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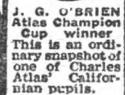
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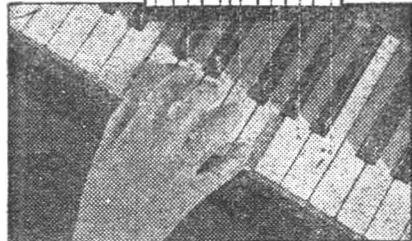
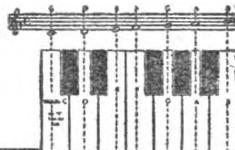


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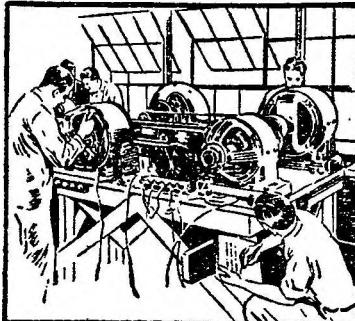
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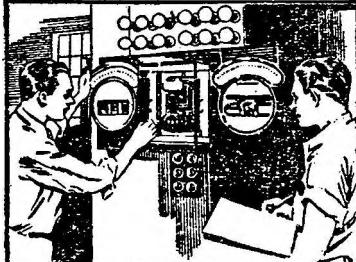
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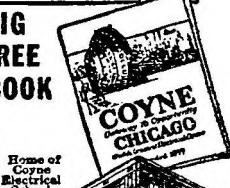


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NO USE dodging facts!

At times—in every company's history—the pay-roll goes onto the operating table for major surgery.

And when such times come, certain employees are amputated—sometimes a few, sometimes many.

Yet a certain few are always marked "OK-Must Keep!" And the many who are let out envy them—all call them "lucky."

What's Behind Job-Holding "Luck"?

It can be *proved*, however, that there's almost always something more than luck involved.

Even the fellow who seems to "have a drag" may actually have a lot more on the ball than is apparent to his fellow workers.

He may have hidden values that only his superiors see or know about.

After all, the "I-Gotta-Drag-Club" has taken a bad licking. In fact, it rather completely disbanded in 1932-1933.

Yet why is it that some employees hold their jobs at the very time when others of seemingly *equal* ability lose theirs?

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And there is one!

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BONNY SHANNON, in blue lace one shade darker than her eyes, stood on the wide stone steps, smiling stiffly. She smiled until the wedding party, in a blaze of horn-blowing, had turned the corner of Fifth Avenue and dropped out of sight.

Then her lips dissolved into a crimson pout; and Shep Condon, looking extremely effective in formal morning attire, piloted her back into the reception room. It was

still over-flowing with a conglomerate assembly of chattering, punch-drinking guests.

"Grandmother Everette would certainly come back and haunt me," Bonny said, her glance slipping across the crowd to her Grandmother's favorite easy chair by the window, "if she could see her home today, and—and me in it, playing hostess, at so much a head, to homeless brides." Bitter-



by
**MARY
FRANCES
MORGAN**

ness touched Bonny's usually blithe voice, and her thin shoulders, under a froth of curly dark hair, suddenly drooped.

"See here, young lady," Shep tilted her

*He raised up and glared at her.
"With the whole outdoors to aim at, why pick me for your target?" he demanded.*



chin up so that his teasing gaze could hold her eyes, "Confucious say 'Wedding Belles pay Bonny's bills'. What's more, your Grandmother's only worry about leaving you this white elephant of a house was her fear that you'd *starve* to death in it. But did I let you? With your looks, and my brains," he grinned, "we're all set to get rich in short order. It's a sorry shindig that doesn't net us a cool hundred dollars. And if this free lay-out I'm planning to offer that penniless but so-social McDaniels gal hits the papers like I hope it will, before you know it we'll be playing Lohengrin to the Social Register instead of shop girls, and then—"

"Oh, I know. I know, Shep." Bonny looked about her with vague discontent. "And I *am* grateful to you, truly, but—but it just isn't any fun. I mean—"

She looked down, confused. How could she tell Shep that a pretty girl can get mighty tired of planning other girls' weddings, with no prospects in sight of her own? That seeing a daily procession of blushing brides, sharing ecstatic plans, and ordering punch and wedding veils wholesale could make one feel pretty dismal, come evening, with nothing on one's hands but time and a bank book.

Why, the only men she ever met were all wrapped up to be delivered, and so much in love that they never even saw her. What good did her curly brown hair and wide blue eyes do her when she was never anything but a part of the scenery, along with the ferns and candelabra? Sometimes she thought a Funeral Home would be preferable to a Wedding Home!

"If—you think it would be fun," Shep laughed indulgently, "perhaps I could interest you in a wedding of your own. I am a man, you know, plus an asset or two, and I—"

"And you *have* a cash register for a heart," Bonny snapped. "Oh, Shep, you're all right, I guess," she amended, lamely, "but I've been exposed to too much love

to go overboard for anything less than a genuine, twenty-four carat, kiss-on-delivery romance."

"Look, Bonny," his voice lost its mocking note as his eyes went up and down her slim, neatly dressed figure. "You're just tired. You *have* been working hard—and dressed in black ever since your Grandmother died. Why don't you blow yourself to some swell new clothes and take a swank vacation? Havana, or Bermuda, or Hawaii or—"

Suddenly Bonny's face brightened and lights went on behind her eyes. "Hawaii!" she breathed reverently. "New clothes, new scenes, new—people. Shep, you're a genius!"

"**H**AWAII'S magic, Kauai, Oahu, Lanai—Hawaii! Just the name is 'Sesame' to a vividly gorgeous kaleidoscope of thought. Your mind drifts into gay imaginings . . . you catch a whiff of fragrant jasmine, or ginger, swirling in sea-cooled zephyrs, cutting through the bright waves of an enchanted sea o'er the fabulous islands of Aloha—"

Bonny dropped the Hawaii Tourist Bureau volume into the expensive bright yellow lap of her imported bathing suit, and wiggled five brown toes discontentedly in Waikiki's creamy sands. A single tear, which she had held in leash with dogged optimism for six sunny days, splashed consolately down her cheek.

Beautiful, she thought dismally. Sure. Too *damned* beautiful. Beautiful dance floors and no one to dance with. Beautiful golf links and no one to play with. A few tactfully hotel-sponsored bridge games with decrepit bankers and moth eaten dowagers whose daughters romped off with all the detached males on the horizon. Tours, eternal tours, cramped in beside ecstatic school teachers, hell-bent on statistics and glibly intent on discussing the rare native flora.

"The trouble with me," Bonny thought

darkly, "is that I don't make any pretenses. Who's going to look twice at a working girl in a place that's just crawling with heiresses?"

A second tear trickled down, and a third.

"Hawaii, aloha—HELL!" Bonny said aloud, her growing resentment bursting into sound for the sheer pleasure of hearing her own rebellious voice. And with a wham she slung the book across the sand.

Then she sat very still as a muffled curse rose over the echoing "wham" and the close whisper of the waves. Her eyes went toward a mound of sand nearby, from out of which a tumbled red head was solemnly rearing, angry gray eyes with sand-fringed lashes blinking at her from a tanned and indignant face.

"*Aloha hell, yourself!*" growled the voice that went with the face. "Look, with the sky and the sea and the whole damned beach to aim at, why, may I ask, did you have to pick me for your target?"

"Oh, crawl back in your hole." Bonny's eyes flashed danger signals through the mist of hot tears. "When I want a fight with a crawfish, I'll look you up. Right now I'm in a better mood to take on Joe Louis."

She scrambled to her feet and reached for her beach-robe, but the mound of sand, falling apart and revealing some six feet of tanned and vigorous manhood, beat her to it.

"Allow me," he draped the robe about her gallantly, then asked, his tones wavering between incredulity and sympathy, "So you're not enjoying yourself? That's the trouble with you idle rich. Everything bores you."

Bonny jerked her head about and stared at him.

"Well, don't look so surprised," he lectured. "You've got it coming. Girls like you need to get told off now and then. If you'd got a couple of spankings when you were a kid—"

"But I—"

"Don't argue with me!" he cut in. "You can't fool me. I can't stand bored women. And you're too young to be bored. Look at all the people worse off than you are—then—but what's the use? We won't get anywhere arguing. Besides, I'm here to recuperate from an acute attack of social sour grapes, and it's not going to do any good to start taking it out on you. I'm sorry. Can I prove it by behaving my very best when I take you to dinner tonight?"

Bonny smiled a little secret smile. Without a single lie, she'd managed to turn the trick. She swung along, her hair a dark banner lifted by an off shore breeze, and did her best to keep her voice from betraying her excitement.

"I'm awfully sorry," she managed to lie valiantly, "but I'm engaged for dinner this evening."

She let the words trail off, drizzling indifference, and walked away—chipping an encouraging edge from her smile and flinging it back at him over a striped shoulder.

But all the way to the Hotel, she was thrillingly conscious of being followed. Perhaps, she thought, while dressing for dinner, tomorrow there'd be a follow-up. She'd wear her new peaked, floppy brimmed hat down to the beach, and that cunning ensemble she'd bought at a little shop on Kalakaua Avenue.

Shep's wire, crammed with the success and publicity of the McDaniels' wedding, and reminding Bonny of an approaching June calendar, was already forgotten on her dressing table. The future was suddenly filled with more exciting things than other peoples' weddings—maybe.

"AREN'T you going to introduce us?" A man's voice asked quietly, during Bonny's lonesome dinner.

She looked up, sharply, from her avocado salad and nearly strangled when she saw the young man of the sand mound, scrubbed and altogether fetching in crisp white lin-

ens. He stood leaning over her table, gray eyes crinkled with amusement.

"In—introduce who?" she asked, attempting a smile.

"Why us. Me and the little man who isn't there. My name's Chick Hanley. Say, he's quite a charming sort of fellow. Quite." He pulled a chair around close to hers, and slid into it. He smiled into her eyes, but Bonny's cheeks were bright banners of indignation.

"If you mean to insinuate that I didn't have an engagement for dinner—" she began hotly.

"I mean to insinuate only that you turned me down because you're too snooty to unbend. Oh, I know your sort, so I won't stay mad. Look," his voice grew confidential, the gray eyes stopped smiling. "I wonder if just maybe Hawaii couldn't be fun if we both broke down and decided to give it a chance?"

Bonny avoided his eyes. "Maybe," she said.

"Then finish that silly looking salad and let's go dancing together. What about the Waikiki Terrace?"

Bonny had a hard time containing her excitement at the thought. Under a canopy of palms and colorful awnings between the Royal Hawaiian and the sea, she'd strolled by the Terrace only last night—and wished passionately to be part of the gay beach social life if only for an hour. It seemed—why, with a good looking escort like Chick Hanley, it seemed positively too good to be true! Dressed in a gay plaid bolero and a wide sweeping white skirt that had put a disastrous dent in her bank account, she danced to the plaintive Island music of *My Malihini and Me*.

Bonny thought, "Something's happened to Hawaii. Now it's like the Tourist Books say it is. Now it's real and exciting and—now you're being a fool," a small pygmy of conscience told her. "You hardly *know* the man."

But she promptly decided to do something to remedy that.

"What do you do for a living?" she asked, conversationally, when Chick helped her onto a tall stool before the bar. "Or—are you just a playboy?"

For a long moment he was intent on the skiddy olive in his Martini. Then he said, elaborately casual—"I can't say I like the name playboy. But—"

"Well, at least you're a good dancer," Bonny said, fighting the let-down. She'd have sworn Chick was a hard working, energetic, or an engineering foreman, or at least an office manager—helping himself to glamour in big chunks while on vacation.

"Moreover, I'm fair at tennis, can golf, handle a mean surf-board and—well, could I by any chance interest you in the mutual killing of a couple of hours tomorrow?"

"Why not?" Bonny slid off the stool and into his arms as the orchestra swung into action. "After all, it's either *you*, or another tour!" Propped in bed against a pile of fluffy boudoir pillows, Bonny, too excited to go to sleep, wrote a letter to Shep, explaining that he'd have to get along without her for a while longer.

"I'm having much too much fun to return," she explained. "And thanks awfully for the grand idea. Hawaii is Heaven. Danced at the Waikiki Terrace tonight, and am going outriggering tomorrow. Never had such a good time in my life."

She hesitated, signed her name, then wrote:

"P.S. His name is Chick Hanley."

THE next day began by being blue and cloudless and perfect. Perched on the white balcony rail off the Hotel veranda, the wind whipping up from the tawny sands and buffeting her hat brim against her cheek, Bonny viewed the vista beyond the celebrated Banyan Court, to the misty distances of the mountains and on up the beach to the lava ramparts of Diamond Head.

"A lei for your thoughts," Chick, in white slacks and an amazing lightning striped shirt, greeted her.

"I wasn't thinking," Bonny laughed up at him, stars bright in her eyes. "I was too busy being happy."

"You see?" he exulted. "We are having fun. What did I tell you?" The days passed, five, six of them. Lunching in huts of native grass, serenaded by the nearby song of the surf, strolling through the verdant parks, beneath huge banyans, flame trees and tulip trees, the daylight hours crammed with gay excursions into mountain retreats with breath taking views, and to coral tinted beaches. Golfing at Waialae, boating at Pearl Harbor and Kaneohe Bay. Dancing in the moonlight, laughing, living. And yet— Try as she would, Bonny could never break down Chick's always pleasant, always charming aloofness. He was a past master at steering the conversation around and away from himself. Except that he was twenty-eight, that his parents had died when he was a child, and that he made his home in New York City, Bonny was, on the sixth day, as much in the dark about the real Chick, and what made him tick, as ever.

IT WAS on the sixth night, watching the moon rise and bathe the beach in magic whiteness, caught up by the slow, rhythmic pound of the sea on the sand, that, quite suddenly, quite unexpectedly, Bonny found herself close in Chick's arms.

She could have drawn away. She could have protested, or even hinted her reluctance. But she didn't. The air was warm and fragrant with the scent of a million night-blooms. Lights from the beach club studded the darkness with a star-like beauty, and the sea, lapping lazily against the shore, made a soothing, swishy sound. But Bonny heard nothing save the thumping of her own excited, suddenly hopeful heart.

His arms drew her firmly closer against the lean strength of him, and then, word-

lessly, their lips met in a sweet, flooding ecstasy—and Bonny's heart was singing to the tune of the wind on the water, "He loves me! Now He'll tell me that he loves me."

But when he released her, looking up. Bonny saw that his lips were a thin straight line in his face. His eyes were dark and unreadable.

"I wish," he said levelly, "that I hadn't done that. But you—will forgive me, won't you?"

"Forgive you, Chick?" Bonny said, resolutely controlling her voice. "Why, of course, but—"

"Let's not say anything else, please, my dear. Just that I'm sorry. And—well, if I hadn't very definitely made up my mind about something, I might have gone so far as to make love to you, but—"

"But—but what, Chick?" Bonny begged. pride holding back the tears.

"Just that we'd better say goodbye, here and now; and believe me, Bonny, it has been swell knowing you. Had things been different—" He broke off, and strode away toward the clubhouse, leaving Bonny there, standing on the sand staring after him. Her lips still tingled with the afterglow of his kiss, her heart still pounded in her breast. And something that had nothing to do with pride held heartbreak in leash and told her, "It isn't over. It can't be!"

"I'll see him tomorrow," she resolved. "I'll find out why he said what he did. And, no matter what it is, we'll find a way."

Strangers, she reasoned, can't be in love. It's all the little every-day things that foster true love. Perhaps if she told him all about herself, explained about *Weddings, Incorporated*, about her work and her hopes, things would clear up between them. Something, she knew, had made him unsure of himself. Perhaps, the thought struck her, he was poor? And his belief that she was an heiress was holding him back? If only it could be something so simple!

Her mind was whirling with conjectures

when Shep's Special Delivery letter arrived. Impatiently, immersed in her own troubles, she ripped it open, her eyes skidding negligently down the page.

"You've got to come back, Bonny," he pleaded. "I can't swing Charlene Davies' wedding without you. She's a problem child if ever there was one. She had a blow-up with her whole family, and that's how come we fell heir to the wedding. *Rich* doesn't begin to describe her. This alone will make us, but I can't do it without your help. So be a good guy and take the next Clipper home, won't you?"

Bonny was about to drop the letter into the wastebasket and get back to her own thoughts when she noticed something else . . .

"Will Hawaii still be Heaven when your *Big Moment* sails back for his wedding? Or didn't I tell you? The groom for the above set-up is Chick Hanley. You can check from the enclosed pic if he is the same one."

With trembling fingers Bonny shook the envelope and a newspaper picture fell into her lap. She picked it up and Chick's face smiled back at her until it began to dim and bob and dance away in the blur before her eyes.

So—so that was it! What a fool she'd been. Why hadn't she guessed? He'd done everything but *tell* her.

"Oh, Chick, Chick," she sobbed, falling across the bed in a crumpled heap, and crushing the clipping in her hand. "How could you?"

SHEP was at the airport to meet the Clipper, and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"Welcome home, Beautiful," he greeted her. "Wait 'til you hear about how things are humming. Last month we made more money than any other month since—"

"Tell me later, please, Shep," she said, relaxing in the taxi beside him. "Right now, I'm just tired."

"*You tired?*" Shep snorted. "Then what do you think I am? I haven't been romping around Hawaii for the past two weeks. I've been busy turning out more raw material for Reno. Wait till you meet that Davies damsel. You talk about a handful. She's got more temperament per square inch than—"

"What's she look like?" Bonny asked, over the swift pain in her heart.

"Does it matter when a girl has a cool million in her own name? But she's got her share of looks, has Charlene. Big green eyes and a sort of saucy nose and—"

"*He's* good-looking, too," said Bonny, in a small voice.

"So Charlene tells me."

"Did she—tell you anything else about him? I mean, about—well, who he is, and how they happened together?"

"Yeh. She said something about how he nearly took the count a while back when his best girl ditched him for some rich old geezer. He'd been a hard working fellow, did publicity work and saved all his money for a home. It hit him below the belt and that, I took it, was where Charlene stepped into the picture. Well, to make a long story short, their wedding's due for tomorrow. Did I tell you about the cake? It's a honey?"

Bonny listened—or tried to. But there was a lump in her throat that she couldn't, didn't even try to swallow. Shep went on talking, explaining, enthusing.

"Beautiful," he said, reaching for Bonny's hand, "something tells me we've struck the jack-pot at last. What about you and me making our business association permanent in a good old-fashioned, sentimental way?"

"No thanks, Shep," Bonny said. "Believe it or not, I'm *still* holding out for the real thing." The big house on the Avenue was humming with preparations for Charlene Davies' wedding. Caterers underfoot, decorators hanging from every chandelier, maids scurrying about.

Bonny, her temples thudding, but her head high and her shoulders squared, waited in the reception room to make final arrangements with the bride-to-be.

She was busy rubbing rouge on her pale give-away lips when the sound of voices in the hall outside came to her. Shep's voice, placating, earnest, and a woman's, shrill, piercing and pitched to near-hysteria. Bonny hurried to the door.

Charlene Davies, looking much too beautiful in her sleek black suit and lavish silver foxes, turned to glare through angry tears at Bonny.

"Is there anything I—can do?" Bonny asked.

"DO? DO?" Charlene swung toward her. "You can dump my wedding cake in the river, that's what you can do," she shrilled. "And send a reception committee with a machine gun to Grand Central to welcome that honor-struck, conscience-bound Chick Hanley. Oh, if I could get my hands on him! Writing me from Hawaii to say that he decided he'd never be satisfied unless he could love and support and care for the woman he marries. And after all I've done for him—"

Her voice seethed with the injustice of it. "Sold him on the idea of giving up his stuffy old job, told him he'd never have to work again or save again. Suppose he did go away telling me not to consider us engaged until he got things straight in his own mind. What mind?" She began to weep violently. "W-when a g-girl has to p-play second fiddle to a m'man's mind, she must be s-slipping!"

"There, Charlene, my dear, don't cry," Shep murmured.

And Bonny said, "Don't you think it's much better he got things straight in his mind before your marriage than after?"

"I d-don't g-give a hoot about his mind, or our m-marriage," she wailed. "Th-think of my b-beautiful wedding dress. I'll be r-ruined. I'll b-be a laughing stock. Oh, Shep," she went into his arms with a

strangled sound. "You've been so kind and thoughtful. C-can't *you* help me think of s-some way to save my face?"

"Couldn't you marry some other man?"

Shep suggested eagerly, smoothing back her hair. "Surely a beautiful girl like you, so lovely and generous—"

ATER that evening, waiting for the train that would bring Chick back from the coast, Bonny had to smile remembering the picture of Charlene in Shep's arms. Shep had waited a lifetime for a chance like that. But even while she smiled, her thoughts turned to Chick, and in the wide tweed pocket of her coat, two small fingers were prayerfully crossed.

The Main Level of Grand Central, crowded with the outpouring of the San Francisco Special, whirled and danced before Bonny's eyes as she sought for Chick in the mob. One moment he was nowhere to be seen; and the next, in a shuffling of the scene, she caught a glimpse of his head. Holding her breath, she pressed forward until she was close enough to call his name.

Their eyes met, and locked. Chick's face, first registering surprise, lighted with a smile. But only for a moment. Presently, the same dark look that Bonny had seen on his face their last night together at Waikiki took its place.

"Bonny," he said, when at length they were together. "How did you know? I mean, what are you doing here?"

"Charlene told me when you'd arrive," she said, and hastened to explain away the amazement in his eyes. "You see, I met Charlene—"

"Bonny, please," he said, wearily. "Why you're here or how you knew doesn't matter. I've sworn off rich women, so help me, for life. Except that I'd lost a couple of illusions all at once. I'd never have listened to Charlene at all. I'd be the most miserable man in the world married to her wealth. I know now that the only thing which really matters is one's self-respect.

ROMANTIC LOVE

I'm starting back to work at my old job tomorrow. And, believe me, Bonny, what I make on that job couldn't impress your friends."

So he still thought she was rich . . .

"But Chick," Bonny breathed. "I'm not even comfortably wealthy. It took every cent I'd saved in my life to *look* fairly expensive for two weeks in Hawaii. If you had any idea how hard I worked, trying to make a living by engineering weddings in the big house my grandmother left me! Charlene, you see, was to have been one of my brides—and from the looks of things going on between her and my business partner, when I just now left them—I wouldn't be surprised if she'll still be."

While she watched him, something poured over Chick's face that was more than just surprise and relief.

"One of your brides—" he said slowly,

gazing deep into Bonny's eyes. "Well, I'll be a—you mean you give weddings, furnish all the trappings and—"

"Rates come as low as fifty dollars," Bonny said innocently.

"And how long does it take to rig one up? I mean a swell one—the sort a girl's always dreamed about? The sort a fellow'd want to give the sweetest, grandest, most beautiful—" Chick paused, stumped for words. But Bonny wasn't stumped. Her eyes were shining when she said:

"We're running a deluxe Wedding Special just at present. It includes—"

"If it includes you," Chick grinned, "I'll take it."

And Bonny knew then, as Chick's arms went around her, that business could be fun. She started to say so, but Chick was speaking at the moment. In a language that has no use for words.

WILL YOU EVER LOVE ME?

*I have loved you since I met you,
You are ever on my mind;
When awake, or when I'm sleeping
I only hope the spell to bind.*

*My heart's heavy, life's a burden
Since I met and clasped your hand.
Darling, will you never love me?
Won't you ever understand?*

*Yes, you won me when you kissed me,
When you whispered soft good-night;
Then my heart to you was given—
In your arms you held me tight.*

*Those angry words, please forgive them,
They weren't meant to cut within;
Only a fit of angry passion—
You, I always hoped to win.*

*Now you are gone from me forever,
Those words drove you from my door.
This heart will forever love you
Though its love you may ignore.*

Revrey Wheeler.

PHONY DEB'

by MARCELLYN WELLS

SANDRA stood in the receiving line of the giant hotel ballroom, smiled, nodded and reiterated, "So nice of you to come," and "Yes, it is a lovely evening, isn't it?" and, "Aunt Abigail has spoken

How are you? You're certainly looking fit. Is your mother here? Sandra, darling, this is David Lane. His mother and I were chums at Vassar."

An eager brown hand gripped Sandra's.



of you so often, I feel I know you," until her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth and her throat felt like a solid rock.

"Isn't it ever going to end?" she whispered once to Mrs. Abigail Ralston.

"Patience, my dear," smiled the well-upholstered lady, and went on announcing: "Irene, I want you to meet my niece, Sandra Joy."

Irene Wilson's bright eyes seemed to look right through Sandra, giving her a chill. She looked away anxiously to see who was next. Her mechanical smile faded at sight of an impish grin, enhanced by a neat mustache, and glowing brown eyes in a face only a little less brown.

Aunt Abigail seized his hand. "Why, David, I didn't know you were in town!"

"Buck up, Miss Wax Model!" he whispered. "There's only a hundred more to go through the chute!" His eyes sparkled at her speechless amazement. "Don't think I'd have recognized you from your newspaper photographs. You're not half so formidable close up—just a kid made to act like a trained seal."

"No one asked for your opinion," she managed to articulate, steeling her voice.

"As a matter of fact," he confided, "I didn't know your aunt had a niece. Her only brother died a bachelor."

Sandra could not hide her dismay. What if Abigail Ralston were trapped, bringing the farce to an end! But the white-haired woman was ready.

"Didn't you hear, David? He was secret-

Like a Wax Marionette, She Moved as They Wanted Her To

ly married in Austria," she imparted, with just the right degree of casualness. "I didn't dream—not until his wife wrote. You don't know how wonderful it is, having a niece—"

"Hurry, David!" interrupted Irene Wilson petulantly. "You're holding up the line."

"Coming." He pressed Sandra's slim white hand again. "Save a couple of dances, little manikin! You and I have a romance to work out."

"Impudent!" sniffed Aunt Abigail before the next couple advanced. "But awfully rich and prominent. Perhaps you really should know him. We better ask Tom, though."

"But he's impossible!" Sandra whispered between clenched teeth—and she wasn't speaking of Tom! His hand had left hers tingling. The look in his eyes made her breathless. It was almost like being rudely kissed. But as other guests came forward she forced herself to smile.

"So nice of you to come," she murmured absently, as familiar or strange people filed by into the ballroom where a famous dance band presided. She did not hear the strains of sweet and swing music; her thoughts were elsewhere.

Miss Wax Model! What made him say that? And how had he guessed the truth—that her life was a meaningless routine, controlled by her publicity manager, Tom Murray, and her adopted Aunt Abigail?

FOR a year now, Lea Bradford had been Sandra Joy, glamorous society girl, wined and dined from New York to Los Angeles. It all went back to the time when she was discovered by Tom Murray in his search for a new girl to model and advertise the creations designed by Danielle.

Sandra had once modeled for commercial artists, between periods of living on coffee and doughnuts. And perhaps it was the lack of food that had given her the

fragile beauty that had attracted young Murray, when he had found her in Pershing Square, Los Angeles.

Lee Bradford's name had been changed to Sandra Joy and the proper setting for her debut into society was provided by a well known social leader, Abigail Ralston, a widow on the verge of bankruptcy. No one suspected that, of course, because the Danielle Company paid Mrs. Ralston for her services, and stalled off creditors.

After a month of coaching and training, Sandra had been presented as Abigail's convent-bred niece, at a lavish coming-out party. Her ethereal beauty and quiet manners were an instant sensation. Tom Murray saw to it her picture appeared in society columns at least once a week. Then a national debutante contest, secretly sponsored by Danielle, was launched. A month later Sandra was declared the winner and received a gold loving cup, and the title of Glamor-Girl Number I.

Sandra often had to pinch her arm to convince herself she had once lived in a backwoods cabin in northern Washington. It hardly seemed possible her father had died in poverty two years ago. It was soon easy to believe she had been born Sandra Joy; had spent her childhood in a French convent.

"Thank Heavens, this is over!" sighed Aunt Abigail, when the line of guests came to an end. "But you, poor child, will have to dance."

Sandra shrugged. "They'd hardly miss me if I did slip out."

Abigail Ralston patted the girl's bare shoulder above the wave of pink seafoam tulle. "Remember, you only have another year—then you can do as you choose, and live your own life."

The iris blue eyes narrowed. "What if I can't stand another year? It—it's like living in a show window."

The white-gloved hand tightened on the diamond-studded wrist. "Don't you dare let me down! If the truth leaks out I'm

ruined! You must keep your head and see this through, not only for me but for Tom. He has a vile temper when aroused."

Sandra sighed and turned toward the crowded ballroom.

"May I have this, Sandra?" Bob Page, red-headed Harvard man, claimed her and swept her out into the gay throng. He smiled attentively.

"Why are you so inaccessible?" he asked. "I've been trying to date you for months. Don't you go anywhere but receptions and proms?"

"I don't have much time," she evaded sweetly, ignoring the pressure of his arm around her waist. She could not tell him there was a clause in her contract that forbade marriage for two years and that it was best not to encourage a romance she could not finish.

SOMEONE tapped Bob's shoulder and she was relinquished to another pair of masculine arms, only to be surrendered to still another. This continued until it seemed she had been dancing for hours. Finally she caught sight of David Lane's erect head, as he was plowing his way through the sea of bright chiffons and sober Tuxedos.

"This is mine," David interrupted, tapping the shoulder of Sandra's partner. Then he took her into his arms and held her close.

"You don't believe in waiting on ceremony," she said icily.

"Been trying to catch up with the charming manikin all night. But there were three girls my sister insisted I dance with. Of course no one would cut in."

"Don't call me manikin!" she stormed.

"And don't tighten up or you'll miss a step," he retorted. "I'm no bogey man. You've got to get used to dancing with me. I like dancing and we'll probably go out lots after we're married." His brown eyes sparkled.

She stumbled. "Oh, we will!"

"Sure. By the way, do you like fishing?" Sandra missed another step. "Fishing! Why?"

"I thought we might go out in a live bait boat tomorrow."

She caught her breath. Was he making fun of her?

"I've been on yachts. Evil-smelling, old fishing scows don't interest me. Why don't you ask that pretty girl you brought tonight?"

"Irene? No, she's too conventional. But I know you're different," he insisted complacently.

"I wouldn't go to a White House ball with you."

"Yes you would—your press agent would see to that. Is nine too early? We want to have the whole day to ourselves."

Sandra was trembling with indignation. "I have an engagement," she managed to state without flying to pieces.

He shrugged. "Break it! It's only a fashion tea where you'd be 'oked' and 'ahed'. Much more fun bringing in a fighting barracuda. Swell publicity, too—having your picture taken with my catch. Outdoor girls will be buying Danielle clothes by the trunkfuls." A man tapped his shoulder but her relief was short-lived.

"Too bad, brother!" David sang out. "Can't you see we're busy getting engaged?"

"How dare you say that!" cried Sandra. "If it gets around the reporters will be swarming."

"That ought to suit you just dandy."

"Where are we going?" she demanded, discovering that he was dancing her through an arch.

"You're tired. You're going on the roof garden to rest."

"I'm not tired," she lied. But her feet in the tight, high-heeled slippers ached. Somehow she did not have the courage and strength to argue; besides, she had the strong suspicion it wouldn't do any good.

