

WHY THE JOLSON-KEELER ROMANCE WILL LAST

Romantic

COMBINED WITH

RADIOLAND

STORIES

AUGUST


10¢



CONFESSIONS
OF A DOCTOR'S
ASSISTANT



RUBY KEELER

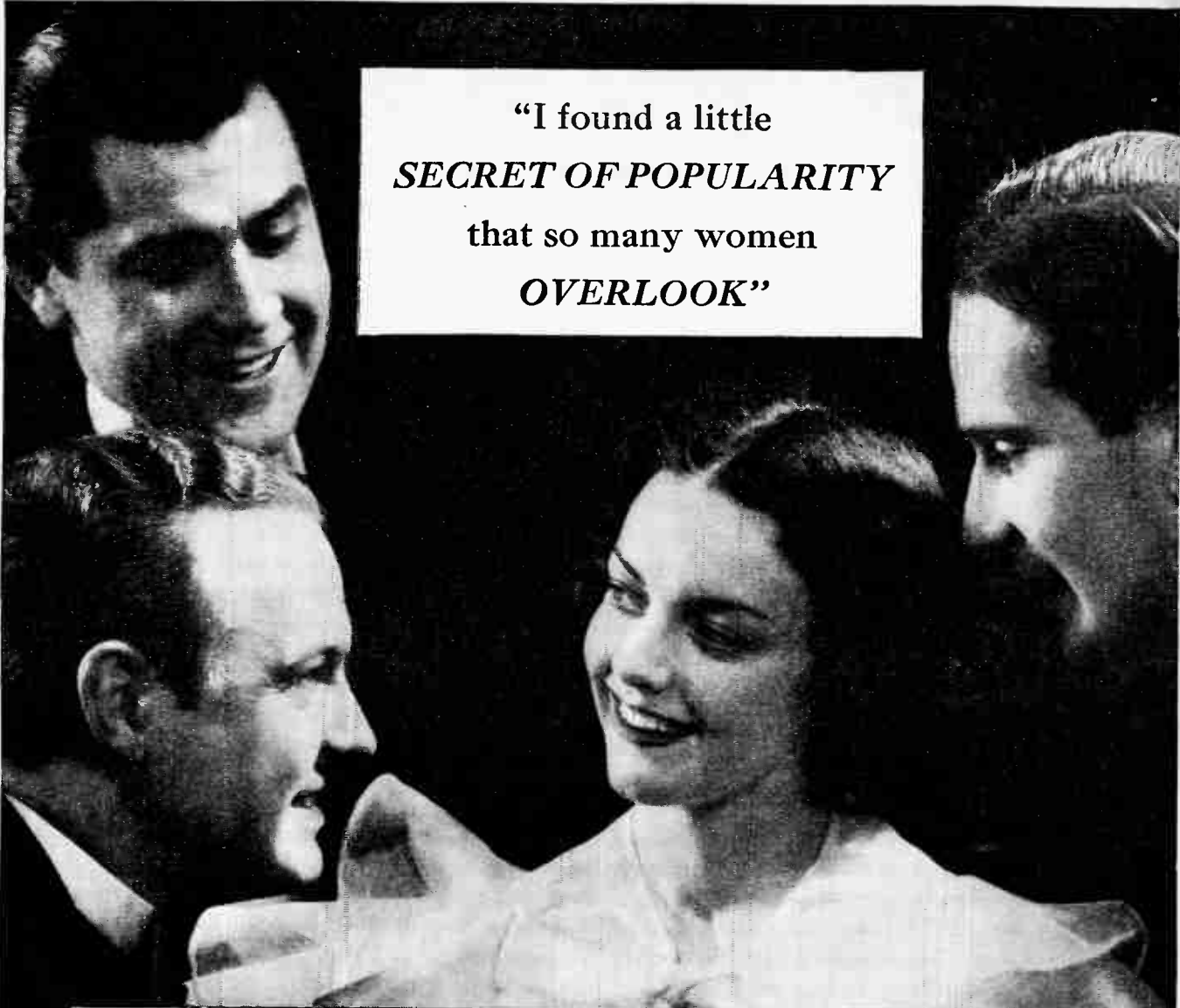


I'll never let you down
I'm your best friend
I am your *Lucky Strike*

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.



*Try me
I'll never
let you
down*



“I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK”

“**F**OR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook.”

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the

quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

Romantic Stories

Combined With **RADIOLAND**

VOL. IV

NO. 19

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CONFESSIONS OF A PICK-UP SWEETHEART

What happens to a girl, when she becomes a "pick-up sweetheart?" Here is the moving confession of a modern girl, who thought she had a new love racket. Do not fail to read Marian's remarkable story in the September ROMANTIC STORIES.

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America's loveliest heads are "Duart Waved"

Demand this sealed package of pads for a genuine Duart wave



No other wave gives you Duart's protection and lasting natural beauty.

Today, more than ninety Hollywood beauty salons use the Duart method to create the beautiful waves worn by their famous screen-star patrons. The assurance of a soft, lovely wave of natural beauty and the positive protection against re-used pads, have made Duart the undisputed choice of the Hollywood stars.

Many a star would tell you that until she had a Duart wave she didn't know her hair could lend such radiance and charm to her personality.

You, too, will be thrilled with the new loveliness this wave will bring you. Why not call your beauty operator now and arrange the appointment for your Duart wave! Remember, the SEALED package of pads is your guarantee of fresh, genuine Duart materials. Look for it!



OLIVIA DE HAVILAND
New Warner Bros. Star
with **JOE E. BROWN** in
"ALIBI IKE"



Send Coupon for Free Booklet of Hollywood stars' hair styles

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing exactly how their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair stylist, PERC WESTMORE of Warner Bros.' Studios, designed this entire series of smart stars' coiffures exclusively for Duart. Take this twenty-four page booklet to your hairdresser and have her help you select the "star style" best suited to your type. Booklet sent FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Select from twelve shades listed in coupon below. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just enough tint to give the hair sparkle. Use coupon.

DUART *permanent waves*

Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

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Address.....

City..... State.....

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |
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CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention Romantic Stories Combined With Radioland
WorldRadioHistory

FREE FROM
CORN
AND PAIN



FROM THE RED CROSS
LABORATORIES

NEW CORN PLASTER FITS THE TOE

• The best way to convince yourself that this is a *Better Corn Plaster* is to try it on a troublesome corn. Here's how it differs from the old-style kind. Professional design, with slip-proof tabs. Holds fast to toe, very inconspicuous. The new patented Drybak covering makes it immune to water. Doesn't stick to stocking. The individual medicated centers are safer, and unexcelled for removing hard corns.

Send 10c for a trial package—
write Dept. 603.



For professional foot treatment see a *Chiroprapist*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



BOX OF 12
25¢

**RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER**
(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

Port of Lonely Hearts

Getting desperate. I HAVE been a widow for over four years and am very lonely. I am thirty-nine years old, have no children, and live alone. Sometimes I feel desperate, being so lonely. I'd appreciate pen pals who are really lonesome.

Bca, Mo.

Works in a furniture factory. I AM a boy of twenty-four, six feet tall and weigh 170 pounds. I work in a furniture factory. Would like to hear from someone my own age.

Les, N. S.

Baron from Italy. I AM from New York City and forty-two years of age. I come from a titled family in Italy and know many interesting things that I could write about. I am a Baron and would love to hear from you all.

Baron, N. Y.

Give her a break. I AM a tall, nice-looking girl of twenty. I am especially fond of letter writing and picture shows, but enjoy anything that means a good time. Come on, everybody, give this gal a break.

Jackie, Okla.

Troupers invited.

I AM a young woman twenty-six years old, five feet two, eyes of blue. I am very fond of music, dancing, good books, the theatre, animals, all outdoor sports and writing letters. I have seen a great deal of the U. S. A., having traveled with road shows. Anybody interested in any of the above, do please write. Troupers invited.

H. B., Wis.

Serious-minded pals wanted.

I'D LIKE to hear from serious-minded people between twenty and twenty-four. I am twenty-four and very lonesome. I like to dance, travel and write, so won't someone write to me?

Bud, Wis.

Craves excitement. I AM a girl of twenty-three. I crave excitement, fun, dancing and all that has pep attached to it. I'd like pen pals and would like to exchange snapshots. I do not enjoy drinking or smoking, just clean fun.

Tuffy, Kansas.

Searching for his ideal. I AM a young man of thirty-five, searching for my ideal. I enjoy traveling. I own a cruiser and an auto. Please write as I love to correspond with people.

Walt, Pa.

Like tall men? I AM nineteen, six feet, two inches tall and have brown wavy hair. I make my home on Puget Sound, one of the most beautiful and commercially valuable waterways of the world. Pen pals will be appreciated.

Sailor Slim, Wash.

Attractive Australian. I AM an attractive girl of seventeen interested in all sports, traveling, drawing, etc. I'd like pen pals from all parts of the globe. I am lonely. Won't someone write to me?

Fran, Australia.

**RULES FOR JOINING
THE PORT OF
LONELY HEARTS**

1. Letters to pals must contain a three-cent stamp for postage and ten cents to cover clerical costs. There is no charge for publishing a letter.
2. Addresses of pals cannot be given out. The first letter must go through the Port. After that, correspondence between pals is direct.
3. Make your letter as interesting as possible so that the pen pal to whom you write will be anxious to correspond with you. Although it is seldom that a pen pal does not answer the letters he or she receives, I cannot guarantee you a reply. I can only assume the responsibility of passing your letter on.
4. Please do not ask me to enter into personal correspondence with you as that is impossible.
5. Address your letter to the *Port of Lonely Hearts, Romantic Stories*, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Sincerely yours,

SALLY O'DAY.

Domestic young lady.

I AM a very lonesome girl of twenty-eight, not bad looking. I enjoy shows and reading. My one hobby is cooking. I work in an office but I do love to come home and cook a good meal. I'd like to correspond with ambitious young people.

B. A., Mich.

Shattered dreams.

I AM just another young man of the working class who doesn't know when, where or what his next job will be, who hasn't much hope for a prosperous future. I have had my dreams shattered and have left my home because of it. I am twenty-three and would like to hear from pals between sixteen and twenty-five.

Rover, Iowa.



Hindu journalist. I AM a young Hindu journalist of twenty-three. I belong to a rich and respectable Hindu family, follow the Hindu religion of Lord Krishna, am a university graduate and shortly propose taking journalism as a career. I am interested in books and magazines of an informative and educative type. I wish university graduates and journalists of either sex to write to me and enclose with their letters, essays, articles, poems and photos for inclusion in a magazine of twelve years' standing that I am at present editing.

Gov, India

A florist. I AM a gentleman, well-bred and educated. I am alone in this world and seek new friends. A florist by trade, I naturally love flowers and all things that grow in a garden. I am fond of animals and enjoy a decent good time. Would appreciate letters from ladies and gentlemen whose interests are similar to mine.

Big Boy, N. II.

In their teens. WE ARE two young girls in our teens, considered attractive, have blonde curly hair, are good-natured and full of fun. We both enjoy all sports, dancing and music. We would like to exchange letters and photographs with pen pals of both sexes.

R. & R., Ga.

Reads Spanish. I HAVE traveled extensively throughout the United States and am planning a trip to Cuba, Porto Rico and Mexico in the fall. I am forty-two years of age and would like to correspond with men or women. I also am interested in the Spanish language and can read it quite well.

Ed, Wis.

Many accomplishments. I AM a Western girl of thirty-eight now living in the East. I play the violin and piano and can sew and cook. I like traveling, also camping. I'm very lonely and should like to hear from everyone.

Pearl, Pa.

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



STOP MAKING UP IN PUBLIC . . . MEN DETEST THE INTRUSIVE POWDER PUFF

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

By *Lady Esther*

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least

being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes onto the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

No takers



MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit—it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

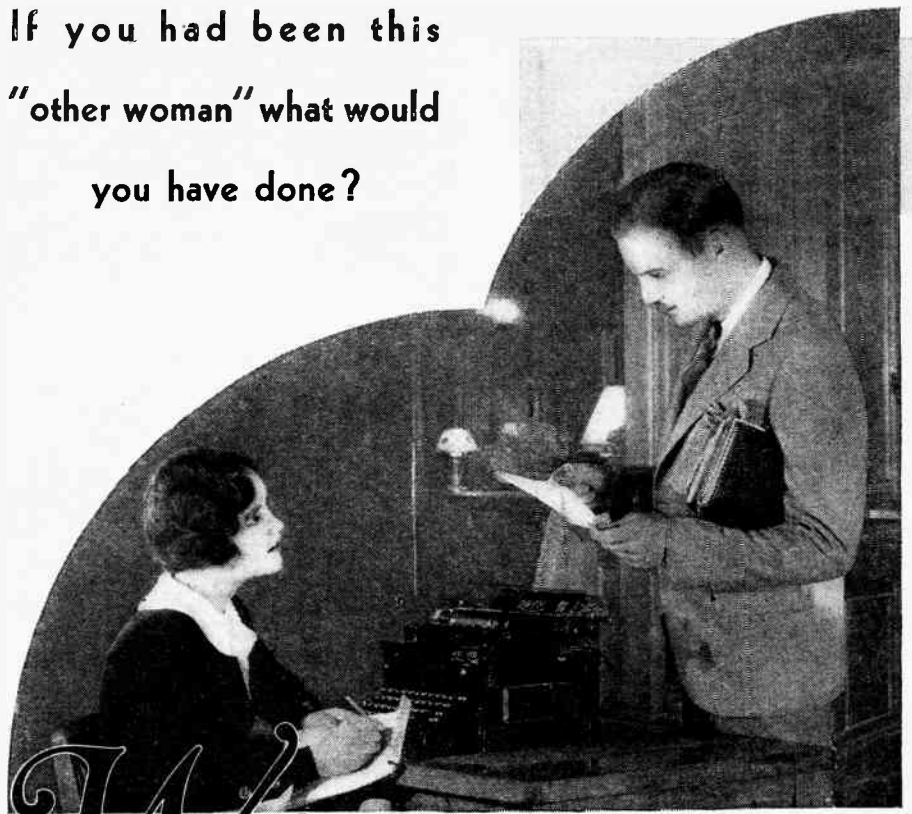


TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

If you had been this
"other woman" what would
you have done?



We

Played Fair

CLINT and I worked side by side, day in and day out, year in and year out—and we were the best of friends. His wife and I were good pals, too, and I spent many happy hours in their home.

And then, one particularly trying day, I jammed my finger, and—"Poor little kid," he crooned softly. "Kiss it away." All in a spirit of fun, and yet, he held my hand overly long. After that, I knew and he knew that we had started playing a dangerous game. It was as if only Clint and I lived in the roomy old world. Only Clint and I—all others faded into the background and were forgotten.

"I love you, Irene—oh, I can never tell you how much." He held me close and kissed me. That was just a good-morning and good-night detail.

Headlong, we rushed on—and then, one day, Alice, Clint's wife, came into the office as she had so often done be-

fore. "Where have you been, Irene?" she asked gaily. "Haven't seen you for ages. Come over this evening."

I tried to stammer an excuse, but she stopped me. "I refuse to take 'no' for an answer. Bring her home with you tonight, Clint."

I said grimly to myself. "Smile, fool, smile!" but I saw her through a haze darkly. I choked back burning, jealous tears when I saw her drop a comradely little kiss on Clint's cheek.

I STEPPED into the car beside Clint. Along a dark street, he slipped his arm around me and kissed me gently.

"I want his arms, his kisses, his love," I thought. "Why refuse this when it is mine for the taking?"

"You are mine and I love you. Say you love me, darling," he whispered. The joy of his presence pushed me out of the shadow. I was happy for the moment.

But the evening was torture to me. My love for Clint was young love, good love, the kind that dreams of a home and a family. It was no empty infatuation. But Clint already had a wife who loved him in the same manner. By all the laws of society, possession, even years, she belonged to him. Could I shatter her happiness?"

At last, I pleaded weariness as an excuse to go home early.

"Poor little Irene is tired tonight, Clint. Take her home in the car," Alice said. I cringed for I knew her sympathy was sincere—and I, I was a thief and a sneak thief at that.

"Oh, Clint, we can't go on. We must call a halt," I wept, as he slipped his arm about me in the car. "There's Alice, dear. She's so trusting. We can't do this to her."

"Yes," he finally agreed. And then—"But Irene, if you ever feel as if you and I are sacrificing ourselves, as if we are making silly martyrs of ourselves for conventions sake, let me know, for I shall love you always—and you know I am always yours. Alice will understand. And if she doesn't—well, she'll soon forget me."

Clint believed his words and so did I. His statement saved my pride.

BUT it wasn't easy to live up to my code—to work beside him day after day—longing with all my heart to be clasped in his arms and to hear his husky voice whispering the tender love words I wanted to hear.

Soon I found myself asking, "Is playing the game fairly, worthwhile? Why not reach out my hand and take the love for which I am starving?"

Finally, Life solved my problem.

Winter had dragged into spring with a hint of early summer. The mountain roads, though flecked with snow, were open. The hills beckoned. One Saturday afternoon, Clint's wife breezed into the shop.

"You are going with us, tomorrow, Irene," she laughed.

"Where?"

"To the [Continued on page 65]

SHE LIVES A ROMANTIC LIFE!



CLAUDETTE COLBERT happens to be a movie star—famous, wealthy, admired by millions. But if she happened to be the girl next door, instead, she would not need fame or fortune or adulation to get the most out of life. Read "Claudette Colbert's Code of Living"—and you will know why!

"**BING CROSBY** As a Husband"—how many million girls have tried to picture the movies' most romantic singer in that real-life rôle? **Dixie Lee**—the girl who became Mrs. Crosby—can (and does) give you an entertaining, complete close-up of Bing at home!

And these are only two of eighteen big features in August

M O V I E
CLASSIC

TEN CENTS AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention Romantic Stories Combined With Radiolan!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids
 do make

DO you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.



Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.



To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.



The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.



All Maybelline Preparations bear the seal of approval

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"I Want

Mr. M. N. Bunker studies a lonely girl's writing.

Love"

*Don't want to
 very much
 Louise Martin.*

Louise Martin's writing indicates her sensitive fear of the friends for whom she longed.

*Dear Louise
 of course I
 love you
 Dave*

This writing indicates that Dave, the man Louise won, is friendly and affectionate.



"I'd do most anything to have friends and a sweetheart."

LONELY! Why, I'm so lonely I don't know what to do with myself."

Louise Martin raised her tear stained face, although choking sobs made it almost impossible for her to speak.

"Ever since I was a little girl I have been lonely, and left out of things. When other girls had their first dates I was usually invited the first time, and after that I was left alone. It seemed that everywhere I went people would look at me and I always felt they were talking about me.

"Other girls were popular while I was just a stay-at-home, and no one seemed to mind whether I was happy or not. That is no one except Dad. He would pat my shoulder and tell me that some day I would be far happier than I would if I were so popular right then. Mother would tell her friends that I was a 'good girl' until I would have done almost anything to

be bad enough to have friends and be popular just a little while. Somehow I think my Dad understood that I did not have a chance to make friends but, Mr. Bunker, I want friends and I want love," Louise went on. "If my handwriting tells anything that will help me please tell me the truth."

That was how I came to examine Louise Martin's writing, which gave the answer to her problem as plain as though it had been printed. Louise was so sensitive to slights and hurts that she actually went out of her way to think that people did not want her. In addition she had such an active imagination that worked overtime giving her ideas of how people did not like her nor want her that she had grown afraid to be herself.

She had natural talent for writing and for acting, but she was not getting any good out of her ability simply because she was afraid to use it. "Louise," I said to her, "your whole trouble is that you are afraid to be happy. Instead of treating people as though you wanted their friendship you draw [Continued on page 50]

Radio Charmers



YOUNG NBC ARTIST

Although charming Betty Winkler is only twenty years old, she has been playing dramatic parts on the air for several years. In the rôle of telephone operator her "Hello, Grand Hotel," opens and closes the Sunday evening *Grand Hotel* broadcast. Recently, she made her debut as a singer on the *Welcome Valley* program.

Starring in Radio Serial

Elizabeth Day, beautiful microphone star, plays the lead feminine rôle in *Fiev Star Jones* depicting the adventures of an ace reporter and his "not-so-long-suffering" wife in a typical American town.



Opera Singer

Once Grace Moore, whose gorgeous voice has thrilled the world, from the stage, over the air, and on the screen, was an unknown choir singer in a little mining town. She was planning to become a foreign missionary, but hearing Mary Garden sing, she abandoned her purpose and set out to develop her voice. At one time, she sang in a Greenwich Village cafe to support herself while studying.



Husband & Wife Team

Art Jarrett and his wife, the glamorous Eleanor Holm, are one of the most popular husband and wife teams on the air. Eleanor is the featured vocalist with Art's band, which is heard nightly over the Columbia network from the College Inn at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago. Art deserted Hollywood recently to organize his orchestra, and with the aid of his blues singing wife, it has been an immense success.

We Wanted Thrills

"You've made a sap of me for the last time," Ken said. "I've been a fool to treat you like a Christmas tree angel."

"I HATE them! I hate them!" I used to say to myself, with my hands clenched, trying to look the other way.

They were so handsome, so gay and laughing, and so *darned* cocksure of themselves. They'd pass me when I was coming home from work, on a summer evening, on their way to the Lake for supper and swimming. They drove their big cars very fast, shouted back and forth, threw cigarette butts at the curb. The girls, brown as Indians, were like pictures in their bright dresses or swimming suits. The men were young and lean and athletic—just the sort I dreamed of but could never meet. For they were "the crowd"—the sons and daughters of the wealthiest people in town. And I was a bookkeeper in a wholesale house.

"Look at those kids," my sister, Marcia, would say. "They ought to be arrested for speeding like that. It's terrible what they get away with just because their folks own the town. Why, I've heard—"

I wouldn't listen to her. For it wasn't real hate I felt—

I was simply sick with envy. I'd give my very soul, I thought, for just one good time like they had every day. But what chance was there for me? I had come to this town three years before, just after finishing business college, to live with my married sister, for I was an orphan. Since then there had been nothing but work, work, work. Marcia was ten years older than I—her friends weren't interested

"Bill's dead," Janice moaned.
"I killed him . . . I meant to.
God help me, I loved him."

in me, nor I in them. I met very few young people. And I promptly turned down the boys who *did* ask me for dates. I couldn't stand to take second best and I knew what I wanted. Much as I might resent their careless assurance, it was the young men who drove like conquerors through the streets, the men of "the crowd," who filled my dreams.

"And I'm as pretty as those other girls," I thought bitterly, looking into the mirror at my curly blonde hair, my fresh complexion, and small regular features.

But all this was before that eventful summer which was to change my entire life—when I was to know undreamed of ecstasy as well as tragedy and despair.

It all started when Kenneth Lewis came to help run the business. It belonged to his uncle and would be his some day, I knew, but I'd never dared hope that he'd actually work there; he there every day! I knew him by sight, as one of the best-looking and most popular men in "the crowd."

"But he'll never know I'm alive," I told myself. Our relations were always cool and business-like; I tried not to betray by look or manner how his presence there thrilled me.

One evening he startled me by saying, "Why don't you like me?"

