explain until doomsday and I wouldn't believe you. It's perfectly plain that this creature has spent the night here. You can't deny that." Her eyes went to Jacqueline's turquoise chiffon which was lying over a chair.

"I'm not trying to deny it," Toby told her.

"Then keep your fairy stories. I don't want to hear them, now or any other time. And you'd better take this! Maybe *she* can use it!" A diamond ring flashed across the room, almost in Jacqueline's face.

She stared at it in consternation, while Annette added cuttingly, "Although I think a wedding ring would be more in order!"

Then, sniffing as if at something unclean, Annette stalked around the screen and out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Toby turned to Jacqueline abjectly.

"I'm sorry as the devil," he said. "It was rotten of me to let you in for a scene like this, maybe ruining your reputation."

Jacqueline waved aside her reputation with a small, impatient hand. "Don't bother about that. It doesn't matter. Annette Duveen and I move in two different worlds. What she thinks or says can't hurt me. But, you, Toby, I've spoiled your whole life! And you were so good to me."

Her golden eyes flooded with contrite

tears, that made him cross over and take her hands quickly in hard, consoling fingers. Jacqueline clung to them feverishly and assured him with desperate earnestness:

"I'll fix it up for you, though. I'll go to your Annette myself, and tell her the whole story and make her take you back."

"Not if I know about it first!"

Suddenly Toby was grinning.

"Listen, funny little Jacqueline, since you're not disturbed about your fair name and fame, I'm tickled to death this happened. Annette's all right when she isn't being holier-than-thou, but that's most of the time. And she hasn't got a genuine emotion in her whole lovely body.

"You were engaged to her." Jacqueline looked at him uncertainly.

"Yes," he admitted. "But I'd rather be married to one of those impressionistic wax ladies in the Saks-Fifth Avenue windows."

He pocketed the discarded diamond and went out to the kitchen for fresh coffee.

Jacqueline's golden eyes remained doubtful and worried. She would like to believe that he was as carefree as he appeared, but she was afraid that he was just pretending gallantly to relieve her burden of guilt about his broken engagement. As a lesson to her, maybe.

**T**OBY carried the coffee over to a table beside the davenport and invited her to come and sit down beside him. "While I tell you the story of my love life," he told her and there was a smile on his lips, but his dark blue eyes were sober, as he began:

"Once upon a time there was a very impressionable young man, who found himself on the deck of an Atlantic liner with a beautiful girl under a romantic moon. The impressionable young man kissed the beautiful girl. . ."

Jacqueline stirred uneasily as she had a

quick vision of him kissing Annette. His kisses should be very exciting, she thought, her gaze riveting itself to his firm but passionately moulded mouth. He had kissed Jacqueline herself last night, on the hair and the cheek, just as she was going to sleep.

Remembering, she felt a slow delicious warmth steal over her slim body, and momentarily she lost the thread of his story.

"Anyhow, the next day I found that I was engaged to her," Toby was saying.

"And you had never asked her to marry you?" Jacqueline stared incredulously.

"Not in so many words. Annette just took it for granted. Lots of girls are like that. A kiss or two, given in fun and good fellowship, and they start thinking of wedding bells. Maybe you know something about that yourself."

He gave her a teasing glance.

"I didn't take anything for granted," she told him stiffly. "Don Maitland said he wanted to get married as soon as he got his next promotion. And it wasn't on an Atlantic liner. It was in Central Park."

"That can be a right romantic place, too."

He laughed at her outraged expression, then became grave again.

"I never kidded myself into believing that Annette was in love with me," he went on. "If she had been, eventually something might have sparked between us. But as it was, I was simply a convenient amiable male to commandeer for tea parties and carry her baskets to the poor."

He smiled wryly in retrospect, and added: "I'm not even sure that she intended to marry me. She certainly jumped at her first good chance to break our engagement."

"Then I didn't hurt her too much either, being here," Jacqueline said, be-

ginning to feel better about the whole thing.

"You haven't hurt anyone, and it's nice having you here." He reached over and took her slim hands in his again, pressing them hard, while Jacqueline wondered how fingers could be at the same time so hard and gentle.

They finished their coffee, washed the dishes together, and Jacqueline once again started to leave, but Toby reminded her that it was still raining.

"And you feel like a dope wandering into your own place in an evening dress at this time of day. Stay for lunch!"

So she stayed for lunch, stayed all day. They sat around talking lazily, and she found out that he was not a New Yorker but a middlewesterner, and that he wrote radio scripts. Very successfully, she judged from his luxuriously furnished apartment. She learned that he liked steaks with onions, and *Benedictine*, and the Ritz Brothers.

It was amazing the number of things you could learn about a person in a whole long day. It was amazing how much you could learn to like a person in a whole day. Amazing and disconcerting. She found herself dreading six o'clock, when it would be entirely respectable to go back to her room in an evening dress.

She retired to the bathroom reluctantly to discard the comfy dressing gown and slip into her turquoise chiffon. But she lingered, to touch up her make-up carefully and pile her hair into a froth of dusky gold curls atop her small head. She wanted Toby to see her at her best, once and last.

He had changed into dinner clothes, while she was gone. He came out of his dressing closet looking very gala.

"And now where do you want to go for dinner?" he said.

"But you don't have to take me to dinner," she protested, although her eyes

began to shine starrily at the prospect.

"Don't have to, want to," he told her gaily. "And after that we'll go on the town."

THEY dined in the Rainbow Room of Radio City and went on to "21", to the *Yacht Club*, and a half-dozen other gay night clubs, which was what Toby called going on the town. It was the first time Jacqueline had seen the inside of any of those gay places, for Don Maitland had never taken her anywhere but to shabby restaurants and bars. He had

been fearful, she knew now, lest he meet Gloria or some of her friends.

She thought of that once resentfully, then forgot about Don and her broken heart. She was so busy dancing and laughing that she did not remember she had a heart, broken or otherwise, until Toby pulled up his smart little coupe in front of her girls' club.

He drew her to him, holding her gently close for a minute, whispering: "It's been the grandest day and night ever, funny little Jacqueline."

And then Jacqueline's heart came to life, thudding so that she was afraid he must hear or feel it pound against his dinner jacket.

His strong tender fingers were tilting up her small face, and his eyes, with a hint of smile in their blue depths, were searching hers.

Jacqueline's breath caught in her throat. She could feel her blood surging to meet the kiss that trembled on his lips. There was a moment of excited



began to shine starrily at the prospect. "Don't have to, want to," he told her gaily. "And after that we'll go on the town."

THEY dined in the Rainbow Room of Radio City and went on to "21", to the *Yacht Club*, and a half-dozen other gay night clubs, which was what Toby called going on the town. It was the first time Jacqueline had seen the inside of any of those gay places, for Don Maitland had never taken her anywhere but to shabby restaurants and bars. He had



been fearful, she knew now, lest he meet Gloria or some of her friends. She thought of that once resentfully, then forgot about Don and her broken heart. She was so busy dancing and laughing that she did not remember she had a heart, broken or otherwise, until Toby pulled up his smart little coupe in front of her girls' club.

He drew her to him, holding her gently close for a minute, whispering: "It's been the grandest day and night ever, funny little Jacqueline."

And then Jacqueline's heart came to life, thudding so that she was afraid he must hear or feel it pound against his dinner jacket.

His strong tender fingers were tilting up her small face, and his eyes, with a hint of smile in their blue depths, were searching hers.

Jacqueline's breath caught in her throat. She could feel her blood surging to meet the kiss that trembled on his lips. There was a moment of excited

*Blinded by her tears, she started down the stairs. Her heel caught on a tread and she plunged, faster, faster into Toby's arms.*



*Blinded by her  
tears, she started  
down the stairs.  
Her heel caught on  
a tread and she  
plunged, faster,  
faster into Toby's  
arms.*



waiting. Then his dark head bent and his mouth was against hers in comradely hail and farewell.

At least, it started out to be that kind of kiss. One of those kisses of fun and good fellowship that he had talked about. She remembered that, but she was powerless to stop the flame of response that shot through her.

And as her soft mouth wakened to tremulous life, his arms tightened, and his kiss deepened, throbbing achingly through her every nerve and vein.

She was trembling when he let her go. No kiss had ever shaken or fired her so sweetly. Not even Don's! The kisses that he had given her seemed like pale ghosts, beside the burning passionate reality of Toby Sargent's fierce young arms and tenderly ruthless lips.

She scarcely knew what she said in answer to his promise to telephone her the next morning. She made her way up to her small snug room and narrow white bed, where she lay wide-eyed staring into the darkness, shivering.

What kind of girl was she that could doff an old love and don a new in a brief twenty-four hours? Not that this pagan aching desire in her blood and brain was love, she told herself. It couldn't be! It would be madness to fall in love with Toby Sargent, who had warned her in advance not to take his kisses seriously.

She made three resolutions in rapid succession. She would not see Toby again. Certainly she would not let him kiss her any more. Anyhow, she would never, never let him know that his kisses meant more than careless pleasant caresses, carelessly returned.

Of the three resolutions she kept just the last. It was impossible to refuse to see Toby when he called up every day to say, "Where do we go tonight, funny little Jacqueline?"

His gay voice coming over the wire turned her will and knees to water.

As for not letting him kiss her. . . .

She could not be alone with him for five minutes without wanting hungrily to be in his arms, longing for the touch of his firm mouth on hers. But she could and did try to hide her flaming emotion from him, left him always with laughter and light words. Even when every inch of her was tingling from the ecstasy of his kisses. They saw each other every night for the next two weeks.

Don Maitland and his new fiancee returned from their West Indies cruise, without Jacqueline even remembering that Don must be back in town, until Toby said on a Sunday night, as they were parting:

"No doubt you'll be seeing your ex-boy friend in the office tomorrow. How do you feel about it?"

Jacqueline lifted a blank face to his sharp, searching gaze, and was silent. She had no feeling at all about seeing Don Maitland again, she discovered, looking into her heart.

"So it still hurts," Toby said, misunderstanding her silence. "I was wondering about that. Thought maybe I might have collected some of that love which he left going to waste."

Jacqueline stared at him aghast. She couldn't have been as clever as she had imagined in concealing her feelings from him.

"What a perfectly absurd idea!" she gasped, gathering herself together. "Of course not. No . . . never!"

"And that's that."

Toby helped her from the car abruptly, and flicked her cheek instead of giving her her customary good night kiss.

Jacqueline had a curious impression that somehow he was hurt. Then decided that he was merely being cautious. In spite of her protests, he must fear that she was another Annette Duveen, who accepted a few casual kisses and started thinking about wedding bells.

SHE went to the office next day with a hot shamed feeling inside her that had lasted all night. Somehow, some way, she must convince Toby that she had no designs on him.

He telephoned towards noon, but she made an excuse for not seeing him that night.

"I should have expected that, I suppose," he said, "with Maitland back in town." Then, with a trace of sarcasm in his voice, "What are you going to do, hold a wake over your hope chest, or have a renewal of old times with him?"

"I don't know," Jacqueline faltered, and with a growl Toby hung up.

He thought her a fool for clinging to her love for Don Maitland, but that was better than having Toby guess how she felt about him. She would even be friends with Don, if it would help to reassure Toby. And if Don wanted to be friends.

The latter was possible. As he had gone by her desk that morning he had smiled apologetically and muttered something about having a talk with her later.

The day dragged. A day that was without meaning, since she had no date with Toby Sargent that night. She was typing mechanically, disconsolately, when at four o'clock the buzzer that connected her desk with Don Maitland's office sounded its summons.

She picked up her pad and pencil. She felt not the slightest prickle of pain, she noticed. Only a mild curiosity as to what he would say and do on this, their first private meeting since Gloria had revealed his treachery.

Don was sitting behind his desk in a shaft of spring sunlight that glistened on his blond hair and showed up his newly acquired tan. It was very becoming, Jacqueline thought. He used to be a trifle on the pasty side.

"You're looking well," she said, and seated herself calmly in the stenographer's chair beside him. She could not find a

single quiver in her heart in response to his nearness. The old pull that he had for her seemed to be completely short-circuited. She opened her notebook.

"Put that thing away!" Don Maitland, far from being as calm as she, reached over and jerked the notebook out of her hands. "Don't you know I've been thinking about you, Jacqueline, have been nearly crazy to see you again?"

Her golden eyes widened unbelievably, and he went on: "I mean it, Jac! Don't be like that, cold and remote. If you'd just let me talk to you. . ."

"You can talk to me," she told him.

"Not here! Some place where there'll be just you and me, as there used to be. Please, Jac!"

He caught her by the wrist, and still her pulse beat did not accelerate. He went on imploringly:

"Let's go down to the Village tonight, to that little Italian restaurant. Remember, the one we always went to?"

Jacqueline remembered the soiled red-checked tablecloths and bad wine without much enthusiasm, and was about to shake her tawny gold head when Don said:

"We'll meet at my place, say about nine o'clock."

His place was right upstairs over Toby Sargent's and Toby might easily see her coming or going, Jacqueline thought. She and Don could even rap on his door. Toby, seeing them together, ought to be sure then that he was in no danger of being showered with a lot of unwanted love.

She nodded absently to Don's eager: "Will you, sweet?"

And he looked as if he might jump up right there and kiss her. She rose and edged away from his desk.

It worried her a little, wondering what she would do if Don should try to kiss her when they were alone. Strangely, she could not bear the thought of his lips on hers.

SHE dressed in the turquoise blue chiffon that she had worn the night her heart had got broken and Toby Sargent picked up the pieces.

Assailed by increasing misgivings, she slipped past Toby's door a few minutes after nine and hurried upstairs to Don.

"Jacqueline, Jacqueline!" Don took her hands in his ardently. "It's heaven having you here like this again."

"I can't stay very long," she told him and freed herself from his grasp with nervous impatience.

"Why not? Don't hold it against me that I got myself engaged to Gloria."

"I'm not," Jacqueline said. "Evidently she's what you want."

"She isn't. You're what I want!" he cried, making an effort to take her into his arms. "You're fire and flame and love, Jacqueline. And I'll always want you, no matter if I were married to a dozen Glorias. My marriage needn't make any difference. You and I. . ."

He stopped. Jacqueline's golden eyes were beginning to blaze ominously.

"You mean you want Gloria and me, too?" she demanded. "You think you can have me by some left-handed arrangement?"

Staring at him furiously, her right hand shot out. She slapped him across the mouth hard.

"You wild-cat! You little hypocrite!" With a snarl of pain and hurt vanity, Don leaped at her. His hands gripped her wrists in bands of steel. "You're not going to get away with that goody-goody stuff with me, not after spending the night in Toby Sargent's apartment!"

She moaned faintly, her wrists feeling as if they must be crushed, her very soul writhing with pain at his ugly twisting of something that had been sweet and beautiful. He smiled triumphantly.

"So you see the innocent pose doesn't go. I know all about how you slept there,

and stayed for breakfast. Annette Duveen told Gloria about the girl whom Toby called Jacque. . . . It wasn't hard to put two and two together."

"I suppose not," Jacqueline said wearily. "And now you want what you think Toby Sargent had?"

Her voice, filled only with disgusted curiosity, disarmed him, and he released his hold on her wrists. The next second, she made for the door and was through it before he could stop her.

She ran blindly, shamed tears rolling down her cheeks. She was half way down the stairs when sickeningly one of her high heels caught on a tread.

Her fingers reached for the bannister, caught at nothingness. Then she was plunging down, plunging faster, faster. . .

There was an instant of numbing pain, through which she heard a beloved voice saying, "Darling, *darling!*"

Then strong arms were picking her up. She murmured groggily, "Toby!" and let herself drift off into warm comfortable blackness.

JACQUELINE opened her eyes to a ceiling that was pale green instead of ivory as it should have been in her own small snug bedroom.

Her golden, black-lashed eyes widened in bewilderment that changed to shocked comprehension. She was not in her girls' club bedroom or her own narrow white bed! She was lying on a wide studio couch at the far end of a totally strange studio living room.

Jacqueline's gaze, darting from one unfamiliar piece of furniture to another, focused on the davenport that swung out from the opposite end of the studio near a great fireplace. It was occupied by a cocoon-like roll of blankets. A roll that stirred suspiciously.

Pushing back a tangle of tawny curls from her startled face, Jacqueline sat up with a jerk, while simultaneously a tum-

bled black head emerged from the blankets.

As he saw her sitting up, Toby untangled himself from his covers and leaped over to force her back on her pillows.

"Darling, for heaven's sake, lie still. You may have a concussion!"

Jacqueline felt the left side of her head. "No, just a bump."

She couldn't stay here loving him as she did. She would surely betray herself.

"Darling, don't be foolish. At least, stay for breakfast." He dropped to his knees and put his arms around her. Then, abruptly, laying his dark head against her breast, he whispered: "Stay for always!"

"Toby, what are you saying?" Jacqueline touched his tumbled hair with trembling fingers. "Don't you remember?"

"Don?" he asked, looking up. "Yes. But surely you're through with him now, sweet. Your fall last night scared him into blurting out what he'd said to you. I wanted to kill him only I don't think he's worth killing."

"But I don't love him! I haven't loved him for ages, not since. . ."

She broke off, catching her lower lip between small white teeth, but Toby would not let her stop.

"Since when?" he demanded, gathering her close to him, his blue eyes probing down in her heart.

Jacqueline took a deep breath, and flung the truth at him:

"Since the day I stayed for breakfast and fell in love with you. Only I didn't mean to let you know. I wanted you to think I still cared for Don. You see, you'd told me all about how you got engaged to Annette Duveen."

"Darling, funny little Jacqueline!"

He smothered her to his heart, cupped her chin in his hand and tilted up her face to his. She shut her eyes and let him kiss her as long and hard as he would, because it would probably be for the last time. He would remember shortly that she couldn't take his kisses carelessly.

"I'm sorry, Toby. I pretended as hard as I could that I didn't love you."

"You pretended too darned well," he told her. "You little idiot, couldn't you see I was falling in love with you, too?"

She opened eyes like golden stars.

"That was why I was so tickled when Annette gave me the air," he went on. "That was why I told you all about our engagement, so that you would know how unimportant it was compared to my love for you. Won't you believe that, funny little Jacqueline?"

And then his lips were back on hers again, telling her in tender kisses, more eloquent than words, of the sweet ecstasy that was to come.

THE END



*America's biggest  
cigar value . . .*

**MANUFACTURED AT SMALLEST PROFIT!**

**Cremo**

*CREAM O' THEM ALL*

**NOW 3 FOR 10¢**

# TAKE LOVE WITH YOU

By HELEN WELSHIMER

*Jack's pursuit of news netted him a lovely girl, escaping from the police*

**T**HE alley at the rear of the Central Office Building was an inch deep with water but Peggy Brent didn't realize that it was raining until she felt the water ooze over her pumps. Even then she didn't stop. When you have just been found with a smoking gun in your hand and the body of your employer dead before you, it takes something like the

*He was forcing her finger to pull the trigger!*



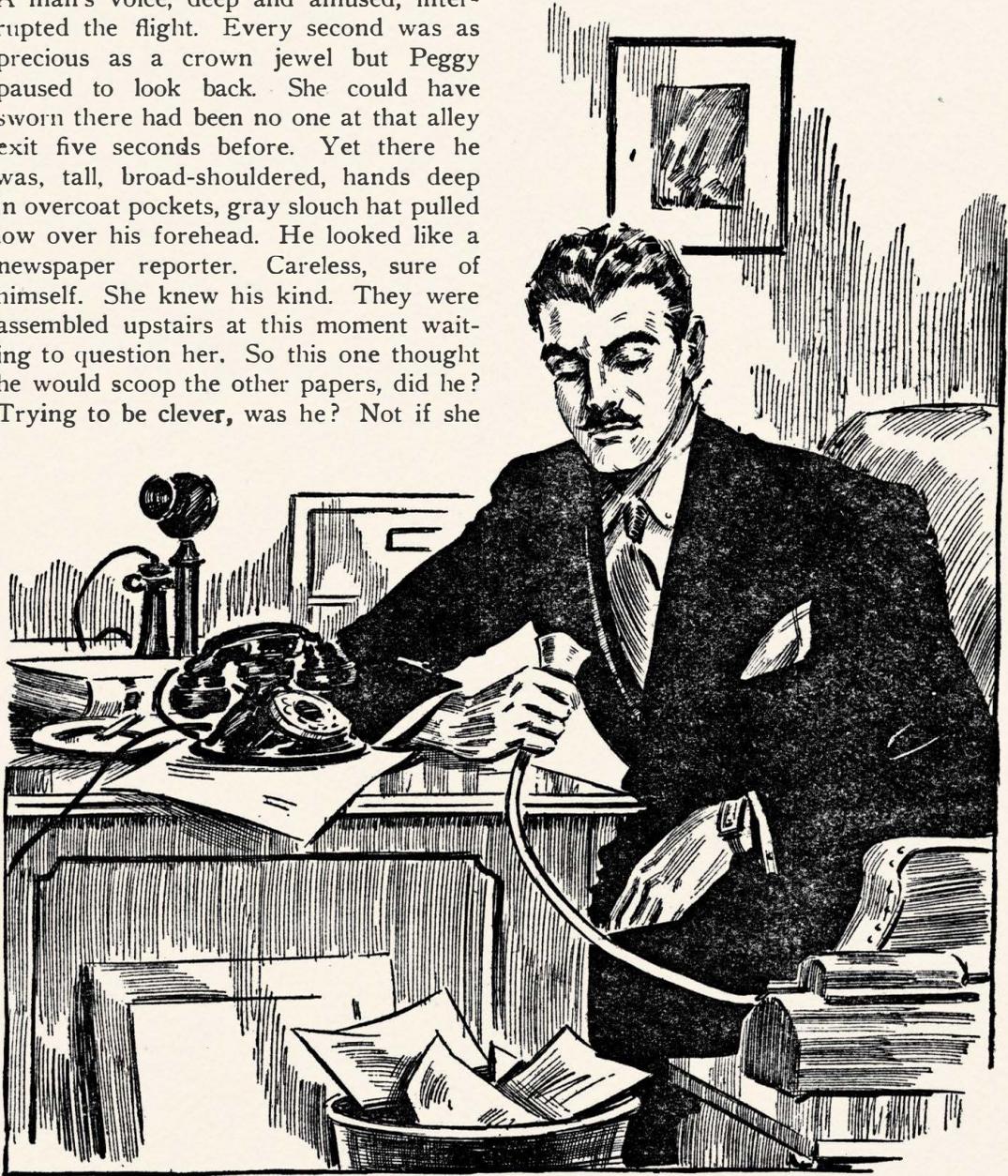
Bay of Fundy or a portion of the Atlantic to put a barrier in your way.

So Peggy splashed through the water. If she could gain the street, mingle with the crowd, she could escape. Temporarily anyway. She remembered she had nowhere to go and stuffed the thought into a compartment of her mind and banged a mental door. Time enough to think of that later.

"Hey, you're going to have wet feet!" A man's voice, deep and amused, interrupted the flight. Every second was as precious as a crown jewel but Peggy paused to look back. She could have sworn there had been no one at that alley exit five seconds before. Yet there he was, tall, broad-shouldered, hands deep in overcoat pockets, gray slouch hat pulled low over his forehead. He looked like a newspaper reporter. Careless, sure of himself. She knew his kind. They were assembled upstairs at this moment waiting to question her. So this one thought he would scoop the other papers, did he? Trying to be clever, was he? Not if she

knew it! She ran faster, slipped, and sat down in the middle of the street.

The young man reached her in three swift strides, and picked her up. She had a brief glimpse of a browned face, humorous gray eyes that were strangely sympathetic, and a stubborn chin before she turned her face away so he wouldn't see the angry tears. She tried to free herself but the arms, long and strong, held her more tightly.



"It's all my fault," he was saying. "I'd get down on my knees to apologize but it wouldn't do any good and I'd only have to have my trousers pressed. Where shall I take you?"

"I can walk," Peggy answered in the new, strange voice that had been hers all during this past hour of questioning. It was a small, frightened voice, that didn't lilt as her tones always had for all of the rest of her nineteen years.

"Of course you can walk," the strange young man was saying, "but my car's parked down here. You'll have a beastly time getting a cab at this hour. May I give you a lift? I really owe it to you. And besides I'd like to."

He smiled, and it made his face warm and friendly.

There was strength and security in his arms and for a mad, sweet moment Peggy wished that she belonged there. Only for a moment. Then she remembered that the man probably was a reporter, who was being courteous because he knew he had caught her. A small sob became tangled in her throat and the tears she had been winking away came back and blurred the young man's clean profile.

Even while her heart was breaking a little, her mind went on with its reasoning. She must pretend to the young man that she believed he was only being kind because she had fallen in a mud puddle. Then he would not know that she suspected him, so it would be easier for her to break away at the first opportunity.

"Where shall I take you?" the man was asking.

"To Grand Central Station," Peggy answered.

"So you're running away." His voice sounded disappointed as he deposited her in his long, blue roadster. "Just when we met. Do you think that's fair?"

**F**AIR? Nothing in the whole wide world was fair any more. Any moment she would be taken to a jail with

high, gray walls, and locked away from the world. Already she could feel the walls closing in around her.

The man climbed into his place at her side in the roadster and banged the door, and at the sound Peggy jumped and the tears began to roll down her white face. She had been thinking of the clang of another door, a great iron door, that would close on her soon if she didn't escape. She did not know that she was crying. She did not know that the young man was looking at her with concern etched on his face, until he placed a strong hand over her fingers.

There was something so protective, so kind, yet so charged with power in that touch that she turned her tear-wet face to the man's shoulder with a forlorn gesture that would break the hardest heart.

She forgot that she must not trust this man, that he was a reporter after a story. She knew only that here, for a brief moment, was refuge.

"You poor child!" Then he stooped and kissed her. It was meant to be a light kiss, a comforting kiss. She knew that from the tone of his voice that had preceded it, but when his mouth found hers it paused in surprise. Then his lips, firm and tender and commanding all at once, possessed hers, lingered for a moment. The long arms that had swung her into the car were holding her close. The dusk, the rain, her fears were forgotten. Sky-rockets were exploding, stars were singing, confetti was flying.

He released her and she remembered who he was, and where she was. Her knees were trembling, her heart was swinging on a trapeze. For a magic, shining moment, she had glimpsed paradise. She must run away fast, fast, fast! But no, if she tried to escape, the man would block her path. Oh, why did he have to have laughing gray eyes and a stubborn chin and a voice that set your heart to rocking like a boat?

"Where are you going?" he asked.

She could not say that for a moment she had thought she was sky-rocketing among shooting stars. So she answered: "To Connecticut."

She named a town where she had never been.

"Why Connecticut?" he asked, and his eyes probed hers as he looked down at her. "But of course you think I'm asking questions where it isn't any of my business," he finished, with that swift smile.

She wanted to say: "Anything I do is your business if you want it to be. Anything but this. Now let me go." But instead she said: "Will you let me out of the car at the nearest entrance to the station?" He wouldn't. She knew that, but she had to ask.

A strong brown hand covered her fingers again, tightened on them. The man's voice was amazingly gentle, yet firm, when he spoke.

"I'm taking you to Connecticut."

"Oh, no!" It was a frightened gasp. She wanted to see him forever but she mustn't see him for even five more minutes. It would be better if she told him now that she knew he had recognized her. She would do it. She was opening her mouth to speak, when the man said:

"You are the first newspaper reporter I ever knew who cried because she fell down in the rain."

Peggy's tilted nose and the upward sweep of her dark eyebrows gave her a winging look, and now suddenly she looked as though she had been suspended in flight.

Apparently the young man had mistaken her amazement as surprise that he had guessed her profession, she decided. He was grinning at her with an air of comradeship, yet his eyes were studying her.

"You can't fool me, my dear. You are a newspaper woman working on the sob angle of the Jefferson Burns murder. Otherwise, I ask you, why would you have been prowling around the rear exit

of the building? I think you've got a hunch as to where Peggy Brent is hiding out, and I want to be with you when you find her. Don't misunderstand. I'd want to go where you go no matter who you are, but I'm a newspaper man and so I must find out what you know that I don't about this shooting scrape."

What she knew that he didn't! It was so much that Peggy laughed softly. After all her worries, he didn't know that she was Peggy Brent, secretary to the dead man and now accused of his murder. Her relief was so great that for a moment she felt light headed.

"Come on, honey. What's your hunch? Out with it!" the man was saying. Then, "Oh, by the way, I'm Jack Anderson of the *Evening-Herald*. I could think up a lot of swell terms to call you but it might be convenient if you had a name, too."

"I'm Kay Murray." Once, in high school, in the small southern town where she was reared, she had taken the part of a girl with that name, in a class play.

"Kay Murray." Jack Anderson repeated the name. "I don't know it. Are you new at reporting?"

"Yes. I'm new." About two minutes old, to tell the truth, she reflected ruefully.

"Then we'll be seeing each other often, I hope," he said.

"Oh, yes, very often." Every day for weeks maybe, in a great, gray courtroom. Only she wouldn't be in the reporters' row. She would be on the witness stand.

"Kay. That name isn't right for you. I'll think up a better one. But to get back to business. What makes you think we'll find Peggy Brent in Connecticut?"

It was hard to pretend when his keen eyes met hers so consistently. Why didn't he watch the road, the wheel, the traffic?

"I'll tell you when we get there," she heard her voice answering.

"Okay," he answered, and became busy with traffic for a moment. Gratefully Peggy leaned back and closed her dark

blue eyes. At once the scene of the afternoon began to unroll before her, just as though somebody unwound a movie film.

SHE had been typing quietly at her desk when Mr. Burns, the senior partner of the law firm of Burns and Andrews, rang for her. Mr. Andrews was in Mr. Burns' office when she entered. He spoke to her immediately, disregarding his superior.

"Hello, Miss Brent. That's a charming dress." It was a slim, yellow frock with a row of brown buttons that marched all the way down the front in soldierly parade. "Mr. Burns said I might call you in, to get your impression of a new treasure. You know my liking for guns?"

Peggy nodded.

Mr. Andrews laughed. He held out his newest purchase.

"Take it. It won't hurt you. Jeff doesn't like guns, either. Won't even pick up one. I told him you would be braver than he is. Here, touch it."

Peggy was standing between the two men, near the desk. Mr. Burns, still seated, held the dictaphone mouthpiece in an impatient hand. Clearly he wanted the comedy to end so he could continue his work.

Mr. Andrews, laughing now, was pushing the gun into Peggy's unwilling hand. "It won't go off. It isn't loaded. Pull the trigger and see how easily it works."

"Oh, no!" She shrank away.

Then, so quickly the memory was a horrible flashback now, a hand like a steel vise closed on hers forcing her fingers to clutch the gun, pressing the index finger on the trigger, turning her hand until the gun pointed at the heart of Jefferson Burns. There was a shot, loud and horrible. Mr. Burns gasped as he slumped down in his chair.

The door opened instantly. Junior members of the firm, stenographers, office boys came running. Peggy stood by the

desk, holding the gun, staring wide-eyed at the crimson stain that was spreading on the dead man's shirt.

"You said it wasn't loaded . . ." That was a whisper. "You forced that gun into my hand and pressed my finger!" That was a shriek. "Mr. Andrews, you made me kill him!"

Policemen came. Confusion reigned. There were orders to touch nothing. Men from headquarters were on the way. Peggy was questioned, questioned, questioned. At first she sprang up angrily to deny Mr. Andrew's accusations.

"For some time, Miss Brent had been at odds with Mr. Burns," the junior partner's suave voice stated. "She took pains to conceal it from the office staff. Today something was too much for her. Imagine my amazement when she seized my gun—and well . . ." He shrugged his tailored shoulders expressively.

Peggy told her story. Over and over again. Even she could see how inadequate it sounded. No one would believe her word against that of the influential man who accused her of murder. Her words sounded like a foolish, hurried alibi, concocted because the gun had been in her hand when she was caught.

At last, heartsick and weary, she asked if she might go to the rest room. Her coat and hat were there, but she did not think of flight at the moment. Not until she remembered an outer door that led from the restroom to the back hall. She did not stop to think that some time she would be caught, that flight would be mistaken as an evidence of guilt. She would be convicted anyway. She must get away!

The front hall was impossible. She knew the police were waiting for her, guarding her. Behind them was the waiting room, filled with reporters through whom she had been led a moment before. The back hall was her only chance of escape. She was out of the door, hurry-

ing to the service elevator. If only it would come! If only it would be empty!

It didn't come. She hid in a small closet off the stairway for a while and then ran down the stairs and reached the back alley.

NOW she opened her eyes and looked at the lean profile of the reporter who thought she was a newspaper woman. How glad she was that he had arrived too late to be with that group in the reception room!

She scanned the long, black street that shone in the autumn rain, now that the car had left the district where traffic was congested.

She did not know where she would go or what she would do. Her one desire had been to get away. She knew now that she didn't have a chance. Not with that gun in her hand and her finger-prints so plainly impressed upon it.

Jack Anderson was speaking.

"Hungry? I can pick up some sandwiches and we can eat while we go. Food always makes anything more bearable."

"Yes, I know." Then she caught herself with a start. Almost she had let him know that she had something to bear. She might have told him, not meaning to. What right did he have to be so understanding, so commanding, so protective when so soon he would know who she was, and knowing, turn from her? Or would he? She studied his face. He looked at her and she realized he was waiting for an answer.

"I'm too excited to eat," she said. Her stomach was as hollow as a drum but it would always be that way now. Still, sandwiches might delay them and grant her a few moments of freedom with a man who was tall and strong and protective. "I might try a ham on toast," she admitted.

After that, Jack began to talk about the case as they rode along.

"Peggy Brent shouldn't have run away," he said. "It will prejudice the public and the judge, even though she is innocent."

"But when you are frightened you can't always help what you do," Peggy answered quickly, defending herself, though he could not know that.

"What would you have done under the same circumstances?" he asked.

She hesitated. She must talk carefully. "Probably what Peggy Brent did," she said at last. "Her story hasn't much chance of being believed."

Jack interrupted. "You're wrong. Why hasn't it? It's pretty well-known that there was bad blood between Burns and Andrews. If Andrews wanted to get Burns out of the way, this wasn't such an improbable way of doing it. Remember, honey, the girl will have to face the music some time. Wouldn't it be better for her to stay with the case—not be brought in?"

"Yes, I suppose it would be," Peggy agreed, her white face turned away from the tall reporter with the stubborn chin and the probing eyes. The rain came faster, shutting them together in the shadowy recesses of the car, while the dark world ran on beside them. But she wouldn't give herself up! Let Jack say what he pleased, she didn't have a chance when they found her. Now it would be doubly hard. No one would forget her break for freedom. She wished desperately that he would not talk of the case. For a little while she would pretend that there was a spire of a promised city down the road, that she and Jack rode through a storm, unafraid.

He was speaking again.

"Sometimes people run and then are sorry. It's a natural reaction. It takes bravery to return and face the charge. I half hope this Brent girl will see it that way. It would make her an A-number one heroine in my mind."

"Even if she had shot her employer?"

"But maybe she didn't. If she did, there must have been a reason. What do you know about the state of affairs between Burns and Andrews?" He spoke in a quiet, professional, impersonal tone and it restored Peggy's poise.

"I heard," she ventured, "that Andrews tried to buy some jurors. Burns was furious and took him to task for it. I can understand why Mr. Andrews might want to get Mr. Burns out of the way. But would a judge and jury believe he could be so calloused about the way he did it?"

Jack was persistent. "Whatever the judge and jury believe won't be helped because the prisoner ran away." He was silent for a moment. Then he asked: "Mind letting me in on your plans when we get to our destination? I could help you more if I knew. What makes you think you will find Peggy Brent up here?"

"Feminine intuition, perhaps," Peggy replied. "I think she will come in on the train that's due in a little while. We'll watch the exits. After all, you're a newspaper man and you were kind enough to bring me here."

"Did you see her? For what kind of girl shall I watch?"

"Just an ordinary girl. Dark hair and eyes," Peggy made up. "I had such a hurried glimpse." It had been hurried. A panic-stricken glimpse in the dressing room mirror.

"We can get a paper pretty soon. There will be pictures of her," Jack added.

There will be pictures of her! Of course there would be. Flashlights had exploded all over the office.

**S**UDDENLY Jack put his hand over hers again. "I like following a rainy road through a wild night with you," he said.

That road would go on such a few miles farther, Peggy whispered to herself.

It would end on a dreary railroad platform in Connecticut when the train from Manhattan came in.

She didn't want the drive to end. She would be alone when it did, shut away from the world in a fog of fear, knowing that she could not hide forever. Sooner or later she would be brought to trial for something she had not done. Alan Andrews was rich and influential. She was an unknown secretary. No, she hadn't a chance. Now that she had run away it was even more important that she should stay hidden. Because she feared so much the void of loneliness and fear into which the car was carrying her, she grasped the man's hand tighter, and did not know it.