THEY WALKED down a tiled corridor into a narrow garden filled with heavy foliage and secluded benches. The bricks were still warm from the heat of the sun. Indirect lights softly illuminated the tinkling spray of a fountain. David chose a leather sofa, from where they could see the surrounding city lights.

Sandra sank down gratefully and leaned against the cushions.

"Suppose you tell me about yourself," he began in a softer tone.

She caught her breath. It was dangerous ground. She was supposed to have been born in Paris. What if he wanted to exchange European reminiscences? Better to steer into safer channels. Conscious he was watching, she realized she must say something.

"The place I remember best is a little lake," she began softly. "My father called it Lake Eiderdown, but I don't think that was the real name. We lived there quite a while—just Dad and I. He taught me to handle a canoe in the rapids, to shoot, and fish. Since he died I've been lost and never really happy." She touched the lovely pink sea foam gown. "He wouldn't know me this way," she faltered.

He took her hand. "I understand. Your father would be right—you don't belong here. Even your name doesn't fit you."

She gasped. "You mustn't say that!"

"Of course, I know Sandra Joy isn't your real name," he added. "It's obvious you've been hired by this *couturier*. Abigail Ralston was on the brink of bankruptcy when you appeared."

She looked at the stars that joined the city lights. She must pull herself together. Suppose what he had discovered reached a gossip column! Tom had often warned her.

David's arm went around her shoulder, his hand was warm against her soft skin. She knew she should withdraw but something held her.

"Sandra," he whispered, "I don't care

what your real name is—it doesn't matter. I know I've fallen in love. It happened tonight when I saw you standing in that tiresome line, an angel acting like an obedient child. A phony deb who wouldn't even want to be a real deb. No girl ever affected me this way."

Sandra listening in dawning wonder. Was this flippant young man in earnest? It had been easy to handle admirers until now, but he was utterly different. She was surprised to discover she was not sure she wanted to be rid of him, in spite of the fact that he was wise to her. Without warning he tilted back her head and kissed her parted lips.

"You mustn't!"

But his arms tightened. The second time his lips met hers in a compelling, lingering kiss, she could not say no. A force stronger than her own will held her. His kisses were irresistible, destroying the mask that was the glamorous Sandra Joy and reaching the real girl who was Lee Bradford. She forgot the no-romance clause and found herself returning his embrace with all the ardor of her lonely soul.

A star shot across the sky. "Our star, darling! It proves we were meant for each other," David declared softly.

She looked up, anxious to believe.

"I know just the place for our honeymoon," he continued, before she could catch her breath. "It's a little village in Mexico, where press agents and couturiers have never been. The peasants are friendly as children. They sing and dance in the street and will bring you flowers every morning."

She sighed. "Oh, David—it sounds heavenly!"

Suddenly a feminine high-pitched voice broke the stillness. "Sandra, where are you?"

"Aunt Abigail!" Sandra paled. "David!" she cried in a torrent of remorse, "we must forget tonight. We didn't mean what we were saying."

"Oh, there you are!" exclaimed the white-haired woman. "You shouldn't keep her out so long, David! Everyone's looking for her."

David Lane escorted them back to the ballroom. "Remember," he whispered to Sandra, "we're going fishing in the morning. Keep your chin up! Your kisses came from the heart. You can't deny it!" Then he slipped away.

"Sandra, what's the matter tonight?" demanded Aunt Abigail on the way home. "You're acting as though you were in a trance."

"Just tired."

"I don't think you should encourage David Lane," the older woman continued. "I learned something tonight. It seems he threw over his law course to study research—something about going to Mexico to experiment with a weed. Well, I can't say I blame his father for disinheriting him. Other young men would give their eye teeth for a junior partnership in the Lane law firm."

So David wanted to rebel too, Sandra thought. And he had the courage to oppose his parents and lead the life he wanted.

THE FISHING trip with David was grand, but the rest of the week followed the usual routine of social activities, despite the fact Sandra was pale and absent-minded.

As the days passed she became increasingly suspicious that David was not serious. He did not even telephone, and she dare not quiz the butler for fear of arousing Aunt Abigail, who had been furious about the fishing expedition.

Sandra was surprised when Tom Murry insisted on taking her everywhere. She noticed his sudden change of manner, too, that he was regarding her as an individual instead of a business proposition.

His keen grey eyes seemed to penetrate the inner recess of her mind, as they sat

at a table in a quiet restaurant. She realized how little she knew the good-humored, obliging young man who was responsible for her success.

"Wish I could spend every evening with you," he said softly. "I'm jealous of every man you meet. That's why I insisted on that no-romance clause, if you want the truth."

Sandra lowered her blue eyes. Surely it couldn't be possible that Tom, who had transformed a frightened half-starved girl into a glamorous debutante, could be in love with her!

"Oh, I know I should've told you," he continued. "But I wanted you to be established first, and now I'm afraid you'll fall for someone else. Please, darling, I want to marry you. I've been offered a job in Hawaii. You'd love living there."

Sandra groped for words. "I think a great deal of you, Tom," she said softly. "You're my best friend. But don't you think we would be foolish to let ourselves fall into a romance?"

She saw the look of surprise that filled his sensitive face and was filled with compassion.

The muscles of his mouth tensed. "So I'm only your best friend! Okay, Sandra, if you wish it that way."

The tone of his voice cut her like a knife. Too well she knew he had discovered a penniless little nobody whom he had coached and trained. She had taken his kindness for granted, allowing him to stay behind the scene and see that she attended the exclusive affairs where she could model Danielle gowns before moneyed women.

Tom was silent and hurt the rest of the evening. She wondered whether Aunt Abigail had told him of her interest in David Lane.

BUT SHE FORGOT the matter the next morning, when she received an invitation to a cocktail party from Irene Wilson.

"David will be there!" rang joyously through her ears. She accepted and marked the engagement down in her date book, the book Tom carefully checked to be certain her popularity was not waning.

She was taken by surprise when Tom called to take her to the Wilson home.

"I accepted, too, so I could go with you," he explained easily. Sandra hid her disappointment.

"I didn't know you two knew each other!" exclaimed Irene, when they arrived.

"It's time people were informed," countered Tom, his possessive eyes on Sandra.

Then Sandra saw David, watching her from across the room. Like a school boy making signals behind the teacher's back, he indicated she was to slip away from Tom and join him in the library.

"Sandra, is it really you!" David cried, when they were alone. She wished she could stop the radiance she knew was creeping up her cheeks.

"Don't move! I want to remember you just as you are." He stared at the blue velvet gown that enhanced her eyes and made her look like a *Velasquez infanta*.

"You had me invited," she accused, as he led her to a secluded corner.

He nodded. "I've been trying everything but climbing into your window. They certainly keep you well guarded."

A warm wave of happiness swept over Sandra. Then it wasn't his fault! His calls had been intercepted!

"I never felt so certain about anyone in my life as I do about you, darling," he was saying. "If I were an artist I could paint your portrait from memory."

"Oh, there you are!" cried Tom. "I trust I'm not intruding."

"No," Sandra found herself saying woodenly. Then she presented David.

"So you're the Danielle watch dog!" began David.

"Wish I knew what you're driving at!" retorted Tom stiffly.

David grinned. "You forget my mother's a friend of Sandra's bogus aunt. I did some investigating and found who was footing the bills."

"I don't discuss Sandra with men who can't hold their whiskey," Tom led Sandra from the room. Her heart was beating like a trip hammer.

"Don't you know this fellow is a clever scamp?" Tom said, when they were alone. "Since his father's disinherited him he's been picking up pennies by getting tidbits for Bert Dunlap's gossip column. Everything he hears about celebrities goes into print."

"Bert Dunlap!" she echoed weakly. Her head whirled. No, it couldn't be! Bert Dunlap was an unscrupulous scandal monger, who managed to print the most amazing personals in a vague manner that protected him from libel suits.

They entered the living room where the guests were gathering around an old gypsy fortune teller.

"Want your palm read?" asked Tom. "They say she's really good."

"Why not?" She shrugged. She wanted to go home but knew Tom would insist that she stay and display the Danielle blue velvet creation.

The fortune teller, Sandra found with relief, was very ordinary, with no apparent gift for prophecy. She waited in line with Tom.

When the gypsy took Sandra's white hand, Irene touched Tom's arm. "Be a lamb, darling, and bring me my jacket out in the patio. I feel chilly."

"Of course," Tom replied, giving Sandra a reluctant glance.

"Ha, ze hand of ze enchantress!" mumbled the old woman gravely. Then she stared into the crystal globe, swaying and mumbling a jumble of abracadabra. She frowned.

"Et es not clear. The glass es covered with threads. Ah, et es a design of a fine gown. I see money—money. I see a con-

tract—a aunt who is not a aunt—yes! A beautiful lady who do not belong in society but who is there to model ze fine clothes."

SANDRA'S FACE was white as chalk. She wondered whether Irene had trapped her, after sending Tom from the room. But where had the girl received her information? From David? She shuddered.

"The dress company pay you to be Sandra Joy." The wrinkled gypsy gazed into the crystal with half closed eyes. "They pay you to win debutante contest, to be beautiful and popular."

The room was so still Sandra was certain everyone could hear the mad thumping of her heart. She was conscious of curious eyes staring at her, wondering. If only she could sink through the floor.

"Your real name is Lee Bradford," continued the drone. "You were a artist model until ze company hire you."

"Stop!" commanded Bob Page. "You have no right to say these things! This joke has gone far enough."

"I can prove," continued the ancient woman stoically. She lifted a book from under the table. "See, here es ze catalogue from model agency." She opened the book to a marked place.

Curious, the young people crowded around. The gypsy read in a croaking voice: "Lee Bradford, age 17, blue-eyed, fair-skinned. . . ."

"Why this is Sandra's photograph!" exclaimed Bob Page.

Sandra managed to slip away, as everyone crowded around to examine the photograph taken two years ago. She tried to swallow but there was a hard lump that blocked her throat. Her hands were numb.

David did this to me! He must! No one else knew of it. She remembered the mocking way which he had first greeted her in the receiving line. Perhaps he had deliberately set out to destroy Sandra Joy, much as a small boy would prick a balloon.

"He won!" she said bitterly. "The

whole world will soon know I'm a fraud! A phony deb, as he called me."

It was a relief to find a taxi cruising the block. She hailed it and gave her home address to the driver.

Alone in her room, Sandra locked herself in and refused to see Aunt Abigail and Tom. The next morning over a cup of coffee, she went through the paper until she found Bert Dunlap's column and read what she had been dreading to find. He told how the sly reading of a fortune teller at Irene Wilson's cocktail party drove the winner of a phony debutante beauty contest to leave suddenly. The girl was disclosed as a paid model who had been presented to society by a hired aunt.

With frozen fingers, Sandra wadded up the paper and flung it across the room. So she was now a laughingstock! Abigail Ralston's social position was ruined. And Danielle would break the contract. She knew she could not face them all!

Hastily packing a week-end case, she took two hundred dollars and drove to the station, where she bought a ticket to a little village, fifty miles from Lake Eiderdown.

TWO DAYS later Sandra arrived at the village, only to find it closed and the saw mill boarded up. Nor could she find anyone who knew what she meant by Lake Eiderdown. Finally an old man agreed to take her and her supplies out to the cabin, provided she could give the directions.

After miles of bumping over a narrow, logging road, they finally arrived at the little lake; but as it was getting dark, the old man unceremoniously dumped out her provisions and started back with her twenty-five dollar bill in his pocket.

Sandra regretted she had come when she saw the boarded-up cabin. What a fool she was to think she could go back living the life of the past, she told herself. It could never be the same without her father. Suddenly she realized it was late October

and the air was icy with a touch of frost. The ground was covered with bright leaves.

"I don't want to be snowbound for months!" she cried aloud. Her lethargy of the past two days had kept her from thinking about practical matters. There was nothing to do but hike back to the village tomorrow.

Somehow she managed to open the dusty cabin, build a fire, and make a bed in one of the bunks. But she could not sleep. Pack rats ran across the floor and owls hooted from the woods. The deep loneliness of the place was terrifying.

Early the next morning she made up a small pack with a loaf of bread, a bar of chocolate and a thermo bottle of hot coffee. With this she started over the trail to the village. The sky was dark and stormy. The thought of a heavy snowstorm was harder to bear than the present cold that pierced her woolen slacks and heavy jacket. Two miles from the cabin, fine feathery flakes began to fall—snow that stung her cheeks and glistened in her bright hair.

"I must get through!" She knew there were no cabins for miles. It meant death if she should find herself unable to go on or back. She watched the slow obliteration of the road. A wolf howled. She forced herself on without rest until her lungs and her heart pounded in her ears.

It was some time before she was certain the distant buzz she heard was not in her imagination. As it came closer she realized it was a car. Tears of relief clouded her eyes.

"It's the old man! Probably decided I'll pay another twenty-five to get out." She recognized the ancient roadster as it rounded the bend. There was a wild tooting of the wheezy horn and the car came to a stop with a grind of brakes.

"David!"

"Are you all right?"

Blood rushed to her face, already flushed from exertion and the crisp air. "So you

had to follow so you could taunt me some more!" She found herself crying.

"Get in!" he ordered gruffly.

"I won't!" She tried to laugh but her voice ended in a sob.

He got out. "Listen, Sandra, we haven't time to fight. If you won't get in I'll have to put you in."

"I won't. Go away. I don't want ever to see you again."

She was scooped up in his arms, pack and all, a fighting fury with kicking legs. He threw her on the sagging cushion of the seat.

"Another peep out of you, infant, and I'll give you the worst spanking you ever had. You little fool—too stubborn to admit you're in danger of freezing to death." He turned the car around.

Sandra sank back. The long hard tramp had exhausted her. David took no notice of her, all his attention concentrated on the wheel tracks in the snow that he was retracing.

"How did you learn I was here?" she found herself asking. "It must have been much harder than exposing me as a model." she added bitterly.

"I'll explain that last remark later," he said. "But it did take hours to refresh the ticket seller's memory. I finally arrived at this village and located the old codger who dumped you on an unnamed lake to starve. He admitted you hadn't enough food and that the next storm would close the road until spring. Good thing you started walking."

"But why should you risk your life to rescue a phony deb?" she ended with a broken sob.

"I love you—which, I suppose, makes me the prize sap."

Her iris blue eyes flashed. "Love me! How dare you say that after hiring a gypsy fortune teller to expose me. You—Bert Dunlap's puppet!"

His fists clenched the steering wheel.

"When we get back to the city I'll make Tom Murry confess to you the things I choked out of him!"

"Tom!"

"Don't pretend you don't know he's in love with you! He's so far gone he publicly exposed you in order to break your contract. Thought then no one would want you but himself. Even had Irene send him out of the room so you wouldn't suspect. Later he telephoned the news to Bert Dunlap."

Sandra took a deep breath and shivered. But she did believe. It was like Tom, who could meet every situation with suave explanations. She remembered that he was offered a job in Hawaii. By breaking her contract with Danielle he would lose nothing, and he might gain a wife, he hoped.

"Remember that little Mexican village I was telling you about?" David asked softly.

"I bought two one-way tickets. Or would you rather go home?" He brought the ancient car to a stop beside the railroad station.

Sandra forgot she was cold. "Home! I haven't any. That's why I came back here. But it was no good with dad gone."

"My darling!" He gathered her into his arms and held her close.

A warm radiance of happiness swept over 'her. Even the snow-covered woods seemed bright through her misty eyes. He was kissing her with tender eagerness. All her former terror and loneliness faded. She loved and was loved. Nothing phony about it.

SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

*"Now have you seen my love to-day?
I miss his knock on my cottage door;
I fear my man has gone away—
Now do not tell me . . . 'evermore!'*

*Perhaps my sailor has gone to war,
Aboard a ship in a distant bay;
Perhaps he fights in Singapore—
Now have you seen my love to-day?*

*At night I dread the ocean's roar;
Alone, I wait, and trembling, pray,
And walk my grief across the floor—
I fear my man has gone away.*

*My heart that used to thrill and soar,
Is leaden . . . cold, like a sea of gray.
Will fate be kind, and quickly restore
My sailor boy who has gone astray?"*

—Maurice Hill



*She knew Tim
was calling to
her, but there
was nothing
she could do.*

Everything But Love

WAS HER INHERITANCE—AND SHE'D HAVE THROWN IT ALL AWAY FOR LOVE OF AN IRISHMAN

SHE STOOD up as the train thundered into the station, and forced herself to follow the other passengers from the day-coach. She was trying desperately to behave naturally but she was frightened, her heart in her throat. Would she be recognized? Would there be detectives looking for her? Perhaps eagle-eyed newspaper reporters would be able to penetrate the disguise of cheap blue suit and nondescript hat?

A porter took her shabby bag and guided her to a taxi. Her voice, in spite of her efforts, shook as she said swiftly, "The Waldorf, please."

Before the words were entirely out of her mouth she realized her mistake. And she had been so careful up to now! She caught the taxi-driver's curious eyes sweeping over her shabby outfit, and impulsively she tried to repair her mistake.

"I don't really mean the Waldorf—only it was the first hotel I thought of. I know it must be too expensive."

The taxi-driver nodded. "It would set you back plenty, sister," he told her cheerfully. "How about a nice boarding house?"

"But—I don't know of any boarding house—"

"I do," said the taxi-driver. (The card in front of her carried a distinctly libelous photograph of him labelled "Timothy Shane" and somehow she thought that sounded pretty dependable.) "My mother runs one. It's over in Brooklyn, but close to the subway. Mom'll take you in and keep an eye on you until you learn your way around."

He was busy with traffic for a moment.

Then the light changed to red again. He stopped, grinned at her over his shoulder and said lightly, "Of course, you don't know anything about me. I'll drive you back to the station if you like and get the Travellers' Aid lady to vouch for me and for Mom's boarding house."

She was in a panic at the thought of risking recognition once more in the station and she said hurriedly, "Oh, no—that's not necessary. Just drive me to your mother's place and I'll decide for myself if it's all right."

Timothy nodded in agreement and took advantage of a break in the traffic ahead to swing towards the Brooklyn Bridge. Relaxed a little, she was congratulating herself that everything was working out so well. She had been so careful to cover her tracks; she had been terrified of being recognized in the station; and then she had come within an inch of being driven to the Waldorf, where she would have been certain to be identified—

THE taxi stopped before a tall, old-fashioned house whose steps were neatly swept and whose window curtains looked militantly fresh and clean. Timothy opened the door with his key and ushered her into the parlor. And a moment later they were facing a tall, ruddy-faced, white-haired woman in a neat percale dress and spotless white apron.

Timothy was saying cheerfully, "Mom, I've brought you a new boarder. Her name is—" he paused and turned to the girl.

"Merry Dale," she told him promptly, having been prepared for this and having

by PEGGY GADDIS

carefully worked out a name close enough to her own so that there would be little fear of her not recognizing it.

Mrs. Shane studied her shrewdly. "Are you sure she's respectable?" she demanded flatly.

Timothy said sharply, "For Pete's sake, Mom, take a look at her—"

Mrs. Shane winked at Merry and jerked a thumb in her son's direction. "Will ye listen to him now? Take a look at her, says he! Ain't men the fools, though? Any middlin'-pretty girl can put anything she likes over on him—but with women it's different."

Merry's pretty head went up and her dark eyes had chilled. "I'm quite respectable," she said coolly, "But are you sure your house is one where a decent girl can stay safely?"

Mrs. Shane chuckled. "It is that, child, and I intend to keep it that way," she answered without offense. "Tim, me lad, save your old mother the stairs and show the lady to the third floor back. 'Tis a small room, but spotlessly clean, if I do say so myself as shouldn't."

Timothy guided Merry up two flights of stairs and into the tiny, clean, cheerful room, saying anxiously, "You mustn't mind Mom's frankness. She didn't mean anything—"

"I wouldn't have stayed if I minded," Merry told him quite honestly. "I wouldn't feel safe in the sort of house where a strange girl is accepted without question."

Timothy liked that and his expression said so. He looked about the small, bright room and said, almost defiantly, "It's not the Waldorf, of course—but then it won't cost you twenty-five dollars a day, either."

"It's a lovely room," said Merry earnestly. "And I'll take it. I'll pay you two weeks rent in advance."

She opened her purse and took a bill from a pleasantly plump roll. Holding it out to him, she saw his eyes, startled,

puzzled, fixed on that plump roll. She knew she had once more been unbelievably careless, imperiling her whole plan by letting him know she was so amply provided with funds.

"My—my entire capital," she stammered. "My aunt left me some money when she died—it's all here—"

"And you go around carrying it in your purse? Girl, don't you know *anything*? Don't you know that you stood a swell chance of being murdered for a roll like that?" protested Timothy, shocked. "You put that money in the bank—today! Don't you dare keep it here in your room or carry it around with you."

"All right," said Merry humbly and Timothy looked down at her suddenly and grinned, his very blue eyes warm and almost caressing so that the color burned in her cheeks and she could not quite meet his eyes.

"You're a cute youngster, Merry," he said unexpectedly. "What the dickens are you doing, banging around New York alone?"

"I came to find a job," answered Merry simply.

Timothy frowned. "What sort of job? What kind of training have you had?" he demanded sternly.

"None. But a girl friend of mine who had a job in a restaurant here was home on a vacation and decided to get married instead of coming back. She gave me a letter to her boss, asking him to try me out at her job," said Merry and felt like weeping with joy to know that at least this part of her story was true. It was unexpectedly hard to lie to Timothy.

"Oh, well, then at least you've got a chance at something," said Timothy in frank relief. "And you're lucky to have enough money to take care of you for several months."

Merry stared at him. Five hundred dollars enough to take care of her for several

months! She had often spent that much in a morning's shopping and thought nothing of it.

"I've got to get to work," said Timothy cheerfully. "But I'll be back for dinner and if you like we'll take in a movie."

Merry said hurriedly, "Oh, but you mustn't feel responsible for me just because you know I'm here alone and all that—"

Timothy said quietly, "Funny, but I've got a hunch I'm going to like feeling responsible for you. And it's *darned* funny, too, because I never felt that way about a girl before. How do you account for it?"

And without giving her a chance to answer, even if she hadn't been too startled to think of an answer, he went out of the room and the door closed behind him.

Merry sat down on the edge of the narrow bed, badly shaken now that she had come this far. But after a moment she got up and went to the battered suitcase, which she unfastened. And then she stood looking down with vaguely dissatisfied eyes at the meagre contents. Still—the limp, rather discouraged looking clothes would be the most perfect disguise imaginable.

She had covered her tracks very well. There wasn't one chance in a thousand that they would look for her here. Either California, where her pretty, gay, thrice-divorced mother lived; or in Buenos Aires, because her father was there. But the last place in the world that they would look for her would be in a dilapidated Brooklyn boarding house, wearing clothes from a bargain basement; and so her heart was light despite the shabby, limp blue dress she must wear to the movies with Tim.

Later, saying good-night to him at the foot of the stairs, she felt his hand close hard over hers and for a moment her heart stirred in her breast because she was sure he was going to kiss her.

As though he read the sudden excitement

verging on panic that stirred her, he drew back a little and said almost curtly, "I'm not going to kiss you good-night. For if I do, you'll think it's just a cheap flirtation—and it's not. I never felt this way about a girl before—and—I'm not quite sure I like it. So we'll wait and see what develops!"

With this amazingly unlover-like statement he turned and walked away. And Merry went flying up the stairs, closed her door and tried very hard to deny that she had been acutely disappointed because the expected kiss had not materialized. Surely she was not developing into the kind of girl who lived on cheap thrills, she tried loftily to assure herself.

IN THE MORNING Tim drove her back across the Bridge and deposited her in front of a huge, green-tiled, glass-fronted restaurant and wished her luck.

The manager read Maisie's letter and eyed Merry critically in the daffodil-yellow uniform with its crisp grass-green apron. He said grudgingly:

"Well, O. K., we'll give you a trial. You're good-looking and some fellows will excuse a pretty girl for making mistakes, even when he's hungry. But keep on your toes, mind you! I haven't time to train a dumb waitress when there are so many good ones looking for work."

Thus, warned, Merry plunged into her new job with an almost terrified concentration and energy that won even the manager's grudging approval before the day was over. But when she reached her room that night she wept with weariness, and in the morning awoke too stiff and sore to move without wincing. She gritted her teeth and kept on, though, and by the end of the week she was able to do her job with efficiency and, when she came home at night, to go to a movie with Tim.

It was on such a night that she and Tim sat on the steps after the movie, in the

warm spring moonlight, and Tim said suddenly:

"I owe ninety-two dollars on the cab and as soon as I pay that off, I've got something to tell you."

Merry's heart began to beat thickly but she asked lightly, "And how long will that take?"

"A couple of months," said Tim and his voice was not quite steady. "Will you wait?"

"Wait—for what?" asked Merry faintly.

Tim made a sound indicative of exasperation.

"You know as well as I do that I'm crazy about you. By the way, are you engaged to anybody?"

Merry smothered a small giggle. "Not at the moment."

"Then the men where you've been living must have been blind—or fools."

"I wouldn't know about that," said Merry honestly. "I haven't had much chance to meet men."

"Good!" said Tim, puzzled but relieved. "I'm relieved—not that it would make a whole lot of difference. If you were engaged to a dozen fellows, I'd manage to take you away from them, if I had to fight them one at a time. Because you're my girl and that's that. Only if there isn't anyone else, it makes everything a lot simpler."

Merry tried hard to laugh at him. But it wasn't a very successful laugh, for Tim turned suddenly and his arms went about her and he held her very close and hard against him, his cheek against her own. His voice was shaken with the intensity of his emotion when he spoke.

"Please, darling, don't laugh. I love you so much. You're—so little and so sweet and so—so darned dumb!"

Merry gasped indignantly and straightened. But whatever protest she had been about to make died beneath Tim's burning kiss and then Tim went on, a hint of teasing in his voice, "You are, darling—you

don't know the first thing about taking care of yourself. But that's my job from now on—and I'm going to love my work!"

And somehow her arms were about him and her mouth was lifted to meet his and it seemed to them both that Paradise lay all about them, theirs to enter and to possess.

Later, lying straight and slim in the narrow bed in her small, spotless room, Merry savored to the fullest every precious, ecstatic memory of that enchanted hour in the spring moonlight. She was dazzled, blinded, enraptured by the magic and tenderness of Tim's love.

All her life she had been sheltered, protected, shielded from any contact with realities. That was what Tim had sensed instinctively when he had said she knew nothing about taking care of herself. But then how could she, when Grandmother had sternly refused to allow her any freedom? Grandmother had seen to it that her adored, cherished grandchild had everything in the world that money can buy. She had sternly refused to admit that money can't buy the one precious gift that makes life worth living. The gift of love.

Grandmother had been scornful of "love." She had plans for Merry; glorious plans; ambitious plans; and because Merry had been Grandmother's pawn since she was three years old, escape had seemed hopeless. Until the housekeeper's niece had come home for a brief vacation, had decided to get married instead of returning to her job—and had helped Merry concoct the plan which was working out so beautifully.

MERRY lay very still, and it was as though she swam in perfumed, warm waters that were purest gold. Because she knew the magic and wonder and unutterable glory of love. She would marry Tim, never whispering a word about Grandmother or about anything that had happened prior to that day when she stepped into his taxi.

He must never know that she had run away from wealth and luxury; she would cook for him (his mother would teach her!) and scrub and keep his tiny house and bear his children. And the thought of that was a sweetness so exquisite as to be almost pain, so that she shed some tears of happiness before at last she fell asleep.

Life, after that, was a golden dream for Tim and Merry. Mrs. Shane wept a little at the news, then wiped her eyes, kissed them both and gave them her blessing. They wouldn't be married until the cab was paid for, Tim insisted. When Merry timidly suggested that they use some of her money for that purpose, he refused indignantly. The money was her own; for her trousseau, if she liked, or to be saved for spending money after she was married and had given up her job. Tim would support his wife and he would foot the bills for his family and that was that.

So Merry shopped, with Mrs. Shane's shrewd bargaining eye to help her; they found small, side-street shops where surprisingly nice things could be bought for a fraction of what they cost in the smart places where Grandmother had taken Merry.

And then, like the well known bolt from a cloudless sky, disaster swooped upon them. Tim and Merry came home from the movies one night to find Mrs. Shane lying unconscious on the laundry-room floor. The doctor looked grave and insisted on a consultation. There was an exhaustive examination and then the verdict delivered with a quiet that added to its terror. Mrs. Shane must have an operation and immediately. Without it, she hadn't a chance; it would be a matter of days, possibly a week or even two; almost certainly no more. The operation and its attendant costs would be at least a thousand dollars.

"A thousand dollars, he says," Tim burst out as he and Merry huddled on the stairs,

his arms about her, seeking the comfort of her presence. "A thousand dollars! As though money grew on bushes and all I had to do was take a basket and gather some of it. And if I don't get it, Mom—Mom will—" his voice shook and he set his teeth against the thought of that, the grief that tore at him.

Merry was still, her arms tight about him, her heart sick within her. There was no question of coming to a decision. There was only one thing to be done. She had known it almost from the first moment that an operation had been mentioned. She comforted Tim as best she could, with tears dropping like rain.

Later, when Mrs. Shane had been made comfortable, and Merry had said good-night to Tim, she went quietly up the stairs to her clean, cheap little room and stood for a little, looking about her, as though she would fill her heart with its beloved, homey aspect.

She thought of Mrs. Shane and her chin quivered at the thought of her; good and gentle and kind; always busy for some one else; never pausing to take thought for herself. Tim's mother was almost as dear to Merry as to Tim, and that love gave her strength to do what she must do.

She went out, closing the door gently behind her as though she closed it on her very heart. Because she was leaving her heart behind her here in this tall, shabby old house where she had found the glory and the beauty and tenderness of love; and where she must say goodbye to all her cherished dreams of being Tim's wife.

SHE FACED her grandmother in the austere, handsomely furnished living-room of the impressive duplex apartment. She met the stern old eyes without wincing as she finished quietly:

"And so I've come back, Grandmother. You must give me a thousand dollars to send to the doctor so that he can arrange

everything for Mrs. Shane. And then—I'll try to do whatever you tell me to—for the rest of my life."

"You'll give me your word of honor not to keep in touch with this taxi-driver?" demanded her grandmother sternly.

Merry stared at her, wide-eyed. "How did you know he was a taxi-driver?" she gasped, for she hadn't told that.

Her grandmother smiled faintly. "My dear young idiot," said Mrs. Randolph dryly, "do you really think you are clever enough to hide yourself away where a great deal of money and some very clever detectives couldn't find you? I've known where you were ever since the third day after you left Long Island. Which was, incidentally as stupid, silly and childish a piece of business as I've ever encountered. I can't think what you hoped to gain by it."

"Can't you?" asked Merry steadily. "All my life I've had everything in the world money could buy—and I've been sick to death of it. I've never been allowed to have friends, the life any normal girls wants—"

"Because you have a superb gift," said Grandmother sharply. "A voice that it would be criminal not to develop and give to the world."

"I've never wanted to be a singer," she shrugged. "You did—and gave it up at the peak of your career, because you fell in love—"

"I was a fool! I tried to keep your mother from making the same mistake. But she wouldn't listen to me—"

"So you broke up her marriage to my father—and when she wouldn't take up her music again, you bought me from her, settling a lot of money on her for renouncing all her claims to me—"

"And she's been thoroughly miserable ever since—is that what you're trying to say?"