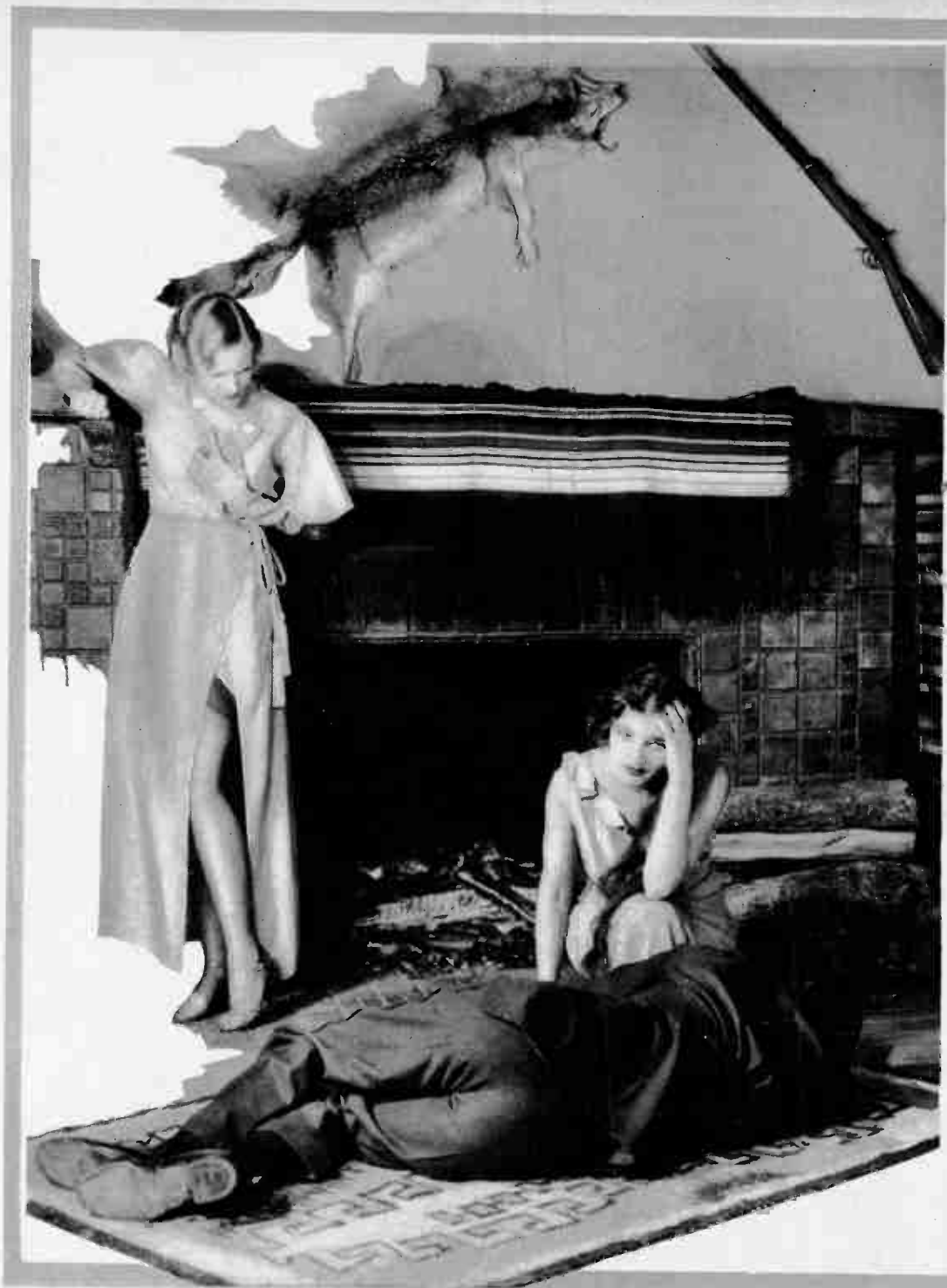
"I *do*!" I exclaimed, caught off my guard; and blushed at the enthusiasm in my voice.

"Then prove it by letting me drive you home."

"But, I—"

"Listen," he said, "I've been trying for weeks to get you to smile at me. Why can't we be friends?"

He took my arm and urged me toward his car. I couldn't say no—I didn't want to. That drive was heavenly; we talked and laughed as if we had known each other for years. And it was only a beginning, for after that Ken came to see me often, took me to shows and for drives. At work we were formal and dignified, but after office hours we became the best of pals. Although I liked Ken better all the time, more than anything else in the world I wanted to be included in the parties which "the crowd" gave, to be one of that gay group. One evening when I felt that I knew him well enough, I, hesitantly, brought up the subject.



"You don't see much of your old friends any more—the ones you've always gone around with, do you?" I asked.

"Oh, them," he shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I? I have much better times with you. They used to be good sports, but they've been jazz-mad lately—too many cocktails and all that stuff."

"But you've never asked me to meet any of them," I went on, "Is it because—because I work?"

"Sally!" Ken stared at me in amazement. Then he tilted my chin up and looked straight into my eyes. "Why you foolish kid!" he said, tenderly. "I should have known there was something like that going on in your sweet little head—I'm just dumb, I guess. And a pig, too, to want to keep you to myself. Of course girls like parties, and you're going to one—tomorrow night. Christine Murray is throwing it, so put on your glad rags and we'll step. That okay?"



**Flaming kisses, one mad un-
guarded moment, then sorrow
and regret for this girl who
thought love was a pastime.**

it. They were all attractive and *nice*, nice to *me!* It was heavenly.

I "clicked" right away with a tall auburn-haired girl named Janice Clyde, who was there with Bill Ewing, the only man in the room handsomer than Ken.

"Where has Ken been hiding you?" she wanted to know. "We all like him so much, and he's been avoiding us like poison all summer. Now I see why—and you aren't going to disappear again. Can you come over for tennis tomorrow afternoon?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I work all day—I'm a bookkeeper."

"Well, I wish to heaven I had a job, or could hold one if I got it," she declared sincerely. "This eternal playing isn't good for any of us." And her eyes went to her escort, Bill, who had evidently had a few too many drinks.

There was dancing, talk, laughter, and many cocktails. I had my first, and I was cautious but found it curiously exciting. The evening passed like a dream. Too soon, it was time to go home.

"Have a good time, Sally?" Ken asked.

"Oh, Ken, it was just divine—a perfect party!" I cried happily.

"You were a hit all right. Well, whatever you like, I do—so there'll be plenty more."

There *were* plenty more, and I was always included. Soon it seemed as if I had been one of them all my life. We had picnics, swam, danced, and rode like the wind in the big cars. We smoked innumerable cigarettes and it seemed that there was more to drink at every party. Although we were pretty definitely paired off in couples, we often changed partners; and it was not long before I discovered the delights of petting.

Ken had kissed me good-night many times and I had been pleasantly stirred by his caresses. I found now that it had become a custom in "the crowd" to sit out dances in parked automobiles or somewhere on the grounds. I saw Shirley come in with Joe Murray, her face flushed, her hair tousled; Joe still had his arm around her. Then Bill and Christine appeared from another direction. I soon learned what was expected when a girl left the dance floor with a man. And I found it full of disturbing excitement to walk into the dark chatting gaily, very close against a man's side, to find a seat and feel his hard arms about me, his lips brushing, then clinging to mine. Thrill after thrill would run through me, my very bones seem to melt, as masculine hands touched me, drew me close—and I would respond with a fire I had never known in all my life.

But there were limits—a code [Continued on page 61]

"But will they like me—those other girls?"
"You're darn right they will," he assured me with conviction.

I WAS terribly nervous but excited and thrilled, too, when Ken called for me. I had a new dress, a soft blue crêpe which was cut subtly so that it outlined every curve of my body. My eyes were bright and my cheeks flushed.

"Say-y-y, you're a knockout!" exclaimed Ken, looking at me with approval. "You'll be the belle of the ball."

"I'll be perfectly happy if they just like me a little," I assured him.

That was one of the most wonderful evenings of my life. For they weren't snobbish and aloof as I had always imagined them. Admiration shone in the men's eyes at once, and the girls seemed to respect me for it rather than resent

I Was Married for Luck



My head whirled as his lips met mine. The first kiss from the man I loved . . . brazen . . . cheap!

MY HUSBAND married me "for luck"—because the narrow streak of white in my black hair matched the single white lock in the black mane of his favorite polo pony.

We were married the night we met, and the idea struck me at the time as being very sensible. The word "marriage" exerts a potent magic over the senses of a girl in my position.

I was, nominally, a night club artiste. As a matter of fact I was a rather declassée society girl who had capitalized a good family name and a mediocre talent by hooking myself up with a cabaret, the Club Cadiz, owned by Mike Morisco. The Club Cadiz had already lost the bloom of novelty and *chic* and was fast going on the



Less to her husband than his polo pony, was this bride who learned, too late, the true meaning of love.

I liked him genuinely. But not enough to accept any one of the fantastic propositions he made to me! He offered me everything from the Koh-i-noor diamond to a hanging garden in Babylon—with the single stipulation that I should love him and make him believe it!

One night—the night that was to end, so strangely, as my wedding night—Gordon Storm had brought to the Club Cadiz a rare collection of celebrities, to do me honor. That was one of his most attractive—and useful—tricks.

Storm was entertaining a “house party” at his enormous apartment at the Ritzdorf, for the coming International Polo Matches on Long Island. The games were still two weeks off, but the *Ile de France* had docked today, leaving in Storm’s prodigally hospitable hands one prime minister, two earls, a dowager countess, a star of the *Comedie Francaise* and an Indian maharajah. Storm had blended in a judicious admixture of American aristocracy and had brought the whole party to the Club. The concoction was stimulating enough to put real art into my performance! To Mike Morisco’s

rocks. My repertoire of Spanish songs and dances had been acquired as a pretty parlor trick during my father’s diplomatic service in Spain and South America. My own social set knew my program so well, from house parties and charity shows, that it failed to draw them to the Club after the first flurry of polite interest in my professional debut. I was bitterly disappointed. Mike Morisco was worse than that—he was positively venomous in his costly disillusionment.

But one of my “admirers” stuck. This was Gordon Storm. He was fabulously wealthy and his epicurean supper parties paid well. Moreover the group that followed him wherever he went helped to keep our tables filled.

It wasn’t hard to be nice to Gordon Storm, as Mike Morisco pressingly and not always delicately, reminded me to be. Storm was a charming, sophisticated man of forty, or so. He had vast, mysterious interests all over the world. My imagination pictured them as rubber, emeralds, spices, essential oils—everything that was romantic and fascinating. I adored his brilliant wit and the ruthless power that underlay his tolerant, world-weary air of boredom.

spluttering delight, I was invited to join the Storm party at supper between numbers, not as an entertainer but as a guest.

It really did go to my head a little. I was only twenty-three and the public homage of a man like Gordon Storm was intoxicating.

“Happy?” he asked me, under cover of the music, while our table companions were dancing. “Shall we tread a measure?”

“Very happy,” I told him, trying to thank him with glowing eyes and an impulsive touch upon his fine dark hand lying beside mine on the table. “But I mustn’t dance now. It’s very nearly time for me to go and change for my song. Gordon—” I hesitated. It was a brazen thing to say—the question that trembled on my lips. But I felt that he would understand. He understood everything. “Gordon, tell me something—will you?”

“Anything, my dear,” he answered. But I felt his instant withdrawal, as if he were on guard. Perhaps he knew what was coming—perhaps it had happened to him before. Probably many woman, infinitely cleverer than I,

had tried to corner Gordon Storm, and had failed ignominiously. But I had the excuse of new, deep feeling tonight—for the first time I felt that I might be able to give him what he wanted. Even to love him—and to make him believe that I loved him.

"Gordon—you—love me, don't you?" I asked in a low voice.

HE STARTED violently. His eyes blazed briefly into mine and a steely circle about his tightened lips betrayed the depths to which that small question had gone. But he merely said, a trifle dryly, "Very much, Lucienne. Why?"

"Then why don't you marry me, Gordon?"

"My dear child!" His brows arched, his dark eyes mocked me. "Aren't you rather naïve? Aren't there enough plums in your pie tonight? Must you ask so banal a tribute as marriage? I thought you understood, a long time ago, that marriage was out for me."

"It's the only way I can be had," I replied bluntly. "I thought you ought to know."

"My dear, I do know—that you think so," he said, gaily. "I am waiting—impatiently, of course—for you to change your mind."

"Why do you balk at marriage, Gordon?"

"It's too easy. Any woman would marry me, Lucienne. Not for what I am—but for what I have." His tone was suddenly bleak.

"Isn't it the same thing?" I asked, quickly. "After all, what you have is—what you are. What you've lived for. You've climbed a long way, I imagine—" It was a bold thrust. I knew that he was sensitive about his past. But for a moment I thought I had gone too far. His face turned to stone beneath my challenging eyes.

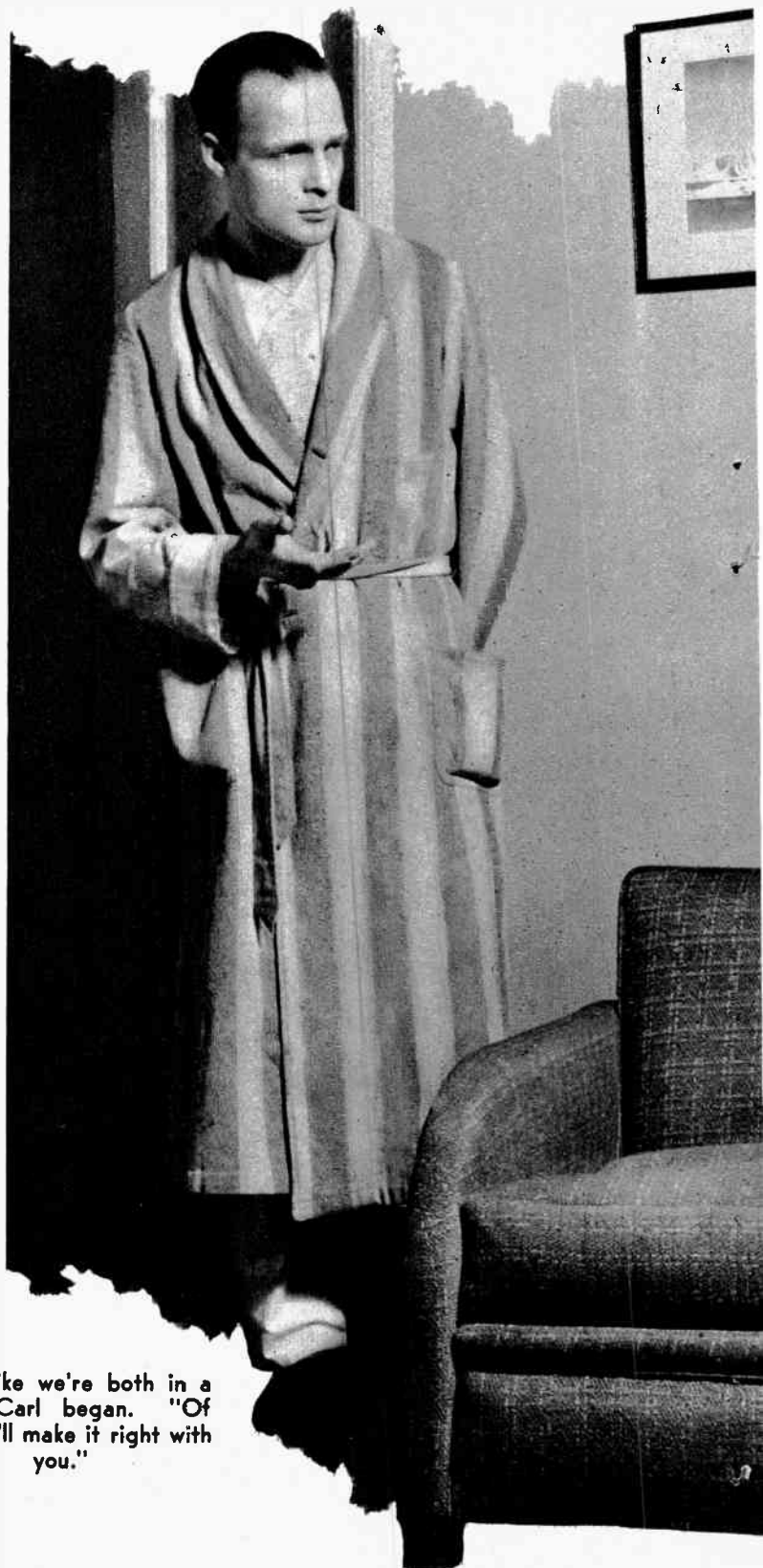
"A long way," he repeated. His voice was harsh, as I had never heard it. "Longer than you could ever imagine." He lowered his voice and touched his forehead with a lean, hard forefinger. "I have worn the strap of a beast of burden here," he said. "I have bent my back beneath a pack that would have broken a camel. A peddler's pack." For an instant his face was narrow, wolf-like; between his parted lips I saw the gleam of clean, strong teeth that were sharp as fangs.

Instinctively I shrank away from him slightly. "I—I didn't mean to pry—" I stammered.

He went on as if I had not spoken. Gordon Storm was looking into the past. I don't think he saw me, in that moment. "I have traded under the hot suns of the Near and Far East," he said, "and in the gloom of the midnight sun—as far North as Spitzbergen. I have traded in musk and matches, amber and tin plates, raw rubber and—" he touched the back of my hand curiously, as if startled by the contrast between my white skin and his dark finger. "And women. I have bought and sold slaves in Afghanistan and Korea and the Congo. But I have never loved—any woman. I have never asked any woman to marry me. Why—?" he sat back. His gay smile came swiftly, as if he turned it on electrically. His tone grew light again. "Because I'm absurdly romantic, my dear. I want to be loved—not looted!"

It was my turn to be stung. My face flamed. I had never heard him say so much about himself. But I knew that it was true, all of it. I was shocked by the dark depths of feeling I had uncovered in him—and even more shocked by the effect upon myself.

For the first time in my life I was stirred by something like passion. I suppose I was stung to consciousness of it by the rebuff. In that moment I felt myself more attracted to this dark, strange man than I had ever been to any man.



"Looks like we're both in a mess," Carl began. "Of course, I'll make it right with you."

My blood sang in my veins with a fierce exultation at the thought that he loved me—that I had the power to make him suffer.

Something of what was in my mind must have been revealed in my eyes, for he bent towards me with a startled frown.

"What are you thinking, Lucienne?" he demanded. "I've never seen you like this. If I didn't know so well how



"You did," I said coldly. "In advance. You married me last night . . . before you passed out."

impossible it is, I should say that you are in love now—at this instant—"

"Why is it impossible?" I countered. "Suppose that I, too, am absurdly romantic? Suppose that I, too, want to be loved—not looted? Suppose that I have been in love, for years—ever since my school days—wildly, idiotically in love with a man I've never even met—?" My voice trembled, faltered and broke.

He looked as if I had struck him. Then his face cleared. He smiled wryly. "I think it very unlikely," he told me. "I am seldom [*Continued on page 56*]"



Why the JOLSON



Ruby Keeler and her comedian husband, Al Jolson. Recently, they adopted a seven months' old baby boy and have reorganized their household for his benefit.

Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler make charming screen sweethearts. Here they are in a love scene from Warner Brothers' musical production, *Flirtation Walk*



Revealing the key to love-happiness as discovered by two famous radio and screen stars.

RUBY KEELER has two great loves! They have set a pattern for her life, made of her what she is, determined her joys and her sorrows, her beliefs and her hopes, her dreams and her realizations!

Her two loves have equal importance. To both she gives equal allegiance.

There is Al Jolson, the famous *Mammy* singer, to whom she is a guiding star and a perfect wife, the definition of all the virtues.

There is her family to whom she gives a loyalty, a tender devotion which is inspiring and overwhelming.

Possibly it is because Ruby Keeler has always been so enfolded by love, so safeguarded by it, so magically surrounded with tenderness that today she shows no bitter mark of life on her heart or on her mind, none of those scars which others have, who like her, have risen to the heights.

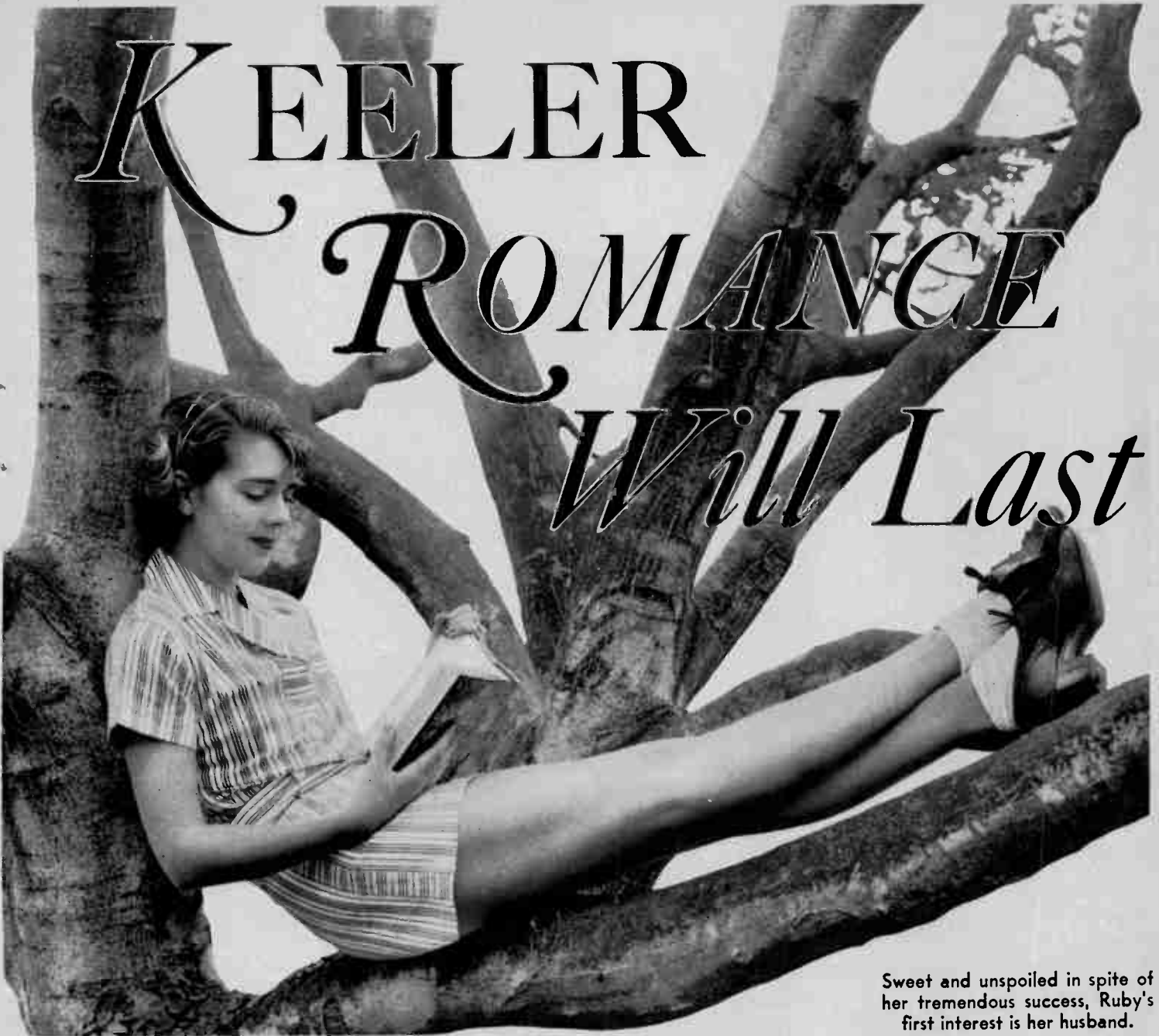
Her shyness, her detachment, that unshadowed look in her eye which is that of a child with supreme faith, is ingratiating. She has the sweetness which only those fortunate women who have never learned to be afraid possess.

Her domestic life has frequently been referred to as one long June. It has never been touched by gossip. This man who has swayed millions with his voice, this girl to whom a career had never been secondary to her absorption in her husband, have made of marriage a romance and a creed.

Loyalty has been a fundamental and a foundation in Ruby Keeler's life. It is that which has kept glitter and tinsel from making an invasion on her life.

Ruby Keeler's childhood,

KEELER ROMANCE *Will Last*



Sweet and unspoiled in spite of her tremendous success, Ruby's first interest is her husband.

as a matter of fact, was spent in the exotic environment of night clubs. Childish games were never for her. Her adventures in play were translated into interviews with producers and stage managers.

Yet with it all, even with her contacts with the toughest business in the world—the show business—she has maintained a beautiful unawareness that disillusionment exists, that hate exists, that jealousy and meanness exist too.

For ever present was that family love which was more than a tradition in the Keeler family. It was a rite, an intermingling and an interweaving between the personalities of the five sisters, the one brother, the father and the mother, until they all were one, with no divisions and no reservations.

To them Ruby could return from the hurly-burly, from the possessiveness of night clubs and stages, and refresh her ideals, forget heartaches, believe only in truth and in beauty.

At no time in Ruby's life has she ever known that loneli-

ness of spirit which is the death of dreams. At no time had she ever tasted the bitterness of that lost feeling which is so destructive to illusion.

Love has always been a cloak for her. In the love of her family and in the love of Al Jolson she has been a "princess sitting in a tower," guarded from the turmoils and the strife and the struggle of an unimportant world.

Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1909. When she was three, the family moved to New York, to the East Side, where children learn early to assume responsibility, to step out of childhood's reservations, to do battle on their own account!

The life on the East Side of New York is a kaleidoscope; the ever-changing scene is thrilling and stimulating. But the Keeler family was sufficient unto itself. They made their own joys. They shared each other's sorrows. They fought each other's battles and were, in turn, the protected and the protectors through it all. [Continued on page 51]

THE thought occurs to me, as I begin this story, that it doesn't pay to have too definite convictions about things. Particularly, such things as love and marriage. As I see it, it's nothing more or less than a deliberate challenge to fate to come along and knock those convictions right into a cocked hat.

Take my own case for example.

Quite early in life, I possessed it seems, a rather definite philosophy concerning life in general and love and marriage in particular. I can see now, that my father's influence played a prominent part in shaping that philosophy. You see, I lived with my father most of the time. He wasn't a happy man. The wreck of his and mother's marriage had left him bitter, cynical. Aside from that, he himself, was a prominent lawyer who specialized in getting divorces for other people.

Just when I came to the conclusion that love was only a myth and marriage but a mockery and therefore a waste of time, I don't quite know. Nor do I quite remember when I definitely decided that the game of living was far more interesting and exciting when played according to a man's rules.

This much however, I do know. I wasn't a dewy-eyed young thing, bubbling over with illusions, that summer when Peg Converse invited me down to San Antonio to be her house guest for several weeks, and I met Ted Carson.

It could have been simply chance, and then again Providence might have had something to do with mine and Mr. Theodore Carson's arrival in that charming little city, almost simultaneously, and coming as we did from

entirely different directions. Certainly, there was nothing providential about our first meeting—thanks to Peg. Peg left nothing to Providence she could possibly arrange herself.

So I wasn't surprised to be told a few hours after my arrival, that a rather special party had been arranged for that same evening with me in the rôle of honor guest. Ted Carson, it appeared, having just returned from Mexico, after an absence of almost a year and having just re-opened



"A telegram?" Peg asked.
"Not bad news, I hope!"

She Couldn't Face Love

"I'll live by a man's code with its excitement—thrills," Eve said. But she forgot that, first of all, she was a woman.



As she spoke a plan of escape flashed into my mind. "It's from Dad," I lied. "He—he's sick and wants me to come home"

the old Judge Carson place up on Fredricksburg Hill, was appropriately, giving a party. And Peg had suggested ever so casually, she had a guest from out of town.

That, she explained easily, was how it happened.

Her greatest difficulty, at the moment this story really begins, was in trying to get me out of bed and into a party mood. Frankly, I had no intention of budging an inch.

"Not tonight, darling," I said sweetly. "You go, by all means. As for me, I'm staying right here on this bed indefinitely." I adjusted the electric fan again and stretched myself full length directly in line of its breeze.

"But, Eve," she began, "You don't seem to understand..."

"It's you who don't understand," I interrupted her wearily. "The fact is, I've been three nights with practically no sleep at all. I'm deadly tired. In fact, I'm absolutely groggy. I actually feel as though I could sleep for a week without once changing my position."

"But I've told you this party was arranged especially in your honor.

"Oh, bother with my honor," I said. "Anybody's honor! Who cares about honor?"

I closed my eyes only to have her shake me vigorously.

"Now listen, Eve," she said seriously, "you can't let me down like this. You simply can't!"

"But honestly, Peg, I don't think there's anything on earth that could possibly keep me awake for another hour. After all, one doesn't go about asking strangers to show them to the nearest bed."

"All you have to do," she promised, "is to plant yourself in a nice, comfortable chair out on the cool terrace and relax. At your right hand will be a tall, tinkling glass, above your head the blue sky and all around you the peace and quiet of the wide-open spaces. There's only about ten thousand acres in the Carson estate, in case you didn't know."

I sighed, realizing the utter futility of further protest.

"Very well," I said at last. "I'll go. But I refuse absolutely to be responsible for my conduct. Is that clear?"

She didn't answer that. Instead, she slid off the bed and began to dress. Over a beautiful rounded shoulder, she offered enthusiastically, "You'll love Cool Crest, Eve. And Ted does give the most wonderful parties. He can make your visit here plenty exciting. That's one reason I'm so anxious for you to meet him."

"What's the other reason?" I asked sweetly.

"Well, it's like this," she began. "Ted's got as clever a line as I've ever run up against and he's been getting by on it a long time now. I can't think of a girl in our crowd who hasn't fallen for it, hook-line-and-sinker, at one time or another. But of course, it's no sale. Personally, I don't think Ted Carson has the slightest intention of ever getting married."

"You can't expect me to hold that against him, can you?"

"That's just it," she returned. "You and Ted are just alike. That's why I'm counting on you, counting on you strong, to stick by me in this little plan I have in mind."

I said, "Just what is this anyway that you seem to have arranged so beautifully for me?"

"It's quite simple," she explained easily. "All you have to



do is to be your own naturally, charming self at all times." And as I smiled in acknowledgment of the pretty compliment, "It just occurs to me that a little of Ted's own medicine might be good for him, and no one should be better able to administer it than you. In other words, meet him on his own ground. Hand him back just as clever a line as he puts out and make him like it. Make him cry for more. You can do it, Eve. I know you can."

"I came down here to rest," I reminded her. "And what do I get? The very first thing, you sic me on a man I haven't a thing in the world against to wipe out the dirt he did some of your friends. I'm not at all sure I like this business. Besides, what makes you so sure I'll be able to resist this deadly charm of his?"

"Simply because I've never known you to take any man seriously."

"Well, at least," I said in defense of myself, "it saves a lot of wear and tear on the old nervous system."

I DIDN'T bother to dress especially for my initial entrance into Ted Carson's pleasantly indifferent scheme of things. It hardly seemed worth the effort. Besides, the heat had squeezed me dry of surplus energy. I simply got into one of my oldest, most comfortable frocks, consoling myself with the knowledge that I looked as well in white as

"It's no use, Eve," Ted murmured with a little catch in his voice. "You can't laugh this off."

anything else. I can see now, I had made up my mind I wasn't going to like Ted Carson. And that, of course, was just one of the things I was wrong about.

Another thing was, that he didn't look anything at all like the dark and handsome movie hero I had expected

him to. With the exception of the tan of his skin, he wasn't dark at all and his eyes were as blue as a June sky. Eyes that seemed to be filled with both laughter and dreams when he looked at me.

I found myself smiling as I said to him. "So you're Ted Carson?"

He grinned engagingly. "Do you mind?"

"No," I said. "Not at all. I think you're rather sweet and I've the idea I'm going to like you. Do you mind?"

"Now, I'm going to tell you something," he countered. "I seem to have been endowed at birth with certain psychic powers, such as knowing in advance whether or not I'm going to like people. Take this morning, for instance, when Peg called me. She said, 'Ted, I've a friend visiting me from San Francisco. Girl I went to school with at Berkeley. Her name is Eve Markham.'" He gestured with one hand. His eyes twinkled. "She didn't have to say another word."

"But she did. She said to you, 'Ted, dear, you'll be nice to her won't you? Fix up a party for her or something?'" I looked about me with interest. The terrace was gay with laughter and music. Far below in the distance, the lights of the city twinkled. Back of [Continued on page 70]

Confessions of a

IT SEEMS to have been pure coincidence, my still being there when Doctor Trenton returned to the office that evening. I had just finished changing into my street clothes and as I pulled on my gloves, considered myself thoughtfully in the mirror of my dressing room.

Beauty, I reminded myself, was supposed to be a woman's greatest asset in getting what she most wanted from life. Certainly it had never been an asset in my case. On the contrary, it had always been a distinct liability because of the men with whom I had come in contact. With but one exception they had seemed to regard me as something designed by nature especially for their own personal pleasure.

Doctor Bob Trenton had proved that exception.

My mouth twisted bitterly remembering that one short year before all I had asked of life was the privilege of working side by side with just such a man. A man devoted solely to his work and who saw in me simply a capable, efficient assistant. Nothing more.

Well, I thought, life had given me exactly what I had asked for and yet, strangely enough, it wasn't what I wanted at all.

You see, I hadn't counted on falling in love. As a matter of fact, a year before I hadn't been at all sure there was any such thing as love. One thing however, I had learned quite early in life and that was to face each issue as it arose, honestly and squarely. Thus, standing there in the quiet sanctuary of that little room, I found myself calmly facing the fact that I was hopelessly and completely in love with a man to whom I obviously, meant no more than a piece of office equipment.

A man, apparently, to whom no woman would ever mean a great deal again.

It was really funny, I thought. The thing to do was to laugh. As a matter of fact, I did laugh. It was a great deal like laughing down an empty rain barrel. The hollowness of it came right back and hit me squarely between the eyes.

And perhaps that was the reason I didn't hear Doctor Trenton when he came back from the hospital where he had gone to perform an operation on little Rosie Garcia, the crippled sister of Tony, the ragged newsboy who sold papers at the door of the Medical building.

Doctor Trenton had always been interested in Rosie's case and had been sure a certain delicate bit of surgery was all that was necessary to restore that body to normal. So he had made arrangements to get his protégé into a children's hospital.

When I stepped into his private office, I saw him sitting at his desk with his head down and a look of such agony on his face that my heart stopped beating for a moment.

"Doctor Trenton," I cried out. "Something's gone wrong."

"Rosie's dead," he whispered. "Dead! And it's all my

Every girl who thinks she is love-wise can profit from this story of one who saw the consequences of folly daily, yet, somehow, found herself on its pathway.



"Rosie's dead," Bob whispered.
"Dead! And it's all my fault,
Judy. The... the operation..."

DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT



I stood fighting the impulse to go to him—give him the comfort of my arms—my kisses.

fault. The . . . the operation wasn't successful. She died an hour ago."

I stood there fighting the impulse to go to him—to give him the comfort of my arms, my kisses. The intensity of my feeling startled me.

"Seem to be losing my grip on things," the doctor went on, his mouth twisting bitterly. "Getting stale, I guess."

My heart contracted suddenly with pain remembering that look in Tony's big, dark eyes the day before Rosie

went to the hospital when Doctor Trenton had said to him, "Don't you worry Old Timer. The next time she comes into this office she'll be coming in under her own power. Make no mistake about that."

Obviously, Doctor Trenton was remembering that too, for he said. "Poor little beggar, he was counting on me strong and I let him down."

"It occurs to me that what you need is a good, stiff drink." I said matter-of-factly. "Shall I pour you one?"

He lifted his head at that and looked at me out of dark, moody eyes. "I never drink alone," he said. "Of course, if you're going to join me. . . ."

In a very business-like manner I opened the door of the medicine cabinet, produced a bottle of whiskey and poured two rather generous drinks into paper cups.

It pleased me immensely, the neatness with which I managed to dispatch the contents of my cup despite the fact that I was practically an amateur when it came to drinking. When he suggested another one however, I shook my head.

"I'm afraid not," I said. "I have to get home, you know. And somehow I don't fancy the idea of staggering along a wet pavement."

He laughed at that and the thought occurred to me it was almost the first time I had heard Doctor Trenton laugh aloud. I liked the sound of his laughter and knew quite suddenly I would give a great deal to hear him laugh like that again. So when he proposed to take me home if I would have another drink

with him, I agreed on condition that we wait until we got to my apartment to take it.

"All right," he said. "Let's go."

My heart was beating very fast, when a few minutes later we climbed the stairs at the head of which I unlocked a door and bade him enter.

"Well," he said, as I turned on lights here and there. "This is nice."

AS HE stood in the center of the living room looking about him appreciatively, I took off my hat and tossed it aside. In turning suddenly I came face to face with a slender girl in black whose gray eyes just then seemed to be dancing for pure joy and discovered with a pleasant little shock that the young woman was none other than my own reflected image.

When I came back from the kitchen with glasses, he was standing in front of the bookcase inspecting my collection of books. I remembered then that Miss Jordan had been in the office that afternoon and had been more than a little disappointed at not finding him in. She was a rather glamorous young actress noted for the siren rôles she played off the screen as well as on, and had for the past month been one of Doctor Trenton's patients.

I told him about her visit while he poured our drinks and added, as I looked at him steadily. "She's every bit as lovely off the screen as she is on. Don't you think she is?"

"I'd say she's a very spoiled young woman," he said carelessly, dropping down on the other end of the couch. "Don't know why women of that sort bother to come to doctors. Not one out of ten follow the advice given them."

The answer to that, I thought, was very simple. What he didn't know, or what he persistently refused to believe, was that those charming and attractive women who came to him daily, ostensibly seeking professional advice, found the doctor himself far more interesting than his prescriptions.

Finishing his drink, he brought out a pack of cigarettes. When he offered me one, I shook my head.

"Mean you don't smoke?" And when I admitted it. "Good for you," he said. "Most women smoke too much. Drink too much too. They can't seem to do anything in moderation."

"Apparently, you don't think much of women as a whole," I observed.

He neither affirmed nor denied my statement. Instead, he said a certain bitterness distinctly discernible in his voice. "Women are too damnably possessive. It's an obsession with them."

I smiled to myself and not without bitterness as I said quietly. "That statement it would seem to me, might easily be applied to men as well as women."

"I wasn't thinking of just the physical side of it," he said. "Certainly men desire women. Wouldn't be men if they didn't. But when a man possesses a woman bodily, he's generally satisfied to let it go at that. He isn't forever trying to pry into her innermost soul and probe around in order to satisfy his vanity. He has other interests in life. Why can't a woman realize that and not try and crowd herself into his every thought?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "because she's afraid of losing him."

"Nonsense," he said impatiently. "There's a time and place for everything. The average woman however, seems to lose sight of that and as a consequence never passes up an opportunity to try and get a man all worked up with emotion upon every possible occasion, which to my way of thinking, is taking a rather unfair advantage."

"I see what you mean," I said thoughtfully, nodding.

I was glad I had been born with a head that ruled my heart. I sincerely hoped and discovered myself offering up a rather fervent prayer, that I would remain that sort of person.

I took my second drink slowly, distinctly conscious of the delightfully warm glow that was beginning to envelop me. Nor was I entirely unconscious of the fact that for the first time since I had been associated with him Doctor Trenton was regarding me as though I were a human being instead of a piece of office equipment.

And exactly as though Doctor Trenton had read my thoughts just then, he said. "You've been a splendid assistant, Miss Coleman. I find myself wondering why Doctor Craig ever let you get away from him."

For a brief moment I was strangely silent, reviewing in my mind the scene late one afternoon in a certain prominent doctor's private office that was responsible for my seeking another position, and smiled to myself recalling his defense of his rather beastly actions.

"... the trouble is you're much too lovely for a man's



peace of mind . . . the way you walk . . . the way you carry that lovely head of yours . . . your complete indifference to a man's feelings . . . it's enough to make any man lose his head. . . ."

"You're much too young to smile like that, my dear," Doctor Trenton said in very much the same tone he used in giving advice to his patients. "And much . . . much too lovely. Do you know," he added considering me with growing interest, "You make a rather charming picture against that red background. I rather enjoy looking at you."

Had any other man said that to me, it wouldn't have meant a thing. At least, so far as my own emotions were concerned. But for once, I felt my pulse quicken at a pretty compliment and realized I was flushing warmly under his

Slowly I regained consciousness, realized where I was. Then, I saw Dot's face and knew she had told my secret.

steady gaze. I managed a reply to the effect that red was decidedly becoming to him as well.

"Let's leave me out of it," he suggested agreeably. "And talk about you. Just now, I can't think of a more pleasant subject."

"I haven't a relative in the world that I know anything about," I told him. "And I've often wondered what it would feel like, having a home. I mean, the sort of home you probably had as a child."

"But I didn't," he corrected me gently, "nor have I either father or mother. So you see, Judy, that sort of puts us both in the same boat. Doesn't it?"

IT NOT only put us both in the same boat, I thought a short time afterward but it seemed to sweep aside all restraint between us. It surprised me to discover myself actually sharing my thoughts and secret dreams with a man, something I had never believed possible. And he, in turn told me something of his early life, his years in school and more than a little of his hopes and ambitions concerning his work with children.

And that was probably what brought his thoughts back to Rosie.

"There's no use kidding myself," he said with a short bitter laugh, "if I hadn't been so cocksure of myself that kid would be alive right now. Clayton would have operated in a minute if I had asked him to. But I wouldn't ask him.

Why? Because I wanted the experience. Because one day I hope to be as good a man in that line as Clayton himself is."

Without quite realizing it, I was on my feet suddenly, facing him, my hands on his arms, my eyes pleading, as I said rather earnestly.

"Please don't torture
[Continued on page 44]





← George Vanderbilt and his fiancée, Miss Lucille Parsons, taken at the Club Normandie, newest New York night spot.

Nita Cavalier, who is suing George Benton Wilson, millionaire, for \$200,400, claiming that he posed as a single man and won her promise of marriage.



Betty Hamilton, 21, famous actress, who leaped to her death from a hotel window, when despondent over a love affair.



THEY'RE
IN THE
PUBLIC
EYE

Miss Gladys Swarthout, mezzo soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and her husband, Mr. Frank Chapman, Jr. Miss Swarthout is a popular radio singer.



Picturing a group of the judges in the National Amateur Hour Contest heard on the air recently. Above are George Burns and Frances Langford. Seated below — Gracie Allen and Raymond Paige.



Countess Barbara Haugwitz-Reventlow, formerly Barbara Hutton, dime store heiress, is shown with her new hubby. She married him the day after she obtained her Reno divorce from Prince Alexis Mdivani.



The story thus far:

I VALENTINE STEVENS, through a chance acquaintance with Ted Baxter, the singing star of the UFVA Broadcasting Station, obtained a position as night switchboard operator at the radio station. Here I found a colorful and delightful group of people.

One night everyone was invited to the home of Crane Wilson, manager of the station. During the evening, Ted, who was my escort, was frankly antagonistic because Crane Wilson was attentive to me, and said that his intentions were anything but honorable.

Louise Tabor, who was head of the continuity department, was acting as hostess for Crane Wilson, helping him pass out drinks and soon nearly everyone was feeling gay. Flora Carr, who had been having an affair with Bert King, the program director, was having a bad time tonight. Bert was tiring of her and was finding his own wife, Peggy, attractive again. Nada Burnet and Jim Holton were so engrossed in each other that they noticed nobody else. I didn't like to remember that Jim had a wife at home.

By three o'clock the party had turned into a bedlam. Somebody suggested that each person do an act. When it came my turn, I could think of nothing to do but sing, in spite of the fact that I knew I had no voice. I sang, the sound scarcely more than a whisper, and when I finished there was intense excitement. My voice was a freak and the kind, everyone was sure, that would be a sensation on the radio. Bert King, the program director, insisted that I come to the monitor rehearsal the next day. Crane Wilson proposed a toast to me and promised to help me on the pathway to success.

Later, when I met Ted, he didn't appear at all glad for me, but was surly and said that if I did get on the artists' staff at UVFA, Crane would exact full payment. I quarreled with Ted and from then on drank whenever drinks were offered me.

Later, when I decided to go home, I went upstairs to the bathroom to bathe my eyes and face, and turned to see Ted standing in the doorway. He grabbed me and started to make love to me. Realizing that he was not himself, I ran from the room and into a bedroom. He followed me, and again caught me in his arms, and I found myself responding to his kisses. Suddenly, I realized that he was drunk.

I tried to get away from him, then, and when he would not let me go, I sank my teeth into his wrist. Enraged, he cried out and when I asked him if he thought he could maul me just because he had got me my job with UFVA, he became angered and threatened to spank me. As I ran toward the door, he caught me.

Then, close at hand, I heard a crash. A woman screamed, and I knew something terrible had happened.

PART II

Now go on with the story:

TED and I stared at each other. He jerked the door open and we rushed out into the hall. At the same time people began appearing on the stairs, craning their necks and babbling questions. I followed Ted into the first open door we saw. It was the bedroom in which the women had put their wraps, and which I had been unable to locate. The tableau that we confronted stopped both of us.

Peggy King was standing in the middle of the room, her pretty mouth half-open, her eyes dazed, her figure



My heart stopped. Louise ... Ted. How much had they seen? What had they heard?

Secrets Radio

A pulsating drama of love and



in its satin gown drooping weakly. A liquor stain appeared on one side of her skirt, and her auburn hair was incredibly disheveled, so that she looked like a bedraggled street woman. Flora Carr was huddled on a chaise longue holding her hand to a bleeding wound just above her left eyebrow. A small boudoir clock lay shattered on the floor.

It was as if everyone had frozen into position. No one had moved, apparently, since Peggy, obviously having broken in upon a love scene between Bert and Flora, had picked up the clock and hurled it at her rival.

Flora began to whimper, "She tried to kill me! She tried to kill me!" and immediately fainted.

Peggy mumbled dully, "You had it coming! You had it coming! That may teach you to leave my husband alone! That may teach you. . . ."

Bert jerked her arm and whirled her around. "You're drunk. When will you learn to leave the stuff alone?" He left her and bent over Flora, wiping the blood from her forehead and looking at the nasty wound. When Crane Wilson pushed past the crowd that had gathered in the doorway, Bert said, without looking up, "It's just a surface cut. A few inches more and she might have passed out for good." He picked her up and, disregarding the mob of curious guests, carried her downstairs.

Everyone cleared out except Nada, the now weeping Peggy, lying on the bed, and me.

Nada was tired and greyish looking. She picked up her hat from the pile of wraps upon which Peggy had flung herself and began to adjust it.

"Want to go home?" she asked me.

I said fervently that I certainly did.

And then, on the way home, I discovered that I had lost my latchkey somewhere. Nada suggested that I bunk with her.

In Nada's apartment, we talked quietly, about the evening. She seemed to know the why and where of everything.

"Crane, I want to talk to you," Louise said in an ominous voice. "At once!"

"It's simple enough," she said wearily. "While Flora and Bert were having their little fling, Peggy was carrying on with another man, in spite of the fact that she's still more or less crazy about Bert. As usual the man got tired first so when Bert started to notice her again, she was glad enough to transfer her affections. Then when she saw him with Flora, she just naturally went berserk."

When we finally retired, I fell asleep almost at once and when I awoke, it was noon, and I was alone in the apartment.

I made some coffee and purloined a roll from the breadbox. In the midst of my contented dreaming while I drank my coffee, I

[Continued on page 67]



of a Star

jealousy behind the "mike"

When

A Wife

In which a beautiful cheater discovers too late that unsanctioned love always demands a payday.

I HAVE been a cheat all my life. And now, at last, I have met my match. For the doctors say I may soon die and I cannot cheat Death. But Death's victory is, in one sense, not a victory, after all. For I no longer want to live. I, who once so loved life, now welcome the end of life.

I have in my body a bullet intended by my lover for my husband. I am glad it is there; glad my soft, white body received it instead of his, for, remembering his eyes when he learned I had betrayed him, death is very welcome. Welcome, because, now that it is too late, I know my husband is the great, the only love of my life. And I dishonored that love without excuse.


So, while my exciting, thrilling, useless life may be nearing its end, I shall put down this brief, complete report of ruined beauty; of a life which held all the elements of happiness for me and for others but which was wrecked because—I have been a consummate cheat.

No one can cheat life—or death. If I can make that a living truth even to one soul in this world, I shall, perhaps, in some small measure, expiate my many sins.

Listen, then, you wives and husbands, parents and children, lovers—all the world. Listen, especially, you beautiful women whose chance for beautiful lives is endangered by adulation, and by the lust which covets your lovely faces and alluring bodies.

I WAS a beautiful child and my ruin began in my cradle. My exquisite little body and cherubic countenance so entranced my parents and all who saw me that they could deny me nothing. I was petted, pampered, flattered, made much over, from my earliest remembrance. I had a sister, a plain, clever child a year or two older than myself. I was still only a baby when I began to tyrannize over her for even my infant intelligence soon realized that I could obtain any attention or plaything of hers I wanted. She always was forced to "give up to little sister," and how I delighted, in my childish vanity, in triumphing over her! But, as I grew older, this baby phase grew also.

We went to school, she a grade or two ahead of me. I soon learned that if my angelic smile could not win me exemption from work, she could. For literally, all the way through school, she did my work for me, wrote my spelling



"Love me, darling?" Jim asked, smiling down into her adoring eyes. They were so absorbed that they never realized that someone was listening, jealous of their happiness.