Jack smiled at her, his gray eyes grave and tender in the rainy brightness. Then he spoke again:

"You'll be at the trial, won't you?"

"Every session," she answered with a sigh. "You'll know where to find me during that period."

"I'll be there, too," he said. "I expect to grab you for lunch and dinner daily. Mind?"

Because it was a game, a lovely game, and it could last such a little while longer, she threw all restraint to the winds. "I can't think of anything I'd rather do than have lunch and dinner with you."

But she wouldn't dine with him. She would be taken back to her cell and given a tray. Candle-lighted tables, flowers that nodded in pretty vases, an orchestra that made a silver ribbon of music so the feet of two could dance and dance—these were gone forever.

Then presently Jack said: "I can't forget Peggy Brent who ran away so foolishly. I hope we can find her and tell her to go back and give herself up. Even if she did it—and she probably had a reason if she did—it would be easier for her."

"Maybe if we were fleeing for our lives, we couldn't be stopped, either,"

*Peggy saw the door open and two state troopers come in.*



Peggy said, fighting for composure.

"Maybe not, yet if she knew she had a friend or two to stick to her, it might help."

"Yes, but even then she might not want to. Of course if she didn't go back voluntarily, once she was caught she could be forced to," Peggy said, her voice almost a whisper.

Beyond them lights gleamed. They were nearing a small town. Peggy slipped lower into her seat but her eyes scanned the streets. Any moment an officer might step up and ask to search the car.

The hunt would be gaining momentum by now. She prayed that the car would hurry, and then reversed the appeal and

prayed for engine trouble, a flat tire, anything to delay the journey.

"Since there is a story, I'm glad we're on it together," Jack said.

"So am I," Peggy agreed knowing she would take this memory with her into the loneliness of tomorrow and the day after that.

On and on and on. Wind blowing the bare boughs of the trees, the waters of the Sound growling at one side of the road and deserted summer houses standing like dark ghosts on the other. They came to a filling station and a sandwich shop, and Jack pulled in.

"Gas?" Peggy asked, pulled her coat closer around her neck, and carelessly swept her curls back of her ears.

"Gas and coffee," Jack said, and his eyes were so gray, his profile so lean and clean, his mouth so strong that Peggy wanted to sob out to him that she was Peggy Brent and she never had killed a man. She knew, though, that this was something she could never do. She must save Jack the problem of deciding between his duty to the law and his paper, and his desire to give her her freedom.

She heard the blaring notes of a radio in the station and quick terror stopped her breath. If Jack went into this roadside restaurant he would ask the proprietor to dial the police radio station for further news.

"Hop out," Jack was saying and held out his hands.

She shook her head. "I'm not drinking coffee, Jack. I'll wait." While he was gone, she would slip away.

"You're going with me." He took her hands and drew her from the car. A sudden gust of wind and rain blew her against him and he held her closely. He did not say anything but they stood alone, for a moment, in an infinity of time and space. Then an automobile horn sounded on an incoming car, and the spell was broken.

THERE were mirrors in the lunchroom with the price of bacon and eggs and hamburger sandwiches written on them in soap. There were half a dozen thick pies, and several signs which explained that meat, potatoes, a vegetable and coffee might be had for twenty-five cents. Peggy noted it all with the meticulous mind of one who examines the last scene on freedom's road.

"Heard anything about the Brent case?" Jack asked.

The proprietor nodded. "Had something on the air about ten minutes ago. They're closing the roads and starting to search downtown New York. They'll get her. There'll be more pretty soon."

Peggy saw that the door was opening. Two state troupers came in. She did not try to raise the heavy coffee cup to her lips. Her hand would have trembled and she would have spilled the liquid, she knew. The policemen were laughing and they sat down at the end of the counter. They did not know her yet.

"Dial Police Headquarters," one of the two officers said. "Try to get something on the Brent case."

Peggy threw her shining head higher. After all, she had to face life bravely, as though she were free. And if her plumes went down this time, they would fall with an air of triumph. She would not cringe or ask for sympathy.

There came the familiar words, "Calling all cars! Calling all cars!" How often she had heard them and how little she had known that some day it would be for her the man-hunt was staged. "All men ordered to be on the watch for Peggy Brent, nineteen-year-old Wall Street secretary. found with smoking gun in hand directly following the murder of Attorney Jefferson Burns, at 4:50 this afternoon. Look for girl about five feet, three inches tall, weight around one hundred and four pounds, auburn hair worn in long curly bob, large blue eyes, pretty and cultured.

At time of her disappearance she was wearing a yellow flannel dress with row of wooden buttons down front. A brown coat and brown felt sports hat disappeared from rest room with her.

"It is thought she made her escape at the back entrance to the building."

Peggy sat still as the metallic voice went on with the description. Jack, who sat across the table, separating her from the two police troupers, moved forward, hiding her and she noticed that his fingers tightened on the handle of his coffee cup, though his eyes never looked away from the small box which held the radio.

The state police had stopped talking. They were watching her, looking at her through the mirror which reflected the yellow dress and the rusty curls.

The announcer's voice went on and on. Well, she could go down with banners flying, bugles singing, stars breaking, though no one but she would know that there had been fanfare and drums.

One of the policemen was sauntering toward her. He spoke to Jack. "Hello, Buddy. I'd like a few words with your friend here. Yellow dress, brown buttons, brown coat and hat. Blue eyes and red hair. I'll have to ask you to prove your identity. May have to take you along to the station with us, sister."

The other came up. "No maybe about it. She's going with us. Had just about enough time to get this far . . . her accomplice waiting for her . . ."

Jack stood up. His eyes flashed but he kept his voice down to a good natured drawl. "See here, fellows, you've been reading detective yarns. I'm Jack Anderson of the *Evening-Herald*" . . . He opened the case in which he carried his police reporter's card and his picture for identification. . . ." And this is Kay Murray, a fellow reporter, new to the beat, assigned to the story with me."

The two officers examined the credentials. They handed them back to him.

"I should have recognized you, Anderson," one of them apologized. "Seen your picture in the paper plenty of times. But this does look like the real thing. Same get up and eyes and hair. You'll have to admit it would make sort of a fool of even a smart guy."

"It would!" Jack managed to smile. "Forget it."

When he spoke to Peggy his voice gave the impression that he was amused and only she saw a little throbbing pulse at the corner of his mouth. "Kay, the next time you get assigned to a story with me, find out how the culprit is dressed and change your clothes."

She played up. "I'll always wear black hereafter. It's safer."

The officers turned back to their food.

"**D**RINK your coffee—slowly," Jack said in a low voice, and she managed to hold her hand steady until the hot beverage had slipped down her throat.

They went outside to the car. Jack steered it out of the parking space before he spoke.

"You see how it is, Peggy? You haven't a chance to get away. Sooner or later, they'll get you."

"Yes," she nodded. He hadn't up-braided her, stormed or scolded or expressed surprise. But why hadn't he? His next words changed her trend of thought.

"Peggy, why wouldn't you trust me?"

"But I didn't do it!" It was a cry, choked with tears.

"Whether you did or didn't, you should have known you could trust me. I've waited hoping you would talk . . ."

"Then you did know!" she said so slowly that the words took a long time.

He turned to her swiftly, almost fiercely. "Of course I knew! I saw you go through the room where the reporters were waiting. When the word came that you were gone, I ran to the rear exit to get my car. And I found you."

"Then all the time you were going along because I was a good story," she said, her dreams falling like brittle pieces of breaking glass.

"Oh, Peggy, no! At first I was curious. And I was sorry for you. I wanted to help you. And I knew when I kissed you that it was more than that. I began to fall in love! I wanted to take care of you. I wanted you to tell me about it. I pretended I mistook you for a reporter so I'd have an excuse to hang around."

"Even if I did it?" she asked so softly that the words were gentler than the rain drops that were falling slowly and more slowly on the top of the car.

"No matter what you did. I trusted you, you see."

It was sweet to be protected. It was heaven to give the secret to Jack. Maybe she must go to jail, but now it would not be so terrifying. She said:

"Darling, I've told you the truth. I didn't do it. Oh, please believe me!"

He stopped the car. There was desperation, passion, tenderness in the kiss he gave her. He released her to say: "Peggy, darling, whatever happened, I'm sticking with you. Always."

Leaning against him, his arm around her, Peggy said: "I'll give myself up."

He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed at her eyes.

"Don't you dare go getting discouraged. We'll beat this thing. You wait."

They didn't speak until Jack pulled up in front of a drug store. "I must call my paper, honey. Will you give me your sacred promise to wait? I'd take you along but we want to get you back to the city without interference."

"I'll wait, Jack."

He loved her and she loved him. The road could have led straight up the hill to paradise if he had come on any other day. Now it was too late. Maybe she should go away. Then Jack would be saved the humiliation of association with

her. She was so tired. The world was so huge, so dark. And Jack loved her. Oh, sometimes love had to happen swiftly because there was so little time for it!

She saw him coming and she knew that she could not have gone away into the night. He was tossing a coin on the news stand counter, picking up a paper. Her picture and her story would be there. She waited, tense and white again.

Then Jack was coming toward her in leaping strides, throwing open the door of the car, thrusting the paper before her eyes. "Peggy, look!" he exulted. He pressed the button that lighted the car.

She looked. Her picture was there, under a huge banner of black letters that danced crazily. Surely she had not read them rightly. She rubbed her hand across her eyes and looked again.

### **Peggy Brent Exonerated in Office Killing**

She was going to faint. Somebody was holding her up. Somebody was saying her name, kissing her mouth. Her face was cushioned against something firm and rough like tweed. Slowly she came back.

"Peggy, Peggy, my sweet, can you ever forgive me for even thinking that maybe you had a reason to shoot the man?" Jack was saying. "Precious, you're free!"

Now she was conscious again, and her shining eyes were looking into Jack's. "Free, really?" she asked.

"Free!" he repeated. "Somebody had sense enough to notice that the dictaphone was still on so they played the roll and got the story. It's all there. The black-guard forcing the gun on you, your objections, your screams. There's always a false step in the perfect crime and this time it was Andrews' oversight about that dictaphone."

"Free!" Peggy said again.

"Free!" Jack echoed and kissed her. Then he continued: "The police gave

Andrews quite a work-out. He couldn't take it and spilled some admissions that he and Burns were about ready to part company. Burns was going to expose him any day so he had to act fast." He lowered his voice and held her closer. "Peggy, you and I are going to headquarters so everybody can beg your pardon."

She noticed for the first time that the rain had stopped and a network of stars, faint and far away, was weaving a pattern to hold up a silver moon. Down the road

the spires grew tall again and the wind began to sing.

"I'm taking care of you from now on." Jack was saying. "Maybe you've guessed that I love you, Peggy, sweet."

She couldn't have answered had she wanted to. Jack was kissing her again—tenderly, protectingly, gaily, happily. Even the stars and the rockets were gone this time and there was nothing but a bright and shining road of love where two people rode to happiness.

.....

## WANT YOUR FORTUNE TOLD?

Cross Zamora's palm with silver—a dime will do—and she will tell you a real gypsy fortune.

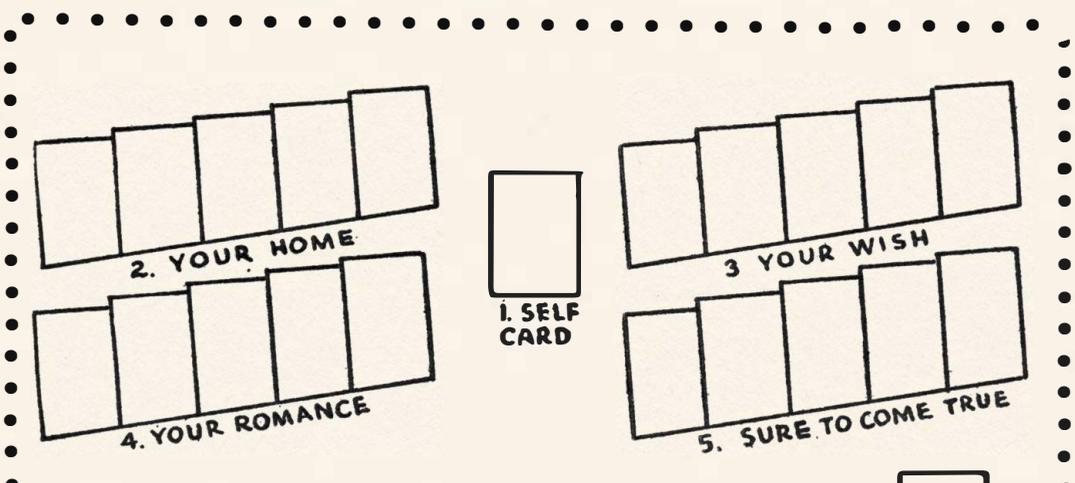
Select the card that represents you from a bridge deck. Queen of Diamonds if you are a very blonde woman; King if you are a man. Hearts if you are medium blonde, Clubs if you are medium brunette, and Spades if you have black hair and black eyes. List that card in the space marked No. 1.

Now make a wish. Shuffle the full bridge

deck with the self card withdrawn. Spread them in a horseshoe and select any twenty-one cards.

Lay them out in four piles of five cards each and you will have one card left. That is the surprise card.

Fill out the diagram and the coupon and send them with a dime and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Zamora, and in a personal letter to you, she will tell you your fortune from the cards you laid out.



Zamora,  
Love Book Magazine,  
205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Dear Zamora:  
Here is a list of the cards in my fortune. What do they mean? I enclose ten cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reading.

NAME .....

STREET or BOX.....

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

BIRTHDAY..... AGE.....

# LOVE LOCKED OUT

By KATHERINE PAGE

*Nora found that she could  
neither lock Kip from her  
new home nor her heart*





# LOVE LOCKED OUT

By KATHERINE PAGE

*Nora found that she could  
neither lock Kip from her  
new home nor her heart*

“A PLACE of your own . . . that’s just what you needed, Nora, to make you irresistible.”

Alec Baxter looked approvingly about the charming apartment, while Nora hugged his words to her heart.

A place of her own! And such a divine place. Nora adored the stately old mahogany furniture and the hangings of rose and deep wine, that she had matched with a puff-sleeved clinging hostess gown of dusty pink.

Her dark hair, which could tumble to her shoulders in a blue-black cloud, was caught up in a stately array of curls. Beneath them her small oval face was

radiant and her black-lashed violet eyes were lighted with twin stars.

The evening . . . her first evening in the first apartment that she had ever owned in New York . . . had been perfect.

The steak she cooked for dinner had been thick and juicy, the salad cold and crisp. And afterwards she and Alec sat on a divan in front of the fireplace. The spring breeze that blew across Gramercy Park made it almost too warm for a fire, but there was something about a fireplace.

She felt closer to Alec than she had in all the months of their office and dining-out friendship. He had been right in advising her to get out of the girls’

*A totally strange young man had unlocked the door and walked right into her new apartment.*



“A PLACE of your own . . . that’s just what you needed, Nora, to make you irresistible.”

Alec Baxter looked approvingly about the charming apartment, while Nora hugged his words to her heart.

A place of her own! And such a divine place. Nora adored the stately old mahogany furniture and the hangings of rose and deep wine, that she had matched with a puff-sleeved clinging hostess gown of dusty pink.

Her dark hair, which could tumble to her shoulders in a blue-black cloud, was caught up in a stately array of curls. Beneath them her small oval face was

radiant and her black-lashed violet eyes were lighted with twin stars.

The evening . . . her first evening in the first apartment that she had ever owned in New York . . . had been perfect.

The steak she cooked for dinner had been thick and juicy, the salad cold and crisp. And afterwards she and Alec sat on a divan in front of the fireplace. The spring breeze that blew across Gramercy Park made it almost too warm for a fire, but there was something about a fireplace.

She felt closer to Alec than she had in all the months of their office and dining-out friendship. He had been right in advising her to get out of the girls’

*A totally strange young man had unlocked the door and walked right into her new apartment.*



club where they never had a moment of privacy.

Looking at him stretched out contentedly before the fire that glistened goldenly on his waving hair and threw fascinating shadows across his blond, good-looking face, Nora could not regret that she had mortgaged her secretarial salary for six months to rent this apartment. It had been a bargain, at that.

Smiling at her, Alec said: "If I didn't know you so well, Nora, I'd think an angel was bank-rolling you. This is a frightfully swanky place."

"I know, but I got it on a sub-lease," she told him, and explained again about the plump distracted young man who had a sweetheart and a new job in Baltimore.

"So I'll let this apartment go at half price," the plump owner had said, adding, "To a responsible person. And you are responsible, aren't you, Miss Adair?"

Nora had assured him that she was, and a few hours later the apartment was hers. Her home! And a dozen times more attractive than Bea Martin's studio, about which Alec used to talk.

"It's about the most attractive apartment in New York, and I hate to go back to my hotel," Alec said, slipping an arm around her and drawing her to him for a kiss. A kiss that was deeper and more clinging than any of the kisses he had given her in taxis or in the doorway of the Girls' Club. A kiss that Nora was not quite sure she liked, although it did exciting things to her pulse. A kiss that lasted a little too long.

**S**HE pulled away firmly, just in time to hear the key turn in the lock. The lock of her own front door! A warning breeze swept in from the foyer, while simultaneously a gay voice called out:

"Hi, Toots! Home again."

Nora jumped to her feet and stared unbelievably. A totally strange young man had dropped two heavy bags in the middle

of the foyer and was scaling his hat familiarly across her console table.

"What . . . what are you doing here?" she demanded.

The strange young man did not answer immediately. The sight of her, rising like a pink nymph from the divan, seemed to have stricken him dumb and motionless. Bewilderment, admiration and amusement chased across his ruggedly handsome bronzed face.

He said finally: "Why, I had an idea this was my home, when I was in town. But it looks as if I'd made a mistake."

"It looks like I'm the one who made a mistake," Alec Baxter, who was edging around the divan defensively, cut in before Nora could speak. "I didn't know you shared your apartment, Nora. I'll leave at once."

"Wait!" Nora cried. "I don't share anything. And this man hasn't any right here."

"No?" the stranger said quizzically. "What about the furniture?"

"What about it?" Nora stamped one small foot distractedly.

Alec's face was growing more suspicious by the moment, while the stranger's amusement seemed to heighten. Secret laughter sparkled across his gray eyes like sunlight peering through clouds. And every word he uttered was making matters worse.

He went on: "It happens to be my furniture, lovely Nora. And while I don't mind your using it, I think you're acting downright inhospitable to a returning traveler. And that's a good idea, palsy-walsy. . ." He turned to Alec, ". . . about your scrambling, I mean. It looks as if this beautiful lady and I have a misunderstanding to settle."

Alec bowed stiffly and would have gone, but swiftly Nora was in front of him.

"Please, Alec," she begged, "you've got to listen to me. I never saw this person before in my life. I don't even know

his name or what he is doing here.”

“The name is Kip Fanning,” the young man put in with an amiable smile.

“I don’t care what it is!” Nora flung at him angrily. “And I don’t know how you got a key to this apartment. You’d better get out, quickly!”

“And leave my furniture?” Kip Fanning asked, lifting winged eyebrows. “It ~~is~~ my furniture, you know, Beautiful.”

“That’s what you say!” Nora flared. “I rented this furnished apartment from a man called Bates.”

“Good old Freddie!” Kip Fanning murmured in a meditative tone. Coolly, he sauntered over to the fireplace.

Alec looked from one to the other uncertainly, then picked up his hat, saying sulkily:

“I don’t get what this is all about, but it’s a deuced embarrassing ending to a swell evening, Nora. Be seeing you in the office tomorrow.”

“But, Alec!” Nora faltered. “I can’t stay here alone with a strange man! You’ll have to throw him out for me.”

“That would be the gallant thing to do,” Kip Fanning agreed in a mild voice that was belied by the visible tensing of smooth hard muscles beneath his well-tailored tweeds. He moved a little nearer Alec, seeming to tower over him as he asked with a challenging grin: “Want to try?”

“No,” Alec said flatly. Then, with a reproachful glance at Nora, “I see no reason why you should try to stir up a fight. Anyhow, there are policemen. If you want me to send up one, I will.”

“I don’t!” Nora snapped. “I don’t want a policeman or any other kind of man. There’s one too many here already.”

She glared at Kip Fanning, but it was Alec who shrugged and turned away. The door closed on his indignant back.

“And now he’s gone,” Kip observed. “Who was he? The boy friend?”

“Yes . . . or almost,” Nora said hotly.

“Only you had to come and spoil things!”

Suddenly, as she realized just how badly her beautiful first evening in this first home of her own had been wrecked, tears drenched the violet of her eyes.

Kip Fanning began to look contrite. “Please, don’t do that! He seemed like sort of a nasty-minded little critter to me.”

“He isn’t!” Nora brushed away the tears and faced him with renewed wrath. “But no wonder he thought things . . . you walking into my apartment with a key. Where did you get it?”

“I got it from Freddie Bates a year ago,” Kip told her reasonably. “You see, Freddie and I had an arrangement whereby he supplied the apartment and I supplied the furniture. And in return, I was to have the use of the place whenever I was in town.”

Nora pushed back the dark curls that were tumbling down on her forehead. “He didn’t tell you that he had sub-let the apartment to me?”

“Nary a word. Of course, he may have written me, but I’ve been selling oil for the lamps of China the last eight months, and mail service is very unreliable over there.”

“What a rotten mix-up!” Nora cried bewilderedly. Then, as Kip maintained an amused silence, “But I won’t give up this apartment. I rented it in good faith, and it’s mine. The first place of my own I’ve had in New York.”

Her voice quivered, and tears of disappointment threatened to well again. Kip’s lean bronzed face softened.

“It means a lot to you, doesn’t it?” he said gently.

“It would to you, too, if you had been living in a girls’ club, where you had only a two-by-four bedroom, and always had to take your dates to movies or restaurants.”

“By dates, I suppose you mean the lad who just left.”

Nora nodded. "Alec's the kind of man who likes to sit around in pleasant quiet surroundings."

"I know the type." Kip's tone was dry, but his gray eyes were warm with sympathy, and to her own surprise, Nora found herself sitting beside him on the divan, pouring out the whole story.

SHE had loved Alec Baxter for months. He was quite the cleverest and most attractive of all the junior executives in the Acme Advertising Agency, in fact, the most attractive man she had met in New York. And she was not the only girl in the agency who thought so.

There was Bea Martin who was a little bit angular where she should have been curved. But Bea had a huge salary as a copywriter, which enabled her to cover her angles with ultra smart clothes and to keep up a studio in Greenwich Village.

"And she was always inviting Alec down for grand dinners," Nora added ruefully, "while I didn't even have a corner where we could be alone."

Kip smiled with a touch of irony. "There are bus tops and Central Park."

"Have you ever tried them?"

"No," he admitted. "But with a girl like you. . . ."

He let his glance slide slowly over the graceful curves of her rose-clad young body. Then with an odd sort of gruffness, he said:

"You're delicious, delightful, de-lovely . . . and an idiot, little Nora. A real man would make his own opportunities to be alone with you. You wouldn't have to offer him free eating, free parking, free petting."

"I'm not." Nora stood up, her face flaming. "And what if I were? It's none of your affair."

Kip's gray eyes twinkled. "Don't be too sure of that. After all, you're using my old home, my furniture."

"That's nonsense!" Nora told him in

a furious choked voice. "I have a signed lease from your friend, Mr. Bates."

"For a furnished apartment?" he asked speculatively. "Freddie's pretty wacky, but I doubt whether he would sign away another fellow's furniture. Better take a second look at that lease."

Nora had not taken even a good first look. Gripped by uncertainty that she tried to hide with a defiant toss of her head, she crossed over to a rosewood desk opposite the fireplace and brought out the impressive legal document. She read it through twice with growing dismay.

"It looks as if you were right," she said at length, turning to Kip. "I have an apartment but no furniture. Which makes everything just fine and dandy."

She tried to speak bravely and carelessly, but there was a sob in her throat that crept into her voice. Kip came over to stand in front of her.

"Maybe we can arrange something," he said encouragingly.

Nora's gloomy little face brightened. "You mean I might rent the furniture from you? I couldn't pay very much though. I'm already spending too much for the apartment."

"I don't want your money," he said.

"What do you want?" Her violet eyes became alarmed.

"Nothing very bad," he told her, laughing. Then motioning her back to the divan, he explained:

"I'm sailing on the *Queen Mary* the end of next week to take over our London office. In the meantime I have ten days on my hands, in which I want to be seen around New York with a girl."

"But why?" she faltered.

He smiled, his expression a trifle remote. "That's another story, and not a pleasant one. Let's skip it, and talk about you and me and the fun we're going to have."

"I don't quite understand." Nora frowned with annoyance. "You mean you

want me to play around with you until you sail? But what about Alec?"

"You figure that one out," he said blandly. "All that I'm asking is that you be my girl friend for the next week and a half."

"And if I don't?"

He looked very stern. "Then I'm afraid I'll have to call in some storage people and move the furniture out tomorrow morning."

"That's blackmail!" she cried.

Kip's grin was unabashed. "Maybe, but I promise you it will be a very painless form of blackmail. For instance, I thought we might dine at *Sardi's* tomorrow night, and then dash to the *El Morocco* or the *Stork Club*. You'll wear something black in which you'll look palely mysterious, and I'll send you gardenias to pin in your hair and wind around your wrist."

"How did you know I had a black chiffon dinner dress?" she demanded curiously.

His gray eyes probed deep into her violet ones. "I somehow know a lot of things about you, little Nora. Perhaps we met in Babylon when I was a king and you were my Christian slave."

"You still seem to be giving me orders," she pointed out wryly.

"I'd rather ask you to play with me as a favor. It would be a favor. Please, Nora." Engagingly, he held out his hand, and after a moment of hesitation she slipped her slim fingers into his hard firm clasp.

To fall in with his plans, she told herself, was the sensible thing. And yet it was not quite sensible the way she felt the pressure of his strong fingers tingle through her. She drew her hand away hurriedly.

Kip's eyes danced but he did not try to hold her.

"No doubt you'll be wanting me to move out with the bag and baggage," he

said sauntering towards the foyer door.

"And you'd better give me that key."

He shook his head. An arrogant reddish-brown head. "No professional blackmailer would hand over his dark threat until he had collected." He blew her a mischievous kiss. "So the key and I shall depart together. 'Night and sweet dreams, Beautiful!"

**H**E WAS impudent, utterly outrageous, and if she knew where to reach him she would break their engagement for dinner, Nora decided a dozen times during the next day.

She had managed to make peace of sorts with Alec at luncheon. He accepted her explanation of how Kip Fanning came to possess a key to her apartment, but he would not believe that it was necessary for her to continue seeing him.

"It's ridiculous," he said. "I was counting on having another homey evening with you. And now this! If there's some dispute about the furniture why not take the matter up with a lawyer?"

"Lawyers cost money," Nora told him. "Anyhow, it's easier to do it this way."

Easier, and much more exciting.

Nora was surprised and a little ashamed of the eagerness with which she dressed that night in the black chiffon. Kip had sent her an extravagant box of gardenias. A tiara of them for her blue-black hair and a pert little flower muff that dangled fragrantly from one slender wrist.

She felt luxurious and pampered, which made it hard to act with Kip as she had planned. She had wanted to be cool and a little bored as a protest against his high-handed tactics, but instead she found herself enjoying the evening absurdly.

As he had promised, they dined at *Sardi's* and danced afterwards at *El Morocco* to soft tango rhythm that rippled sensuously through Nora's veins and

gave her a sensation of floating rather than dancing. Her dark gardenia-crowned head came just to Kip's chin, and his breath stirred her hair as they moved together in close, magic-weaving harmony.

"I've always wanted a girl I could wear on my lapel," he said. "And you don't mind it too much, do you, Nora, being my *boutonniere* for ten days?"

There was a trace of wistfulness beneath the laughing question that made her shake her head in quick, involuntary reassurance. She was not minding at all. It sounded amusing to be a flower for his lapel. At least, that night it did.

A week later Nora was not so sure.

The seven days had gone by on wings. Each night Kip had some new entertainment planned. And it was fun. Rushing home to dress in evening clothes. A drop of perfume behind each ear. Flowers for her hair. Delicious dinners. Long drives through the hauntingly sweet Maytime nights. Dancing with Kip at the most expensive night clubs.

Alec was marching himself aggrievedly and ostentatiously down to Bea Martin's almost every evening. But it did not seem to matter, Nora discovered, and was a little bit frightened. Alec should matter. Not Kip, who wanted only to be seen around New York with her and then would sail away.

And there was a girl behind it all. A girl by the name of Elise. Nora found that out on the eighth night.

She and Kip were dancing at the *Arrowhead Inn*, and ran into a friend of his. A slim young man with a tiny mustache and a loud voice that carried very plainly across the floor as he sang out:

"Hey, hey, Kip! How about coming up to see your old friends one of these days? Elise is getting ready to put in a police call for you."

"Elise?" Kip made it sound as if he barely knew her, but his face took on that remote expression that it had worn that

first night when he talked about his reasons for needing a girl for ten days.

Looking at him and wondering about the unknown Elise, Nora felt suddenly tired and vaguely unhappy. And the end of the ten days loomed up like the end of the world. She had had too much excitement, she told herself. It was time to call a halt.

She said sensibly as they parted in her foyer a couple of hours later: "Kip, do we have to play this farce out to the end? I really should have a date with Alec tomorrow night."

He stared at her. "A farce, Nora? Hasn't it been anything else but that?"

"What else could it be?" she asked a trifle unsteadily. It must be, she thought desperately, knowing at the same moment that it had not been just a farce.

Kip's hands were on her shoulders now as he searched her face, and under his touch, quivering emotions that had been smouldering within her for days surged through her heart in one tumultuous flame. She tried to draw away from him, terribly afraid lest he feel the wild throbbing of her pulses.

But his hands only tightened, seeming to reach yet deeper and deeper, while he said:

"Perhaps we haven't played the farce, as you call it, far enough. Perhaps there should be . . . this!"

Abruptly his dark head bent. His eyes, shining wells of smoky fire, held hers for a breathless second. His kiss hovered over her, dragging her heart and soul upwards even before his lips claimed hers.

"Don't, Kip! It isn't part of our bargain," she tried to gasp, but her voice died away into an incoherent murmur.

His lips touched hers, and with a little choked sob she felt herself go limp, felt her hands steal upwards to press him closer. Rapture more poignant and sweetly terrifying than anything that she had ever known seemed to drug her.



*In the middle of chaos she saw Kip, looking very big and determined, holding her negligee and a box of powder.*

She stood weak and trembling when he released her with a low conquering laugh. A laugh which gave her shamed warning of his awareness of her surrender.

“And now tell me that it’s Alec you want to see tomorrow night.”

"It is! Of course, it is!" she cried furiously.

But he only laughed again, then turned swiftly and went out.

Nora could not even move from where he left her for several minutes. She was panic-stricken at what had happened to her.

"I've fallen in love with him!" she whispered, adding in her next frightened breath: "And he mustn't know . . . ever."

A flower for his lapel was what he had wanted and what she must remain. It would only amuse an arrogant brute like him to realize that he had walked through bolts and locks not only into her home but into her heart.

She would insist upon spending the next evening with Alec, she resolved. She would tell Kip so again in the morning when he telephoned her at the office as was his custom.

But, disconcertingly, Kip did not call, and somehow as the long day dragged, Nora did not find the impulse to invite Alec over, although he stopped by her desk and suggested that he would be free.

**S**HE went home that night slowly, reluctantly. There was no reason to hurry, for there was no date for which to bathe and dress excitedly. There would never be any more dates with Kip. They would have had to end in two more days anyhow, she told herself. She might as well get used to this empty feeling.

Fiercely she blinked away the tears that made her fumble at the lock of her apartment door. And blinked them away just in time.

"Can't you manage your own key?" A voice asked cheerfully, and Kip himself opened the door from the inside.

Audaciously he had let himself in and was waiting for her.

She gasped and stared indignantly.

"Don't say it," he advised with a mischievous grin. "Count ten first. Then

have a cocktail. I brought some mixings and have a lovely pink one ready for you."

He motioned toward the serving table that he had drawn up before the fireplace and set with a cocktail shaker and two glasses. He had made himself perfectly at home.

As she saw his preparations, Nora could not decide whether she wanted most to slap him or kiss him.

"Of all the impossible people!" But she let him lead her over to the cocktails.

"I know, sweet. I'm an awful pest," he said with engaging small-boy sort of penitence. "But I couldn't take a chance on missing you tonight. It's like this."

He seated her, and over the really delicious cocktails, explained that his mother was in town.

"She flew up from Miami this morning to say farewell to me and to meet you."

"Why should she want to meet me?" Nora demanded suspiciously.

"Why shouldn't she? Aren't you my new girl?"

Nora's violet eyes darkened. "You mean you've let her think there's something serious between us? Kip, that was carrying a game too far, and I won't have any part of it!"

She stood up, slim and defiant. Kip studied her in silence for a minute, with the little laughing devil that she was coming both to love and fear, beginning to dance in his gray eyes.

He said finally: "But what will I tell her about the furniture? Most of it's stuff she's given me, and she would be furious if I turned it over to just any old girl."

"The furniture!" Nora choked on an outraged exclamation. "If you mention that again, I'll scream. And I'm not just any old girl."

"Of course you're not," he agreed quickly. "You're a very special girl, and that's why I want you to meet my mother. Please, Nora."

He crossed over to her and slid a coaxing arm about her slender waist. And suddenly Nora did not know what was right and what was wrong. She only knew that if she did not escape from his embrace she would do something ridiculous, like putting her head down on his shoulder and crying.

"All right. It's crazy, but I'll do it. Only I have to go and dress." In a confused flurry she fled to the bedroom.

Kip had brought her violets and she pinned them to the neckline of her white lace dinner dress. A sophisticatedly demure dress, just the kind that she would have worn had she been really Kip's girl, trying to make a good impression on his mother.

Only she was not Kip's girl. She had to remember that.

THEY met Mrs. Fanning in the cocktail lounge of the *Waldorf-Astoria*. She was a stately, white-haired woman, but there was a twinkle in her eyes reminiscent of Kip's, and Nora liked her immediately.

"She thinks you're a darling," Kip managed to whisper as he guided them up to the *Starlight Roof* for dinner.

"I don't feel like one," Nora murmured resentfully. "I feel like the worst little liar on earth."

She could not understand Kip's purpose in forcing this meeting, and Mrs. Fanning's friendliness made it all the more difficult. She seemed to assume that Nora and he were engaged and kept asking about plans. Nora parried the questions as well as she could, referring them back to Kip whenever possible. A procedure which Mrs. Fanning approved highly.

"You're exactly the girl I would have picked for Kip," she said, beaming at Nora across the table. "Not one of these hard, opinionated young things, like Elise Marshall, for instance." Then, carelessly, not noticing the way Nora tensed and

Kip flushed, "Elise had the nerve to call me here at the hotel this afternoon, though how she found out I was here I don't know."

She looked inquiringly at Kip, who admitted with a trace of discomfort, "It's my fault, I guess. She phoned me at the office, and I told her I'd be dining here with you and Nora."

"Then she'll be here, too," Mrs. Fanning said dryly.

Nora's small hands clenched under the table. So that was why he had been so insistent that she come. He had wanted to flaunt her in the face of his old girl. A girl whom he must still love, to go to so much trouble.

Pain and humiliation seethed through Nora in searing tides as the picture began to form in her mind. She felt like an animal caught in a trap from which she must beat and scratch her way out, but pride forced her to smile and say through tight lips:

"I've heard about Elise. It will be interesting to meet her."

"You won't have long to wait." Mrs. Fanning nodded towards the entrance, and Nora turned to see a girl standing there. A girl who seemed to be all gold. Golden dress, golden hair, golden eyeshadow.

Then Elise Marshall was coming towards them, fawning over Mrs. Fanning, passing Nora with a patronizing nod, to smile intimately at Kip who had to seat her at their table.

Nora couldn't tell from Kip's manner whether he was really upset over Elise's arrival, or was putting on an act. He covered his embarrassment with a maddening dignity she had not seen in him before.

And suddenly Nora knew what she had to do. She couldn't stay there any longer, not even with Mrs. Fanning quite obviously not liking Elise. She would not be flaunted any more.

With what adroitness she could muster, Nora excused herself to go to the ladies' room, taking with her the light wrap and her bag. Kip eyed her questioningly, but there was nothing he could do to stop her now. He probably hadn't even a remote idea that she was actually leaving, she decided.

It took only an extra minute to get from the dressing room into the foyer and slip into an elevator. She rode in a taxi straight home, to his apartment, she kept recalling angrily, peering out of the rear window of the cab like a frightened culprit to see if he were following her.

She knew that he might try, out of courtesy or curiosity, and that she wouldn't be there. She hurried into the apartment, changed her evening dress for an office dress, and threw some things into a small overnight bag.

A few minutes later, she was creeping furtively out of the place again, feeling worse than ever because Kip had not followed her. In a small hotel three blocks away she got a room. It was not much of a room, but it was just as good a place as any other to cry herself to sleep.

