



Love Gets a Lift

BY IDA RINER GLEASON

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Kathleen O'Shan was definitely Irish and it was the thought of these Irish eyes and rakish looks that kept blonde Bob McTavish from keeping his mind on the chase of the villain in his detective yarns. About the same time Bob was having trouble with his plots Kathleen found her-

back of a chair, rolled up his sleeves, and went to work.

After several hours of sorting things, and shifting them around to the best advantage, he stood back and surveyed his future home. It had evidently been the bedroom of the one-time mansion. An ornate fireplace with a large mirror above it took up one end of the room. The walls were light, the woodwork plain, and the long, narrow windows had swirled green blinds and little inside shutters that looked as though they had never been dusted.

But Bob had flung them all open at his back, moved his big chair and typewriter stand in front of the bookcase, and noted with satisfaction that his only view was the blank wall. Black walls were highly conducive to creative work. He could weave the threads of his plot and pursue the dastardly villain without anything to distract his attention. And Bob had to run just so many criminals to earth each week, if he and Schmatz expected to eat. It had been a very hazardous step for him when he decided to come up to the city and try his hand at fiction writing, instead of going into his father's real estate firm as his two older brothers had done.

"I'd sooner with so much family hanging about my neck," he had said. "And you'll likely start in the city," his father had retorted, "while the other boys are making a snug berth for themselves. Well go ahead and let me know when you're ready to come back home."

But so far, Bob had been able to keep just one jump ahead of the wolf, which always lurked within sight of his door. He had even been

able to move into this new place, which was vastly better than the room where he first lived when he came to the city, and Schmatz had always had his bone. Take it all in all, they had not done so badly.

The men down at Police Headquarters were beginning to know Bob now, when he came morning around for a possible plot, and were willing that he go through the place in search of ideas. Several of them had even gone so far as to read some of his yarns when they were published, and would often tip him off to some timely new angle.

He ran his fingers through his mop of wavy hair, drew his chair up to his typewriter.

"This is pretty slick, Schmatz," he told the dog. "About two more real snappy murders, and we can begin to think about buying a decent couch and maybe a chair or two more, then we'll be sitting pretty." He stretched out his long legs with a sigh of satisfaction.

Down stairs in studio one, Kathleen resolutely thumbed through her rhyming dictionary, trying very hard to keep her mind on her task. The sight of the good-looking stranger who had dashed up the stairs behind the movers, intruded on her thoughts to an annoying degree. What difference could it possibly make to her that he owned a cute dog, and had a car, breezy manner? If she did not finish a certain number of jingles before night, she wouldn't have the rent money when it was due. Then she could have to go back home to Gloversville and teach the third grade and probably eventually accept Joe Williams, with his bulging eyes, as her aunt and uncle hoped she would, and settle down to the routine of a small town. She wondered now why she had ever thought she could find a job in the city all by herself.

"Sorry, but we're not putting on any more paper," had been the invariable answer, when she had admitted she did not have any experience

selling things, or keeping books, or doing stenography.

Then she had happened upon a firm that wanted rhymes for greeting cards. Yes, she could do that. Hadn't she made jingles all her life just for fun? Why not sell them then? That night she wrote Aunt Hattie that she had taken a job with a big publishing firm, which was almost true. Any way it was better than Gloversville and Joe Williams and Aunt Hattie's fussy dictating of her every move, which was beginning to make her very restless. Though of course she really was grateful to Aunt Hattie and Uncle Henry for having taken care of her since her own parents died.

"Cheer, dear, dear, dear—that dog had had the dearest, bright black eyes, and such a cute red tongue. Schmatz was what the young man had called him. Maybe some girl had given him to his master. Of course there would be a girl. No fellow that good looking could possibly escape. She hadn't seen Pat yet to ask about the new tenant. Oh dear, where was she?

A frown creased her pretty forehead, and she wrote down a line, then attentively inspected the eraser on her pencil as though it might hold an inspiration. Nothing happened, so she got up and made a cup of tea and poured it into a gay yellow cup which she took from the cupboard in her furnished apartment. What fun if she only had someone to drink the other cupful that the teapot held. Her glance strayed toward the studio. It was really quite pretty. Gay crocheted drapes and red coverings in large pots made bright splashes of color. She certainly ought to be able to rhyme cheer and dear—if only that growing loneliness would let her.

In the hall outside, Pat's boom kept pace with his thoughts too. That young fellow upstairs did seem a likely prospect as a friend for Miss Kathy, but how to bring him to her notice. She wasn't like the Duchess now, who'd speak to any man if she took a notion.

The terrible came scampering

through the door just then, dashed between Pat's legs and knocked the teapot from his hand.

"Hey, ye little devil ye! Where ye goin'?" He grasped the wriggling creature. "Listen, ye don't make me rushin' up to yer master's room sht. It's a good turn ye got to be shinin' a body, see."

(To Be Continued)

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1. Finish the sentence: "I like Ivory Soap because..." in 25 additional words or less. Write a cup sentence on one side of a sheet of paper, showing your name and address. Give the name of the contest to the contest manager.

2. Attach one Ivory Soap wrapper and one Ivory Soap box to your entry. Send your entry to: Contest Manager, Dept. CO-23, Box 3538, San Francisco, California.

3. There will be 5 weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

1st Contest—NOW

2nd Contest—Sun., Aug. 15

3rd Contest—Sun., Aug. 22

4th Contest—Sun., Aug. 29

5th Contest—Sun., Sept. 5

6. Entries for each week is printed below the contest manager.

7. Any resident of the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, and Arizona may compete, except newspaper editors, advertising agencies and their families.

8. Prizes—as listed above.

9. Winners of trip to Hawaii will be announced after the close of each contest on "The O'Neills" radio program.

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