Is A Cheat

lessons, solved my arithmetic problems, wrote my little compositions and essays. Why enumerate the means by which I achieved these results? I called it "helping." My worshipping parents would not permit her refusal to "help" her "little sister." And, occasionally, if somewhat at a loss, I had only to plead a fictitious headache or winningly murmur, "I'm so tired"—to turn the trick. My fond family and friends could not bear the idea of so lovely a child suffering. And they vied with one another for my smiles and favors. If my examination grades fell below the standards I had maintained all year by this cheating. I had only to claim that examinations made me nervous; was credited with being delicately constituted and "high-strung" and promoted to the next grade on the strength of my class work—the class work which my sister had done for me usually at the expense of her own studies.

I have neither the time nor the strength to relate the innumerable successive steps by which I grew to womanhood, beautiful in feature and form, but with no single attribute of character or will-power or spiritual value. I had wit enough to play my part consistently. I was always sweet, charming. I never raged or demanded. If denied some small thing, a trip, new clothes, any trifle, I would become pensive, weep by the hour, refuse to eat—and no one ever suspected the obstinacy with which I clung to the fulfillment of my wishes. Always, I got what I wanted.

While we were in high school, my sister and I, I had ten times as many clothes and girlish luxuries as she did. It was not only that my beauty attracted so many invitations that more clothes were a necessity for me than for my plainer, sweet-natured sister, but that I would not rest until I had obtained access to whatever came her way. I remember one Christmas when mother and father gave her a new fur coat. I had had one the year before and even I did not dare insist on having a second one before she was given her first. But no sooner had hers appeared, newer, somewhat more fashionable than my year-old one, than I began to work out a way to have it for my own.

I no longer wore mine. It was too heavy, I said. I was as tall as my sister but more slender, more fragile. My coat, I declared, made my back ache. Perhaps—I was cunning—I was not so strong this year at last. I seldom felt well any more, I said. My parents, alarmed for the health of their beloved "baby daughter" fell into my trap, unsuspecting. They thought it was their own idea when they prevailed on my sister to trade her coat for mine. Mine was beautiful, too, they argued. Both were expensive coats. Could she not be a nice girl and let her little sister wear her coat in exchange for the other, since she was stronger, older, more able to carry the weight of the heavier coat?

My sister, of course, capitulated. I doubt if even she saw through my scheme. And I? I, again, was triumphant. I thought I was so clever to have attained my end so peacefully! And I was clever enough always to express my



Gazing down at my ringless hand, I grew fiercely angry. It wasn't fair. I was far prettier than Ellen. By rights I should be wearing Jim's ring. Then and there, I subtly laid my plans.

gratitude for her generosity and to speak frequently of how much better I felt since I no longer had to wear that heavy old coat. I would tell her, too, how it became her, but subtly so that she would not guess my selfishness. Oh, I was a talented cheat. I could almost cheat my own conscience. Could, at least, quiet it with self-deception which became easier and easier as time went on.

CHEATING became a more entrancing game all the time. As I came into my late 'teens, I was so beautiful that I was besieged by men. Not only school boys my own age but older, more prosperous men. I was the recipient of hundreds of gifts from them. This, too, was a result of my cheating for I played them, one against the other, and none ever discovered my tactics.

Once, I remember particularly, a very devoted suitor gave me a very pretty bracelet, gold, set with brilliants. I wore it the next night when I had a date with another man. He noticed it, asked if it were new. I laughed softly.

"Poor Tom," I murmured—the bracelet was the gift of Tom Jackson. "He means so well but he just doesn't know. Yellow gold! Who's wearing yellow gold nowadays? But Tom is so sweet to me and thought I'd be pleased, so, of course, I have to wear it. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world."

The other man was delighted. Instantly he wanted to give me something that would outshine the bracelet. He insisted I meet him downtown the next day and took me to the most exclusive jewelers in the city, where he asked me to choose the bracelet I liked best of the whole stock.

Timidly, reluctantly, all the time protesting that he *mustn't* be so generous, I finally selected a delicate trifle in lacy platinum, encrusted with many small diamonds, that shone like dew in the sun.

I made a point of wearing it every time I was with him. But—I also made a point of wearing the gold one every time I was with Tom and had no compunctions in telling Tom of the more costly trinket.

"He should not have given me so expensive a present," I would admit, reluctantly. "He's not so well-bred as you are, Tom, and he doesn't seem to know that it is compromising to a young girl to accept expensive presents from men. I didn't want to take it—he means nothing to me. But I couldn't refuse for he already had had my name engraved in it when he gave it to me. The family just raved—"

Yes, the family had indeed "raved"; but I had quieted them by telling them I intended to marry the man but we wanted our engagement kept secret for a long time—until I was older, I said, shyly. Mother and father were so charmed by my girlish timidity that they permitted me to

keep the bracelet—and did not question my word a few months later when I said I realized I did not love him enough to marry him and had asked him to release me.

I kept my beaus as long as they interested me by permitting them liberties of which my family never dreamed. In each case, I was the sweet, surrendering maid, overcome by my lover's appeal. I yielded, I made each believe, because I loved him so intensely that I could refuse him nothing. No other man ever had even kissed me. And the fools believed me!



I was sure that I could tempt Dave with my charms, make him forget this foolish thing he called honor . . . sweep him off his feet.

Aided by his own vanity and my bewildering beauty, it was easy for each to believe he was favored above all others. And each thought he knew that I tolerated my other suitors only because my family refused to permit me to be married so young.

I was greedy, selfish, avid for "thrills." I stopped at nothing to get my own way. And it was so easy. The more I got of lovely clothes and jewels, the more I was sought after by men; the more everything seemed to come my way. Men like what they see other men liking. I never knew failure. I could have any man I wanted.

AND then, my sister became engaged. She had gone away to college; I had preferred to stay at home where it was easier to get my own way. She came home one summer vacation with a wonderful diamond on her finger, and a few days later Jim Evans, her fiance came. He was the son of a wealthy steel manufacturer who lived in the same town with us, but she had never met him until she went to college. She was the happiest girl I ever saw—radiant in her knowledge that she was loved.

I liked Jim, immediately. He was tall, spare but well-built with keen blue eyes and dark hair with an intriguing bit of wave in it. For a time, I was even happy for my sister, then my own nature asserted itself.

One moonlit night the three of us were sitting on the terrace, Jim and Ellen a little withdrawn from me, lost in a world of their own. Jim's voice came to me deep, masterful. Was it his own charm or the fact that he belonged to my sister that made him suddenly

seem so thrilling—so desirable.

"Love me, darling?" Jim asked, smiling down into Ellen's adoring eyes. They were so absorbed in each other that they never realized that I was listening—jealous of their happiness.

Gazing down at my ringless hand, I grew fiercely angry. It wasn't fair. I was far prettier than Ellen. By rights I should be wearing Jim's ring. Then and there, I subtly laid my plans. I would win him away from Ellen, make him my own.

Never was I more clever. I [Continued on page 48]

NEW BEACH RIGGING



Ready for either a dip or a frolic is Raquel Torres in her good-looking Jantzen.



Brilliant kingfisher blue creates this stunning B. V. D. suit worn by Jean Chadburn, charming Metro-Goldwyn player.



June Clayworth, Universal player, anchors to the pretty Banda-Wikie with the clever details.



Here's Joel McCrea in a sea-worthy suit—a Banda-Wikie. The shirt snaps off for sun bathing.

One Unforgettable Night



What do men want in the girls they intend to marry?
This story will tell you.

I was intoxicated with Lee's lips, her kisses. Martha wasn't like this.

I was to pay to the price for that one evening. I wished fervently that I had never seen the girl, but it was too late now.

It all began when Martha had had to leave school and go home when her mother became ill. I had met Leila in one of my classes, and she had made the most of it.

I never had much money, but one day, I found her in the postoffice grinning over a twenty-five dollar check from home. "Now we can have a date," she invited.

I don't think even a man much more balanced than myself could have refused her, as he took in the stunning grace of her lithe figure or thrilled to the flashing sunshine of her eyes and hair. She was simply irresistible.

Naturally I accepted. What else could I have done? "Okay," she laughed, "why not borrow Bill's car and take me to the Lone Tree? I want to have dinner and dance with you—alone."

In the car on the way to the Lone Tree, it was all I could do to remember I was driving. I wanted to take Lee into my arms. As we rushed along in the open roadster, she would draw her smoothly-gloved, caressing fingers through my hair, brushing it from my forehead. She would lay tempting lips against my cheek, then lean back as the wind tore through her blonde curls. [Continued on page 66]

I LOVED Martha Bronson. The helpless thought pounded through my head as I waited on the chemistry building steps for Leila LaRue. In spite of that thrilling night with Leila four months before, I could not forget Martha, would not admit that I must give her up.

But there was no way out. One of my fraternity brothers had just said that Leila insisted on seeking me. He had even hinted that she now had a sure claim on the rest of my life. Finally,

Mike Chatter



Dorothy Lowell, star of the vocational guidance broadcast of the American School of the Air.

it. All a gag conceived by cameramen who wanted a funny picture.

* * * * *

● Clara, Lu, 'n' Em will take a two month's vacation during the summer—and it will be an especially significant holiday for Em, who is Mrs. John Mitchell in private life. In August she expects what her fellow radio celebrity, Walter Winchell, is accustomed to describe as "a bundle from heaven."

* * * * *

When is an amateur not an amateur? That's the question which is bothering a good many radio talent seekers. When amateurs are able to earn up to \$60 weekly fitting about from one program to another, they ought to be classified as professionals—at least, this is the plaint of a large number of vaudevillians who lately have been treading the boards for considerably less than the \$60 figure.

* * * * *

● Fred Allen brings his amusing nasal twang before the movie cameras shortly in the picture *Sing, Governor, Sing*, being made by United Artists. It is expected that his efforts will be confined to humor rather than song. He'll be right at home with other radio big names working in the same picture, including Paul Whiteman's band, Phil Baker with Beetle and Bottle, and Rubinoff and his violin.

* * * * *

Remember the Boake Carter broadcast not long ago which emanated from a Philadelphia hospital where the news

commentator was undergoing treatment for an infected foot? Boake explained the circumstances over the air—to a certain degree. He told his radio audience that he was broadcasting from the hospital, but he didn't explain that the engineers had placed both Boake and the microphone beneath a tent formed over his bed. The reason: bad acoustics.

* * * * *

● Fred Allen won't write in longhand—or maybe he can't. Anyway, he prints his entire script by hand, after which it is copied on a typewriter. He says it's easier than having to do your work all over again because you can't read what you've written.

* * * * *

Tom Howard and George Shelton hold the record for the longest run chalked up by the guest stars on the Vallée program since its inception six years ago. The fast-talking pair of comedians have been featured weekly for nearly three months and are still going strong.

* * * * *

● George Raft and Frank Parker started life together in New York. Now they've both wound up in Hollywood. George has been an established star for years, and Frank is just getting his first big picture break following his sensational radio success.

● Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone rented a house in Beverly Hills and went out to call on their next door neighbors. They proved to be George Burns and Gracie Allen. "Which leaves us just where we started, only more so," observed Jack. He was referring to the fact that George and Gracie live in the apartment directly above the Bennys in New York City.

* * * * *

The old story of "the show must go on" was re-enacted on a recent Ed Wynn broadcast. While Graham McNamee was stooging and wisecracking for the Fire Chief, as called for by the script, his father lay dead in Columbus, Ohio. Immediately after the broadcast Graham caught a plane west for the funeral.

* * * * *

● There's a story going the rounds which Virginia Rea tells on herself amusingly. She was introduced to a gushing lady at an evening party as a famous diva, whereupon the lady exclaimed: "Why, Miss Rea, I didn't even know you could swim!"

* * * * *

Ed Wynn, celebrating his third birthday on the air, was presented with a huge cake. It proved to be of solid wood and he had to use an axe to slice



Here are Goodman and Jane Ace in person. "I'll say the world!"

Pretty Edith Drake made a real hit with her songs when she took part in the Tastyest contest.



BEFORE THE MIRROR

SUMMER DAINTINESS

By
WYNNE MCKAY

A few smart new
beauty aids for
those who seek
social or business
success.



Vi Bradley, radio singer, shows the correct way to apply perfume.



And remember your sunburn cream! The lovely demonstrator is Bernice Claire, Columbia artist.

A STATISTICAL expert recently made the discovery—by some mystic process of research—that the use of cosmetics makes business girls much more efficient at their tasks. This increased efficiency that seizes a girl when her nose is well powdered and her lips rouged results, he claims, from heightened self-confidence. The girl realizes that she looks better and brings to her work the brisk competence of the self-confident person.

If he had asked me, I could have told him all that (although I couldn't have given him any neat and mathematical charts and graphs) and I could also have pointed out to him an inter-related fact—that the daily bath and the use of bath perfumes and deodorants have much the same psychological effect.

When a girl is conscious of the fact that she is immaculately clean, when she knows that there hovers about her the faint, tantalizing fragrance of flowers—then she acquires increased

confidence in herself and her attractiveness; and this helps in large measure to make her more alert and successful not only in business but also in love.

Indeed, if you were to ask me, point-blank, which I considered most important in determining a girl's success in business and in the all-important task of acquiring and holding a husband—cosmetics or personal cleanliness—I think I would say personal cleanliness. And that, even though I

myself would rather go to the office or to a party minus my shoes than without my precious lipstick and compact!

Personal cleanliness or daintiness cannot be limited to the simple measure of hopping into the bathtub once a day. There's the matter of brushing one's teeth two or three times a day and using a good antiseptic mouth wash. There's the business of using a reliable perspiration corrective on the underarm area. There's the duty of keeping one's hair and scalp as sweet and clean as one's body. And finally, there's the necessity for clothing your very clean body in only the freshest of lingerie. If you neglect *one* of these details then, alas! all your watchfulness in other regards will come to naught! Neglect of underarm deodorizing, for example, will nullify your bath; an unfreshened mouth will counteract the effect of clean hair; while undies that are not crisply and freshly laundered will make your body scrubdown a total waste of time! So promise yourself to be as watchful of *all* these personal niceties as you are of niceties of speech and conduct.

I realize that I am addressing these words, not to an audience of ancient Roman belles with nothing to do all day save drift from one scented bath to another, but to a group of extremely busy young American business girls and housewives. But it isn't necessary to have loads of time on your hands and lots of money in the bank in order to enjoy cleanliness luxuries today. Aids to daintiness have been made as quick and easy to use, as economical and as effective as possible.

Take fine toilet soaps alone, for example. Not long ago I was taken through one of the largest and best-equipped soap factories in the country, and as I watched the thousands and thousands of bars of creamy, fragrant white soap going through endless processes, I couldn't help thinking how much more fortunate we are than our ancestors. The women of Colonial days, for example, either had to pay exorbitant prices for imported toilet soaps or be content with inferior home-made brands that you and I would scorn to use for laundry purposes!

But here, marching along on intricate conveying belts were these smooth white cakes of soap, all destined to beautify [Continued on page 42]



COOKERY SECRETS

SALLY WARE is one of the best little housekeepers I know. And she doesn't spend a lot of time in the kitchen, either. But she does have a way of trotting out something fresh, and different, and awfully good to "munch on," when friends drop in of an afternoon or evening.

In the summer it's apt to be fresh home-made cookies, and a good cooling drink.

"It isn't hard to keep a cookie jar filled, even in hot weather, if you have a 'form' recipe. Mine is for an ice-box combination. I use the same recipe for at least half the summer cookies I make. I know it by heart. But we never seem to get tired of the cookies because I alter the recipe a bit, add a different sort of flavor or frosting, almost every time I bake.

"For cold drinks I use a lemonade syrup, make it up in quantities and keep it in the refrigerator. A dash of this or that, in the way of fruit juices, or Sam's favorite bottled beverages, and I've a new drink whenever drinks are in order."

And here is Sally's cookie recipe:

Cinderella Summer Cookies

- ½ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2½ cups flour
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter. Add sugar and cream until smooth. Add well beaten eggs and beat. Sift in dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Add vanilla. Shape into a roll or press into a wax-paper-lined loaf pan. Chill in refrigerator.

Whenever you wish cookies, slice off dough thinly and bake on greased cookie sheet for 10-12 minutes in a moderate oven.

And now for the variations:

Follow the recipe for Cinderella Summer Cookies but use light brown sugar instead of white and add 1 teaspoon of cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon of cloves and a pinch of nutmeg to the flour.



SUMMER SNACKS

By
Grace Ellis

Easily made cookies and icy drinks for lazy afternoons!



Serving an icy drink is easy if you keep a lemonade syrup on hand.

Vi Bradley, radio star, and Martha Mears, pause for an afternoon bite.



Chocolate Cookies

Follow recipe for Cinderella Summer Cookies but add 2 squares of bitter chocolate, melted over hot water, to the butter-sugar mixture. Either brown or white sugar may be used.

Cocoanut-Nut Cookies

To dough for Cinderella Summer Cookies add 1 cup shredded cocoanut and ½ cup finely chopped nutmeats. Chill and bake as for other ice-box cookies.

Orange-Date Cookies

Stone 1 package of dates and put through the food chopper, together with 1 cup of English walnut meats. Add 1 cup of orange marmalade or apple jelly. Spread between freshly baked Cinderella Summer Cookies.

Filled Peanut Butter Cookies

Put freshly baked Cinderella Summer Cookies together with peanut butter, moistened slightly with cream.

Orange Frosted Cookies

Moisten powdered sugar with

orange juice until it is thin enough to spread. Use this to frost freshly baked Cinderella Summer Cookies, which have had two teaspoons of grated orange rind added to the sugar-butter mixture.

FAMOUS COOKIE RECIPES FREE!

ROMANTIC STORIES Foods Editor tracks down good cookie recipes like an autograph collector tracks celebrities. Food judge at a host of state and national food shows, she makes it a point to collect cake and cookie secrets as she goes. Her famous, "COOKIES WHICH HAVE WON PRIZES" leaflet has been made available to ROMANTIC STORIES readers FREE.

Other leaflets you'll want are:

- Jellies and Jams Which Have Won Prizes 5 cents
- Prize-Winning Hot Breads and Rolls 5 cents
- (With recipes for favorite summer-time hot rolls)
- Bridge Refreshments for Summer Months 5 cents
- Inexpensive Summer Drinks Free

Address your letter to Grace Ellis, ROMANTIC STORIES, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Don't forget to enclose a STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. And ask Mrs. Ellis' assistance in regard to menu or cookery problems. Her service is FREE.



**"DOUBLE-QUICK"
REDUCTION**
During the
SUMMERTIME



REDUCE

**YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**
...or it will cost you nothing!



"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"
...writes Miss Healy... "I reduced from 43
inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian...
"Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll
..."The fat seems to have melted away"...
says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted
with the wonderful results obtained with
this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle and
Uplift Brassiere that we want you to
try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect
safety, the tiny perforations permit the
skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like
action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with
every movement... stimulating the body
once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and
definitely in 10 days whether or not this very
efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce
your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!**
You do not need to risk one penny... try
them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and
illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift
Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Before the Mirror

[Continued from page 40]



the skin of a
large portion of
our population
—and for only
10 cents a cake!
The reason the
manufacturers
can offer a fine
toilet soap at
this price is
that mass pro-
duction enables
them to make
a profit, you

see. And so, you can pop yourself and
your cake of soap into a tub of warm
water and revel in mountains of sweet-
scented lather without a thought for
your budget.

If you like, I'll be glad to send you
the trade name of this excellent toilet
soap. The fragrances of thirty-two dif-
ferent flowers are combined to give it its
delightful bouquet perfume and it is
what is called a "milled" soap. That
means that excess moisture and air are
removed from the cake in the process
of manufacture, preventing it
from melting away too rapidly
in water. Don't think just
because this soap is a popu-
larly priced one that it isn't
used by wealthy women. I'm
told that it can be found in the
bathrooms of some of our
most moneyed and discrimi-
nating beauties!

YOU can't know what a
mental and physical tonic
a bath can be until you have
used a dash of *eau de Cologne*
in your bath water or fol-
lowed up your shower with
a brisk cologne rub down.
What a custom! And we owe it to the
French, those Epicureans with a flair
for making the most out of every-day
duties. If you haven't acquired the habit,
do write to me for the trade name of
a lovely skin lotion that originated in
France 45 years ago. Whenever I use
it, I am transported to the sweet shadows
of a springtime lane bordered by lilacs.
That's probably one of the main reasons
I like it. The others are that it leaves
the skin soft and velvety and perfumes
the body with a scent that lasts all day
or evening. Even though you do, even-
tually, have to climb into last year's
frocks, you can't lose the grand sense
of exhilaration that it gives you. Besides
being ideal as an all-over rubdown after
the bath, this preparation can also be
used as an astringent and pore-cleanser.
If your skin is sensitive, the liquid should
be diluted—applied on a cotton pad
soaked in water. It comes in a convenient
shaker bottle in three sizes—four ounces
for 73 cents, six ounces for 97 cents
and twelve ounces for \$1.76.

One of the best liquid deodorants
and anti-perspirants on the market has a
tricky applicator that is a great time-
and-effort-saver. The type of applicator
is of great importance in perspiration
correctives because the way in which the
liquid is applied has so much to do with
its ultimate effectiveness. This rubber
sponge applicator (solidly attached to
the bottle cap by means of a rod or
tube) rolls against the skin. Result is
that you can distribute the liquid evenly

and quickly on the underarm area.
Clever idea, isn't it? The anti-perspirant
itself is harmless to skin and fabrics and
gives excellent protection provided you
follow the directions meticulously in
using it. There is a crystal liquid for
quick use and another for more pro-
longed protection. The price is 50 cents
and the trade name is yours for the
asking.

Don't forget, these hot, sticky August
days, that *three* baths a day won't make
you truly dainty if your undies aren't
treated to their daily bath, too. The soft,
flimsy little odds and ends we wear can
be doused up and down in sudsy water
in less time than it takes to brush one's
teeth. And they emerge from their bath
as fragrant as a flower garden. Of
course, you should use quick-melting,
paper-thin, bland soap flakes that will
expediate the laundering and preserve
the delicate silk and lace, but there are
several on the market that can be rec-
ommended for fine laundering. If you
like, I can give you the name of a par-
ticularly good brand—mild enough to
use in your own
bath!



THERE'S noth-
ing that can
so easily spoil an
otherwise glorious
summer as a stub-
born crop of freck-
les. Somehow, they
just don't harmo-
nize with flower-
ed chiffon dance
frocks and the air
of romantic allure-
ment that any girl
likes to assume on
gala summer nights.

But, even though they are stubborn,
freckles can be baffled if you use sense,
caution and the right preparations. First
you must acquire the habit of protecting
your skin carefully. That doesn't mean
that you must hide under the bed all
summer. It just means that you must
not expose your skin to the sun too
boldly. Don't stay in the sun for long
stretches and, while you are there, wear
a protective powder that thwarts the
freckle-coaxing sun rays. In addition,
you must use a good reliable freckle
bleach—one that gradually tones down
the pigment spots already existing. Write
to me for the name of a very effective
bleach cream that does a fine job. It
must be used, according to directions,
please, and if your skin is sensitive it
should be followed by a coating of emol-
lient cream—but when you observe these
precautions and do just as the manu-
facturer tells you to, you won't be dis-
appointed in the results. The price of
this cream is 50 cents. I can also give
you the names of several freckle-pre-
venting protection creams.

In writing to Miss McKay for
beauty helps, don't forget to en-
close a stamped, self-addressed
envelope. Her address is Miss
Wynne McKay, care of **RO-
MANTIC STORIES**, 529 South
Seventh Street, Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

CHARMING

Sunny Golden Hair!
Compliments from my friends



Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters your head and face — gives that fresh, bright clean look so admired by friends. Whether blonde or brunette, use your hair to bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinsing with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make your hair the most important, most fascinating part of your attractiveness.

BLONDES — is your hair darkened, faded or streaked? Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse will restore its former lightness and natural sunny golden hues.

BRUNETTES — let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash give your hair glorious new life. Rinse your dull hair and gain a sparkling sheen of tiny highlights. Or lighten it to any natural blonde shade desired. (You can do this almost overnight if you wish. Or gradually — unnoticed — over a period of weeks or months.)

Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package at any drugstore. Start using it today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

BLONDES and BRUNETTES
No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal of any sort. Blend "superfluous" hair (whether on your legs, arms or face) with your skin coloring. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Only with Marchand's can you retain as Nature intends, the attractive softening effect of scarcely noticeable hair. Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today.