**I**T WAS silly, though, to let a selfish brute of a man drive her out of her home, Nora reflected the next morning, and she stopped at a locksmith's on the way to the office, paying him in advance to change her apartment lock.

"And do it early," she ordered.

If Kip wanted to take out his wretched furniture before sailing he would have to break down the door. She half hoped he would. She hated him and everything that belonged to him.

Only, she suspected that he did not care very much about the furniture either. He had merely used it as an excuse to make her help him get back his golden Elise. Well, now he had her . . .

She pictured Kip and Elise sailing off together that night on the *Queen Mary*,

and tears kept getting between Nora and her typewriter all day. To make it worse, Alec noticed and said gloatingly:

"I gather the heavy lover has let you down. Really, Nora, you should have known that arrangements like that can't last."

"What arrangements are you talking about?" Nora asked, frightened momentarily for fear he might have discovered just how callously and thoroughly Kip had used her.

But Alec's ideas were quite different. "I mean taking favors from a man, apartments and things like that. And it certainly spoiled my fun."

Nora laughed shortly, and glanced over at Bea Martin who had the door of her office open and was watching them with worried eyes.

"Too bad, Alec, but Bea's a very good cook, and you'll make out."

She knew that it was an unforgivably catty remark, but she wanted to be catty. When you were being hateful it was easier not to cry.

Alec stalked off and she was left alone to her misery for the rest of the office day. There were several telephone calls, but she refused to take them, and the suspense of not knowing whether Kip was trying to say good-by made the day seem even longer.

Her head ached monotonously and she looked forward to closing time. Then she could not bring herself to go home. Not for hours and hours. She walked about aimlessly, watching clocks. The *Queen Mary* was sailing at midnight.

The dinner hour alternately raced and crawled until it was eight, then nine. At ten, Nora had to go back to the apartment because she was too tired to walk any longer. And then she remembered that she didn't have a key to her new lock.

In her anxiety to lock out Kip she had locked out herself!

She tried the door hopelessly, with two

big tears of weariness running down her cheeks. She would have to go again to a hotel, she was thinking, when surprisingly the door gave to her touch. It had not been latched.

She walked in, stopping short with a cry of "Burglars!" struggling to her lips. Her living room looked as if it had been struck by a tornado. There were clothes and suitcases everywhere.

Then, in the middle of the chaos, she saw Kip, very big and bewildered, holding her rose-colored satin negligee in one hand and a box of face powder in the other.

"For heaven's sake, Nora! It's about time you got here. And you have about half enough suitcases to hold your clothes."

"And what business is that of yours?"

Nora flung herself into the room wrathfully. Moving her out, as if she had been an unpaid hotel guest! That was one insult too many. She jerked the negligee from his hand and knocked the powder to the floor where it left a forlorn trail of white.

Kip eyed her with a wary but stubborn expression. "I expected you to be sore, but I had to get this packing done as best I could," he said. "And you'd better help me unless you want to go to London without any clothes."

"Go to London?" Nora faltered, and sat down weakly on the divan.

Kip came over and sat down beside her. There was no laughter now in his eyes, only a deep and tender earnestness.

"Won't you, Nora?" he asked gently. "Maybe I've tried to rush you into it too fast, but I can't, I won't go without you, darling!"

She took off her hat and pushed back her soft cloud of black hair bewilderedly. "You mean that you want just me . . . for no special reason?"

"For the best reason in the world, my

own dear. For the reason that men the world over ask women to go places with them." He smiled faintly. "Because I love you, and unless your lips lied the other night, you love me."

And then, swiftly, he gathered her to him, while her soft mouth told him the truth all over again for moments uncounted except by the timekeeper of paradise.

"But what about Elise?" Nora remembered and had to ask finally.

"Elise," Kip said with his lips against her throat, "was a girl I knew back in before Nora days, who doesn't count now. A girl whom a foolish boy thought he might like to take to China, but who was afraid of hardship and wouldn't go. When she heard about my London job, though, she wanted to change her mind."

"Then you did want me just to show off to her!" Nora's violet eyes clouded with returning jealousy.

"Idiot!" He held her closer than ever. "I didn't want anything but to have you near me every minute I could. Elise was only an excuse. I had as good as forgotten about her, until Mother dragged up the subject last night. Then you ran away, and although I followed you . . ."

"I wasn't here."

Kip laughed. "Don't I know it? I sat around waiting all night and all day, except when I was helping your locksmith to change the lock and arranging with my office to get a special passport for my bride-to-be. Which reminds me . . ." He glanced at his watch and released her to scoop up an armful of clothes.

"Unless you want the *Queen Mary* to sail on a honeymoon without us . . ."

Then, in a whirlwind of laughter, they were both packing together, and were finished in time for a three minute kiss before leaving the apartment where love had walked right through a locked door.

# A CHANCE FOR LOVE

By HELEN HINES

**M**ICHAEL WARNER had been part of Sally Baxter's life ever since she was old enough to remember.

At three, she had banged him over the head with a shovel, and he retaliated by stuffing her mouth full of sand, while their parents smiled fondly at the screams coming through the window, and agreed that Sally and Michael should one day be man and wife.

At eight, Michael dipped Sally's blonde curls in the inkwell, and she promptly revenged herself by driving a nail through his new football.

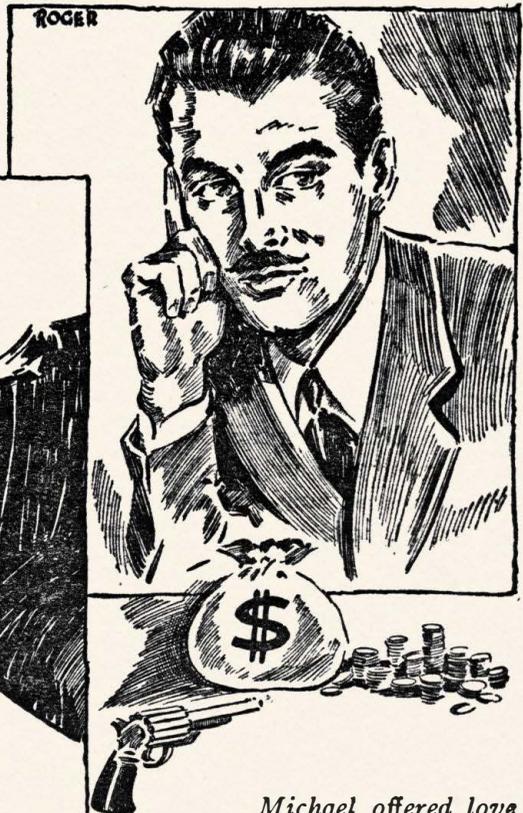
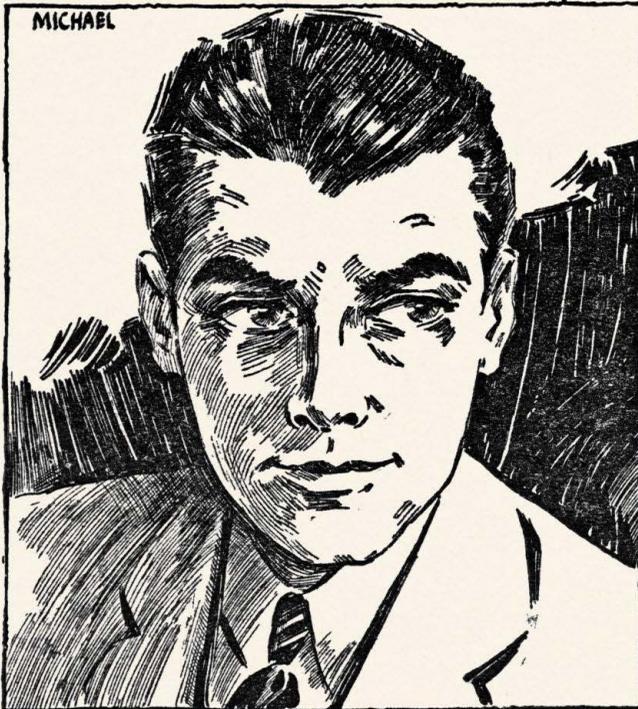
At twelve, he loftily requested her to cease waiting for him after school because he didn't care to be considered girl-crazy.

At seventeen, he trod on her feet at the Junior Party and stole his first shy kiss.

And at twenty-two he tried not to show that the props had been knocked out from under him by Sally's confession that she preferred a career as a newspaper woman to that of wife.

"Sure, honey. I understand," he said, trying to smile as he stood there holding the diamond ring which looked absurdly small and fragile in his strong, brown hands. Then he walked quickly away before she could notice the nerve twitching in his cheek.

If Sally's refusal had broken Michael's heart, he was too proud to admit it. He resumed his gay playmate role and to all appearances was a man content with his lot. But if Sally had not been so busy



*Michael offered love  
and Roger offered  
danger.*

Sally had to experiment with an imitation of love before she realized that real love had been hers all the time



learning the ropes around the *Evening Standard* office, she might have observed that Michael was thinner and that there were tense lines around his firmly moulded mouth.

ON A particularly gray afternoon in early November, Sally dashed out of the newsroom and found Michael sprawled on the steps in the casual attitude of a man who has nothing better to do with his time than spend it waiting.

"Michael, why don't you go to work?" she asked sharply, as he leisurely untangled his long limbs and came forward to meet her.

The gay light died out of his eyes. "I intend to one of these days," he answered, the nerve in his cheek starting to twitch as it always did when he was hiding something.

"I've been hearing that for months," she replied crossly. "I'm disgusted with you! The most brilliant student in law school reduced by too much money to being a . . . a . . ."

"A bum and a wastrel?" Michael suggested with a grin. But the grin couldn't quite cover up the fact that her sharp words had hit him between the eyes.

"Why must you turn everything into a joke?" she demanded hotly, not remembering that when Michael was hurt the most deeply, he hid behind his laughter.

He drew her into his arms before she could sense his intention. "There's one thing I couldn't turn into a joke if I wanted to," he said darkly. "That's my love for you." His firm young lips closed over hers in a hot, fervent kiss.

She pulled away from him, not because she found the kiss unpleasant, but because it meant so much more to Michael than it did to her that it wasn't fair to let him go on kissing her.

At her repulse, the blood rushed to Michael's face, and then receded, leaving it white and strained.

"I'm sorry," he said stiffly. "For a second I forgot that we who were once engaged are now in the process of becoming merely friends." Then with an effort he

recaptured his grin. "Well, if you won't go with me to a minister, how about dinner?"

"I can't go now," she answered. And then suddenly sorry for her caustic words, she added: "But if you'll wait until I find out what Mr. Willoughby wants, I'll let you buy me the biggest steak in the city."

"I'll be waiting," he yelled after her as she ran down the hall.

At the door marked Roger Willoughby, Editor, Sally paused, overcome by a sudden attack of shyness. Her desire for a career was now not the only obstacle to marriage with Michael. There was Roger Willoughby.

SALLY could never quite get used to the knowledge that Willoughby, editor of the largest newspaper in the state, the man who might be elected governor in tomorrow's election, was in love with her.

He took her in his arms almost before she had the door closed behind her.

"You adorable child," he whispered, covering her lovely little face with eager, possessive kisses. "Only a conference as important as the one this afternoon could keep me from having this pleasure sooner."

She drew back to study his handsome dark head. The silver streaks at the temples added the final touch of distinction to a face alive with energy and ambition.

"Politics again?" she questioned.

"Politics," he smiled, his teeth dazzling white against his bronzed skin.

A shadow of anxiety darkened Sally's blue eyes. "Will you be very unhappy if you lose tomorrow's election, Roger?"

"Very," he replied, drawing her close to him again. "And you wouldn't like to see me unhappy, would you, darling?"

"I couldn't bear if if you were unhappy!" she cried passionately.

"That's what I was hoping," he said, with a tense look on his face. "Because

in your two pretty little hands rests the power to elect me."

Sally's lips parted in amazement.

"But sometimes it's harder to ask someone you love to do you a favor than someone you hate," he continued moodily. "There's the matter of one's pride, you know."

"Oh, Roger, how can you say that?" she demanded. The eyes she raised to his were the clear, honest, unashamed eyes of youth. "I love you," she said steadily. "I would do anything to make you happy. Anything!"

His face lit up at the words he had been waiting to hear. Then he swung away from her and sank into his chair behind the desk. He was no longer the eager lover. He was Roger Willoughby, the editor, the executive, the clever politician.

"Look here, Sally," he said speaking in quick, crisp accented words, "if I'm elected tomorrow, it will be because the people of this state believe I am sincere in my intention to clean-up the vice rackets."

"They'll believe in you, Roger," Sally insisted loyally.

"I doubt it," he answered, getting up and nervously pacing back and forth. "They've grown suspicious of pre-election promises which are too frequently forgotten as soon as the polls close. Sally, my one sure way to win the election is to prove to the voters *before* they cast their ballots tomorrow that I can be depended upon to do just what I've promised to do."

"But how can you prove that?"

"By putting an extra in their hands at seven in the morning, carrying the news that the biggest gambling den in the Middle West has been raided through the detective work of one of my reporters."

Sally stared at him in amazement. "But Roger, that's impossible!" she exclaimed. "Just last night in the news room, I heard Luke and Gary discussing that very

gambling house. They said nobody can spot it, that the local police and the State Bureau of Investigation have both tried for months!"

"You haven't tried, have you?" Roger asked quietly.

"I?" Sally's eyes, the color of cornflowers in the rain, dilated with sudden, illogical fear.

"You still eat dinner at Windsors' now and then, don't you?" Roger asked.

"Yes."

"Ever notice the dark, heavy-set individual who sits at the table by the east window?"

"How could I help noticing him?" she answered frowning. "He's my one complaint against Windsors' as an eating place. He reminds me of a jungle ape, and no matter how I glare at him, he continues to stare at me."

"His name is Joe Baretti. To all appearances, he is a well-to-do gentleman of considerable culture. But he mingles with the fast set, and police believe he is a come-on man for the gambling house."

**W**ILLOUGHBY paused long enough to light a cigarette. His fingers were trembling with nervousness.

"Baretti is susceptible to beautiful blondes," he remarked, carefully keeping his eyes on the cigarette. "Last night, he asked the hat check girl at Windsors' who you were. Luckily she didn't know you were one of my reporters."

Sally's face went white. "You don't mean you want me to—to have anything to do with Baretti?"

Roger laughed easily. "Don't make it sound so tragic, dear. You don't think I'd let you in for anything that was dangerous—or even disagreeable!"

He took her in his arms again. She relaxed against him, trying with the feel of his lips on hers to shut out the frightening thoughts which had flashed through her brain at Roger's mention of Baretti. But

she could sense that Roger's mind was only half on the caress.

"It would all be so simple if you had the courage," he said suddenly. "Baretti could never be caught in an ordinary police trap. He can smell a stool pigeon a mile off. But he'd be a sucker for a smart little beauty like you."

Sally's stomach felt as hollow as though she were poised on the dip of a roller coaster.

"What is it you want me to do?"

"Let Baretti pick you up at Windsors' tonight. He'll try it if you give him the least encouragement. Drop a subtle hint that you like to play roulette. If he falls for your story, he'll take you out to the gambling house. A police car will be trailing you, and they'll raid the place before you even get your hat off."

"And if he doesn't fall for the story?"

"Then he won't take you to the gambling den, and the people of this glorious state will probably not elect me governor tomorrow."

Sally's knees were trembling so that she sank down in a convenient chair. She was thinking over and over that she couldn't do what Roger asked. She couldn't ride alone in a car with that slimy Baretti, even if all the policemen in the city were trailing her.

She raised piteous eyes, pleading to be let off, but Roger was not looking at her.

"You see, it's just as I said," he remarked impatiently. "Loving you makes it hard to ask a favor of you. If I didn't adore you, I could remind you of all the little school kids that go hungry because their fathers and mothers spend their money for a stack of chips instead of for groceries. I could beg you not to refuse your help when the police department needs it so badly."

He drew her to her feet and into his arms. "But because I do love you so much, I can't say a word except that—I love you."

Sally stood there, quiet in his embrace. She was sick with fear, and sick with disgust because she was afraid. This is the first request Roger has ever made of me, she told herself angrily, and now I'm failing him. Only a moment ago I said that nothing was too much to ask of my love, and now I'm breaking my word.

Suddenly she threw her arms desperately around his neck. "I'll do it Roger," she promised. "I won't fail you."

SALLY walked slowly away from Roger Willoughby's door. The gray November day had developed into foggy twilight.

As she neared the newsroom, a sad young man wearily raised himself to a standing position.

"I sat down on these steps in July. What month is it now?" he wondered.

"Oh, Michael, I'm so sorry!" She had forgotten all about him.

As he came forward to meet her, she had a sudden desire to fling herself in his arms and find safety against his broad, athletic shoulders. She wanted to look into his dancing eyes until she caught his gaiety and forgot there was such a thing as fear, and slimy, suave underworld characters like Joe Baretta.

Then she thought of Roger Willoughby, his integrity and his ambition that might some day land him in the White House. And as always, Sally was awed that such a man could love her. She resolutely put fear away from her, and told herself it was a privilege to face danger for such a fine person as Roger.

"After keeping you waiting all this time, I can't go to dinner with you at all! I have to work."

"You can't work without eating, can you?"

"No, but I'll just go out and grab a sandwich and hurry right back."

"Okay. I'll go out and grab one at the same place."

There were times when Michael could be a downright nuisance, Sally thought in exasperation.

"On second consideration, I don't believe I'll go out at all. I'll just have a sandwich sent in," she announced.

"All right. I'll get you something and bring it back," Michael offered, turning toward the stairs.

Sally's jaw set angrily. "Michael, for heavens sake don't. . . ."

"Don't stick around where you're not wanted," Michael finished smoothly. "Well, I won't. I'll take my unwanted self off as soon as I know why you came out of Willoughby's office looking as pale and tragic as Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine."

"Oh, don't be silly! If I'm pale, it's because I'm tired, that's all."

She was getting into her hat and coat as she spoke.

Michael looked at her steadily until she could no longer face his honest, steel-blue eyes.

"What's up, Sally?"

They were walking down the steps to the street.

"Don't ask so many questions!" she snapped angrily, because she wanted to tell him all about the ordeal that was ahead of her. "When one has a job, there are certain confidences one can't pass on to anyone, not even a friend as close as you."

"Idler that I am, I understand that," he replied stiffly.

"I'm sorry I scolded you, Michael," she said gently. "It's none of my business whether you work or not."

"I'd like to think that everything I do or don't do is your business, Sally."

"Well, it isn't," she said definitely. "If you hadn't been such a howling success at the University, I mightn't have expected so much of you. Heavens knows, you were brought up to think there is nothing in life but money and fun. I don't

know why I should expect you to believe anything else."

He whirled her around until she was facing him.

"I've taken about all of this I can stand," he said bitterly. "Perhaps I have a good reason for not wanting to enter the practice of law right now."

"Sure you have," Sally said promptly. "You've a million dollars. Why should you work to become the best lawyer in the state when already you have more money than you know what to do with?"

"If you were a man, I'd punch you in the nose," he answered angrily. Then his temper cooled. He looked away so she couldn't see the pain in his eyes. "I don't seem very exciting or impressive compared to a man of action like Willoughby, do I?"

"You know?"

"I've known for months."

He turned to go. She couldn't let him leave with that tortured look on his face. But what could she say? Only her love would make him happy, and she couldn't give him that because Roger Willoughby had it all.

She put out her hand in a quick nervous gesture to detain him until she could think of something kind to say. Her suede pocketbook dropped to the sidewalk, the contents spilling out. He stooped over to pick them up.

"WELL!" he exclaimed, turning puzzled eyes on her. "Has a rich uncle suddenly passed on to his heavenly reward?" He was contemplating the thick roll of bills which only a few minutes ago Roger Willoughby had tucked in her pocketbook.

She tried to grab the money out of his hand. He held it until he had rapidly thumbed through the bills which were to bait the trap for Joe Baretti.

"Who gave you this money?" he demanded.

She grabbed again and this time she was successful.

"It's none of your business," she answered wildly, returning the roll of bills to her pocketbook. "You'll drive me mad with your questions."

She started to walk rapidly away. He kept pace with her.

"No girl carries five thousand dollars around with her as carelessly as though it were a bunch of cigarette coupons unless there's something up. I want to know what it is," Michael said sternly.

"Oh, forget it, Michael!" Sally retorted hotly. "If you had some legitimate occupation, you might not have so much energy left over to butt into other people's affairs."

He ignored the thrust. "When they are your affairs, I'll butt in plenty," he said grimly. "Willoughby's standing for election tomorrow and that roll has got something to do with him. If he's using you to pay off some dirty, hi-jacking politician to deliver votes, then I'll go back and punch his patrician nose."

He grabbed hold of her arm. "Come on! We're going back to Willoughby's office. If you won't talk, maybe he will."

It took all of Sally's will power to keep from pouring out the whole frightening story and weeping away her fear on Michael's comforting shoulder. But she knew him well enough to know that he would never let her go through with such a dangerous scheme as scraping an acquaintance with Baretti. And Sally loved Roger Willoughby too much to let Michael interfere with his career.

She tried to jerk away from Michael's grasp, but with no more effort than if she had been a rag doll, he twirled her around and started her walking back to the newspaper office.

Suddenly Sally screamed shrilly. A policeman came running up the street.

"Arrest this man, officer," she said angrily. "He's trying to make me go with

him, and I've never seen him before in my life."

Michael's face was blank with angry amazement. "Officer, I've been a pal of hers ever since she knocked me cold when I was only three," he said bitterly.

"Tell it to the judge," the officer responded grimly, dragging Michael off.

**W**HEN Sally walked into Windsors' an hour later, she had never looked more beautiful in her life. Her soft, blue wool suit was only a shade lighter than her gorgeous eyes. The tiny hat was just a few bands of gold, twisted to a ridiculously high peak, and revealing her silken, blonde curls. The man who always sat by the east window looked up and frankly stared.

She returned his stare with a faint smile as she picked up the menu. When she raised her eyes again, he was standing hesitantly at her side.

"May I join you?" he asked eagerly.

"Why not?" Sally answered. "Perhaps you dislike dining alone as much as I."

She lowered her eyes quickly before he could see the fear and disgust in them.

Strangely enough, Sally found that the most alarming thing about the dinner conversation was that it was too conventional. Although Baretti's black eyes boldly drank in her beauty, his voice remained respectful and his remarks impersonal. His questioning glances had been met by cold stares from Sally too often for him to be sure that her sudden acquiescence meant anything more than desire for a little casual companionship. Baretti was a cautious man. And with the election such a few hours away, Sally didn't dare let him be too cautious.

Furtively, she extracted the roll of bills from her pocketbook which lay in her lap, and secreted the money beneath her napkin. Then she let the bag slide off, its contents spilling on the floor.

"So clumsy of me," she apologized as

Baretti waved the waiter away, gallantly insisting on picking up her personal belongings himself.

As he burrowed beneath the table, he puffed with the exertion. His thick neck, and black pig-eyes made her shudder. Without wishing to, she found herself contrasting his coarse face with Michael's finely chiseled features and lean, collar-ad jaw. Michael had everything the average woman could demand in a lover—charm, good looks, wit, money. But to Sally, it wasn't enough. She couldn't love a man unless he had a purpose in life; a great selfless integrity like Abraham Lincoln and Roger Willoughby.

At the thought of Roger, Sally gathered new courage for her act. A strangled little gasp came from her throat as she studied the pile of personal belongings which Baretti had proudly heaped on the table.

"My money! My money isn't here!" she cried, her eyes appropriately wild with anxiety, while her fingers were busy pushing the roll of bills from her lap to the floor.

Baretti dived down again and came up triumphantly with the roll of bills. As he passed it across to her, his eyes caught the size of the outside bill. His loose mouth sagged with amazement. "Where'd you get it, sister? Rob a bank?" he demanded.

Sally's low musical laugh drifted across the table. "That's just what I did," she confessed, leaning toward him with a teasing light in her eyes. "I just happened to discover a roulette wheel in a certain New York penthouse last week, and I was lucky."

Baretti started to speak, but Sally cut him short. "Oh, I know how shocked you must be at a woman gambling!" Her face set in defiant lines. "But I've gambled ever since I was old enough to hold a deck of cards in my hand. It's a disease with me, one I enjoy so much I never want to be cured of it."

Baretti's eyes were pools of glowing,



*The only way Sally could get away from Michael was to have him arrested!*

liquid ebony. "I, too, like to gamble," he said softly.

**O**VER their coffee they talked in whispers; two souls who had suddenly found themselves on a beautiful desert island of intimacy.

At last, he pushed back his chair.

"Shall we go?" he asked, the words more a statement than a question.

His dark eyes swept over her soft curves in a searching glance that made Sally shudder. For the first time in her life she knew what it was to feel unclean and ashamed. It was such a horrible feeling that for an instant, she hated Roger Wil-

loughby. Then the hatred passed and her trust in him returned.

He had promised that the police would pick up the trail the minute she left Windsors'. And Sally knew she could depend on Roger because he loved her too much to let her expose herself to any real danger.

Nevertheless, as Sally heard the tires slide in the slush and mud of the foggy November night, she had a mad impulse to throw herself from the moving car before she lost sight of Windsors' familiar electric sign.

Her mind was whirling with unreasonable fears. What if the police lost sight of Baretto's car in the congested traffic? She had never been in a gambling house in her life. She hadn't the slightest idea how to play roulette. If the police raid wasn't pulled off before she was led to the gaming table, Baretto would discover in a flash that she had been lying to him. And Sally was sure that Baretto would never let a woman dupe him without making her pay for it.

They pulled out of the thick traffic onto a side street. Baretto skillfully brought the car to a stop, and quickly tied a black silk handkerchief over her eyes.

"Just an old Italian custom," he said lightly. And then with a more sinister tone in his voice, he added: "It would be unhealthy to attempt removing the blindfold."

The car slid noiselessly away from the curb. Sally's terror increased as they sped along. It seemed hours before they made a sharp turn and came to an abrupt stop.

She could hear Baretto's movements as he left the wheel. Suddenly she felt she could stand the frightening blackness no longer. Without thinking of the consequences, she ripped the bandage from her eyes, and found herself staring at the heavily carved door of the Evans' country estate.

She leaned out to get a better view of

the house. No, she wasn't mistaken. She had been here just last week to get a story for the society section on Mrs. Evans' trip to Europe.

In her surprise, she had forgotten Baretto until a low oath cut through the quiet darkness. She felt herself dragged from the car. His fingers bruised her shoulders. "You little fool!" he hissed. "It is unwise to be so curious."

"I thought we had reached our destination," she said vaguely. Then she managed an intimate smile. "I told you gambling was such a fever with me that I'm not myself at times. Don't be angry with me," she begged softly.

The fury in his eyes vanished. He held her away from him where he could feast on the beauty of her face.

"Your skin is pale and fragrant like the gardenia," he breathed fervently, burying his face in her throat.

She stood rigid, trying not to repulse the caress. It would just be a second, she assured herself before the squad cars would come tearing up the drive.

Baretto tied the blindfold around her eyes again. "We'll forget it was removed," he said, his loose lips moist on her cheek.

**H**E LED her up the long flight of stone steps through the heavily carved door which she had recognized. When he removed the blindfold, she found herself in what appeared to be a luxuriously furnished office.

So this was the answer to the elusive gambling house, Sally said to herself, her heart pounding with excitement. No wonder the police hadn't spotted it. Who would ever suspect the socially impeccable Evans family of acting as fronts for a gambling racket?

In her indignation, Sally's fear left her, and when Baretto tried to take her in his arms again, her revulsion swept away the last grain of caution.

She fought him off with all the fury of

a tiger. "I came here to gamble—not to be pawed!" she said furiously.

A slow, ugly smile twisted Baretti's thick lips. "I do not thrill you then?"

"Thrill me! You make me crawl with loathing!" she cried. "You fat, greasy pig!"

And then quite suddenly, Sally was frightened again. Her ears strained to catch the sound of approaching sirens, but the room had the deathly stillness of a vault.

Baretti, his feet making no sound on the thick carpet, crossed to a bell rope and gave it a quick jerk. Almost instantly, a pasty-faced man stuck his head in the door.

"George, you're paid to know everybody in this town. Who's this dame?"

George looked Sally over carefully. "She's the Society Editor on the *Evening Standard*. That's the anti-vice sheet. Wiloughby's paper."

At the words, Baretti's face was contorted with fury until he looked like a wild beast. Sally made a quick dash for the door, but he was there before her. He twisted her wrists until she moaned with pain. Then he threw her in the corner, and turned his attention to George.

"Everything quiet around here tonight?"

"Flossie's having a fit. She saw you come in here with this dame."

"Tell Flossie I want to see her."

Sally watched George open and close the door, but she was trembling so that she couldn't find strength enough to pick herself up off the floor and try to get away again. Her wrists hurt. Her mind was too full of fear to think coherently, but mixed up in all her unrelaxed thoughts were memories of Michael. She lived over again the time he had pulled her out of the lake when she was drowning. And the time he had galloped after her when her new horse ran away. There was a catch in her throat as she thought of the

time he cried like a baby when she broke her arm tobogganing.

Sally had never bothered to realize it before, but suddenly it was quite clear to her that all her life Michael had protected her, and she had never been properly grateful. She had taken him for granted.

And if she hadn't put him behind bars in some dirty old jail, he would probably be here to protect her now. And what a punch in the nose he'd give that fat swine, Baretti!

SALLY'S thoughts were interrupted by the door opening. A frowsy blonde in a red silk dress catapulted into the room.

"Where's the woman you brought in here?" she demanded, glaring at Baretti. Even as she asked the question, her eyes fell on Sally, still cowering in the corner. "I ought to put a bullet through both of you," she said. But there was no force behind the threat. It was the last flicker of indignation in a thoroughly beaten woman.

"Sit down and shut up," Baretti ordered. "I've a little job for you."

"You and your little jobs!" the woman said sneering. But she sat down as she was told and fixed her dull, haggard eyes on his piglike countenance.

"George picked up young Allyntine tonight at Locust and Grande," Baretti said rapidly. "He left Allyntine's car there and brought him out here in one of our machines. I want you to go along with George when he takes Allyntine home. The boy is blind drunk right now. He won't be able to see what an old hag you are."

The woman began to cry a little, but Baretti paid no attention. "You get in Allyntine's car at Locust and Grande. Tell George to bring our car back here. Just before you come to the deserted stretch of road near Hazelwood, give the usual signal with your cigarette. A girl's body will be thrown on the road. Allyn-

tine will run over it—probably too drunk to realize he hit anything. Tomorrow morning when the papers are sounding the cry for the hit and run driver, you will go to Allyntine's apartment and tell him that it was he who killed the girl. An inspection of his tires will prove your statement. Your silence ought to be worth about twenty-five grand."

"The scheme's not bad," Flossie grudgingly admitted. "But where do you plan to get the dead body?"

Baretti indicated Sally. "There's the body," he said smiling. "It isn't dead—yet."

Utter desperation gave Sally the strength to regain her feet. "You wouldn't dare do such a thing!" she gasped. "Even you can't get away with murder!"

"Can't I?" Baretti asked softly, the same fixed smile on his face.

At the sight of that smile, Sally started screaming. It was a high-pitched shrill scream that echoed and re-echoed in the room, but could not penetrate the sound proof walls. And in that split second that it took Baretti to reach her, she realized that it was Michael's name she was screaming. Then Baretti's fist shot out and smashed against her face. She felt her knees buckle under her. The sharp taste of blood was in her mouth.

Baretti stood over her, still smiling. "Tough luck, reporter!" he jeered. "You've got all the inside dope your crusading boss sent you after, but you'll never live long enough to spill it."

"I'm not so sure about that."

Baretti whirled to learn the origin of those cool, crisp words, and found himself looking straight into the barrel of a revolver.

"Michael!" Sally gasped.

The tall blond young man in the doorway kept his eyes glued on Baretti. They weren't gay dancing eyes now. Behind the menacing revolver, they were cold and threatening.

Sally scrambled to her feet. The hallway was full of blue-coated officers. Two entered the room and clamped handcuffs on Baretti's fat wrists.

Michael beckoned to a man Sally recognized as Police Chief Clancy. "Take this little idiot to a hospital, Clancy. You'd better make it the Psychopathic."

Sally meekly followed Clancy out to his car. It was embarrassing risking your life for one man, and having another one come to your rescue.

ON THE way back to town, reaction set in from the nightmare of the past few hours. Her head ached. A sharp, pulsing pain from the cut on her mouth nearly drove her crazy. Every throb made her more angry.

"It certainly took you long enough to pull off the raid," she grumbled. "I might have been killed."

"So you might," Clancy agreed cheerfully. "And if you were riding to the morgue instead of the hospital right now, you could be blaming nobody but yourself."

"That's a fine way to talk after I risked my neck to lead your men to the gambling house you've been searching for!" she replied furiously.

"You didn't lead us to anything," Clancy answered flatly. "When Willoughby told me you wanted to play heroine in order to get material for a feature article, I told him pronto that the Police Department needed no help from half-baked Janes."

"How dare you call me a half-baked Jane?"

"Pardon me, lady. I made a mistake," Clancy drawled. "I should have said quarter-baked."

"You just wait until Mr. Willoughby hears about the way you're talking to me, and how slow you were rescuing me!"

"He'll be glad to hear we rescued you at all—after we told him we wouldn't."

"You told Roger that?" Sally gasped incredulously.

"I certainly did," Clancy repeated firmly. "At four o'clock this afternoon, I told him. And then he has the nerve to call the Captain at eight o'clock tonight and say you would be leaving Windsors' with Barette in a few minutes, and would a squad car please be on hand to trail you."

Sally was speechless at the news that Roger had tricked her.

The Chief went on. "The Captain knew my reasons for refusing to make the raid tonight. Barette wasn't the big shot in the gambling racket. He just runs the place here. But every so often, the head of the ring comes around to collect the profits. The Captain knew we didn't want to pull a raid until the head guy was on the spot, so he told Willoughby to reach you at Windsors' and tell you to go home and spend the evening at some nice safe ladylike occupation such as making fudge."

"But if your men didn't trail me, how did they know the gambling house was at the Evans estate?" she demanded.

Clancy laughed. "Michael found that out for us weeks ago."

Sally stared at him in amazement. "Michael! What did Michael have to do with it?"

"Did you ever hear of a Special Agent?" Clancy demanded.

"Yes, but. . ."

"Well, for the past six months, that's what Michael Warner has been. A Special Agent, appointed to clean up the gambling rackets. We needed a fellow like Michael because he didn't look like a dick, and he has enough money so that nobody would think it queer if he acted like a playboy who hadn't a thought more important in his head than guessing a number to place a stack of chips on. So I called him in and put it up to him. He was all ready to enter the practice of law, but he saw his duty and agreed to take on the job.

He succeeded where everybody else failed."

Sally was dumb with amazement. Then the blood rushed to her cheeks as she remembered the reproaches she had heaped on Michael because he was content to be an aimless wastrel.

"Tonight some screwy dame had Michael thrown in jail for accosting her on the street."

The misery in Sally's eyes was answer enough for Clancy.

"Yeah, I thought it was you," he said disgusted. "I went down to the station to identify him, and the Captain just happened to mention Willoughby's call and what he had told him. Michael gave a howl like a wild Indian, and a half a second later we were tearing down the street with our sirens wide open."

Neither spoke the rest of the way into town. Then Sally said quietly: "Will you please let me off at the *Evening Standard* office?"

SALLY studied Roger Willoughby's handsome face, and was bewildered that it gave her no pleasure. Yet only a few hours ago the tone of his voice, each movement of his long slim hands, had been a joy so poignant that it was nearly pain. Surely love couldn't die so quickly.

Women forgave their men anything when they loved them, Sally argued to herself. What did it matter that Roger had lied and tricked her into risking her life for him? Women have gladly suffered more than that for love.

She allowed him to take her in his arms. She listened to his persuasive, eager voice. Then she released herself. His touch had aroused no emotion in her at all, neither loathing nor pleasure.

"You're hurt, darling!" he exclaimed, noticing her cut and swollen lip. His voice was heavy with compassion.

But Sally was remembering how he had tricked her into risking her life on the

chance that she might get back with news that would get him a few more votes. She had come to his offices for the purpose of having a row. As she sped along in the Chief's car, she had rehearsed the scathing remarks which would make clear her disillusionment. But suddenly, it didn't seem worth the effort. All she wanted now was to get away from him quickly, and never see him again.

"I'm all right," she said indifferently.

"Thank God for that!" he said fervently. "I should never have forgiven myself if you had been really injured."

He took her in his arms again, but Sally pushed him off with angry abruptness.

He didn't even notice her rebuke. His mind was on something else. He shoved some typed pages into her hands. "I've ghost-written the story for you as far as I can," he said crisply. "Fill in the details quickly. I'm holding the presses."