"No," said Merry quietly, knowing that trying to argue with Grandmother was like

beating your head against a stone wall. "All I'm trying to say is that—if you'll send the money to Mrs. Shane's doctor, I'll practice singing until it kills me, if that's what you're so set on."

Grandmother's eyes lit up. "You'll give me your word to do exactly what I tell you, without question?" she demanded with a trace of humaneness in her eager dark eyes.

Merry nodded. Reassuring words stuck in her throat. But it was enough. Grandmother sent for her check-book, wrote busily and handed the check to Merry, who folded it, set her teeth hard and closed her eyes against the thick tears that must not escape until she could get away from this small, frail, indomitable old lady with her white hair and her piercing black eyes.

GRANDMOTHER was generous. Having won her battle, she could afford to be. A fine specialist took over Mrs. Shane's case. A private room in a fine hospital. Everything possible was done for her and on the day set for the operation, Merry clung to the telephone, wide-eyed, shaken, waiting for word from the specialist, who had promised to call the moment the operation was over.

She ached to be there at the hospital with Tim, comforting him by her very presence, lending him of her own sure, loving young strength. She tore her thoughts from Tim. She had given her word. She would keep it, though it was like tearing the living heart from her breast.

The telephone message came eventually. Mrs. Shane had stood the operation splendidly and her chances were excellent. After that Merry went to her room and locked herself in for a day and a night. At last she presented herself to her grandmother, an automaton for that old lady's expert manipulation.

She worked without whimpering, although she knew, deep within her, that

she'd never be a great singer. There was no heart left to put into the work. But she was keeping her promise, following instructions to the best of her ability.

Once, on a trip to New York, she caught sight of Tim. His cab was parked at the curb, and he saw her at the same time she saw him. Deserting the taxi he ran after the slowly moving Randolph town car like a wild man, shouting and waving his fists. Grandmother's chauffeur turned down a side street, and Merry strained her head back for one last glimpse of Tim, still standing there in the middle of the street, horns honking at him from all sides. Merry knew part of her had died that day.

And then one early summer morning when Grandmother and Merry sat at breakfast together, the maid announced, "A gentleman, Madam, to see Miss Randolph. He says his name is Timothy Shane."

The fragile coffee cup in Merry's hand rattled dangerously as she put it into its saucer. Her eyes, wide and dark and sick were on Grandmother's face.

Mrs. Randolph merely raised her thin brows and said crisply, "Show him in, Judson."

"Oh, Gran—*please*—" the words died on Merry's white lips.

"Sit down, Merry, and drink your coffee," said Mrs. Randolph in a tone that would brook no denial. "This had to come sooner or later—we may as well get it over."

Timothy was in the room then, looking to Merry somehow almost formidable. His eyes were blue and hard and in their depths she saw his hurt pride and his anger and resentful bewilderment; but back of these emotions there was another, that somehow laid hands upon her heart and lifted it so that she could not have spoken if her life depended on speech at that moment.

"I came to thank you for saving Mom's life, Merry," said Tim grimly. "Though I suppose it's Mrs. Randolph I should thank, since the check was signed by her.

You see, after I saw you that day I made the specialist tell me, though he said he had promised not to—"

"Your mother had been very kind to my granddaughter," said Grandmother regally. "We were happy to be of some slight service—"

But Tim wasn't listening. His blue eyes were on Merry and he said suddenly, "Darling! What have they been doing to you? You look as though you'd been ill for weeks—"

And straight from her heart, ignoring that, Merry cried, shaken, "You—you're—not angry with me for—lying to you and—deceiving you? I thought you'd hate me when you found out I wasn't—what I claimed to be—"

"Hate you?" Tim's voice was gentle. "How could I? Of course I was hurt when you ran out like that, seeming to forget all about your promise to marry me."

"Marry you?" Mrs. Randolph's tone was thick with outrage. "My granddaughter marry a taxi-driver? How on earth did you expect to support her? She's always had everything—"

"Except but love," said Tim grimly. "And that's what I could give her and I imagine it would have meant more to Merry than all the things your money has been able to buy her."

He looked down at Merry and his look was a caress as he said gently, "Darling, were you afraid of being poor—with me?"

Merry was on her feet, her head flung back, her eyes shining, an exultant "No!" trembling on her lips. And then she remembered her promise to her grandmother. Mrs. Shane was getting well, thanks to Grandmother's money. And she, Merry, had given her word of honor.

SHE DROOPED and the bright color, the shining look went out of her. She had to send him away. It would be better to destroy his love so that he would not

waste time in grieving. She set her teeth hard, drew a long breath and when she looked at him now, there was a desperate, mocking look in her dark eyes.

"Oh, Tim, darling, don't be absurd," she mocked gaily, just as though her heart was not being broken into tiny pieces. "Of course I don't want to be poor! Oh, it was fun for awhile—exciting to pretend a little, but for always? Heavens, no! You must have known it was just—play acting. It *was* fun, though, wasn't it, while it lasted?"

She watched the slow, incredulous look that blotted out his eager confidence. And when he spoke his voice was thin, as though he spoke around a pain that all but took his breath, "You—really mean that, Merry? It was all just—good clean fun?"

Merry's hands clenched hard and she forced herself to deal him that final crushing blow, "Of course, Tim—don't be stuffy! Run along now, and when I need a taxi I'll call yours—"

Tim straightened, his face white and set, his eyes blazing with anger as he turned blindly towards the door. But then he stopped, whirled back to face her—and surprised the desperate, hungry longing in her eyes before it could be wiped out.

"Merry," he said huskily, "I don't know why, but I know you were lying to me just now."

The floor heaved beneath Merry's feet and the walls seemed to rush in upon her as she stared at him, speechless.

"Tell me the truth! You were lying!" Tim repeated as though he defiantly dared her to repeat her falsehood of a moment ago.

"Certainly she's lying," said Grandmother savagely, and they both turned to stare at her. "The little idiot is madly in love with you. But she's got a voice and I tried to make something out of it. I've had that aim in my heart since they gave her to me when she was three. Everything

I've planned, and done and hoped and dreamed has been to the end that my grandchild should be a really great singer.

But now—oh, what's the use? She's so crazy about you she won't put her whole soul into her work as she should. There's no use trying to make a singer out of her. Go ahead and get married if that's all that will satisfy you."

Tim said swiftly, his eyes shining, his face alight, "Am I dreaming?"

Merry said, shaken, afraid to hope, "Oh, Gran—Gran—do you—mean it? You release me from the promise I made in return for the money to help Mother Shane?"

Mrs. Randolph threw up her hands impatiently and said crossly, "Why not? You'd be no good, sitting around moping for this young fool. So you might as well go ahead and marry him—though what you want with him I'm sure I can't see!"

And she thrust her way past them and out into the hall, as Tim's arms closed hungrily about Merry and they stood looking into each other's entranced faces as though they could never get enough. "My sweet," he murmured, "I knew there was some connection between your departure and that miracle money. . . . Knew it all along!"

In the hall outside, Mrs. Randolph discovered that her eyes were wet and brushed a frail, jewelled hand crossly over them as she muttered to herself, "I'm an old fool! And she's a young one. A taxi-driver! Poor as Job's turkey!"

Halfway up the stairs she paused and looked back towards the living-room and sighed a little. "Oh, well—they'll have all my money when I'm gone," she soothed herself. "And being poor won't hurt them for awhile, the young—*darlings!*" The last came softly, almost shyly, a little as though she resented such softness. But the piercing darkness of her old eyes was faintly misted with tears she no longer tried to brush crossly away.

MOON MAGIC

by GLADYS E. DANSFIELD

A FLURRY of blowing snow swooped around the old auditorium and Julianne shivered. With cold, numb fingers she knocked. Hurried footsteps echoed somewhere inside the building and a tall, angular young man flung open the heavy door.

He gave a fleeting glance toward the "Want-Ad" section of the paper clutched in her hand and demanded curtly, "Can you do a refined Huilah?" His keen deep-set black eyes scrutinized her swiftly.

"Oh!" she gasped and felt a blush steal swiftly over her cheeks. The advertisement had read, "Girl with lots of personality to dance." It didn't say she had to sway and wiggle her hips in nothing but a grass skirt and a wreath of flowers. She sent him a withering glance and turned to face the bitter wind again, but the tantalizing odor of perking coffee crept out the open doorway. Perhaps, her stomach told her, if she just PRETENDED to want the job! Just for a few minutes so she could rest her weary feet and gather courage.

"This isn't a strip-tease, beautiful. Come in and I'll tell you about it."

"Oh!" she gasped again, her eyes very



"Let me answer it?" Julianne reached for the phone, but Tony promptly took it away from her.

round. Blue-grey ones, fringed with smoky lashes that blinked very fast and mirrored curiosity.

She saw that his face was all angles and corners, with crinkly laughter lines about his deeply set dark eyes. His angry-at-the-world look was belied suddenly by that comical, pathetic grin. He seemed all at once to have a homey look, like someone who shared a divan and a wood fire with dreams.

Under a Synthetic Moon's Allure, Which Love Was Real?

Julianne weaved a little and tried to steady herself against the doorway. She was hungry and tired and surely she must be a little out of her mind to think that this strange man reminded her of homey, restful things. She wet her lips and tried to smile. She wasn't going to faint; no, she wasn't going to do such an idiotic thing as that. She heard him speaking from far, far away, as though he was shouting through a tunnel at her.

"Come in and share a pot of coffee with me while we talk it over."

She tried to answer him, but couldn't and a cold blast blew around the corner of the auditorium and Julianne shivered in her thin coat. She followed him unsteadily as he led her inside to a small office where she sank gratefully on the hard office chair and leaned against the desk.

* **F**ROM an electric plate in a corner he took a boiling over coffee pot and poured two cups, setting one in front of Julianne. She tried hard not to snatch at it. If she had kept the check Mr. Manners sent, she thought, she might have had chicken for a whole month, but it had gone back as promptly as it came. She'd have no obligation to Mr. Manners, however rich and fine he might be. Even though he considered himself her guardian he made clear his intentions of changing the relationship to that of a husband as soon as possible.

She managed a tiny sip of the steaming hot coffee, and it warmed her considerably. Things came back into focus again and she ceased her weak trembling.

Her host sat across from her, leaning his elbow on the desk. How strong he looked, she thought, but how sort of ugly. She sensed friendliness in his glance, but something else too. She couldn't explain it, but she felt he somehow resented her.

He said in a rush, "I'm opening up a Romance Retreat."

"A what?"

"I mean a place to patch up raveling romances. A warm retreat in this cold, shivery weather. A place to propose, though heaven knows why a man should."

"It sounds crazy to me," Julianne said, taking a big gulp of the coffee. She eyed him suspiciously. Any minute now he might bounce her out on her ear, but she was going to have the coffee first.

He went on swiftly, his dark eyes alight. "Sounds crazy to you, maybe, but not to me. People are suckers for romance. Give 'em a little moonlight and a discreet corner and a bit of music perhaps, and bingo, the guy wakes up next morning married to a vacant-eyed synthetic blonde who had looked like the real thing under the moon."

"Are you sure—you feel all right?" Julianne asked slowly. "You don't look like—like the kind of Romeo who makes a living out of romance."

He retreated backward suddenly in his chair as though she had struck him. His voice dripped sarcasm. "Oh, I'm not the handsome type. I plan to stay in the shadows and let Jon get all the breaks. He's a pushover for girls like you!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, oh."

Julianne leaned forward. Might as well get this over in a hurry. The coffee was nearly gone.

"Just where would I come in? That is, if I were to take the job?"

At once his whole face lit up. He seemed to forget his resentment and spoke in a fevered rush.

"You do the Hullah, the love dance, for Jon. When we shift scenery after a few nights, you stroll with him in crinoline ruffles, under festooned willows. Next shift, you're a Persian dancer and he is a Sultan. Get it?"

Julianne laughed shakily. "Well, I'm skidding quite a long ways behind you, but I think I'll make it."

He laughed at her boyishly and Juli-

anne's grey-blue eyes blinked very fast. He was a crazy, likable nut, she decided, and somehow or other she wanted this job. Maybe it was the dreams in his dark eyes, or maybe it was his smile that was so like a stubborn little boy's. Whatever it was, she caught the appeal of it. She said:

"Let's see this Jon of yours, and have a glimpse of your synthetic heaven!"

"Right this way, beautiful—" he took her arm and propelled her toward a small door that opened to his touch. He pushed Julianne into the huge auditorium and slammed the door behind them. Then he deliberately stepped away from her, as though afraid to touch her too long.

"Well?" he said triumphantly.

JULIANNE could almost hear the purr in his voice. She felt his dark eyes on her face, watching her speechless expression as a veritable paradise unfolded before her. Warm yellow sand, palm trees slanting here and there, their green fronds swaying gently with a warm, perfumed breeze that came from goodness knows where. A stretch of sea at the left, with honest-to-goodness waves seeming to roll in and recede on the shore. Even the sound of the surf. A click of a switch and a great big moon towered above the scene, with rolling white clouds passing over its face now and then, and millions of little stars winking their silvery eyes.

"It's a fairyland! Beautiful! How do you do it?" Julianne asked all in one startled, awed breath. He was a magician, he was a genius. The dreams in his dark eyes had taken on form and reality.

"If I told you I put steam pipes under the sand, and gave the illusion of waves with lights, and used a phonograph disk for surf effect, it would spoil everything. It would take away the magic. Just accept it, beautiful."

"You're marvelous," Julianne said and her smile was full of genuine praise, but he looked away, as though he suspected her

of kidding, or wanting to flirt. The smile vanished and Julianne decided she disliked him immensely.

In the enormous silence that grew and grew, a door slammed behind them and someone said in a disgusted voice, "If I look at any more dames today I'll—"

Julianne turned her dark head quickly and looked straight upward into sea blue eyes, a sudden quirking of angry lips into a smile that sent her heart to thudding. It couldn't be true, she told herself. There wasn't a man alive as handsome as this one.

The next instant he was holding her hand and saying, "You've found her, Tony. The one in a million. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, but—" so he was one of those! Handsome and played up to it! And every girl who crossed his path knelt at his feet and begged for his love. Well, let him go on, but this time he would be fooled. Two could play this game.

She smiled at him with a dazzling come-on-let's-get-acquainted look. He was a tall, sunny Viking, she a dark-haired Irish lass. They could laugh together. They could tell each other glorious untruths and revel in it. They could look and act the part for the inspiration of all future clients of Romance Retreat.

"My, but you're tiny and sweet," he was saying.

A voice, deeply amused and a little angry, interrupted. "Don't mind him. He tells that to all the girls. It grows on his tongue like moss. My partner, Jon Walters. I am Tony."

Those last three words twisted Julianne's heart. "I am Tony." Just as though he had said, "I am the leavin's. Forget about me."

IN THAT moment Julianne felt that she did not want to forget about Tony. Tony with the dreams and longing in his heart for something he denied himself.

Who, she wondered, had smothered the wild upleap of happiness that had shone in his eyes once upon a time? Who had torn his heart so that the ravages still burned in his dark, cynical glance?

Julianne made a resolution. She'd bring the fires back into Tony's eyes. She'd scatter the clouds that clung about him.

So she said swiftly, "Do I get the job, Gentlemen?" But she looked directly at Jon and his eyes twinkled, blue as skies, over her piquant face.

Jon said heartily, his smile enfolding her, his hand squeezing hers, "You certainly do. I couldn't possibly let you go. You'll do a nice Cleopatra to my Anthony."

From the background Tony remarked sourly, "Take it easy, Jon. It's these dumb, sweetly quiet ones that get you in a mess."

So he had noticed her then. She tried to look desperately severe. "Yes, I warn you both. I'm just a hussy at heart," she said sweetly and gazed up into Jon's blue eyes that held so much of promise and laughter in them.

"We'll go to lunch," Jon said, "and go over the plans. We open in a week. Coming, Tony?"

"No, thanks. I've got work to do."

Tony turned on his heel and began fussing with the light switch.

"Don't mind him, sweet," Jon said. "He's in one of his heavy moods." He ushered Julianne out the door, leaving Tony standing in the doorway. And if his eyes followed them cynically, or a little bit wistfully, Julianne never knew, for she didn't look back. She tripped along beside Jon and felt she was walking in a dream.

She laughed at something Jon said because he was laughing too, and she said as they found themselves an unoccupied table in a cafe and ordered: "Is Tony always so grouchy?"

"He didn't use to be. But some time ago a couple of girls he knew and liked, sort of—well—they preferred me, and I guess

he thinks he hasn't any Sweetheart Appeal any more."

"Oh, but he has—" Julianne defended him quickly.

"So have you, precious." His blue eyes held hers with warm intimacy.

Julianne dismissed the look as part of Jon's usual line, and they ate their luncheon, returned to the auditorium and spent the whole afternoon rehearsing.

Now and then Tony would look in, then go back to the office where they could hear him pounding a typewriter like one possessed.

Jon slung a guitar over his broad shoulder and played a soft accompaniment to Julianne's dance, now and then pointing out some place where her rhythm could be improved.

A box of costumes came and Julianne retreated to the dressing room to try them on. When she emerged in the silken bra and swishy grass skirt, with her hair flowing down her back like black silk, she saw Tony's eyes brighten for an instant. Admiration and something else leaped into them. Just for an instant, then he was brusque and business-like, having her pose on the warm sands beneath a leaning palm, while a photographer took pictures until she fairly ached from difficult postures.

"We're going to advertise you as the Moon Girl," Tony said when the photographer left. "I'll have your picture on every billboard, newspaper and magazine. Maybe I'll even have it reproduced on match folders. We'll build you up like a movie star and you'll be a sensation. And incidentally, we'll be a success!"

"This beautiful place SHOULD be a success, Tony. You deserve it." Julianne smiled at him sincerely, and noticed his startled look at her use of his first name. Well, he'd get used to it! She'd try everything she knew to melt that coldness of his. He must be made to forget his feeling of inferiority to Jon.

THE night the Romance Retreat opened, featuring the Moon Girl, couples came in laughingly, out of curiosity, but most of them remained for a long time. They sat on logs, beneath the silver mock moon that swung so lazily overhead. Their voices drifted as they murmured discreetly to each other, couple by couple, and forgot that the moon was made of plastic. They drank cool, frosted drinks, served by dusky waitresses wearing sarongs.

Jon's guitar made soft music to the lull of the waves, and the winking stars; and when Julianne donned her swishy grass skirt and danced her love dance for Jon, she was entreating him with every glance she sent him through her smoky lashes. Offering her heart, luring him with every graceful movement of her body, every singing cadence of her soft silken voice as she slurred over Hawaiian words. "Jon," her every movement seemed to say. "Jon," she seemed to be whispering to everyone who watched, "Jon, please love me."

It was part of the act for him to put his arm about her and kiss her lightly. But when she raised her face and his lips came tantalizingly close to her own, she found herself being wildly kissed in reckless abandon.

"Jon—" she pushed away from him, her lips shaking, for she had seen Tony standing in the doorway, watching them. Jon reached for her again, but she eluded him with proud detachment in the toss of her dark head. Tony shouldn't see. Tony shouldn't know that Jon had humiliated her. Had kissed her passionately, publicly, when it should have been a mere brushing of lips, at most.

Jon was breathing swiftly. "I couldn't help it, Julianne, you're so sweet."

It wasn't the beautiful words Jon could say to her that mattered. She wanted someone with a pair of dark eyes and a crooked smile to say them to her. Someone with dark, wavy hair that made her fingers ache to touch it. Someone named

Tony, who hadn't changed his place from leaning against the doorway. Tony, with that bleak look on his face.

She wandered over to him shortly, weaving her swishy way across the warm sand. She stood beside him, looked up into his deep black eyes.

She said softly, "How'm I doin', Mr. Tony?"

He managed a grin, a sort of meagre one at that. He said much too slowly, "You're a rather wonderful actress for one seemingly so demure, beautiful."

He turned on his heel and left her. But she ran after him, turning him about to face her. She laughed up at him and wrinkled her nose. Her eyes twinkled. "Wait until you see my Dixie-Belle and my Fatima," she said alluringly. "By that time my Hullah won't be a bit refined."

She laughed at his startled look and ran back into the big room, stepping once again into make believe Tahiti, dancing her love song to a make believe lover, only he was real, terribly real, more so than she wanted.

Many of the escorted girls who wandered about the place looked at Jon with longing. Julianne could see it in the desperate way they tried to attract his attention, and succeeded, because his blue eyes had a way of sending an intimate message to each feminine heart.

But his eyes always came back to rest on Julianne's piquant face, his smile to beam down upon her like sunshine. A very special brand of sunshine. If she was a fool like all the rest, she thought, she would begin to really believe he was in love with her.

BETWEEN acts she slipped into the office where Tony sat hunched up by his desk, his dark hair rumpled, a cloud on his face, pounding his typewriter with savage intensity.

Julianne hooked up the electric plate and fixed coffee for him and watched over

his shoulder a moment. She read a few lines.

"Tony, you'll wear yourself out working so hard on these reviews," she scolded gently.

He sent her an angry glance. "Guess that's my business. Don't want any woman fussing around. Get out, will you?"

"And leave you to forget the coffee and have a mess all over? No, I won't."

He whirled angrily. "Go on, beat it, can't you? Dames get in my hair!"

But Julianne seated herself across from him. "No I'm not leaving yet. Besides you don't hate it as much as you pretend. That's just an act and doesn't fool anyone but you."

"Go on and dance for Jon." Tony flung at her and there was bitter emphasis on the last word.

"This is intermission. Besides, I won't bother you. I'll just sit as quiet as the proverbial mouse."

For nothing better to do, she braided and rebraided the thongs of her grass skirt. She was deep in thought. What shock would break the ice case that held Tony? What could she do to make him admit he was human? How could she prove that he had more sweetheart appeal than Jon?

He had two buttons missing on his shirt and a smudge on his nose. His dark hair tumbled and tossed in dark invitation to her fingers, and she itched to reach across the table and rumple it a bit more, just for fun. She glanced up through her lashes and saw that he was watching her covertly as he typed.

But he kept on typing and Julianne got up and unplugged the plate where coffee was bubbling merrily in a little coffee pot. She went to the shelf, found a couple of cups and filled them. Walking over to Tony, she glanced quickly at what he had written.

She read, "Darling, I want to kiss you so badly it's an ache inside me. But I'm afraid—afraid you're like the rest of them.

Any girl would be crazy not to prefer Jon—"

Julianne's face flushed hot. She kept moving until she was across from Tony and she set his cup down with shaky fingers.

Not by one word or look must she betray that she had seen those words. That her heart was doing a silly flopping act and she trembled all over like a flower in a storm. She struggled to keep her voice even.

"Here's your coffee, mister, and if you don't mind, I'll do the vanishing act."

She left her own cup steaming on the desk, untouched, as she slipped quietly out the door, feeling his dark eyes, brooding after her retreating figure.

HE DIDN'T watch the next act when she danced her love dance to Jon. Nor was he in the office when it was time to close up and go home.

But the office door was gaping, the wastebasket full of wrinkled sheets and the typewriter sat askew across the desk. As though he had savagely tried to hurl it from him.

"Great guy, that Tony," Jon was saying as he poured himself a cup of like-warm coffee. "Clear today and squalls tomorrow. Wonder what's the matter now?"

"Maybe he's working out another idea," Julianne suggested lightly as she reached for her coat and hat.

"Maybe. But we're doing all right here. Say, let's go and hoof it a bit in celebration, shall we, Moon Girl?"

"Perhaps."

"Nothing like being seen around. Helps business no end."

Julianne laughed aloud. "I thought you were a man who loves life and doesn't understand being practical."

"You're wrong there. The best part of me longs for a steady income and a fire-side and someone like you to soothe my tired brow."

He was laughing but suddenly his laughter stopped and he caught her in his arms. Viselike his arms closed about her and he tipped her chin up so he could look into her eyes.

"Julianne—you're lovely."

She struggled to free herself, but he was kissing her madly, tantalizingly, on lips, cheek, throat. She felt only anger that he should take advantage. That he should be cheap. She pushed him away, her eyes blazing.

"Jon—don't you ever do that again! I refuse to be one of the many you have hurt with your easy loving."

"But I mean it, Julianne. I mean it. I'm crazy in love with you, honestly. And you don't exactly hate me, do you?"

"You know I don't. Only when I get love, I want it to be the real thing, not a leftover remnant."

"Julianne—"

She left him standing, with empty arms. She ran down the street where she hailed a cab and got in, cheeks hot, breath coming in short little gasps. The nerve of him! Did he think for one minute she would be the next pearl on his string of enslaved loves?

The next night Julianne felt almost afraid to face Jon. She tried to act as though nothing had happened, though she remained coolly indifferent, staying out of his reach as much as she could.

THE AUDITORIUM had been redecorated for Carolina Night. The mellow moon was shining through cobwebby thick trunked trees, with moss like fairy stuff hanging from the branches. Rough-hewed benches here and there, with sometimes a little table where a white coated dark skinned waiter served tall, sparkling drinks with sprigs of mint. Mammy songs seemed to come from a distant cabin that glimmered faintly in the moonlight through a haze of trees.

Julianne's many ruffled pale taffeta

swished about her silver clad feet, making no sound upon the grass so dark and lush under her steps. Her long dark hair hung in curls onto her shoulders. She smiled as Jon came, singing, guitar in hand, to meet her and took her lightly in his arms. His tall, lithe body was clad in cool summer things. His adoring smile caressed her when he laid his cheek against hers and sang.

They strolled down the little white pebbled paths and serenaded the couples at the tables and benches so discreetly hidden from each other.

Between the acts, she slipped away from Jon and carefully opened the office door. There was a paper in the typewriter where Tony sat, his head on his arms as though he were asleep.

Julianne touched his shoulder and he sprang up, dark, tormenting eyes avoiding hers.

"Can't you let me alone? Always snooping around!" he accused crossly.

"Tony, you're working too hard, you're not yourself—"

"Of course I'm not myself with someone like you driving me crazy—" he flung at her savagely, then looked a bit startled, as though he hadn't meant to say quite those words. As though he had been caught.

He whirled suddenly and snatched his coat from the rack, his hat, and he bolted out the door. The coat rack wobbled unsteadily.

She reached toward the typewriter and extracted the sheet half filled with typed words.

She read, "Why is it torture to see you, so little and sweet, and know that I can't trust myself to touch you or be near you?"

She folded it carefully and put it down the bosom of her dress. Then, steadying her tear-filled eyes, she went back to the auditorium for a repeat act of Carolina Night.

The next night Tony wasn't at the

auditorium. Nor the next night, nor the next. Julianne was frightened.

"Where is he, Jon?" her piquant face was already pinched and white from worry. She was annoyed to note that Jon didn't seem upset.

"Oh, he's probably on a bat somewhere. He does that now and then. Say you don't suppose some blonde has snagged him, do you?"

A queer fear clutched at Julianne's heart, and she adjusted her Persian hairdress, veil and turban, the veil hiding the sick fear in her eyes.

"Julianne," Jon was pleading suddenly, holding her hands within his own. I've philandered a lot in my day, but I've REALLY fallen in love with you. Dear little Julianne, could you, would you marry a guy like me?"

"No Jon."

"You're in love with someone else?"

She nodded her dark head and the spangles on the Persian veil shimmered.

He considered it a moment, then he laughed shortly. "Well, I'll not give up until I'm sure you can't love me. You could, Julianne. Won't you try? Just a little?"

"No, I'm sorry, Jon. You've a whole world full of girls."

"But you're the one I want."

"No, not really. Just because you can't have me."

They went out together into the auditorium where couples were already gathering. There was a Persian garden and Jon seated himself upon a throne of cushions, a miniature balcony from which towered a tall, slender minaret.

Julianne danced for him, and finishing, thrust her hands entreatingly toward him and flung herself at his feet. He raised her in his arms, to a place beside him where they sat listening to music that seemed to come from a distance, somewhere inside the palace, so cleverly real behind them. Music that was weird, a thin, stringy wail of a Persian flute. Below, in the many

bazaar corners, couples were sitting on heaps of cushions, talking low, now and then touching hands or lips.

GLANCING upward, Julianne saw Tony for a moment framed in the doorway, and her heart fluttered at the sight of his beloved dark head. She felt herself rising in a rush to meet him, with a cry of happiness on her lips, but she restrained herself.

As soon as intermission came she sped for the office. She'd tell him, throw herself at him. She didn't care she hadn't any pride left, she only wanted to let him know she loved him and wanted him close.

"Tony, where on earth—" she burst into the office and there he sat at the typewriter again, but he wasn't writing anything. He was staring at the wall.

"Yes?" he asked indifferently, not looking at her.

She lowered her lashes. "Nothing," she said flatly. She turned swiftly and ran out of the room, tears smarting her eyes at his indifference.

A strange sound seeped through her consciousness. There was a commotion in the big room and her heart fluttered as she heard a raised, familiar voice. Her guardian-suitor, Mr. Manners!

"Yes, and I know she's here!" she heard his voice boom out. "Her pictures on everything. A disgrace, and I won't stand for it. Why, her father'd turn over—"

Julianne ran swiftly to where he was struggling with the ticket taker. Jon was standing there, trying politely to explain.

With anger puffing his cheeks and color staining his whole face, Mr. Manners was out of place. There was a girl of sorts behind him, because the rule was that only couples were allowed. But he had thrust the girl away and was advancing threateningly upon Julianne. She shrank against Jon, and loitering couples pressed

forward to catch this bit of what they thought to be more make-believe.

"Julianne, what nonsense is this?" Mr. Manners puffed. "You're coming home with me to good, old respectable South Bend, this very minute."

"But Mr. Manners—"

"But nothing! And in such a get-up too. Why, your father'd—"

"I know," she answered wearily, "he'd turn over. But I'll not give up my job. It's honest and—"

"Suppose you're in love with this—this pretty boy here, huh?"

Julianne shrank closer to Jon, whose arm was lightly encircling her waist.

Mr. Manners caught her waist and pulled her away from Jon. Then suddenly, a pair of browned hands reached out and loosened Mr. Manner's hold. A strong fist swung at the fat face.

"Tony!" The rhythm of Julianne's heart quickened. For one swift moment something primitive in her raced to meet the savage in Tony.

Tony turned, and wiping his hands on a handkerchief, he looked down at Julianne. "Is it true? Are you in love with Jon?"

She couldn't speak, her heart was so full. She could only look at him, with conflicting emotions pulling her this way and that.

"It's true," he said slowly and walked away, slamming the door behind him.

Mr. Manners finally picked himself up and gloweringly took himself off muttering in his fat cheeks something about a lawsuit.

Julianne laughed shakily. Jon tightened his arm about her and led her back to the balcony where she tried to resume her quiet pose.

"Julianne—are you?"

"No." But she buried her face against his chest and dry sobs shook her.

"Can I help, sweet?" he murmured in the soft fragrance of her dark hair.

"Just—let—me—alone," she sobbed.

Gathering up the bespangled dress she ran for the office, and burst open the door. Tony was writing out a check. So she was to be fired! Not only excluded from his life, but from the job, too. Oh, that hurt! It hurt more as his cynical smile slid up to meet her trembling one.