**TRY A BOTTLE
— FREE!**

(See coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... P. O. 835

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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AUGUST

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NOW ONLY 5c

Confessions of a Doctor's Assistant

[Continued from page 29]

yourself any more about Rosie, Doctor Trenton. It hurts . . . terribly . . . seeing you look like that . . . and knowing what you must be thinking."

"Does it really, Judy?" he asked, his voice strangely tender all of a sudden. His eyes searching mine deeply, intently.

It must have been that the answer he was seeking was there mirrored in my eyes, for without a word he took me in his arms and pressed me close against him as though my nearness might in some way ease the pain he felt in his heart. His face close against my hair he murmured softly. "I could believe anything when you look at me like that, Judy . . . anything . . ."

"Then why can't you . . . forget . . . ?" He lifted his head and looked at me, his eyes burning with the same fire that seemed to be glowing so steadily, so brightly within me. "I can't forget that I'm holding you in my arms," he said tenderly. "Nor can I forget that you're unbelievably lovely . . . and very sweet . . . and so completely desirable that I . . . want you rather terribly . . ."

His words ended abruptly in a broken, husky whisper.

For answer, I put my arms around his neck and lifted my lips to his as simply and honestly as a child. Nor was I ashamed of that sudden flare of emotion that leaped to meet that compelling force within him, as his mouth sought and found mine no less eager than his own.

Afterwards, long after he was gone, I lay quite still looking into the darkness and thinking. Of one thing I was still quite certain. I wasn't sorry it had happened. On the contrary, I was glad with a rapturous gladness that went singing, calling to me.

Wisely I reminded myself that I must sleep, since I wanted to look fresh and young and lovely the following morning. I wanted to look my very best for the man I loved. And then, suddenly, with a peculiar little chill gripping at my heart I caught myself up short.

He is the man I love, I thought. There will never be anyone else . . . ever. But what am I to him? I had, I realized, only to be honest with myself to decide the answer to that question. After all, he had made no pretense of loving me in order to gain my surrender. That surrender had been voluntary and I had gloried in it. He might remember that incident awhile—say an hour, a day or even a week—and then forget it as completely as though it had never occurred.

He, himself, had admitted as much during our conversation that evening. Other of his words came back to me with disarming clarity. Before I went to sleep that night, I made a rather solemn vow that he would never have occasion to put me in the same category

with those women of whom he had spoken with such outright contempt.

And so when we met in the office the following morning shortly before noon, there was nothing whatsoever in my manner to indicate that I placed any particular emphasis on the events of the night before.

Not even when he said in a distinctly personal tone of voice. "How are you this morning, Judy?"

"Splendid, Doctor Trenton," I said, without a glance in his direction.

I went on with what I was doing, reminding him as I did so that he had no appointments until afternoon.

Even with my back turned to him I was pretty sure I knew what sort of expression his face was wearing as he began awkwardly. "I hardly know what to say to you about . . . last night, Judy. But of this you can be very sure. I haven't words to tell you what an utter cad I feel myself to be."

I flushed warmly at that and yet I managed to say quite evenly. "I'm twenty-one, Doctor Trenton. I have a mind of my own, so I wouldn't worry if I were you."

"I blame myself for not being honest with you . . ." He hesitated briefly and made another beginning. "No doubt, you're acquainted with the fact that I've been married. Well it just happens, I'm still married. I think it only fair to tell you however, that my wife and I are not living together. Nor is there the slightest chance of us ever living together again."

"I see," I said quietly. And then without turning "Thank you . . . for telling me."

THE buzzer on his desk sounded abruptly.

"Mrs. Wheeler," I said.

He talked to her for a moment and then announced he would have to run out and see her. "You'd think," he added impatiently, "she was the only woman in the world going to have a baby."

After he was gone I sat on the edge of his desk and wondered how he'd feel if the woman he loved was going to have a baby. And on the heels of that, another thought came to me. A thought so utterly terrifying that for a moment there seemed to be only an oddly vibrating vacuum where my heart should have been.

Quickly putting that thought from me, I changed into my street clothes and went out to lunch only to find that the thought of food just then filled me with an actual nausea. So I wandered along the Boulevard, looking into the various shop windows in an attempt to interest myself in clothes.

I was just about to turn around and go back to the office when I ran into



Dot Cameron coming out of a shoe store with a package under her arm. I didn't have to be told the contents of that package. Dot's great weakness—as I well knew—was shoes. Her greatest weakness, of course, was men.

I had met Dot when we were both student nurses at the General Hospital, and although we were as different as day and night both in type and ideas about life in general, we were, almost immediately, attracted to each other.

"You look," she observed without preliminaries, "exactly as though you had just lost your best friend."

"Since you seem to be very much alive," I said, "that should dispose of that."

"Then you've fallen in love. And I don't need three guesses to name the lucky man. Oh, don't bother to deny it," she said carelessly. "I saw it coming all along. No fooling, Judy, why don't you make a play for him? You've got brains, you've got beauty in great gobs and what's more you've got class. Why, it's written all over you."

"Suppose I told you I already had made a play for him and . . . lost?"

"I wouldn't believe you."

"And you'd be wrong," I told her. "For it's true. In the first place he isn't in love with me—or any other woman for that matter—and in the second place he's married. He just told me so."

"So that seems to be that," she said gesturing airily with one hand, as though disposing of the matter once and for all.

We fell into step and began walking back in the direction of my office and as we reached the entrance of the Medical Building she said wistfully. "Why don't we see more of each other, Judy?"

I knew the answer to that and yet I heard myself saying eagerly. "What about this evening? Why not go home with me and spend the night?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Judy," she said. "But I've got a rather special date this evening. Otherwise I'd break it in a minute. Call me," she added as we parted. "Soon, tomorrow, and we'll get together."

I promised. And yet, I didn't call her the following day. Nor the next. And presently a week had gone by and then a month. And then came the day when I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that what I had been afraid of all along had actually happened.

I was going to have a baby.

And so at last I called Dot and asked her to meet me that evening.

OVER the pretense of dinner I told her everything and what I intended doing about it. I knew she could arrange things for me.

"But why don't you tell your dark and handsome boy friend about it?" she asked, regarding me as though I were the most hopeless idiot on earth. "After all, he's responsible for it. Aside from spending your own hard cash there's always the chance of something going wrong. Don't be a complete sap, Judy."

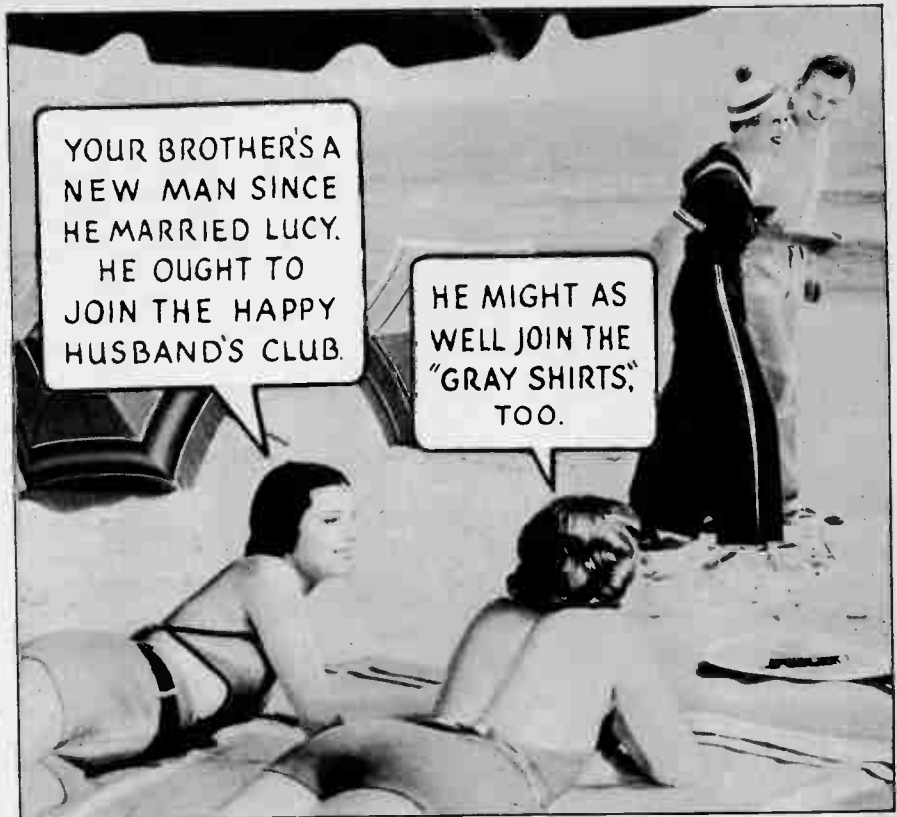
"Please, Dot," I begged. "Try and understand I . . . simply can't tell him . . ."

"But why . . . why?"

"I don't think you'd understand that . . ."

"All right, Judy," she said at last. "If that's the way you feel about it. But gosh, it's a dirty deal just the same, when I think of how crazy you are about kids. . ."

"Let me do the thinking about that,"



YOUR BROTHER'S A NEW MAN SINCE HE MARRIED LUCY. HE OUGHT TO JOIN THE HAPPY HUSBANDS CLUB.

HE MIGHT AS WELL JOIN THE "GRAY SHIRTS," TOO.



"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That grand golden soap is so chockful of naphtha that dirt almost flies out. And I mean ALL OF IT, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And it's nice to hands, too." © 1935. FELS & CO.

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It's a life-saver!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . ."

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Generous FREE SAMPLE

PROVE TO
YOURSELF
THE MAGIC
OF THE WAY
MOVIE
STARS
CLEANSE
THEIR HAIR
with . . .



MAR-O-OIL

*The Soapless Olive Oil
Way to Shampoo Your Hair*

This trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil will convince you that this amazing new method of cleansing hair and scalp is the *perfect* way to get rid of dandruff accumulations and correct irritating, dry or oily scalp conditions. Mar-o-Oil cleans thoroughly . . . does not lather . . . rinses out in clear warm water. ● One shampoo will show you why Hollywood studio hair dressers and beauty shop operators everywhere recommend Mar-o-Oil as the one all-purpose hair cleanser and tonic combined. It leaves your hair clean, soft and lovely, yet more manageable. Waves stay in longer. You'll be delighted with the way Mar-o-Oil brings out the natural color and hidden luster of your hair.



**PERT
KELTON**
featured in RKO'S
"HURRAH
FOR LOVE"
... is one of the
many Hollywood
stars using soap-
less oil shampoos
for lovely, allur-
ing hair beauty.

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Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil—FREE. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

MAR-O-OIL
Soapless
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

I suggested with a wan smile. "After all it's my funeral. Not your's." But oh, I did want my baby—a pain shot through my heart at the thought of never seeing it.

The next day seemed endless. Time after time I found my eyes consulting the watch on my wrist, praying for time to pass yet dreading that inevitable moment when I must pay the price for giving myself to a man who didn't love me. And yet, there had been times during the past few weeks when his attitude toward me had left me completely puzzled, wondering if perhaps he didn't care something about me after all.

"It's pity," I told myself bitterly. "He knows how I feel about him and he's sorry for me. I don't want his pity."

I hoped he would leave the office early since Dot was going to meet me there but it was almost five when he picked up his hat and said to me. "I'm going your way, Judy. Can't I drop you off at home?"

"No thanks," I said quickly. Almost too quickly by the way he looked at me. "I'm meeting someone in town."

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Someone rather important I judge, by your eagerness to get away from the office."

There was a certain expression in his eyes as he spoke, a sort of cynical amusement, that stirred me suddenly to unreasonable anger against him. "It isn't a man at all," I said warmly, "as you seem to think. And I was unaware I seemed anxious to get away."

I turned and walked to the window and stood with my back to him as I waited for the sound of the door closing telling me he had gone. But there was only silence in the room until he said authoritatively. "Come over here, Judy and let me have a look at you. You've been as nervous as a cat all afternoon. One thing's certain, you're not feeling well."

"I'm quite all right," I said without turning. "And please . . . please don't bother about me."

In another minute I felt sure I would either scream or burst into tears if he didn't let me alone and go. But he did neither. Instead, he deliberately walked across the room and reached for my hand to feel my pulse.

Hardly conscious of what I was doing I found myself backing away from him. "Don't touch me," I said vaguely aware that my voice was rising hysterically. "Don't touch me I tell you. . ."

For a moment he stood regarding me with genuine concern in his eyes and then said quietly, firmly. "Get your things on. I'm going to take you home and put you to bed. Your nerves seem to be all shot to pieces and I wouldn't be surprised to discover you're running a temperature."

"There is nothing the matter with me," I said fighting desperately for the self-control that seemed about to desert

me when I most needed it. "I told you I had an engagement this evening and I have every intention of keeping it."

It was, I realized with a start, even then time for Dot and the last thing on earth I wanted was for her to run into Doctor Trenton. I would, I thought, get my hat and coat quickly and meet her downstairs. I turned toward the dressing room and was half-way across the office when the room began to spin around me and I realized vaguely that for the first time in my life I was going to faint. Then everything was black.

Slowly, I regained consciousness—realized where I was. I was lying on the couch in the reception room with Doctor Trenton bending over me, and Dot hovering anxiously in the background.

"Here, drink this, Judy," he commanded, holding a glass to my lips. "You got a nasty bump, hit the edge of the desk as you fell. Nothing serious, however."

"In that case," I said sitting up unsteadily, "I'll be with you in a minute, Dot."

"That won't be necessary," he informed me coldly. "Miss Cameron just phoned a moment ago and cancelled your appointment for this evening. As a matter of fact, she was just going. You're in no condition to leave just yet."

Then, I saw Dot's face and knew she had told my secret—deliberately betrayed me. I would never forgive her for that. Quickly I covered my face with my hands, unable to control the flood of tears that had been threatening for hours.

WHEN my sobs had ceased of their own accord, I looked up to discover Dot gone and Doctor Trenton standing in front of me considering me out of eyes that held a look of tenderness as well as reproach.

"Why didn't you come to me, Judy?" he asked quietly.

"I didn't feel I had any right to come to you," I said honestly. "Besides, I knew you wouldn't do anything about it."

"You had every right to come to me," he corrected me gently. "But of course, you were right in believing I wouldn't do anything about destroying your child. Our child, Judy. Tell me, why did you want to destroy it?"

I brushed the hair back out of my eyes and met his level, questioning gaze steadily. "I don't think anyone has a right to handicap a child by bringing it into the world . . . without a name . . . without background . . . without anything . . ." I hesitated and added simply, "You see, I know how it feels, being that sort of child. I was left on the doorstep of a foundling asylum and spent the greatest part of my life in an institution for homeless children."

"I see," he said thoughtfully. And then with the faintest suggestion of a

GOOD MANNERS



In taking leave of someone whom one has just met what does one say?

One may smile and say, "I hope I shall see you again, sometime," or "I am very glad to have met you, I've heard so much about you," or "I hope we shall meet again soon." The other person may reply, "I hope so, too," or, "Thank you."

smile in his eyes. "Didn't it occur to you I might want to make an honest woman out of you?"

For a breathless, incredible moment my heart stood perfectly still and then it began to beat again slowly, painfully as realization flooded over me. "You don't really mean that," I said dully. "How could you?"

He dropped down beside me suddenly his hands seeking mine and holding them firmly, as he asked. "Is it really so difficult to believe that I love you and want to marry you, Judy?"

"Do you *really* love me and want to marry me?" I countered, searching his eyes deeply, intently.

"More than anything in the world," he answered without a moment's hesitation.

"But . . ." I faltered, knowing in my heart he was telling me the truth and yet hardly daring to believe it could be the truth.

"I know what you're thinking," he said soberly. "For one thing, you're remembering I told you I was married. I am married, Judy and up until a short time ago I had never wanted my freedom or even asked for it for that matter, for a number of reasons. I'll let one suffice however, by telling you that I honestly didn't believe I'd ever want to marry again. Nor did I until you proved to me what an utter fool I'd been in refusing to believe all women weren't just alike. I'm remembering the night you took pity on me because I was all shot to pieces about Rosie and the next morning when I deliberately told you I was married, half expecting you to kick up a row. Certainly, you had a right to. But you didn't."

He smiled, as though at himself. "You see, that was the first time I had ever run across that brand of sportsmanship . . . in a woman. I knew then, there wasn't any use of kidding myself any longer. I knew I loved you, Judy. And I knew something else. I knew I wanted you for more than just an hour. I wanted you for keeps." He gestured with one hand. "So, I went to my wife and asked for a divorce. At least, there was an understanding between us about that. She agreed to go to Reno. She's there now. I expect a wire from her most any time telling me I'm free. Free to marry you, Judy. That is," he amended with an engagingly boyish grin, "if you'll have me."

His hands, warm and possessive gripped my shoulders, found their way down my arms and in turn lifted each hand to his lips, after which he asked. "You do love me, Judy. Don't you?"

From the blessed haven of his arms I said simply, "I love you so very much that I couldn't possibly find words to tell you about it if I tried a hundred years."

In closing this story there is one thing more I would like to add. I am convinced that doctors even the best of them—can upon occasion entirely forget to be cool and detached and impersonal in their bedside manner. I am remembering my husband's actions when our son was born not so many months ago. Of course, his unusual concern and nervousness could have been due to the fact it was our first baby. Perhaps by the time we have half a dozen he'll be able to take the big event as matter-of-factly as though his wife were just another patient.

But somehow, I rather doubt it.



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother — lemme try a mouthful of that!"



"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No — you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off — it's mine!"



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"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



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When a Wife is a Cheat

[Continued from page 36]

was amiable, undemanding, subjecting my own inclinations, so I made plain, to her wishes. She appreciated my sweetness so much that she wanted to be kind to me. She asked me to accompany her and Jim almost every time they went out together. Sometimes she suggested getting another man for me, but I told her I preferred to go out with just the two of them. I wanted, I said, to become well acquainted with my new big brother.

One night when Jim came for us, I made her excuses. She had a headache; the headache was real, of course—I always was lucky in things like that. She had been overstudying for her exams. Would he excuse her and take me alone? He was charming and professed himself delighted.

We went to dinner. I was consciously desirable—never more so in my life, and I knew a few tricks. Now and then I caught an expression in his eyes that made me flame with greater brilliance. He did admire me; he did think me beautiful. Half way through the meal, I became pensive. My eyes were lowered under my silky dark lashes. When he spoke to me, I raised them momentarily, so he could see them swimming in tears the while I smiled, a brave, heartbroken little smile.

It worked. "Oh, it worked all right. "What is the matter?" he asked anxiously.

I denied anything was wrong—and choked back a sob.

We left the restaurant. I said I didn't want to see a play. Could we drive for a little while, until I regained my composure? He was eager to please me. We drove. I spoke not at all—pretended to be struggling for self-control. As we topped a high hill and he stopped the engine that we might enjoy the view a moment, I melted against his shoulder in a paroxysm of tears and sobs.

"You must tell me—you are worrying me to death," he entreated. "What can be making you sob like this?"

As if under uncontrollable impulse, I burst out:

"Can't you see? I love you—oh, Jim, I love you."

His arms were around me. Amazed—ah, but pleased; I knew men—he gazed searchingly at me. I met his eyes. I had a mental picture of my exquisite, white, tear-stained face and I knew I did not exaggerate its appeal. My perfect lips quivered. Still he held back.

"Kiss me, kiss me just once," I murmured.

He put his mouth to mine. Ah, the simulated emotions of years stood me in good stead then. I knew a thousand ways to make him lose his head—and I succeeded!

An hour later, I withdrew from his arms. Again I sobbed.

"Jim, Jim, how could you?" I wept convulsively. "I didn't mean—oh, Jim, I didn't know—how to deny you. Oh, I am glad, in one way, but—I'm bad, I'm wicked."

Jim was white, shaken. He had been in the grip of strong emotion and he still was almost dazed.

"My dearest," he murmured. "My darling little love. Forgive me. I wouldn't have hurt you for the world. You are not wicked. You are adorable. Don't I know it was only because you loved me?"

But I wept on, un comforted. "I can never go home—never look at my mother and father again," I breathed.

Jim was a thoroughbred. "We shall be married at once—tonight," he declared—how my heart sang in triumph! "I am a cad—ah, but I do love you!"

"But—Ellen?" I whispered. His face shadowed. His real worth knew Ellen's real worth. It was only I who could deceive him.

"I must beg her forgiveness," he said. "She would not hold me now. I honor her, but, oh, my little precious one, my

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beautiful child, I do not love her as I do you."

And so we were married.

FOR a while, then, things were open and sincere with us. There was no need for me to play a part. My slightest wish was law to my husband. He showered me with gifts; lived only to please me.

A few months after we were married, his partner and best friend, Dave Williams, returned from a trip around the world. He was a frequent guest in our home and I knew he thought me ravishing—he had told Jim so—but for a long time, so loyal was he to my husband, he gave no indication that he, too, loved me.

This gave me additional opportunities for my greatest delight—proving to myself that no man could resist me. I lost no chance to arouse Dave's interest. It was not that I particularly wanted him or that he was more attractive or wealthier than Jim. But my whims never were of long duration—monotony bored me quickly and Jim's undeviating devotion was beginning to be tiresome. I could not resist; did not want to resist, the temptation to know myself supreme. I wanted Dave to adore me as Jim did. The prospect of my beauty and charm being greater than the lifelong friendship of the two men was irresistible to my vanity.

So trusting was Jim that I frequently was alone with Dave. And more and more did the dramatic possibilities of remaining one man's wife while becoming the mistress of his best friend, appeal to my insatiable craving for dominance.

So—I made my plans once more.

I played the same game again. I didn't even have to go to the trouble of devising a new trick. I was sure—and I was right—that I could so tempt Dave with my charms and my simulated love for him that I could have him at my feet. And I succeeded—succeeded so well he did not even know he had fallen into my trap. He reproached himself with having betrayed his friend. And I lied to him—told him I had married Jim only because I had not known what real love was; that I had yielded to my husband's importunities because I was so young and inexperienced. Dave wanted me to go to Jim and confess our affair—to ask him to give me a divorce. This I refused to do.

FOR more than a year, I retained control of the situation. Never did Jim—or Dave—suspect. To the one, I was the adoring and adored wife; to the other, I was the wretched wife but the happy mistress.

One night, Dave and I dined alone at my home. Jim was representing the firm at an important business banquet. Dave had brought me some exquisite diamond earrings. I put them on before a mirror and saw that they framed my face perfectly. My pleasure in them made me kinder than ever to him. I surrendered myself to him with all the wiles of which I was capable.

Then I heard a car in the drive. My husband was returning! He entered the drawing room to find me, charmingly gowned as always, sitting across the fireplace from Dave. He greeted us happily—next to me, I think, he loved Dave.

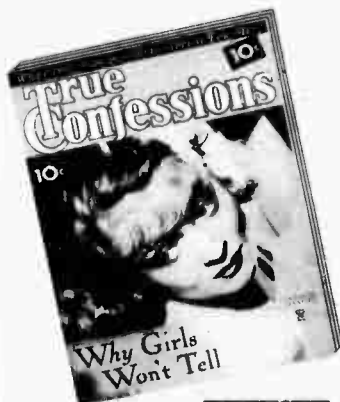
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ornaments in my ears. I had forgotten them!

"Hullo," he said, easily. "New jewels, eh? Crippled the old bankroll this time, dear?"

I had no premonition of disaster. When had I ever failed to have everything my own way?

Did I not know that I could make my husband believe anything I cared to tell him?

I ran to him, stood gazing up into his face with all the charm and grace of which I was capable.

"You don't mind, Jim?" I asked, the timid, adoring wife to perfection. "I know I'm extravagant, darling, but these really were a wonderful bargain and—I thought perhaps you'd like me in them."

He kissed me lovingly. And then, over his shoulder, I saw Dave's face! It was white, strained! Was it my kissing Jim so affectionately? Or was it—something else? In an instant, I knew. All that was fine in him revolted, in that moment, against our deceiving Jim—his friend!

He spoke. His voice was loud and harsh.

"This can't go on," he cried. "Jim, I gave her those earrings!"

Jim, for a moment, did not understand the implication of the words.

"You did?" he said, uncertainly. "Why—er—"

And then the expression in Dave's face told him.

My husband's face paled—his eyes seemed starting from his head.