She glanced over the story which was written under her by-line. It was headed:

**EVENING STANDARD REPORTER  
SPOTS GAMBLING HIDEOUT.  
POLICE RAID FOLLOWS.**

She laid the sheets back down on the desk. "Sorry, Roger, but you can't print that because it isn't true. I didn't spot the hideout. The police knew where it was all the time."

Roger's face flushed with impatience. "Of course I can print it!" he exclaimed. "Surely you aren't going to quibble over trifles when the presses are waiting! You were sincere in your efforts to help the police. You weren't aware at the time that they already knew where the hideout was. You faced danger bravely. As far as this paper is concerned, you don't know now that the police didn't trail you out to the hideout."

Sally was too full of contempt to feel any anger. "The presses can wait, Roger," she said curtly. "They won't be running anything I've written if they wait until

eternity. I'm quitting." She turned to the door. "I think you'll be defeated tomorrow, Roger. And I'm glad. You aren't decent enough to be governor of this fine state. I'll consider it a pleasure to vote against you."

Before he could protest, she was walking down the dimly lighted hall.

**S**HE didn't notice the man lounging on the steps until he spoke.

"Say, lady, what year is this?" he demanded. "I been a-sittin' here ever since 1910, waiting for a gal who promised to go to dinner with me."

"Michael, you idiot!" she cried, flinging herself into his arms.

"What a shameless trollop you are," he said severely. "Throwing yourself into the arms of a man you never saw in your life until today."

"Oh Michael!" she sighed. "Forgive me for everything?"

He held her tight to him. "Sure, honey, but if you didn't have that cut lip, I'd give you a black eye."

She hid her battered face against his broad shoulder, and all of a sudden her heart began turning handsprings. Michael's arms had become strange and mysterious. Queer chills were running up and down her spine.

"Michael," she said softly, "I want to kiss you."

He grinned, but his eyes were tender. "What are you planning to use for a mouth?" he asked mischievously.

She put up a curious finger to explore her swollen lip. Then she snuggled deeper in his arms. She had forgotten about the bruised lips. He held her away from him while he searched her eyes for the answer to his unspoken question. What he saw there satisfied him.

He drew her to her feet. "What do you say to ringing strange doorbells on the chance we might ring up a minister?"

"Oh, Michael, let's!" she whispered ecstatically.

# I'M GOING TO BE A LADY

By CYNTHIA SUTTON

*Randy had to take matters  
into his own hands when  
Terry told him that love  
wasn't enough*

**R**ANDY stared at her as though he thought she had lost her mind. "You're going to do what?" he demanded at last.

Terry went on removing her make-up, not looking up at him at all, hoping he did not see that her hands were unsteady as she kneaded cold cream into her charming face and wiped it off very carefully.

"I said I wasn't signing the new contract because I am marrying Paige Rutherford," she answered coolly.

Randy glared at her. He looked suddenly very tall and very handsome and almost a little terrifying as he towered above her.

"You must have gone a little screwy," he said patiently. "Maybe that's not so strange. A straight two-year season in a

*"I'm going to marry Paige and be a real lady," Terry told him.*



successful Broadway show that has made you the darling of the theatre is apt to have an odd effect."

Terry wiped the last of the make-up from her face and unfastened the band that held her bright gold curls out of the way. She stood up, gathering the folds of her dressing robe more firmly about her.

"Sorry, darling, but I haven't time to argue. Paige is coming to take me to supper. Scoot along now, like a nice boy."

Randy caught her by the slender shoulders, and his dark eyes pierced the very depths of hers. He steadied his voice with an effort and said sharply,

"See here, Terry, you know darned well, I'm not going to let you throw yourself away on a nincompoop like Paige Rutherford."

Terry flung herself free of his grasp and faced him, the color high in her cheeks, her blue eyes blazing.

"How dare you say that? Paige is delightful. He's charming and well-bred, and I'm in love with him," she cried hotly.

Randy's dark eyes snapped.

"Which is as barefaced a lie as you ever told," he retorted. "Oh, I suppose Rutherford's all right, but good grief, girl, he's not your kind of people."

"Maybe that's why I want to marry him," Terry cut in. "Maybe I want to be his kind of people. Randy, I'm sick to death of living in a suitcase, never having a chance to settle down and dig in my roots. I want a home, a garden, friends and neighbors who run in and invite you to gay little neighborhood parties. I want to be a settled, established citizen with the right to vote and join the Woman's Club and—"

Randy snorted inelegantly and his eyes were bright with scorn.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Terry," he snapped. "You're seeing yourself in a new

role, that's all. You would be bored stiff in a week of the sort of life Paige Rutherford could give you. He's got money, sure, but what of it? You're earning a whale of a salary and you're saving some. This new contract gives us a year abroad and we can come back and settle down in Hollywood and make movies, if you want to."

Terry shook her bright head stubbornly.

"I'm not going abroad," she told Randy. "I've given in my notice. When the show closes Saturday night, I'm through with the stage forever. I'm going to go domestic and see how it feels to spend two Christmases in the same house and be able to plant flowers that don't bloom for two years because you'll still be there two years after you've planted them. And I hope never to see the inside of an apartment again as long as I live."

Randy studied her pensively and then he said,

"There's just one thing that would make that sort of life bearable for you, Terry, my darling. That's being head over heels in love with the man who's going to share it. And you're not in love with Paige Rutherford."

"I tell you I am!" she flamed.

"And I tell you, you're not," said Randy. "You're in love with me but you don't want to admit it because you think you're fed up with the show business and it's the only profession I know. You and I have had grand fun together, Terry. We could go on having fun together if you would use that pretty little head of yours for something besides a resting place for cockeyed hats."

Terry was trembling but she faced him with her chin up, her mouth ever so faintly tremulous.

"I am awfully fond of you, Randy," she admitted. "If I've made anything of a name for myself on the stage, it's because of what you've taught me. And I'm grateful, truly. But this isn't the way

I want to live. My people have all been theatrical people, just as yours were. I don't know why I'm not willing to make it my life, but I'm not. I want a settled place of my own, Randy."

"A little white house with green shutters, window boxes flaming with petunias, a garden when roses riot, and a sandbox where kiddies play," Randy jeered lightly.

"Yes," said Terry quietly. "That's what I want and that's what Paige Ruthford can give me."

"Sure, he can give you all that, but can he give you this?"

**H**IS arms were about her, drawing her close and hard against him so that even if she had tried, she could not have freed herself. Though for the moment she was too surprised to even try. She flung back her head, startled, only to be more startled as Randy bent his handsome dark head and set his mouth on hers in a kiss that was like no kiss he had ever given her. Her pulses throbbed, her heart shook and it was as though her veins ran with quicksilver. He held her so for a lovely moment and when he let her go, Terry clung to the dressing table shelf behind her because her knees were trembling so.



**TOMORROW'S ANOTHER LOVE**, Tracy said bravely, when the man she was to marry died by his own hand. But she didn't mean it. She intended only to play at love after that because she knew how dreadfully love can hurt you. Then Jon came and loved her too much to let her tell him of the past, so that when at last it loomed up between them, neither was prepared for it. A story of poignant tenderness by Anne Neigoff.

# Love

## BOOK MAGAZINE

ON SALE MARCH 18th

Also stories by Addeline Mason, Christine Young, Vina Lawrence, Helen Ahern, Fran Welsh and others; astrological forecast, two pages of smart needlework patterns, your fortune told, and a big department of Pen Pals.

**HEARTBREAK FOR TWO** came to Trinle and Perry as they were on their way to Perry's wedding, and his bride-to-be was Trinle's own cousin, Clair. The terrible part was that Trinle didn't know that Perry was Clair's fiance until after they had kissed and declared their love for each other. They were being very honorable about it, driving straight ahead to the wedding that meant heartbreak for both of them, when fate—in the person of two baby-faced bandits—took a hand. It's by Phyllis Gordon Demarest, in the March-April issue.



Also stories by Margery Woods, Christine Young, Helen Ahern, Helen Lathrop, Peggy Gaddis and Vina Lawrence; two pages of patterns; your handwriting analyzed; your fortune told with cards, and a big department of Pen Pals.

# 10¢ ALL STORIES NEW

## Romance

### MAGAZINE

On sale February 1st.

"That's love, Terry," said Randy, and although his voice was fairly steady she sensed that he made it so only by an effort. "Can Paige Rutherford make you feel that way?"

Terry's lower lip was caught between her teeth. When she was able to speak, she flung up her head and said swiftly, shakily,

"Maybe not. But the things Paige Rutherford can give me make up for missing a few thrills along the way. Maybe I do love you, Randy, but love's not enough."

Randy straightened as though she had struck him.

"You little fool! It's your heart. Go on and break it any old way you want to."

He turned to the door, jerked it open, and Terry caught her breath. Paige, lean and as blond as Randy was dark, immaculate in his dinner clothes, stood outside the door, his hand raised to knock. Terry saw his blue eyes take in Randy's woolly robe, her own dressing gown and tumbled curls. She saw Paige's lean, aristocratic face harden just a little, but he merely stood aside for Randy to pass him and then came in and closed the door. His eyes were accusing, but all he said was a mild, "Not dressed yet?"

"I'm sorry," Terry apologized, and hated herself because she knew she was flushing, as though he had caught her in some offense. "Randy was telling me about the new contract he's signing for the trip abroad."

"And trying to persuade you to change your mind and go along as his co-star, of course," finished Paige a trifle dryly.

"Well, we have been successful as co-stars," Terry defended herself against the implication in Paige's voice.

"I know, but that's all over now." Terry found herself resenting Paige's proprietary air. "You're through with the stage and all it means. You are going to be my wife and live in a Southern town

and be a lovely lady of leisure."

"Of course," said Terry, a trifle subdued.

Paige made a little gesture that took in the dressing room, the inescapable scent of grease paint that hung about it, her own informal attire and, she knew, Randy's as well.

"I can't get you away from this sort of thing fast enough," he confessed. "I want my wife in a more wholesome atmosphere with friends a little more conventional. I'm glad Mother and the girls aren't going to see you in this setting."

Terry drew a long hard breath and forced herself to speak casually.

"I suppose they would refuse to allow you to marry me, if they saw all this?"

Paige looked slightly annoyed.

"I've told you again and again, my dear, that whether they consent or not will have no effect on our marriage," he told her, almost peevishly. "I'm head of the family. I control the entire estate. They could bring no sort of pressure to bear. It is for your sake that I wish them to see you under only the most favorable circumstances. They can make things very pleasant for you in Fairhaven, or they can make you extremely uncomfortable. They are the city's most prominent women. Mother is president of the Woman's Club and the Garden Club and all sorts of civic things. Isabel is president of the Young Matron's Circle, and Claire is president of the Junior League in our city. You couldn't possibly have any social life there without their help and support, so naturally I want them to like you and approve of you, in spite of the fact that you are of the theatre."

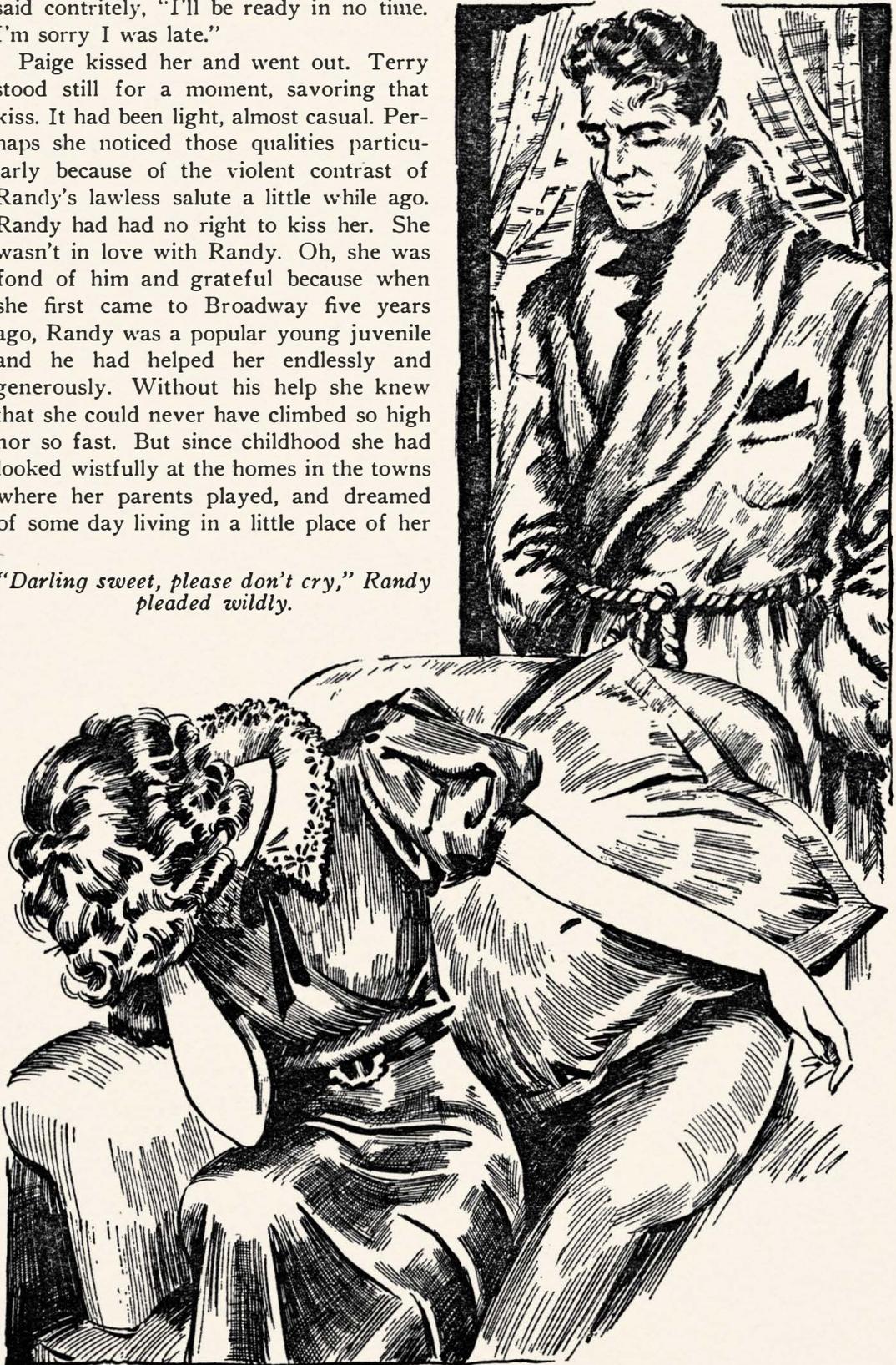
Terry fought down a natural desire to express her opinion of his womenfolk. She understood Paige's motives in being so anxious for his mother and sisters to like her and she was grateful. She *was* grateful. Of course she was!

"If you'll wait outside, darling," she

said contritely, "I'll be ready in no time. I'm sorry I was late."

Paige kissed her and went out. Terry stood still for a moment, savoring that kiss. It had been light, almost casual. Perhaps she noticed those qualities particularly because of the violent contrast of Randy's lawless salute a little while ago. Randy had had no right to kiss her. She wasn't in love with Randy. Oh, she was fond of him and grateful because when she first came to Broadway five years ago, Randy was a popular young juvenile and he had helped her endlessly and generously. Without his help she knew that she could never have climbed so high nor so fast. But since childhood she had looked wistfully at the homes in the towns where her parents played, and dreamed of some day living in a little place of her

*"Darling sweet, please don't cry," Randy pleaded wildly.*



own. And now Paige offered her the fulfillment of her childish dreams that had only grown stronger and more vivid with the years.

She roused herself guiltily, remembering that Paige was waiting and began to dress hurriedly. She assured herself that she was happy as a lark because she was going to marry Paige and have a real home and a garden and an assured, established place in the community, things no popular actress can ever hope to have if she follows her profession faithfully.

**S**HE and Paige had arranged for his mother and sisters to come to tea at Terry's apartment on Sunday afternoon, the day they were to arrive in town. Terry's play was closing Saturday night. Paige was quite frank in not wanting his mother and sisters to see her for the first time across the footlights in the gay, slightly risqué, but very clever and very successful play in which she and Randy were co-starring.

Her apartment was a luxurious one. She had taken it furnished, and had added to it until she felt that it was almost a home. On Sunday afternoon it was fresh and immaculate, fragrant with spring flowers, a gay fire blazing beneath the black marble mantel. Terry had gone to considerable pains about the tea and about choosing the frock in which she would meet her prospective in-laws. It was a simple, sheer wool frock in a lovely blue that matched her eyes and there was a demure collar of real lace at the round neckline. Her bright gold curls had been brushed into demure order and she told herself, with some satisfaction, that she looked dignified, almost a bit sedate.

An hour before she expected the Ruthfords, there was a ring at the doorbell, and she admitted Randy.

"Oh, Randy," she said swiftly, "I'm terribly sorry, but I can't see you now."

"Can't you?" asked Randy gravely. "I

can see you. But then there's never been a moment since the first day I set eyes on you when I couldn't see that you were the loveliest and most desirable—"

"Randy, please!" she begged unhappily.

"You needn't be afraid," said Randy quietly as she drew a little away from him. "I'm not going to kiss you. I could win you that way, because you love me and if I held you in my arms, you couldn't send me away. But I won't, Terry, so don't be frightened. I just came to say good-by. I'm sailing at midnight tonight. They still haven't found anyone for your part. Sure you don't want to change your mind?"

Terry shook her bright head.

"Quite sure, Randy," she answered steadily and did not know that panic looked out of her eyes.

Randy made a little gesture. "Then it's good-by, Terry?"

Terry's eyes misted with tears. She was fond of him. Dear Randy! She leaned forward and offered him her lips. Randy's arms caught her close and his kiss stung his accusation into her very soul. There was a long breathless moment. And then she was alone in the center of the living room, her shaking hands over her face, panic knocking at her heart.

She had sent Randy away. She was going to marry Paige and live in a small town and be a lady.

**S**HE never knew how long she stood there or what thoughts fought for control of her mind. But at last she realized the passing of time and pulled herself together. When, a little later she opened the door to Paige and three women and another man, her manner was cool and composed, although the color was still so high in her smooth cheeks that the three women were quite sure that she was painted heavily and looked disapprovingly at her.

Paige's mother was a determinedly youthful woman, with iron-gray hair neatly waved and wearing a smart, but very conservative black suit and a silver fox fur. Isabel was a younger picture of her mother, slender almost to gauntness. Claire was pretty but petulant looking. Isabel's husband was stout, genial, obviously a little afraid of his mother-in-law and almost too anxious to meet his prospective sister-in-law.

There was a moment of awkwardness after the introductions when it was obvious that the three women were taking Terry's measure. Mrs. Rutherford's eyes went darting about the apartment in a pitiless scrutiny. Isabel studied Terry, seeking the secret of her well-groomed smartness. Claire lounged carelessly, almost insolently bored. Isabel's husband tried to make conversation in his booming, good-natured voice that died away, when Isabel flung him a sharp glance.

Terry welcomed the appearance of tea with sharp relief. But as she was about to take her place behind the tea table, Paige said lightly, "Why not let Mother pour, darling? She adores presiding at

the tea table. Don't you, mother, dear?"

Isabel drawled coolly, "Yes, you might as well get accustomed to having Mother preside in all your affairs, Terry. It's one of the best things she does."

Her mother bridled indignantly, but took the place which Terry had offered her. As her well-cared for hands went about their graceful task, Mrs. Rutherford said politely,

"Terry is such an odd name for a girl. One wonders why you permit its use. Teresita is rather charming, though a bit exotic."

"My grandmother was an Italian opera singer," answered Terry, accepting the cup of tea that was offered her as though she had been the guest and Mrs. Rutherford the hostess. "I was named for her, but I've always been called Terry."

Mrs Rutherford smiled at her faintly, the first evidence of thawing that she had betrayed.

"From now on it must be Teresita. It's much more suitable for a young matron of your social standing," she said, as though there couldn't possibly be any argument on a subject she had settled.

## WANT A SWEETHEART BRACELET?



**This charming bracelet has a colored jeweled heart and gold-plated chain and letters. Comes ready to wear for 50c.**

Love Book Magazine  
 Popular Publications  
 205 East 42nd St., New York City

April, 1938

Please send me the SWEETHEART BRACELET illustrated above. I enclose fifty cents, (50c) either coins or stamps. (Wrap money securely.)

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

The others caught this little note of thawing and immediately the atmosphere became more friendly. Terry realized that Mrs. Rutherford ruled her family as no doubt she ruled the social circles of her home town. Her word was law. For no particular reason, Terry's heart sank a little.

There came a sudden sound from Terry's bedroom behind the closed door. Something fell and broke. Then a man's voice smothered a swear word, and strong footsteps came toward the closed door. The bedroom door swung open, and Randy, in bathrobe and slippers, stood there saying contritely,

"Darling, I'm sorry as the devil, but I'm afraid I've broken something."

The others were staring at him in petrified astonishment.

Terry couldn't speak. She could only sit rigid, watching Randy who said, apparently, all contrition, "I'm sorry. Terry, I must have fallen asleep. I remember that you warned me you had guests coming and that I must be out before five—"

Mrs. Rutherford had rustled to her feet, outrage in every line of her body, her eyes icy. The other two women stood up, though Claire's eyes clung to Randy with a lively interest and even Isabel glanced at Terry with something faintly approaching envy.

"Come, children," said Mrs. Rutherford haughtily. Ignoring the stricken, silent Terry as well as the apologetic Randy, she swept towards the door.

"Oh, I say now! Please Mrs. Rutherford, you mustn't misunderstand my being here," Randy burst out. "I dropped in earlier in the afternoon and I'm afraid I'd had a couple of cocktails too many and Terry insisted I catch a nap before I went home—"

Mrs. Rutherford held up a majestic hand on which the firelight found the glitter of diamonds.

"I don't wish to hear any more," she said icily. "What you or this woman do is not of the slightest importance to anyone in my family."

Randy turned to Paige whose eyes were blazing.

"See here, Rutherford, surely you're not going to misunderstand the situation?" cried Randy.

Paige snorted. "Misunderstand? A man would have to be a fool to do that!" He stalked out after his womenfolk.

The door closed behind them. Randy looked down at Terry who had not moved from the chair in which she had been sitting. Now she huddled there with her face in her hands. Randy addressed the top of her bright head defensively.

"It was a rotten trick, darling, but you left me no alternative. I couldn't stand by and watch you make a mess of things when you love me."

Terry did not speak nor lift her head. Randy waited, his eyes worried. At last he said unsteadily, "Angel darling, if he really loved you, he'd have socked me in the jaw, heaved me out on my neck, and gone right on loving you. I would have behaved like that if the positions were reversed."

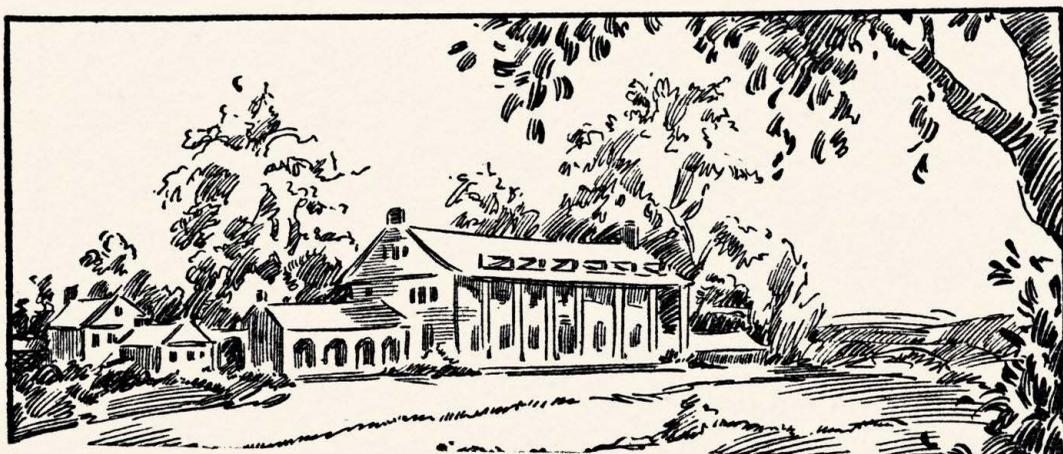
Still she said nothing, but he saw now that her shoulders were shaking. Instantly he was on his knees beside her, his arms about her, his voice sharp with anxiety and pleading.

"Darling sweet, please don't cry!" he pleaded wildly. "Dearest, I didn't know you'd be hurt. Maybe it's Rutherford you love, after all. If it is, I'll *make* him understand. Sweet, don't cry. Darling, *please!* I can't stand it when you cry. I'll bring him back. I'll make him understand. Angel, please stop crying!"

Terry moved and her arms went about his neck. She said huskily,

"You fool. Who's crying?"

Randy held her a little away from him and saw her eyes dancing with laughter,



her red lips parted in a gay smile that made him say huskily, "Thank heaven! What a scare you gave me!"

His arms tightened about her and for a moment they were silent, knowing the utter perfection of clinging hands and arms and lips. Then Randy said unsteadily,

"I was never so scared in my life. There was an awful risk that you might hate me the rest of your life, but I couldn't stand by and give you over to him until I was sure beyond any doubt that he could make you happy. When did you begin to suspect that he couldn't?"

"That night when you kissed me," confessed Terry. "But I was certain of it beyond any doubt when she took over the tea table and began to rearrange my name. And he was so pleased about it because it proved that she was willing to have me in the family. All of a sudden I remembered that I had sent you away and that I was going to live all the rest of my life under her thumb. I looked at Paige and suddenly I disliked him intensely. Oh, Randy, I was scared to death!"

She hid her face against his shoulder and felt the heartfelt sigh that he gave to have her safe in the circle of his arms.

"I've been an awful fool," she confessed at last, "to let you sign without me. And you'll sail without me tonight."

"Don't be silly! I cabled them you were

signing, too, and that we would sail together tonight," Randy told her, beaming at her joyously. "Your maid sneaked your passport out to me and it's all in order. And she is busy right now getting you packed."

Terry stared at him, wide-eyed.

"You were that sure of me?" she marveled.

He shook his head. "I was that hopeful," he corrected her and grinned shamelessly. "I was staking everything on one last throw. Gosh, Terry, you've had me hanging on the ropes lately. I thought I'd lost you and if I had, I knew I'd lost everything the world held that I wanted."

"I don't deserve all this," said Terry blissfully, when she had suitably rewarded him for that pretty speech. "I said that love's not enough. I deserve an awful punishment for that!"

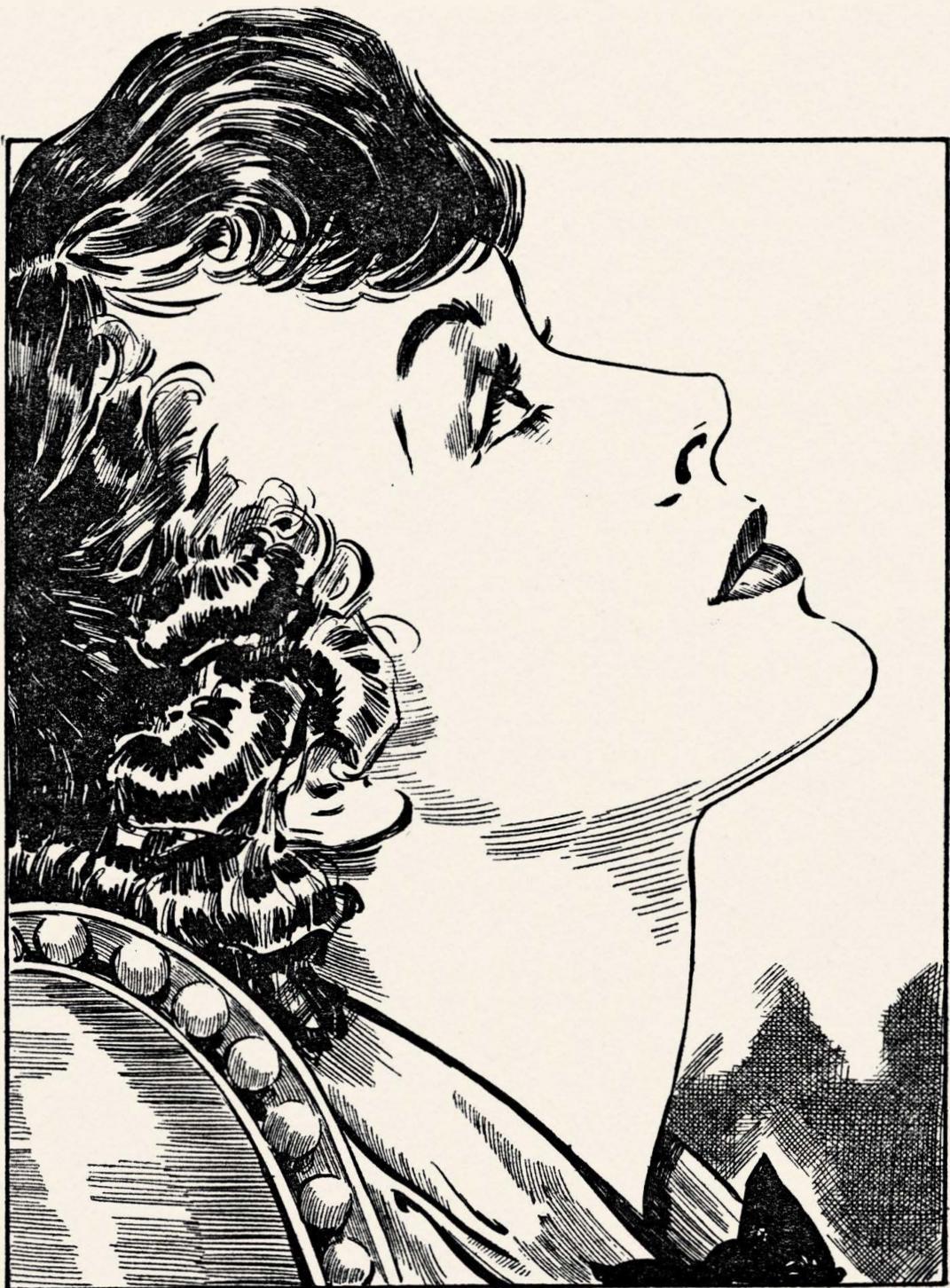
Randy chuckled. "You'll be punished by spending the rest of your life in the land of grease paint and make-believe," he warned her. "You'll never be a member of the Woman's Club or an established member of some small town society. You'll wander the world, with your hand in mine."

"Doesn't it sound glorious? Oh, Randy, I adore you!" said Terry blissfully.

And after that, of course, there was no further necessity for mere words.

# WANTED: A MILLIONAIRE

By VINA LAWRENCE

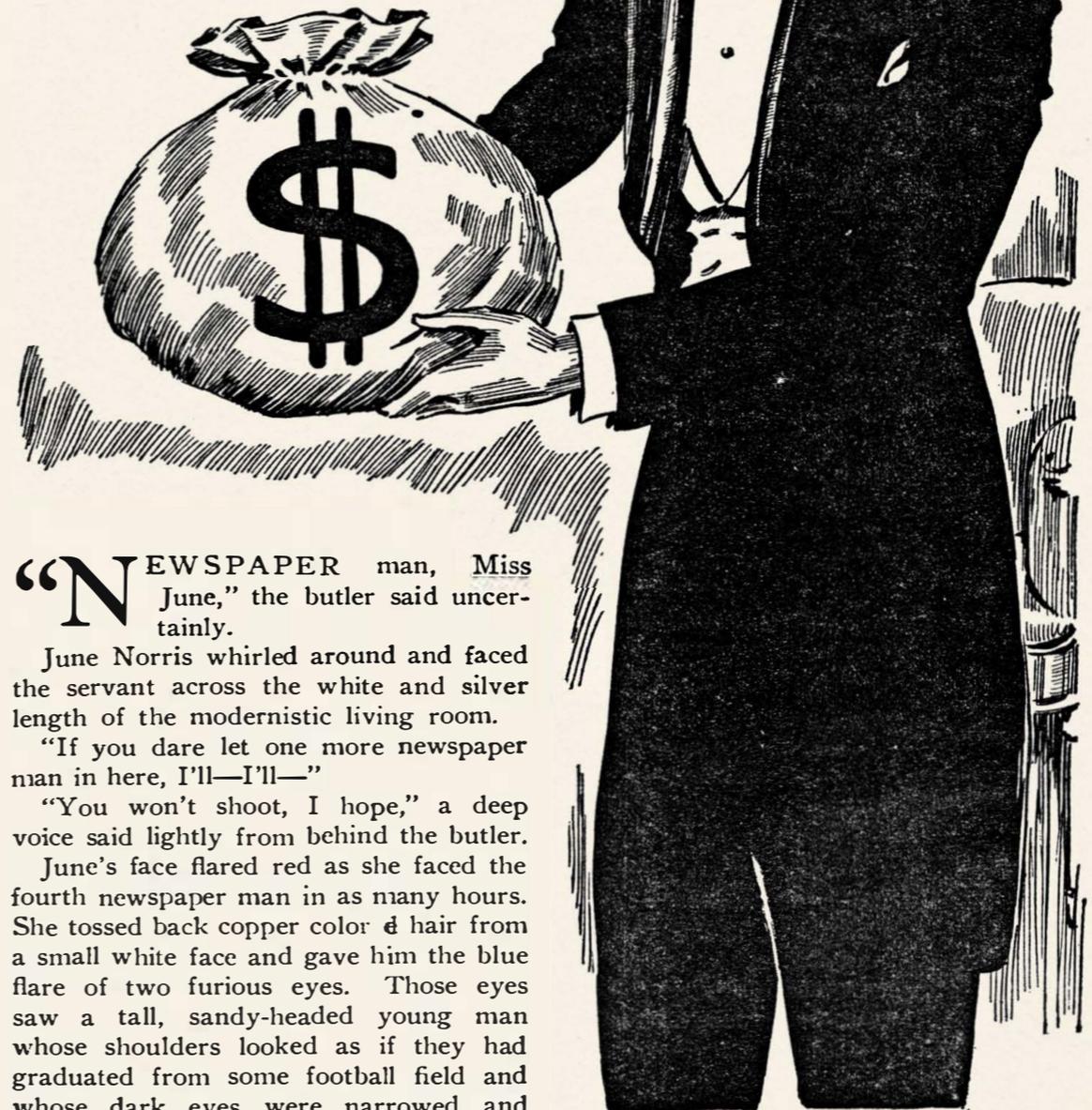


# WANTED: A MILLIONAIRE

By VINA LAWRENCE



*June had just been jilted by ten million dollars, and only another millionaire fiance would save her family from calamity So she staged a husband hunt and found more millionaires than she could marry*



**“N**EWSPAPER man, Miss June,” the butler said uncertainly.

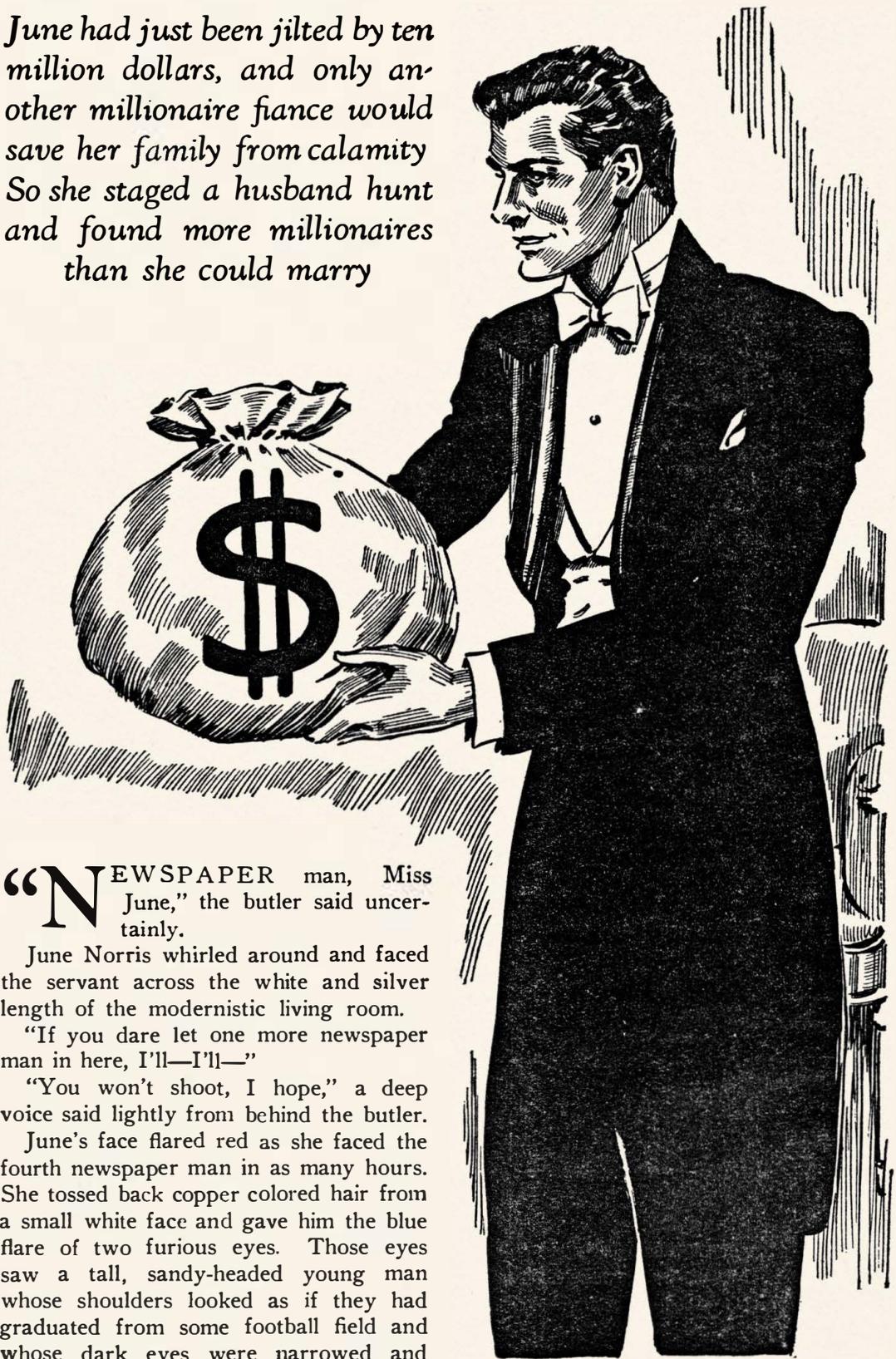
June Norris whirled around and faced the servant across the white and silver length of the modernistic living room.