He waved the check in the air to dry it and handed it to her with a flourish. "For your trousseau, beautiful, and maybe you'll be very happy. But I doubt it."

"Tony, I don't want—"

"Take it and shut up. I'll be darned if I'll be best man. I've a little personal business of my own to attend to right now. Excuse me."

up and gloweringly and took himself off,

He left, slamming the door loudly. Left with his hat still hanging rakishly on a corner of a scenic picture where he had thrown it when he came into the office. The check fluttered to the floor and lay face upward.

She sank down in his chair and looked blankly at the wall. When footsteps echoed outside the door, she was alert, flushed of face and eager, a smile curving his lips. He had come back!

BUT IT WAS Jon who stepped into the office. He was reaching for her hands across the desk. "Julianne, is it true? Will you marry me?"

As she looked at Jon a sudden plan formed with lightning speed in her mind—a plan which would show her, once and for all, where she stood with Tony. She said swiftly, "No, Jon, you're grand, but I don't love you—I can't—"

She had to detour to make her plan work. And if it didn't work! If Jon refused to cooperate!

She looked up at him earnestly. "Jon, would you do something for me? No questions asked? Just do something and wait for an explanation?"

"Anything, darling, to prove I love you."

"Then disappear tomorrow night before

the show. Go to the drugstore at sixth and eleventh and wait for me to call you. If I don't call you before the show is over, you ring the office and tell Tony—Oh, you'll know what to tell him when the time comes."

"But Julianne, the show—"

"I've someone in mind to take your place. No questions, please," she pleaded.

"Well, it's a fool thing to do. But to show you—say, nobody knows the routine but Tony and I. Say—" His eyes looked knowing and startled. But Julianne evaded his glance.

"Please, Jon," she pleaded, patting his arm affectionately.

He looked down at her for a long minute. He said slowly, "Well, I'll be a good sport and do it. Romeo will waft the poison at six tomorrow and wait for your kiss to awaken him."

"Silly," she said.

The next night, all done up in Crinoline ruffles and long shoulder curls, she hurried to the auditorium. She looked anxiously about for Jon, and felt a sigh of relief when she saw he wasn't there. She swished into Tony's office and found him whirling the desk chair savagely.

"That fool Jon—" he said, and flung a book against the desk. "He's not here. Left me a note saying he wasn't coming tonight."

"Hummm—" Julianne said quietly.

"But the show. We can't ruin that just for a whim of Jon. The fool! He's probably got a skirt mixed up in this business somewhere."

"The show will go on," Julianne said quietly, pretending not to notice his anger. Her cape fell from her beruffled snow white dress. She finished lightly as she swung the cape over a chair. "You'll take his place, Tony."

Tony made a noise between a snort and a sneeze. He blustered and his dark hair stood on end. "Nobody wants to see me put on a love scene. I'm no Romeo."

"You'll do in a pinch," Julianne said softly.

WITH SOME misgivings, he went out to don white slacks and shirt. The crowd had begun to fill the auditorium when he met Julianne at the entrance of their make-believe land of moonlight.

He twanged the guitar softly. Julianne sang. She had never before sung so sweetly as she sang to Tony. She saw the cynicism disappear from his dark eyes and a wistful gleam creep into their depths.

He put his arm about her, and drew her close. Julianne lifted her lips, felt his arm tighten about her slender waist. His lips met hers, softly sweet, a little tremulous, a little afraid, but oh, so hungry. Her arm crept up and around his neck, hugging close to her heart the blessed nearness of him, the strength of him, the sweet passion in his kisses.

"Julianne—" he said gruffly, then caught himself. "It's just the mock moon, isn't it? It's magic has got me as it gets them all."

"Oh," Julianne said bleakly and backed away. His clasp loosened. His eyes grew cynical and he walked stiffly beside Julianne as they wound their way slowly along the festooned paths where magnolias gleamed softly in the synthetic moonlight.

Julianne struggled to keep him from seeing how she trembled from his nearness. Her plan was failing—failing utterly. A sob rose in her throat and stuck there.

As they were getting their coats, Julianne still in her crinoline dress, the phone rang out sharply. Jon! Tony started toward it, but Julianne flung herself in front of him.

"Let me answer it!" she begged, reaching for the instrument.

"Why?"

"Just because," she pleaded. But Tony's hand closed over hers and he lifted the phone, saying, "Hello!"

Frantic, Julianne pushed past him and

ran outside, shivering as she looked up and down the street for a cab.

Before she had found one, Tony came out and his face was grim "Wrong number," he explained gruffly.

Then it hadn't been Jon! Jon had failed to keep his part of the plan. Not that it mattered now.

Tony took Julianne's arm and piloted her down the street in the bitter cold.

"Where—where are you taking me?" she asked, trembling.

"You'll see," he said and would say no more. Her white taffeta ruffles swished as she had to almost run to keep up with him, but the grip on her arm was ruthlessly commanding. Tony took her through cold iron gates and into the deepest recess of a park, where stark trees gleamed nakedly in the wind, weaving a pattern on the thin cold snow. A bold slice of moon froze down at them.

He stopped, turned her toward him. "I can't pretend, Julianne, not any more."

"You mean—"

"Yes, I loved you from the first. And then I was sure you fell for Jon and just pitied me. But I found out differently tonight when Jon phoned . . ."

Then it had been Jon, the darling. He hadn't failed her, after all.

Tony's clasp tightened. "Forgive me for being so mean to you, Julianne, but I do love you so, my lovely little Moon Girl—" He reached out an awkward hand

and tipped her chin upward. "See that moon?" he said slowly. "It's real—"

But it's cold—"

"Think so? It's made many a man ask a girl to marry him, and in this very park, too."

"It's still terribly cold, Tony," she said sweetly and shivered a little and her lips trembled because his were so close and yet so far away.

Suddenly he was crushing her tight against him, pressing his lips madly down upon her own until she was breathless. And if she shivered it was from ecstasy, not from the cold.

"Still think it's a cold moon?" he asked slowly, and looked down at her tenderly. The moonlight on his angular face made it almost handsome.

Julianne laughed a little shakily because her heart raced so, because her heart seemed so full of happiness.

"I warned you, Tony, I'm just a hussy at heart. I thought you'd never break down and tell me you loved me."

After a long sweet eternity he released her, and clasping her hand, drew her swiftly along the path.

"Come on then, beautiful, I'm going to make an honest woman out of you before dawn."

They sped through the cold wintery park and the moon didn't seem cold anymore. It was warmer than a real winter moon had any right to be.

"I Talked with God"

(Yes I did—Actually and literally)

and, as a result of that little talk with God some ten years ago, a strange new Power came into my life. After 43 years of horrible, sickening, dismal failure, this strange power brought to me a sense of overwhelming victory, and I have been overcoming every undesirable condition of my life ever since. What a change it was. Now—I have credit at more than one bank. I own a beautiful home, own control of the largest circulating newspaper in my County and a large office building, and my wife and family are amply provided for after I leave for shores unknown. In addition to these material benefits, I have a sweet peace in my life. I am happy as happy can be. No circumstance ever upsets me, for I have learned how to draw upon the invisible

God-Law, under any and all circumstances.

You too may find and use the same staggering Power of the God-Law that I use. It can bring to you, too, whatever things are right and proper for you to have. Do you believe this? It won't cost much to find out—just a penny post-card or a letter, addressed to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 316, Moscow, Idaho, will bring you the story of the most fascinating success of the century. And the same Power I use is here for your use, too. I'll be glad to tell you about it. All information about this experience will be sent you free, of course. The address again—Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 316, Moscow, Idaho. Advt. Copyright 1939 Frank B. Robinson.

WISTFUL BELOVED



Somewhere above me wild birds are winging,
And red leaves are falling to cover the ground.
Here, in the silence, a sweet voice is singing;
You, unforgotten, in memoried sound.
Here in the quiet, the white flame of you
Is wrapped close about me to save me from cold.
Here in the stillness, here in the waiting,
The love in my soul is an armour of gold.
Do you remember the scent of the clover,
The path of the moonlight, the hush of the dew;
When I said to God: "Here is my lover;"
And we were one, and both were you?
Warm in my loving, still in my dreaming,
Counting my rosary in words that you said,
Wistful Beloved, I am awaiting
Your quiet coming, into the dead.

—Marjori Kaye.

PAYMENT IN FULL

by
FLORENCE HOWER

She was used to facing the cameras, of course. But with Mal she felt like a rank amateur. What if he should guess . . .



A Movie Queen With a Grudge Against a Camera-Shy Radio Maestro. Fire Works!

a close-fitting evening gown of pale green. Her copper-colored hair, reaching her shoulders, was loosely blown in the gentle breeze.

He stood beside her somewhat taller. He was dark and broad-shouldered; and he held her hand as they silently gazed at the long black stretch of land to starboard: the coastline of Lower California.

Sight of the land seemed to evoke thought of sadness, for the voyage would soon be over. Music from the ship's band, playing *Auld Lang Syne*, came up to them vagrantly; the last vestige of shipboard camaraderie and romance for most of the passengers.

But with them, Lucille Holden and Mal Hammond, it meant something entirely different. They had announced their en-

SHE STOOD on deck as the big liner rolled slowly in the lazy Pacific swells. She was tall and graceful in

gagement a few moments ago at the farewell ball. They had just escaped the din of congratulations and well-wishing which had followed.

Something of the wonder at what had happened to her during the cruise was showing in Lucille's big brown eyes. They were soft and almost misty as she gazed up dreamily into the gray depths of Mal's. Was it possible that just a short month ago she had hated him? Had set out with the deliberate purpose of trapping him into making a liar and a fool of himself?

She felt a sickening lurch of her heart as fear tugged at it—fear that he would not be able to forgive. . . . She wanted to tell him how Charlie Evans, her manager, had talked her into it in the first place. She was groping for the right words when his sudden grip of her shoulders, when he swung her face to face with him, brought her thoughts back to the present. He pressed her slim form close while studying her and there was a husky quality in his voice when he spoke.

"You're not sorry, are you?" he asked. "No Mal," she spoke slowly with deliberation, "but you shouldn't have rushed me so, insisting on announcing our engagement tonight. You know so little about me! There's something I wanted to tell you—to explain. . . ."

The sound of the steward's voice interrupted her. "Radio-gram for Miss Lucille Holden! Miss Lucille Holden!"

"Here I am steward." Her voice was tight with apprehension as she tipped the steward and took the message with fingers that trembled. She paled as she read its contents:

GOOD WORK GAL THE WHOLE GANG WILL BE ON DOCK TO GREET YOU AND YOUR BEAMING BRIDE-GROOM TO BE CHARLIE

"Bad news?" Mal asked.

"No," she answered miserably crumpling the paper in one tightly clenched fist.

"It's just what I expected. I'm wondering if you'll ever forgive me, Mal. . . ."

Someone calling Mal's name stopped her second attempt at confessing. unsuspecting, Mal said:

"Darling, will you excuse me a moment? I've got to talk over some plans with this guy." He gave her a quick kiss and an instant later was going down the companionway with a man she hadn't seen before. He waved to her and smiled.

She smiled back—a smile that didn't quite reach her stiff lips. She waited an hour for Mal's return and then she went below to her cabin, giving the stewardess notice that she wasn't to be disturbed under any circumstances less than a sinking ship.

SHE LAY DOWN on the bed, only half undressed. Her thoughts flew back to the time a month before when Charlie Evans had shown her Mal's feature article in the Sunday supplement. It was mostly a question-and-answer piece about the orchestra leader's conception of things Hollywood.

Why had she allowed herself to let his article affront her so? What if he had expressed the opinion that the so-called glamourous stars were nothing but a bunch of hard-boiled, sophisticated husband-snatchers? He hadn't been to Hollywood yet at that time. How was he to know that Valerie Jordan—now posing as Lucille Holden—hated the roles which had been given her lately? How could he guess that the distasteful publicity was purely manufactured?

As she lay on the bed, not knowing whether to feel sorry for herself or not, she recalled vividly the salient points of Mal's article:

"Just coming to Hollywood to satisfy a curiosity about what the place was like. . . . To take a critical look at the screen beauties. . . . Turning down all Hollywood offers. . . ."

She wondered how a man who could make love so divinely could have written such things as: "Take Hollywood marriages, for example. The stars act so much of the time that they forget how to live their own lives, and how to love in real life! Is it any wonder nine marriages out of ten go on the rocks?"

She thought of the way he had answered the question, "Do you think stars should marry others of their own profession?"

His reply, "Definitely not! Feminine stars shouldn't marry at all until they are willing to give up their careers. No woman can be a good actress and a good wife at the same time. Marriage is a career in itself. Mix them and either one suffers or the other!"

As Valerie Jordan, famous screen star, she had openly scoffed at Mal Hammond's article. Short and fat Charlie Evans had studied her reaction with interest, running his fingers through thin, graying hair that day on the lot. They had been filming the final scene of her latest picture.

"How can such an upstart as this—this Mal Hammond, make such positive and sweeping statements about Hollywood people? I, for one, hate to see him getting away with it!" she had stormed. "I'd like to see some actress take him over the coals!"

It was then that she'd first noticed Charlie Evans' amused smile, and realized he'd been studying her with interest.

"All right, why not you, Val?" he asked, beaming.

To her startled, questioning look, he'd gone on very convincingly. "In the first place, your last two pictures have been near-flops, box-offically speaking. No telling what this one will be. Too many complaints lately about Valerie Jordan going sophisticated. Too many people remembering her as the sweet and un-touched juvenile. Do you begin to see what I mean, kid?"

"Yes," she said thoughtfully.

Charlie went on: "This hard-boiled

stuff the studio insists on inflicting on you is doing you a lot of harm. The hints of your connection with the sudden and mysterious death of Producer Vining, and your reputed engagement to him too soon after his divorce didn't help any."

HER HEART sank, remembering that was just what Mal had said in his article. Husband snatcher! She was sure he'd meant her.

"How could people believe such things when they know so little about it?" she'd asked indignantly.

"The public is very fickle, baby. Of course we, your real friends, knew it was all a pack of lies. That you were only a very good friend to both Vining and his wife. But they were harmful lies, Val. The public is only too anxious to believe a juicy morsel of gossip. The point is—I've got a swell plan, baby, if it'll work out!"

"What is it?" she'd asked wonderingly.

"It concerns this, this what's his name—Mal Hammond. He seems to be a comer, all right, and if he can be shaken from his silly prejudices about Hollywood, the studio might get him as your leading man. He's already appeared in several short subjects and they say he photographs well, knows most the ropes. "No breath of scandal has ever touched his name. If you could possibly get yourself engaged to him, it would offset the unfavorable publicity you've had lately."

"How am I to manage that?" she'd asked cynically, the glint in her eye becoming dangerous.

Charlie had told her about Mal's sailing on a steamer from New York, with his band, on a leisurely cruise via Panama and on up the coast. He'd said, "Why don't you go to New York, sail on the same ship, incognito?

"You could use your real name of Lucille Holden. Nobody remembers you by that name any more. If anything embar-

rassing comes up, it's not your fault he didn't remember your real name!"

"Charlie, you're positively a genius!" she had exclaimed.

NOW, on this last night at sea, she wished fervently that she hadn't listened to Charlie. But how could she have foreseen that she would fall so madly in love with Mal?

Evans had advised her to make the announcement of her engagement while still on board. That way, Mal couldn't back out without making a genuine fool of himself. She had put it off until the last, and then Mal himself had insisted on the announcement. He'd said, "If you really love me, you'll want to let the world know it."

She lay awake until far into the morning. It seemed that she had been asleep only a few minutes when she was awakened by a knock on her door.

"We'll be docking within the hour, Miss Holden!"

Frantically she put on her new suit of tailored forest green. Her Peter Pan hat of the same color, high-lighted her hair. She rushed up on deck, leaving instructions with the steward about her baggage. She had meant to arise early, find Mal and tell him. . . .

She had a sinking feeling when she saw they were already warped against the pier at Wilmington. She wondered if Mal had been looking for her. Her heart pounded with anxiety.

Then she saw him, in gray tweeds, and smoking his pipe. He was near the gangplank, looking about him with a worried expression on his handsome tanned face.

"Darling!" he exclaimed, "I've been looking all over for you!"

He kissed her, and when they broke away, she felt her heart sag at the sight of Charlie Evans, coming up the gangplank, and wearing the biggest grin she'd ever seen on his chubby face. She felt like

screaming at first, seeing Mal's questioning, puzzled look.

Charlie was saying, tugging at her arm, "Hiya, Val, they're waiting to welcome you. You're looking great, by the way. And this is the lucky guy, isn't it? I could tell by the way he kissed you."

She saw Mal's sudden look of comprehension. Then flash bulbs were exploding in spite of the bright California sun in November.

Charles Evans said, "For heaven's sake smile, Val!"

They were at the bottom of the gangplank now and a reporter, recognizing Mal, said, "Congratulation, Mr. Hammond! How do you think you'll like Hollywood? Are you prepared to retract all your statements about movie stars, now that you're engaged to Val Jordan?"

Another reporter with a sarcastic edge to his voice said, "How will you like being known as Mr. Valerie Jordan?"

There was a burst of laughter, and Valerie turned tortured eyes to meet Mal's gaze. His face was red with embarrassment—or rage—she couldn't tell which. Flashing her a withering look of scorn he turned and walked off, losing himself in the crowd.

The autograph hounds and fans were pressing closer. Evans was trying to edge her nearer her car. "Please!" he demanded, "smile and wave at them! Remember, you're supposed to be in love, engaged, whether or not it means anything to you!"

She gave him a dry look and wanted to say, "If you only knew what you've let me in for! Playing with peoples' hearts for the sake of publicity!" Then, realizing that it was as much her own fault as his, she looked at the fans and smiled.

"That's better!" Evans said in an undertone. They had reached her car now, and he was handing her into the back seat. It was a long, black, open model, the kind politicians use when riding through the streets during campaigns for election.

There were three or four studio cars filled with smiling, waving extras. As the procession started to leave, a band on the dock began playing a piece from her latest picture. Evans hadn't missed the chance for publicity! The only thing missing now was the *fiance*.

Charlie was studying her closely and patting her hand. "He was burned up, wasn't he? He'll get over that. By golly, I believe you're really in love with the guy! That's great, Val. It's better that way. It'll probably save us embarrassment later on."

She said bitterly: "That's what you think. Mal's not going to be easily placated. I played a dirty trick and he'll not forget it."

Charlie said: "Leave that to me, honey. You've come a long way since the first day I helped you from the train—I'll never forget. You were the freshest, most beautiful and naive beauty contest winner I'd ever seen. I'll never forget how you said your name was Lucille Holden. Just like Lindy introducing himself when he landed in Paris! As if everyone didn't know who you were!"

I was plain Lucille Holden from Plainville, Illinois," she said thoughtfully, a little sadly. She was thinking that if it was still just plain Lucille, how different things might have been between her and Mal. Except, of course, that Lucille Holden could not have afforded expensive cruises.

THEY went to the banquet room of a large hotel where she made a little speech before movie notables. There was again the flash of exploding bulbs, the reporters' questions to be answered. Statements for an eager press to print. She supposed Mal, too, would be making statements for the press and her heart thudded with anxiety. He was so hurt he might say anything!

She was glad when she finally reached the library of her Beverly Hills home

that evening. She sat in blue velvet lounging pajamas. The maid had brought all the afternoon papers and eagerly she scanned them for any scrape of information about Mal—any statement he might have made.

On the front page she saw his picture with the caption:

NOTED BAND LEADER MAY MAKE PICTURE

There were a few lines about that and then she came across something that sent a hot wave of indignation over her.

"Just another shipboard romance. A publicity stunt—that announcement of my engagement to Val Jordan. Ask her, she knows all about it! I've decided that it wasn't worth while. . . . She thought the publicity would make me but I'm not sure I want to be *made*."

She was trembling with rage. Even his injured feelings didn't justify such a slap in the face as this!

She came across her own statement and was a little sorry that she hadn't made it stronger. She had thought that pure frankness might eventually bring them together again. She had said:

I high-pressed him into it to make him take back his silly and prejudiced statements about Hollywood. I really am sorry about the whole thing, especially about making a liar of him. He is a grand guy when you get to know him. I want only to be friends. . . ." A sob caught at her throat. She wanted so darned much more than that!

WHEN HE didn't call her as the days passed, she decided to wait until she met him on the set before apologizing. She learned that the studio had succeeded in winning him to be her leading man in the new picture.

The gossips concealed their surprise at Mal's acceptance, by whispering that he had just taken it to punish her, in all the ways a leading man can find to punish

the star who plays opposite him.

Their first bit of acting together was a terrace scene, at night, at a wealthy country home. It was her first encounter with him since they had separated that day on the pier. Presently she was in his arms and his lips were on her own.

She had decided that when this moment should come she'd act impervious to his kiss convincing him that it didn't thrill her. But the director noticed it, told her to put more oomph into it.

She surrendered to the feeling she had tried to hide, and momentarily gloried in her surrender. In his arms, with his lips on hers, she gave herself up to the delicious ecstasy, to the recurring feeling of that time on board ship when first they had kissed. It became so real that she forgot it was only acting.

She forgot that his lines were the scenario writer's when he said:

"Darling, I'm mad about you! I've never known anyone like you before. I've never said this to any other woman, either. Let's ditch everything and elope tonight!"

It was the burning hatred in his eyes that brought her back to her senses.

Just before the filming of the next scene, she got a chance to talk with him. She said: "Please, Mal. Don't you think that you at least owe me the courtesy of listening to my explanation? I wanted to apologize and explain, but people kept interrupting. You've no right to treat me this way, just because your feelings were hurt.

"Or didn't our love mean anything to you? Were you just actin' even then?" She had hold of his lapels now, searching his eyes. She wanted to shake him, seeing the stubborn set of his square jaw.

There was a flicker of hesitation on his part. Then she saw a shadow cross his eyes. He pushed her away, none too gently. When he spoke, his voice was brittle. "I've had enough of your lies!

You're lying now, just as you lied then. The truth means nothing to you. You will play with a guy's emotions just for the sake of publicity, will you! Well! people who play with fire sometimes get their fingers burnt! And this is one of those times!"

She stood tensely, not knowing what to do. But she managed to remain outwardly cool, aloof, as she lighted a cigarette. She looked very beautiful in the trim, white sport suit that the scene called for.

She wouldn't show him how he had humiliated her! She had come to him to beg his forgiveness and had been slapped down for her efforts. Well, if that's the way it was to be she'd simply have to forget all about ever being in love with him! Maybe she'd only imagined he was the one and only man for her. After this picture, she'd demand another leading man.

She didn't know that an extra had overheard her talk with him, but the next day she read in the gossip column:

"What prominent actress is carrying the torch for her newest leading man? A man who, incidentally, has no use for her and lets the world—and the star—know how he feels."

THE SITUATION might have gone unbearably on indefinitely if she hadn't received an engraved invitation to the opening of a new night club. It said that Mal Hammond, the well-known maestro and actor, was to be the featured attraction.

She sought out Charlie Evans and found him having a late breakfast at the High Hat. At his invitation, she sat down to have a cup of coffee with him. They lit cigarettes, and then she asked him his opinion on whether or not she should go to the night club. But she'd made up her mind already not to go.

Her main reason in seeing Charlie was

to feel him out to determine if he'd had anything to do with sending her the invitation.

Charlie said: "Certainly, you'll go! Not only will you go, but I insist. As your manager, I think I have the right!"

"No, Charlie, I don't think I'll do it. Why should I go just to be rubber-necked at by a lot of gossip mongers? Don't you think I've got any pride at all? Look what they said just because I tried to talk with Mal on the set the other day!"

Bringing his best persuasive powers into operation, Charlie said suavely, "Do you want your public to think you can't take it? They will if you stay away! Everyone of importance will be there! Show Mal that you can be just as good a sport as anyone!"

"Then he did send that invitation at your suggestion!" she flared.

"Now, now, take it easy," he soothed.

"Okay," she said finally, "I'll go. But don't you or anyone else think I'm going just to see Mal Hammond! You can pass that word along, Mr. Publicity Man!"

Charlie smiled wisely. Already he had a table reserved not far from the orchestra dais.

"Well, I've got to run along now," she said after a moment. "I've got a luncheon engagement with my director."

Charlie piloted her to the door and watched her get into her long, cream-colored roadster.

THE Las Palmas Club was enlivened by as brilliant an assemblage of movie stars and notables as ever graced a Hollywood premiere. Ladies in low-necked gowns and expensive jewelry, men in full evening dress, occupied the many tables about the spacious, potted-palm studded room, green against pillars of shining white marble.

Lucille arrived about eight-thirty with Charlie. Their table was only twenty feet from the orchestral dais. As they seated

themselves, she saw from the corner of her eye that Mal was watching her. He looked more handsome than ever in his white tie and tails, his dark hair sleeked back.

She felt the stares of the crowd, had felt them all the way, from her entrance to their table. She wore a wine-colored gown that was very becoming. A black, expensive fur cape hung loosely over her shoulders, offsetting her reddish-gold hair. She had a corsage of gardenias at the V-opening of her dress.

She felt a shade uneasy. Charlie was studying her and presently was saying, "Don't let 'em get your goat. Smile at people when they look our way."

"Then I'd be smiling all the time!" she said testily.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," he said.

Presently she noticed Charlie casting nervous, studying glances at Mal up on his dais. It was as if Charlie expected something. Suddenly she had the same feeling she'd had the day they motored from the pier.

It was an intense yearning to be plain Lucille Holden again. She was tired of living two lives—one for the movie public, and her own, tired, tortured existence; the life that could never be the same. And she was angry at herself for giving way to the emotion—the same feeling she had felt a hundred times since she and Mal had quarreled on the set.

She glanced at Mal again when the music stopped, and saw him move over to the microphone. She noticed Charlie go positively tense, waiting expectantly for something.

Mal was speaking now: "Ladies and gentlemen! With your kind indulgence, I'll sing a song of my own composition."

He turned and gave the signal to his boys. The music started again. Now he looked in Lucille's direction. The crowd applauded, sensing something. She felt like a goldfish.

Mal sang:

"I'm mad about, that gad-about girl, (I am not!)
 I want to shout, I'm in such a whirl, (Not about you!)
 She must go here, she must go there,
 She's got me runnin' everywhere, (It's not true!)
 Up to now, I've never been a chaser,
 But to see her I must be a racer, (Heaven help me!)
 That's why you see, that gad-about girl,
 Has made a gad-about guy of me! (Like heck she has!)

Val stared in stunned amazement, unable to believe her ears. She was choked, first with rage, then humiliation. She wanted to ask Charlie to get her out of there quickly, but found that she couldn't speak.

The dancers had stopped and were looking at her. People rose halfway in their seats, the better to see her. The crowd was wild, people stamping their feet, crying, "Speech! Speech!" Valerie Jordan! Stand up!"

An orange spot of light engulfed her. She was trapped and there was nothing she could do but get up and talk. Slowly she rose, and a hushed silence settled over the place.

"My friends," she said. "It'll interest you to know that I have just made a very important decision! At least it is very important to me. You all know the situation which brought on our maestro's song.

"I suppose I should be furious and leave the place in a high huff. But frankly, I'm enjoying it. It is not always that a girl gets the spotlight in such an unusual way!" There was laughter through the crowd.

She continued: "Which brings me to the main point of what I want to say. I suppose everyone but a star thinks that a star's life is a bowl of cherries. But this one hasn't found it so! She is quite fed up with living a double life!"

"Well, from now on, I'm going to be selfish. I'm going to live the life I want for myself. When this present picture is finished, my contract expires. I'm retiring from the screen and going back to being plain Lucille Holden."

Lucille paused now and looked directly at Mal, who stood staring, a strange expression on his face. A tense silence pervaded. "For your information, Lucille Holden is a girl whom only one man here tonight has ever met. To this man, Lucille is a cheap little fraud, hidden away behind Valerie Jordan's glamour!"

She sat down, unable to go on.

There were many "oh's," and "ah's," throughout the crowd. People looked from Lucille to Mal and back to Lucille again.

Mal cleared his throat, speaking over the mike so that all present could hear. "Lucille Holden, can you find it in your heart to forgive the man who couldn't recognize the real from the sham?"

He jumped down from the dais and was on his way over to her table now. When he arrived, she was on her feet expectantly, searching his eyes to find the truth in them.

"There's nothing to forgive, Mal dear," she whispered. "After all, I did set out to trick you. It was no credit to me that I was side-tracked by falling head over heels in love with you."

He smiled. "But do you think you'd ever be content as plain Mrs. Mal Hammond? No more publicity? No more fan mail? No more autograph books to sign?"

"Oh, Mal. No more anything but love, my dear," she whispered.

He put his arms around her and kissed her, not caring that the world could see, as the flash bulbs exploded and pictures were being snapped. Reporters rushed over and began firing questions at them.

Charlie Evans said dryly to a reporter: "Well, it didn't work out according to schedule. I wanted some publicity for her next picture—but it seems I've lost my star instead—" He shrugged.

*Nora faced each new
day with dread,
knowing noth-
ing she could
do would
help.*



Mounties Hate Flirts

by GRACE CARLISLE

NORA BINGLEY, slim starry-eyed, hummed happily under her breath as she strolled along the narrow, tree lined path that led up from the wharf to Fort Dubois.

She paused by the whitewashed stones that marked the boundary of the trim, log, police barracks. Perhaps Sergeant Murray Kent could give her some advice about Clive. Father had hoped so much that a complete change from the city would reform him, but Nora was afraid her brother was finding bad company here, too. She'd ask Kent.

She turned towards the hard packed path, and paused as the sergeant's voice rang out:

"The trouble is, Factor, that the average city butterfly is nothing but a flirt. She is as worthless and flighty as the leaves floating throught the fall air."

Nora stopped in her tracks, the earth

seeming suddenly to open before her. She couldn't catch the factor's answer, but the sergeant's next words burned into her heart. Cruel, unforgettable words. "I will admit it's a pleasant diversion from police work to encourage her. How she plays up to the scarlet tunic!" Kent laughed. "I get a tremendous wallop out of the line, which never varies much, but as for growing seriously interested—the woman who shares my life must be a real woman, not a glamorous thrill chaser."

The blood scorched Nora's face, her slender figure shook with fury and humiliation. So this was what Kent really thought of her! A city butterfly, a heartless flirt. Up here for a thrill, playing up to him merely because he was a scarlet coated mountie.

As if he didn't know that her father had sent his three children, Nora, Bea, and Clive, to the north country for the summer

in the hope that a few months away from his pals would reform Clive! Unreliable Clive, who had nearly driven his family insane by his drinking.

To think she had intended to ask Kent's advice about Clive, who was managing to get liquor here just as easily as he did back home. Ask Kent's help! Well, she wouldn't now. She'd die before she would ask a favor of him. He'd think it merely part of her line!

Anger lent wings to her feet. Like a startled deer, she fled through the trees to the big log store with its living rooms behind, where Factor McGregor and his wife lived. She told herself furiously that she'd find where Clive got the liquor and she'd do it alone. How to do it was the big problem in Nora's mind; only one thing was clear and distinct, she wouldn't ask help of the mountie, not ever, no matter what happened.

In the two weeks they had been here, Kent had paid Nora a great deal of attention. She had felt that they were friends, with something deeper stirring her pulses every time they met. Nothing in her twenty years had hurt her as Kent's own words proclaiming that she was merely a pastime plaything.

