

So Much for Love

by NARD JONES

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CHAPTER IX
Lassiter turned to Helena in surprise. "Turn the store back," he repeated. "You can't really be serious. To whom would you turn it? Certainly you wouldn't hand it over to Roger Barnes on a silver platter."

Helena smiled. "No, I don't think I do that. Why couldn't I turn it to the employees? Give them the store according to the length of time they've been with Henderson's. You've been with Henderson's. You and Mr. Courtney could run it. I've heard of such plans working out very well."

"That may be," said Lassiter, turning to her. "But we want you to stay here."

Courtney guided the couple out of the store and toward Helena's apartment. "Indeed, we do," he repeated. "Indeed, we do." Helena demanded. "Where's my only son?"

Lassiter grinned. "Isn't that enough?" Helena laughed. "It's enough for me. But a store has to be run by the good will of the town. Do you think I've really destroyed a lot of good will by having him write those letters?"

"The banker told her flatly. That's just good business. You were destroying good will with legitimate business practices." "But I had another reason, Mr. Lassiter. Just before I came to the store this afternoon Leah Frazier told me. She threatened to quit the store, and to urge all her friends to do the same. I wanted to get her to it, make her and her friends feel that Henderson's isn't a store for the type of business they are to give."

Courtney brought the car to the curb before Helena's apartment. "You can't go on up with me," she said. "I'll see you both tomorrow and thanks so much for your help and encouragement." The two men watched her to the door, then turned to face each other. "She certainly got the stuff!" exclaimed Lassiter admiringly.

"The lawyer nodded. "There's no question about it. But... Lassiter, you know she's going to have a ball of a time in this town." "Yes," said young Lassiter. "That's true."

If Helena realized how difficult her task before her was going to be, she gave no sign of it when she stepped into Henderson's department store next morning at 8 o'clock. She turned on the lights and found the store empty except for a clerk sitting at a desk with a tiny white frill on his head.

Helena extended her hand. "Good morning, Mr. Jameson. Would you let me see the key to the building?" "Of course," he said. "I'll get it for you."

Helena turned to the clerk. "I'm sorry, but I don't know what you mean. I'm a clerk here. I'm in charge of the hardware department."

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Repudiation of Debts Denied By Coughlin

CHICAGO, July 27. (AP)—The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin said today he had not urged farmers to repudiate their debts in the event Rep. William Lemke, Union party candidate, was defeated for the presidency, as he was quoted. He had asserted, he said, that unless something were done to aid them they would be "forced" to repudiate.

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