“If you dare let one more newspaper man in here, I’ll—I’ll—”

“You won’t shoot, I hope,” a deep voice said lightly from behind the butler.

June’s face flared red as she faced the fourth newspaper man in as many hours. She tossed back copper color hair from a small white face and gave him the blue flare of two furious eyes. Those eyes saw a tall, sandy-headed young man whose shoulders looked as if they had graduated from some football field and whose dark eyes were narrowed and

*June had just been jilted by ten million dollars, and only another millionaire fiance would save her family from calamity So she staged a husband hunt and found more millionaires than she could marry*



“**N**EWSPAPER man, Miss June,” the butler said uncertainly.

June Norris whirled around and faced the servant across the white and silver length of the modernistic living room.

“If you dare let one more newspaper man in here, I’ll—I’ll—”

“You won’t shoot, I hope,” a deep voice said lightly from behind the butler.

June’s face flared red as she faced the fourth newspaper man in as many hours. She tossed back copper colored hair from a small white face and gave him the blue flare of two furious eyes. Those eyes saw a tall, sandy-headed young man whose shoulders looked as if they had graduated from some football field and whose dark eyes were narrowed and

faintly scornful, after the manner of newspaper men on the trail of a scandal involving a beautiful young socialite.

"You won't shoot little me, will you?" he repeated as he sighted his candid camera at June.

"I won't, but I'd love to!" she told him furiously.

He ignored that, grinning. "This should be a nice picture," he said. "That red rag you have on will come out black and you have just the indignant expression of a dame who has been jilted by ten million dollars."

The red rag was a red brocaded house coat, imported from one of the best Paris houses and costing three hundred and fifty dollars. Moreover it hadn't been paid for, and probably never would be now.

The ten million dollars meant Anson Forrest to whom June had been engaged until yesterday. Yesterday Anson had eloped with a very blonde Follies beauty.

Neither the mentioning of the red rag nor the ten million dollars made June feel better. The flush left her face a cold white, and she drew herself up to her full slender height.

"Please get out of here," she said, fighting tears she was too proud to let anyone see.

The butler, who had been looking a little scornful himself because his salary was unpaid, faded out of the room. The sandy-headed young man came on in.

"I can't go," he explained patiently. "I came here to get your angle of this case and I've got to get it."

Suddenly all the anger left June, left her weak and very tired of it all. She sat down in one of the queer shaped white leather chairs. June's mother was locked in one of the bedrooms of this fourteen room penthouse with smelling salts and a soothing Swedish masseuse. June's father had run away to the country and his beloved polo ponies. June's

sister hadn't come home from the fashionable finishing school where she had been living on credit until June's marriage, but she would have to come home soon.

There was no one but June to face this out. She would have to do it with as much dignity as she could muster.

She faced the grinning young man.

"ALL right," she said a little harshly. "What angle would you like? Shall I break into tears or would you prefer that I go temperamental and throw things? I really don't see where I can improve on the morning papers. They covered things pretty well. There was even a description of my wedding gown and my trousseau. They made it very plain that Anson Forrest jilted me practically at the altar. I'm not trying to deny it. What else do you want to know?"

He sat down opposite her, the grin fading from his face. His dark eyes grew suddenly thoughtful.

"This is pretty rough on you, isn't it?" he said gently.

She managed a smile of frozen sweetness.

"I mean," he said, "here is a beautiful girl all set to lap up ten million dollars. Suddenly it is gone, leaving her the center of a three ring circus in the tabloids. Honestly, I feel sorry for you."

"That's *so* sweet of you!"

The words didn't come out quite as sarcastically as she had meant for them to, because he was looking into her eyes and smiling at her, and she was aware that he was a ridiculously handsome young man.

Brown as an old penny with that sun-burned sandy hair and those laughing, half-mocking, dark eyes. Much too nice for a newspaper man. He gave her a cigarette and she took it, and his eyes looked into hers as he lit it.

He said, "I'll tell you something. I asked the boss to let me come here because I saw your picture in the morning paper. I didn't believe anyone could be that beautiful. But you are."

"Prelude to a scoop?" she asked, and she smiled a little for the first time in hours.

"No," he said, "just a minor observation. I thought you might like to know that I think you are about fifty million times better looking than that Follies dame who married him."

"Again, thanks."

They were silent for a moment, smoking, and June felt more relaxed and at peace than she had felt since this terrible thing had happened. Somehow, sitting here with this handsome smiling man, things seemed more bearable. Maybe everything would work out all right yet. But how could they? How *could* they? It was all so impossible!

Until three months ago, June Norris and her family had lived in the caretaker's lodge of their Connecticut estate. Since the crash they had possessed nothing but that huge estate which could not be sold and which they could not even afford to keep up.

Her father, gay irresponsible John Norris, had made a living of sorts training the polo ponies of his wealthy friends. But mostly they had lived on credit, a hand-to-mouth sort of existence, with June's mother always looking forward to the time when June married a nice young man, meaning, of course, a wealthy young man. And then June had met Anson Forrest. Lean, dark, spoiled Anson.

They became engaged three months ago, not so much because June loved him but because the family practically threw her at his head.

After the engagement was announced, the Norris credit was established again. In a gay happy-days-are-here-again spirit, June's mother had moved to town

and rented this fourteen-room penthouse. June's father had turned the estate into a breeding farm and bought a string of polo ponies. Her little sister, gay luxury-loving Tiny, had been given a wardrobe of new clothes and sent to the best finishing school.

The trouble was that the penthouse, the polo ponies, the finishing school, the lavish clothes, servants, and everything had been on credit. After all, there was going to be ten million dollars in the family, and Anson was a darling. . . .

Then yesterday Anson eloped with someone else.

"DID you love him?" the newspaper man asked bluntly.

June looked at him again and smiled faintly. Love? She couldn't remember ever thinking much about love. She had always known that she was expected to marry money.

"Love?" she asked.

"Of course you didn't love him," he said. "You were after his money. Why? A beautiful girl like you—"

"For ermine coats and emerald necklaces, of course," she said lightly. Lightly and quickly, for she certainly didn't want the newspapers to get hold of the fact that her family were up to their necks in debt. At least they must be spared that.

"And I suppose," he said, "that you'll have to look around for another millionaire now?"

"I suppose so," June said flippantly. "You might put that in your paper. *Jilted Bride On Lookout For Another Sucker*. That would make nice reading for your public."

The man laughed. "Or *June Norris Launches Husband Hunt*. That should bring around some likely prospects."

They both laughed, then, until June stopped with a jerk, remembering that she was the center of a silly scandal and

that this young man was going to make it worse.

She opened her lips to ask him to leave again, when he stopped her.

"That's right," he said with a grin, "you haven't asked me to go for ten minutes. I'm beginning to feel encouraged."

"Please!" she began.

He held up his hand. He leaned toward her earnestly.

"Don't I intrigue you just a little?" he demanded. "Don't you, in your secret heart, long to know me better? Isn't there something in you that reaches out toward this handsome young stranger?"

"If you think you're being clever—"

"No, I wasn't. I was just trying to work up to an introduction. My name is Stan Crawford. I hail from Iowa. By the way, I inherited twenty thousand dollars recently, but I don't suppose that is enough, is it?"

"Enough?"

"To interest you?"

"Mr. Crawford, really!"

"Now, wouldn't it be a little foolish to be insulted? You are frankly after money. Surely I should be allowed to bid. Can I help it if that's all I have?"

She laughed again and said frankly, "I'm sorry but that isn't enough. You see, ermine wraps and emeralds cost more than that alone. And I have a longing for a few little yachts and Florida villas and things."

"Well, I guess there is nothing for it but to go after another millionaire. Do you know any others?"

She didn't. That was the trouble. Eligible millionaires were sort of scarce anywhere.

"Do you?" she asked.

"I know of a few," he said. "Why don't you let me manage this husband hunt? Then my paper could get the scoop when you get engaged again."

"Don't be silly!"

"Well, you would like to meet a few

choice millionaires, wouldn't you?"

June drew a deep breath. Right then it seemed that nothing in the world but another millionaire, and that quick, would save her family from disgrace.

"*Would I?*" she asked.

"Well, I can arrange it. Let's launch a campaign. It should really be very simple. Most girls who frankly want to marry money, just sit around and mope and wish that fate would drop a millionaire into their laps. They should be businesslike."

"For instance?"

"First," he said, "list your millionaires. Now there is the sporting millionaire, Berry Van Falt. Know him?"

"I've heard of him."

"He's eligible, not too bad looking, and has something like five million. I know, because we had a lot about him in the paper last year when he won that golf match on Long Island."

She watched him thoughtfully. He didn't seem to be joking.

"There's the playboy millionaire, represented by Palmer Ringlow. He's not handsome and has been divorced twice, but he has a pile of dough and will be easy to meet. There's your Wall Street millionaire, Ted Weatherford. He's bald and not very young."

"You mean, you'll introduce me to these men?"

"Certainly not. I don't know them, but I can think up ways and means. Take Berry Van Falt, for instance. I happen to know the golf course where he plays a practise round every morning. I can get a card to the club. I could take you up there. You could go on the course just ahead of Berry and sprain your ankle or—"

June stood up suddenly, her face crimson.

"Please go," she said. "I didn't ask you here and I want you to leave at once."

He stood up, too, still grinning faintly. "Quite," he said. He bowed. "Let me know if you change your mind about that husband hunt, won't you?"

She didn't answer him but stood rigid while he backed from the room. When he had gone she collapsed in the chair.

She sat still for a moment, staring ahead of her at nothing. Her blue eyes were tear-filled, baffled. She didn't know why she had become so angry so suddenly. After all, she thought scornfully, the young man's suggestion was reasonable enough. A husband hunt!

If a girl needs a husband, a wealthy husband, why not hunt one? People hunted for jobs, for gold mines, for lions in Africa. Why not hunt down a husband?

"Miss Norris, your mother is asking for you," her mother's maid was speaking from the doorway.

Quickly, June wiped the tears from her blue eyes and tossed back her copper curls proudly. She arranged her lips in a careful smile. Mummie mustn't be worried. Sweet fragile lovely Mummie who had been made for an opera box and orchids, a breakfast-in-bed and unlimited-charge-accounts existence. Poor Mummie was taking this very hard.

**J**UNE went into her mother's cream and orchid bedroom to find her mother still in the big canopied bed, her lovely face covered with a mud pack, her anxious blue eyes looking startled through it.

"Have you heard from him?" her mother whimpered. "Hasn't he phoned nor anything? Oh, dear! I know it was all a mistake. The papers make foolish mistakes. Perhaps it was another Anson Forrest."

June sighed. She gave her mother the telegram she had received from Anson that morning. It read simply:

Beastly sorry, June, but I married Bette last night in Elkton. Case of love at first

sight. Never felt this way before. Forgive me, please. Forget me and wish me happiness. Sorry no end. Keep the rings and stuff. Anson.

It was like Anson. Flippant, gay, thinking only of himself. Of course, Anson couldn't know how much the family had counted on his help. Help that they had had no right to count on, really. Perhaps this served them right.

The telegram fell from Molly Norris's fingers and she fell back against the pillows.

"Oh, June, how could you do this to me?" she wailed. "How could you let us all down just when we were so happy again? I suppose I'll have to send back that monkey fur evening wrap I bought yesterday. I suppose we'll all be on relief yet!"

"Please, Mummie! It wasn't my fault. How can you blame it on me? I didn't even know—"

"It is always a girl's fault when a man loses interest. You probably didn't flatter him enough. Now we'll have to go back to that terrible dingy little caretaker's cottage. Oh, I don't see how any of us can stand it! Poor little Tiny!"

As if she had arrived in answer to her mother's thought, Tiny burst into the bedroom just then. Little fifteen-year-old Tiny with her black curls and her brilliant blue eyes. She burst in now, her cheeks flushed red, looking heart-breakingly beautiful.

"Mummie!" she cried. "You're crying! Oh, June, is it really true what the papers say? It was in all the morning papers at school and I was simply embarrassed to tears. I couldn't eat my breakfast. I caught the train into town and hurried up here. I thought maybe it was a mistake."

"No," June said dully. "It seems to be quite true."

She turned her back on the mother and sister and walked over to the window.

She heard her mother's nervous sobs, heard Tiny's spoiled little whining voice.

"Well, June, if you weren't going to marry him, why did you get engaged at all? Goodness knows, this is awful. I was just getting started at school, just getting acquainted and then all my friends have to read this! And now I suppose I'll have to leave school and go back to that horrid public school and—"

June turned back to them, her face red, her eyes hurt and angry.

"Stop it!" she cried. "Don't you suppose I have any feelings? I didn't jilt *him*. If he didn't want to marry me, he just didn't want to marry me. Now, for heaven's sake, leave me alone!"

She fled from the room, slamming the door behind her. Her small white hands were held at her throat, trying to stop the sobs that were caught there.

And then she heard a noise that stopped her, frozen in horror, in the hall.

A shot! From the library!

**E**VEN as she ran down the hall toward the library, June knew what the shot had been. She knew, and the cold beads of perspiration were standing out on her forehead as she threw open the library door.

Her father had returned from the estate, had gone straight to the library and—this!

He lay on the white bearskin rug before the fireplace, a smoking pistol in his hand, blood trickling from a wound on his forehead.

June heard her own thin shrill scream mingled with the cries of the servants who had followed her into the room.

The next hour was a nightmare of rush and hysteria. The doctor arrived at once and said that the wound might not prove fatal, and had John Norris moved to a hospital.

June was left in the apartment with her hysterical mother and sister. Left to

read with tear filled eyes the note that her father had written. It read:

This is the best way for us all. My insurance will take care of you all, Molly dear. I can't bear for you to go back to poverty. I love you all, Dad.

Gay, loving Dad! He had seen no way out for his luxury loving, helpless family except death for himself. And now the doctors said that, though he would probably live, he would have to have months of quiet and care.

That would mean hospital bills. That would mean that such money as he had been making by training polo ponies would cease.

"What are we going to do?" June heard her mother sobbing brokenly from her bedroom.

A servant paused in the living room door.

"Dinner is served," he said.

June laughed, a high uncontrollable laugh. Servants! Fine food being served on silver dishes! A penthouse! It was all moving along on beautifully oiled wheels but it would soon stop.

The servants would leave when they weren't paid. They would be put out of the penthouse. Grocers would refuse credit.

What did people do when they had no money at all?

If Anson Forrest had married June, how simple everything would have been! If she just had a rich husband. . . .

She stood up suddenly, her full red lips set in a straight line, her blue eyes half frightened but determined. She tossed back her copper hair with that defiant gesture.

June rushed into her mother's room and shut the door.

"Mummie," she said breathlessly, "how long can we keep up this front? How long can we carry on here without money, here in this apartment with these serv-

ants? How long can we go on like this?"

Her mother's tear-streaked face was beautiful even now. A golden haired, china doll of a woman, she was. In a lace negligee, her golden hair twisted into a halo, she was lovely. No wonder John Norris had rather die than see her suffer.

"Oh, June," she said weakly, "I suppose a month. Possibly two. Why do you ask? We may as well move tomorrow and get it over with. I suppose we might try to open a tea room or raise mushrooms or something. We'll have to do something."

The sight of her mother being brave was even more heart rending than tears. June who had not cried through the whole ordeal, found the sobs in her throat again.

"I came in here to tell you, Mummie, that we'll stay on here for a month. I'm going to marry a rich man."

Her mother stood up, startled. Her blue eyes alight with hope.

"Has Anson called?" she cried.

"Not Anson, Mummie," June said. "Another rich man."

"But what's his name?"

June lifted her chin defiantly, threw back her copper curls.

"I don't know his name yet," she said. "But I promise you that I'll marry one. You see, I'm launching a husband hunt."

She left her startled mother and went back to her own room. There she locked herself in, and phoned the *Morning Record*, the paper that Stan Crawford had been representing.

A moment later she had Stan on the phone.

"June Norris?" His voice was eager. "Wonderful! Is there anything I can do?"

June swallowed hard. "Yes," she said evenly. "I have decided to launch a husband hunt, after all. Do you still want to manage it?"

THAT evening found them sitting opposite each other at a little shining mirror of a table in a cocktail lounge. Tall pink frosted drinks were before them. Untouched drinks for they were deeply interested in what they were saying.

To a casual observer they might have appeared to be a young couple who had just fallen terribly in love. A small copper-haired girl with great blue eyes in a soft white face, dressed in a glinting cocktail frock. A broad shouldered grinning young man with soft dark eyes and a rump of sandy hair.

They looked like the beautiful beginning of a love affair, but she was saying:

"Get this, please. Our relationship is strictly business. I want to marry a millionaire in a month's time. If you can help me meet some millionaires, I'll be glad to give your paper the scoop when I get engaged again."

Her soft red mouth curled scornfully as she accepted his hand, and they shook hands solemnly.

"It's a go," he said. "How about meeting Berry Van Falt first? He's the golf fiend, you know. Tomorrow morning?"

The next morning June and Stan drove out to Long Island in Stan's roadster. The top was down, the sunshine spilling over them. June's copper curls caught the gold from the sun as she tossed off her hat. She was dressed in gray tweed with a bright scarf at her throat. Stan, bareheaded, too, slid down under the steering wheel and grinned at her.

"If this weren't strictly business," he said, "I'd make a pass at you."

"Keep your place, young man," she said but she couldn't keep from smiling.

"Beautiful day for hunting," he said. "On a day like this, an experienced husband hunter can spot a good husband at fifty yards and have him bagged before he has a chance to run."

"And about Berry Van Falt?" she asked.

He turned his roadster into the country club grounds before he answered her. He brought it to a stop on the graveled drive.

Then he pointed out toward the green.

"Between the seven and eighth holes, you see the catch," he said. "Are you ready for the kill?"

"And I'm supposed to dash out there and sprain an ankle in front of him?" June asked. "Don't you think that's far too subtle?"

"Well, perhaps breaking your neck would be less obvious, although I imagine plenty of girls have broken their necks over Van Falt."

He grinned at her as he helped her from the roadster.

"All kidding aside," he said, "we're going to sit on the verandah in the sun until our victim comes into the club. Then we are going into the bar. Leave the rest to me."

The club was very quiet that morning. Except for a few early golfers, the verandah was empty.

June and Stan waited on the verandah until they saw Berry Van Falt coming in from the eighteenth hole. Then Stan led June to the bar where he ordered a couple of old fashioned.

"Whatever I do," he said, "don't be surprised."

They were the only people at the bar when Berry came in and ordered scotch and soda. June saw that he was a short, pink cheeked man with round gray eyes and a disarming smile. She couldn't imagine being married to him, but she remembered his money and took a grip on her nerves.

Suddenly Stan spoke up loudly, pretending to be drunk.

"And another thing," he shouted, "if you feel that way about me, you can find someone else to take you home. Maybe

that guy over there will give you a ride. I'm not going back to New York today. I'm going places and doing things."

For a moment June stared at him in amazement, then she recognized this as a cue.

"Why, you drunken cad!" she cried. "I wouldn't get in a car with you again for a fortune. I'll walk home first."

"Okay, walk!" Stan slammed down his drink on the bar and stamped out of the room.

Berry Van Falt came to June's rescue after the manner of a gentleman. He bowed and smiled.

"I couldn't help overhearing," he said. "I'm going into the city this morning. If you will permit me—"

Still a little dazed at the easy way in which this had been done, June allowed Berry to help her into his long town car. The chauffeur sent the car spinning down the drive. June took off her hat again to the wind, perfectly aware that her copper curls were her biggest asset. She blinked her blue eyes at Berry and smiled a wistful gratitude.

"It was so sweet of you to rescue me," she said.

Berry leaned toward her, frankly admiring, and patted her hand in a gesture that was very nearly fatherly.

"As a reward," he said, "I demand to know your name, address, marital standing, and when I can see you again."

She smiled sweetly. "Name, June Norris. Address, Park Avenue. Not married. And—I think I would like to see you again."

By the time his car had stopped before the apartment house where June lived, he had made a date for luncheon the next day.

June went up to her bedroom, her mind a whirl of mixed emotions. Triumph, excitement, disgust, weariness. . . . She didn't know how she felt, but at least she had made the first killing. She had

*"I hoped you would consider twenty thousand more interesting when you saw me all dressed up," he said with a grin.*



had her first taste of husband hunting.

Stan phoned shortly after she had reached her room.

"Do any good?" he asked.

She told him what had happened.

"Good," he said. "See, isn't it simple? Now tonight we meet our playboy millionaire, one of the most difficult species to bag, but easy enough to meet. Palmer Ringlow. Dress your prettiest, gal, for this fellow is used to the best."

**J**UNE dressed in a full-skirted, ruffled black lace, tight in the waist, showing a beautiful ivory back, floating in a dozen

wide soft ruffles to the floor. She piled her copper curls high and thrust a glittering Spanish comb into them. Her long lashes were touched with starry golden mascara, her lips were vermilion. The slippers peeping from under the folds of black lace were the color of her lips. And the priceless white shawl about her shoulders, was embroidered with great red roses.

"Not bad," Stan said when she met him in the long living room.

He was looking very nice himself, in black and white, his brown face clean-cut and handsome, his sandy hair sleek and shining.

June looked at him for a moment, then she smiled.

"I've seen worse," she said.

He grinned. "I rather fancy myself in these clothes, too," he said. "I had some hope that you would consider twenty thousand more interesting when you saw me all dressed up."

"I'll just take vanilla, thank you," she said. "Without the sauce. And now, where to?"

"The Club Morocco," he said. "I've hired a decoy to bring this duck to us. She is a very gay blonde from the chorus. She has promised to bring Palmer Ringlow to the Club Morocco some time this evening. All we have to do is to go there and wait. Do you think you can stand my company for a few hours?"

"If things get too bad, I'll take out my knitting," June promised.

The Club Morocco was a gay scarlet and silver night club in midtown. The music was the latest swing. The floor show was very gay, and the champagne cocktails cost as much as if they had been made of liquid gold.

"Dance?" Stan asked.

He took her in his arms and whirled her out on the gleaming floor. It was the first time his arms had been about her, and she caught her breath in quickly as

a little thrill raced down her spine.

He looked down at her, grinning.

"Twenty thousand with me thrown in for good measure is not to be sneered at, young lady," he said.

"I didn't know struggling young reporters ever inherited twenty thousand dollars," she dodged the issue.

"Well, you see," he said. "I want to buy a newspaper in a little town in Iowa with my money. I came to New York to learn the newspaper business from the ground up before I became a publisher. Does that make sense to you?"

"Not a great deal. I still don't see your reason for managing my husband hunt."

"Because I fell head over heels for you the first time I saw you. I thought I told you that. And this is the only way I can be with you. Of course, I hope to show my own superior qualities to such an advantage that you will forget how badly you want ermine and emeralds. In fact, beautiful lady, I mean to marry you."

"Be still, my heart." June's red mouth was curled scornfully, but her heart was really pounding a little faster.

Why couldn't Stan Crawford have a million dollars? Why must she marry money, anyhow, she wondered rebelliously. As far as she was concerned, she loved the idea of marrying an owner of a small town paper.

"We'd have a cottage with vines climbing over it and there would be a big fireplace to hang the kids' stockings on," he was whispering into her ear as they danced.

She closed her eyes in abandon to the dream for a moment, then she remembered Dad in the hospital, Tiny, her mother.

"Not a chance," she said firmly. "I'm after ermines and emeralds."

He sighed. "On with the hunt!"

They went back to their table and had

another cocktail. It was just after midnight that Palmer Ringlow, a dissipated dark man, came in with a frothy blonde in pink tulle.

"Here we are," Stan said. "The wealthiest playboy in Manhattan. That little blonde is going to bring him to this table, then I'll take her away from him, leaving him to you. The blonde is in on it. Very simple, what?"

"Frightfully clever, these newspaper men," June murmured.

She was hiding behind a mask of indifference, but she was really watching Stan from the corners of her blue eyes. He was so handsome, so sweet. Just the sort of man to have a girl thinking longingly of vine-covered cottages. Just the sort to make her want to keep house and darn stockings for the rest of her days. She didn't like the idea of trading him for the dissipated playboy.

**T**HE frothy blonde brought Palmer Ringlow to their table and Stan introduced the two women. The blonde's name was Fern Dubois. She introduced Palmer, and Stan immediately asked Fern to dance.

For the second time that day, June found herself alone with a millionaire. But Palmer Ringlow hardly seemed to notice June. His eyes were following Fern about the room. He didn't ask June to dance but sat drinking morosely.

When Stan brought Fern back to the table, he said lightly:

"I know you won't mind, Ringlow, old man, but I'm running off with your girl friend. Take care of June for me, won't you?"

Stan was pretending to be tight again, but this time it didn't work. Palmer Ringlow stood up, scowling angrily.

"You take care of your own girl and give mine back to me. Come, Fern!"

"Hey, wait," Stan insisted. "Fern has promised to take a look at my etchings

tonight. We've been old friends for a good many years—"

Fern clung to Stan's arm. "You stay here with his girl, Palmer," she said. "That's a lamb."

But Palmer Ringlow had had enough champagne to be quarrelsome. He drew back a hard fist and socked Stan on the jaw. Stan stumbled back in stunned amazement. Palmer took Fern by the arm and led her out of the night club.

Stan sat back down, rubbing his jaw thoughtfully.

June giggled a little. "Frightfully clever, these newspaper men," she said.

Stan laughed ruefully.

"Well," he said, "the biggest fish always get away. I'm afraid he liked Fern. And you, my child, failed to lead him on. I can't catch you a husband if you won't make any effort at all, can I?"

June stood up. "The hunt's over for the evening, I suppose. Perhaps you'd better take me home."

They drove back down the Avenue, under a purple velvet sky pricked with a million diamonds. A soft yellow lopsided moon hung like an ornament above a tall skyscraper. And the perfume of a city filled the air with romance and stolen adventure, with the ghosts of all the lovers who had gone down this avenue in all the years gone by.

"Tomorrow you meet Ted Weatherford," he said. "He's our Wall Street millionaire."

"And I suppose I do that by going down and fainting in his arms?" June asked.

"Oh, not quite that. I think the best way to meet him is to pretend to represent a charity. Pretend you are a society girl collecting checks for a milk fund or what not. Men never refuse to see a pretty girl. If he gives you a check, turn it over to charity to keep your conscience clear. But the point of your visit is to meet the guy."

"I think I know the purpose by now."

Stan stopped his roadster before her apartment house. He turned to her and grinned in the starlight.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Sorry? For what?"

"This," he said.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her before she knew what was happening. A firm hard kiss that began rather experimentally but became very sure of itself before it was very old.

She fought against him for a moment, struggling in his arms, indignant even while her pulse raced from the touch of his mouth. Then as the kiss became very sure of itself, she gave up the struggle and her arms slipped about his neck. She clung to him, giving him back his kiss, and for a moment she was lost in the giddy bliss of his lips on hers. For a moment there was no sordid need for money, no whining, fretting, helpless family. For a moment there was just a gay young man and a beautiful young girl in all the world.

A man who was Stan. A girl who was June. And a kiss.

The past blurred away. The present was a pink haze. And the future was a golden dream of vine covered cottages in Iowa. Of fireplaces and kids' stockings and happiness.

His lips left hers to rest for a moment on her cheeks, on her eyelids, on the copper curls above her forehead.

"Darling," he whispered and his voice was choked. "Little darling."

She drew away from him, fighting for sanity, realizing for the tenth time that evening that she must not let this man disturb her.

"Let me go," she cried. "You must, really!"

But he held her tight. "I could make you love me," he pleaded. "I'd give you the warmth of my love instead of ermine. You wouldn't need emeralds because

every night we'd have together would be a jewel. June, darling, listen to me."

Struggling as much against herself as against him, June pulled away and opened the car door.

"Sorry," she said flippantly, and she was glad that he couldn't see the tears in her eyes. "Sorry, but I'm after bigger game."

Stiffly he climbed out and walked to the door with her.

"Then, on with the hunt!" He saluted with a wistful gayety. "I'll be by tomorrow morning and we'll stalk the jungles of Wall Street for the lordly lion."

STAN waited outside in his roadster the next morning while June went up to Ted Weatherford's office. She felt bolder than she had felt the day before.

"I suppose husband hunting will become just one of those things in time," she said to Stan when he came for her that morning. "I feel just as if I were shopping around for hats or something."

But as June walked into Ted Weatherford's swanky offices, her knees were shaking a little. She caught a glimpse of herself in a mirrored wall and felt a little better. A slender girl in a plain dark suit with a bunch of violets at her throat. A girl with copper curls peeping from under a little veiled sailor hat, with great blue eyes that held anxiety and sadness. A girl who had to catch a millionaire within a month!

A pert secretary looked her over doubtfully.

"Mr. Ted Weatherford left by plane for the coast last night," she said. "He'll be gone several weeks. However his brother, Mr. Leon Weatherford, is here. Would you like to see him?"

June would and did. Mr. Leon Weatherford turned out to be a cynical old bachelor sixty years old. A lean wrinkled man with gray hair and pince-nez.

June said hesitatingly, "I'm here beg-

ging for charity. I—I want a check for—for—”

Leon Weatherford was charmed to have such a lovely visitor and said so. He had been playing solitaire because it was such a dull morning. He immediately engaged June in a discussion of solitaire, and when she left an hour later, he had asked her to dinner for the following evening. And she had accepted.

Stan was indignant when she told him.

“Why, Leon Weatherford is old enough to be your grandfather!” he cried. “I hope you aren’t considering *him!*”

June’s lips twisted without humor.

“Remember,” she said, “I’m after ermines and emeralds and I don’t care what kind of package they are wrapped in. Leon has as much money as his brother, hasn’t he?”

“I won’t allow you to see him again, June!” he raged. “After all, you can’t encourage a doddering old grandpa.”

“Oh, you won’t *allow* me? I want you to know I’m having dinner with him tomorrow night. And now drive me home, please, I have a luncheon engagement with Berry Van Falt, you know.”

Grimly, Stan turned the roadster toward her home. They drove in silence for a little. Then she asked:

“What millionaire is next on our list of prospects?”

“I’m through,” he said. “I thought I’d make you see how silly all this was. I believe you really mean to marry one of them. I’ll not help you meet anyone else. I think we’ve both been fools.”

“I’m not so sure of that. I have a date today and one tomorrow with millionaires. I told you I meant to marry one within a month. You have no right to be jealous. I told you this was to be a strictly business arrangement.”

She said that, but in her heart there was a little dream of a vine-covered cottage in Iowa. In her heart was the memory of a kiss.

“I love you,” he said then, simply. “At first I wasn’t sure. Now I’m sure.”

“I know,” she said. “And I’m sorry. I don’t think we had better see each other again because my heart is quite set on ermine and emeralds.”

He didn’t answer her until he had stopped the car before her apartment house. As he drove along, she stole a look at his grim profile, his firm full lips, the tumble of sandy hair that was bare to the wind. She looked at him, biting hard on her lips for, in her heart, she was telling him good-by. She wanted to look enough to remember him always. His eyes that were dark and soft with heavy brows like wings, his brown face with the laugh wrinkles, his mouth. . . .

**H**E stopped the car and turned to her. His voice was harsh, a little bitter.

“You mean, this is the end?” he asked.

She hesitated for only a moment. For a moment she thought of chucking the family and marrying Stan. Then the memory of her desperate father in the hospital, bills piling around him, facing bankruptcy, the loss of the estate. Her mother, helpless, clinging to the hope of a wealthy son-in-law as she would cling to a straw if she were drowning. Beautiful spoiled Tiny whose youth was being ruined by lack of a little money.

What would become of the family if she didn’t marry money? What *would* become of them? But she couldn’t tell Stan that. She just had to let him think she was after ermine and emeralds.

“Yes,” she said dully. “This is the end. Good-by, Stan. Thanks for helping me stalk the game.”

He took her hand silently, held it for a moment, looking down at the small white fingers against his big brown ones.

He picked up her hand and kissed the fingers gently, one by one, then the palm.

“Save those,” he said, “for sometime when you want them.”

He helped her out of the car and stood looking down at her, his mouth curled cynically. He saluted gravely.

"It has been a pleasant hunt, Miss Norris," he said. "I'm sorry I can't stay for the kill. Good-by."

She watched him drive away into the traffic, and her fingers curled shut on the kisses that were all she had left of him. All she would ever have of him.

She went up to the apartment and rushed to her own room to be alone, but her mother followed her anxiously.

"June, darling, where are you going?"

"To lunch with a millionaire, Mummie." She gave a gay laugh. "Keep the chin up! I'll land one and save the old homestead."

"June, I hate to hear you talk that way. After all, I wouldn't dream of allowing you to marry for money—alone."

"Don't be silly, Mummie. This is a man I'm mad about. You'll meet him soon enough."

She dressed in a black and white suit, an outlandish peaked hat on her head. Her copper curls fell in soft abandon on her shoulders. Her eyelashes were touched with black, her lips scarlet. She looked like a magazine cover as she met Berry in the lobby of the hotel where they were to lunch. Berry Van Falt made a gay companion, and he made light love to June as he took her home.

"We should have fun together, beautiful," he said. "How about a show and dinner very soon?"

"Whenever you say." June blinked her long lashes at him.

"Beautiful," he whispered as he kissed her hand in parting, "I'd like to have dinner with you every night."

He left it at that, his gray eyes excited as they looked into hers. And June felt sure that he would propose if she handled him right. He was rather sweet.

The next evening Leon Weatherford took her to dinner. He was an old bore,

but he was flattered over June's attention and he begged earnestly to see her again soon.

During the next three weeks, June was rushed by the two men, for both of them had fallen for her hard, it seemed.

June decided from the beginning to marry Berry if she could get him to propose, but she kept Leon on the string just in case.

During those three weeks, her family's condition seemed to go from bad to worse. Her father was sent to an expensive sanitarium, and her mother spent the entire days in badly concealed anxiety. Tiny divided her time between pouting and whining. June had no choice but to marry one of the men quickly.

IT was old Leon Weatherford who proposed. One evening, he leaned across the table toward her.

"I know you're just a child," he said, "and I'm an old fool. But will you marry me, June? I can give you and your family everything money can buy."

She put him off by promising to tell him her answer the next week-end at his Westchester estate where she was going to a party he was giving. She put him off, hoping that Berry would propose in the meantime. She hadn't much time left. The servants were getting disagreeable, and any day they might be put out of the penthouse.

It was the next day that Stan Crawford phoned.

"June," he said urgently. "I've just been looking through the files, and I find that Berry Van Falt was married ten years ago and there has been no divorce. He's a married man."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive! Phone and ask him directly. He'll not lie."

June phoned Berry that afternoon, and he admitted he was still married.

"That doesn't keep us from being friends, does it?" he asked.

"No," she said a little dully, "that doesn't keep us from being friends."

But it did mean that she would have to marry Leon Weatherford.

Stan came that evening, uninvited but triumphant.

"He's married, isn't he?" Stan asked.

June was determined not to soften, even for a moment.

"Yes, he's married," she said, "but Leon Weatherford isn't."

"But you wouldn't seriously consider that old goat!"

