



SHE LOVED A SPY

by SYLVIA TAYLOR W-N-U Release

THE STORY SO FAR: Joan Leland, secretary, is discharged by her employer, Arthur Mulford, importer, who refuses any explanation for the act. She takes a secretarial position with Karl Miller, handsome proprietor of a night club. She is fascinated by him and when he gets her sister Sybil, a new job and takes her into his arms, her joy knows no end. She meets his club manager, Paul Sherman, who warns her about working for Karl, but refuses to give his reasons. Then Karl introduces her to his partner, Eric Strom, and she refuses his secret invitation to dinner. During a ride with Karl they board a freighter-ship and when Karl asks her if he can show her the world she melts into his arms with an affirmative answer. Sybil notices that he never mentions marriage to Joan, but Joan defends him. Eric Strom seizes an opportunity to try to make love to her, when Paul Sherman walks in and knocks him out with one blow. Karl sends Joan with a package to the freighter captain. Paul follows. He takes her to a hotel grill.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VII

"Listen to me, Joan!" Paul said in a low voice. "You were right. I have been following you but only for your own protection. You don't know what you're getting into. I've tried to warn you but you won't listen."

"You have never said anything except that I wasn't the type to work in a night club." In spite of her annoyance, she felt compelled to listen.

"There are some things I can't tell you, but you must trust me. Do you think I'd be risking my own position this way if I didn't feel that it was terribly important?"

Silently she stared at him. "I know you think you're in love with Karl," Paul went on quickly. "But if he is sincere, Joan, why doesn't he ask you to marry him? Isn't that proof enough that there's something wrong with the picture?"

His steady brown eyes gazed into hers. She twisted her hands nervously. Paul's words had quickened the doubt in her own heart but she said calmly, "I don't see that it's any of your business."

He smiled wryly. "I'm only using that as an example to prove to you that Karl Miller is not on the level. Believe me, I don't go around meddling in other people's affairs without reason."

The sincerity in his voice was unmistakable as he continued, "I can't tell you now what that reason is. All I can do is to warn you that Karl Miller will never marry you."

Her voice was ragged with alarm. "How do you know? What right have you to say that?"

"You poor kid! You're really in love with him, aren't you?"

A lump rose in her throat. "He's wrong about Karl," she thought. "He must be. Karl loves me!"

Mulford went on, "There's no use kidding yourself, Joan! If you don't believe me, why don't you ask him and find out for yourself?"

Joan raised challenging green eyes to his. "All right! Maybe I will!"

Paul Sherman's warning had disturbed Joan. Paul had said that Karl would never marry her. Why? Paul had even challenged her to find out for herself whether or not Karl was sincere.

She was awake early the next morning. Lazily she watched Sybil dress to leave for the beauty shop. When Sybil had gone Joan tried to sleep but it was useless. At nine o'clock she rose, dressed, and drank a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee.

Shortly before ten she left the apartment and went downtown. To satisfy her curiosity she walked past the shop where she had been employed formerly by Arthur Mulford. It was vacant and a For Rent sign hung in the window.

"Karl didn't lie about that then!" she told herself, recalling that he had said Mulford had quit the importing business.

Why was she doubting him? Was it really because of Paul's warning? Or because of her own small doubts that she had concealed so carefully the last few weeks?

As she walked down Grant avenue, deep in her own thoughts, a voice surprised her. "Hello, Joan! What are you doing out so early?"

She looked up into the smiling face of Karl Miller.

"What's the matter, Liebchen? You look surprised."

It was impossible to doubt him when she was with him. His magnetism banished her fears.

"I am surprised to see you," she admitted.

He took her arm and they walked slowly up Grant avenue past the shops, into the crowded narrow streets of Chinatown. Karl stopped at a sidewalk flower stand to purchase three waxen gardenias.

"We'll have lunch together," he promised, "and take a drive. Would you like that?"