"You lie," he cried, thickly. "You—"

Dave did not flinch.

"We've betrayed you, Jim," he said, quietly. "I've been your wife's lover for more than a year."

With an inarticulate cry, Jim turned to me. I could not think, could not act. For the first time in my life, I was at a

loss for the lying words which always before had come to my rescue when I needed them. Jim read guilt in my every feature.

And I? I stood there and watched his slow groping for realization, saw his eyes begin to burn with fury—and hate! All the beautiful fiction of his ideal of me—all he had believed me to be—crumpled into nothingness in that instant. He knew me—at last he knew me, and loathed me!

And still I had no words. There was no use. Never again would any words of mine mean anything to him. And just as surely as I knew that, I knew that my simulated love for my husband had, without my knowledge, become the one real and good thing of my life. I loved him! And I had betrayed him! I had held the chance for real happiness in my fingers, and had let it slip; had deliberately tossed it aside—for what? Ah, in that moment, I paid a little, a very little, on my many debts.

The next moment, Jim sprang to a table, opened a drawer, seized a revolver and raised it towards Dave. But Dave had anticipated his intention. His own revolver was in his hand, pointing towards Jim—towards my husband, my love!

It had happened in the smallest fraction of time. Before either could pull the trigger, I sprang between them, my body pressed close to my husband's. With arms spread wide, I turned to face Dave—just as he fired!

THE doctors probed for the bullet. They found it, but they say they cannot guarantee my life. I may die tonight—tomorrow. This account, is my attempt to obtain justice for Jim and Dave. Neither is guilty—neither should pay.

Mine alone is the fault.

I Want Love

[Continued from page 10]

back into a shell, and though your heart is almost breaking for them to like you, they cannot see it. They may wonder about your coldness and your standoffishness, but that is the only thing they are saying about you. The men and women you meet cannot see your heart, they cannot know what your writing tells me, and how you truly long to be friendly. You wait for them to come to you—wait for them to speak when you might speak first, and start showing that you want friends."

You may think it was magic, but six months after that sunshiny August day when Louise came to see me, she was a bride, and as happy as could be. She learned the truth from her writing, and then tried to make friends, and she must have done it for she married Dave Carter, the most popular young fellow in her town.

Your writing may not look the least bit like this specimen I clipped from the page Louise brought me, but if you have problems of love, or you are unhappy, you may be sure your writing will solve the problem.

Here are a few of the hundreds of letters that have come in from readers of ROMANTIC STORIES. If you do not find your letter here you will receive an answer by mail.

IMOGENE B., COLO.—Do not take the job offered you in Denver. The man who made the offer shows in his writing that he will not tell the truth. You have natural ability as a home-maker and after I examined the writing of your boy friend and studied your own writing I was satisfied in my own mind that you can make a success of your marriage.

TONY, N. J.—Of the three boys whose writing you have sent me, Number One is certainly the best. However you are too unsettled, too eager to see new places and strange faces to think of marriage now. Some girls are naturally suited to home life at your age, but you are not, and your writing shows if you marry now you will be unhappy.

Mr. Bunker has answered thousands of letters from readers of ROMANTIC STORIES, and offers you personal help on your own handwriting and what it tells. Write him, enclosing a stamped reply envelope, carefully addressed, and 10c. Address your letter to M. N. Bunker, care of ROMANTIC STORIES, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Why the Jolson-Keeler Romance Will Last

[Continued from page 21]

Ruby and her sisters attended a parochial school, St. Catherine's. Among the activities, among the prescribed curriculum of the school, was a dancing class. For five cents each week the children were taught how to pirouette, how to bend, how to translate movement into grace.

The teacher noticed this child with the melting eyes, with her lightning feet. She was an exquisite poem in movement, a living embodiment of beauty. That wise teacher recognized that this child was destined for a place in the sun, for a career, for fame.

She spoke to Mrs. Keeler about Ruby, advised her to send the child to a famous dancing coach, so that she might receive the technical training which she herself, in classes, was unable to give her.

Mrs. Keeler sent Ruby to Jack Blue, the famous dance coach, and shortly thereafter the child was taken out of the parochial school and enrolled in the professional children's school, where talented youngsters with a career charted for them, were in attendance. Among Ruby's contemporaries were Lillian Roth, Marguerite Churchill, William Janney, Gene Raymond and others.

RUBY herself had no thought of a stage career. She was deeply religious and the theatre, as a means to a livelihood, had not been a part of her plans. She was not a child given to the building of air castles, given to those extravagant phantasies of herself as a figure on a stage, with wildly applauding audiences hurling flowers at her feet in tribute.

Nevertheless, she conscientiously went to dancing school. It never occurred to her to question her mother's motives in sending her there. First she worked in ballet. Later she began learning tap dancing, the specialty which eventually brought her fame.

She was only twelve now—a grave and a poised child, quiet, sincere, completely giving herself to the work in hand.

And now the finances of the family suffered drawbacks. Her father, who was working as a foreman for an ice company, had been in ill health for some months, and even the simple wants of the Keeler family had to be curtailed. Mrs. Keeler retrenched until there remained not one financial corner she hadn't cut. Ruby knew that in some way she had to help, that in some way she must assume a measure of responsibility!

She was only thirteen when she applied for a job in the chorus in *The Rise o' Rosie O'Reilly*.

She was tiny, but with a manner mature beyond her years. The stage director took her at her word that she was sixteen. She was chosen for the line and the company opened in Boston.

And a thrilled thirteen-year-old began to learn the hard routine of show business at the very bottom. Determined to succeed, even though hundreds had failed before her. Determined to keep her ideas and ideals intact, even though so many others had found that a difficult assignment.

Perhaps it was the gentleness within her, perhaps it was her expectancy of sweetness, perhaps it was her utter dis-



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SKINNY**

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regard of the cruelties of show business, perhaps it was her youth, which made Ruby's path without thorns. Certain it is, that she elicited only kindness and protection in all the years of her life.

Ruby's mother and two of her sisters made the trip to Boston with her. And if the company wondered at the lack of sophistication this elfin child displayed, they attributed it to the fact that the devotion of her family was so evident.

Right after the last show on Saturday Ruby used to dash to New York to visit her father, who was still desperately ill at that time. She was a tiny thing—so tiny that she would put on sox and a short dress, and travel to New York on half fare.

At night when she said her prayers, she thanked the Heavenly Father for this break which she had. She was receiving forty-five dollars a week—a fortune to the Keeler family. And whatever happened of unpleasantness never became a part of her. If she was only a child, out of the theatre, she was an astute youngster backstage. If the company manager snarled at her, she learned to snarl back, as part of the game.

After this George M. Cohan Musical Comedy closed, she came back to New York and for eight weeks rehearsed with a *Larry Ceballos Revue*. However, a week after opening it closed and Ruby was on the hunt for a job again. She went into a Revue on the Strand Roof, and doubled up as one of the Tex Guinan's little girls at the El Fey Club.

She had no trouble at all in finding a job, for her specialty as a tap dancer was receiving recognition and producers were glad to have her in their shows the minute she was available.

Ruby, as a stage personality, was maturing rapidly, but intrinsically, as a person, she was still one of the Keeler fold, turning to her parents for their advice and guidance, turning to her sisters and her brother for companionship.

Her program was rigorous. She worked all night, slept all day. When it was time for her to go to the club, her mother went along and remained in her dressing room until closing time. Then she and Ruby would travel to the East Side by subway, and reach home when the sky began to herald approaching day.

RUBY had little time for emotional excursions. There were no Stage-Door-Johnny episodes in her life. In part it was due to La Guinan's rigid rules; in part to the chaperonage of her mother; but, primarily, it was due to the inflexible ethics of the girl herself. To her extreme fastidiousness and her

disinclination to concern herself with interludes, which would detract from her single purpose to achieve fame.

Ruby had many offers from producers for rôles which required a modicum of dramatic ability. Shortly after she began dancing at the El Fey Club, she received a flattering offer of an important rôle in *Tip Toes*, but she refused because she was afraid of lines, doubted her ability to put them over. All she wanted to do was dance. She had no desire to break into dramatics—the dream dancers entertain for years and wait endlessly for its realization.

Ruby's life was singularly devoid of romance. There were a few casual boy-and-girl crushes. With boys she had known for years. Occasionally she would go to a movie with one of them. Occasionally she would go to the beach or for hikes into the country. Or for horseback rides. As a matter of fact, she devoted herself primarily to her music lessons and to perfecting her technique.

There was one boy who touched her heart. These two had vague plans of marriage some time in the future, when they could both settle down to sedate marriage. But it was only a transitory attraction, as was later proved when she met Al Jolson and instantly acquiesced to marriage.

Ruby's great opportunity came in *Bye Bye Bonnie*. She had two solo dances and a song to sing. She wasn't at all excited opening night. She didn't believe that anyone would notice her. So unimportant did her share in the production seem to her that there wasn't even one member of her family to see that first performance. There were no magnificent baskets of flowers to be handed over the footlights to this unpretentious little dancer, when the final curtain fell.

When the show was over, she went back to the Club where she was still dancing, sat at a table, ordered a cup of coffee—still poised, still completely unaware that she had caused something of a sensation.

Only when the after-theatre crowd came in, did she receive the first inkling that she had made a tremendous success. Congratulations poured in on her from all the patrons.

And in the morning the newspapers hailed a new queen of that brilliant street—little Ruby Keeler.

For the first time she knew the heady thrill of success, of a measure of fame, of adulation.

Now she was definitely set! On the way to big things! She was signed for *Lucky*, after *Bye Bye Bonnie* closed, and later appeared in *The Sidewalks of New York*, which confirmed Broadway's first



appraisal that here was a coming dancing star.

Fame was Ruby Keeler's at eighteen. Even though Broadway had seen her for years, she was still a child, still at the age when other girls usually are just beginning. In the five years in which she had struggled valiantly up the ladder of success, rung by rung, she had by some miracle managed to retain that guileless spirit, that beautiful detachment from sordidness. A certain little-girl quality, the characteristic which motion picture audiences later appreciated and which brought her screen stardom because of its very rarity.

And now it was only a step to the supreme accolade show business then had to offer. A contract with Florenz Ziegfeld. She was to open in September, but she signed the contract in Mid-Winter. And because she felt that she earned a vacation, she decided to go to California with a very close friend of hers, Mary Lucas, who was going West to visit her mother.

It proved to be a fateful trip. A trip on which her personal life found its path, and thereby moulded her career toward eventual stardom on the screen.

WILLIAM MORRIS, Ruby's agent, met the two girls at the train. By a coincidence Fanny Brice was on the same train and was met by Al Jolson.

After the first greetings, Morris turned to Ruby and said, "Al Jolson wants to meet you."

Ruby was amazed. "What does he want to meet me for?"

"Oh, he saw you dance in New York and he admires you tremendously."

Ruby was shy and reluctant. Al Jolson had always been a hero and a star to her. He was the great man of the stage. The man whom others followed. But Mary Lucas urged the hesitating Ruby to go along with Morris. She shyly told Jolson how much she admired him, made the proper answers to his kindly compliments on her abilities, and then promptly forgot the meeting.

But Ruby and Al Jolson were destined to see more of each other!

Practical Ruby was anxious to have a few weeks of vaudeville on the Coast and her agents offered her to Fanchon and Marco for three hundred and fifty dollars a week.

However, she was not well known. Her name meant nothing to them. Her fame had not penetrated to the Coast. Three hundred and fifty dollars a week was a lot of money to pay to a little girl unknown to them, whose abilities had not been tested as far as they were concerned—particularly so, when well-known headliners received not more than one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

The astute Morris suggested that they call Al Jolson. "He has seen her dance. He'll tell you whether she's any good or not."

Jolson was prolific in his praises, and Fanchon and Marco signed her at the demanded figure.

The first night of her appearance was made auspicious by a large box of roses, with a card on which only two tantalizing words appeared, "Guess Who?"

Ruby didn't know anyone in Los Angeles. There wasn't anyone back home in New York who knew of her engagement. Try as she might she couldn't guess the donor.

The mystery deepened when on three consecutive nights flowers appeared with the same curious greeting on a card.

"It might be Al Jolson," suggested Mary Lucas.

"Why should he send me flowers," Ruby asked. "After all, I'm no one important. He has only met me."

Morris had not told Ruby that it was Jolson's word which had earned her the engagement. There are some things about which agents keep their clients in the dark.

Then one night the word went through the theatre that the great Al Jolson was in the audience. Ruby almost died with excitement when he came backstage to see her.

She was standing in the wings with another of those mysterious boxes of flowers when Jolson came back. Mary nudged her, "Ask him if he is the one who has been sending you these every night. It really couldn't have been anyone else."

Hesitatingly Ruby turned to him, "Mr. Jolson, I've been receiving flowers with no name enclosed every night since I've been appearing here. I don't want to be conceited, but are you responsible for them?"

He grinned that famous grin of his, "Yes, I'm the one who sent them."

And so began one of the famous romances of the theatre. It was a whirl-

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wind courtship. Almost at once they both knew they were in love!

For the duration of Ruby's visit in Los Angeles, Al Jolson was her devoted cavalier. He sent Mary and Ruby guest cards to a swimming club. The flowers continued to arrive daily for Ruby. He sent candy. And the telephone rang constantly and it was always Al Jolson's voice at the other end.

That boy-and-girl romance which Ruby had left behind her, faded. Now she really thought of marriage, was really intrigued with the idea of marriage. Before that she had thought of it as a glamorous possibility, but had never given it serious thought. And now all her thoughts, all her dreams were a bridge leading directly to Al Jolson, the only man who had been capable of capturing her heart completely.

They were engaged before Ruby returned East. But before that engagement could be announced, there were two tasks which faced Ruby. One was to tell that boy that she was to marry Jolson. The other was to tell her family.

There were obstacles to that marriage. Ruby was a devout Catholic. Al Jolson had been raised in the Jewish faith.

However, the family understood. They gave her their permission and blessing. The boy who loved her behaved in the modern, approved manner and wished her happiness.

WITH her marriage to Jolson, Ruby Keeler acquired a new dignity. She was no longer the little dancer who could drum out more taps to the second than any other girl tap dancer on the stage. But the wife of one of the most famous figures on the stage.

They sailed for Europe on their honeymoon. But Ruby was not one whit changed by her new estate. She was still a little frightened, still timid in the company of celebrities, even as she is today when she herself is rated one.

On her return from abroad Ruby went into *Whoopie*, but walked out of it when Eddie Cantor, the star, told a joke about the Keeler-Jolson marriage.

Not that Cantor meant to offend, but Ruby took it to heart, and she dared the wrath of Equity and of the great Ziegfeld to stand on her principles. She felt that her marriage was too sacred, too important a part of her life, to be mouthed by a comedian. In any event, Al was in Hollywood and Ruby preferred being with him, even to being featured in a Broadway success.

Neither Ziegfeld nor Equity disciplined her. They were in accord with her viewpoint. And when she returned from Hollywood it was to play the lead in *Show Girl*.

On opening night Ruby was a sensation. In the audience was husband Al Jolson, beaming his approval, and he paid her tribute in one of the most touch-

ing scenes ever seen in a theatre. During one of the intermissions he rose in his seat, and sang to the hushed audience his great song hit, *'Lisa*, in homage to his wife. Out of his admiration, out of his pride and out of his love for her. Even Broadway's calloused first-nighters were touched. Long after the show closed, those who had been there remembered that vivid interlude.

And then Ruby was stricken with an acute attack of appendicitis. Famous surgeons were consulted and they advised an immediate operation. But the little Keeler insisted on being a trouper. She refused to let Ziegfeld down, and for three nights went on, even though the agony drenched her body with perspiration, even though every moment when she was off-stage she was under the frantic care of physicians.

At the end of three days Dorothy Stone replaced her, and Ruby was taken to the hospital.

Al Jolson was slated to make *Hallelujah* for United Artists. He took Ruby to California with him to recuperate, and to be near him, while he was making the picture.

Suddenly Ruby found no further interest in a career of her own. She preferred to be Al Jolson's wife—to be his inspiration, his companion. She was finding utter and soul-satisfying contentment in marriage.

But even marriage did not separate her from her family. All the Keelers, the sisters and the parents, commuted regular-

ly to California and this devotion was a *Saga* in Hollywood. This *Saga* has continued.

Very recently Ruby's younger sister was stricken with an ailment which necessitated long hospital treatment. Ruby gave a small bone misplacement in her foot, as an excuse for going to the hospital at the same time, so that she might be with her kid sister.

It was to Ruby's hand Anna May clung when the darkening shadows deepened, and when her eyes began to close in one long sleep.

Ruby was happy while Al was making *Hallelujah*. Even motion picture offers did not tempt her. She preferred to wait for Al to come home from the studio, to keep his mind free from worry.

If it had been given to Ruby to make the final decision, she would never have gone into pictures. It was Al Jolson who was really responsible for her contract with Warner's.

IT HAPPENED quite casually. One night the Jolsons were at the Fights, and were sitting next to Darryl Zanuck, then an executive with Warner's, who happened to remark that they were having difficulty in casting one rôle in *Forty-Second Street*, then in preparation. During the evening Zanuck learned that Ruby had made tests for both Fox and United Artists, and the following day he sent for them, saw them, and knew that he



GUESS WHO!

Here is an early picture of one of our well-known screen actresses. Turn to page 69 and check your guess with a recent photo.

had found a girl who would fill the rôle which was giving him so many headaches.

The Warner executive discussed the matter with Al, and Jolson, more in jest, suggested that if Zanuck had the contract ready for Ruby by that evening, he would spring it on his wife as a birthday surprise, which happened to be the following day.

With the release of *Forty-Second Street* a new star dawned in the movie heavens. This Keeler child had what it takes. She had a brilliant poise, a lack of sophistication which set the standard for sweet heroines.

Her sweetness was not a pose! It is not a pose today. No one has ever seen her in a tantrum. No one has ever heard Ruby Keeler ask for extra consideration at the hands of crew or director because of her status. She is sincerely apologetic when a brimming program deters her from fulfilling all the requests of the publicity department for interviews and pictures. She has worked without a whimper for eighteen hours on end until she was dead on her feet.

But fame in no way has touched her life. She is still as loyal to her husband as she ever was. She has a fierce attachment to him, a love which minimizes her own concerns to his requirements and to his program.

It is to the everlasting credit of these two, that in the face of seemingly impossible obstacles they have achieved unity which today is a pattern for Hollywood marriages. First they had the obstacle of a difference in religion. Then the obstacle of age, for Al is many years older than Ruby. And also the obstacle of individual careers. Lastly, there was a family intimacy which usually makes a marriage more difficult.

YET with it all, there has never been one dark strain in their lives. Not one strident note in their happiness.

And it isn't that either one of them has a formula for happiness. Ruby has said repeatedly that in Al she has found everything she wants. Kindness. Thoughtfulness. Generosity. Most important of all, they married each other because they loved each other. She didn't marry him because he was a great star. He didn't marry her because she was rapidly becoming the toast of Broadway.

There has never been any question of domination of Al over Ruby because of his greater experience, because of his additional years. When he advises Ruby, it is advice wise and practical and true. Ruby respects his opinions, because she knows that usually he is right.

Certainly religion has never been an issue. They both attend their respective churches, and they both take the larger view that every religion is good if its teachings are incorporated into everyday life.

Ruby Keeler is a girl who permits nothing to transcend in importance her husband. Not so long ago, there were some silly rumors that Jolson had offered to settle a million dollars on his wife, if she relinquished her picture contract. That rumor, as many others in Hollywood, is without foundation. For if Ruby thought, even for an instant, that her career was estranging her from the one man she had loved and loves, there is no question in my mind that she would instantly abandon the career, which finds her today on the heights of achievement.

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I Was Married for Luck

[Continued from page 19]

mistaken—in a woman. You have never been in love in your life. You don't know the meaning of the word—"

"Don't I, though!" I flared. I caught at a fine platinum chain I always wore about my neck and dragged from the bosom of my gown a large, flat gold locket, wafer thin, still warm with the heat of my body. I opened it with a sharp nail and held it out for him to see, cupped in my palm. In the locket was a small round portrait, clipped from a newspaper group picture—a laughing boyish face framed by a polo helmet and chin strap. The picture was yellow with age. It was true that I had had it for years.

"I see," said Gordon Storm, steadily. He snapped the locket shut. "I've wondered what you wore on the end of that chain. It's Bendixen, isn't it? The Captain of the Fensmere polo team?"

I nodded, slipping the locket back into my dress.

"Strange," said Storm, somberly. "I saw him only today. He was down at the boat to meet the English polo team. He's just been divorced, hasn't he?"

Again, I nodded. Therese Bendixen had divorced her husband within the month. She was enormously wealthy in her own right; she loved him deeply, as everyone knew—but she declined, her lawyers stated, to occupy a place at the end of a long string of polo ponies—and these were, undeniably, her handsome husband's chief interest in life.

I HAD been bewitched for years by his reputation, his lean powerful grace, his tanned, restless face faintly marred by the scars of a bad mix-up on the polo field. For the past few weeks I had followed the papers avidly for news of him—and there was a great deal. He was captain of the famous American team that would play the English in the International Matches two weeks from now.

I caught Mike Morisco's eye across the dance floor and he signed to me faintly that it was time to go and dress for my next number. I murmured an apology to Gordon Storm and he rose instantly to conduct me to the door of my dressing room. But as we left the supper room the orchestra ceased abruptly, then burst rousing into "Rule, Britannia!"

There was an eddy of discreet, yet cordial applause, interspersed with subdued cheers. I felt Gordon Storm's hand at my elbow, detaining me.

"There is a Destiny—" he quoted, softly, with intense bitterness. "My dear, if I am not mistaken, your hero has joined your audience—"

"You mean—" I gasped.

"Captain Bendixen has just arrived, with the English team and his own,"

said Gordon Storm, crisply. "Au revoir, my dear! I shall look for a superlative performance from you tonight!"

I fairly ran to my dressing room. Morisco was there ahead of me. "For God's sake, do your stuff!" he said hoarsely. "The two polo teams are in the supper room, stewed to the gills. Maybe we can hold the crowd all evening—and we need to! With that guy Bendixen running up a tab on me, I need the rest of the crowd to keep me out of the red!"

I nodded, but said nothing. I knew what he meant. It was not for nothing that Bendixen had been nicknamed "I. O. U. Bendixen!" Every night club in New York had a sheaf of notes in the safe, all bearing that not very cryptic scrawl. But the crowd here tonight was too high hat to risk offending; the club was on its last legs and Mike Morisco had to serve wine to Captain Bendixen's guests and like it and pray for a check that didn't bounce.

I forgot everything—Gordon Storm, his distinguished guests—everything except that I would see Bendixen, the hero of my childish dreams. And that he would see me! I dressed hurriedly, yet with infinite care, slipping into the black Spanish gown in which I sang a haunting, sinister song of the dark by-ways of Madrid.

I thrust a scarlet flower low behind my ear. My make-up was dead white, with blackened eyelashes like veils across burning eyes, beneath which I drew the dark circles of heartbreak. My mouth was the only touch of color, save the flower, in the whole scheme of black and white and the narrow streak of white in my smoothly banded black hair glared startlingly. It had always made me conspicuous, that natural white lock—perhaps tonight it would stamp me upon the memory of the man I had adored for so long, at long range.

The supper room was darkened, the crowd quiet and attentive when the spotlight picked me out at the edge of the gleaming black mirror that formed the dance floor of the Club Cadiz.

The orchestra throbbed forth the monotonous rhythm of the Spanish song, somber, bitter with despair—the song of a Madrilian street

girl. In the following moon of spotlight I strolled across the black floor, my black dress whispering, my chalk white hands rolling a cigarette, while my eyes drifted about the dimly lighted crowd, lingering now upon one face, now another. Then abruptly, without any sort of warning, I broke into the words of the song, catching the music just where it happened to be, and went on from there.

I felt the little gasp of interest that met that unconventional opening.

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THEN I saw Bendixen. He was seated with a group at a table on the edge of the floor, not far from the cluster of tables occupied by Gordon Storm and his distinguished party which I had just left.

Bendixen was leaning back in his chair, watching me fixedly. His eyes were not on mine, I saw, but on my hair. As I drew nearer he turned to the man who sat beside him (there were no women in their party) and called attention unmistakably to the white lock that must have been startlingly distinct in the spotlight. My heart was hammering in my throat, but I kept my voice steady, languorous, husky as I chanted the Spanish stanzas so pregnant with double meaning.