"Please go," she said. "I'm leaving for a week-end party at Leon's Westchester place."

"Then I'll see you there if I have to crash the party," he threatened.

That evening after dinner, June gave Leon his answer.

"I'll marry you, Leon," she said, "tonight before anyone can stop us."

She wanted to get it over with. She had to get it over with! He agreed and went to make arrangements by telephone just as Stan Crawford entered the room.

Stan came straight through the crowd of guests to June's side. He was grinning that grin of his.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

Stan led her out onto the moonlit terrace, down the shallow steps to the garden paths. He caught her by the shoulders, pressing her body to his, and kissed her. It was a demanding, possessive kiss that raced through her, drowning out every emotion but the bliss of his mouth on hers.

He spoke hoarsely. "You can't deny that you love me. You can't deny it!"

He held her until the tears were on her cheeks, and she was confessing in a stricken whisper:

"I do love you. I do, oh, I do! Stan, hold me close for just this one moment. I'll never see you again. I mustn't. Oh, my darling!"

And then all the cold-blooded determination that she had built up seemed to

crumble and she clung to him, sobbing like a child. He held her closer, soothing her with whispers.

"I'll never let you go again, darling," he whispered. "Nothing in the world, no amount of money, can take you away from me now."

Trembling, still sobbing, she drew away.

"You don't understand. I have to marry Leon. I *have* to do it! The family is broke. We'll be on the street, actually. Dad will really kill himself next time. And Mummie will lose her mind. And Tiny—"

He held her off and looked into her face. "So that's it! Why, you silly infant, you can't sacrifice your life for your family! They wouldn't want you to marry that old man. Does your mother know him?"

"Not yet. I don't want them to meet him until afterwards. He's very kind, Stan. He knows how they need money and he—he's going to give them everything."

"But you can't! I'll help your family. I have money."

"That's for your newspaper. Anyway, it wouldn't be a drop in the bucket. You don't understand that there are thousands of dollars worth of debts, the estate is mortgaged, the horses were bought on credit. Oh, Stan, nothing but a millionaire can help the Norris family."

"I'll tell your father what you plan to do! I'll—"

"I'm afraid you'll be too late, Stan, dear. I'm marrying Leon tonight."

"Tonight?"

"You see, just forget me. Call me one of those things that never was. Please, darling, don't try to see me again."

Leon Weatherford's voice sounded from the terrace.

"June, darling!" he called.

"He's been telephoning," June explained. "He's been making arrangements for the wedding. I must go."



Stan's fists clenched. "I won't let you do this!" he cried. "I'll stop you if I have to break that doddering old man's neck. I'll follow you and tell the preacher the truth. This is criminal! You—"

"Good-by, Stan," she choked, then broke away from him and ran up the terrace to where Leon was waiting for her. His eyes gleamed behind his pince-nez.

"Ready, my dear?" he asked.

**T**OGETHER they hurried into the waiting car. With a little sigh, June sank back in the cushions and closed her

eyes, ignoring the man beside her.

This foolish addle-brained little man with his damp pawing hands and his cold lips. She closed her eyes tight and thought hard of Dad and Mummie back on the old estate. Everything painted. Everything paid for. The gardener back. The horses paid for. Tiny in school. Everyone happy again. And herself? And if Leon read her thoughts he said gently:

"I'll buy you a sable coat tomorrow, my dear. And pearls. A necklace I saw at Cartier's last week. And we'll go around the world if you like. You'll have



Stan's fists clenched. "I won't let you do this!" he cried. "I'll stop you if I have to break that doddering old man's neck. I'll follow you and tell the preacher the truth. This is criminal! You—"

"Good-by, Stan," she choked, then broke away from him and ran up the terrace to where Leon was waiting for her. His eyes gleamed behind his pince-nez.

"Ready, my dear?" he asked.

**T**OGETHER they hurried into the waiting car. With a little sigh, June sank back in the cushions and closed her

eyes, ignoring the man beside her.

This foolish addle-brained little man with his damp pawing hands and his cold lips. She closed her eyes tight and thought hard of Dad and Mummie back on the old estate. Everything painted. Everything paid for. The gardener back. The horses paid for. Tiny in school. Everyone happy again. And herself? And if Leon read her thoughts he said gently:

"I'll buy you a sable coat tomorrow, my dear. And pearls. A necklace I saw at Cartier's last week. And we'll go around the world if you like. You'll have

*"Look, old fellow,"  
Stan was saying.  
"This girl is marry-  
ing you for your  
money."*



*"Look, old fellow,"  
Stan was saying.  
"This girl is marry-  
ing you for your  
money."*



to stop in Paris for clothes. I shall like dressing you."

The chauffeur swung the big car into the country road and June looked back and saw Stan's car following them. He was making good his threat. He would stop the ceremony if he could. He would do it if he caught up with them.

"Tell the chauffeur to drive faster," June said breathlessly. "That man behind us will stop us if he can. We've got to lose him. Can't he drive faster?"

Leon gave the chauffeur the directions and they whirled up the country road at a terrific pace. The headlights of the car behind were receding into the distance. June fought down a panicky urge to pray that Stan would be in time.

"Lucky for us I anticipated this," Leon was saying smugly. "I got the license last week."

He tittered with senile joy that made June fight faintness.

"Remember when I asked you for your autograph? You were signing the application for a marriage license and didn't know it. Since that new law went into effect, a license must be three days old before a marriage can be performed. You will have a smart husband, my dear."

He was mighty sure of her, June thought bleakly. But why shouldn't he be? She had explained some of her family's needs. She had to be sure he would help them.

His nasty little hands were making pawing motions. To stave off a possible kiss, June asked quickly,

"Where are we going to be married?"

"At the rectory of my church. I knew you would prefer to have the church bless our union."

Oh, Stan! Stan! The blessing of the church for this farce of a wedding!

But the headlights of Stan's car were no longer following them.

She tried to blot the thoughts of Stan out of her mind. She tried pitifully to

prepare herself for a future that would have no Stan, but only Leon with his clammy hands and cold lips.

But it was a future made safe for her helpless family, she reminded herself fiercely. And for herself, too, with sables and pearls and trips around the world.

City traffic engulfed them and they were surrounded by cars, so that it was impossible to tell if any of those headlights were Stan's. She could only force herself to hope they had lost him.

And then, all too soon, they pulled up at a fashionable Park Avenue church. And Leon was solicitously helping her to walk decorously to her bleak fate when her feet were tempting her to run away.

THE minister was waiting, as Leon said he would be. June thought his eyes were pitying as he took her hand, but she couldn't be sure, for tears were blurring her vision.

"You have given serious thought to this step you are about to take, my child?" the clergyman asked gently.

"Yes! Yes!" She fought at her impatience. Now that she was face to face with her ordeal, she wanted it over.

Then Leon was fussily presenting the license. The witnesses were being called in, and she was standing before the clergyman with her hand in Leon's. As if her heart refused to face the situation, she was thinking,

"Poor Stan! How dreadful he will feel when he finds we outwitted him. Dear Stan! I wonder where he is looking for us? What he is thinking? Oh, Stan, I love you so!"

Then she was conscious that Leon was nudging her and whispering.

"Your response, my dear. Just say 'I do.'"

She tried. She was still trying when the door burst open and a commotion began behind her that could mean only one thing. Stan had found them.

She found her voice in a hurry then.

"Go on!" she urged the minister. "Hurry! Finish it. Oh, I do! I will—to everything!"

She went right on babbling even after a strong hand fell upon her shoulder and whirled her away from Leon.

"Look, old fellow," Stan was saying to Leon in a reasoning, coaxing voice. "This girl is marrying you for your money. Do you know that? I didn't offer her enough so she took you. Do you want a bride you bought for hard cash?"

Then they were all talking at once. The minister was protesting the interruption. Leon was demanding that Stan take himself off. And June heard her own voice pleading in little broken murmurs. And through it all, Stan's voice—strong, sure of itself, convincing.

"Listen, all of you. I want to ask June one question and I want her to give you an honest answer. June, if I had as much money as Leon, who would you be marrying tonight?"

June fought down a sudden hysterical impulse to laugh. Poor Leon looked so pitiful, as if he knew no girl would marry him except for his money and didn't mind so much knowing it himself, but couldn't bear being twitted about it. No, she couldn't laugh, even though the laughter were a cloak for tears.

"Leon knows all that," she said gently. "I told him."

"That's not answering my question," Stan insisted. "Would you marry me if I had as much money as Leon?"

June looked at the minister, apology in her eyes. She looked at Leon, who stood there rubbing the knuckles of one hand with the palm of the other. She looked at Stan, towering above them all. And she answered in a tone that was lined with tremulous laughter, for of course Leon wouldn't want her after this.

"Of course, you idiot."

"Well, I have. I didn't tell you because

I have an aversion to being married for my money. I wanted you to realize how much more important love is than money. I wanted you to love me and not care whether we had any money or not. I know you love me. I'll never be sure now about the money angle. I tried to tell you tonight in the garden but you ran away. So I had to do it this way."

He turned to Leon persuasively.

"Look, Mr. Weatherford. I'm really doing you a favor. If one of us has got to be married for our money, let me be the one. Is it a go?"

Nothing in Leon's sedate, uneventful life had prepared him for this, but he rose to the situation nobly.

"Yes! Yes!" he said quickly. "By all means. Don't let me stand in the way of love's young dream. I was young once myself, you know. . . ."

Then as June pulled off the beautiful engagement ring and held it out, he put his hands behind his back.

"Keep it," he said nervously. "Keep it for a wedding present. And. . . ."

He made a gallant effort to be nonchalant.

"May I congratulate you? June is lovely. She will make you a beautiful wife."

Then he rather ostentatiously slipped his hand under the minister's elbow and escorted him from the room.

Stan reached for June. "I told you I wouldn't let you marry him," he murmured, staring down into her eyes. "If I have to buy you, I'll buy you, but you'd better love me so hard I'll forget about that part of the bargain."

"I will, Stan," she whispered. "Oh, I will! But won't you please understand that I was doing this for my family?"

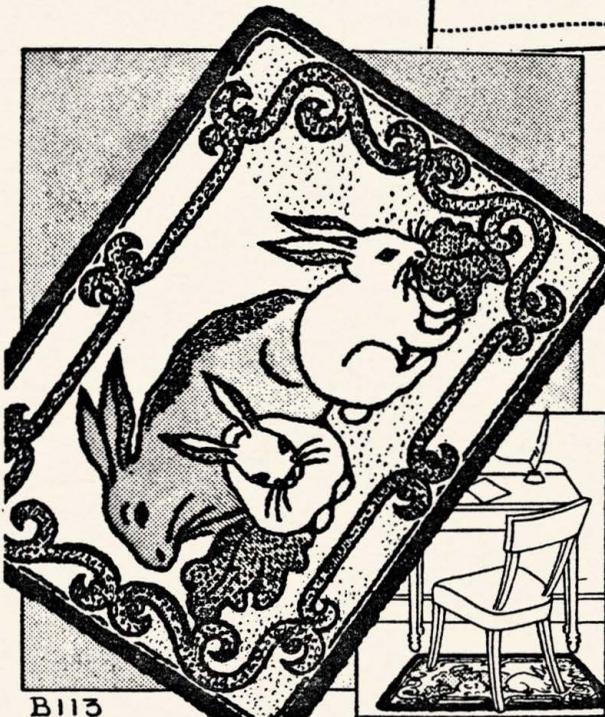
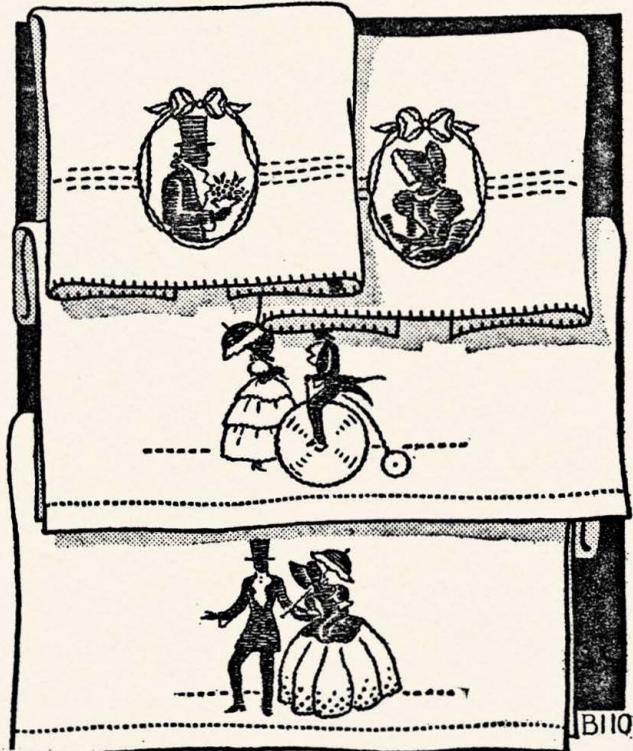
He muffled her words with kisses. Presently he stopped that long enough to ask, "Who are you doing this for?"

"Me," she whispered. "You. Us."

"That's all I want to know," he said, kissing her again.

# Dress Up For

**B110** (At right) **Charming Silhouettes for Guest Towels.** These quaint little pictures, that can be painted in a jiffy with needle and embroidery floss, will make your guest towels original and distinctive. They're so attractive, yet marvelously easy to make. A grand idea for rejuvenating your own home, or a welcome addition to the hope chest of any June bride-to-be! The pattern envelope contains hot iron transfer for two motifs 4 x 8 inches, and two 5 x 8 inches; also complete, illustrated instructions; suggestions for materials needed.



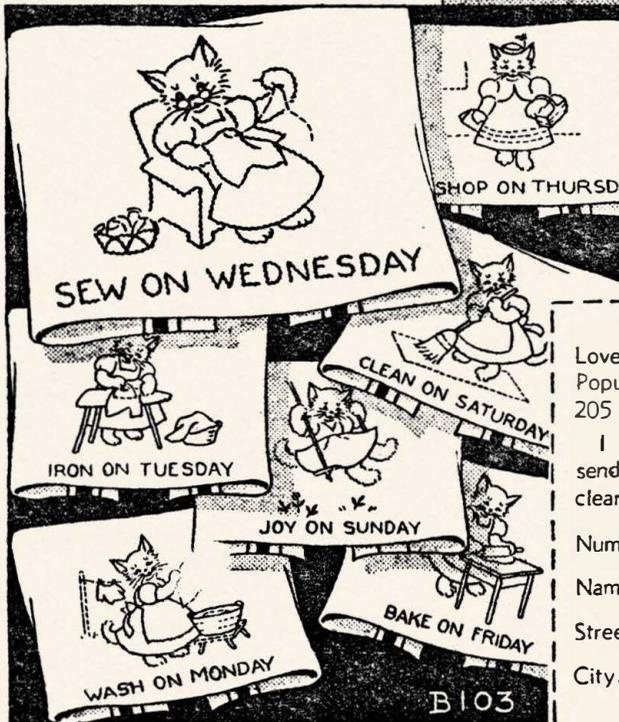
**B113** (At left) **Quaint Design Makes Lovely Hooked Rug.** For an odd corner near your desk, or in front of the fireplace, nothing could be nicer than a soft, hooked rug. This charming design is patterned after a lovely antique one, so it's an appropriate motif for this popular method of rug making. Even if you have never tried it, you'll be astonished at how simple the work is. Round, cuddly bunnies like these will delight the youngsters in their room, too, or this type of rug will be grand for the bathroom. The pattern includes hot iron transfer for design 17½ x 25 inches, as well as complete, illustrated instructions with color suggestions and description of materials required.

# Gay Spring Days

**B114** (At right) **Calot and Gloves Are Hand-Sewn.** You aren't really up-to-date, this year, if you do not have a calot or two. With this charming pattern that has matching gloves, you can make a set to go with almost any costume you have, for the pieces required are hardly more than the scraps you ordinarily discard. They're awfully attractive made of suede, too, if you want. The pattern includes cut-out tissue for small, medium, and large sizes in both calot and gloves, as well as complete illustrated instructions, and description of materials required.



**B103** (Below) **Charming Kittens to Adorn Tea Towels.** Towels always seem so much more inviting to use if they're decorated with gay scenes. These pussies, performing a different task for each day of the week, are the gayest and simplest you could imagine. The simplest stitches are used, and we'll suggest colors, but you may use your own



judgment on these, having them harmonize with your other furnishings. Hot iron transfer pattern for seven 6 x 7 1/2 inch motifs as well as illustrated instructions are given.

April, 1938

Love Book,  
Popular Publications,  
205 East 42nd St., New York City.

I enclose **TEN CENTS EACH** for which send me the following patterns. Print name clearly.

Numbers.....

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....



### A Forecast for Pisces People

(Those Born Between February 19th and March 20th)

By LEO KING

**M**ARCH is birthday month for most of my Pisces readers and I am sure you would like to take a peek at the coming twelve months and see what they hold in store for you. Naturally, in a forecast as general as this which must apply to so very many people, it is not possible to be very specific. But I can point out the periods when most favorable planetary aspects will prevail; the periods when you should launch new plans, make changes, seek favors and, in general, take the initiative in furthering your own interests. Likewise, I can point out the periods when adverse planetary conditions prevail when it would be unwise to start new projects, make changes or seek favors.

Before we begin looking ahead into the coming year, there are several things I would like to say to my Pisces friends, particularly the girls.

You have the ability to adapt yourself to almost any situation or environment. Bear this in mind when you select the man you will marry. Regardless of your education or previous environment, you can adapt yourself to the new mode of life. You have it within you to become the wife

of a successful business man, lawyer or doctor; or, on the other hand, the marriage partner of a thief, a weakling or a failure. You can reach the top rung or you can slide to the bottom as easily. It all depends upon the man of your choice, for what he is, you eventually will become.

Do not make the fatal mistake of thinking you will reform and remake your man after you have married him. The odds are dead against you there. The chances are nine out of ten that you will adapt yourself to him and instead of pulling him up to your level, you will eventually find yourself down at his level, thinking as he thinks and acting as he acts.

Your choice of friends and associates is also important, for here again you eventually adapt yourself to their standards. It is therefore most highly important that you exercise the greatest of discrimination in the choice of friends and husband.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am not advising you to become a snob. The stars have given you an ample supply of sympathy and understanding and you

must use these assets intelligently and in kindly fashion. But because of your amazing adaptability, you have it within yourself to rise higher or sink lower than the daughters of any other zodiacal sign.

And now for the Pisces forecast:

**MARCH**—A month of great opportunity for favorable changes and unexpected benefits for those born between February 28th and March 3rd. (All dates herein are inclusive). But caution on the 28th and 29th. Latter half of the month beginning with the 12th is favorable for those born between February 19th and March 5th, good for seeking favors and taking action in matters that have been pending for a long time. First eleven days are best for romance and social activities for those born between March 6th and 20th.

Those born on March 9th, 10th, 11th or 12th should be very careful throughout the month about imposing trust in strangers; also in romance, as you are likely to attract the wrong type of man who for some reason unknown to you is unworthy.

**APRIL**—Entire month is very favorable for those born on March 1st, 2nd, 3rd or 4th; new opportunities are likely to be presented and should be grasped; a favorable month for these people to marry. Those born on March 8th, 9th, 10th or 11th should guard against deception and make doubly certain they know all the facts before committing themselves to any proposition. First twenty-three days are active and favorable for those born between March 4th and 20th. These people should use this period for starting new projects, completing old ones and, in general, trying to accomplish as much as possible.

Period beginning with the 24th and continuing through the 30th is unfavorable for those born between February

19th and 24th. These people should then avoid misunderstanding, quarrels and risks and would be wise to postpone starting new projects of importance.

**MAY**—A truly splendid month for those born between February 19th and 24th. They should do their utmost to take advantage of the favorable conditions now prevailing. A very busy month for those born between March 3rd and 7th with unexpected happenings which should eventually bring benefit. Caution advised during entire month for those born between March 8th and 11th, especially in romance as there is an element of fraud or deceit apparent.

First sixteen days find Mars unfriendly for those born between February 24th and March 6th; during remainder of month Mars unfriendly for those born between March 7th and 17th. Guard against friction, quarrels and risks while Mars is unfavorable. Last six days of May favorable for romance or social activities for those born between February 19th and 28th.

**JUNE**—Favorable conditions continue throughout June for those born between February 19th and 24th. Both May and June should be the best month in four years for these people. A sudden change for the better is now due for those born between March 5th and 9th. Opportunities should not be passed by without examination. This may prove to be an important turning point in your life.

First six days of June find Mars unfavorable for those born between March 16th and 20th. Guard against accidents and quarrels during these first six days. Beginning with 7th and continuing throughout remainder of month, Mars is splendidly placed for those born between February 19th and March 7th. It is an aspect that makes for accomplishment and activity. First eighteen days of the

month favorable in a social or romantic way for those born between February 28th and March 9th.

**JULY**—The very favorable aspect in operation during previous two months for those born between February 19th and 23rd begins to fade in late July. Therefore, hurry your efforts to take advantage of it. First twenty-two days are very active and favorable for those born between March 6th and 20th. Try to get as much as possible accomplished during first three weeks. First two weeks likely to be better for social activities, romance and vacation than the latter half of the month.

Those born between March 8th and 11th should continue to guard against deceit and faulty imagination. Better steer clear of strangers.

**AUGUST**—An unusually quiet month for most Pisces people but distinctly favorable for those born between March 7th and 10th, who should be alert for new opportunities which may be offered. Last three weeks are likely to be better for vacations, romance or social activities than the first nine days.

**SEPTEMBER**—Period beginning with the 7th and continuing through the 30th is favorable for social or romantic activities but you will need to guard against snap judgment, quarrels and misunderstandings, particularly if your birthday comes between February 19th and March 6th. These people will find this a much less troublesome period if they will remain in the background and not take the initiative in forcing issues.

The last twenty days of the month are not favorable for writing important letters, signing papers or travel. But those born between March 7th and 10th should find September an excellent month for seeking opportunities, making important changes and developing new business or social contacts.

**OCTOBER**—A very active month with a variety of planetary aspects prevailing, some favorable and some unfavorable. Caution is advised during the first twenty-four days in matters of health for those born between March 6th and 20th who should also avoid unnecessary risks and quarrels.

However, the first thirteen days are favorable in a social or romantic way for those whose birthdays come between March 13th and 20th.

The latter half of the month is favorable for writing important letters, signing papers or travel for those born between February 19th and March 12th, but the period between October 14th and 31st is not very favorable in a social or romantic way for those born between February 19th and 24th.

**NOVEMBER**—Another relatively quiet month for most Pisces people.

The latter of the month is much better for romance or social activities than the first half. If you have any important correspondence, attend to it during the first six days, if possible. If you were born between March 12th and 15th, better watch your step in romance during November as things are not likely to be quite what they seem. If you were born on March 5th, 6th, 7th or 8th, do not be surprised if the month brings unexpected developments of importance. Whatever happens, rest assured that it eventually will bring benefit to you.

**DECEMBER**—Beginning with the 12th and continuing through the 31st, planetary forces are very active and favorable for those born between February 19th and March 4th. This is an excellent time to take the initiative in bettering your conditions or for starting new projects. Certainly, it should be a very busy time, and you should accomplish much

more than usual with half the effort. The entire month is favorable in a social or romantic way and should, in fact, be one of the very best and most pleasant months of the entire year.

**JANUARY, 1939**—A truly grand month for those whose birthdays come between February 19th and 28th. I cannot urge you too strongly to do your utmost to take advantage of this favorable period as it will not again occur for about four years. Remember that the stars can only point out the favorable times; it is up to you to take advantage of them. The first twenty-eight days find Mars

favorably placed for those whose birthdays come between March 3rd and 20th . . . an aspect that makes for increased activity and accomplishment.

**FEBRUARY, 1939**—A splendid time for those born between February 24th and March 10th. These people should develop as many new contacts as possible during February. Even though their efforts may seem to result in no immediate benefit, they can rest assured that results eventually will come and in a most favorable way. They should not try to force issues, however, being content to tell their story and then bide their time.

## Your Forecast for March, 1938

(Dates in blackface type in Most Favorable lists below are BEST; in Least Favorable Lists, WORST, of the entire month for you)

### General Forecast for March—(for all people, regardless of birthday)

Don't become discouraged if things do not seem to break in your favor during March. Blame it on the stars. Although the month brings an accumulation of unfriendly planetary aspects, there is a possibility that developments during March may eventually react in such a way as to produce benefit.

Most of us are naturally inclined to follow the path of least resistance; to let matters slide until they become so intolerable that we finally summon enough energy to do something about them. I am inclined to think that this will be the case with many of us individually during March and with general conditions throughout our country as a whole.

Many of my readers are likely to be bothered with questions pertaining to money or jobs during March. To them I should like to bring the encouraging news that business conditions in our country are almost certain to appear much brighter after the end of the month. Therefore, let me repeat what I said above. Do not become discouraged if things do not seem to break in your favor during March. Better days are coming. Make up your mind to hang on as best you can and I am sure you will find conditions beginning to improve in April.

There are a few bright spots during March, days when favorable planetary aspects will prevail. Regardless of your birthday, it would be wise to schedule your more important business, whether involving romance or more practical problems, on these favorable days . . . the 1st, 8th and 19th.

Please remember what I have just said

when you are reading your individual monthly forecast which follows. However favorable your individual aspects may be, you are not likely to gain much benefit if general conditions, which affect everybody, are poor.

### If Your Birthday Comes Between March 21st and April 20th—

This is likely to be an important month in a financial way for Aries people. Conditions on the very first day are quite favorable but it will be necessary throughout the month to guard against impetuous action. Do not be too quick in changing jobs or assuming financial commitments.

For romance, the 19th should be a grand date. You will, in fact, find the latter half of the month, beginning with the 12th, better in this respect than the first portion. The reason is that Venus moves into your birth sign on the 12th and continues there throughout the remainder of the month.

If your birthday comes between March 24th and 31st, I suggest postponing as much important work as you can during March. Conditions are now least favorable for you. Do not plan too far into the future as your plans are likely to be changed. Do not be too disappointed if you find your progress temporarily stopped. Guard your health as much as possible as your resistance is likely to be lower than normal. I'm afraid March will not be a very happy month for you but try to look forward to the future. Conditions will begin to improve in April. Hang on until then.

All Aries people tend to be emotional, impetuous and overly hasty in judgment. Those born between April 12th and 20th will need to curb these traits during the first eleven days of March. They should also avoid unnecessary risks, both physical and financial.

**MOST FAVORABLE DAYS IN MARCH**

**FOR YOU:** 3, 4, 5, 8, 12, 13, 21, 22, a.m. of 23, 26, 27 and 31st.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18, p.m. of 23, 24, 25, 28 and 29.

**If Your Birthday Comes Between April 21st and May 21st—**

Friends and romance seem to figure prominently in your life during March but it will be necessary for you to use the utmost in good judgment and discrimination or you may find yourself in considerable hot water. The very first day of the month is favorable and may bring unexpectedly pleasant developments. But on the 3rd, 4th, 9th and 10th, watch your step. Romance may beckon but keep your wits about you. Things are not likely to be quite what they seem and if you hear gossip in connection with a friend, don't bank too heavily on its accuracy. You will be wise to keep your own conduct above reproach or you may become the victim of gossip or even scandal.

Accidental conditions prevail on the 28th and 29th, as rather violent planetary aspects are in operation. Watch the newspapers on those dates. You will be wise to avoid unnecessary risks. This applies to all Taurus people and more particularly to those born between May 1st and 4th. Avoid quarrels and misunderstandings on the 28th and 29th, too.

These May 1st-to-4th people are advised to sit tight during all of March as they are now under very upsetting aspects which are likely to bring unexpected developments and considerable excitement. Try to adopt a philosophical attitude by taking what comes your way and adjusting yourself to it as best you can. But don't try to force issues on your own account.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**

**FOR YOU:** 1, 2, evening of 5, 6, 7, 14, 15, evening of 23, 24, 25 and 30th.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** 9, 10, 12, 13, 17, evening of 18, 20, 26, 27, 28, 29.

**If your birthday comes between May 22nd and June 21st—**

Those of my Gemini readers who were born between June 6th and 16th are under an excellent aspect from the mighty Jupiter during March and if general conditions were better I should have no hesitation in promising that March would be one of the very best months in years. As it is, however, do not be surprised if you encounter some delay. But you can rest assured that almost any undertaking launched during March, especially on the days indicated below as most favorable, will eventually turn out beneficial for you. This is really a grand aspect from

Jupiter and you should do your utmost to take advantage of it. It is quite possible that March may bring the beginning of a new era of happiness for you.

All Gemini people are likely to find their thoughts turning to problems connected with home, social standing, business honors or friends during March. I am sorry to say that there may be some unhappiness or worry in this connection. I wouldn't advise taking any important steps on the 3rd, 4th, 9th or 10th without first making doubly certain that you know all of the facts. Conditions are such on those dates that you could easily be deceived, either by yourself or through a friend.

The 19th is a splendid date for romance or social activities. But I certainly would not schedule anything of importance on either the 28th or 29th.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**

**FOR YOU:** 4, 5, 8, 12, 13, 16, 26, 27, 31st.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** 1, 2, a.m. of 3, 9, 10, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 22, a.m. of 23, 28, 29 and 30th.

**If your birthday comes between June 22nd and July 22nd—**

The very first day of March is excellent for attending to matters involving friends and should be equally good for social activities or romance. I suggest that you be sure to take advantage of it because the really good days in March are all too few. During the first eleven days of the month, the planet Venus, which governs our sentiments, loves and the social side of life, will be moving through a sigh quite favorable for Cancer people. Hence, it would be well to schedule your more important social activities then.

I'm afraid the month will not be very favorable for those born between June 26th and July 2nd. Try to postpone important activities if you can until April, which will be much more favorable. Do not be surprised if you encounter considerable delay in your plans. The aspect you are now under usually brings a certain amount of worry, disappointment and responsibility. Guard your health, too, as you are likely to find your resistance lower than usual. Remember that your present troubles are only temporary and that April will be better. The poorest days during March for you will be the 17th, 18th, 19th, 28th and 29th. Caution then and stick to routine matters.

Avoid quarrels and misunderstandings with friends on the 28th and 29th.

Conditions are not very favorable during the month for matters connected with your job and you will be wise to proceed cautiously.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**

**FOR YOU:** 1, 2, a.m. of 3, evening of 5, 6, 7, 11, evening of 18, 19, 20 and 30th.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** p.m. of 3, 4, 5 (until evening), 9, 10, 16, 17, 18 (until evening), p.m. of 23, 24, 25, 28, 29 and 31st.

**If your birthday comes between July 23rd and August 23rd—**

The first eleven days of March find the energetic Mars in favorable position for those whose birthdays come between August 15th and 23rd, which usually makes for increased energy and activity. If you have been trying to get something accomplished, this would be an excellent time for action, but concentrate your energies on days listed below as most favorable for you.

For attending to financial or business matters, the very first day of the month is best. Throughout the remainder of March you will need to exercise considerable caution or you may be subjected to loss. The 3rd, 4th, 9th and 10th are especially misleading days when you will be wise to proceed very slowly, making certain that you know all of the facts before becoming involved in any new propositions. The 28th may prove difficult for you and you will need to exercise considerable self-restraint in connection with your job. Sometimes you Leo people rebel against suggestions which you consider to be more in the form of dictation. Watch your step on the 28th and if the boss makes you resentful, hide that fact from him. Here is a grand chance to prove how tactful you can be. Better avoid unnecessary physical risks, too, as accidental conditions prevail on the 28th. This will apply to all Leo people and more particularly to those born between August 2nd and 6th.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**

FOR YOU: 4, 5, 8, 12, 13, 16, 21, 22, a.m. of 23 and 31st.

LEAST FAVORABLE: 6, 7, 9, 10, 17, 18, 20, 26, 27, 28 and 29th.

**If your birthday comes between August 24th and September 22nd—**

Most of my Virgo readers will find the latter half of March, beginning with the 12th, more favorable than the early portion of the month. But they should exercise caution by selecting days listed as most favorable for taking important steps, whether in domestic or business affairs. The first ten days of the month are not favorable for attending to

matters concerning either business or marriage partners or associates and I would not recommend this portion of the month as favorable for marriage. This will be especially true in the case of those born between September 11th and 14th, who are now in danger of attracting the wrong type of man. Guard against deception and make certain you know all the facts about him.

Money matters loom important during the latter half of the month, particularly money in which another person is interested. It is not a good time for partnership expenditures, and this includes domestic or marriage partnerships and purchases for the home. The outlook is much better in April, so do not become too discouraged if your problems seem to overwhelm you during March.

If your birthday happens to come on September 3rd, 4th or 5th, March may be a very exciting period for you and may bring amazing changes and opportunities. But try to use your usual good judgment.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**

FOR YOU: 6, 7, 11, 14, 15, 19, 20, p.m. of 23, 24, and 25th.

LEAST FAVORABLE: 1, 2, a.m. of 3, 8, 9, 10, 17, 18, 21, 22, a.m. of 23, 28, 29 and 30th.

**If Your Birthday Comes Between September 23rd and October 23rd—**

March brings a curious diversity of aspects for Libra people, some readers being very favorably aspected and others being temporarily under unfriendly rays.

If your birthday comes between October 8th and 18th (inclusive), the mighty Jupiter is operating in your favor and since this is one of the very finest possible aspects, March should be a month of increasing opportunities for you. Naturally, you will schedule your more important activities on dates listed below as most favorable. Do your utmost to take advantage of opportunities. This is a grand aspect for seeking favors, starting new projects and, yes, getting married.

But if your birthday comes between September 29th and October 4th, I am afraid you will not find March a very happy month.

Her Texas father ruled this wild, snow-locked Wyoming range. He was boss of all he surveyed—all but the impetuous heart of his daughter, the girl with the Spanish eyes. . . . And when love called her to the arms of her father's bitterest enemy, could that heart that had never been wrong now bring ruin—and death—to the two men she loved? . . . Here is a captivating, stirringly romantic drama of the northern rangeland—the complete, feature-length novel in this month's *Rangeland Romances*:



10c

**RANGELAND**  
  
**ROMANCES**

**SWEETHEART OF STORMY RANGE**  
 by Cliff Farrell

Isabel Stewart Way and Jack Bechdolt have written two western love novelettes for this all-star April issue that you will not want to miss. . . . Also there are outstanding short stories and features—including the famous Pony Express, where Western Pen Pals meet!

April Issue Now on Sale!

Postpone as much important business as you can, even the business of romance, and do not be surprised if you encounter disappointment and delay. Guard your health, too. And remember that the present condition is only temporary. Things should begin to improve after the 29th.

And if your birthday comes between October 16th and 23rd, you will be wise to avoid quarrels and misunderstandings during the first eleven days of March. Take no unnecessary physical risks. You will encounter much less opposition to your plans and desires after the 11th.

The very first day of the month is best for attending to problems in connection with employment or health. Conditions after the 17th are not favorable for marriage or other partnership ventures.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH FOR YOU:** 8, 12, 13, 16, 21, 22, a.m. of 23rd, 26th and 27th.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** p.m. of 3rd, 4th, 5th, 9th, 10, 11, 17, 18, p.m. of 23rd, 24, 25, 28, 29 and 31st.

#### **If Your Birthday Comes Between October 24th and November 22nd—**

The first ten days of March will probably find your thoughts centered upon romance. The 1st and 8th are favorable, but be very, very cautious on the 3rd, 4th, 9th and 10th. There is a strong element of deception in the air then, and things are not likely to be quite what they seem. Watch your step! Friends on those dates are likely to be more damaging than helpful.

During the latter half of the month, employment problems or questions in connection with your health are foremost. The 19th is definitely best of this entire period and you should schedule any efforts toward job-getting then. The 17th, 18th, 28th and 29th are decidedly unfavorable and you will be wise to pay strict attention to business. The 28th is an explosive sort of a day and could easily bring quarrels or misunderstandings with associates and partners, both domestic and business. Those born on November 3rd, 4th, 5th or 6th should be especially cautious on the 28th and avoid risks. The entire month will probably be upsetting for them and they should sit tight and think not merely twice but at least half a dozen times before attempting to force issues or make changes. Harmonious and unselfish cooperation is not your long suit, but you will be wise to exercise it during all of March and more particularly after the 12th.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES FOR YOU IN MARCH:** 1, 2, a.m. of 3, 11, 14, 15, evening of 18, 19, 20, p.m. of 23, 24, 25 and 30th.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 17, 18 (until evening), 26, 27, 28 and 29th.

#### **If Your Birthday Comes Between November 23rd and December 21st—**

If you have any important plans for March,

I suggest that you try to get them attended to on or before the 11th, as you are likely to find this portion of the month much more favorable for you than the latter part. The 1st is excellent for job problems or for attending to matters in connection with the home, parents or real estate. The 8th is also good, especially for domestic problems. But be very cautious on the 3rd, 4th, 9th and 10th as it is very easy to be deceived by conditions on those dates. Things are not likely to be either so bad or so good as they may seem then.