IN THE BIG living room, her sister Bea, lovely as a doll and with about the same sense of responsibility, looked up from the radio she was toying with. Lovely, happy-go-lucky Bea, without a serious thought under her brights curls, always looking for new thrills, new conquests.

"Remember, the big dance is tonight," Bea cried gaily. "I've hunted out my most sophisticated dress, for even if these men aren't used to city clothes, there's no harm in giving them a thrill."

Nora forced a tolerant smile. "Have a good time."

"Aren't you going?"

"No!" Nora cried vehemently, her cheeks flaming as she remembered that she had

promised to go with Sergeant Kent. No doubt he had asked her so he could be amused by her city "line." He could just go looking for other amusement.

Clive strolled in just then and Nora's heart turned over as she looked at her only brother, saw the bloodshot eyes, the puffy, unhealthy cheeks. He was only eighteen! A sob caught in her throat.

The look of him confirmed her suspicions that he had been getting as much liquor as usual here in Fort Dubois, and not good liquor. Nora's hands clenched. If she could only find where he was getting this vile moonshine, she could have it stopped. The sale of it was illegal, she knew.

"Dance, did you say, Bea?" Clive drawled thickly, sinking into a rocker covered with a buffalo hide. "In the hall? Believe I'll go. Might be some fun, at that."

From the crafty light in his eyes that had once been so bright and steadfast, Nora guessed that liquor would supply any fun Clive was considering.

"How about taking me with you, Clive?" she asked.

Bea looked up in amazement. "You just said you weren't going, and if you are, what about your mountie?"

"I'd rather go with Clive," was Nora's only reply, as she remembered the sergeant's words and the scorn in his crisp voice.

"Swell. Then you won't mind if I make a try for Kent?" Bea giggled. "I've always wanted a mountie for a beau. How about it, sis?"

"So far as I am concerned, you're welcome to him," Nora snapped, and hurried to her room before Bea could ask any more questions.

If Clive wanted to go to the dance, it must mean that Big Ben Condon would be there. Condon, who was trapper, trader, and prospector in the the north country, was suspected of bootlegging on the side, though nothing had ever been proved against him.

Perhaps if Nora played up to Condon, tried on him the wiles that the sergeant condemned so scathingly, she might find out where Clive got the liquor that was ruining him.

The radio operator called for Bea, and Nora went down with Clive. The big log hall was crowded. Nora, edging through the dancers, looked over the people. In spite of herself, her heart leaped as she glimpsed the flash of scarlet that told her Sergeant Kent was present.

He was talking to a half-breed girl, who seemed to be thrilled by the attentions of the tall, soldierly man, whose colorful uniform fitted him like a glove. Nora shrugged slim shoulders, told herself that mounties didn't interest her, and particularly this one.

Her eyes went farther, till they spied Condon, a big burly man who dwarfed most of the others in the room.

The instant he saw them, Condon shouldered rudely across the hall, his hot eyes roaming over Nora. She forced a friendly, careless smile as he asked her to dance. She didn't want to, but as they swung out onto the floor, she was amazed to find that he was a splendid dancer. A grim smile touched her lips. All at once, she realized that her every idea of the north and its people seemed to be twisted.

THE DANCE over, she sat down on one of the long benches by Bea, and Condon mingled with the crowd. Nora tried to watch him, to see if Clive followed, but the milling, laughing dancers swept between them. She had to listen to Bea's gay chatter and hide her tortured thoughts.

Bea was having a lovely time, as she always did. Constable Towler, the rookie mountie who was starting out in the Force under the sergeant, had been her last partner.

"But it's Kent I have my eyes on, he wears his uniform better," Bea giggled.

"Now that you've tied a can to him, sis, he's ripe to be picked by me."

Nora was glad to be spared answering when someone asked Bea to dance. Nora sat still, her jumbled thoughts far away from the crowded, noisy dance hall. She came back to earth at the sound of Kent's low voice asking her to dance.

Out on the floor, he frowned down at her. "Did you forget you promised to come to the dance with me?"

Nora tossed her head. Did his conceit persuade him that he had only to whistle and she would come running? Did he think she was silly enough to believe the attentions he had been paying her were real? A pain, sharp as a two-edged sword, stabbed her heart as she remembered that she had believed just that, had been wildly happy in her dream until his own words had brought her down to earth with a sickening thud.

She forced a laugh, a challenge in her blazing eyes for his stern gray ones. "I changed my mind."

"That is your privilege, I suppose," he said stiffly. "But don't you think you should have let me know?"

"I forgot," she evaded.

He opened his lips, then closed them in a grim, forbidding line, and didn't speak again until the dance was over. With a curt word, he left her beside Bea on the bench.

Condon and Clive came in through a side door. One swift glance told Nora that Clive had been drinking and she choked back the cry of dismay and fury that rose to her lips. It must be Condon who supplied him with the liquor. It she could only prove it and have the supply stopped. Life meant only liquor to Clive now. He didn't even see the strange, vibrant north land that interested Nora so much. He had no joy in living, no interest in anything but liquor. Nora wanted to weep at such a waste of his youth.

Clive dropped onto a bench across the hall and Condon swaggered over to Nora,

who had firmly decided not to dance with him again. But as the big trader spoke to her, she caught a glimpse of Kent watching them.

Acting on sudden impulse she jumped up, and they swung onto the floor, with Condon holding her much closer than she liked. Kent looked straight at her, eyes scornful, lips curled. Nora lifted her head and pretended a deep interest in what Condon was saying.

Once around the hall, and he swung her towards the door. "We'll slip over to my cabin," he whispered, his hot eyes burning her.

Nora shivered, but kept her voice steady. "Not tonight."

"Sure, right tonight," he answered, holding her closer. "We need a bracer. I've got some good liquor. Come on, you know you want to, you beautiful glamor girl!"

Liquor in his cabin! Perhaps she could find out for certain that he was the bootlegger—have him put where he could sell no more poison to boys. Every fiber revolted against going even across the trail with him. But if it would help Clive, she would do almost anything. Besides, what could harm her just crossing the little fort and going into Condon's cabin?

Outside, she drew away from his grasping hands and walked beside him to the cabin. At the door, she hesitated, shrank back, almost turned and fled, but the memory of Clive held her to her purpose. Once inside, she began to talk quickly about the moose and elk heads on the wall, the big bear skin over the stone fireplace.

Condon laughed, his greedy hands reaching toward her. "Why talk about heads? Let's talk about us. You're lovely, Nora, the loveliest thing that ever came north of '53. I've fallen for you, girl, fallen for you hard."

She moved quickly to evade him, managed to get on the other side of the big table. "What about the drink you promised me?" she asked in a shaking voice. She

dared not run away, she had to find out something now that she was here.

Before she could escape, he rounded the table and grabbed her roughly in arms like bands of iron. "You're drink enough for me. You go to my head, Nora. You . . . you . . ." his voice burned hoarsely in her ear, his breath was hot on her face.

Desperately, suddenly realizing the danger she was in, she struggled to escape. But her efforts were like those of a mouse in a lion's grasp.

"What's the idea, being so shy?" he demanded, holding her closer. "You encouraged me. Are you trying to kid me now? I'll show you not to play with Ben Condon."

His thick lips crushed hers.

Never in her life had Nora felt such a surge of abject terror. Revulsion was drowned by deadly fear. She kicked and screamed, but he only held her closer.

SOME ONE had heard her screams. The door swung open and Sergeant Kent stepped in, tall, straight, like a knight in armor.

Kent looked from one to the other and Nora shrank back from the contempt on his face. Condon's arms relaxed and she jerked free.

"What do you mean, barging into my cabin?" Condon blustered.

"Miss Bingley is coming home with me." Kent's voice rang like a clarion.

"She's staying here of her own free will, the same as she came," Condon declared, crouching as if to spring, his right hand raised.

So swift that Nora scarcely saw it, Kent's red coated arm shot out. There was a loud, clean smack of a hand, and Condon staggered back, swayed drunkenly and slumped to the floor.

Nora heard a shrill scream rend the air, and realized in surprise that it was her own voice. She half moved toward the mountie, then stopped.

He caught her arm, shoved her through the door. "I'm sorry to have interrupted your love scene," he told her, his voice cold with disgust, "but it's my duty as a policeman to protect silly city girls from their own folly. Come on home."

He believed she had encouraged Condon, had wanted to be alone with the big trader in his cabin! Nora didn't answer. No matter what his opinion of city butterflies, how could he think she would go to Condon's cabin without some good reason?

Not a word was spoken on the short walk up to the factor's house. They stopped at the door and Nora tried to thank him for coming to her rescue.

He cut her short, his voice that of a policeman rebuking a wayward child. "Keep away from men like Condon. If you must have flirtations, get back to the city where you know your way about."

"Keep your advice," she blazed. "I know my way about here. I could have taken care of myself."

He half turned to go, swung back and stood looking down at her. Nora tried to meet his eyes, but she could not face their scorn. A long moment of silence, then suddenly he caught her to him, crushing her against his heart, whose mad pounding matched her own.

"You were yelling your head off just for pastime, I suppose?" he said cynically. His lips found hers, flaming into rapture that sent her world spinning. Nora clung to him, glorying in her surrender. This was the kiss she had dreamed of; everything was right now, it must be right. Murray Kent and she belonged to each other, there could be no turning back after this. The world was swept off into the mists, the two were left alone in a realm of love, and love alone.

Her arms around his neck, she gave herself wholly to the sweet rapture of the moment.

Then, abruptly, violently, he thrust her from him. "You are quite accomplished at

the art of love-making aren't you? But underneath it all, you, too, are just a heartless flirt, to be kissed and amused, but never to be taken seriously!"

His words came as a shower of ice water. Nora reeled back, her groping fingers finding the rough log walls to steady herself.

That was what his kisses meant! Not the tender love that for one glorious moment she had been silly enough to believe in. Somehow she forced a scornful laugh and the effort tore her heart into shreds.

"Well, why not, so long as it is amusing to me as well as to you?"

In the bright light of the northern summer midnight, she saw the change on his face. "Personally, I prefer Bea's type to yours. She is more frank in her flirting. A man knows where he stands with her. And not even for a thrill would she go out with such a man as Condon." With that, he swung on his heel and left her.

Nora leaned weakly against the wall and stared after him, angrier than she had ever been in her life. He believed that she was flirting with Condon for a thrill! Very well, let him think that.

THE DAYS passed dully. Kent became more and more attentive to Bea, who laughed about her conquest. Nora avoided them both, and she also avoided Condon, for she was genuinely afraid of the big trader. Every time she thought of that night in his cabin, she went cold with horror and loathing. She found herself facing each new day with a chilly dread.

For Clive was getting more and more liquor, he was rarely sober. Half frantic with worry, Nora again began trying to find where he got it. Factor McGregor, as worried as she was, told her that the mounties had been on the trail of the bootleggers for months without finding a thing. If it was Condon, as everyone suspected, the man was too smart for them.

One day Bea told Nora that Kent had been called up the river. Bea laughed mer-

rily as she remarked that she'd have to worry along with Constable Towler if the sergeant stayed away long.

Nora shrugged, telling herself that she didn't care where Kent was, if only he kept out of her way. As the two girls talked, the door opened and Clive came in, swaying as he walked.

Nora ran to him, tears blurring her eyes, but Bea shrugged and moved back. "He isn't worth bothering with, Nora. It looks as if Dad's idea about the north reforming him was the poorest thought he ever had. I give him up."

In spite of her worry, Nora half smiled. Bea gave him up, when she had never lifted a hand to help him. Oh, Bea loved him, of course, but she had no thought at any time except for herself.

The afternoon dragged by on leaden feet. Nora moved restlessly from window to window, killing time, sick about her brother, about the failure of her father's bright plan. It would cut him to the quick to know that this last desperate effort to save his son had been a failure.

Clive didn't come out of his room for supper, but as the northern dusk sent long purple shadows over the land, he appeared, wan, sickly looking, his eyes feverish.

Nora put her hand on his arm. "Let me get you something to eat, Clive," she pleaded.

The boy shook his head. "I'm going out."

"All right. I'll take a walk with you."

He flung off her hand, sullen, stubborn. "I don't want any woman trailing me. Stay home where you belong."

He rushed out and down the path.

Nora fought back her hurt, for she knew that the harsh words were those of a man not himself. In his right mind, Clive loved his sisters. Hardly knowing what she did, with no definite plan, she ran into her room, slipped into a dark coat and followed him.

At the fork in the path she saw him turn

toward Condon's cabin. So that was where he was going! Nora turned and raced to the barracks, forgetting that Kent was away, forgetting her anger at him.

No one answered her loud knock. She opened the door and went into the office. A lamp burned dimly on the table. She called. No answer. Again and again she called.

No use waiting here; she went out again, hurrying up to Condon's cabin. For a while she hovered around the building, lacking courage to enter. But Clive was in there! Clive, her foolish, weak young brother. A little more of that vile moonshine might kill the boy.

Resolutely, she went up to the door, raised her hand and knocked loudly on the door.

It opened instantly, and Condon shouted loud in his delight. "Nora! Come in, little girl, and we'll have a drink."

Nora went inside, and her eyes darted around the room. Through an open door she could see Clive lying across a rude bunk, evidently dead drunk. Every fibre of her being urged her to fly at Condon, to claw him like a wildcat, to scratch his eyes out, to vent on him the primitive fury that swept her. But she fought down the feeling, and smiled at the big trader.

"The sergeant's away so I trust we won't be interrupted this time," she said.

He nodded. "Smart girl."

She moved around the room, admiring whatever she saw, her eyes searching in vain for liquor or any hidden cache. It must be here that Clive got the stuff he drank, every clue pointed to Condon. But there wasn't a suspicious sign anywhere.

Condon followed her, talking, boasting, greedy hands reaching for her. She turned and smiled. "Don't I get the drink you mentioned? Or haven't you any liquor? Maybe that's just a bluff."

He drew himself up proudly. "I always have the makings of a drink."

His ugly leer turned her sick, but she

held to her purpose. "Then what are you waiting for?"

"To be sure that's what you want, I guess." He reached up onto some shelves for glasses and a half full bottle. Deftly he mixed a drink and Nora tasted it. No moonshine, this. Hard government liquor, such as any man might keep in his cabin to offer his friends.

Was she wrong in suspecting Condon? Was she wasting time playing up to him? Yet she couldn't be wrong, it was always after Clive had been with the big trader that he came home drunk.

Condon downed his own drink in one gulp as Nora looked anxiously around the room, and her eyes fastened on the bear skin she had noticed before. "Tell me how you got that bear?" she coaxed.

He swaggered over to it and when his back was turned, Nora poured her liquor into his glass, added the balance in the almost empty bottle. Picking it up, she followed him and, as he bragged about the bear hunt, she quietly handed him his glass. He gulped down the liquor, hardly pausing in his boastful story.

Nora held onto herself, wondering if she could listen to the end. It seemed years before he finished. "Can't we have another drink?" She smiled coyly at him.

He turned, swaying a little. "Sure. I got lots more. Got the smartest hiding place in the world."

WITH NORA right at his elbow, he went over to the window, slid the sill out, and before her astonished eyes, pointed to a big hollow chest in the logs. It was filled with bottles. Here was his cache and its ingenious hiding place! She scarcely dared breathe lest she betray her feelings.

He lifted out a bottle and poured them each a drink. "A guy has to be so careful, with a snoopy mountie always prowling around," he snarled. "A man can't make an honest living without these redcoats in-

terfering. Even when I get a girl up here, they have to come butting in."

She toyed with her glass, trying to get his attention away from herself, but it seemed impossible. He came closer, put an arm around her. She gritted her teeth and smiled, she had to keep him in good humor until she could manage to escape without arousing his suspicions.

If she could only find something to talk about that would take his interest. The only other hope was to get him drunk. "Can't we have another drink?" she asked at last.

He laughed hoarsely. "Sure we can. Never knew a gal who could hold her liquor any better than you." He drained his glass again, then lurched toward her. "Now for that kiss I've been wanting."

Not even for Clive could she endure the touch of this man's thick lips again. She jerked away and he grabbed for her. But he had had too much to drink. He stumbled and went down on his knees. Nora looked wildly towards the door, but he was right in front of it. She swung around, jerked a gun down from the wall and held the barrel with shaking fingers.

"Don't come near me, or I'll shoot you," she cried.

Condon got to his feet and fury sobered him. "You . . . you . . . wild-cat, you been stringing me. I'll kill you for this."

He rushed at her and she pushed the table between them, then lifted the gun. "Stand still," she ordered. "Or I'll shoot, and I'm not fooling!"

He stopped, hanging onto the table to steady himself, and the murderous venom in his eyes terrified her. Silence in the room, a silence so fraught with grim tragedy that Nora wondered how long she could stand it, how long she could hold the gun steady. With the desperate hope that someone passing would hear her she began yelling at the top of her lungs: "Help! Oh, please help!"

When she felt that one second longer

and she'd faint, the door burst open and Constable Towler rushed in. Before Nora could speak, his revolver covered Condon!

Sobbing with thankfulness, Nora dropped the rifle like a hot coal as Towler spoke, his cool, even voice steadyng her.

"I just found your note at the barracks," he said, "and came right away. What are you doing in Condon's cabin?" The scorn in his tone told her that he had come because it was his duty, but that like Kent, he thought silly city flirts should keep away from such men as Condon.

Breathlessly, words tumbling over each other, Nora explained how she suspected Condon because Clive was always drunk after being with him; how she had tried to find out if it was true, even risking this second trip up to Condon's cabin, and this time she had been rewarded by finding the cache of moonshine.

Towler listened, respect dawning on his face. "You mean you came here to try and find if he has been bootlegging? You came for your brother's sake?"

"Why else would I come?" she asked.

"I . . . I . . ." the young constable flushed. "I thought it was because you were chasing a new thrill . . ."

Nora's blue eyes blazed their contempt for Condon. "I would as soon be in the room with a rattlesnake."

Towler's revolver almost touched the other's face. "Back before I drill you,"

The handcuffs clicked, then Towler turned to her. "Show me the cache."

She did and he whistled in amazement. "Ingenious, I'll say. Enough evidence to send Condon up for years. You've done the North a mighty fine service, Miss Bingley."

They both looked around as Clive stumbled into the room, his bloodshot eyes staring in surprise. Nora ran to him, linked her arm through his. "Come home, Clive," she said quietly, and went out with him, followed by Towler and Condon, on their way to the barracks.

Then Clive, sobered by the crisp night air,

asked what had happened. The sound of footsteps halted her words.

THEY TURNED to see Sergeant Kent. "I thought you were up the river."

The mountie came closer to her, the look on his face different to any she had seen there for weeks. "I was, but I got back just as Towler came in with Condon. He told me what had happened. Nora, I'm ashamed of what I thought of you."

Clive stared at them both, and in that moment the boy was cold sober. "I'm ashamed, too," he said quietly. "I've been a fool. But if Nora could run such a risk I must be worth saving." He went inside.

Kent caught her by the shoulders, swung her around to face him. "Forgive me," he begged humbly. "Nora forgive me for the stupid, blind fool I've been?"

"I thought you didn't like city girls," she stammered.

"Some I don't care about," he admitted.

"You've been paying so much attention to Bea."

He laughed. "Bea doesn't care for me. I'm just a new diversion to her."

"But I heard you telling the factor you didn't care for worthless city butterflies; that it is amusing to play up to them, but you couldn't be serious about one."

"I meant Bea," he cried. "You didn't hear it all. I'd been confessing my feeling for you to the factor, telling him how marvelous you were, how different to most city girls. Then you stood me up that night and began playing up to Condon, and I thought I'd been mistaken in you."

"Oh!" it was a long drawn out word, a word of meaning and understanding. "I . . . I . . . thought you were just having fun with me."

"Nora, sweetheart, it frightens me to think how close we came to missing each other."

His strong arms crushed her close, his mouth on hers stopped all answer as he held her, never wanting to let her go.

LADY IN DISTRESS

by
CLAUDETTE HORNE

It was a lawyer of questionable reputation who came to her rescue.

PAULINE OSGOOD, blue eyes frowning, high forehead puckered, listened to her motor grumbling, crashing, dying. The car came to a jerky stop.

Some three miles ahead she could see the lights of Eau Claire, and less than half a mile away there was a gas station; but to walk even that half mile in this cold, drenching rain, when some rescuer would surely stop soon—it would be silly!

Two cars were coming from Eau Claire, their headlights making glaring pools on the wet pavement. Cars whizzed past from behind. At last a passing car slowed, then backed. She cranked down the glass in her door and peered out through the rain. There was only a lone man in the car, and he called:

"Anything wrong?" A clear, pleasant voice.

"My motor is busted. Would you send out a tow?"

He alighted and opened the hood of her car, annoyance in his every movement. Broad shoulders, young, strong face, earnest brown eyes looking out from under his hat, off the rim of which the rain water was running in little streams that glistened in the light of her cowl lamp.

"Step on your starter, please."

She did. The motor crashed just once.

"Huh! Nothing I can do about this. I'll push you to the gas station so you can phone. Or you can leave the car here and come to town with me."

"I only asked you to send out a tow. I don't see why I should—"



"Just as you please." He moved toward his own car.

Was he going to leave her like this, after offering to—

She asked, "How long will it take them to come out?"

"A half-hour, if they start right away. But it may be hours."

"Hours! Why, I'd freeze. With the engine dead, my heater—"

"All right, all right. I'll push you to the station. You steer."

He backed, and then she felt her car move with increasing speed. What a boor he was! As curt as Father when she'd been extravagant.

At the gas station she swung to the side of the road and he stopped. A moment later he stood beside her.

"You can phone from here," he told her. "Or you can lock up your car and come to Eau Claire with me. Whichever you like."

She arched her eyebrows, then realized that in the darkness that gesture was wasted. But he would hear the ice in her voice:

"And why should I go to Eau Claire with you?"

"It may be a long wait. There are restaurants in Eau Claire."

"Oh!" She glanced at the clock on her instrument panel. "I didn't realize it's so late. I think I'll consider going with you."

"Better consider fast."

HE TURNED away, and she had to hurry, suitcase in hand, to catch up with him at his car.

"If you're coming," he said, "I'd better tell them to keep an eye on your car." Then he added, "Climb in."

She did, and through the window she watched him as he talked to the station attendant, apparently handling the man a tip. He was tall and strong looking, and as dark as she was fair.

She noticed that his car was large and powerful, but it was old, probably bought second hand. She wondered if he had noticed that her car was a Lincoln, and almost new. If he was the wrong kind, he might take advantage of those facts, she thought uneasily.

Returning, he seated himself with a brief, "Let's go."

Two months ago she had been one of the most popular of the American heir-

esses, and here she was being treated by this none-too-prosperous looking man as if she were a gold digger who had broken her car so that she might the better vamp him! Well, let him think what he liked! From Eau Claire she would get a train home to Minneapolis.

The rain made the tires swish on the road; it beat against the windshield, forming glistening rivulets which the twin wipers swept away with rhythmic, back-and-forth strokes.

She asked, "How far are you going?" "To Minneapolis."

"Oh! Then I suppose you expect to make it tonight."

"Yes, It's only three or four hours driving."

Coming to Eau Claire he stopped at a garage and ordered a tow as if the damaged car were his own, finishing with:

"We'll phone at noon tomorrow. Have the estimate made by then." And to Pauline, "You'll have to give him the key to your car."

She obeyed, and then they drove in silence to a restaurant which he seemed to know. As they entered the brilliantly lighted place he suddenly stopped and looked at her, surprise and bafflement coming to his earnest eyes, and a sort of recognition.

Was he, she wondered, going to spring on her the old gag about having met her before? If he did, she would freeze him!

She started the freezing process with, "Of course, I'll pay for my own dinner."

And he answered with equal frigidity, "Just as you please."

While she was reading the menu she felt him looking at her and she expected him to compliment her — men always did that — or perhaps he would spring the old gag now — But what he said was:

"These places have a long list of table d'hôte, but it's usually stale this time of night. I'd suggest steak or chops."

She said, "Thank you," and calmly or-

dered scalloped oysters and French fries.

When the waitress had left, he asked, "Would you mind telling me — the initials 'P. O.' on your suitcase, what do they stand for?"

So that was his technique! She retorted, "Does it matter?"

Then, hardening her blue eyes (she knew just how to make them glitter warningly) she very deliberately found her gold case, opened it with slow movements of her long, graceful fingers so that he would have time to see the engraved monogram, and offered him a cigarette. If that case didn't show him the gap between them nothing would!

She went on, "Please don't spoil things by trying to make something of this situation," she warned icily.

And then, for the first time, he smiled—a broad, illuminating smile that put warmth in his brown eyes and a strange sort of melody in his voice as he answered:

"Instead of talking about initials, should I have reached my hand across the table and said, 'I'm glad I met you my Lady in Distress'?"

What else should she do but smile back at him? But then he suddenly became grave again, and silent, as if he were ashamed of this one moment of levity and wanted her to forget it.

Strange about him. She ought to resent his bluntness, his curtness, but somehow she felt confidence in him.

HE INTERRUPTED her thoughts: "If you're going to Minneapolis you might ride with me. The next train leaves around midnight, and there's no bus till morning."

Ride with him? If there was no other way of getting to her destination? Why shouldn't she? Still, with his bluntness—

She parried: "And if I say that I don't care to ride with you, you'll say, 'Just as you please?'"

A smile flickered across his face as he answered, "No doubt about it."

She laughed, "All right. I'll accept your gracious invitation."

But she did not laugh when she climbed into his car. She entered it with a feeling of serene confidence that grew stronger as they drove toward Minneapolis. And after a time came a feeling of silent communion, but perhaps that was brought about by the swishing of the tires over the wet pavement and by the movement of the windshield wipers with their rhythmic oscillations.

It seemed to Pauline that in spite of the endless amusements and human contacts that had filled her life, there had been a void, a wanting of just this: to sit beside a quiet, seemingly indifferent man who drove on and on without her needing to worry about roads or grumbling motors.

Finally her head began to droop in an unconquerable drowsiness that made her welcome the arm that crept about her shoulders and drew her to the shoulder of the man beside her—the man who had smiled at her just twice.

"Sleep if you can," he said softly. "We've a long drive ahead of us."

It was comfortable like this, and his words seemed a melody sung to the time of the wind and rain, so she lay still, leaning against him.

Then the car slowed, and suddenly she felt his lips pressing her forehead, her eyes, her mouth. It seemed natural, it seemed sweet to have him kiss her. But she mustn't let him, she mustn't —

"Please don't! I'm so horribly tired. I'd like to rest like this without needing to struggle. Or even to be on my guard."

"You needn't be on your guard." In his voice there was something of the quality of wind playing in tall trees. "If you knew—" He interrupted himself suddenly, then went on in a gayer tone, "Some day I'll tell you why I kissed you. It wasn't just — a flirtation —"

She felt that he was right, all but that

part about his telling her anything 'some day' — How could he? He didn't know who she was, and he never would know. Or should she tell him? Should she ask him to come and see her? They didn't belong to the same crowd —

She slept — till the pressing of his lips to her forehead awakened her.

"Better sit up," he said. "There's a red light ahead so I'll have to stop, and somebody might see you. It doesn't matter about me, but you might be talked about."

She sat up, feeling cramped and heavy after her sleep, and thinking that he had spoken as if she had been doing something shameful. And why had he said that it didn't matter about him? Was he so used to being seen with some girl leaning against his shoulder?

She saw that they were in Minneapolis, so she said:

"As a last favor, please let me off where I can get a cab."

"I'll be glad to take you home."

"Thanks. I'd rather not have you bother."

That sounded stiff and ungracious. Just because she felt annoyed, she shouldn't — But before she could soften the words he answered:

"Just as you please." And a moment later he shouted, "Oh, taxi!"

The drowsy transfer to the cab, the moving of her suitcase, the brief, "Good night, and thanks a lot."

THAT WAS on Friday. On the following Monday Pauline went to the offices of the Northwestern chain stores known as the American Food Products Company, of which her father was the president. He had been a cranky father lately, and that, she thought, was because her brother had married a gold digger instead of coming home and helping with the business. True, Pauline had been at fault too, in staying away long after Father had told her to come home.

She had to wait in the outside office before she would be allowed to pass through the door that bore the sign, "MR. OSGOOD."

But the wait was not long. In a moment she heard the door open and close, and then, as her father's last caller passed her, she rose. But she did not turn. She did not move, except that her eyes followed the departing caller.

He was the man who had driven her from Eau Claire last Friday.

The firmness of his tread, the erectness of his bearing, the sweep of his hat as he put it on his head — what did they mean? Anger? Disappointment? Had he come to apply for a job? Who was he, anyway?

At length Pauline entered her father's office.

"Lo, Dad."

"Hello, Pauline. What brings you here?"

She had never heard his voice sound so tired, she had never noticed how deep had become the furrows in his strong face, how gray the hair about his temples. She must make him laugh.

"Dad, I think I'll ask you for a job. I just saw your last visitor on his way out, and he has a very interesting back. It made me think that I'm missing a lot of interesting backs."

Mr. Osgood smiled faintly, but there was bitterness both in his smile and in his voice as he answered:

"There are many people one runs across in business that you'd better not know. This fellow —" He shrugged.

"What about him?"

"A shyster lawyer." Mr. Osgood took a calling card off the desk and read, "'Fahler & Fahler, Attorneys at Law. Mr. Howard Fahler.' Never heard of the firm, nor of the man."

A man with such earnest eyes couldn't be a shyster!

"But Dad," Pauline remonstrated, "why do you speak so contemptuously of him? Perhaps he meant well in coming here."

"Meant well? Meddling in my affairs? Just because he's found out —" The furrows in Mr. Osgood's face grew deeper.

"Found out what, Dad?"

The father leaned back in his chair, his blue eyes gazing at Pauline. At length he said:

"You'll have to know sooner or later, so I might as well tell you now. You remember Pieroff, who used to be my Wilmar manager?"

She laughed. "Of course I remember! No girl can forget a man who proposes to her as violently as he did."

"You remember," the father pursued, "that when I kicked him out he said he was going to make beggars out of all of us?"

"But Dad, how could he possibly —"

"Men as unscrupulous as he, can do almost anything. He's at it, m'dear, and I haven't found a way to stop him."

"But what has he been doing that could hurt *you*?"

"You know about the chain stores that are competing with mine? The International Groceries? Well, he runs them, and he's killing my trade by spreading slander in one district after another. Rumors that my canned goods are rejected stuff with new labels. That sort of thing. I've fought it by advertising, by publishing reports from laboratories, but it hasn't done much good. I've had to close over eighty stores, and from the way things look it won't be long before I have to close the rest of them."

After a long silence Pauline said. "And while you've been worrying about this, I've been skylarking around the country, spending a fortune. I'm terribly sorry, Dad If I'd known —"

"It was as well that you had your fun while you could. It's going to be hard on you, being penniless. Perhaps it would be wise for you to go to work here, just to get the experience."

Though she wasn't listening, Pauline an-

swered, Yes, Dad, yes. But Dad, this lawyer, Mr. Fahler." She picked up the card to make sure of the name. "Perhaps he knows some way out?"