What devil seized me I don't know. I never shall. Somehow the brazen part I was playing caught me up and whirled me away, beyond the pale of reason, of decency. I wasn't fully responsible for what I did, though. I only knew that I had to do something to fix Bendixen's attention upon me in some personal fashion. Still singing, I left the floor, followed by my spotlight, and went to him, straight. Pausing above him, but without interrupting my song, I bent with my unlighted cigarette and waited for him to light it.

In the glare of spotlight he sprang to his feet, hastily proffering his lighter. I thanked him with a nod and would have passed on, singing—but I underestimated my victim!

Bendixen was not to be embarrassed by a spotlight. His white smile flashed in the dark tan of his boyish, reckless face and as I passed he caught me back, impudent hands clasp my waist, and tipping back my head he kissed me deliberately, full on my singing mouth.

What could I do? I had brought it on myself—that insolent, careless salute that he might have offered to the cheapest singer in a waterfront dive. A storm of laughter and applause rewarded him and I laughed brazenly, pretending that it was a part of the "type" song I was singing. The orchestra covered me with a sudden blare of brass until I had returned to the center of the floor.

I sang the rest of it in uncertain tones—no one could have failed to notice my confusion, or the hot color that burned through the white mask of my make-up.

Gordon Storm! I thought of him in a sick flash of chagrin. He had made me a member of his party that night—and I had behaved just now like a—like a—I didn't even know the word! I dared not glance at him as I left the floor and ran to my dressing room.

There, with the door closed, I dropped into the low chair before my mirror and dug my fingers deep into the cold cream—I wanted to wipe away every trace of that grotesque make-up!

There was a sharp rap at my door and Mike Morisco burst in unceremoniously. I caught my blouse together at the throat and whirled upon him angrily. "Really, Mike! I didn't tell you to come in!" I snapped.

Mike offered no apology. He was blazing with anger.

"Look here, you can't high hat me any more!" he snarled. "Are you an entertainer in my club, or not?"

I managed to laugh. "Of course, I am, Mike! What's the matter?"

"Then stick to the paying patrons, see? That polo crowd is all on Bendixen's tab and you ought to know what that means. When you feel mushy, I wish you'd slop over on the big money!"



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There was no use in pretending that I did not understand. "What am I supposed to be, a taxi dancer?" I asked, sharply.

"If you were a taxi dancer, I'd have thrown you out of the place and him, too," said Morisco, coldly. "But you couldn't earn your salt as a taxi dancer. You haven't got what it takes. I'm sick and tired of this society hot air. I made a mistake and I'm through. You're through. Tonight. Guys like Storm pay all right—but when they get a deal like you handed him tonight they leave and they don't come back. You've lost that fish, baby—you played him too long."

"I—I don't know what you mean—" I stammered, furiously. "I don't owe Gordon Storm anything—or you—"

"You owe him plenty," said Morisco, heavily. "He's been keeping this place open for months, just to keep you in a job. Backing it, I mean, with cold cash. And now you pull a stunt like you did tonight, with another society chiseller like yourself—and the big boy leaves."

"You mean that Gordon Storm has gone—with his party? I don't believe it," I said, dazed. "Why, I'm dressing to join them again now—"

"Yeah?" said Morisco, scornfully. "Well, I don't think they know what they're missing." He broke off. There were voices in the hall outside. Laughter. Clipped English voices, bantering—. A hand fell on Morisco's shoulder and he was whirled aside like a grinning dummy. In his place stood Bendixen, smiling.

"OH, THERE you are!" he said. His eyes were like blue ice in the lean brown hardness of his face. He was pretty drunk, but he was well in command of himself. He came in and closed the door carefully. He stared at me, puzzled.

"You're not the one," he said, uneasily. "You look like a scrubbed baby. I guess I'm in the wrong room—"

"No, you're not," I said. "But tell me what you came for?"

"I—dunno," he said, doubtfully. He smiled at me again, unsteadily. "Something about luck—by the way, how's yours?"

"My luck? Rotten," I told him. "How's yours?"

He shook his head. "Terrible," he said, solemnly. He came towards me. I did not retreat. He put his hands on my shoulders and turned me towards the light. Then, gravely, as if I were a new polo pony and he were examining my points, he looked at the lock of white in my hair. "Real?" he asked.

I nodded, dumbly.

He shook me slightly, his eyes boring

deep into mine. "Married?" he asked, shortly.

"No," I answered, faintly.

"All right. That settles it," he stated. "Neither am I, now. She chucked me and I haven't had an ounce of luck since. Idea is, consequently—get married again! See the point?" he asked, earnestly.

"Clearly," I said, a little wildly. I was bubbling with hysterical laughter, but I managed to meet his eyes with reasonable sanity.

He nodded approvingly. "Good girl. You see how it is. I've got a pony—an Arab. Nice horse. Black, you know—coal black. He's got a white streak in his mane—just like this—" he raised his hand and touched the narrow stripe of white in my hair. "So I thought I'd marry you, for luck—if you don't mind—?"

"Not a bit!" I cried. "I'd adore it. When do we begin?"

That confused him a little. I saw that he really was decidedly drunk. But I was in the grip of a frantic, daredevil mood. This was the man I had dreamed of for years! And he was asking me to marry him! More, far more than Gordon Storm had done.

With one arm still around me, he laughed and flung open the door. A group of smiling, curious faces gathered there.

"Gentlemen," said Bendixen, "We bid you to our wedding! Tonight—somewhere along the Post Road. Come on, gang—let's go!"

The whole wild gang of us, in two cars, drove over the state line that night and succeeded in getting some "constituted authority" out of bed to marry me to Bendixen in a blaze of converging headlights.

We drank a great deal of champagne en route and by the time Bendixen and I were deposited at the Ritzdorf in the steely light of a crisp September morning, I wasn't at all clear about what was happening. My bridegroom was rather worse off than that.

I clung passionately to the idea that I ought not to feel insulted, as, obscurely, I did. One of the English team had said, helpfully, that "to be married for luck is rather gay!" I told myself that if Bendixen had married me because I resembled his favorite polo pony,—why, one must remember how much a nine goal man thought of his ponies!

HOURS later, I found myself alone with Carl in his hotel room. He took me in his arms and crushed me to him tenderly, at first, and then more fiercely. He poured his kisses upon my eyes, my cheeks, my throat... I kissed him back, trying to respond to his ca-



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resses. This was what I had dreamed of . . . longed for during the long years when I had carried his picture over my heart. I heard him speak once, as from a long distance, and the name he whispered unconsciously, close to my lips, was "Ferry." I knew. Therese. That was the proud, beautiful woman who had divorced him less than a month ago—and who loved him still, as the whole world knew. She had not troubled to deny it.

When at last my husband slept. I lay for a long time in the dimness of the closely shaded room, listening to the morning sounds in the street below. There was a dull aching regret, a deep consciousness of unfulfillment in my heart. Was marriage then, like this?

My head ached splittingly, reeling still with the wine I had drunk. With difficulty I forced from my mind the haunting, somehow rather shocking thought that it was in this hotel, this morning, that Gordon Storm was breakfasting with his newly arrived guests.

With a wave of ghastly revulsion I turned away from the straight, motionless, heavily sleeping form of Bendixen. He was clean cut and handsome, even in that condition—but he was strange to me—strange! I did not even know him—and I had married him! "For better or for worse" and all the rest of it.

Sick with a regret that had no name, I began to cry weakly. Then finally I fell asleep, too. I dreamed a little—dreamed that someone was holding me close in his arms and in my dream, I suddenly saw the face of the man who held me; it was Gordon Storm.

It was twilight when I awoke. I lay for awhile in a sort of lethargy, trying to place myself. All that had happened seemed dreamlike and remote.

Then I heard Bendixen telephoning in the next room and a wave of deadly, nauseating consciousness engulfed me. I turned and buried my aching eyes in the pillow.

I couldn't help hearing what Bendixen said. The door was ajar and his voice was tense, excited, overwrought. He was talking about money—asking someone to lend him thirty-two thousand dollars.

"They've come down on me as they threatened to do last year—don't you remember? Well, I may have been stiff necked about it then, but I'm damned limp now, let me tell you. It means an international scandal, I tell you! Won't you give me a lift?" There was a long pause. Then: "All right," he said, flatly. "If you won't, you won't. But can you let me have a couple of hundred this morning? I'm in another sort of jam—" His voice was lowered, but it was still ringingly clear. "Big night, and from what little I remember, it will come high. What?" he laughed, drily. "No, this is one of the few things in life you can't charge! Send it over by messenger, will you? Thanks no end—good-by."

For a moment I forgot that he was practically a stranger to me and I felt the swift pang of embarrassment that a wife would feel under normal circumstances. Then, with a wrench, I realized that the "big night" he had referred to meant me! It was I, of whom he remembered little, but whom he expected would "come high!"

I slid out of bed noiselessly, on wings of fury, and catching up my clothes I darted into the bathroom to dress.

When I emerged, fully clothed, Bendixen was standing in the door connecting sitting room and bedroom, surveying the disordered room with a puzzled ex-

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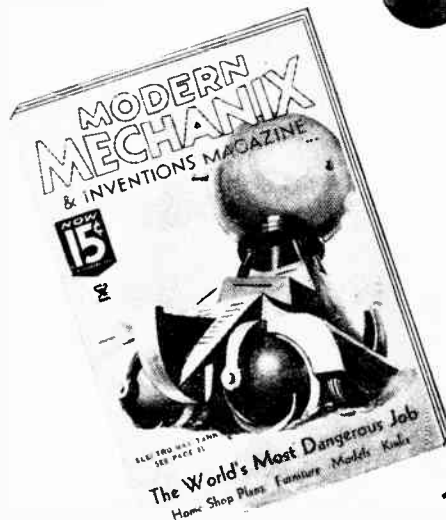
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pression. When he saw me he managed to smile, but he was pretty much on the defensive.

"Hello," he said. "I wondered where you'd got to—"

"Hello," I replied. "I heard you telephoning," I said, bluntly. "I couldn't help it."

He flushed darkly and bit his lip. "Sorry," he said, curtly. "There isn't much I can say, of course. I'm in a mess—"

"Not on my account," I assured him, quickly, with an uncontrollable blaze of resentment. I added, "Let's forget it, shall we?"

"I say, that's sporting of you! But of course I must make it up to you—er—"

"You did," I said. "In advance."

"In ad—what do you mean?"

"You married me, you know." I told him, coldly.

"I—what? Good God!" He sank down on the arm of a chair. His face was positively ghastly.

He made a helpless gesture and took his head in his hands.

"That isn't the half of it," said my bridegroom. "My creditors have attached my ponies. Tied 'em up. I won't be able to play them in the international matches."

"Oh, that's awful!" I gasped, honestly.

He nodded. "You see," he affirmed. "Compared to that, getting married is a—"

"I wonder—I was just thinking," I said, haltingly. "I know someone who might lend—"

"Don't be silly," said Bendixen, harshly. "There's only one person in the world who'd lend me that sum, and she—er—that person won't—"

THE telephone interrupted him before I got the full force of what he said.

He leaped to answer it. The press. I knew by the frozen consternation of his face and his mechanically reiterated, "Nothing to say—nothing to say—nothing to say!" In a moment he hung up.

"The papers have got it," he said. "But they've got it twisted—about us, I mean. They think that Mrs. Bendixen—my wife, I mean—I mean, my former wife—and I are, well, reconciled—or remarried, or something—"

Again I giggled, helplessly. "If they haven't got it any clearer than that, there's hope," I assured him. "Have they got the other story—about the ponies being attached for debt?"

"They didn't say so—"

"They would have," I said. "So that's that. We must try to raise the money before they do. You're sure you can't get it—?" I paused, listening. "I think there is someone knocking at the sitting room door," I said, in a low voice. "Very lightly. Hadn't you better see? I'll stay in here, and close the door between—"

Impulsively I held out my hand to him. "I'm so sorry," I murmured. "Count on me. I won't peep or show a feather!"

Through the panels of the door I had just closed between the two rooms I heard his stifled cry: "Terry—" And I knew that she had come. I think I must have known that she would bring, not send, his two hundred dollars—and that he could talk her into lending him the larger sum. After all, they had only been divorced a month—and she still loved him. And, I thought, he loved her.

I caught up my bag and gloves and slipped out of the bedroom door into the hall. I fairly flew down the long, heavily carpeted hall to the elevator and de-

scended to the lobby. There I scribbled a note and sent it up to his room.

"Don't be hasty about confessing things," I wrote. "If anyone asks me, I'll deny everything—but I'll manage to stay out of sight altogether until the games are over. It can be annulled or something, later—don't worry."

But when I turned away from the desk, after sending my note, I found myself circled about by the quizzical, genial, yet coldly inquisitive eyes of the gentlemen of the press.

One of them asked cheerfully, "Aren't you Lucienne Carteret, of the Club Cadiz?"

"I am, you know!" I answered, gaily.

"Wasn't Capt. Bendixen at your place last night? At the Club? With his team and the visiting English team?"

"They were, indeed. And a lot of other famous people! Have you called up Mike Morisco?" I asked, glibly.

"No, no—" interrupted another of the reporters. "We want to know if Mrs. Bendixen was along—"

Then they didn't know—about that wild midnight marriage in the glare of headlights, on the Boston Post Road!

"Sh!" I laid a gray gloved finger against my lips and managed to look demure. "If you go upstairs, to Suite 54 E—you'll find—" But they stood not upon the order of their going.

I pushed through the discreetly curious crowd that had gathered about the desk and made my way towards the street door. I was dizzy and sick now—deathly sick. I knew I couldn't go back to the Club Cadiz—I couldn't bear that again. There would be no Gordon Storm—and suddenly I knew that I had been living for Gordon Storm, for months. For months. Singing to him, and for him.

THERE was a sudden blind rush of tears to my eyes and I turned from the door and ran down the little flight of gray carpeted stairs that lead from the lobby of the Ritzdorf to the phone booths. I darted into one of them and drew the door shut beside me.

"Please give me Mr. Storm's rooms," I said to the operator. I waited, my heart stifling me with long, slow, echoing strokes. Then came a sequence of voices—the inevitable approach to a man of power. And, at last, his.

"Gordon—I—this is Lucienne," I said.

"I know," he answered, quietly. "I have been waiting."

"Gordon, I'm downstairs—in the phone room—"

"Stay there. I'm coming down."

The door of the phone booth opened beside me and his hand was on my arm. Drawing me to him. He kissed me quietly. Mutely I looked up at him.

"I love you," he said, simply.

"I—I married that man," I whispered.

"Oh, Gordon—can't I get out of it? Quickly?"

He snapped his fingers sharply. "Like that!" he told me. "Bendixen and his wife will be remarried. They've been planning it ever since they got their divorce."

I shivered. "Let them!—Gordon—I love you. That's what's the matter with me! I love you so I want to die right here, this minute, at your feet—like a slave at the feet of that Moorish person whose crown jewels you're always wanting to buy!" I wavered towards him. "Gordon—you don't have to marry me, or buy me anything—"

"My dear—" he laughed softly. "With your permission, I shall do both."

We Wanted Thrills

[Continued from page 15]

that the other girls and I understood and observed. We knew, we said, when to say "No." So we would come in at last, aroused and shaken, and, perhaps, go out with someone else a few dances later.

"Wish you wouldn't sit out dances with other fellows," Ken said to me, one evening.

"Why not?" I asked petulantly. "All the girls do. I'd be a stick if I didn't."

"But I like to think of you as different from the rest. I hate to think of anyone but me kissing you."

"You kiss other girls," I pointed out. "Sometimes, when they ask for it. But it doesn't mean anything."

"Then why should you think mine mean anything, either?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "It's different somehow. It seems to me there's something cock-eyed about all of us these days, but you're the doctor, Sally. I know you wouldn't do anything wrong."

IT DIDN'T matter what Ken said. I was completely carried away by my joy in being one of this group. Whatever they were doing, I wanted to do. I wanted to be even more gay than the other girls—even more supple and yielding and ardent in the glamorous dark outside.

And I discovered that my charm was sufficient to capture Janice's friend, Bill. He always danced with me many times—urged me to go out with him. He was a little older than the rest of us, more sophisticated, and very fascinating. He had a peculiar attraction for me. I thought the world of Janice and knew she was devoted to him, yet when he was with me I was as provocative, as alluring as I knew how to be. I led him on and when he responded, I retreated—and laughed, and promised more with my eyes. It was a game that

I could play with the best of them, I thought.

Later on Marcia started to lay down the law to me. I'd known all along that she didn't approve of my running around with Ken and his friends, but I didn't care. I was on top of the world—just where I'd always wanted to be. Then, one day, she said:

"You've just got to be more careful, Sally. People are talking about you and that fast crowd you run around with. I'm afraid you'll get into serious trouble if you don't behave differently."

I frowned. I hated Marcia when she handed me this "big-sister" line. It wasn't any of her business what I did. There was no reason why she should feel so superior.

"I can take care of myself," I answered sulkily. "and my friends are all right. They have more pep than the rest of this town put together. The old cats are just jealous, that's all."

"Very well," Marcia sighed. "I can't look out for you. If Mother and Father were alive you would not be so independent, but some day you'll realize that I know what I'm talking about."

"And that you're doing it all for my own good," I snapped back at her. "sure I will. But right now I say—skip it! I'm going over to Shirley's for dinner, and I'll come home when I darn please." I left before she could say any more.

"She's just an old fogey," I thought to myself. My crowd (how I thrilled at the words) was all right; we were modern and gay but we knew how to take care of ourselves—no one better than I, the newest member!

"Greetings, Sally." "Hello, Hello." "How's things—" They were all at Shirley's. Her mother and father went out a lot, and Shirley made good

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Cecelia Parker

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Do you slump? Mae Clarke used to, but when she saw herself on the screen she got busy and overcame it. She learned to stand on both feet with her abdomen in and her chest and shoulders straight. She has increased her height two inches and wears her clothes with dash and style.

Do you shift your body about and shift your weight from one foot to another? That was Cecelia Parker's failing. She learned to overcome it though. She learned a lot by watching Greta Garbo, whose calm and ease is most impressive.



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use of the services of the cook while they were gone.

"Hello, everybody," I answered. "I'm all right physically, but I'm mad! Marcia's trying to reform me again, and I'm ready to go on a binge that is a binge. Pour me a drink, somebody!"

"Swell!" called Christine. "Don't let them bluff you. The more kicks we get the better we like it."

Ken had risen when I came in and made a place for me on the divan beside him. But now Bill, who had been mixing drinks, came forward with a tall one and steered me to a seat in the corner.

"Too bad, baby," he said sympathetically, "try drowning your sorrows in this. So little Sally is a bad, bad girl, is she? Why didn't you let me in on the secret sooner, sweetheart?"

"It's no secret, darling," I answered, lightly, taking a long swallow of the fiery liquid. "Apparently the whole town's talking. But isn't there some proverb about 'might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb'?"

"Well, if we're going to play animal games, I'd like the part of the big, bad wolf," laughed Bill, putting his arm around me in the half-mocking, wholly intimate way that always stimulated me strangely.

Ken was looking at me in a mournful, hurt sort of fashion that annoyed me terribly. What right had he to object to anything I cared to do? He was a dear and I liked him, but he didn't own me; I could have fun with anyone and in any way I chose. I had another drink, then another, and flirted outrageously with Bill until dinner time. Ken took Janice in to the table. There was venom in her glance at me, as she swept in ahead of us, and I laughed to myself. Why, this was as easy as taking candy away from a baby! I could have Bill if I wanted him, and on my own terms.

AFTER dinner we played bridge awhile, and I found myself with Ken. Bill kept pouring drinks, and I didn't refuse a one. I felt gay and light-headed, and as if something very exciting would happen before the evening was over. Janice was drinking a lot, too, but she was silent and morose, paid no attention to her cards, and seemed to be brooding over something. "She's jealous of me," I thought, triumphantly, "well, I'll give her something to think about. Bill will take me home tonight, and forget that he ever even liked her!" Janice was my friend, but in my present reckless mood I cared nothing for that.

Bill brought the cocktail shaker to fill my glass. I lifted it to my lips, but Ken seized my wrist. "Don't, Sally, please," he begged me, in a low voice. "You're getting tight, and I hate to see you do it."

"Well, I like that!" I snapped, pulling my arm away and spilling half my drink on my dress. "Look what you've done, you clumsy—"

He took my arm and led me, protesting, away from the table. While he sponged at my dress with his handkerchief, he said pleadingly, "Sally, please, you're not yourself tonight. You've let what your sister said upset you. Don't you remember—night before last?"

Yes, I did remember. Ken had driven me home and we had sat out in the car for a long time. His tallness, his crisp dark hair and adoring brown eyes, all the masculine charm of him had never appealed to me so much before. I had lain in his arms while he covered my face and throat with kisses that were both

passionate and tender. He had told me that he loved me, and I affectionately responded. Then I had been divinely happy; but I wasn't going to let it bother me now. I deliberately pushed it from my mind. I wasn't going to be softened; I was hard, excited, rebellious.

"Of course I remember," I said coldly, "but you're not so foolish as to think that meant anything in particular, are you? It's all part of the game."

I shrugged away from him. By this time the bridge games had broken up, the rug was rolled back, and two couples started dancing. Bill came up to me and held out his arms.

"It's too hot in here for me," I told him, "can't we go outside and get some air?"

"Surest thing you know. How about a little drive, honey? That's all you need."

As we went outside together, Janice stepped from the shadows at the side of the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a voice like ice.

"Why, the kid here is feeling her drinks a bit, and I thought she'd better have a little air," Bill answered, easily.

"Don't go with him, Sally," said Janice, with a strange urgency in her voice. "I swear you'll be sorry to your dying day if you do."

I should have seen that she meant what she was saying; that it was vitally important to her, but I was too perverse.

"Of course I'm going," I said, brushing her aside, "Come on, Bill."

He hesitated a moment, then followed me, muttering something about "silly, jealous women." We drove swiftly along in his high-powered car. Instead of sobering me, the night breeze—or perhaps my triumph over Janice—made me feel more light-headed than ever.

"Now where let's go?" Bill asked, drawing me into the curve of his arm.

"Let's keep driving awhile; this is so nice," I answered, snuggling close to him. I liked the rough feel of his coat against my cheek, the strength and firmness of his arm. This is life, I thought, watching the darkness rush swiftly past—the two best-looking men in the crowd competing for my kisses, it was victory for me at last. I was wildly happy.

"I have it," said Bill suddenly, "let's go to my cabin and have a drink. It's only a mile or so now and I have some of the best Scotch you ever gargled."

"Okay," I agreed dreamily. I knew I didn't need any more liquor, but the prospect of being alone with Bill in his cabin sent little tremors through me. I had been there several times with all or part of the crowd. It was a small, two-room structure, just far enough from town to make a nice drive.

WE PULLED up in front, Bill unlocked the door, switched on the lights. I walked in ahead of him. Everything looked different without the rest of them there. Even the Navajo rugs, the skins of animals on the walls had a strange, unreal character. I was shivering, my teeth were chattering, and I couldn't stop.

"Why, you poor kid, you're half-frozen," said Bill, taking my light evening wrap. "And no wonder! Your dress is wet." It was, indeed, very damp from the cocktail I had spilled. "Take it off before you catch cold, and we'll hang it up to dry. There's a negligee in the closet you can put on. I'll go out and get some wood for a fire."

Dazed, and like someone in a dream, I

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did as I was told, not stopping to wonder that a very lovely blue velvet negligee should be part of the equipment of a bachelor's cabin. Bill came back with wood, and soon there was a cheerful blaze in the little fireplace. We lay back against cushions on the low couch, watching the flames and sipping the Scotch and ginger ale he had mixed. A new glow spread over me from the liquor, the grateful warmth of the fire made me feel weak and languorous. My head was light and my body felt as if it belonged to someone else.

"Nice, isn't it, honey?" asked Bill. Suddenly his arms went close around me. "Kiss me, Sally," he demanded. "and don't ever stop. There's something about your kisses that gets a man. Lord, girl, I'm not made of stone—"

His lips were seeking mine passionately. I melted into his embrace. I returned kiss for kiss, clinging to him as if I could never let him go. Then, cutting sharply into the ecstasy of the moment, there was a pounding at the door and a woman's voice screaming, "Let me in! Open the door!"