If your birthday comes between December 8th and 17th, March should bring you some opportunity which may prove very beneficial. You can make considerable progress toward happiness during this month if you make the effort. Be sure to select only days listed below as most favorable for taking important steps, however.

I'm sorry to say that the latter half of the month, with the exception of the 19th, is decidedly unfavorable for romance, gambling or speculation in any form. Try to curb your naturally impetuous tendencies and assume the philosophical attitude that things will be much better in April, as they certainly should be. The 17th, 18th, 28th and 29th are the worst days you will see in a long time for social activities, romance or speculation. And the 28th does not favor employment matters, either. Pay close attention to your job then.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH FOR YOU:** 4, 5, 12, 13, 16, 21, 22, a.m. of 23, 26, 27 and 31st.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** 1, 2, a.m. of 3, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 17, 18, 28, 29, 30.

#### **If Your Birthday Comes Between December 22nd and January 20th—**

Postpone your important activities until after the 11th, if you can, as you are apt to encounter far less opposition during the remainder of the month than was the case during February or the first eleven days of March. Not that March is such a grand month, but because it seems peculiarly fitted for Capricorn people after the 11th.

There is one exception to the above. The very first day of March is grand for romance, for signing papers, writing important letters or for attending to problems concerning relatives or neighbors. It is also favorable for travel. But in all of these things, action is definitely not advised for the 3rd, 4th, 9th or 10th.

Problems concerning the home or parents probably will engage your attention during the latter half of the month and I am sorry to say that you may encounter some unhappiness or disappointment in this connection on the 17th, 18th, 28th or 29th. Barring these few days, Capricorn people should find the last two weeks of March quite active and favorable.

However, if your birthday comes between December 27th and 31st, you will be under an unfriendly aspect from Saturn throughout

the month and it would be wise to postpone all important steps until this temporary condition passes. Guard your health and do not plan too far in advance. April should be a better month for you.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**

**FOR YOU:** 1, 2, a.m. of 3, evening of 5, 6, 7, 14, 15, 19, 20, p.m. of 23, 24, 25 and 30th.  
**LEAST FAVORABLE:** p.m. of 3, 4, 5 (until evening), 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18, 28, 29 and 31st.

**If Your Birthday Comes Between January 21st and February 18th—**

Money matters will probably be important items in your consideration during the first half of March and I am glad to say that there are two dates . . . the 1st and 8th . . . that are very favorable in this connection. Make full use of them by attending to financial problems then. The 3rd, 4th, 9th and 10th are decidedly unfavorable and I would not recommend making any important changes or purchases on those dates. You are likely to regret them if you do.

You may have occasion to be worried over the health of a relative or to be depressed over some news during the latter half of the month. The 17th, 18th, 28th and 29th are worst, and certainly would be poor dates for starting travel or any new enterprises. Avoid quarrels and do everything possible to promote harmony, especially in the home, on the 28th.

If your birthday comes between February 4th and 14th you are under a grand aspect throughout March and it is quite probable that some opportunity may be offered you at this time. Investigate it thoroughly before declining it as it may be very beneficial. This aspect is excellent for seeking favors, making changes, getting married or, in fact, starting any new ventures. However, select days listed below as most favorable for taking important steps, and avoid action on days listed as least favorable. Blame the stars if you find yourself taking on additional weight at this time. This fine aspect usually brings it.

**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**  
**FOR YOU:** 4, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22, a.m. of 23, 26, 27 and 31st.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 17, 18, 20, 28 and 29th.

**If Your Birthday Comes Between February 19th and March 20th—**

March is rather curiously divided for Pisces people, the first eleven days being more favorable for social activities and the remainder of the month being better for more practical problems. If you are confronted with any important questions of a purely personal nature . . . that is, which affect you and you alone . . . the 1st and 8th are excellent days for attending to them. The 1st is especially good for signing papers or writing important letters. But don't attend to anything of importance on the 3rd, 4th, 9th or 10th, especially if it concerns a partner, domestic or business, or associate. There is an element of deception in the air on those dates and you can easily be deceived.

Financial problems may prove bothersome during the latter half of the month, especially on the 17th, 18th, 28th and 29th. Try to accomplish as much as possible in this connection on the 19th, which is quite favorable. Don't sign papers or write important letters on the 28th. And do not be too surprised if you receive startling news then.

If your birthday comes between March 9th and 12th (inclusive) you will be wise to proceed very cautiously in both business and romantic matters on the 3rd, 4th, 9th and 10th as you are now under an aspect which makes it easy for you to attract the wrong type of person who, for some reason, is not worthy of your trust. Make certain you know all the facts before becoming involved in any ventures.

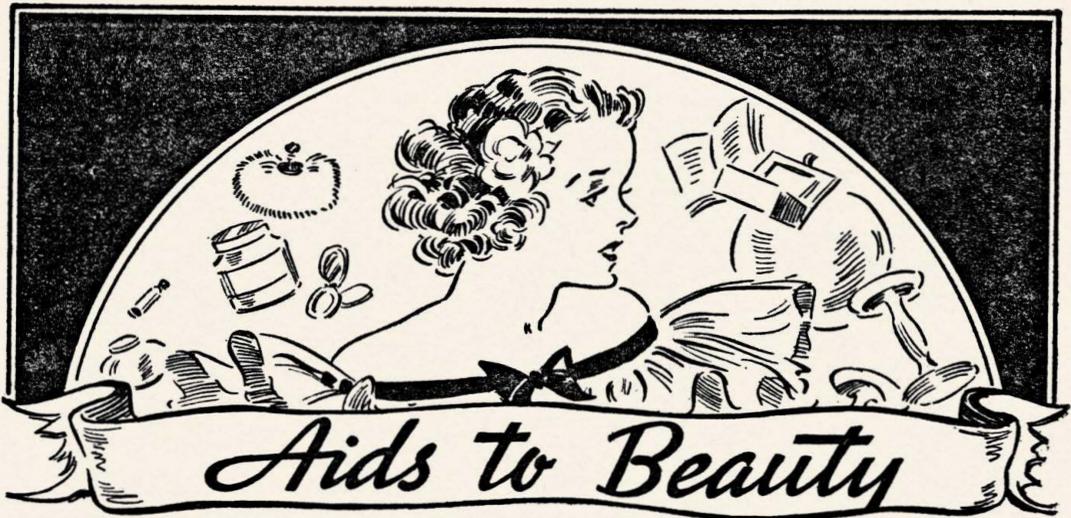
**MOST FAVORABLE DATES IN MARCH**  
**FOR YOU:** 1, 2, a.m. of 3, 6, 7, 11, 19, 20, p.m. of 23, 24, 25 and 30th.

**LEAST FAVORABLE:** 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 22, a.m. of 23, 28, 29.

**TO LET!**

*I love the swallows flying high,  
 A poplar etched against the sky,  
 The falling leaves, a passing child,  
 The goldenrod's profusion wild,  
 The dawn, the noontide and the dusk,  
 A garden with the scent of musk.  
 But why go on, I love so much,  
 The things of sight and scent and touch.  
 My heart can give them all a place  
 Because your going left such space!*

—Gertrude Curtis Ryan



# HOLLYWOOD STARS GO OFF THE DIETS

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

NOT that it means so much to the butcher and baker and candlestick maker, but the fact is, Hollywood has gone off the diet.

Times change. People change. Idols change. After years of pineapple and lamb chops, buttermilk, bananas and skimmed milk, four-day, eight-day, and twenty-one day diets, the film colony has realized the fact that perfect, symmetrical figures mean one thing. *Exercise.*

Donald Loomis, physical culture expert at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, is one of the men responsible for exploding the latest bombshell in Cinemaland in bringing this fact to light. He has taken many of the actors, as well as the actresses, under his wing and has convinced them that an hour of exercise is worth ten pounds lost by diet.

"The tendency toward overweight is the natural result of the age in which we live," he explains. "Weight accumulates through a lack of exercise. Isn't it natural that it should be removed by supplying this lack?"

"For a moment let's forget Hollywood and look at the average woman. In the first place, nature never intended her to be too thin. She is naturally wide across the hip line, and no amount of either exercise or diet can reduce this line since it is bone structure, not flesh.

"But nature did intend women to do some amount of exercise, even if it was only in the manner of housework.

"Modern inventions, however, have taken this mode of exercise away. Vacuum cleaners, electric dish-washers, floor polishers, and other household gadgets have lightened this burden. Twenty-five years ago, a woman wishing to chat with her neighbor several houses down the street would walk the distance. Today she reaches for the telephone, dials the number, and accomplishes the same result with no beneficial effort involved.

"With all of this extra time on her hands, she thinks more about food, attends bridge parties, and before she knows it is eating six meals a day. Naturally, she puts on weight.

"Fat begets fat. The fleshy person is hungry because the fat cries to be nourished. Get rid of the fat and the hunger decreases. But Hollywood, as well as the rest of the world, has discovered that getting rid of this excess weight successfully means exercise, not diet.

"In the first place most women who desire to lose weight are anxious to do so in one particular part of the body. There is no way to control such a loss of weight in the diet method. A diet may leave the neck and face thin and haggard and not touch the portion of the body that needs the loss. It undoubtedly affects nerves and health in general.

"By exercise it is possible to reduce the exact portions of the body that need such reduction. There are movements designated to trim down the hips and legs. Others are designed to make the waist slim or the arms shapely. An hour three times a week is enough for anyone, yet the majority of women prefer to starve themselves, injure their health and completely shatter their nerves because they are not willing to devote this small amount of time to any strenuous endeavor. Hollywood has discovered this mistake, and I feel that it will not be many months before the rest of the country will realize the wisdom in the fight they are waging in this battle of diet versus exercise."

**A**FTER putting his theories into practice for several years at the studio, Mr. Loomis has met with satisfying results. He has made a serious study of the problems met by those actresses who insisted upon dieting rather than taking the longer but saner route.

"A woman who is too much overweight has a definite problem in the dietetic method," according to Mr. Loomis. "Her skin has been stretched to accommodate this excess weight. When diet and starvation removes this fat, her skin is left loose and sagging. There is no

way known to get it back to normal," he warns.

"Exercise takes care of this as it goes along. It not only breaks down the fat cells, but it is gradual enough to take up the slack in the skin at the same time."

Also, according to Loomis, Hollywood is not only forsaking diets, but the massage method as well.

"It is possible to remove fat by pounding and massage," he explained, "but it has been my observation that this method breaks down the muscles and is just as dangerous as the diet. In both of these instances, the woman involved need not feel the result of her treatment immediately. Many times it appears five and six years after she has undergone one of these methods of losing weight.

"Of course, in speaking of diet, I mean just that," Mr. Loomis added. "There is a great difference between eating sufficiently, and overeating. The person who eats a moderate amount, and exercises, never need worry about that bugaboo known as *avoirdupois*. The person who eats five or six meals a day consisting of rich fatty foods naturally cannot expect to keep up this pace without gaining. It wouldn't be possible for a person of this type to exercise enough to counteract the affects of such a menu. Even a lumberjack would gain weight on some of the foods eaten by women who never turn their hand at doing any physical labor.

"When a woman of this type comes to me for advice I put her on three meals a day, which is sufficient for anyone. I never advocate her eliminating any one thing from her meals, the only thing I advise is moderation coupled with a series of exercises.

"Most women, however, do not need this general reducing. They are only fat in spots, and when these have been reduced down to normal they can stay that way by simply using their heads, eating what they want, but not too much of it. This coupled with exercise, taken in any

way they prefer it, will insure the continuance of perfect symmetry."

Since signing to keep Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars in condition, Mr. Loomis' duties have afforded him many interesting studies, since a large portion of the loveliest and most glamorous ladies of pictureland have come under his observation and tutorship.

"I have never seen anyone as enthusiastic about removing weight as Luise Rainer," he laughed. "That youngster would have exercised night and day if I had allowed it. I finally put a stop to it. Weight taken off in such a concentrated manner, even by exercise, is not good. It always returns. The exercise must be spread over a long enough time to let solid muscle replace the fat. This is the only way in which it is permanent."

The stars that Loomis feels have arrived at the ideal methods of caring for themselves and keeping their figures intact include Jeanette MacDonald.

"Jeanette MacDonald eats both bread and potatoes every day," he said, "and yet she seldom varies an ounce in weight. This is because she spends at least an hour a day engaged in some form of exercise whether it be swimming, tennis, golf or badminton."

As a perfect example of a dietless girl, Loomis chooses Madge Evans.

"Madge is vital and alive, with steady nerves and a perfect figure. She has never dieted, but she has, since she was a tiny child, devoted a certain portion of each day to exercise with wands and bar bells."

It is interesting to note some of the weapons Mr. Loomis uses in dealing the death blow to diet.

He believes that if every individual followed the few rules he advocates, and coupled this with a reasonable and sensible amount of activity in any form, that diets could be packed away with all of the other fads that have swept the nation from time to time. So, if you would be healthy, try out the following dictates

advocated by Mr. Loomis.

1. Never go to bed until actually sleepy. Don't lie awake in bed for that extra half hour in the morning.

2. Use as little salt as possible.

3. Drink hot water every morning upon arising, and always include fruit or a fruit juice in the breakfast menu.

4. Always stand erect, head high.

5. Upon arising in the morning do an exercise, such as bending from side to side and rotating the upper body to limber and exercise stomach muscles.

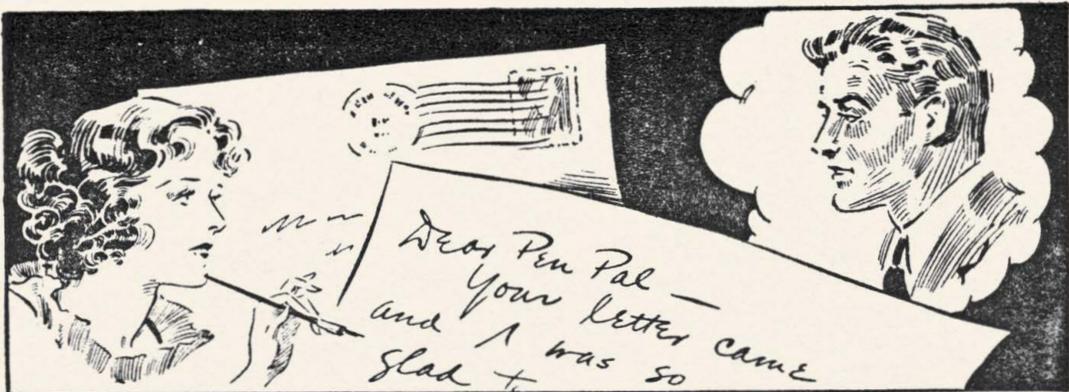
6. Always eat just as much as you want, but never overeat.

As an excellent exercise for reducing the hips Mr. Loomis recommends the well known bicycle, done on the side rather than on the back. This removes excess fat from the sides of the hips.

Another good hip exercise is accomplished by lying on the stomach and kicking backward, first with one leg and then with the other.

Beauty experts reveal that the ideal woman should weigh 116 pounds, be five feet five inches tall, have a 33 inch bust, 35 inch hips, and 26 inch waist. The average screen player under contract weighs 109 pounds, and is five feet three inches tall. Claudette Colbert meets this average exactly and her figure has been declared by noted artists on beauty the nearest to artistic perfection. Miss Colbert has never become a victim of the diet craze. She swims and exercises and keeps her mind as well as her body healthy through normal living. Another outstanding example of non-diet is the glamorous Marlene Dietrich who eats three meals a day and indulges in daily swims as a form of exercise.

Of the many revolutionary movements in Hollywood, the diet versus exercise is conceded to be one of the most sane and sensible. Fads may come and go but the standards of true beauty, which are nothing more than healthy thinking and living, remain unchanged.



**TO JOIN**—Write me a letter telling about yourself, your school or work, your hobbies and pastimes, in fact the sort of letter which will make readers want to write to you. Sign a nickname, but also give me your real name and address plainly written. You will be given a number under which you will find your letter published in Love Book.

**TO WRITE TO A PAL**—Select someone who interests you, and write your letter, signing your own name and address so the reply will come direct to you. Put this into a **STAMPED ENVELOPE**, but **DO NOT SEAL THIS ENVELOPE**. On the corner of this envelope write the number of the Pal you wish it forwarded to. Put this envelope and your letter in another envelope, and address this one to Polly Porter, Love Book Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York City. You may write several Pals if you wish, but be sure to enclose a stamped envelope for each.

Notify Polly Porter at once of any change in address, giving your number, name, old and new address. (Canadians, send U. S. stamps or coins.)

# PEN PALS

## Polly Porter, Hostess

### 1562 BLONDE SODA JERKER

What will it be, Pals? I can mix a sweet sundae! Am eighteen, a girl, and a blonde. My favorite sports are football and roller and ice skating. Live in the city of the famous board walk. Want to be my Pal? Don't be shy, fellows.

Penny

### 1563 A TWIN FOR ME?

I'm twenty-six and was born January 26, 1912. Have I a twin? Am a steno, have brownish-red hair, and jillions of hobbies, among which are flying, dancing, writing, sports, and stamp collecting. Would love having friends from all over the world. Hurry up, won't you?

Jersey Marrie

### 1564 HE HAS TRAVELED

I've seen a lot of the world, so if you have any questions, shoot 'em to me. Am thirty, college trained, employed, and think we could exchange interesting stories.

Silver Dollar

### 1565 MOVIE WORKER

Here's a blue-eyed blonde just rarin' to write to you. I work in a movie theatre and can tell you some odd experiences. Am not hard to look at, but then that's not so important. Will exchange snaps if you wish.

Ginger of the Movies

### 1566 LONELY SOLDIER

Six feet tall, a brownette, and sometimes the ladies call guys like me 'tall, dark and handsome'. Am twenty, like to read, go to the movies and participate in sports, especially baseball and football.

Jim

### 1567 OIL PAINTER

My hobby is oil painting and I have made pin money by selling some of my work. Am a girl, seventeen; love all sports and am especially fond of swimming, skating and basketball.

Chic

### 1568 MR. RED-HEAD

I am a horseman by trade, and am interested in police work. Like baseball, football, basketball, roller skating and horse races. Like to box and wrestle, too. My age? Twenty-six. My height?

Almost six feet. If you are interested, write.

Ohio Bob

### 1569 YOUNG WIDOW

Lonely at twenty-three? Yes, and I think some Pen Pals could cheer my days. I have a little girl, age four, and we do like friends. Will send you a picture and tell you about a great western state of deserts and mountains.

Arizona

### 1570 VIOLINIST

Would you like to write to a Jewish girl, sixteen? My ambition is to become an orchestra leader, and a professional violinist. Come along, tune up and write me.

Fiddler Frieda

### 1571 PLENTY OF SNAPSHOTS

Want to hear about a beautiful state? Well, it's West Virginia, and I'm the guy who'll give you the low-down. Am a blond, a college graduate, and have one hundred snaps if the letters get to me. Hurry along, let's get acquainted.

Chubby

### 1572 EXCITEMENT?

Shoot 'em to me, Pals, for I'm a gal from the wild and wooly west. Am a blonde, eighteen, and a senior in high school. My favorite sports are dancing, swimming, and reading. Will exchange snapshots and tell you of some exciting experiences.

Smoky

### 1573 MODERN BRUNETTE

I was born in England, but live in Canada. Am thirty-seven, a brunette, and love the good things in life. Have you a letter for me?

Slim

### 1574 NURSE

Twenty, a girl, and grey-eyed. That's a pocket-size snapshot of me. I am away from home and training to become a nurse. I love to dance, swim, write and play golf. Would love oodles of Pals.

Phyl

### 1575 LIKES TO READ

I have so many interests I can hardly begin telling you what they are, but first and best liked is reading. Then the movies, sports, politics and foreign affairs. My age is fifteen, and I am a sophomore in

high school. Would love hearing from loads of Pals.  
Princess

**1576 SINGER**

Do-re-me, hear my plea. I'm eighteen, a resident of the largest city in the U. S. A., and hope to be a professional singer some day. I have blonde hair and hazel eyes. Please write.

Pearl

**1577 MUSIC AND ART**

Boys and girls everywhere, won't you write to this eighteen-year-old girl? I am a brunette, and a junior in high school. Would like to hear from Pals in Maryland, particularly, but will answer all.

Arlene

**1578 PAINTS**

I am a young fellow, twenty-three, of German descent, and Hungarian born. I came from Jugoslavia to Canada in 1936. My hobbies are painting with water colors and photo coloring.

Tango Joe

**1579 SHE'S SPANISH**

I am a young girl, fifteen, with black hair and brown eyes. Am interested in all sports, and especially like dancing, singing, horseback riding and writing letters. Have traveled around the world and speak four languages. Will exchange snaps and stamps. Letters in Spanish or French, as well as English, will be answered. Girls from fifteen to nineteen, won't you write?

Senorita

**1580 DOWN IN TENNESSEE**

Travel, dogs and the movies interest me. Am twenty-seven, and a girl. Would like Pals in foreign countries and the far north and west as well as in the rest of the United States.

Renee

**FUN AND FROLIC****1581 ATTENTION! ! FUN AND FROLIC**

Fun-loving, nineteen, brunette and considered good-looking. Am interested in practically everything. Love to write and receive letters; willing to exchange snapshots or a souvenir if you wish. Boys and girls, won't you write?

Smiling Flo

**1582 PANHANDLE**

I have just come to the state of Texas, near the Mexican border, from Hawaii where I spent the past five years. I can tell you some interesting stories about those beautiful islands. Am a cook and like it very much. Am a fellow, twenty-seven, and a brunette. Pals from twenty-three to thirty-three, especially urged to write.

Pard

**1583 FLAMING TOP**

Three guesses what color hair I have. The first three don't count. Can you guess? I'm seventeen, a high school Senior. Will exchange snapshots and postcards with any of the Pals who will write.

Fran of New York

**1584 HOMESICK**

My home is in Pennsylvania, but I'm living in New York and find the city very lonely. Am nineteen, a brunette, and love outdoor sports such as tennis, swimming, polo and golf. I love to take care of children but have no particular work. Read for a pastime.

Penny Anne

**1585 WANT A PICTURE**

Come on, everybody! Sling a little ink to a gal, peppy, brunette, and fun. I love dancing and sports and collect snapshots and autographs.

Brownie

**1586 MILL WORKER**

I get so lonely and think you Pals can help me out. Am a fellow, twenty-two, good-looking, good natured and hoping for Pals from seventeen to twenty-five.

The Oregon Kid

**1587 TRAPEZE**

Here's a young girl, twelve, who is a regular tomboy and can climb trees and act on a trapeze. I enjoy all outdoor sports.

Tomboy

**1588 FROM COLORADO**

Way out west in the land of the mountains lives a gal who seeks loads of Pen Pal letters. Want

to get acquainted? I am twenty-five, and a brunette. Love to read, cook, and participate in outdoor sports.  
Lonely Sally

**1589 "INJUN" NEWS**

Wyoming is our state, and if you want to hear about the wild and woolly west, we're the girls who can tell you. Scotty is a sophomore. Blondie Locks is fourteen. Pals, here's two letters to your one.

Blondie Locks and Scotty

**1590 TWO GIRLS**

Blue Eyes is a gal, sixteen, and blonde, fond of all sports. Betty is twenty, and likes a little serious conversation as well as good times. From North Carolina they are callin'—just callin' for Pals.

Blue Eyes and Betty

**1591 YAKIMA VALLEY**

Another westerner wants to join the Pen Pals. I am a girl, sixteen, and a brunette. Live in the Yakima Valley and can tell you stories of the colorful west. Will exchange snapshots.

Apple Ann

**1592 LIVES ON A RANCH**

Whoopee! Here's a cowboy for you, Pals, so hustle along and get those letters started. Am nineteen, a sportslover, and lonely.

California Jack

**1593 SAILOR BOY**

Ahoy there, Pals! May a sailor join you? Am five feet, nine, have brown hair and blue eyes. I used to play in a dance orchestra but now sail the bounding main. Ship me a letter.

Cole

**PENCIL A NOTE****1594 PRINTER**

Modern music, parties, and free hand printing are my hobbies. I work for a newspaper in Pennsylvania. Am a fellow, five feet, six, and have brown hair and eyes.

Buddy

**1595 HOME-LOVING**

From Montreal comes the plea of a young girl, twenty-five, who is working away from home and often lonely. I am a brunette, and like cooking, sewing, and sports. Give me a chance, won't you, Pals?

Kit

**1596 WHO'S FIRST?**

I am a girl, fifteen, and have black hair and eyes. Love to dance. Would like to hear from girls everywhere.

Sandra

**1597 ATTENTION, WESTERNERS!**

What cowboy or cowgirl will be the first to write me? I am a girl, seventeen, and have numerous hobbies. Am particularly interested in the west for I live there myself.

Sandie

**1598 EASTERN COWGIRL**

I am in my teens, and am a blonde with blue eyes. My interests are swimming and horseback riding. Would love to live on a western ranch, so the next best thing is hearing about it. Won't you tell me?

Ginia

**1599 GOLD MINING CAMP**

Norway was my birthplace, but I now live in Colorado. My home is in a gold mining camp and it is 9,760 feet above sea level. I will send an enlarged picture to the first boy and girl who write. Am a blonde and have deep blue eyes. We should have plenty to write about.

Cherry

**1600 WHITE CATS**

Pets, especially white cats, are my hobby. Am eighteen, a blonde, and a lover of sports. Like to dance, roller-skate and swim. Pals from eighteen to twenty-five I would love to answer your letters.

Miss Mur

**1601 SMALL TOWN**

My small city doesn't always offer amusement and I get pretty lonely. I work in a shop, but it doesn't require all of my time. Am nineteen, a blonde, and have blue eyes. Pals, write this gal.

Bernie

**1602 SEEKS A NICKNAME**

Banana layer cake, candy, my personality,

**PEN PALS**

blue eyes and blonde hair have made me popular among my friends. Am in my teens and have many interests. Can you find a nickname for me? Pals, here's a chance?

Me of Illinois

**1603 FROM BROOKLYN**  
Hey there, Pals! Hear the plea of this fellow. I am lonely, twenty-nine, and have brown hair and eyes. Love good music and dancing, the movies and other diversions. Don't disappoint me.  
Pete

**1604 JAYHAWKER**  
Know what state that is? It's western and you can learn by writing me. Am thirty-nine, a widower, and lonely. Have dark wavy auburn hair and blue eyes. Am a telegraph operator, have no bad habits, and like dancing, swimming, hunting, shows and reading.  
J. B.

**SPORTY—THESE PALS**

**1605 WATER BABY**  
Swimming is my favorite sport and I love it. Am fifteen, live in a large city, and prefer blonds. Let's exchange pictures.  
Mickey

**1606 VERY SMALL**  
The tall, dark, and handsome fellows are my choice, but I'll answer letters from blonds, too. Am a girl, seventeen, and four feet, eleven. I like baseball and am a good swimmer. Would like to hear from fellows and girls.  
Tonf

**1607 SKATER**  
Seventeen, a girl, and sports-loving. That's this Pal who wants your letters. I love to dance, skate, and play baseball. Will exchange snaps.  
Erie

**1608 WESTERN CANADA**  
Tall, brunette, and hazel eyes; like sports, letters, and Pals. Now you know something about me and we can be friends. Am especially fond of swimming and dancing and am no flop at tennis. Don't make me play a love game, Pals.  
Helene

**1609 NEW YORKER**  
Let's get acquainted, Pals! I live in upper New York state and would like to hear about Canada, the South and West. Am fourteen, and like sports. To the first two boys and girls who write I will send my picture.  
Ding

**1610 ALONG THE BOARD WALK**  
The city of beauty contests is my home. I am eighteen, a fellow, and interested in football, swimming and ice hockey. Have taken courses in Interior Decorating and Commercial Art. If you are interested in hearing more you'll get it by writing.  
Flash

**SOME VARIETY**

**1611 PACIFIC COAST**  
I am a fellow, thirty-two, and five feet, eight inches tall. Would like Pals from twenty to thirty. Will tell you of the west coast.  
Ozzie

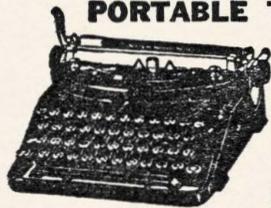
**1612 RADIO FAN**  
What program do you like Pals? I'm enthusiastic about my radio so let's get acquainted. Am twenty-one, a girl, brunnette, and live in Canada. Love animals, and roller-skating.  
Marge of Toronto

**1613 WINDY CITY**  
I hope the wind blows me some jolly letters from the Pen Pals. Am sixteen, have light brown hair and blue eyes. My hobby is collecting miniature dogs and elephants. I also make model planes and boats. Will exchange snapshots and souvenirs.  
Duchess

**1614 PEP PLUS**  
My hobbies are horseback riding, swimming and the movies. Am a girl, fifteen, and a brunnette. Would like to hear about ranch life. Will exchange snaps and tell you about Texas.  
Gen

**GREATEST BARGAIN IN TEN YEARS**

**NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE TYPEWRITER**



**10¢ A DAY**

Money Back Guarantee  
10-Day Free Trial Offer

**AT LAST!** The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built, PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

**YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY**

We send you the Remington Noiseless Portable for 10 days FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

**FREE TYPING COURSE**

With your new Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

**FREE CARRYING CASE**

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay . . . send in the coupon for complete details!

**SEND COUPON WHILE LOW PRICES HOLD**

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 1934  
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and carrying case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

# TIRED OF LOATHSOME SCHOOL-AGE PIMPLES?

Let millions of tiny, living plants help keep blood free of skin irritants

Thousands of young people have said good-by to the curse of youth—a pimply skin. They know what happens between the ages of 13 and 25, the time of life when important glands develop. Your system is upset. Poisons may pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. Then you need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help remove these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, *living* yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many report amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now. Buy some tomorrow!

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Sell FULL YEAR GUARANTEE SHIRTS for BIG PAY** **MAKES EASY SALES!!**

Cash Commissions Daily: Cash Bonuses Regularly. Biggest and finest line. Dress Shirts, Sport Shirts, Ties, Hose, Underwear, all guaranteed for customers' satisfaction. We Pay Postage. Complete Sales Outfit FREE. Write TODAY.

Dept. P-4, ROSECLIFF-QUAKER, 1239 B'way, N. Y.

**Big Quick Cash Profits**

**\*AMAZING New KUSHIONTRED Shoes**

**YOUR OWN SHOES FREE**

Start your own business without investment. Steady income all year showing outstanding new Spring line Men's, Women's, Children's shoes. Over 150 styles. \$10,000 Gold Bond guarantees satisfaction. Free shirts, ties, hosiery offers to customers. Wonderful self-adjusting inbuilt arch. We pay postage. No experience needed. Big \$30 Sample Case of Shoes Free! Write TODAY for full information, money-making plan and Free Selling Kit. **TANNERS SHOE CO., 756 C Street, BOSTON, MASS.**

**WRITE FOR FREE OUTFIT**

NEW JOY TO WALKING

## "AUTO GOES 32 MILES ON 1 GALLON OF GAS"

Says G. Kuenkel. A wonderful improved auto gas economizer which is self-regulating, helps motorists cut gas costs. "I can make 32 miles on a gallon where I made 23 before," says Eddie Mashak. Anyone can attach to any auto. Unusual money-making proposition open for sales distributors. Sample sent for trial.—Stransky Mfg. Co., D-762 Pukwana, S. Dak. Pay nothing if it does not save gas and help SAVE auto running expense. Send name, address and make of car today—a 1c postcard will do.

## Home Study Accountancy Training

Accountants who know their work command responsible positions and good incomes. And the need for trained accountants is growing. About 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. and many thousands more executive accountants. Many earn \$2,000 to \$15,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is personally given by staff of C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write for valuable free 64-page book describing opportunities in accounting field and telling how you may enter it successfully.



This Book FREE!

**LASALLE EXTENSION**  
Dept. 4334-H Chicago

## LOVE BOOK

**1615 COLLECTS AUTOGRAPHS**  
Photos and autographs of radio and movie stars are my hobby as well as picture postcards. Am nineteen, and a brunette. Would like to hear from Pals who have creative abilities. Girls and boys, you are all welcome. Would like especially to hear from New York City and Hawaii.

Ontario Lass

**1616 YANKEE**  
My hair is gray, although I am only forty-six, but war experiences are partly responsible, I think. I like to fish, camp and read, and especially enjoy the classics. Would you like to write?

Bo

**1617 NEW ENGLAND BOY**  
Seventeen, a fellow, and lonely. Now what can you do about it, Pals. I like all sports from skiing to swimming. Will exchange snaps.

Tuffy

**1618 MUSIC AND MOVIES**  
I am a young married woman, twenty-four, and have plenty of time to write to Pals. My hobbies are writing letters, collecting souvenirs, and photos. Let's exchange snapshots and get acquainted now!

Elsie

**1619 FROM FLORIDA**  
Come along, gals, write this guy. I am thirty-seven, fun-loving, have a good job and lots of time. Would like to hear from Pals in California, Texas, or Florida. Prefer letters from Pals twenty-five to thirty. You Chicago brunettes better hurry, for I'll send a live baby alligator to the first who writes from that city.

Vel

**1620 WATERFRONT**  
I am a fellow, twenty-five, and a brunette. I own my own home, but am not living in it for I am helping settle an estate. I work in a small post-office sometimes. I like to read, go to the movies, dance, camp, and study birds. Love all kinds of boats and thereby got my nickname of

Captain Louis

**1621 ODD HOBBY**  
I am a fellow, twenty-two, and have dark brown hair. I like all sports and collect snapshots for a hobby. I am trying to collect a picture from some girl in every state. Will you help me out? I have some, but not a complete collection. I work in a grocery store.

Lucky of Dakota

**1622 LIKES ANTIQUES**  
I like to travel, and as I go I watch for historic places, old homes and antique furniture. I enjoy the movies, sports, and good times in general. Live near the country's largest city. Am a fellow.

Jersey Jo

**1623 YOUNG MISS**  
My complexion is light, my build streamlined. Like to read good books and enjoy music. I collect postcards and snaps.

Miss B. C.

**1624 ALASKA GIRL**  
Happy-go-lucky, and nineteen. That's this blonde girl who has spent her entire life in Alaska. Tell me of the outside world, Pals, and I'll tell you of my country. I like all sports. My birthday is September 1, and I was born in 1918. Are you my twin?

Ella of Alaska

**1625 PENNIES**  
I collect stamps and Indian head pennies for a hobby. My favorite sports are swimming, skating, dancing and basketball. School sports are my favorite diversion. Am seventeen, a blonde, and good-looking. A snapshot is waiting for you, and the first ten to write get souvenirs.

Penny

**1626 SINGAPORE**  
I am an English soldier serving in the Far East. My hobbies are sports, writing poems and taking snapshots. There's a snapshot awaiting you if you hurry. I think I can tell you some interesting stories.

Mac

## OVER MANY SEAS

**1627 AVIATOR**  
May a young Englishman of the Royal Air Force join you, Pals? I am eighteen, dark, and in-

## PEN PALS

terested in sports. Would like to hear from girls in the U. S. A. who want to hear of England. (5c postage)

Jack

### 1628 KNOWS AUSTRALIA

Girls in America and Canada, won't you get acquainted with me? I am twenty, a girl, and fond of writing about this beautiful country for I know it well. Dancing, swimming, reading and horseback riding are favorite diversions of mine. Am a blonde. (5c postage)

Peggy of Sydney

### 1629 A DOZEN HOBBIES

Eighteen, a fellow, and living in Australia. I'm asking for some Pals who will tell me about America. My hobbies are postage stamps, postcards of ships and airplanes, and my favorite sports are tennis, cricket, and table tennis. Am curious about California and New York. Pals my own age, please write. (5c postage)

Ken

### 1630 GOLDEN CURLS

My eyes are dark brown and my hair golden and curly. I love the movies, and basketball. Write a fifteen-year-old girl, won't you? (5c postage)

Australian Miss

### 1631 ROYAL AIR FORCE

I am an aircraft apprentice, and very interested in the movies, dance music and photography. Am eighteen, five feet, eight, and dark. Like English sports tremendously and want to hear of American sports. (5c postage)

Nat

### 1632 IN HAWAIIAN STATION

Do you like to draw cartoons? Then let's be Pals, for I'm very interested in it. I am in the army, stationed in these beautiful islands. Am twenty, a brunette, and happy-go-lucky. My home is in the eastern part of the U. S. A. Would like to develop my artistic ability, if any, so if you have suggestions, please write.