"Knows some way out? Hardly. He told me that he had some information that might be of service, something that he'd picked up in connection with a damage suit against Pieroff."

"A damage suit against Mr. Pieroff? Tell me about it, Dad." Pauline was still turning the Fahler & Fahler card in her hand.

"I really don't know much about it. From the way this Fahler person spoke, I gathered that he had quite a little personal animosity against Pieroff, and I don't want to build on that."

"But wouldn't he be justified in his personal animosity?"

"Perhaps. But I've my own lawyer, an honest, reputable man. This Fahler is fishing for a fee, and I imagine he's dreaming of a court case that would advertise him as representing *me*. He'd gain even if he lost the case. I'm not biting on that sort of bait."

AN HOUR later Pauline entered the outer office of Fahler & Fahler. The room was small and cramped. It lacked the flashing modernity of her father's office, but there was an air of honesty in the place, something that reminded Pauline of earnest brown eyes.

Mr. Howard Fahler would see her at once, she was told, and she entered his private office. His greeting was grave and formal, but she did not let that deter her from asking:

"You went to see my father today?"

"Yes. I have some information that seemed interesting."

"You offered it to him?"

"No. I haven't enough to offer. Only enough to go to work on. But I couldn't go ahead without his okay. That would be

ROMANTIC LOVE

just plain meddling, and of course I couldn't do that."

Strange, this difference in views! Or had he really wanted to advertise himself?

"Just why did you want to help at all?"

He shook his head. Evidently the question was embarrassing.

"Tell me," she went on, "the other night, did you know who I was?"

"Not till we got to the restaurant."

"How did you know then?"

Slowly that illuminating smile came to his eyes again. "The monogram on your cigarette case. Besides I'd seen your pictures in the papers."

"My pictures? But I've not been in the papers for a long time."

"This was a long time ago. A picture with your father, where you looked up at him."

The picture he spoke of had been published five of six years ago. He had remembered it all this time. He must have wanted to know her. And that was why he, who had been so indifferent and so curt when she was just an annoying girl with motor trouble, had kissed her later, when he knew who she was.

"Tell me," she asked as coolly as she could — "just what do you know about our business?"

"The details are a bit unpleasant, so I'd rather not talk about them. But I believe that I could get information that'll stop the slandering campaign. And it might lead to both a civil and criminal suit against Pieroff. He belongs in jail."

"But you can't work on it unless you're — engaged? Is that it?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Not even if I ask you?"

Again that illuminating smile. "Are you of age? If you are, you've a right to retain a lawyer to look after your interests."

"I am of age. Just. So will you do it?"

"Glad to."

She rose, and as she moved toward the door she said:

"I don't know how I'm going to pay you."

"Pauline, please!"

"Please what, Howard?"

"Must you make of me just your paid attorney?"

She tried to be flippant: "Or my *unpaid* attorney?"

To soften that she smiled up at him and gave him her hand, and as he took it he drew her to him. His lips —

Somehow darkness seemed to envelope her, and there came to her the memory of the beating of rain against a windshield. It blended with the pounding of her heart.

At length: "Howard, Please!"

It was so hard to speak, so impossible to push him away.

He whispered into her hair, "Pauline, years ago, when I was a student, I fell in love with that picture of yours, and then I used to dream that some day I'd be able to help you. And now — was it by chance that we met? Or was it Fate that brought us together?"

He was too urgent, too much in earnest. She mustn't let this stranger get serious just because his kisses were thrilling.

"Fate, Howard?" she drawled with all the indifference she could muster. I'm mistress of my own fate. Why, I hardly know you! A few hours in your car — and I slept most of that time — and now a few minutes here, and you think you've the right to kiss me, to tell me you love me. Please let me go."

Releasing her with a suddenness that had something of violence in it, he murmured vehemently:

"Hours and minutes. They mean nothing to me. I've loved you for years."

Hand on doorknob, she answered, "And during those years I've grown to be a rather sensible young woman who couldn't possibly allow herself any entanglements with a man she hardly knows."

Then she opened the door, and to make him understand that there were no hard

feelings, she smiled up at him. And then she saw that there was pain in his earnest eyes, and she wanted to explain that she hadn't meant to hurt. She wanted to reach out her hand and wipe away the pain, but she dismissed the feeling as silly. She became stiff and businesslike.

"You'll let me know what progress you make, won't you?"

THROUGH the window of her little upstairs sitting room Pauline stared out over the sunlit waves of Lake Calhoun, which seemed to have a new, smiling brilliance.

Howard had been so eloquently eager when he told of falling in love with her picture. He hadn't really, of course. It was just an ideal he imagined he loved, and during the years that had passed, even the ideal must have faded, and probably there had been many other girls in his life—girls who slept on his shoulder as he drove them in his car. He was so attractive, and his voice so appealing, there would be no dearth of girls in his life.

Still, he was different from other men she had known, from the men she'd met in resorts, who courted every girl with money. Would a single one of them have tried to be helpful if he knew that her father was being financially ruined?

No, there were not many men like Howard. And she had hurt him with her flippant words, her forbidding attitude. She must make him understand that she was too anxious for both of them to find true happiness to allow herself to make any hasty promises. She would explain about that when he came. He would come very soon, perhaps this evening, or tomorrow.

But Howard Fahler did not come to her on the morrow, nor the next day, nor the next.

At length she telephoned his office. He was not in. He was on some case and hadn't been in the office the last few days.

If she would leave her name and—No, she would call again.

She did call again, and the result was the same.

It was *her* case, Pauline felt sure, that kept him so busy. Perhaps he was traveling, gathering evidence. He wanted to be with her as much as she wanted to be with him, but he had to serve her in his own way. Lawyers had to get their evidence.

But how? Just what was Howard doing? Father would know how lawyers worked. The furrows in his face had been growing deeper lately, but they would clear away when he found out what Howard could do. But she must not tell Father about that yet—

At dinner, some ten days after Pauline's call at Howard's office, she asked her father how lawyers gather evidence.

"They hire detectives," was the answer.

"Then the lawyer wouldn't go out and get the evidence himself?"

"Why should he? His time is worth more than the detective's, if he's anything of a lawyer at all. Besides, he can put a detective on the stand. Showmanship for the benefit of the jury."

"But aren't there cases when—Suppose a lawyer stays away from his office for days at a time, wouldn't you think that—"

"That he's on a protracted spree? I would think that. Unless, of course, the case happened to be of very extreme importance."

Of very extreme importance! Howard would regard this case—*her* case—as just that! She hoped!

CAME Sunday. Pauline, in lounging pajamas of black silk, embroidered with ferocious Chinese dragons, sauntered into her sitting room, intent on killing time over the newspaper. Not that she would have much time to kill—Howard would surely be here today.

The Funnies held no interest for her.

The magazine section—the news section. War in Europe. A local strike. Crime. A gambling dive raided.

She turned the page, and another page, and then a name stared at her from the prin'd column. HOWARD FAHLER.

She glanced up at the heading: GAMBLING HALL RAIDED (Continued from p. 1.)—Among those taken into custody—Howard Fahler.

But that was impossible. It was some other Howard Fahler. There might be hundreds of them. She got the telephone book from the table that held the extension at the corner of her sitting room. Fahler. Here it was. Fahler & Fahler, Attys. at Law—Fahler, Frdk. A.—Fahler, Howard. Both at the same address. And in this neighborhood. Father and son, probably. But no other Fahlers. Unless he had no phone . . . She let the book drop.

Howard in a dive! On a protracted spree, Father had guessed.

All this time that she had thought he was working on her case, serving her, thinking of her, he had been wallowing in a dive!

Tears welled in her eyes, tears the gave their blue the glittering brilliance of the lake outside the windows. She rose, shaking her head resolutely. Tears? For a stranger that preferred painted hostesses in a dive? Silly! Hadn't she herself said that she hardly knew him? That it couldn't be serious?

She knew him better now. She had thought him different, and he was! He was cheaper, more deceptive than any man she'd ever known!

The telephone extension ran insistently. It had, she realized, been ringing for some time. She went to it, put the instrument to her ear.

"Hello?"

"Pauline, this is—"

She couldn't hear the rest because of the pounding of the blood in her ears. It

was Howard's voice. He would try to explain.

Explain! As if anything were clearer, less in need of explanation than the one fact she had just learned.

"I'm afraid you've got the wrong number."

She hung the instrument on its twin hooks and went back to her bedroom. She dropped to her knees beside the bed and for an instant she buried her face in her hands. Then she rose, rigid and erect. Grieve over a shyster? She would not! She had allowed herself to be fooled, but she learned her lesson.

She took a shower to wash away the clammy feeling that clutched at her heart. Used extra rouge to hide the ghastly pallor of her face that her mirror revealed. She would dress and take a canter about the lake. Riding would make her feel equal to any emergency; it would bring the color back to her cheeks. She would have the maid order her mare saddled.

Pauline rang. But before the summons could be answered there was a knock at the sitting room door.

"Come in."

Sounds of the door opening, then her father's voice:

"Morning, Pauline. You up?"

"Yes, Dad." She must speak gaily. Wasn't this a sunny day? Wasn't the lake all a-glitter? "What's on your mind, Dad?"

The furrows in her father's face seemed somehow to have vanished.

"On my mind?" he repeated. Even his voice seemed younger. "One of the great surprises of my life. You remember that young lawyer that came to see me some weeks ago? But you wouldn't remember him, you said you'd only seen his back. Well, he phoned me just now. When he came to see me he told me—

"Pauline! Will you have the courtesy to listen?"

"I'm listening, Dad. He said he had some information?"

"Yes. Well, he'll be here in a little while. I'm afraid I rather snubbed him, but he went ahead on his own hook. He knew Pieroff was running a dive here in Minneapolis, and had put a mistress in charge of it. Last night this young Fahler had it raided."

"He—he—had it raided?"

"Yes. He'd just about lived in it the last few weeks. And now, when Pieroff is on his way to Hawaii, Fahler had it raided. With Pieroff away those women were helpless, so Fahler got a complete statement from them. He got material for a libel suit and a felony suit, and he's going to turn over to the Federal authorities evidence of using the mails to defraud, in conjunction with stock sales. And he tells me his cases are just about air tight."

"Air tight?" Pauline knew that she must say something. "I don't see how the women in a place like that could—"

She stopped to listen. From downstairs came the sound of the doorbell and somehow she knew that it was Howard's ring. Her father seemed to know it too, for he said:

"That must be young Fahler now."

Then Mr. Osgood went downstairs, leaving the door open. And Pauline, standing rigid, wondering, waiting, doubting, hoping, heard voices, heard steps going down, heard Howard's voice declaring:

"But, Mr. Osgood, I'm really not your lawyer. Your daughter retained me, so I must make my report to her. Where can I find her?"

Steps coming up—rapid, youthful steps followed by slower, more aged steps. And then Howard stood in the doorway, his brown eyes eager.

"Pauline, I—"

"Please, Howard, shut the door."

He pushed it shut, and then he came to her. And she was glad that she was wearing the Chinese pajamas with the ferocious dragons. Glad that the rouge covered the natural red of her cheeks. For when his arms crept around her, when his lips made her mind roam from sunlit waves to rain-drenched roads, the thinness of her pajamas made it seem that they were one. That she would never again be a Lady in Distress.

HEARTH FIRES

*I like to fold myself within
The light that is a home
And wonder why the wander-lust
Can make so many roam.*

*I like to think that, here and now
While I may sit and learn,
The love that keeps the candle bright
Can make the hearth-fire burn.*

*I like to think that there is a place
For loveliness to be
Anchored safe within a room
That's lit for you and me.*

—Grace Sayre

Carbonated Kisses

by
JUDITH POOLE



DELPHINE GORMAN breathed deeply as she lifted her face to the moon rising over the eastern ridge. Her arms glistened white, the fluttering pale blue of her dress was a smoky cloud.

Drooping wistaria-blooms hung from the pergola, their purple lost in the moonlight, but not their strange musky fragrance. Delphine was not used to such beauty as lapped her here, day and night, and it had made her a little mad.

Perhaps that was why she didn't scream when a man sprang from the rose-bushes

below the pergola and caught her in his arms. Even when he tipped back her head and kissed her, it was in keeping with this enchanted world.

Never in her short life had anyone kissed her like this. Her head whirled and she felt lifted above the earth, even though her New

England upbringing told her she should be angry.

"What—? Who are you?" demanded Delphine when she could speak.

"I ought to be your lover." His voice was low and strangely deep.

The quivering masculine presence of him, the very touch of his coat against her bare arms was a thrilling joy. But she wouldn't admit it. Not on her life would she let him know it.

She tried to push him away, but he still held her.

"This was the only way," he said. "Mr.

Would His Lips Continue to Thrill? Or Would the Excitement Dim Like the Bubbles from a Neglected Highball?

and Mrs. Gleason would never let me know you. And I want to so terribly."

Delphine at last was out of his arms. "You're crazy," she retorted. "I—"

"You don't approve of me? I've seen you dancing with other men—looking into their eyes—held sometimes too closely. While I—I suffer and starve."

She couldn't see his face distinctly in the shadows. She laughed a little, on the ragged edge of hysteria.

"You may succeed in marrying a rich man," he said. "But my kiss—it will give you something to remember." He dropped back into the shrubs again.

HER face burned. Now that he was gone, she was enraged—not so much at his kiss as at his words. What business was it of his whom she married? And his conceit! But his voice sang in her ears, and the tingling touch of his lips was with her still.

Delphine whirled and ran into the hotel. It was one of those mission-style inns that in California are the resort of wealthy persons. The orchestra was playing the opening number for the evening's dancing. It was an excellent orchestra, led by Eugene Parlier.

Life here, with her uncle and aunt, had been glorious. Dancing at night, rides and outdoor games by day, delicious food, and a room of simple breezy luxury connecting with the apartment occupied by John and Dora Gleason.

And there was Vernon Miller, the most attractive man she had ever known.

It was Vernon who met her now—he had been looking for her. His fine smooth face lighted.

"Gazing at the moon—alone?" he asked. "Isn't it time wasted?"

"It depends," Delphine returned, her heart still unsteady.

"At least it has put something into your eyes," he observed as they went back to

the dance. "Something I've been wanting to see there."

At home no one had ever told Delphine that she was pretty—although she had guessed it. But here she had become sure of her charm. The masses of her soft hair glistened like yellow satin. Her face was a pale sun-kissed olive, livened by red lips and long green eyes. Her readiness for life looked through those eyes, but a wistful reserve trembled on her mouth. And sometimes she almost forgot that her success was partly due to the clothes her aunt had given her.

Vernon was a wonderful companion. She liked his light brown eyes and his silky brown hair. She liked something about him that was clean and eager. She had hoped that he would ask her to marry him—it would solve so much for her. Aunt Dora hoped so, too.

A chill ran over her, even as she danced warm and close to him. As if something was haunting her. Was it that kiss in the pergola? It made her afraid. She drew herself closer into Vernon's arms, seeking the protection of him. His response was quick, but she looked away, bewilderment large in her eyes. And encountered the dark smoldering gaze of Eugene Parlier, who played the violin while leading his orchestra.

Delphine had noticed him before, of course. Every girl in the room probably imagined that Eugene Parlier, black coated, black haired, black eyed, and as slim as a willow, looked only at her. He had such speaking eyes and they seemed to be everywhere. Tonight his gaze drew Delphine until she suddenly knew he was the one who had kissed her. . . .

"Let's go outside," Vernon suggested. "I want to talk to you."

"No," said Delphine. "Let's dance." Just now she could not get enough of dancing.

Her smile was soft and mischievous, and

ROMANTIC LOVE

as the music started again she held out her arms to him. She didn't want to be alone with Vernon. She wanted to remember Eugene's kisses. She wanted this good time to go on and on. And if she let Vernon get serious—

Vernon was saying in her ear: "Little white New England violet! I'm crazy about you."

She laughed up at him. "I'm sort of crazy about you, too."

They were passing the outer door. His arms took a firm hold of her and he danced her out into the scented moonlight. As she whirled from the room, her last glance encountered the burning eyes of Eugene Parlier, swaying above his violin. If only he could come down from his dais and dance with her! That, she felt, would give her a new thrill. She wasn't quite sane on the subject of thrills any more.

"Now," said Vernon, holding her close, "kiss me!"

LAST night Delphine would have obeyed him. But tonight another kiss stood between them. She laughed, twisted suddenly in his arms and ran down the moonlit pergola and entered by another door. Vernon's hand grasped a fluttering blue flounce and ripped it from her dress. She sped on through the halls and into her own room.

Breathing rapidly, she looked from her ruined frock to her image in the glass, sparkling, rosy cheeked, more alive than she had ever been before.

The door-knob turned and Dora Gleason came in, middle-aged, blond, plump and rather short, and too elaborately dressed in pink and white. She had a broad kindly face, but there was a hard sparkle sometimes in her blue eyes.

"Wasn't that Vernon I saw you with?"

Delphine nodded and started to take off her dress.

"You ran away from him. Why?"

"And he—he tore my dress. Are you angry?"

"I don't care how many torn dresses it takes to land Vernon Miller. But don't be too coy. Think what being Mrs. Vernon Miller would mean to you. And, I don't mind saying, to me."

"Yes, Aunt Dora."

"In a way I was lucky in getting my own husband. He made a fortune in oil. But there John stopped. I want the real thing—real society, such as the Millers move in."

"But this lovely life you're giving me—isn't that real?"

"Oh, my dear, no. Besides, you can't be on vacation always. You can help me to get what I want—if you marry Vernon."

Delphine sobered. She had spent all her young life in being properly brought up, in getting ready to teach school. And on her graduation her aunt had offered her a year in California. Delphine wanted to keep on having years like this.

Mrs. Gleason put her arms about the girl's half-clothed figure. "You like him don't you?"

"I like him a lot."

"And you don't particularly hanker to be a school-ma'am?"

All along Delphine had felt that if her hard-working parents could see the luxury in which the Gleasons lived they would think it almost wicked. They would have feared that their daughter was being "unfitted" for her "life-work." It had been so good to play, beautifully clothed, and constantly pampered. Must even this lead back to something practical?

"You think I should have let him kiss me?" Delphine asked soberly.

"That depends. When I was a girl we knew how to get a proposal out of a man. Vernon Miller being what he is, maybe it was all right to play hard-to-get—this time."

"Being what he is?"

"So much sought after, I mean. You know a man often wants a girl he can't get too easily."

It would be so convenient, so right, for her to marry Vernon that it took all the glamour away. It robbed the idea of thrills. With her New England conscience, how could she be sure it was love, and not the memory of things he could do for her? And when Delphine fell asleep her last thoughts were not of wedding bells and Vernon Miller. They circled about an impudent kiss which she had sworn not to remember. She woke with it still hanging over her, like the echo of a sweet dream.

THAT day she was to drive into Los Angeles with Aunt Dora. She looked about for Vernon before they started. If he should be a little offended she could do a great deal with him by a smile. But she didn't come across him.

A soft warm breeze blew from the golden-green land to the blue sea as the car rolled over the hills. Shopping followed, and by noon-time Delphine was more than ready for the appetizing lunch which was served them in a fashionable restaurant.

Everything was lovely until she looked across the room and caught sight of Vernon Miller luching with a gorgeous dark girl, whose clothes were the most beautiful Delphine had ever seen. Being brunette, she could wear colors that Delphine loved but must leave alone.

A little pang of jealousy shot through her. She had liked to think she was the only girl Vernon was interested in. But he merely nodded to her and went on enjoying himself with his companion.

Delphine's ride back wasn't so happy. The wind was from the sea now, and it was a wind, and not a breeze. Into the canyons which led down to the water great arms of fog were crawling. She felt uneasy and rebellious.

After dinner she went to the pergola

again. The moon had not yet come up. All about the sleeping garden was the warm drowsiness of early night. She would not put into so many words what she was hoping for, but her hands were trembling. As she came to the end of the pergola she walked more slowly, recalling that this spot could not be seen from her aunt's windows. She paused before a slower return. Why this aching disappointment?

Then suddenly he was there, a slender dark figure, his eager arms reaching for her through the dusk. He said nothing. But he laughed, and the laugh had a triumphant ring.

Delphine drew away before his lips could reach hers. That laugh had been enough. "Let me go!" she demanded.

"But why? You came to meet me?"

"I didn't expect you to laugh at me."

She felt his arms relax and she tried to search his face. "I wouldn't have offended you for the world," he was saying. "But I was very glad. And very humble."

A shaft of light fell over them—someone had opened the door and come out onto the pergola, farther down. She saw her companion's face.

"I was right in my guess. You are Eugene Parlier." She stood in his arms, clutching at his sleeves.

"Does that spoil everything? I didn't mean for you to know yet."

"Why shouldn't I know?"

The door closed and they stood in darkness again.

"Because it's so hopeless. I've loved you all the time you've been dancing to my music. John Gleason's niece! Could I hope for your kisses unless I took them?"

Through the passion of his words Delphine recalled that his dark eyes had followed her nightly. They thrilled and drew her, almost frightened her. How could she cope with a desire like this?

"I've got to see you, to know you," he begged. "Won't you meet me somewhere? Later, I mean?"

It would be thrilling. Dangerous perhaps, too. But she would love it. "Where?" she whispered, for footsteps were approaching over the brick floor of the pergola, were now too near to be ignored.

His hands clasped hers, long, sensitive, strong hands which sent sensations through her that she had never felt before.

"I'll find a way," he said. He gave her hands a swift hard pressure and disappeared among the rose-bushes.

Delphine found herself confronting Vernon.

"Who was that man?" he demanded.

She tucked her hand through his arm. "Don't you wish you knew?"

"I wondered why you strolled off alone, last night and tonight. It looked like Parlier. Why don't you leave him for girls of his own class?"

"Nonsense," she laughed. "We just happened to meet."

"I've seen him watching you. If eyes could devour, that man's would. I suppose, like some more of these silly girls about the inn, you've fallen for him."

"Vernon, you're too nice to quarrel with. For that matter, you have a brunette friend of your own. You lunch with her in Los Angeles."

"The only girl I want is you," he returned, with an unreasoning stubbornness.

He tried to take her into his arms, but she managed by no more than a gesture to stop him.

"Why won't you let me kiss you?" he asked. "You've known me long enough."

How could she tell him that she was afraid his kiss would be disappointing, and that she didn't want to be disappointed in him? Because, if she could, she would try to marry him. At the same time something warned her that the girl she had seen him with would not be backward. Perhaps Vernon kissed that girl—kissed her often.

Her heart thudded, her head felt tight.

From the inn came the faint first strains of Eugene Parlier's orchestra.

"Let's go in and dance," said Delphine. "The man for me, Vernon, is someone who can dance—like you."

Delphine's dress that night was gold lace and pale-green satin. It fell in a soft sweep to her slender ankles, and when she danced she was the most graceful thing imaginable.

SHE was amazed a little later to see the blonde who had been with Vernon in Los Angeles. She was wearing rose velvet and pearls. There were a number of new people here tonight, belonging to a moving-picture company which had arrived on location. She learned that the dark girl was one of them, and that her name was Elinor Wylie.

How sure of herself Elinor seemed. She made Delphine recall with uneasiness the village from which she had come, and made her feel simple and inexperienced. And helpless!

After a time Vernon took Delphine across and introduced her to Elinor—as if Elinor were a queen. The two girls made a pretense of friendly interest.

"It must be wonderful to be an actress," Delphine murmured.

"We think it's wonderful to be in society—like you."

If she only knew, thought Delphine—about me, about my not really belonging. But what she said was: "You have so many thrills, and—and men to love you."

Elinor looked up soulfully at Vernon. "But one real man—one real love—is more than all the shadows." She was rising, holding out her arms to Vernon, and he danced away with her.

Delphine shrank back as if something had pierced her heart. Something hurt her fiercely.

Just then Dora Gleason came by. She had finished a bridge game and sauntered in to look at the dancing.

"Who is she?" her aunt asked.

"Elinor Wylie—from Hollywood."

"Probably not anyone to be alarmed about."

"But her clothes—her air!"

Her aunt sniffed. "Too theatrical. Play the game and don't be frightened by trifles."

During the next dance Delphine said to the Hollywood man who had come for her: "I suppose you know Miss Wylie well?"

"Oh, sure—our famous heart-wrecker," was his careless reply. "Young Miller is her latest catch."

So, then, Vernon had only been playing with the little school-ma'am from New England! What if he had said she was the only girl he wanted? Men said a lot of things they didn't mean.

Eugene Parlier caught her eye, and she smiled at him as he stood on the dais, romantic, dark, caressing the strings of his violin with his bow. And she felt better.

The thing for her to do now was to make Vernon feel that she was indeed the only girl. To make him want to marry her. For Delphine discovered now that she wanted him badly. If only he had seemed to want her as much as he wanted Elinor Wylie—

Maybe she had put him off too much. But he should have been less easy to put off. If he had wanted to kiss her badly enough to do as Eugene Parlier had done! A girl wanted to feel some things. And because Vernon hadn't made her feel, Eugene had been able to turn her head. For a day. But now she knew.

"Are you sure?" she asked her partner in a pinched voice.

"It has been rather sudden and violent," he answered. "But there isn't any doubt about it."

Delphine swallowed hard. The room swam. When things cleared a little she asked another question, holding down the dull ache in her heart: "How does she do it?"

Her eyes could not help following Vernon and Elinor, although it brought her the most desperate pain. It was plain to see how he held her, how his face went rapt. And Elinor throwing her enticing self upon him as if too weak to dance upon her own feet.

"Oh, she knows the art," the actor said. "A lot of men have made love to her."

A fury woke in Delphine. So that was it! Holding a man off, being modest and sweet, was old-fashioned. There was nothing to it. And she didn't know how to be anything different. She was losing her big chance because she hadn't known how to win the man. Because she had been too silly to recognize that which was good, to doubt it and herself merely because it seemed to come too easily. Evidently, after all, she was going to have to fight.

THERE was Eugene Parlier, ready enough to make love to her. If it was experience she needed— She sent a note up to him. And then she danced and danced, like a wild thing, until there was no more music to dance to.

Her aunt had gone to her apartment long ago. Vernon was somewhere with Elinor— she had seen them leave together. She dared not let her mind picture them alone. And Delphine, quivering with a strange tenseness, waited in the dim hall for Eugene Parlier.

He took her out to his car.

"I hadn't really dared to hope for this," he said in his deep, low voice.

And there she was, spinning along the highway with him, only a gold silk cocktail jacket over her evening dress, the cool wind striking through her thin shirt. The round moon rode down the sky toward the west, the hills slipped away under them. Delphine's heart beat with the pulsing of the motor. Gave a quick leap when he drew up on a level stretch of road.

He sat quietly behind the wheel, looking

at her. Her slender fingers reached out and touched his sleeve.

"I don't know how to explain," she said with a little choking laugh. "Or ought I to explain? I'm so simple."

His arms went around her and he moved along the seat until they sat closely together. "My love has drawn you in spite of yourself," he said.

"Yet you've kissed me only once."

"I'm dying to kiss you—a hundred times."

Delphine trembled, waiting.

"You're so sweet. So innocent," he mused.

Something flamed in Delphine. "It's not my fault that I'm a baby about love. I want to learn to be made love to."

"And no one ever has?"

"Not—really."

He held her away from him a little. "You don't know what you're saying. Why, love— Child, love is—"

"I want you to make love to me," said Delphine desperately, partly from a burning desire newly born, partly from fear that her courage would fail.

His arms tightened about her. He kissed her avidly—lips, cheeks, throat, arms. He murmured little broken words. He began crushing her lips, almost with cruelty. At last she lay weakly against him, and put up her hands before her face.

"You've kissed me enough," she gasped. "It was very exciting. But no more now. Not just now."

His dark eyes gazed steadily into hers. "But you haven't kissed me," he reminded her. "I want kisses too."

"Oh! I thought—"

"What did you think, little lady playing at love?"

"I thought the man did the loving."

He gave a low laugh. "Not all of it. Not if the girl loves too. Kiss me, Delphine. You shouldn't be shy now."

She pressed her lips softly to him. She

drew back and looked at him. "I didn't realize," she breathed. "I've been kissed by some men. But I never kissed them!"

"I can believe it—the way you do it. Like butterfly wings. That was sweet, but—"

Delphine sat up straight in his arms. "Have so many girls kissed you that you know all about it?"

"Well, naturally a few."

Delphine's heart sank. Of course. She had guessed it—that was why she had come to him. "I thought you could teach me. I want to be desirable—like Elinor Wylie."

"Why do you want to be like her?"

Delphine kissed him again. Then her head fell to his shoulder and she burst into tears. "No," she said. "It didn't work. I don't know the—technique!"

He patted her arm. "You've got to want to—like anything, you know. And you don't want to—yet. Not badly enough."

"But I do," said Delphine deliriously.

"I wonder," he speculated. "Are you merely practicing on me? I'd be a fool not to know there is someone else, seeing you with him night after night."

She felt her face go hot. "You said you loved me," she said. "I thought you meant it."

"And you want to marry Vernon Miller? Why do you come to me?"

"If you don't want me, you can take me home," said Delphine.

"What do you mean—if I don't want you?"

"I'd do anything—if you'll show me how to make a man want me—more than anyone in the world!"

He sat a little apart and looked at her while a blaze grew in his eyes. Then he gathered her to him again. "I will teach you!" His lips were burning now as he kissed her.

"No, no! I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you little fool, you did mean it. You're a delicious little vixen. And you're

not going to play with me any longer.
When I'm through with you—"

A COLD fear clutched Delphine's heart—a different fear from any she had ever felt. It turned her longing and languor into icy fire.

"No!" she protested. She put up her hands against his insane kisses. She began to struggle, finally to fight as one fights for life. She managed to get the car door open, but he snatched her back. Her evening dress was dragged from her shoulders, and his greedy lips were quick to take advantage. His kisses didn't thrill her now. They were carbonated water that had stagnated until all the bubbles were gone.

"Let me go!" she choked. "You've got to let me go."

Using all her strength, she wrenched away from him. Her lacy dress tore, but she escaped at last.

She snatched up her long swirling skirt, and ran like a frantic wild thing back along the road. She ran and ran, blindly, her only thought to get away, her only fear that he would follow her. Through the tightness in her brain she heard a car. She could have sobbed for terror, but there was no time for sobbing.

Her heart thumped painfully, her breath seared her throat and was choking her, so that she fell along the roadside. She dragged herself on her hands and knees off the highway and into a clump of bushes. She lay quiet, the only sound in her ears the wild beating of her own blood. She could hear no car now.

When she had rested a little she began to wonder what she should do. She was in no condition for anyone to find her, with her clothes torn and soiled, even her hands and face dirty and tear smeared. What would be said about her? How could she face her aunt? Or Vernon? Or anyone at all! And yet she would have to find help.

Into her whirling brain the sound of a

car throbbed again. It might be Eugene Parlier, coming to look for her. Delphine lay flatter on the earth. The car was coming very slowly, its search light playing along the edges of the road. It picked out Delphine's long lacy skirt. The car stopped.

Despair and shame and fear on her face, Delphine raised herself on her elbow. She saw that it was Vernon Miller. And she didn't know which was the greater, her humiliation or her relief.

"Delphine! My dear!" he cried, and knelt beside her.

Shuddering sobs shook her. She could not speak. She could only cling to him.