As they sat eating lunch, served by a bland, unsmiling Oriental, Joan felt a thrill of pride. The thought of losing him aroused a fierce emotion in her heart. Would he ever transfer the tenderness he had given her to another woman? How could she be sure unless . . . But Paul's words rang in her ears! "He'll never marry you. Ask him and see . . ."

"You are worrying about something," Karl said. "What troubles you?"

What would he think if he really



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knew? When she remained silent, Karl changed the subject. "By the way, did you see Paul Sherman last night?"

She hesitated for one cautious moment before she said, "Yes, I did." Karl's smile was untroubled. "Ah? I am glad he found you. I sent him after you. I forgot to mention it last night when you got back to the office."

Joan's eyes widened. Karl had sent Paul after her? Certainly Paul had not given her that impression. "Don't you believe me?" Karl asked softly and Joan felt the color rush into her cheeks.

Karl, however, did not seem angry. He paid the check and together they walked to where he had parked his car.

It was not until they reached the beach that Karl stopped and said abruptly, "I know what you're thinking, Joan!"

She stared straight ahead into the blue waters of the Pacific. She did not know what to say.

"You are wondering," Karl Miller continued, "why I don't ask you to marry me."

Her heart beat heavily. She could not bring herself to meet those piercing blue eyes.

"Joan!" She felt his hand strong and warm over hers.

"Look at me!" he commanded. Blindly she raised her eyes to his. "Will you marry me?"

She could not believe it. She stared at him as though she had not heard. "No answer? You do not love me?"

"Oh, Karl! Of course I do!"

"We can't be married for two or three months yet," Karl said. "I want to get the club going first. Then we'll take a long honeymoon, maybe to South America. Would that make you happy?"

Tears trembled in her green eyes. "Happy? I'm so happy I can't speak."

"You must learn to trust me, Joan! I would have asked you before to marry me, but I wanted to be sure financially. You understand?"

"Of course I do, darling!" How could she have doubted him? Paul Sherman had been so sure that Karl would not marry her! How wrong he had been! How wrong Sybil had been! Karl had been misjudged by them all.

"I'll never doubt him again," Joan vowed as they drove back to the Club Elite. She sat contentedly with her arm tucked through his.

No girl had ever been so happy as she was at that moment. All fears had been swept away by Karl's proposal of marriage.

When they entered his private office he drew her to him, kissed her and said, "I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?" Her eyes shone like a child's in their happiness.

Karl smiled as he opened his safe and drew out a small velvet box. Snapping open the lid, he took out a ring, a magnificent emerald set in plain platinum. It was a large stone, beautifully cut.

"Oh Karl! Karl! It's gorgeous!"

"An emerald to match your eyes," Karl said as he slipped the ring on her finger.

Suddenly the words of Eric Strom came back to her: "A woman with green eyes is very rare . . ." Why must she think of Eric Strom now? Like a warning of evil in the midst of her new joy.

Hurrying home at six o'clock, Joan displayed the ring to Sybil. "We're engaged, Sybil! We're going to be married in two or three months."

"Karl asked you to marry him?" Sybil asked unbelievably. "That's a beautiful emerald, Joan! Must have cost a fortune."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic."

"Frankly I'm not," Sybil confessed.

"I suppose you would have been better pleased if Karl and I had quit," Joan said coldly.

Sybil was silent for a moment, then said, "You're not going to be married for at least two months?"

"That's right. Sybil, what's the matter with you? You act so mysterious lately. Is anything wrong?"

"Not a thing in the world," Sybil

denied. "I just wondered, that's all."

Joan could not worry about Sybil's meaning now. She could not worry about anything. Karl wanted to marry her! His ring gleamed on her white hand! She could scarcely wait to see Paul Sherman and tell him the good news, but Paul did not appear at the Club Elite that night or for several nights to come.

The days passed rapidly, magically for Joan.

"You'll have to get a new secretary," she told Karl. "My mind is definitely not on my work."

He smiled at her. "There's plenty of time for that later."

And then one night, as Joan sat alone in the office typing, Paul Sherman made an appearance. He was as good-looking, as debonair and cheerful as ever.