Ray

### 1633 ENGLAND CALLS THE WORLD

Female, slim, brownette, and thirty. That's a quick description of this pal who wants more Pals. I like movies, table tennis, stamp and autograph collecting. Will send a snap if you write, one which recently won a prize in a photographic competition. (5c postage)

Ethel of England

### 1634 ENGLISH SOLDIER

I am a non-commissioned officer in the British Army and can entertain you, I think, with stories of my work and training. I am twenty, and six feet tall. I have over two hundred photographs of scenes of training in the army, and numerous interesting incidents. Everything except religion and politics interests me. If that's not enough for you, Pals, just what else could I say? (5c postage)

Mr. B.

### 1635 HAWAIIAN RESIDENT

I am thirteen, a Japanese girl, and live in Hawaii. I like to bake, read and go riding. My hair is black and curly, and my eyes dark. Will exchange snapshots and Hawaiian souvenirs with you.

Curly Top

### 1636 PANAMA PAL

My work has carried me to the tropics of the Canal Zone, but I find it rather lonely and am seeking Pals. Am twenty-three, have brown hair, and am five feet, five. Come along there, Pals, get busy and let's write.

Harold

### 1637 LISTEN, CANADA!

Skating, reading and cooking are my favorite diversions. Am eighteen, and work in a shipping office in London. It's not exciting, but I like it. My hair is brown and curly, and my eyes are brown. Would like to hear from Canadians. (5c postage)

Ronnie

**Women HERE'S SPECIAL WORK**

**EARN UP TO \$23 A WEEK**

as low as 3 DRESSES \$3.98

An amazing opportunity for ambitious housewives to act as home service representative and demonstrate Paris styled dresses direct from factory. You can work full time or spare hours, and earn up to \$23.00 a week—Plus Free Dresses. Fashion Frocks are known to women and are guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping.

**Wear FREE DRESSES**

In addition to opportunity to earn up to \$23 a week, you can get FREE dresses, your size, to wear and show.

NO CANVASSING  
And not a penny needed to invest. Just mail your name, address, age and dress size for Free offer.

**FASHION PROGRESS, Inc.**  
Dept. 69-197 Cincinnati, Ohio

**ELECTRICITY**

"LEARN BY DOING"  
12 weeks training

**I'LL FINANCE YOUR TRAINING!**

My Big Free Book tells you how we train you in 12 weeks—to start in the growing field of Electricity, by actual shopwork on real electrical machinery—not by books or correspondence. Amazing plan enables many to get training first... then take 18 Months to pay in small monthly payments starting 3 months from date you start school. Experience or advanced education not needed. Many Earn While Learning! Free lifetime employment service. Diesel Engines, Electric Refrigeration and Air Conditioning instruction included. MAIL COUPON for FREE BOOK and all Facts.

**H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**  
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 48-76 Chicago, Ill.

Send Big Free Book with facts on Coyne training and tell me about your "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**FALSE TEETH**

**60 DAYS TRIAL**

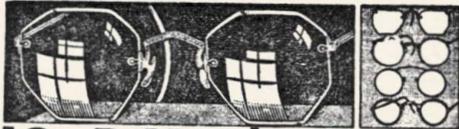
I have thousands of satisfied customers all over the country who could not afford to pay big prices. I have been making dental plates for many years, by mail. I guarantee you satisfaction or they do not cost you one cent, and I take your word. Teeth made especially for you personally can be tried for sixty days. In one Pennsylvania town alone, 91 people are wearing teeth made by me. They are satisfied and saved money.

## SEND NO MONEY

My plates are very beautiful to look at and are constructed to give life-long service and satisfaction. You can look younger at once. They are made with pearly white genuine porcelain teeth. Well fitting and guaranteed unbreakable. Remember you do not send one cent—just your name and address, and we send free impression material and full detailed directions. Be sure to write today for my low prices and complete information. Don't put this off. Do it today.

**DR. S. B. HEININGER, D. D. S.**

440 W. Huron St., Dept. 472, Chicago, Illinois



## 10 DAYS' TRIAL

SEND ONLY 20 CENTS with name, age and address, and by return mail RECEIVE a set of 14 TRIAL GLASSES to select from to fit your eyes NOTHING MORE TO PAY until you can see perfectly far and near. Then the above Beautiful Style will cost you only \$3.90, no more; other styles \$2.20 and up.

We only handle High Grade Single Vision and DOUBLE VISION or KRYPTOK BIFOCAL toric lenses, ground into ONE SOLID PIECE of GLASS. DOCTOR H. E. BAKER, O.D., with over 30 years' experience. GUARANTEES to give you Perfect Fit or NO COST. Circular with latest styles and lowest prices FREE.

MODERN SPECTACLE CO., Dept. 84-O,  
15125 Pensacola Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## NEW TYPE CHEAP OIL BURNER

WHY COOK OR HEAT WITH COAL or WOOD  
Quick heat at turn of valve—hotter, Slips into Any STOVE, cheaper, no dirt, ashes or drudgery. Burns cheap oil new way—no RANGE or FURNACE. clogging up or carbon.

SENT ON TRIAL. Prove it costs fuel bills, pays for itself quickly by what it saves at our risk. Offer of FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS. Wonderful money-maker, spare or full time. Write quick—a postal card will do. Address UNITED FACTORIES, D-762 Factory Building, Kansas City, Mo.

## MAKE MORE MONEY

Taking Orders For The NIMROD Line

Earn more every day in the year representing old established firm with a complete line of fast selling necessities: Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery, Dresses, Smocks, Raincoats, Summer Suits, Pants, Brasces, Belts, Shoes, Coveralls, Shop Coats, Uniforms, Playsuits, etc. Every item guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Write quick for FREE SALES EQUIPMENT.

NIMROD CO., Dept. 100  
4922-28 Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Ill.

## TRAIN FOR Radio IN 12 WEEKS

BY SHOP WORK  
I'll Finance Your Training  
Prepare for jobs in Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by 12 weeks practical shop training in Coyne Shops. Free Employment Service. Many earn while learning. You don't need previous experience or a lot of book learning. Write for BIG FREE RADIO and TELEVISION BOOK, and my "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.  
H. C. LEWIS, Pres., RADIO DIV., Coyne Electrical School  
500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 48-5H Chicago, Illinois



SEND FOR FREE COPY of Rhyming Dictionary and Instruction Book on How to Write Popular Songs. Submit best poems, melodies today for our bonafide, superior offer.

MMM Publishers, Dept. 32B, Portland, Ore.

# For Kidney And Bladder Trouble

## Stop Getting Up Nights

Here's one good way to flush harmful waste from kidneys and stop bladder irritation that often causes scanty, burning and smarting passage. Ask your druggist for a 35-cent box of Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules—a splendid safe and harmless diuretic and stimulant for weak kidneys and irritated bladder. Besides getting up nights, some symptoms of kidney trouble are backaches, puffy eyes, leg cramps, and moist palms, but be sure to get GOLD MEDAL—it's the genuine medicine for weak kidneys—right from Haarlem in Holland.

## LOVE BOOK

### 1638 CYCLES AND HIKES

Those are my favorite sports, Pals. Do you share my enthusiasm? Am a blonde, fifteen, and tall. I work in a woolen mill in England as a winder. My birthday is November 26, and I would like to hear from Pals about the same age. (5c postage)  
Bonnie Blue Eyes

### 1639 INTERESTED IN CANADA

Are there any Canadians who would like to write to an English girl and exchange stories? I am seventeen, dark, and interested in swimming, reading, motoring, painting and stamp collecting. (5c postage)

Dixie of England

### 1640 FROM SOUTH AFRICA

I am twenty-one, of French descent, and a radio engineer. Like to dance, and sing, and would like to hear from some pretty girls, sixteen to twenty. Hurry, now! (5c postage)

Frenchy Audie

### 1641 TOURING CLERK

My work is with the largest motoring organization in South Africa. Am twenty-one, of French descent, and a blond. Will exchange snapshots and send picture books of South Africa. Girls from seventeen to twenty-five, please write. (5c postage)  
Africana Des

### 1642 LIKES DANCING

Please, Pals, if you live in the U. S. A., Canada or Ceylon, won't you write me? I am fifteen, a girl, live in England, and fond of dancing. My hobby is collecting movie pictures. (5c postage)  
Betty

### 1643 MERRY ENGLISH GIRLS

Who will write us? We are fond of dancing, reading, tennis and the movies. Just left high school and are anxious for new friends. Our ages are eighteen and seventeen. (5c postage)

Pat and Frances

### 1644 TWO FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Our home is in the most prosperous city in the Union, right in the center of the Gold Reef. Our ages are fifteen, and we will exchange photographs with the first ten who write. Our hobbies are tennis, swimming, hockey, and collecting photos of movie stars. Please girls, write, won't you? (5c postage)  
Letter Seekers

## A FEW COLLECTORS

### 1645 STAMPS, SNAPS, POEMS

Won't someone please write to me? I am a girl seventeen, and seek friends the world over. Am interested in music, dramatics, reading, writing, working, art, and sports. My collections are the three above.

Bernice

### 1646 SOAP LABELS

My hobbies are collecting soap labels and postcards from various places. I am a blonde, fifteen, and attend an exclusive high school in America's biggest city.

Susy-Pye

### 1647 WANT TO WRITE?

Twenty-two, one hundred pounds, and a brunette. That's this girl from an eastern state. I have been crippled all my life, but I enjoy many pleasures such as reading, the radio, and writing letters. I keep scrapbooks of radio and movie stars for a hobby. Pals between twenty-two and thirty-five, could you spare a letter to me?

Thelma of Penna.

### 1648 COWBOY SONGS

My favorite hobbies are collecting stamps and movie stars' pictures. Am eighteen, a brunette, and love all sports, cowboy songs and dancing.

Lonesome Judy

### 1649 PAINT GRINDER

That's my work. Want to know more? I am a fellow, twenty-four, interested in sports, stamps and amateur wrestling. Will exchange snaps and stamps.

Benny

**WANT TO SAVE MONEY** and get a better tasting cigarette? Switch to **AVALONS**—a full-flavored blend of costly Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—priced several cents below other brands. Cellophane-wrapped. Union made. And sold everywhere.

**PEN PALS**

**1650 PHOTOGRAPHY**

My chief interests are photography, reading, football, and meeting people. Am a fellow, and a good mixer. Have reddish hair and brown eyes and am five feet, nine. Would like to hear from Pals in the west.

Friendly L.

**1651 WESTERNER**

From the far west, in Washington, comes the plea of a girl, fond of outdoor sports, dancing, and letter-writing. I will exchange picture postcards and snaps. Let's hear from you.

Seattle June

**1652 ARKANSAS TRAVELER**

My home has been in this state only five years, for I have traveled around quite a bit. Am a girl, eighteen, and have brown curly hair and brown eyes. Will exchange snapshots, and if you want to talk hobbies, mine is collecting postcards.

Ivy

**1653 TWO SISTERS**

We are from New England, Pals, and can tell you about this colorful section of the U. S. A. We want to hear from westerners and Pals in foreign countries, but everyone is welcome. We are Sophomores in high school, and both have light brown hair and blue eyes. Our hobbies are collecting odds and ends, souvenirs, pictures, and cards.

The Tassy Two

**1654 ENGLISH CANADIAN**

Stamp collecting is my hobby, and sports and dancing my favorite diversion. If Pals from nineteen to twenty-four will write, I am sure there's plenty to talk about. Here's hoping!

Louise

**1655 WILL EXCHANGE PICTURES**

Movie stars' pictures are my hobby, and I have collected many. I am sixteen, a girl, and recently graduated from high school. Would like Pals who have similar interests and I'll send you a souvenir. Hurry along, now, let this Canadian be your Pal.

Curley

**1656 STAMPS AND COINS**

My hobbies are collecting stamps, old coins, and state tax tokens. Am a fellow, thirty-six, and promise an answer to all.

Lee

**1657 MILK BOTTLE TOPS**

An odd hobby? No, but interesting and full of possibilities. I am not particularly lonely, but want some Pals. Am twenty-eight, married, and Hungarian. Please write, Pals, and let's be friends.

Mariska

**1658 SNAPS SNAPS**

My favorite hobby is taking pictures, or snapping snaps, so if you wish, we can trade. Am living in a village in California and often find it lonely for most of my friends live far away. I came here from Honolulu. Am a girl, Irish descent, fair of complexion, and a sunny disposition. My interests are short story writing, the theatre and stage, and music.

Dixie

Enjoy **BEAUTIFUL**  
NATURAL-LOOKING  
**FALSE TEETH**  
LOW PRICES  
**60 DAYS'**  
TRIAL



Made to order by FIT-RITE improved method BY MAIL, all over world. Finest Quality, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE YOU WILL BE SATISFIED. We take your word. Catalog and Impression material FREE. Write NOW!

**UNITED STATES DENTAL COMPANY**  
Dept. 487 1555 Milwaukee Avenue Chicago, Ill.

SEND NO MONEY

**2 Drafting Lessons Free**

Enjoy One of Industry's Best Jobs

**Good Pay.** Before anything is built, the Draftsman must draw it. All Engineering—Building—Manufacturing needs him. Any pickup means first call for the Draftsman.

**Steady Work.** One of the steadiest of all lines. Clean—interesting. Open road for promotion. A job where you are not old at 40. We train you and help place you.

**No Experience Necessary.** Write today for facts and 2 beginning lessons. No obligation. Actual lessons PROVE you can enter this wonderful line via home study without interrupting present job. Address DD-449

American School, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

**"COLT" PROTECTION**



65 ONLY! Genuine Colt Police Positive 38 caliber, 4", blue, very fine, \$16.85; good condition, \$13.85.  
52 ONLY! Colt Official Police 38 caliber, 6", blue very fine, \$19.85.  
49 COLT! .45 Government automatics, excellent, \$28.50; very fine, \$19.85.

Write for Catalog of Guns, Revs., Colts, S&W, Binoculars, etc. \$5 Deposit required on C. O. D's.

**HUDSON SPORTING GOODS CO.,** A-52 Warren Street New York

**WORK FOR THE**



**GOVERNMENT**

**\$1260 to \$2100 YEAR TO START**

**Men—Women**

Many 1938 appointments expected

Get ready immediately

Common education usually sufficient

Mail Coupon Today—SURE

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. N174  
Rochester, N. Y.

Rush FREE list of U. S. Government big pay dependable JOBS. 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work. Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name .....

Address .....

**Greatest VALUE EVER OFFERED**

**BRAND NEW featherweight PORTABLE**

1938 Model

only **\$39.50** CASH



or On Easy Terms

**SEND NO MONEY—10 DAY TRIAL**

Positively the biggest value ever offered—the perfect family portable—100% efficient. Latest streamline with 14 distinctive features, many found only on higher priced models selling at \$44.50. NOT A JUNIOR MODEL. Unconditionally Guaranteed. Simple and compact—sturdy construction—silently smooth and swift. Carrying case included. See It At Your Dealer or Use Coupons Below.

**INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCH.** Dept. 439  
Franklin and Monroe St., Chicago.

Please send the DeLuxe FEATHERWEIGHT Portable F. O. B. Chicago, on 10 days Trial. If I decide to keep it I will pay \$39.50 cash or \$3.00 a month until \$42.50 term price is paid. Or, if I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it within the 10-day trial period. For quick shipment give references and occupation.

Name.....Age.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

**Diesel**

For several years, Diesel engines have been replacing steam and gasoline engines in power plants, motor trucks and buses, locomotives, ships, tractors, dredges, pumps, etc. And now the first Diesel-powered passenger car is on the market. Our home-study course offers you a real opportunity to prepare for a worth-while position in this new field. Write TODAY for full information. No obligation. American School, Dept. D-449, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

**CRIME DETECTION** Prepare for a Thrilling Career in Fingerprinting and Secret Service. Write for Free Publications and Particulars if age 17 or over. NATIONAL INSTITUTE, 340-B Electric Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

**WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS**  
For Immediate Consideration Send Poems to COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS, LTD. Dept. 14, TORONTO, CAN.

**SKIN RASH**  
**RELIEVED...ITCHING STOPPED**

For quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, anti-septic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless, stainless, dries fast. Stops the most intense itching in a hurry. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or your money back.

**D. D. D. Prescription**

**Help Kidneys**

**Don't Take Drastic Drugs**

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional disorders of the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Excess Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such troubles with the doctor's prescription **Cystex**. **Cystex** starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week, and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for **Cystex (Siss-tex)** today. The guarantee protects you. Copr. 1938 The Knox Co.

**LOVE BOOK**

**MUSIC ON THEIR MINDS**

**1669 CAN SHE GO TO TOWN?**  
Dancing? Pals, you have me there, for I would rather dance than eat—almost. Am a natural born tap dancer and love it, but I have never taken a lesson. Am a blue-eyed blonde, fifteen, and in high school. My interests include sports, especially swimming and tennis. I like to hike and ride a bike. Boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen, let's get acquainted.  
Jeanne

**1660 ROLLING PRAIRIES**  
North Dakota calls you, Pals, and if you like to hear about the West, I'm the gal who can tell you. Am a student in college, eighteen, and a brunette. Find enjoyment in sports, reading, music and the movies. Am very interested in the medical profession.  
Dakota Maid

**1661 SINGING LASSIE**  
Free, white, eighteen, and a brunette. That's a candid shot of me. Have time on my hands for I graduated from high school last year. Want to become a popular songstress with an orchestra, for I love to sing. Dancing, crocheting, embroidering, and all sports occupy my time. Want Pals from eighteen to twenty-eight.  
Kate

**1662 SINGS AND YODELS**  
Music is one of my favorite diversions and I chord the guitar, both Hawaiian and Spanish, and can sing and yodel. Would like to get autograph verses and will exchange the same. Cowboy songs interest me, also. Am eighteen, a girl, and a blonde.  
Yodeling Lady

**1663 DEAR OLD TEXAS**  
I am a Southern gal from down in Texas and want to hear from Pals everywhere. I play the piano, accordion, and organ. Am seventeen, good-looking, and want to be a surgeon some day. Can send you souvenirs of the Texas Exposition if you wish. Last year I was voted the most popular under-class man in high school, so you see, I can be a good friend.  
Fay of Texas

**1664 SAILBOATS**  
Girls from eighteen to fifty, won't you write this bacheor, forty-two, who is tall and blond. I like outdoor sports, sailboats, music and amateur photography.  
Hiawatha Slim

**1665 ARTISTS' MODEL**  
Am twenty-five, and have studied art in Paris, and lived in London. Am fond of outdoor sports, especially swimming. Good music, dancing, and letter-writing interest me. Am a fellow who wants you for a Pal.  
Verne of Chicago

**1666 MUSIC AND BOOKS**  
You can't have too many friends, think I, so I'm making my plea for Pals. Am interested in music, books and the theatre. Am a fellow, twenty-two, and waiting for your answers.  
Gordon

**1667 THREE, DARK AND HANDSOME**  
We are three fellows, twenty-one, twenty-one, and twenty. We like dancing and athletics and will exchange snaps. Pick up your pens, Pals.  
Chick, Chick, Chick, and Co.

**1668 LIKES COPS AND FIREMEN**  
I am a dietician in a large institution. Am twenty-two, a blonde, and studying at business college in my spare time. Aviators, policemen, and firemen interest me for I think their lives are exciting. My Dad is a policeman and has thrilling experiences. Like music and play the guitar and piano.  
Lonely Babe

SAY  
"LUDEN'S"



From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalis."

Because  
BUILDING UP YOUR  
ALKALINE  
RESERVE  
HELPS YOU TO  
RESIST COLDS

### PEN PALS

#### 1669 NEVADA MINING CAMP

I need lots of Pals, for I have many stories to tell. Am a camp cook, and my hobby is picture printing, so will have plenty of snaps to send you. Am thirty-three, tall, and blonde. Have traveled over the western U. S. A. Let me tell you about life in a mining camp, from the woman's viewpoint.

Kamp Kook

#### 1670 LONELY MARINE

For seven years I have been in the Marine Corps and have traveled the world over. Will exchange snaps if you wish. Am twenty-four, and interested in hearing from fellows and girls.

Private K

#### 1671 WHOA!

Boo-hoo! I'm lonely, so won't you help me out, Pals. I go to a beauty culture school and it's so far away from home that I miss my friends. Like to draw, play the piano, hike, play golf, and do a dozen other things. Have a grand time all the time, and want friends who are jolly and gay. Come along, let's exchange snaps and letters.

Pump Seventeen

#### 1672 ADVERTISING MAN

My work takes me all over the U. S. A., and I find it very interesting. My work is advertising and gives me little opportunity to make permanent friends, thus my need for Pals. Am single, five feet, seven, and fair-haired. Am a University graduate. Will exchange photos.

Harry

#### 1673 VERY POPULAR

My home is in Pennsylvania and I want Pals from other states. Am twenty, tall, and dark. Am an examiner in a factory and enjoy my work. Sports and the theatre interest me. Will send a snap.

Iona

#### 1674 SLIM BRUNETTE

My birthday is September 19. Have I a twin? Am a stenographer and in my spare time enjoy reading, swimming and music. Pals, get busy.

Birdie

#### 1675 LONELY TEENETTE

Here's an easterner who wants to hear from Indians, cowboys, Mounties and people in Alaska, if there are any willing to write a girl who is good-looking and fun. Am a brunnette, and sports-minded.

Gwen

#### 1676 COUNTRY LIFE

I am a fellow, thirty, and live in Texas. Like to dance, hunt and write letters. Have blue eyes and want true blue Pals.

Tex

**WE MATCH PANTS**  
To Any Suit!  
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants, 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.  
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY  
209 S. State St. Dept. 608, Chicago

**Sell this MARVELOUS Tool**  
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED! CALL ON ENGINEERS, CRAFTSMEN, MECHANICS, SHEET METAL WORKERS, GARAGE MEN, ETC.  
Famous Justrite COMBINATION SOLDERING IRON AND BLOW TORCH  
*Works Like Magic!*  
Actually astounding—newly perfected, famous Justrite Combination Soldering Iron and Blow Torch gives super, sizzling-hot blue-white flame for soldering, light-brazing and general shop, laboratory, engineering and repair work. Operates with 100% satisfaction on less than ¼ cent per hour—fully guaranteed by reliable 31-year-old company.  
SELLS LIKE WILD FIRE—on demonstration! Start a good, clean, growing business of your own—calling on mechanics, engineers, plumbers, garage men, battery exchangers, radio men, home craftsmen, painters, sheet metal workers, etc. Make up to \$6 to \$8 per day—full or part time.  
**FREE:** Sensational, New "Distributor's success Plan" to Distributors of this amazing Justrite Combination Soldering Iron and Blow Torch. Don't wait. Write for Complete Information TODAY!  
Justrite Mfg. Co., Dept. 164, Chicago, Ill.  
2061-61 Southport Ave.

## BE A RADIO EXPERT

Learn at Home—Make Good Money

Many men I trained at home in spare time make \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many make \$5, \$10, \$15 a week extra in spare time while learning. Illustrated 64-page book points out Radio's opportunities, also how you can learn to be a Radio Expert through my practical 50-50 method of training. Television training is included. Money Back Agreement given. Mail coupon today. Get book FREE.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8DS9,  
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio" FREE. (Please write plainly.)

AGE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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

**Closing Out—Automatics  
& Shot-32 cal. No. 667**

Fine blued finish; accurate hard shooting; well constructed; smooth working; good quality. Pocket size, 5½" overall; wt. 25 oz. \$7.95  
 32 Cal. Colonial Military Model 10 shot, 6½" overall; wt. 30 oz. Price now \$8.95



25 Cal. German Automatics. Finest made: 7 shot Vest Pocket size; "Zehna"—\$9.95; Schmeisser—\$10.95. Holders Open 75c; Flap—\$1.25; Shoulder—\$1.75. Ammunition—25 cal.—85c; 32 cal.—75c per box of 25. \$2 Deposit required on C.O.D.'s.  
 None sold to minors. Bargain Catalog, S. & W., Coits, Rifles, Police Goods, Badges, Air Guns, Telescopes, etc. Send no stamp.  
**LEE SALES CO. (Dept. DG) 35 West 32nd St., New York City**

**UP TO \$32.50 IN A WEEK  
IN ADVANCE**

**HOSE for Your Personal Use Sent With Outfit**

HERE'S QUICK WAY to get the cash you need. Supply amazing hosiery (men's, women's, children's). Guaranteed to wear without holes, snags or runs for as long as HALF YEAR or will be replaced FREE. *Florida gives us bonus.* Grace Wilber earned \$37.10 in 9 hours, received 3 new cars. Mr. Poirer earned \$127.00 in 6 days. Send penny postal for quick starting offer. NOW!  
**WILKNIT HOSIERY CO., Dept. 15-D Greenfield, Ohio**

**GET A JOB in SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION**  
 TRAIN WITH FORMER G-MEN  
 One of the world's most highly endorsed trainings. Supervised by former G-Men quickly puts students in direct line for BIG PAY Positions. FREE BOOK with full particulars sent to those over 17 years of age. Scientific Crime Detection Institute of America, Inc., J. T. Burdette, Pres., Dept. 908, C&O Bldg., Huntington, W.Va.

**High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares you for entrance to college. Standard H. S. texts supplied — Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.  
**American School, Dept. H-449, Drexel at 58th, Chicago**

**Gamblers Secrets Exposed**

Cards 4 new ways to read 'em. Kray Ceethru know 1st, 2nd and 3rd without taking card off top. Dice Misers Passers. Quit losing. Send \$1.00 for new book "BEAT THE CHEAT." Invisible card ink. Slot Machine. Punchboard exposes. Add 25 cents for 1938 catalog. Send \$1.25 to **JOHNSON EXPOSES, Box 2488-P, Kansas City, Mo.**

**GUITAR**

**HAMANN INSTITUTE OF MUSIC, 3018 N. 24th Pl., Dept. 4, Milwaukee, Wis.**

**ASTHMA**

**W. K. STERLINE, 610 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, OHIO**

**FREE BOOK RAISE GIANT FROGS**  
 WE BUY! Good prices year round! Other markets waiting for all you can ship. Get ready now for spring eggs. Start small pond, creek, lowland. Free book shows sketch. Send no money. Postcard brings special offer to beginners. **American Frog Canning Co. (Dept. 185-D), New Orleans, La.**

**WANTED - MEN**  
 to cast 6 and 10c Novelties, Toy Autos, Ashtrays, etc. Can be done in any spare room and no experience is necessary. A rare opportunity to devote spare or full time to profitable work. Apply only if over 21.  
**METAL CAST PRODUCTS CO., Dept. T 1696 Boston Road New York, N. Y.**

**Classified Advertising**

**Agents Wanted**

Imagine a Rotary Slicing Machine at unbelievable price of \$14.95. Sells on sight to every Restaurant, Luncheonette, Roadstand, Grocer, etc. Slices Ham, Bacon, Meats, Bread, etc. Two sales daily pay you \$100 week. Write **GENERAL SLICING, Dept. P, 100 South Third Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**Aviation**

**AVIATION APPRENTICES. GOOD PAY—BIG FUTURE.** Write immediately, enclosing stamp. Mechanix Universal Aviation Service, Strathmoor Station, Dept. U-2, Detroit, Michigan.

**Correspondence Courses**

500,000 USED CORRESPONDENCE COURSES and Educational Books. Sold. Rented. Exchanged. All subjects. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cash paid for used courses. Complete details and bargain catalog FREE. Send name. **Nelson Company, 3215 Manhattan Building, Chicago.**

**Detectives**

Become a **SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTIVE.** Write International Secret Service Institute, PP-48, Hoboken, N. J.

**Educational & Instruction**

**FOREST JOBS AVAILABLE \$125-175 MONTH.** Cabin, hunt, trap, patrol. Qualify immediately. Write **Rayson Service, C-62, Denver, Colo.**

1938 **GOVERNMENT JOBS, \$105—\$175 month.** Prepare immediately for next examinations. Particulars free. **Franklin Institute, Dept. N37, Rochester, N. Y.**

**LEARN TOOL, DIE, MACHINIST WORK, SCREW MACHINES.** Booklet "B" FREE. Allied School, 615-W Lake, Chicago.

**Farms for Sale**

**STROUTS NEW SPRING CATALOG—Lists over 1500 farms and highway bargains.** Free. **STROUT AGENCY, 265-ZE Fourth Ave., New York City.**

**Old Money Wanted**

\$5.00 to \$2,500.00 paid for rare coins. Send 15c for 1938 newest 36 page illustrated coin buying book. **Charles Fisher, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.**

Big Prices Paid For Certain Wanted Coins. 1909 cent \$10.00, some silver Dollars \$4000, 1864-1865 Indian Head cents \$100.00 each, dimes before 1895—\$600, liberty head nickels before 1914—\$500, encased postage stamps, some large pennies \$2000, half cents—\$275.00, paper money, gold dollars \$1500, foreign coins \$165, some worth \$6000 each. You may have coins for which we pay big premiums. Therefore send 15c today for 1938 big illustrated coin book for certain wanted coins. **National Coin Corporation (52) Daytona Beach, Florida.**

**Patents**

**INVENTORS—Time counts—Don't risk delay in patenting your invention.** Write for new 48-Page FREE booklet, "Patent Guide for the Inventor." No charge for preliminary information. **Clarence A. O'Brien and Hyman Beriman, Registered Patent Attorneys, 16-P Adams Building, Washington, D. C.**

**Poems—Songwriters**

Songwriters: Interesting Proposition. Write: **PARAMOUNT SONG-RECORDING STUDIO, L-20, Box 190, Hollywood, Calif.**

**SONG POEMS WANTED—any subject.** Send best poem today for offer. **RICHARD BROS., 30 Woods Bldg., Chicago.**

**SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC.** Free examination. Send poems to **McNeil, Bachelor of Music, 4153 A South Van Ness, Los Angeles, Calif.**

**POEM WRITERS, SONGWRITERS—Send for free Rhythming Dictionary, Songwriters' Guide.** Submit best poems, melodies today for bonafide, superior offer. **MMM Publishers, Dept. 33A, Portland, Oregon.**

**U. S. Stamps Wanted**

**CASH for unused U. S. Stamps at 90% face value.** **Plymouth, 152 West 42nd, New York.**



GEE what a build!  
Didn't it take a long  
time to get those muscles?

No SIR! - ATLAS  
Makes Muscles Grow  
Like Magic!

# Will You Give Me 7 Days to PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

**LET ME START SHOWING YOU RESULTS LIKE THESE**

**5 inches of new Muscle**

"After ONE WEEK my arms increased 1 1/2 in., chest 2 1/2 in., forearm 7/8 in., and I have gained 4 lbs."—C. S. W., Va.

**What a difference!**

"Started a week ago. Have put 3 1/2 in. on chest (normal) and 2 1/2 in. expanded."—F. S., N. Y.

**Here's what ATLAS did for ME!**

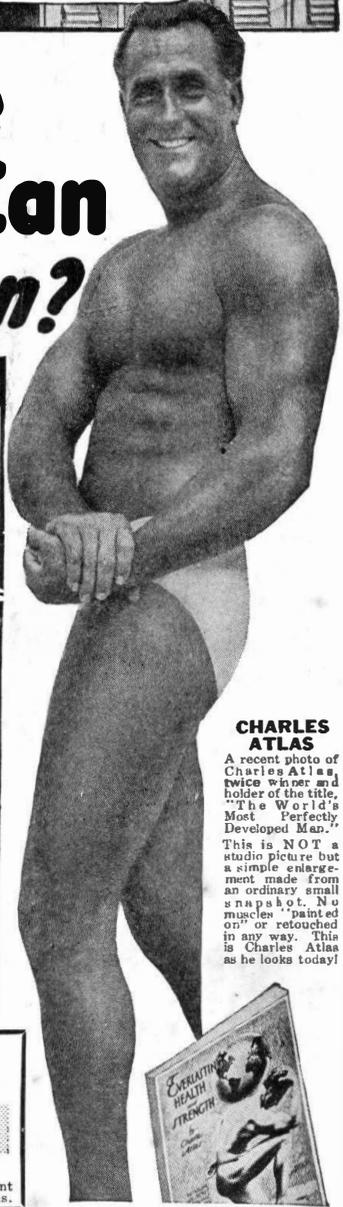
**John Jacobs BEFORE**      **John Jacobs AFTER**

**For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot of wonderful progress. Certainly recommend you for quick results!"—W. G., N. J.

**GAINED 29 POUNDS**

"Your method gives long, smooth muscle. When I started, weighed only 141. Now weigh 170."—T. K., N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS**  
A recent photo of Charles Atlas, twice winner and holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." This is NOT a studio picture but a simple enlargement made from an ordinary small snapshot. No muscles "painted on" or retouched in any way. This is Charles Atlas as he looks today!

## 7-Day TRIAL OFFER

I could fill this whole magazine with enthusiastic reports from OTHERS. But what you want to know is—"What can Charles Atlas do for ME?"

Find out—at my risk! Right in first 7 days I'll start to PROVE I can turn YOU into a man of might and muscle. And it will be the kind of PROOF you (and anyone else) can SEE, FEEL, MEASURE with a tape!

My FREE BOOK tells about my amazing 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER—an offer no other instructor as ever DARED make! If YOU want smashing strength, big muscles, glowing health—I'll show you results QUICK!

### FREE BOOK

I myself was once a 97-pound weakling—sickly, half-alive. Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." And I twice won—against all comers—the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"!

I have no use for apparatus. "Dynamic Tension" ALONE (right in your own home) will start new inches of massive power pushing out your chest—build up your shoulders to champion huskiness—put regular mountains of muscle on your biceps—free you of constipation, pimples—make those stomach muscles of yours hard ridges!

Make me PROVE it! Gamble a postage stamp. Send coupon for my FREE BOOK AT ONCE! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 834, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

**Sterling Silver Cup Being Given Away**  
This valuable cup, of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base. I will award it, engraved, to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months.



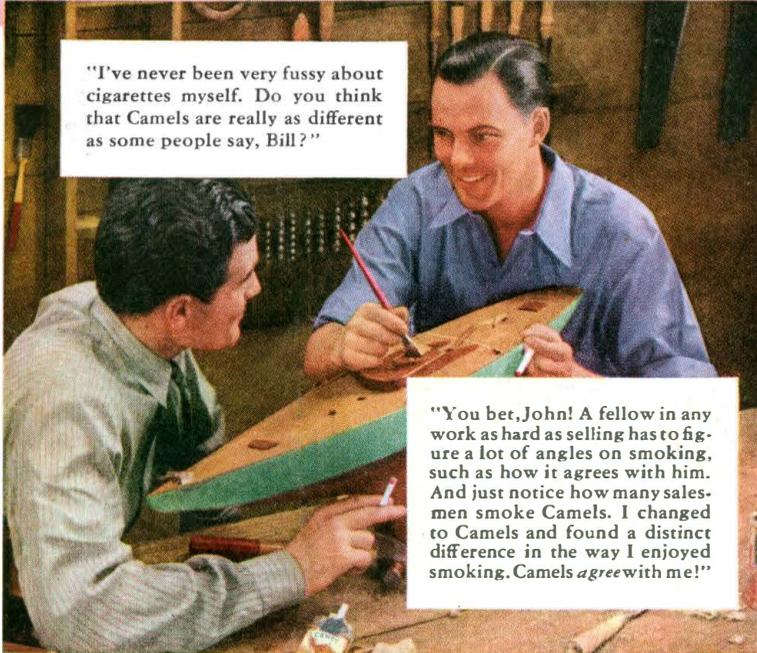
**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 834,  
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**

I want proof that DYNAMIC TENSION will make a new man of me—gave me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....  
(Please print or write plainly)  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

# "Are Camels Really different from other Cigarettes?"

A QUESTION OF INTEREST TO EVERY SMOKER



"I've never been very fussy about cigarettes myself. Do you think that Camels are really as different as some people say, Bill?"

"You bet, John! A fellow in any work as hard as selling has to figure a lot of angles on smoking, such as how it agrees with him. And just notice how many salesmen smoke Camels. I changed to Camels and found a distinct difference in the way I enjoyed smoking. Camels agree with me!"

... H. W. DALY, 34, rayon salesman, and millions of other steady smokers say: "Camels are really different." Camels are preferred by the largest body of smokers ever known.



**A KISS FROM MARITA** (Mrs. Daly) and Bill is off to his job. The Dalys agree about Camels. Mrs. Daly smoked them first. "Now it's Camels with both of us," she says.

**A FRIEND DROPS IN.** Daly passes the Camels and answers a question: "Steady smoking is the test that shows Camels in a class by themselves. Camels don't make my nerves 'edgy.'"



**MARITA'S PLANNING** a grand feed. "We enjoy entertaining," she says. "I like plenty of Camels at the table. Camels cheer up one's digestion. They even cheered up Bill's disposition."



**ON WEEK-ENDS,** Bill's a camera fan. On week days he "pounds the streets." "When I get tired," he says, "I get a quick 'lift' with a Camel."



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE  
**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**  
 IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE  
**LARGEST-SELLING**  
 CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

A matchless blend of finer—  
 MORE EXPENSIVE  
 TOBACCOS—  
 Turkish and Domestic

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. **"Camels agree with me"**