"I found Parlier back there. He said he'd had a heart attack. Maybe he had—he looked sick. He started his motor and headed for town. But I'd seen him drive away from the inn with you, and I saw a piece of your dress on the floor of his car."

"Oh, Vernon, I—It drove me wild to see you with Elinor. And I thought—I thought if I had more experience at love making you'd like me better—"

He was taking off his coat to cover her tattered dress. And his hands touched her bare shoulder gently, with magnetic fire that made her nerves sing.

"We've done too much thinking—you and I. When I saw you were fascinated by Parlier—I knew what he was—that he had a way with women I didn't have. So I—I've known Elinor for quite a while. And I thought she could teach me. So I would be able to fascinate you too."

Delphine laughed through her tears.
"Did she?"

"Nobody can teach me but you," he said. And somehow she knew his lips were begging for hers.

And she yielded her mouth to him. And kissed him back. Found that suddenly she could kiss, that she knew all about it. And that she loved Vernon just for himself. It had nothing to do with money or social position or vacations that lasted forever.

MORNING MAIL PEN PAL DEPARTMENT



This is YOUR department, where you can get together and talk things over. Make your letters personal and interesting. If you do not wish your address to appear, mention that fact, and answers will be forwarded to you. Tell me what you think of the magazine and what kind of stories you prefer.

Postage must accompany all letters to be forwarded—ANNE BRADLEY—Postmistress.
Room 315—60 Hudson St., N. Y. City.

Please sign your letter in your own handwriting if you want your request for pen pals published. Do not include your friends' names in your letter. Let them write and sign their own requests.

"HAPPILY MARRIED!"

Dear Anne Bradley:

I just had to take time to let you know what a bane I got out of the story, "Dearest Pen Pal." The reason? In a lot of ways it is similar to my own love story. Want to hear more? My first big job was in a city several hundred miles from the small town where I'd lived nearly all my twenty years. Was I ever one homesick, lonesome gal!

Finally, as a last resort, I wrote a letter to a Pen Pal column and "told all."

I got a flock of answers, but only one that really appealed to me. It was from a lad working in the same city with me. He was from a small town too, and felt as much like a "duck out of water" as I did.

The rest is now history. We were married in six months, and at the present writing have a two-year-old son and a five-months-old daughter, cute as can be if I do say so myself. I'm enclosing a family group snap to see if you agree.

While my gang keeps me too busy to write many letters, I'd like to hear from any girl who has had an experience similar to mine, and I'll try to find time to answer.

Thanks for a grand story and a grand magazine.

BETTY

% Annie Bradley

Ed. note: Yes, Betty, I do agree. And I, too, would like to hear from others with similar experiences, publishing as many of the letters as space allows. (Those writing to Betty, please enclose 3c stamp and unmarked envelope for forwarding.)

HER AMBITION: A PEN FRIEND IN EVERY STATE

Dear Miss Bradley:

I am always delighted when the time comes for me to buy my next issue of "Romantic Love." This September number is splendid. I found "Dearest Pen Pal" a very fascinating story. Do have more like it?

To have a pen friend in every state of this union—That is my latest hobby. Please write to me everyone. I have plenty of time in which to answer your letters. I am five feet four inches tall, in my twenties and am interested in many hobbies, chief of which are my collections of old chinaware, odd snapshots, bracelets and miniature animals of wood, metal or china.

Well now, don't let me down! Please fill my mail box.

Sincerely
JOHANNA MATIS

1600 Fred St.
Whiting, Ind.

HALF-WAY PLUMP AND NOT CONCEITED

Dear Miss Bradley:

I finished my first copy of "Romantic Love" last night. I thought that the story "Dearest Pen Pal" was the best. Of course all of the other stories were very good, with the possible exception of "Borrowed Fancy."

I am a girl of 18 and would like to have a great many Pen pals, both boys and girls. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I am also sort of on the half way of just plump. Some people consider me good looking but I'm sure that they are talking and thinking about somebody else. I will exchange snaps with anyone to prove that I'm right.

I have no special hobby although I do like music and many different kinds of pictures to hang in my room.

I will answer all letters promptly. I will be watching my mail box for some letters so don't forget me.

Sincerely yours,

MARY JANNELLE.

293 Main Street,
West Newbury, Mass.

A SMALL TOWN GIRL WITH TAFFY HAIR

Dear Miss Bradley:

I've just read the September issue of "Romantic Love" and I enjoyed all the stories, especially "Racers Should Never Marry" and "Dearest Pen Pal."

I would like to have many friends and feel sure that your department can help me.

I am a girl of 16 with taffy hair and greenish eyes. I weigh about 125 lbs. and stand 5 ft. 6 in. tall. I am interested in most everything and will help out with all sorts of collections. I will send snaps to everyone who writes and will try to write long interesting letters. I live in a small town but have much to tell about so please, everyone, be friendly and write to me.

Sincerely
HARRIET SLIFFE.

Box 25,
Eastville Station, Va.

RISK A STAMP ON A GIRL IN HONG KONG

Dear Miss Bradley:

I'm delighted with your magazine. I've just put down my first copy, and I think your Morning Mail Pen Pal Department is "super". So here I am with pen and paper, all set to "capture" some pen pals.

Who will write to a girl of seventeen living in far away Hong Kong? I like to read, write, draw and play the piano. I love music, especially classics and opera, but also enjoy singing. As to appearance,

well, I have no illusions about myself, being very plain to put it mildly! Black hair and dark brown eyes, height 5 ft. 6 in.

Shall be glad to receive letters from everywhere and everybody and can promise very long answers. So far all my pals have told me I write interestingly, so will someone please risk the price of a stamp and test me?

I'll be waiting for the postman to flood me with letters by the next mail.

Cheerio, Pen Pals! Here's hoping you all will write very soon.

A friend from Hong Kong Muriel A. Kena

50 Robinson Rd.
Hong Kong, China.

HIKES, PLAYS TENNIS AND SEWS

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have just finished reading my first issue of "Romantic Love" and enjoyed it very much. The stories were interesting, but my favorite was "Week End Wife." I don't care much for War stories. We have enough of that, don't you think?

I read your "Morning Mail Department" and found it very intriguing. Miss Bradley, would you ask your readers to please write to me? I'll be 17 in February, am 5 ft. 6 in., have blue eyes and blonde hair. I like hiking, tennis and sewing, have a match cover and charm collection. I'd like to hear from both boys and girls. So please hurry and write. Will ya!

ANXIOUS.

Ione Seymour
203 15 Ave. South,
St. Cloud, Minnesota.

38-YR-OLD DIVORCEE

Dear Miss Bradley:

Just finished reading Romantic Love for September. Enjoyed every one of the stories, especially "Dearest Pen Pal". Got a great kick out of that.

I am a bookkeeper, 38 years old, divorcee, about 5 ft. 1 in., weighing about 140 lbs. Kind of heavy, yes? I don't mind as long as I have good health. I have been divorced for the past 15 years, at times I get lonesome, so thought it would be nice to have a few pen pals.

I enjoy all kinds of sports so anything they could write about would be interesting to me.

Here's hoping some one will write to me.

Sincerely,

MARION.

To Anne Bradley.

(Those writing to Marion please enclose 3c U. S. Postage and unmarked envelope for forwarding)

WHAT HAVE YOU FOR THE COLLECTION OF A LONG ISLANDER?

Dear Anne Bradley:

I've just finished reading the September issue of your wonderful magazine, "Romantic Love". I like "Dearest Pen Pal" by Dori Delkane, and "Streamlined Stepmother" by Mary Ann Thomas. There was only one thing I didn't like about the stories—they were too short. This issue is the first of your magazine that I have ever read but I hope to read many more. I am 16 years old, have red hair and am about 5 ft. 5 in. tall.

I enjoy the movies, all outdoor sports, and especially writing letters.

I collect stamps, pictures of movie stars, souvenirs, postcards and what-have-you.

I'll exchange snapshots with anyone who wants to. I'll send postcards of the N. Y. World's Fair to anyone who wants them. I'll answer all letters I receive very promptly.

So come on you people who like to write letters and write to a Long Islander.

Thank You.

Anxiously yours,

RUTH SEITZ.

314 South 8th Street
New Hyde Park,
Long Island, N. Y.

SLING INK AT JIMMY!

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have just finished reading "Romantic Love" for the first time and think it is a swell magazine. I liked "Racers Should Never Marry" and "Hearts In Flight." In some love stories the men sound like sissies, but not in these. The guy in "Cocktail Wedding" seems rather dumb.

I am a boy 19 years old with brown eyes, brown

hair, stand 5 ft. 8 in. and weigh 136 lbs. I enjoy all kinds of sports, especially football. My hobbies are collecting post cards, skating, swimming, writing letters and going to movies. I would like to hear from boys and girls all over the world. I promise to answer all letters and send snaps to all who send me one first. So come on all of you Pen Pals and sling some ink my way.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES HENDRIX.

5 Furman St.
Brandon
Greenville, S. C.

FATE INTRODUCES US TO LAD FROM ARIZONA

Dear Miss Bradley:

By a chance of fate, I got hold of the September issue of "Romantic Love." I found it while at a very uninteresting party, and read part of it to keep from dying of sheer boredom. However, it became so interesting that I just "Annexed" it, and took it home to read in peace.

"Dearest Pen Pal" was the best story in the magazine, to my notion, and I think that the "Morning Mail Dept." was very interesting too.

This is the first time that I have read your magazine, and I would like to meet some of the other readers. Could you possibly print my plea?

I like to see and do things, not merely think of them. I am 20 years old, 5 ft. 11 1/2 in. tall, very dark brown hair, grey-green eyes, and weigh 162 lbs. I hail from way down in Arizona, the land of big cactus and orange trees. I like all sports, and am crazy about dancing and music, and at present, I am playing the Guitar in a String Band. I like to swing on down with Glen Miller, Benny Goodman, Kay Kiser, and all the rest. I have traveled some in the last three years, and among other things have punched cattle, and worked as an extra in "Virginia City," and "Cisco Kid and the Lady." I shipped for a year as able seaman on board the Yacht "Southern Star" and spent 5 months in the South Seas, and have been to South America, Panama, Mexico, Canada, and Hawaii.

Would like to hear especially from girls 16 to 20, but would appreciate and answer any letter, and will exchange snapshots, so please write, girls, for I have plenty to tell you.

(Smoky)
ELGIN GATES

Elgin Gates
Cactus Gardens
Flagstaff, Ariz.

MASS. JITTERBUG ON A SHELF

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have just finished the September issue of "Romantic Love" and although I enjoyed all of the stories I favored "Streamlined Stepmother" and "Racers Should Never Marry." I like stories short and complete.

I would like to have a lot of Pen Pals as I like making new friends.

I am 16 years old, have light brown hair, hazel eyes, weigh 115 lbs. and am 5 ft. 4 1/2 in. in height.

My favorite sports are swimming, skating, tennis, but I especially like basketball and jitterbugging.

I will exchange photos and souvenirs.

Don't keep me on the shelf too long, girls and boys. Loosen up the old writing hand!

Hopefully,
PHYLLIS HOLLINGSWORTH.

13 Lynn Street,
Peabody, Mass.

LONESOME NEW YORK GIRL

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have read every story in the September issue of "Romantic Love." I enjoyed every story. Please have more stories like "Streamlined Stepmother" and "Glamour Isn't Everything."

I am a girl of seventeen, have brown hair and brown eyes. Am 5 ft. 4 in. tall.

I enjoy hiking, music and movies, basketball, and writing long and interesting letters and receiving them. My hobbies are collecting movie stars' photos and songs old and new.

Will exchange snapshot to anyone who wishes. So come on fellows, write to a lonesome N. Y. girl.

I remain your faithful reader from now on.

MISS BLANCHE HIRSCH

53 Mengin St.
New York
New York

ROMANTIC LOVE

REDDISH HAIR AND A BLUE VOICE

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have been reading your magazine for months and I really enjoy every story. In the September edition I thought the "Dearest Pen Pal" was a swell story and it was different.

I am a young girl of eighteen. My eyes are green. I have reddish brown hair, fair complexion, am 5 ft. 6½ in. tall, weigh 126 pounds.

I have a nice job working in the Moose Club, singing with the orchestra. Not bragging, but I have a rather nice, blue voice.

Boys, I'll be looking for your letters soon, so write to me.

Martha Maye
339 Wheeler St., Apt. 3.
Akron, Ohio.

POSTCARD VIEW OF EVERY STATE TO HAWAIIAN COLLECTOR.

Dear Miss Bradley:

I had read "Romantic Love" some months ago, but never could find another copy until a few days ago. It was with a shipment of magazines from the Mainland. It has the most interesting stories I have ever read. The best story in the September issue was "Racers Should Never Marry," next were "Glamour Isn't Everything" and "Borrowed Finery."

I am going to ask something different from the public, through the "Morning Mail." I want them to send me post (pictures) cards by the thousands. From every state in the union, with Canada and Mexico too. There are dozens of nice Hawaiian cards that I'll send in return to all who will help a post card collector. I am 23 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weigh 180. Love all outdoor sports in general and cycling and roller skating in particular.

So come on folks and fill my Mail Box. Come one, Come all, and of course all letters will be accepted as well.

I remain a Faithful reader

JOHN R. MANATT.

Box No. 383,
Schofield Barracks,
Territory of Hawaii.

SEND OLD MAGS TO B. E. F.

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have just finished reading an old "Romantic Love" mag and I enjoyed the stories very much. The mag had been passed around quite a lot among the boys and they all enjoyed the stories.

We all read quite a lot of old American mags and prefer them to some of our mags, so I decided to write to you and ask you to publish our plea for any kind of old mags to keep us boys busy till our friend "Adolf" tries to wrest this precious island of ours, from us; also I would like boys and girls to write to me from all parts of the U. S. A. and Canada. I am 28 yrs. old, weigh 151 lbs. and 5 ft. 10 in. high, dark eyes, dark wavy hair and my hobby is dancing, and at present fighting. Our Regiment fought in France and Belgium and fought the rear-guard action back to Dunkirk. We went to France last September and were the last to embark at Dunkirk, but we all came back with our "thumbs up," so come on you people from all over the U. S. A., drop a line to a member of the B. E. F. and send all the old mags you can afford; you will be helping a lot in our "Battle for Britain." Thanking you one and all in advance.

G. R. NETTLETON.

Nettleton, G. R., 794669,
34th Field Battery,

16th Field Regt., R. A.,
Great Driffield, Yorkshire, England.

AIR CORPS SOLDIER IN HAWAII

My Dear Miss Bradley:

I am an ardent writer of letters to friends in foreign lands but lately I have lost contact with many. Now I hope that through this new appeal I will be able to acquire new friends throughout the world.

Briefly, I'm an Air Corps soldier, 27, 5 ft. 10 ins., stocky build, dark hair, greenish eyes. I am strongly inclined to be artistic, my particular talents being drawing, photo-tinting, wood-carving.

My chief hobbies are letter writing and stamp collecting. If you can send me some stamps of your country I will be pleased to send in return that which you may desire, stamps, souvenirs, photos, or what?

Sending souvenirs to the first five or so is just a come-on with some writers, so I'll say now—no souvenirs until we become acquainted—and that means I must hear from you and find that you are sincerely interested in

corresponding. Then I promise I will make my letters as interesting as my ability will permit.

I was once, before enlistment in the Air Corps, a newspaper writer, magazine editor and have been in advertising work.

Those from Canada, South America, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and in fact anywhere, are welcome.

So if this letter has not come to rest in the waste paper basket, and you are waiting for some one to write to, write today.

With Best Regards and Aloha,

Pfc. EDWARD R. YOUNG.

18th Air Base Squadron,
Wheeler Field,
Oahu,
Territory of Hawaii.

"SOLDIER FROM HONOLULU"

"Hawaii Calls"

My Lady Bradley:

I want to now take this great pleasure in giving to "Romantic Love" my heartiest thanks for the reading entertainment. The greatest story I have ever read in any love story magazine is: "Goodbye, Orange Blossoms," written wonderfully from beginning to end. Good work, Peggy Gaddis, and may I be able to read your work again in "Romantic Love," very, very soon.

In addition to this letter of appreciation, might I add that I have also enjoyed reading your "Morning Mail Pen Pal" department, and for the first time I'd like to have my plea for pen pals printed in your department. I would appreciate it, for I love writing and am at present very lonesome for a serious, understanding, simple type of small town or country girl to write me.

Although I am not a small town or country lad, I know country talk and ways, so I can prove very understanding on town and country life.

I am 21 years of age, have brown eyes and hair, am 5 foot 11 inches tall, weigh 175 lbs., and am well built. I don't smoke, don't drink nor gamble; strange but true. I enjoy medium symphonies and stage plays very much. I like almost all sports—best of all, swim sports.

I know you'll have loads of questions to ask me about Honolulu, Hawaii, or about Army life—you're bound to, and I don't blame you; ask all the questions you like.

I'll be glad to exchange my photograph with any one who desires to do so.

With sincere thanks, I wish to remain,

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH J. LEWALSKI.

Byr. B, 15th C. A.,
Fort Kamehameha,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

"A TEXAS SODA-JERKER"

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have been reading Romantic Love for years.

Up until last summer I had not taken interest in the Pen Pal section. Then I began writing to the other readers. I had about twenty-eight pen pals before the summer was over.

I decided that I should like to enter my name in the Morning Mail Department.

I am a scientific dispenser of carbonated beverages—or in plain words, a soda-jerker, in one of the local drug stores.

I am a boy of 18 with black, curly hair, blue eyes and am six feet and one inch tall.

I like dancing and just about anything that anyone else likes. My hobbies are sign collecting and building model airplanes.

I will exchange photos with everyone, and to the first who write I shall send a 5x7 enlargement of myself.

Each and every one, take your pen and paper and write to

CHARLES TRIMBLE.

Box 372,
Stephenville, Texas.

A FUTURE BEAUTICIAN

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have just finished my first issue of your magazine and thought all the stories were swell, especially "Streamlined Stepmother."

I am a future beautician, eighteen years old, with ash blonde hair, hazel eyes. Like to cook, make cakes and salads. Interested in books and good music.

I would like to hear from everyone. All letters will receive a prompt and interesting reply.

My friends call me "Mickey."

"MICKEY."

Anne Bradley.

VIOLET EYES AND A SENSE-OF-HUMOR

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have been a constant reader of "Romantic Love" magazine for several months and I truthfully say that in my opinion they are the best love stories I have ever read. Please bring back the Astrology Department tho'. I'll be more than grateful to you if you publish this letter in your next "Romantic Love" magazine.

I am a nineteen-year-old girl with light brown hair and violet eyes. I have a nice personality and a sense of humor. My hobbies are dancing, singing, reading and collecting photographs and promise every correspondent a snapshot of myself in return for one of theirs.

My wish is to hear from both boys and girls from the ages nineteen to twenty-three.

Please, pen pals, do not delay in writing to me for I'll be very anxious and happy to receive letters from you.

I remain,

Your Pen Pal

KATHERINE "KAY" DOHODA.

Destoe, Missouri

LONELY DEAF PAL, 34

Dear Miss Bradley:

I wonder if you can spare a few lines in your morning mail dept. for a very lonely deaf fellow. I just finished reading the March issue of "Romantic Love" and it was simply swell. This is only the second issue I have read but you can bet your life it won't be the last issue I will read. The stories were all so good until it is kind of hard to tell which was the best, but I think I enjoyed most "Hearts in Rebellion" and "Lovable but Dumb."

I would like to have a few pen pals if I'm not too old. I will be glad to hear from people of any age. I will make my letters as interesting as possible and will exchange snapshots. I am 34 years old (so my mother says) and am 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weigh 155 lbs., have brown hair and cat eyes. My hobbies are handicraft, sports and anything that is fun. I have traveled quite a bit and can tell many interesting things. So come on all of you and fill my box at the P. O. and I'll get a larger one.

Yours for continued success,

CLAUDE HARWELL.

P. O. Box 256

Roseville, Mich.

ADOPTED BY THE SIOUX INDIANS

Dear Miss Bradley:

After purchasing "Romantic Love" purely for the pen pal section, I read the stories and found them very entertaining. A feature which I admire in your magazine is that the stories not only are short, but are not continued.

Do you suppose any of your readers would like to hear about Indians? I would like to tell them all about my "adoption" into the Sioux Indian tribe. Everyone who is interested is cordially invited to write to me.

For a short description—I am nineteen, am interested in sports, in movies, and in music.

Everybody please write soon.

Sincerely,

Box 325, Wessington Springs, S. Dakota

LOIS ZIEBACH.

BLOND MAN LIKES SPORTS, READING, WRITING

Dear Miss Bradley:

I especially enjoyed the March edition of "Romantic Love" because of the clever story by Frances V. McHugh entitled "Cruise Hostess," and I hope more of this type of story will appear in the future issues of "Romantic Love."

I am much interested in your Pen Pal Dept. May I enter?

I am a young man of 21, 5 ft. 11 in., blond hair and blue eyes. I am interested in music, hiking, swimming, reading and writing letters. Would like to hear from folks from all over the U. S.

CHARLES WILSON.

1206 University St.

Seattle, Washington

MOVIE FANS, STEP UP

Dear Miss Bradley:

I recently read my first edition of "Romantic Love" Magazine, and enjoyed it so much that it has become a favorite magazine of mine. What's more, I think your Pen Pal Department really is splendid!

Now instead of stating my qualifications, and requesting some pen pals, I'm going to do something entirely different from the material printed in your department.

You see, I've just started a club in honor of a movie star, who has made quite a hit with a number of movie fans. As I believe that the members are very interested in one another, I'm going to have a little correspondence

column in our club newspaper, in which the members can pick out their own pen pals.

I see that there are many lonely people writing to you, who want to correspond with others. I think they would be interested in my club, for it gives them a chance of corresponding with many other members—and a chance to write many letters to studios and publications, boasting the star. I'm sure that most of your readers are movie fans.

What's more, I'll correspond with each member, myself! As for my qualifications—I'm 19 years old, have dark brunette hair and gray eyes—and LOVE to write LONG letters! So come on all you pen pals who are interested in joining a fan club in honor of a dashing, romantic movie star, with a gorgeous voice—John Carroll (star of "Rose of the Rio Grande, Congo Maisie, and others").

Cordially yours,

SARAH PARNOS.
President John Carroll Fan Club.

3258 W. Division St.
Chicago, Illinois

LONESOME RED HEAD

Dear Miss Bradley:

I enjoy very much in reading your "Romantic Love." The ones that I enjoyed most were "Streamlined Step-mother" and "Racers Should Never Marry." I only wish there were more.

I'm a girl of 18 years, have red hair, brown eyes and not bad to look at.

I should like to hear from many pals between the ages of 18 and 35.

My hobbies are swimming, music, and collecting poetry.

So come on, all you pen pals, and write a lonesome Red-head a line.

Gen. Del.,
Carlsbad, New Mexico.

SOPHOMORE IN COLLEGE

Dear Miss Bradley:

I am a constant reader of "Romantic Love" and I think it's "swell." I really enjoy every story in it, and I get double enjoyment from reading your pen pals, to many of whom I have written. So, now I thought I'd have others write to me. I would love to hear from boys and girls between the ages of 18 and 22 from all over the United States and foreign countries too. I would especially like to hear from college students, but I promise to answer every letter I receive from everyone.

I am almost 19 yrs. old, 5 ft. 7 in. tall, blonde and weigh 129 lbs.

I am a sophomore in college, and I love all sports, collecting snapshots and whatnot.

So, come one and all and fill my mailbox.

Sincerely,

HELEN UJESKI.

118 Clinton Place
Port Richmond
Staten Island, N. Y.

EXCHANGE PHOTOS WITH MISS TEXAS

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have read "Romantic Love" for several months and enjoy the stories very much—especially "Hearts in Rebellion" featured in the March issue.

I am eighteen years of age, have brown eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion, weigh 120 pounds and am five (5) feet 5 inches tall. I enjoy traveling very much. My favorite hobby is collecting snapshots. I also enjoy dancing, swimming and movies.

So won't everyone answer my plea and write to me. I will gladly exchange photos with everyone who writes.

Sincerely,

MISS TEXAS.

Doris Westbrook
109 West Belton
Neches, Texas

SEVENTEEN, HAIR OF HONEY COLOR

Dear Miss Bradley:

I've just finished my first "Romantic Love" magazine. I enjoyed it immensely, especially the stories "Good-bye, Orange Blossoms" and "To Romance by Bus."

About myself, I'm 17 years of age, 5 feet 1 1/2 in. tall, weigh 113 pounds, and have honey colored hair. I like most sports, and collect match folders, love singing, designing clothes, and dancing. I would be very grateful to find girls and fellows from 17 to 23 who would correspond with me.

Please let me hear from you, regardless where you hail from.

Sincerely,

866 W. 2nd St.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

(Continued on page 86)

ROMANTIC LOVE

(Continued from page 85)

BOONE BOY, INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHY
Dear Miss Bradley:

I got my first "Romantic Love" magazine yesterday. I think it is a very good magazine. I liked "Cocktail-Weekend" in the September issue.

I am very interested in writing to Pen Pals all over the world.

I am 17 years old, have dark hair, and blue eyes. I am 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and weigh 123 lbs.

I have many hobbies, among which are drawing and collecting autographs. I am also very interested in photography.

I like dancing, roller skating, football, tennis, cycling and swimming.

I will be glad to answer all letters received. I prefer to hear from girls and boys from 16 to 20 years of age.

So please print this in your department as soon as possible, so I'll get a lot of pen pals.

Very sincerely yours,

BILL RIORDAN.

1312 Story Street,
Boone, Iowa.

MARINES TO THE RESCUE

Dear Miss Bradley:

I've been reading "Romantic Love" for a long time and I thoroughly enjoyed every story. I am especially interested in your pen-pal division, so please enter my plea.

I am a girl, twenty-one, of Italian descent. Have black hair, gray eyes and a fair complexion. I love to make friends with both sexes, especially sailors or marines. I enjoy all sports. My photo album is my favorite, so come on, all you guys and gals, won't you write and enclose pictures? Will promise interesting letters to all.

Hopefully,

MARGE.

Miss Marge De Lano,
2176 Dean St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ENSIGN WHO IS LONESOME

United States Asiatic Fleet,
Destroyer Division Fifty-seven,
U. S. S. Barker (DD213)
Tsingtao, China,
29 July, 1940,

Miss Anne Bradley:

I am writing to you in hopes that you may help me out of my trouble, I am very lonesome.

I am five foot nine inches tall, brown hair (which is very curly), brown eyes. I was born in Pittsburgh, Pa.

I am an Ensign in the United States Navy and have been for almost four years. I've been on all the United States coasts, to Europe and been to most of the Latin countries and also all over China. I've seen a lot of the Chinese trouble over here and I will give a souvenir to the first fifty people that I receive letters from.

I can read and write Spanish very fluently and if possible I would like to carry on a correspondence with some one who has a knowledge of this language.

Thanking you in advance for any assistance that you may give me regarding this matter, I am

Sincerely,

RICHARD GARY COLBERT.

Ensign Richard Gary Colbert,
U. S. S. Barker (213),
% Postmaster,
San Francisco, California.

P. S.—I enjoy your magazines very much and I read them at every opportunity at sea and in port.

ARDENT STAMP COLLECTOR

Dear Miss Bradley:

I like the "Romantic Love" very much. The stories are all so good that I cannot say—"I like any certain one best." I enjoy the Pen Pal Department very much, too. And here's hoping that you will publish my plea for pen pals everywhere, especially those in foreign countries. I have many interesting hobbies, so, I feel capable of making my letters a bit interesting (at least) to anyone caring to correspond with me. My most ardent hobby is collecting stamps, and I'd like very much to hear from other stamp collectors.

I'm a girl—28 years of age.
2312 North 30th St.,
Fort Smith, Arkansas.

VERNA PECK.

16-YEAR-OLD

Dear Miss Bradley:

I am a faithful reader of Romantic Love Magazine. I

am happy to say that every story is above standard.

I am a girl, 16 years of age, brown hair and eyes to match. Since I look older because I am very developed, I am taken for a miss of 18. I am 5 ft. 1 in. tall and weigh 114 lbs. Need I add that I am considered attractive?

I would like to correspond with pals between the ages of 18 and 25, all over the world, especially those who have unusual professions. I can be a good friend and companion.

HELEN ENDOFSKY.

119 Cannon St.,
New York, N. Y.

HIKES, CAMPS, RIDES, DANCES

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have read many love magazines, but I find I enjoy "Romantic Love" the best. I especially liked "Girl Shy" and "Hospital Flirtation." I really enjoyed them.

I would like very much for you to put my plea in this magazine. I am 16 years old, brown hair and hazel eyes. I am 5 feet 2 1/2 inches in height and weigh 140 lbs. I love to write and enjoy receiving mail. I love all sports, as dancing, skating, picture shows, hiking, camping, bike riding, etc. Please answer my plea, boys and girls. I will exchange photos.

Your new writer for a pen pal, MARY LOU.

Mary Louise Benson,
718 N. Central Ave.,
Parsons, Kansas.

HAWAIIAN GIRL WINS SWIMMING CONTEST

Dear Miss Bradley:

I've been reading "Romantic Love" for quite some time and I enjoy this book very much. The stories I liked best were "Hospital Flirtation" and "Girl Shy."

I've glanced over your Pen Pal section and would like very much to have my plea in it.

I am 15 years of age, have brown eyes, and am a brUNETTE. I stand 5 ft. and weigh 101 lbs. I love to sing and dance, and love all sports, especially swimming. I've won many medals in swimming.

Please, pals, write to a girl who's waiting.

Your new pen pal, MARY KIM.

Mary Kim,
1450 Kamehameha Ave.,
Hilo, Hawaii.

NOT A SOUTH AFRICAN SAVAGE

Dear Miss Bradley:

I have just finished reading my first "Romantic Love" magazine and thoroughly enjoyed each story.

I was particularly impressed by the "Pen Pal" department, and would like to correspond with some of the members. I am 16 years old, have brown eyes, brown hair, weigh 99 lbs. My hobbies are dancing, singing, and collecting snapshots. My father owns a grocery store and I work with him.

One day I met an American here in S. Africa, and had a chat with him. He told me that he thought there were a lot of savages in S. Africa, but he was surprised to see that all the people were civilized.

A NEW PEN PAL.

Master A. Chagan,
P. O. Box 6, Silverton,
Tul. S. Africa.

GENEROUS CAR OWNER

Dear Miss Bradley:

After completing my first copy of "Romantic Love" stories—you have added a new subscriber to your exceptionally fine magazine. To be truthful, I have enjoyed every story in the August issue.

I would like to join your Pen Pal Club as I am very fond of corresponding with persons interested in some of the things I find entertaining.

I am 25 years of age, 5 ft. 10 1/2 in., am considered fairly comely.

I am interested in supplementing new steps to my dancing routines; also am fond of travelling to distant points and meeting people.

I am the possessor of a new Buick which makes my travelling possible.

I'm known among my friends as being quite generous, so don't hesitate, girls and fellows, and write.

Hoping that this letter will be published so that I'll hear from new friends, I remain

Very truly yours,

ALBERT W. FINE.