"Oh, nuts," growled Bill, letting me go. I stumbled to my feet and clutched at the fireplace mantle, too stunned to realize what was happening, but conscious of a vast relief that by some means I had been saved from the abyss into which my folly and weakness were leading me.

Bill opened the door and a woman half-ran, half-staggered across the threshold. It was Janice! She was hatless and coatless. Her hair was tumbling about her white face, with its wild, staring eyes.

"I knew you'd bring her here!" she screamed, "Here, where I've been so often—"

"Hush, Janice," implored Bill. "Nothing has happened. We just dropped in for a drink."

Her burning eyes swept over me from head to foot. I felt that my very soul was naked before her. I cowered, trembling. "I'm really not guilty," I stammered.

"I don't care whether you're guilty or not," she snarled, her voice full of contempt, "but you—" she turned to Bill, "you've made love to the last girl you ever will!"

From her purse she snatched a small automatic, and before either of us could move or speak, before our horrified eyes, she pointed it at Bill, and a sharp report rang out. There was a burst of fire, Bill clutched at his chest, swayed, fell to the floor.

I was paralyzed, unable to move a muscle. I heard someone screaming—long, unearthly screams, and realized that it was I. The gun dropped from Janice's hand to the floor. She ran to Bill, fell on her knees beside his body, sobbing terribly. "Oh, God," she moaned, "what have I done? Darling, speak to me. I've killed you—"

Just then the door opened again, and the room was full of people. They were all there. Ken in the lead. His eyes swept over the room, seemed to scorch me, standing there, helpless, the negligee slipping from my shoulders. Then he went to where Bill lay.

"Bill's dead," Janice moaned. "I killed him, I meant to. God help me, I loved him."

"Get up, Janice," Ken said, putting her aside, not unkindly. He examined Bill swiftly, then, looking up at the others who were standing around transfixed,

said, "He isn't dead. In fact the wound isn't even serious. I know something about first aid. Get me hot water and bandages, I'll fix him up so we can take him to a hospital. He may be unconscious from the shock for awhile."

THEY moved about helping him. Then Janice, who had collapsed, shaking, in a chair, rose to her feet. "You've got to listen to me," she said. "If I'd really killed him I'd die, myself, but I want you all to know why I did it."

"Don't, Janice—some other time," interposed Ken.

"No." She was still shaking, but her voice was firm. "I used to be just a playmate to Bill, like we all were, together. But that didn't last, it couldn't. I love him too much. I found out today that I was going to have his child. And he put me aside, after all we had been to each other; he took Sally instead. I went crazy. My love seemed to turn to a terrible hate. I wanted to die, but I didn't want him to live and make love to other girls—" She broke off as she looked at me. I couldn't speak; I must have been the picture of guilt and shame. Although I was innocent of what they believed, I knew they all thought that I, too, had been more than a playmate to Bill.

"But that's all over now," Janice went on, tonelessly. "All I want now is to go away where I'll never see any of you again."

"Hush, Janice," said Ken, gently. "You'll feel differently tomorrow. Come with me now to take Bill to the hospital. And you—" he turned to me with a look almost of loathing, "put your clothes on. Shirley and Frank will take you home."

Still feeling like a person in a nightmare, I went into the bathroom and dressed, while the boys helped Ken put Bill in the car. When I returned they were all gone but Shirley and Frank. They drove me home, courteously and considerately enough. But no one said anything; somehow there was nothing to say.

The next day was Sunday. When I woke memory came back with a rush. I had never been so miserable in my life. I realized that the crowd would be broken up for good, there would be no more parties, no more good times. The near tragedy had ruined things for us. And what was my standing? Our code had included a lot of things, but not what they believed I had done last night. In Janice's case it was different. It had been real and important to her, a matter of life and death. I realized how cheap and sordid I must seem. My hard won position among them was shattered now—how could I ever live down the disgrace? And what did Ken think? Did he despise me? It seemed more important than ever that morning that Ken should like me. He had been so clear-headed and resourceful; he was really clean and good. And like a blinding flash there came to me the realization that I loved Ken—that through all the exciting whirl this deep, true feeling had been a part of me. Now I knew that nothing in the world mattered to me except him.

Just then the phone rang. I felt a surge of gladness as I heard his voice.

"When may I see you alone?" he asked. "I have some news for you, and I want to see you for a very special reason besides."

"Oh, Ken," I cried in my relief, "how glad I am you called. Come over this

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evening. Marcia and Joe will be out and we'll have a chance to talk everything over. I do so want to explain to you."

"I don't think I need any of your explanations," he replied with a grim note in his voice that bewildered and frightened me. It didn't sound at all like the affectionate, kindly Ken I knew. But perhaps it was only that the effects of the shock the night before hadn't worn off yet.

"Well, anyway, I'll see you at eight," I told him, as cheerfully as I could.

I did a lot of thinking that day. My mind kept going over and over the evening before—the narrowness of my escape from myself at the cabin, Janice's unhappiness and desperation, the dreadful moment when Bill was shot, her confession to all of us. I could see how we had been playing a game with the things that really matter, that our toys had been dangerously loaded weapons.

"Marcia was right," I thought, "I must be more careful. But it can't be too late now to turn over a new leaf. I haven't done anything really wrong. From now on I'll really be different."

I didn't realize, then, how hard the path back to virtue may be, nor what price I was to pay for my recklessness.

KEN looked so stern and unrelenting that evening that my heart sank. If he had lost his liking and respect for me, how could I go on?

"You were wonderful last night, Ken," I began. "How did you and the others know—"

"Oh, that was easy," he answered curtly. "Shirley saw Janice starting her car and had a hunch she was following you and Bill. We didn't know what the score was, so we piled out in a hurry and went after her. But what I want to know is—are you in love with Bill?"

"No, Ken, of course not. I like him, we were friends—"

"I gathered that you must have been, to say the least, *friends*," he said coldly. "It's even more interesting to learn that love plays no part in your good times. But you'll have to look for someone else. Bill and Janice were married at the hospital this morning."

"I'm awfully glad," I said, sincerely. I had no regrets about losing Bill, for something much deeper and finer than my casual feeling for him had come into my life. I wasn't even sorry for the part I had played the night before, for out of my shame and humiliation had come happiness for Bill and Janice, and for me a new appreciation of Ken and understanding that he meant everything to me. "And about last night," I continued, "I know that I was foolish, but now that it has all worked out for the best, we can forget it, can't we?"

"No," said Ken, moving toward me with a strange light in his eyes, "do you think I can forget that I saw my girl, half-naked, where she had been lying in another man's arms? Now I know what your kisses mean. I've been a fool to treat you like a Christmas-tree angel, to think I wanted to marry you. *Marry you*—" his voice broke.

"Stop, Ken, stop!" I begged him. "You don't mean that. It's not true—no't what you think."

"You've made a sap of me for the last time," he gritted, seizing my arms and holding them at my sides.

I tried to struggle, to cry out, but he held my arms behind me, pressed his mouth against mine, bruising my lips

with the fury of his passion. Suddenly I felt a tempestuous response within me. I knew that he was my man and I was his woman, no matter how he hated me. I might never see him again; but at this moment he was all mine. I returned his kisses with a fiery elemental ardor that matched his own. There was nothing in this of the mild glamour of kisses I had known. There was madness in my blood, we were swept along together by the storm that shook us both. With my heart beating wildly against his, I gave myself to the man I loved.

Surely, surely, he would relent, I thought. Surely now, he would see how much I loved him and forget last night—realize that I was innocent.

But there was no tenderness in his voice when he finally said "good-night," and left me.

The blow of his going stunned me. I lay on the davenport crushed and broken, longing for the healing tears that would not come. He hadn't cared after all—he hadn't cared. Now, that he had possessed me I would never see him again. This was the punishment for my wrong-doing.

LONG, long afterwards, I dragged myself up the stairs and threw myself across the bed. Then, followed the agony of a sleepless night. Pictures of the Ken I loved, flashed through my brain as I tossed and turned. Pictures of his tender kisses. Pictures of his scornful face. How cheaply he held me! For this, I had tossed away everything in life that I valued. And I loved him so . . . oh, God, I loved him so!

I would go away—go some place where he'd never see me again. I couldn't go back to the office now—face him again after this.

I got up, dragged out a suitcase, and began packing my clothes in a frenzied haste. I had to leave—at once. I couldn't stand my sister's questions—meet her cold "I told you so" eyes.

In a dream, I heard the peal of the doorbell, heard Marcia's voice calling me. What now, I thought, as I hurried down the stairs.

Ken stood there in the open doorway, with the sunlight making a halo around his hair—Ken with his face haggard from loss of sleep. He caught my hands in his, drawing me toward him. He stooped and kissed the palm of each hand. "Sally, darling," he groaned, "I must have been crazy. Can you ever forgive me? How could I have doubted you? I love you so."

I couldn't speak—I kept staring at him—staring at him—trying to comprehend—trying to realize that this happiness had come to me after all.

"Ken," I murmured. "Ken."

He took me in his arms then. Held me tightly while tears of relief coursed down my cheeks.

"Will you marry me, sweetheart?" he whispered. "I was a beast, but I have cared for you for such a long time, not daring to speak, thinking you weren't ready yet. Then, last night, I was insanely jealous. I brooded over it, I was a madman . . . I'll never be like that again."

He took me in his arms, our lips met and clung, and in the exquisite bliss of that moment I knew I had never really been happy before. I knew that there couldn't be too many kisses again, for all of mine were his now and for ever.

We Played Fair

[Continued from page 9]

mountains, darling. It will do you good. You are looking thin and pale. The sun and the air will work wonders. We'll take our lunch and make a day of it."

That night, I went to the mat with myself.

"I am a fool," I cried. "I love Clint and he loves me—why go on living a lie? I will have him. I *must* have him. Tomorrow I'll tell her."

SUNDAY opened warm and sunshiny. Spring sang in my heart, because I knew that before the day was over, I should tell Clint that I was done with refusing love.

As the road climbed into the hills, it became slippery. The car swerved crazily on a sharp curve.

And then before any of us had time to think, a racing car slid around the curve. A crash—then black quiet.

Sometime later, I felt myself being dragged back from the billowy distance. And then, I sat up and looked about me. The same sun, the same green hillsides, and—God! there was Clint frantically trying to revive his wife.

A pin prick—"He went to her before coming to me. She was first." And then, I, too, was trying to bring life back to Clint's wife.

The return to town was a nightmare.

That night, I sat in my home and waited numbly for word from Clint. Suddenly, the phone jangled through the quiet. I heard Clint's voice saying, "It's all right Irene—she will live. But it was a hard pull. She almost left us, Irene."

"I'm glad! Oh, so glad, Clint!"

I returned to my chair and there in the stillness, the strain relaxed and I found perspective. I was seeing clearly at last.

Love's wound has not healed, probably never will, for I shall always be Clint's in spirit. But tonight I am glad, glad, that I played fairly with Clint's wife. Glad that I could not play otherwise.



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[Continued from page 38]



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As the manager at the Lone Tree greeted us, Lee whispered, "Ask for a private room, Jack. I want you all to myself, tonight. And don't forget the drinks."

Max led us to a softly lighted room open on one side to the warm May night and the lake dotted with stars like diamonds on a cushion of velvet.

Those moments were thrilling. Lee's glance was electric from across the table as the lamp brought out the highlights of a clear, oval face and stunning eyes. I belonged to her. Martha was forgotten.

We danced—like floating on a cloud it was, but with an overpowering love for her driving me to giddy heights. The drinks may have counted, but Lee's spell was pounding in my blood. I think now how she must have reveled in the tender words I whispered to her.

I had one fleeting thought of Martha. We had paused on the balcony to look up at the sky where the stars were shining clearly in the velvety night. "How are you and Martha coming, Jack? I haven't heard you speak of her lately," said Lee.

"All right, I guess," I mumbled. "She doesn't seem to write as often any more."

"But I thought you two were engaged!"

"She's got my fraternity pin, if that means anything. I guess I don't write her so much either."

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, I won't see her for quite a while. I have to go to work in another town this summer, and it'll be a long time before I can afford to get married."

"You love her, don't you?"

Lee was clever. Asking me about Martha had made me realize, or think I realized, her shortcomings. Martha was never beautiful. She was a quiet girl, attractive in a wholesome way and interested in things around a home. In fact, I had always thought of her as the ideal wife.

Now Lee had made her look stodgy. That probably accounted for what happened that night, made me say, "I used to think I loved her, Lee. But I don't now. I want something more than she can give."

"Something," asked Lee in deep, throbbing tones, "that I can give you? Love?"

"Yes." My words quivered as I breathed. "Because I love you."

Spellbound, I crushed her to me, feeling the pounding of her heart against me. I kissed her fiercely.

Both of us were intoxicated with the surging current of

love that pulsed across our lips. I was drunk with Lee's lips . . . her kisses. Martha had never been like this. Lee had made her conquest. I was the servant of this girl who had slowly overcome my resistance drawn me closer and closer.

"We both need another drink," said Lee.

Afterwards, Lee sank down on the wide, velvet-cushioned lounge—an unforgettable picture as she lay back on the pillows, the perfect lines of her white clad form contrasting with the ebony black of the divan. The petal-like softness of her skin, the curve of her mobile lips was an invitation no man could ignore.

I sat down beside her and took her into my arms again. The rest of the world was forgotten—the two of us—Lee and I were all that mattered.

MY MIND snapped back from these costly dreams as Leila, a cool, luscious figure in white, came down the steps. "Hullo, there," she called gaily.

I'm afraid I forgot any greeting. I know I was thoroughly rude to her on the way to our favorite booth in the sandwich shop. But thoughts of how I could argue with her or try to buy her off didn't go with pleasant conversation.

"What's the matter, Jack?" she asked kindly. "Flunk an exam or something?"

"Don't tease me!" I cried. "I can't stand it."

"Jack! What are you talking about? I'm not trying to be mean. I told Bob I wanted you to meet me because I wanted to tell you a grand secret. One I don't mean to tell anybody else at school."

I hated her stalling and trying to put up a good front. I knew I could never in all my life forget these minutes.

"Well, what is it?" I roared. "I know it's bad news about us."

"No, Jack. It isn't." She smiled. "But I know you'll be glad about it. I was."

"I came to say 'Goodbye,' Jack. I just got a letter from my husband—"

"No, let me finish. We were married secretly after—after I got over my crush on you. He's got a house all ready for me on the Coast. I'm going there tomorrow to have his baby in the first home I've ever had. Shall we shake hands for good luck?"

Some may think I escaped too easily the punishment that should have been mine, but if they had lived with me through those minutes when I thought everything was lost, perhaps they would agree that I had suffered enough.



Wayne King, famous orchestra conductor, still reigns as the nation's "Waltz King." He has been signed up for another year on the popular Lady Esther Serenade program.

Secrets of a Radio Star

[Continued from page 33]

suddenly thought of Ted. It was the first conscious thought I'd had of him for hours, but something had been troubling me, and I knew now that it was the memory of last night and what had been happening between us when Flora screamed.

An alarming wave of shame and anger rolled over me. Detestable, detestable Ted, who had seemed so much nicer than anyone else! If there was one thing I couldn't stand, it was a man who presumed on some kindness he had done for you. And that was what Ted Baxter had done.

My first errand was to the bank from which I drew on my modest balance to the extent of ten per cent of my first month's salary. With a cashier's check tucked inside my purse, I went to the studios. It wasn't time for rehearsal, so I looked around for Nada.

I saw her coming out of Continuity, "Going to buy a pair of roller skates," she said, using the circumlocution by which all UVFA employees announced their intention of going to the washroom. "Come on along."

When we were out of ear-shot, she looked me over smilingly and yawned. "Lord, but I'm tired. You look fresh. I guess I'm getting old. You're down early. Val, I think last night was your lucky night. I think you're going to town. You happen to be blessed with the kind of queer voice that catches people's attention. It will mean a lot to you. Good things will come your way. Don't let it spoil you, will you?" She paused, awkwardly. "I've seen it spoil so many. I like you, Val."

"I won't let it go to my head," I promised. I was embarrassed and shyly pleased by her interest.

NOTHING that ever happened to me later, not even my first time actually on the air, gave me the same combination of elation and craven fright that I got at that monitor rehearsal. I knew that my voice wasn't going on the air at all, that it was simply being heard by the program director and some of the other studio people in another room, but for a moment at the very beginning I was paralyzed. My voice stuck in my throat. My tongue was leaden.

It was all over so swiftly that I hadn't yet recovered when Bert King and others, among whom were Mrs. Tabor and Nada, and the director of the artists' bureau, came in.

Bert was genial. "Well, how's the patient?"

"Did you know how scared I was?" I gasped.

He grinned. "I could guess. What are you going to do when you go on the air?"

I said, "I never could be frightened as badly as that again," before I realized what his remark had meant. That I had gone over. That I was to get a chance to break into the business.

I was still dazed, when, leaving the studio an hour later to go home for a while until I had to return for the six o'clock trick on the switchboard—I was to stay two weeks longer on that job—I met Ted in front of the elevators. He had his hat and coat on.

"Good afternoon," he said, cheerfully. He looked so irrepressibly young, so un-

repentant that a new unreasoning surge of anger threatened to engulf my recent ecstatic mood. I was moved by a vicious urge to humiliate him. I took my cashier's check, and handed it to him. "Here is your commission for getting me this job," I said. Still staring at me, he took it, read it, and then went quite pale. The muscles in his cheeks became taut, making his face look thinner than ever.

I expected an outburst of profanity. That's what his eyes looked like for a minute. But the outburst didn't come. He said gently, "Have you a few seconds to spare? I'm going out for coffee and a sandwich. Come along. We'll talk about this."

I said, "Sorry. I haven't any more time for you than this business transaction requires."

"You'll come if I have to drag you."

We glared at each other. The elevator door opened and we got in. Neither of us said anything until we reached the lobby; then Ted put his hand under my elbow and guided me with a firmness that would have required an undignified struggle on my part had I tried to get away.

"The least you can do is explain."

"There isn't anything to explain."

"Yes, there is. Do haul your nose down. You look unearthly snooty." All the time we were walking along the street, I pulling against the pressure of his arm. He kept on talking. He talked me into a nearby coffee shop and onto a stool at the counter. Over coffee and cinnamon toast. I let him explain.

"You know," he said, with that reasonable air a male assumes when he is talking to an unreasonable woman, "you're simply making a childish gesture. You want to appease your own sense of dignity. Isn't that so? And see how silly it is! What happened? A man goes more or less on his scuppers at a good liquor party, makes a pass at a pretty girl, she is not amenable to his less delicate attentions, and decides that she has been insulted. Now tell me—wouldn't you have been a lot more insulted if I had ignored you? I honestly refuse to believe that intelligent women are insulted by amorous attentions from the opposite sex. They won't admit it, but they aren't; they're pleased; it's a tribute to their charm."

"If you think it was a tribute to my charm," I said, hotly, "to man me as if I were something you'd picked up somewhere . . ."

"Not too obnoxious," demurred Fred. "Since you kissed back. I wasn't drunk enough to miss that."

"It wasn't obnoxious just to be kissed by you," I said, honestly. "It was afterwards—when I knew that you were quietly but completely drunk."

He leaned his elbow on the counter and looked intently at me. "You know," he said, "I believe you must be what is known as a nice girl."

His mock awe made me laugh, although I wanted to be angry. "And you won't have any of those animals in your private telephone directory?" I suggested.

"They're rare around here."

"Oh, yes, they are."



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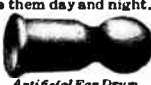


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"No," he became serious. "I don't mean anything so idiotic. What I mean is that the people who drift into the production end of the radio game aren't as a rule conventional people. It's a combination of the newspaper and theatrical game. We're not little babbits of routine. Oh, come on, Val, be friends!" He searched my eyes with his.

I put my hand in his big palm, and his fingers closed around it. He smiled. His smile did things to your heart. We got ready to go. "You know," he said, "you simply can't be anybody among the women in our gang unless you have a man waiting around for you at the end of your working hours. How would it be if I accommodated by trotting you home tonight after twelve?"

"It would help me save my face," I admitted.

He hailed a cab and put me into it. "Not that I intend to do this every day," he warned. "My salary won't stand it. But just to celebrate . . ." He pressed something into my hand, and gave the driver a bill. When the taxi swung off into traffic, I found my despised cashier's check crumpled into my palm.

THAT night, just before midnight, the boy from the Western Union office in the hotel lobby brought a telegram for me. It read:

AREN'T CONGRATULATIONS IN ORDER ON UVFA'S NEWEST ARTIST. GOOD LUCK MY DEAR. —WILSON.

My first thought was that it was uncommonly nice of Mr. Wilson to take so much interest in a newcomer. And then I wondered how he'd found out the result of the monitor rehearsal. Had Bert wired him? I knew that Mr. Wilson had flown to New York and that he had probably arrived there several hours before. But it seemed almost incredible that he had taken so much interest in me as to ask Bert to let him know how I'd come out. But on the face of it he had. I was a little proud of that. Nevertheless, I forgot all about it later because I was with Ted.

That night when we said goodnight on my doorstep, Ted paused to ask, with a suspicion of laughter in his voice, "Kisses barred?"

"You asking me?"
"Not twice." His arms engulfed me. Crane Wilson came back from New York within the month, and, in coming, cast his shadow before. He sent me a basket of flowers with his card on which he had written: "I've been tuning in on your hour for the past week and I'm proud of you. Returning Monday. Save one day for luncheon with me, won't you?"

Louise Tabor was there when the flowers came, and it was like her to comment on them with friendly inquiry. "Whee! Look at the flowers. From one of the fans who has fallen in love with your voice, eh?"

I gave her the card, carelessly. She stood very still for a moment. Her stillness made me look at her. But her face was expressionless. I said, "What are you thinking, Louise?"

She asked shrewdly, "Has he been buzzing you long?"

"He . . . been away. He . . ."

type that goes off his head about youth, freshness."

I said, "There's plenty of youth and freshness around here. Look at the amazing blonde, Flora. She's the prettiest thing I've seen in ages. Why should he look at me?"

Louise said, "Flora's a package he's sampled. He got tired."

Something in her voice startled me. Then I felt sick, I was illogically angry because she had told me this unpleasant thing.

Louise put her arm around me and hugged me suddenly. "You're angry. Don't be. I want you to be happy. I want Ted to be happy. You're the cutest thing I've seen in years. It makes me feel good to see you together. Don't let anything come between you."

MR. WILSON came back. And when he asked me about that luncheon date, I gave that to him, and several others.

True to his prediction, I had become the sensation of the air. My fan mail poured in. I was invited to sing at important affairs and my picture appeared in the newspapers and fan magazines. I had never been so thrilled and happy in my life.

Spring blossomed into summer. Ted and I planned to spend our vacations together, but before it had been fully arranged, Crane Wilson asked me to join a little party at his place on Lake Nokomis. It would be the final weekend of Ted's vacation and mine. Louise and Nada and Flora would be there. Some of the men would come down on Sunday night. Crane was urgent that I go. And I really wanted to. After all, I'd have ten perfect days with Ted. And I couldn't refuse this invitation of Crane's. He'd been so good to me.

But I didn't tell Ted until the last minute. I knew he'd be angry, but I was certain that I could coax him out of that. And then, when we got to the little lake cabin in which Ted had been summering every year since he had got out of school, and when we were alone together, I forgot everything outside the perfection of those ten days. We hiked and swam and fished; got up at sunrise, and went to bed at nine, Ted bunking out on the screened porch, and I falling into a dreamless, happy sleep in the one tiny bedroom which the cabin boasted.

We were what Ted whimsically called "very good children." Oddly enough, mother knowing about our excursion, hadn't objected. She adored Ted. She had said, "Well, if you're going to be bad, you'll be bad here under my nose as well as out there where there'll be no one to stop you. I guess I can trust my own girl. And Ted's a good boy."

Ted would rather have died, I think, than betray her trust in him. But it wasn't always easy to be "good children." We were two healthy, modern young people, very much in love with each other, and not blind to our own physical urges. We didn't make love—much, because when we did our eyes couldn't meet, and our hands trembled and our bodies clung, and we were desperately thwarted and unhappy.

It was on what would have been our last night together, if we were to get back to the city in time for the Lake Nokomis party, that I told Ted. And I hated telling him. We'd had a picnic supper, and were still lying under the trees listening to the night wind whine of insects in the surrounding woods, and