HER NAME IN LIGHTS

CHAPTER VI

Daphne saw Jennifer to the door in Tuck then, with mingled emotions, she marched to her bedroom, ...ed up Jennifer's scarlet lipstick and painted her own mouth. It was redder than usual. Then she stared, harder as she stared at her mirrored ...e she couldn't see why Jennifer thought her an old maid. "For girls like you." Indeed!

"I don't want tea," Daphne Brett said to Anne Cockerell in the round room at the Ritz, the last week in October. "If you've ordered it, you can call the waiter back and tell him to brew something more stimulating for me. I need it!"

"You do?" Anne asked, her eyes twinkling in the smart details of the tight scarf and hat Daphne wore with her usual tweeds. "You don't look in need of any stimulation."

Daphne permitted herself a speculative, embracing study of the occupants of the room before she answered. Then she said cryptically: "I do, very much. I need a mink coat, eight diamond bracelets, a ton of orchids and a telephone call from Clark Gable inviting me to dinner. Then, maybe I'd feel better."

Anne folded her arms patiently and composed herself to wait for Daphne to "come out of it." But Daphne showed no signs of doing so.

"Let's start again, shall we?" she inquired after extended silence. "Have you come to that time in a woman's life when she thinks all is over? If so, what you probably need is sleep."

"No, I think—I think I'm developing an inferiority complex," Daphne countered. "Do you, or do you not, think one is a social asset?"

"I do not," Anne answered emphatically. "I'm glad you've brought up the subject. I've known for the last week there was something the matter with you and it turns out to be a complex. Why at this particular time when everything's going your way?"

Daphne swallowed hard. 'I don't know. I never felt this way before. Did the feeling ever come over you suddenly that you were nothing more than a dull lump of clay? That your girlhood was gone forever and it never had been much good anyway? That you felt as though you were sitting out in the middle of a very large island all by yourself?"

• • •

"Certainly," Anne said heartily. "It's usually when my latest permanent is letting out its last feeble gasp, or I've had a cold, or I haven't had a nice compliment from a man in a long time. Have you tried analyzing the thing?"

"No, I'm not much given to self-analysis."

"Maybe that's what you need. It seems to me there are lots of things you need. Want to hear them?"

Daphne tilted her glass upward and nodded.

"Well, one thing you need is a new exciting beau. The old ones that you have are not enough."

"Bad is the word. My beaus are always coming around to see Jennifer."

"Really?" Anne asked, a bit surprised. "How about Tuck? Strange as it seems to all of us, it appears that Tuck really has a heart and it seems to have given it to you."

"I don't take Tuck seriously, Anne. Maybe that's why he likes me. I don't see any other reason. I'm not the type you'd expect Tuck would care for, am I?"

"Why not?" Anne asked, reasonably.

Daphne twirled her glass by its slender stem. "Oh, I mean that I'm sort of mouselike and you'd expect Tuck to demand the gorgeous type. Jennifer is the gorgeous type."

"Phooey," Anne said, inelegantly. "You'd be if you wore a different type of clothes. You happen to wear simple things that don't draw attention to your good looks. Oh, you've got them or you wouldn't have beaus of beaus hanging around all the time. Maybe on second thought, it might be a good idea for you to splurge on a new outfit. Something you really can't afford. It's been known to help."

• • •

"It would be nothing new to me to buy clothes I can't afford, Anne Cockerell. With all the clothes Jennifer has, she felt that she had to get some new things when she went to work in Wall Street." She burst on. "Of course, she's going to pay for them later. She's getting $25 a week and when she gets clear, it's going to help."

"Did you happen to tell Jennifer that you wanted to get a new evening dress for the party in New York after the game?"

"Yes, but she said she adored my black lace and she thought it would look grand with some new flowers."

"Oh, she did, did she?" repeated Anne with asperity. "That's darn generous of her! Look here, Daphne Smith, I know what's the matter with you. In a word of three syllables, it's Jennifer! Good heavens, don't can't you see why you are depressed?"

Daphne summoned all the dignity she could muster. "No, it isn't Jennifer and she doesn't bother me the way she bothers you, Anne."

"Permit me to point out this to you: When Jennifer isn't around you're a smoothie, capable of handling all comers. With Jennifer around you do a shrinking violet act and take your cues from her. Jennifer is a gorgeous child, terrifically impressed with her own self—and why not? It's all new to her. She's just discovered what she is. She loves the spotlight and she hasn't looked beyond her own mirror to see what's going on around her, or if anyone else has a right to that spotlight. She's taking your money, your beaus and undoubtedly everything you have, and will do so until she gets some grown-up sense or until you apply a firm hand. When she wakes up, she'll see that she has dangerous competition in a girl like you. You're both beautiful in entirely different ways."

"Thanks, Anne. Maybe you're right. I'm not used to having anyone as young as Jennifer around me. I didn't realize six years made so much difference in ages." She changed the subject, speaking with animation. "Do you know, I believe I'll get huge red poppies for that black dress and wear some in my hair."

Anne saw Daphne's features light up. "'Atta girl! I'm glad to see you snap into it. I was afraid you were going to break out in lavender and old lace. I haven't seen you with that revivified look since the day you first described that Smith person to me."

• • •

"You will persist in remembering that, won't you? He's leaving the Hall at the end of November. His wife probably finds it too cold in the country.. Check, please, Anne."

"I seem to be the one having the fun today, so I'll pay it, but what's the rush?"

"I've got to get dinner—it's cheaper than eating out for two and Jennifer is pretty tired when she gets home."

"Then let her go sleepy-bye for a while. I want you to stop by around at the Rains Galleries to see a modern show with me. I won't keep you long."