2140 Cruger Ave.,
Bronx, N. Y.

PRVT. RAY MATHEWS, lives in the "Paradise of the Pacific" and wants pals who are interested in music. Co. "A," 11th Med. Regt., Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, T.H.

MARION D. TIERNEY is 22, married and lives in the heart of the Quincy granite quarries. She'd like to hear from pals everywhere. 332 Granite St., Quincy, Mass.

MILDRED VAN DAMME, wants pals from everywhere. She's crazy about music and plays various instruments. Prophetstown, Ill.

CATHERINE MALONEY, a 19 year old brunette, wants lots of letters. 140 First St., Albany, N. Y.

GEORGE GARY, is a broadminded chap of 21, interested in photo collecting and outdoor sports. Will send a snap to the first pen pals. 4838 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

JOE SMITH has roamed around the middlewest and can write interesting letters. Right now he is engaged in playing semi-pro basketball and likes all sports. 1363 DeKad Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SYLVIA is a Jewish girl from Jack Benny's home town, interested in music, art and good books. Will answer letters promptly. Address care of Anne Bradley. (If you write to Sylvia, be sure to enclose unmarked forwarding envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding your letters to her.)

GEORGE ESTES is 20 and would like to hear from pals from Hawaii, South Sea Islands and all of South America. Likes boxing and photography. 236 Pearl St., Somerville, Mass.

MARGY CHIESA, a 21 year old Spanish-Italian señorita, wants pals from all over the world. Care of Lotte Theatre, 1314 5th Ave., New York City.

VICTORIA STIMLY wants pen pals from 16 to 60. 18, has black hair and brown eyes. 5228 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CATHERINE duPLESSIS will tell pen pals about Sunny Africa. Is 17, with fair hair and blue eyes. Likes swimming, hockey and basketball. 211 Chaplin Ave., Dunrobin, Transvaal, South Africa.

BETTY GARLAND, P. O. Box 224, Vallejo, Calif., is 16½, has brown hair and fair complexion. Likes music, waltzes particularly.

WAYNE B. LAMBORN is interested in all sports, traveling and photography. Can write interesting letters about the South. 1761 Seward Apt. 306, Detroit, Mich.

FELICIA BEE, 428 West 74th St., Los Angeles, Calif., 19, black hair, brown eyes, wants pals between 20 and 29. Hobbies are sports, movies and letters.

VIOLA SMART, also 19, likes drawing and cowboy programs. Wants lots of pen pals. 428 West 74th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

H. W. BUTT is 17, and likes all kinds of racing. Wants pals from America and Canada, not over 18, 45 Belmont Rd., Babbacombe, Torquay, South Devon, England.

G. W. KINDLEY, R. 3, Abilene, Texas. Wants pen pals from 12 to 92. Will exchange postcards and old U. S. pennies. Especially wants one dated 1877.

MARIE T. SMITH is 25, 5 ft. 4 in., black hair and dark eyes. Interested in all sports and promises interesting letters. 502 W. Baker St., Richmond, Va.

MRS. DORA LOVE, a widow in her fifties, would like to hear from pen pals her age. Coalgate, Okla. R. 3, Box 91.

BUNNY is 19, wears glasses, weighs 135. Will answer letters in English and also French. Likes to read, write and hike. Will send souvenir to the first ten guessing whether girl or boy. (If you write to Bunny, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding.)

GRACE BARONE, 23, blonde, wants pen pals from everywhere. 165 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 88)

Old Age Insurance Men & Women Ages 70 to 90

Costs Only One-Cent-a-Day

The National Protective Insurance Co., 436 Pickwick Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., has especially prepared a new Old Age accident policy with Hospital and General Coverage benefits to be issued exclusively to men and women—ages 70 to 90, who are prevented on account of their advanced age from getting insurance from other companies.

This new policy pays maximum benefits of \$2,000, increasing to \$3,000. Maximum monthly benefits of \$100, including Hospital care. Large cash sum for fractures, dislocations, etc. Doctor bills. Liberal benefits paid for all and every accident.

The Company is the oldest and largest of its kind and has promptly paid Over One and Three-Quarter Million Dollars in cash benefits to its policyholders.

The entire cost is \$3.65 for a whole year—335 days—Only One-Cent-a-Day.

Simply send name, age and address of person to be insured, and the name and relationship of the beneficiary—that is all you do—then the Company will send a policy for 10 days' FREE INSPECTION without obligation. 30 days' insurance will be added free when \$3.65 is sent with request for policy. Offer is limited, so write today.

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(Continued from page 87)

TERRY C. VOLK, 18-year-old brunette, enjoys reading and writing letters. Will exchange snaps. 119-24 Metropolitan Ave., Kew Gardens, L. I., New York.

GEORGE CALE and GEORGE SIMMONS are two lonely corporals at Carson Long Institute who want their mail boxes filled. Are 16 and 17 years old. Carson Long Military Academy, New Bloomfield, Penna.

FRANCES STARR, 18-year-old curly head, likes swing music and the movies. Wants pen pals between 18 and 27. 807 95th Ave. West, Duluth, Minn.

BILL FLANIGAN, JR., of 800 Murphy Bldg., Highland Park, Mich., is secretary to a lawyer. Promises on his Irish honor to write promptly. Plays football and is fond for potato chips.

HELEN OLEINICZAK, 16, brown hair, warm grey eyes. Likes movies, football and dress designing. Will exchange snapshots. 320 E. Division St., Dowagiac, Mich.

JOE is 24, weighs 150, is 5 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in., brown wavy hair, grey eyes. Likes all sports. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Joe please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding letters to him.)

DENNY BROWN, 28, tall, colored. Interested in everything. Wants lots of pen pals. 2027 Elmwood Ave., Detroit, Mich.

C. HARLOW, 30, astrologer. Has been in one movie. Wants pen pals interested in occult subjects. Pine Bush, New York.

NURSE. A nurse in a state school wants pen pals. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to her, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding letters to her.)

TRIXIE BORUCKE, 1945 N. Armitage Ave., Chicago, 23-year-old blonde wants pen pals. She's crazy about dancing.

DELL TISH, 407 N. Dubuque, Iowa City, Iowa, 32. Construction engineer, hopes for a lot of letters.

ANTOINETTE BORA is 20, and likes swing music, dancing, and collecting snapshots. 4244 Fourth St., Detroit, Mich.

LINDA GAUDINO, 15, blonde, blue eyes. Will exchange snapshots. Napa, Calif., Box 1255, Salvadore Ave.

VIVIAN MAE BROWN, says she's a chatterbox but also a good listener. Likes sports, dancing, music and dramatics. Rt. 3, Box 227, Foss, Okla.

FRANCES MICHVA, 13519 Burley Ave., Chicago, likes to write letters. Promises interesting ones. 17, blonde.

ESTELLE JANOWSKI, 18, wants pen pals from everywhere. 13048 Houston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BETSY is 28, brown hair and brown eyes. Hobbies are swimming and listening to the radio. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Betsy please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding letters to her.)

DARRELL SKINNER, 17, active in all sports, but likes boxing and football best; wants pals between the ages of 17 and 19. Box 914, Gardiner, Oregon.

ALFRED SANGRET, a lonely soldier stationed at the U. S. largest army post, French-Indian, 5 ft. 11 in., dark wavy hair. Enjoys swimming and riding. Will exchange snap and views of the beautiful islands. Co. A, 11th Med. Regt. Schofield Bks., Honolulu, T. H.

ISABEL NOVAK, 22, blonde, 5 ft. 4 in., wants scads of pen pals. 907 Weeks Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

PENNY is a lonely American girl, blue eyes and auburn hair. Likes traveling and drawing. Promises interesting letters. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Penny, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding letter to her.)

(Continued on page 90)

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book. There are 49 altogether.)

on Page 50



Which of these women is taller?

on Page 51



Large hats make a small girl look like an umbrella

on Page 99



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on Page 101



Don't talk or blow loudly

on Page 106



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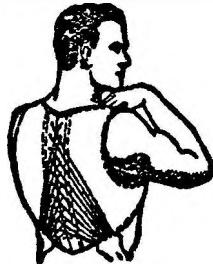
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(Continued from page 88)

DOROTHY WISSON, 16-year-old brunette, likes all sports and hopes for loads of pen pals. 8268 Beaubien, Detroit, Michigan.

CATHLEEN wants pen pals, especially Irish and Indian. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Cathleen, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding letters to her.)

JAMES BROCK, a 66-year-old, silver-haired cow hand, is lonely. Rt. 11, Box 727.

GERALDINE BROWN, 18, professional dancer and accordionist. Likes books and astronomy. Wants pen pals from all over the world. 2549 N. Monitor Ave., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN J. ZUMIN is a blond young man of 20. Likes reading and roller skating. Wants pen pals from all over the world. c/o Mrs. K. W. Wilson, 1915 S. W. 11th Ave., Portland, Ore.

PETER TROCHEZ, 17, wants to hear from pals from the western states. 17, 5 ft. 8 in., black hair. Kahuku, Oahu, T. H.

PAULINE RINEHART, 1828 Agnes, Kansas City, Missouri, wants pen pals between the ages of 40 and 45, from every state.

LEONA LOUIS, a senior in high school, is a lonely lassie from Southern California. She is 15, has dark brown curly hair and smiling grey eyes and a pig nose. Interested in singing and dancing. 356 West 75th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

CYRIL POTTER is a lonely British soldier, 23 years old, dark hair and blue eyes. Promises interesting letters and will exchange snaps of himself and of India. 1st Batt. Leicestershire Regt. "A" Company. Lorrone Lines, Waziristare, Rasmak, India. N. W. F. P.

TONY WALKER, lonely airman in the Royal Air Force, wants pen pals. Is 18 years old, 5 feet 11 inches, has dark hair and eyes. No. 639346 A.C. II Hut 652. Wing B. Squadron, No. 6 School of T.T. R.A.F. Hedgesford, Staffordshire, England.

BEVERLEY FLUH, R. No. 3, Box 42, and **HELEN LISKEY**, R. No. 4, Box 320, Harrisburg, Va., are two lonely farm girls wanting pen pals.

VIOLET BROWN, 17-year-old blue-eyed blonde, wants pen pals from everywhere. Hebron East Farm, near Marpeth, Northumberland, England.

BETTY BROWN, red hair, gray-green eyes. Junior in high school, wants pen pals to fill her mail box. McKee City, N. J., Box 5.

VIOLA PALUSCI, 818 S. 5th St., Camden, N. J., is tall, has brown curly hair and hazel eyes. Dancing her favorite hobby.

GLORIOA TALORICO, 605 Pine St., Camden, N. J., will be seventeen soon. Likes dancing, photography and letter writing.

EMELIA NAVARRA, 812 So. 5th St., Camden, N. J., a 17-year-old jitterbug. Wants a full mail box.

THERESA BOTTALICO, also a jitterbug. Dark hair and dark eyes. 816 So. 5th St., Camden, N. J.

LEONARD LEE is 16 and wants pen pals from all over the world. 37 Flaxland Ave., Gabalfa, Cardiff, Wales.

PEGGY COOPER, 17, tall and blue eyed, wants pen pals. Will exchange photos. 94 Bescley Rd., Canterbury, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

MARIAN ANDREWS, 174 Cottage Grove, Highland Park, Michigan, is an 18-year-old stenographer. Collects snapshots and cookbooks.

LORRAINE CARTER, 539 West 46th St., Chicago, Ill. Hopes a lot of pen pals will fling ink her way. 18 years old, blonde and blue eyes.

MARLEY MROSIK, 3424 E. 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio, is 20 years old. Likes hiking and roller skating, cooking and sewing.

EVELYN CODY, 16, blonde, blue eyes, makes souvenirs out of wood. Promises a gift to the first ten who write to her. 518 Roslyn St., Islip Terrace, New York City.

RALPH "TINY" BLUMETHAL, 2184 E. 9th St., Brooklyn, New York, is 18. Writes poetry. Builds model planes, guns and boats. Interested in everything.

ERNEST W. SCHLICK, 261 No. York St., Elmhurst, Ill., is 24, and would like to correspond with stamp collectors.

SAM RAMBOLA, 1564 Broadway, New York City, is 32 and has been a "Pro" boxer for a number of years. Of Italian descent, 5 ft. 10 in., dark. Wears a Warner Baxter mustache.

JAMES PRICE, 804 Walavista St., Oakland, Calif. wants pen pals interested in gardening, landscaping and fishing. Is 35, 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair and brown eyes.

ELDON DAVIS, College Poultry Farm, Ames, Iowa, is 23, and wants to correspond with farm pen pals.

GERRIE ARSTICK, 3202 So. Litanica Ave., Chicago, Ill., is 26, and wants letters from young and old. Likes mystery books.

ALICE is a 24-year-old Jewish girl and wants pen pals at hurry and write to her. Likes movies and radio. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Alice, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding your letters to her.)

J. M. "BUD" MILLER is a 21-year-old building contractor. Likes sports and music. 133 Clark St., Elyria, Ohio.

R. Z. T. is a tall, slim girl with ash blonde hair. Wants pen pals to fill her mail box. c/o Box 735, Binghamton, New York.

LILLIAN GOLDBERG, 408 Saratoga Ave., Brooklyn, New York, is 20. Likes theatre, outdoor sports and reading.

SIDNEY FELDT, a lonely young man in Newark, wants a lot of pen pals. Is 29, of Jewish faith, black hair, brown eyes and weighs 115. 260 Belmont Ave., Newark, N. J.

NORMA DAY, 19-year-old, brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, wants pen pals who would like to exchange snaps and postcards and interesting letters. 20 Greene St., East Greenwich, Rhode Island.

NOELA COYER, is 16, and interested in drawing, dancing and music. Will exchange snapshots and answer all letters. 17 Queen St., Apt. No. 9, Lowell, Mass.

JEAN COVILL is 17. Has brown hair and blue eyes and is five feet one. Wants letters from pen pals between the ages of 17 and 21. 350 Ellicott St., Rochester, N. Y.

HELEN L. JENKINS, R. R. 5, Ottumwa, Ia., is 33, and interested in everything. Would like to hear from pals everywhere and of all ages.

VERA SANDHOLZ, 2712 So. 58th Ct., Cicero, Ill., is 22, and interested in all sports. Hopes for pals from all over the world to fill her mailbox.

MRS. ROBERT BRITTON is 19, and has been married two months. She collects stamps and pictures and promises interesting letters to all who write her. Charlie Hope, Va.

JOE GROSSO, 807 Bullock Ave., Yeadon, Pa., wants pen pals to stuff his mailbox. Is interested in journalism, skating and music.

GEORGE A. SAUL is a disabled boy of 27, and wants some nice letters. He promises interesting ones in return. Also has quite a stamp collection and will exchange. 510 Newell St., Waterloo, Iowa.

MARIANA DENDER, 2037 N. American St., Philadelphia, Penna., is 30, 5 ft., weighs 120. Likes to dance and interested in stamp collecting. Wants especially to hear from sailors, although all pen pals are welcome.

(Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 91)

RALPH BLUMENTHAL, 2184 E. 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants a flood of letters. Is interested in everything, especially photography and football.

CARL JOHNSON, 4 Esther St., Worcester, Mass., is 27, blue eyes and ruddy complexion.

PAUL LABELLE, 19, brown hair, blue eyes, promises to answer all who write him. 1445 W. Franklin St., Elkhart, Ind.

LEO LUHT, 171 Peeker Ave., Newark, N. J., wants pen pals. Will exchange photos. Is 25 years old and 6 feet tall.

SWEET SIXTEEN wants pen pals from all over the world, especially Army and Navy people. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Sweet Sixteen be sure to enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding your letters to her.)

ALICE VINE, 1 Benson Square, Normanton, Yorkshire, England, and PATRICIA RUSHBROOK, at the same address, would like pen pals from everywhere.

RICKY HELFRICH, Route 1, La Crosse, Wis., is a 16-year-old brunette, interested in all sports, music and dancing. Will answer all letters and exchange snaps.

BETTY COOK, 16-year-old blonde, interested in collecting movie star photos and likes to take pictures. 48½ Church St., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Mr. S. G. C. Cowan, 37-year-old Ex-Marine, wants pen pals. Has travelled and can write interesting letters in return. 216 Chillicothe St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

FILIPAGAO, P. O. Box 451, Likue, Keiui, is a Philippine girl, 16 years old, brown eyes, black curly hair. Likes basketball and all outdoor sports. Is eager to receive letters.

JESSIE SMITH, 1422 N. Wall St., Spokane, Wash., hopes her mail box will overflow. She's 18, and a tiny blonde, interested in all sports, reading and sewing.

MAUD MULHATTON is 21, tall and blonde. Keen about snap shot collecting. 7 Woodview Rd., Westcliff, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

J. DOCRAT, 102 Sparks Rd., Overport, Durban, Natal, South Africa, wants pen pals. Will exchange snaps and stamps.

MRS. R. RICKE, 4901 Linsdale Ave., Detroit, Mich., is 16, a junior in high school. Collects stamps, pennants and post cards.

EMILY WILLMER, 1228 Cedar St., Hancock, Mich., is 16, a junior in high school. Collects stamps, pennants and post cards.

HARRY FERCHLAND, JR., 55 Trunkleman's Lane, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a lonely boy and wants pals between 18 and 25. Enjoys sports and reading.

SKIPPY is a blonde, 17 years old, and wants pen pals from Hawaii, Alaska, Africa, and all foreign shores, but those from the U. S. will be most welcome too. Anita Violette, P. O. Box 493, Van Buren, Maine.

ALFRED NASH, 273 Rugby Rd., Dagenham, Essex, England, is 18 and wants pen pals. His hobby is collecting photographs.

JAMES LAURENZA, 181 Chestnut St., Lawrence, Mass., is 21 years old, 5 ft. 7 in., brown hair and hazel eyes. Hobby is painting and he also enjoys music and literature.

STUDENT NURSE, 24, tall and slim. Interested in hikes, picnics, football, movies, and dancing. c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Student Nurse, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding letters to her.)

FRED AESTHA, JR., of 744 Irving Park Rd., Chicago, Ill., is 25 years old and light complexioned. Interested in swimming, movies and rifle shooting.

JUNE DAVIS likes dancing and skating and would like to exchange letters and photos. 157 So. Middle St., Rockville, Pa.

GLADYS WALSH, 298 Lowell Ave., Providence, R. I., wants pals between the ages of 16 and 21. Likes dancing, roller skating, swimming and sailing.

LOUIS ECKSTEIN is 20, brown eyes and brown hair, 5 ft. 7 in. Working as mechanic. Enjoys all sports. Will exchange photos. 10509 Drexel Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

PVT. CHARLES W. GRIMES, Naval Radio Station, Balboa, Canal Zone, Panama, is a lonely Marine. 19 years old, 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, blue eyes. Wants pals from 16 to 25.

GRAFTON TREW is 24, colored, and lives in Harlem. Interested in everything. 50 Morningside Drive, New York City, N. Y.

MRS. EDWIN BAUER would like some pen pals. Promises to answer all letters promptly. Favorite hobbies are hiking and fishing. c/o Q. K. Parenelee, Plattsburgh, Nebr.

VICTOR E. BROSSOIT wants letters from everybody, everywhere. 201½ E. 4th St. South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

HOWARD CORNELL, 17-year-old senior in high school. Hobby is swing music. Plays piano, Spanish guitar and piano accordion. Promises to answer all letters. 35 LaForce Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

SALLY BADKIN, 6 Trevallyn Terrace, Launceston, Tasmania, Australia, wants pen pals and promises prompt, interesting answers.

BETTY PARASCO, 17 Brookside Place, Caldwell, N. J., 18 years old, 5 ft. 3 in., brown hair, hazel eyes. Likes all outdoor sports and dancing and movies.

ETHEL WARD, 20-year-old English girl, brown hair, brown eyes. Hobbies are writing, reading and knitting and collecting photos of other countries. 46 Vicarage Road, Amblecote, Stourbridge, Staffs, England.

GLADYS JARVIS, 21, 5 ft. 2 in., light brown hair, hazel eyes. Hobbies are tennis, skating, and reading. 9 Wellesley Road, Wanstead, London E. 11, England.

NATHALIE SHUE is lonely and homesick for California, so won't some one write her? Is 20 years old, 5 ft. 6 in. 1150 S. Wheeling Ave., Tulsa, Okla.

CHESTER ROBERTS, 401 Milwaukee, R.F.D., Taylor, Pa., is 18 years old, 5 ft. 7 in., has brown hair and brown eyes. Hobbies are art and photography. Wants many pen pals.

JEAN McCONERY is 17 years old, 5 ft. 4 in., and weighs 118. Has light brown hair. Wants pals from every state. Hobby is collecting charms. 51 Magnolia Ave., Floral Park, N. Y.

RITA WESSLING, 931 Hamlet St., Newport, Ky., is 16 years old. Crazy about swimming, dancing, basketball and football. Wants pals from everywhere.

J. WESLEY B. TAYLOR, Y.S.S. S-18 Submarine, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, is 19 years old, tall and light complexioned.

CHARLOTTE KRONWALL, 148 Mansfield Ave., Waterbury, Conn., is 16, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Likes dancing and all sports.

RITA McLARDY, 70 Carlibar Ave., Glasgow W 3, Scotland, promises interesting letters about the Empire Exhibition.

DOROTHY CORBION, 41-17 48th St. Sunnyside, Long Island City, N. Y., is 18 years old. Likes all sports, dancing, tennis, hiking and swimming. Wants pals between 17 and 25.

CARL FARSLUND, Route No. 4, Box 4, Warren, Minn., is a lonely farm boy of 36. Likes all sports and promises to answer all letters.

(Continued on page 94)

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(Continued from page 93)

MILDRED JACOBSON is 18 years old, 5 ft. 4 1/2 in., blonde, blue eyes. Interested in snap shot and song collecting, dancing and writing letters. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Mildred, please be sure to enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding your letter to her.)

PEGGY COTY wants pen pals between the ages of 34 and 45. She is a blonde, 5 ft. 2 in. fond of music, dancing and all outdoor sports. 417 Somerville Ave., Somerville, Mass.

KATHRYN LONG, Bayard, Iowa, 19-year-old blonde, wants pen pals from all over the world. Her favorite pastime is dancing.

EILEEN GARIEPY, Crystal, N. Dak., 16-year-old blonde. Waitress in a hotel. Is a movie fan.

ROSSLYN BROOK is a tall, slender Australian girl who hopes for letters from pen pals in the U. S. 381 Queen St., Brisbane, Australia.

CHARLES SIEGERS is from the Hoosier state and wants pals from far and near to write him. He's 22, has brown hair, grey eyes and is 5 ft. 5 in. Likes all sports, but favorites are roller skating and hunting. 1073 Oliver Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

WILLIAM E. ESTES is 19, medium brown skinned negro, interested in Spanish, French, shorthand, typing and music. Anticipates a full mail box. 1821 The Paseo, Kansas City, Mo.

CHARLES COTTON is 24, a tall fellow, born and raised on a Texas cattle ranch. Now living in Chicago and would like pen pals. Has visited 25 states and Mexico several times. Promises interesting letters. 2655 W. Haddon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

VIVIAN WIDRA is 15, blonde with hazel eyes. Interested in all sports, especially dancing and ice skating. 1521 Alabama Ave., Sheboygan, Wis.

RUSSIE is a 17-year-old Irish lass and admits having a fiery temper. Promises to answer all letters. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Russie, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding your letter to her.)

BEVERLY GREENE is 16 years old, dark brown hair, brown eyes, 5 ft. 2 in. Says she has a keen sense of humor, loves dancing and all sports, especially bike riding and baseball. 3643 Shakespeare Ave., Chicago, Ill.

S. ARLO WOODWARD is a 27-year-old nature lover. Also composes music. 164½ 10th Ave., Seattle, Wash.

BROWN EYES is a lonely widow, wanting pen pals from everywhere. Promises to exchange snaps and souvenirs. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (If you write to Brown Eyes, be sure to enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding your letter to her.)

STEPHEN is a 28-year-old native New Yorker. Is business manager of a basketball and bowling team, traveling in five states. Address c/o Anne Bradley. (All who write to Stephen, please enclose unmarked envelope and 3c U. S. postage for forwarding your letters to him.)

KENNETH SMITH is 24 and wants to hear from pen pals interested in baseball and football. 1750 E. 26th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MARJORIE ("MIDGE") ROWE, is 18 and wants pen pals to write to her. Interested in movies, crocheting, dancing, skating and bike-riding. 1033 Summit St., Hancock, Mich.

ADVICE TO PEN PALS
by Anne Bradley

So many of you Pen Pals have written complaints that your letters have failed to bring any answers that it occurred to me you might not object to a bit of advice.



NOTE: This book will not be sold to anyone below 21 years.

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Edited by Dr. Edward Podolsky

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PART OF CONTENTS

- Introduction by Dr. Edward Podolsky, M.D.
- Foreword by James Parker Handy
- Need for sex understanding to aid married happiness
- Book offers key to true sexual understanding
- Chapter 1—Married Men Should Know
- Instinct is not enough—the well-timed and proper interpretation of the honeymoon—functions of mind and body in marriage relations—skillful wooer can overcome difficulties
- Chapter 2—Love Problems of Wives
- Woman's sexual needs—disappointed, disappointed—husband should improve in sexual relations—set routine games boring—case of the unsexed wife—how to keep love alive
- Chapter 3—Scientific Sex Program in Marriage
- Marriage based on mutual love and cooperation—instructions for performance—follow scientific sex program—chart of safe periods—normal frequency of relations
- Chapter 4—Functions of Organs
- The purpose of sex—conception—how to conceive—becoming a multimill. zones—attaining highest pitch in compatibility
- Chapter 5—The Art of Married Living
- The importance of preparation—that set the courtship or love-making—second part of the Courtship—needful—possible—final act—dormant period of sexual life—courtship—develop mutual sexual rhythm—reaching a climax—courtship often unsatisfactory—problems of physiology—physical matching—overcoming difficulties
- Chapter 6—Secrets of Sex Appeal
- What does a man notice—how to dress for charm and appeal—choose clothes—style—color—size—complexion, figure and personality
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- Is it wise to get to popularity?—Enticing bodies and teasing lip—dangerous—overcoming desire difficult to control
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- Chapter 18—Intimate Questions of Wife
- Importance of free discussion with husband—avoid home—be patient—strive for perfection—use mutual understanding—sexual education—intimate women problems
- Chapter 19—Feminine Hygiene and Beauty
- How to develop your charm and sex appeal
- Chapter 20—Reducing Diets
- How to diet. Complete menu for famous Hollywood 18 day diet

HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(Continued from page 95)

Do you think that Sally is as "definitely homely" as she claims? I don't! She was obviously exaggerating, and the effect is refreshingly different from that old: "My friends tell me I am good looking but I can't agree."

Of course, you need not be so modest as to tell your pen pals you are homely if you are beautiful. If you've won nine beauty contests, say so, but don't be coy about it. If you are just average in looks and know it, pass over it humorously, something like this:

"Personally, I think I'm pretty nice looking—it's only the darned cameras that lie. As you can see by the snapshot, I wouldn't win any beauty prizes, but I've got loads of personality—I hope!"

Then, too, don't forget to be interested in your would-be pen pal. If his letter in the Morning Mail Dept. said he was interested in ski-jumping, you get interested in it, too. Read up on it, if necessary, so that you can write intelligently. Ask him some questions that will call for explanatory answers. Don't just say, "I'm interested in the same sports you are." He won't believe you, and you can't blame him.

Or if you are frankly not interested in it, but feel there is something else you have in common, dismiss it with a comment that at least shows you read his letter:

"The nearest I ever came to skiing was a slide down our front steps when I was six—and I didn't take that because I liked it, my feet simply flew up from the icy porch and deserted me."

Let's go back and condense the elements of a letter that will bring answers, shall we? A few simple do's and don'ts may fill your mailbox.

DO'S:

1. Be interesting and amusing.
2. Think more about what the Pen Pal will like than about yourself.
3. Mention some things in the Pen Pal's letter and supplement them by relating similar experiences of your own.
4. Ask intelligent questions that show you are interested in the Pen Pal.
5. Describe yourself so cleverly that you are seen as a personality, rather than the usual set of eyes, hair, height and weight.

DON'TS:

1. Don't brag about yourself or your accomplishments.
2. Don't apologize for this letter and promise to "do better next time."
3. Don't list personal items that cause incessant use of "I."
4. Don't be afraid to share a joke on yourself.
5. Don't forget that an "ounce of wit" is worth a "pound of platitudes."

Most of the time your postmistress enjoys her job, but once in a while a practical joker causes some trouble and I receive an indignant letter something like this:

Dear Madam:

I have started receiving letters through the mail from perfect strangers who say they got my name and address from your magazine. What I'd like to know is, where did you get my name and address and how did you happen to publish it so unknown people would start writing me?

This is very embarrassing to me and I want it stopped immediately.

My husband was very much annoyed to open a letter to me from some strange man. He does not believe me when I say I did not advertise for Pen Pals, but the truth is, I did not and I insist that you explain to him how you happened to print such a letter, etc., etc.

What do I do? I return the original letter which I had supposed to be a bona fide request for pen pals, along with an abject apology. If she can find out who wrote the letter in her name, she can sue them, I presume. For forging some one else's name to a letter is forgery, every bit as much as signing it to a check would be. And might cause as much or more trouble.

This shouldn't be necessary, should it? It's not very good sport that causes needless pain to some one. To say nothing of the wasted letters which could have been written to some one happy to receive them.

Don't write a letter at all unless you are willing to sign your own name to it. If you wish to remain anonymous, you may also sign a pen name, and request that your letters be forwarded through the office of your

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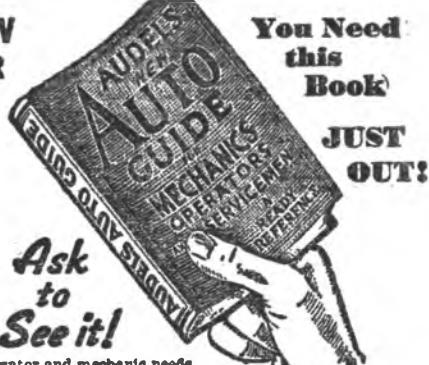
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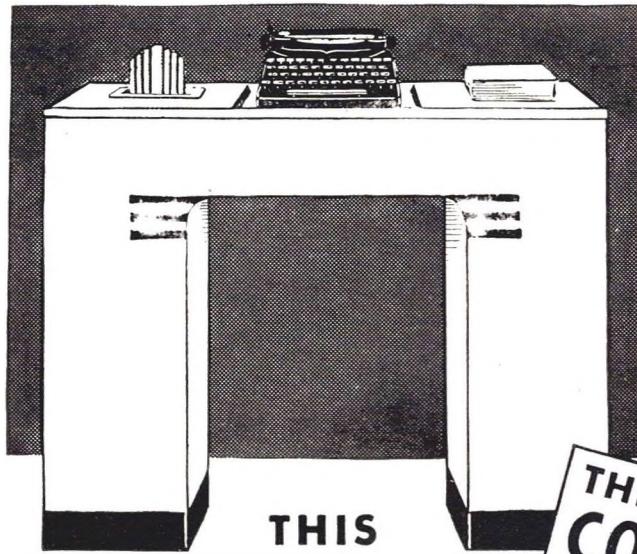
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