"Did you miss me?" he inquired, grinning at Joan. "Karl sent me out of town."

Joan smiled. She was going to enjoy telling Paul. He had been so sure about Karl, so prejudiced.

"Not much," she informed him airily. "A lot has happened while you were gone."

"Such as what?"

"Karl and I are going to be married," she said proudly.

Paul's expression changed. He advanced towards Joan's desk repeating incredulously, "Do you mean that Karl Miller has asked you to marry him?"

There was something in his face that took the joy out of her announcement but she said calmly, "Yes! You were wrong about Karl."

"I was wrong all right," he agreed savagely. "I suppose nothing I can say now will make any difference."

Joan smiled. "That's right."

"When is the happy event taking place?"

"In about two or three months. We're going away on a long honeymoon."

"Is that so?"

Joan was really annoyed with him now. The least he could do was admit he had been wrong.

"Well, it's your funeral, my girl!" Paul said, and jamming his hat down on his head he bolted out of the office.

Joan smiled as she turned back to her work. Perhaps Sybil had been right. Maybe Paul was in love with her. But he certainly had a peculiar way of showing it.

Sybil seldom mentioned her sister's approaching marriage. She was behaving strangely these days, saying little, staring into space for long periods.

And so life moved on triumphant until the week before Christmas. It was a rainy, windy winter day and San Franciscans thronged the shops armed with umbrellas and galoshes. The stores were open at night now and Joan found herself elbowing her way through the crowd. She had dined downtown preparatory to buying Karl's Christmas present.

"Ten past eight!" Joan exclaimed, glancing at the clock on the corner. "I'll have to come back tomorrow."

She took a taxi to the Club Elite and arrived breathlessly in Karl's private office.

He laughed at her excitement. "Does Christmas always affect you this way?"

"Only this one, darling! This one is special."

There was no doubt in her heart as his lips touched hers. No premonition of disaster. She was completely sure, completely happy.

It was nine-thirty when the office door opened to admit Eric Strom.

"Ah?" Karl said, and Joan noticed that his voice was annoyed.

"You come early."

Eric shrugged indifferently. "You wanted to see me?"

"Ja!" Karl said, rising.

Eric went to the cleverly concealed little bar, opened it and reached for a bottle.

Karl glanced at Joan. "Go to the dining room. I'll send for you in about ten minutes."

Joan obeyed but she was worried. She did not like the way Eric had looked at Karl. Evidently there was bad feeling between them. But why?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IN "HAPPY Go Lucky"

Mary Martin will have a new hairdress that's the result of a suggestion from Jack Beddington, of the English Ministry of Information. He cabled David Rose, Paramount's managing director in Great Britain (then in this country). "Medical authorities here consider it highly desirable in the interests of hygiene and safety that factory girls and other war workers should wear hair as short as possible on the back of the neck. Urge you to persuade Hollywood star to adopt similar style to encourage them to do so."

Chris-Pin Martin made actors out of his six grandchildren the other day. Told to select half a dozen youngsters between the ages of four and ten to be his family in "Across the Border," the new Hopalong Cassidy film, he just went home and got them.

That well-known book, "The Moon and Sixpence," has been a headache to most of the movie companies; it's been owned or held under option by Paramount, Warner Bros.,



GEORGE SANDERS

RKO and Metro. The trouble was getting a script that would pass the censors. Now we hear that it's to be done for United Artists, with George Sanders as the hero who abandoned his wife and his business to be a painter in the South Seas.

"Woman of the Year" lives up to all the enthusiastic predictions that Metro made for it. "Almost 300,000 persons paid to see it during the first two weeks of its run at New York's Radio City Music Hall—and a lot of them stood in line plenty long for the opportunity! It's one of the best of the year, certainly; also one of the best that Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy have ever given us."

If you like gangster melodramas "Johnny Eager" should suit you right down to the ground. Robert Taylor is fine as the tough hero. Lana Turner lovely as the pretty daughter of the District Attorney. Nothing novel about the plot, but plenty of excitement.