Daphne allowed herself to be easily persuaded and was glad when she matched her step to Anne's and they swung up Fifth avenue in easy strides. She threw back her head and inhaled the sparkling, crisp air that filled her nostrils and her spirit with a new sense of adventure. This was New York in October, the most exhilarating month in that city.

"Nice, isn't it?" she said, sniffing a perfect, straight little nose and falling into an old habit between intimates of expecting Anne to understand what she meant. That was the way it had been before Jennifer came.

Jennifer greeted her from the lounge when she let herself in an hour later: "Oh, Daphne, I really meant to get dinner going but I'm simply dead. I never knew a girl could work so hard as they make us at that office of mine. Oh, Daph, I have something I want to tell you. . ."

"Yes, darling." Daphne swallowed a sigh. Was she going to hear more of this song about Jennifer's "hard" job?

"We had company around 5:30 today. A simply gorgeous creature came by here. You know the type, not handsome but intriguing? Tall, quiet, the pipe-smoking kind—just the way I like them. I really worked on him, you can bet."

"That wasn't hard? And didn't he succumb?" Daphne answered affectionately as she pulled the blouse of her house pajamas over her dark head.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," Jennifer said with a happy little laugh. "He's invited me up to Brett Hall. Cute?"

Daphne gave Jennifer all her attention then. "If it was Larry Smith, Jennifer," she said briefly, "you can't go up there unless his wife invites you."

"His wife?" Jennifer answered—it wasn't a question—and titled her head with a pleased gesture in the mirror. "He isn't married. I asked him. He lives at the Hall with his mother and aunt."

(To Be Continued)

Groups at Thurston Report Meetings

THURSTON, March 5.—(Special)—Charles Watts of San Francisco who has been visiting the past month oh more with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Watts at Thurston, has left for his home.

Earl King has left for his home in Nebraska upon receipt of a telegram stating that his brother is very ill. He has been in Oregon for some time, making his home in Eugene.

Mrs. McMahan of Thurston has been spending the past few days in Eugene as a guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Louise Kellems. Mrs. McMahan is staying in Eugene to be near her daughter, Elizabeth McMahan, who is ill in the hospital.

Social Club Meets

The Thurston Social club met last week at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Pollard of Springfield with three tables of bridge in play for the evening. Members went from Thurston for the evening. Refreshments were served at a late hour. The club met this week Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Mathews.

Mrs. Arch Shough entertained Tuesday evening for her Sunday school class. This is the regular class party for the month.

The high school basketball boys are going to Albany Friday night for a game.

Sam Liebowitz of Portland spent the past week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Watts of Thurston.

'SIGN OF SPRING"

DEERHORN, March 5.—(Special).—One of the surest signs of spring was found by Jerry Smith here Monday at the home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cunningham, when he discovered thousands of ladybugs or lady birds as they are sometimes called, hatching in clumps of orchard grass under a cherry tree. The little beetles were of the red-and-black spotted Australian variety introduced into this country some years ago by the fruit growers of California, who were thrown into a panic by the discovery that immense numbers of "scale insects" were threatening their citrus groves with destruction. The lady-bugs are a natural enemy of insect pests and are always welcome in orchards, fields and gardens.

Moon farming, the planting of seeds in accordance with certain phases of the moon, has absolutely no support from any scientific point of view, according to a report of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

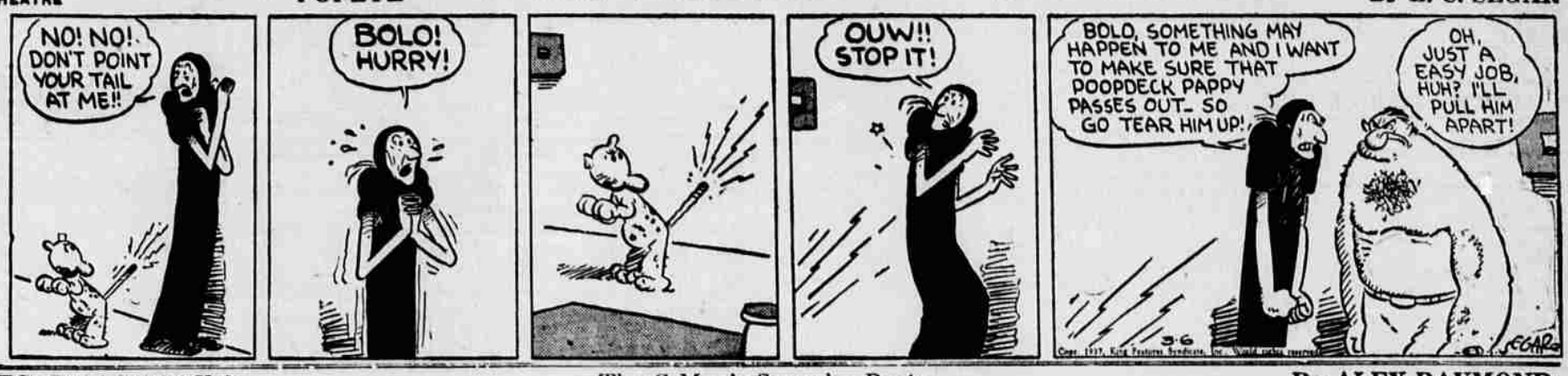
For Clothes
You're Proud to Wear
JOE RICHARDS
MEN'S STORE
873 Willamette

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Take It Easy, Pal — By HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING: "BOLO'S GOOD FOR A LONG PULL" MONDAY: "WHERE IS THY STING?" — By E. C. SEGAR



SECRET AGENT X-9 — The G-Men's Surprise Party — By ALEX RAYMOND

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Hail the Chief — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — Bow Wow's All Set — BY CRANE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - - - with - - - - Major Hoople