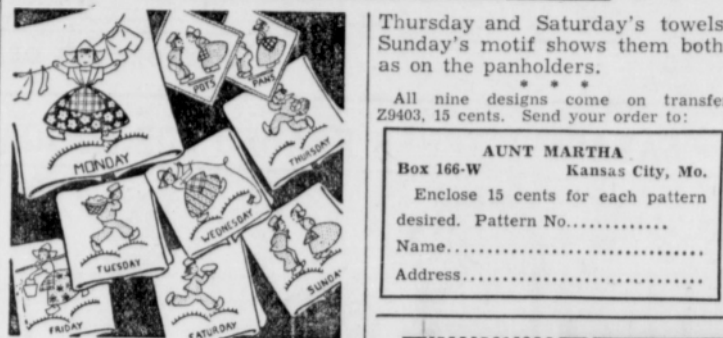
Hours are spent checking the questions and answers on the Phil Baker "Take It Or Leave It" program (Sundays over CBS); the research bureau has to be sure of getting the only correct answer. Yet the public frequently thinks they're wrong. Recently hundreds of Persians objected to the statement that the Mazda lamp wasn't named for an individual—they said that Mazda was an ancient Persian god, and they felt that he was entitled to recognition. But the researchers classed him out as a mere man.

"The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" will always be the most romantic song in the world to Mrs. Chester Lauck and Mrs. Norris Goff, whose husbands are Lum and Abner of the radio and the movies. Both men were members of the fraternity at the University of Arkansas, and wooed their home-town sweethearts with the song—Goff did it on the saxophone, Lauck put his proposal campaign on with the drums!

The Aldrich Family of the air waves has given many a young actress a boost toward bigger things. Between Henry's sister and his many sweethearts a lot of girls are needed for it. Betty Field's a graduate of the program; so are Mary Mason, of the air's "Maudie's Diary" and the stage, Patricia Ryan, of "Claudia," and Patricia Pearson, star of the Broadway hit, "Junior Miss," which Shirley Temple takes over for radio.

ODDS AND ENDS—Ransom Sherman, proprietor of radio's zaniest hotel, Crestfallen Manor, was appointed "Lobby Bobby" of the International Hotel Greeters association. . . . Judy Garland's next film will be "The Big Time," a story of vaudeville. . . . Mikhail Rasumny, the very funny Mexican garage mechanic in "Hold Back the Dawn," is cast as the gypsy in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." . . . Josephine, the most famous monkey in pictures, celebrated her 13th year as an actress on the set of Columbia's "Canal Zone"—also her 30th birthday. . . . Cary Grant maintains that in "The Gentlemen Misbehave" he's the screen's worst-dressed man.

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Essay on Cow Leaves Little to the Imagination

The cow is a mammal. It has six sides, right, left, an upper and below. At the end it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere. Under the cow hangs the milk. The cow has a fine sense of smell, one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because all its inside is full up.—Schoolboy's essay on a cow.

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Walnut Serving Tray with colorful inlay. 13 1/2" x 19". Beverage-proof. Very practical.

B & W coupons also packed with Kool Cigarettes. Write for the premium catalog.

\$500 THIS WEEK IN PRIZES WRITE A LAST LINE TO THIS JINGLE

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

It's simple. It's fun. Just think up a last line to this jingle. Make sure it rhymes with the word "pack."

Write your last line of the jingle on the reverse side of a Raleigh package wrapper (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and mail it to Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 1799, Louisville, Kentucky, postmarked not later than midnight, March 21, 1942.

You may enter as many last lines as you wish, if they are all written on separate Raleigh package wrappers (or facsimiles). Prizes will be awarded on the

"Simple Simon met a brand Mild as any in the land. He was wise to get the pack"

originality and aptness of the line you write. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail.

Anyone may enter (except employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., their advertising agents, or their families). All entries and ideas therein become the property of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation.

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First prize . . . \$100.00 cash
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25 prizes of \$5.00 . . . 125.00 cash
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