

April 21, 1939

# WOMEN WANT BEAUTY

By LOUISE HOLMES  
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### CHAPTER XXIII

...sues. "I love it."

"But you should see Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Westwood—clean and shining, full of atmosphere."

"Another adopted son of California," she mused, not quite liking this turning of the back on home.

"You bet. And the girls out there—they certainly treat a fellow right."

"Dear me—am I hearing complaints?"

Taking his eyes from the traffic he looked down at her with the well-remembered flash of white teeth. "Not you, Suzanne, nary a complaint. How about letting me show you off at the Hermit club party on New Year's Eve?"

"It's a date," she said. Susie's joy blazed higher. The Hermit club on New Year's Eve—only a favored few received that gift from the gods. Ah, the gods were kind—kind.

Followed tow mad, whirling weeks. Dates and double dates with Dick and his friends. The friends gradually drifted away. Susie's preference for Dick obvious even to the snitten young man. Christmas Eve started at 5 o'clock with a cocktail party at luxurious home of one of Dick's friends. Susie, with her simple background, felt a bit out of place at this party. She met Dick's sister and was snubbed, not much, but enough to make her wonder.

Had she heard Hester Tremaine's comment to her mother she would not have wondered, she would have known, might have been more pleased than troubled.

"Dick's mad about the common little thing," Hester told her mother. "Can't keep his eyes off her. Some fine day we'll wake up and find Suzanne, product of Harker's bargain basement, hanging from our family tree." This was a misrepresentation and unkind, but Hester was not especially kind.

"Dick's just having a good time," her mother said easily. "He's isn't taking on a wife to support, not since your father has shut down on him."

"He seems to think Suzanne has money, and maybe she has," Hester shrugged. "Whether or not, I'll bet my next month's allowance she'll snag him."

And Susie, who had a more lady-like name for it, was definitely out to win Dick. She was so violently in love with him that she lived in a daze, one moment deliciously sure, the next frantically dubious. And Dick was overly attentive. Telephone calls before breakfast.

Effort was rewarded by Dick's glance as he met her in the hall. "I thought I must have dreamed of you," he said, taking her arm and guiding her to his car. Susie paid slight attention. Sit beside Dick. Slim and extra-ordinarily garbed, faintly perfumed, a delicate, exotic odor, Susie was that she had arrived.

"You're Hollywood, transplant in ugly old Chicago," Dick said. "Chicago isn't ugly," she objected. To her it was fairyland, the setting background for mir-

# FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"It's perfectly simple. All you hafta remember when you're pulling 'em is, the radishes are in reg'lar rows and the weeds aren't."

# SIDE GLANCES



"We want to buy a truck farm that's handy to a good market so we can drive in for fresh vegetables every day."

### LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

conversations italicized by subtle flattery, innuendos with double meaning that toppled Susie's listening heart, little intimate reminders, hints of a commonly shared future, low, caressing laughs.

Flowers came daily. On Christmas he gave her a compact, of all things, a smooth, shining thing, sweet to the touch, entrancing. Susie offered her lips in an impulsive gesture of gratitude and it was strange that she thought of Jeff when Dick kissed her.

She saw little of Jeff these days. Except for the Christmas party, with Jeff making a palpable effort at holiday cheer, with Edna and John Harker deeply oblivious to everyone save themselves, she had scarcely seen Jeff.

She knew that Edna and Mr. Harker were married on the last day of the year; in fact Jeff diffidently asked her to attend the simple service, but that was the day of the Hermit Club ball and Susie gave the Bowmans never a thought.

Dick asked her to wear the Snow White gown and she gave thanks, it being the only evening frock provided by Harker's. Ready for the party she was like a perfumed kitten, drowsy with delight, tiny thrills singing through her blood. Dick's apparent adoration gave her confidence and confidence gave her poise. Under napiness lent beauty where none existed.

Her scarlet mouth was a flower, waiting to be crushed, her impudent little nose added personality, her shadowed eyes were deep with the mystery of love.

Only one small incident jarred on the perfection of the evening. Dick poked fun at the party. Susie should see how they did things in Hollywood. He ruined one entire dance by minutely describing a soiree at the home of a prominent actress. Susie wanted to be impressed and was, slightly, until Dick inadvertently let out the fact that the party was a benefit of some kind.

"They do things out there," Dick said boastfully. They lead and these mugs follow."

Susie, who had thought the Hermit Club party the last word in sophistication and luxury, felt a bit deflated.

"Why do you stay here if you don't like it, Dick?" she asked.

"If you want to know the truth," he replied, his cheek touching one of her curls, "it's because a certain girl has a strange hold on me."

"This was only half the truth. Dick's father had not yet seen the advisability of tendering a loan to his son.

Up went Susie's spirits. Dick often said things like that. Never had he said he loved her, never had he verged beyond the indiffent, but small straws in the wind kept her blood at fever pitch.

"Maybe your girl would like California," she suggested daringly.

He side-stepped. "My girl is tied up with a radio contract," he said. Dick was much impressed with Susie's contract, especially when she naively mentioned her salary. If she made good—that was another reason why he lingered on, to see if she made good. Meanwhile the telephone calls, flowers, tea dances, dinners, first nights at the theatres went on and at last came the night of Susie's first broadcast.

### PARTIAL ECLIPSE

PORTLAND, Ore., April 19—(AP)—Portland early-risers to day found only 30 per cent of their morning sun. A seventy per cent eclipse was recorded here at 7:45 a. m.

### GERMANS AXED

BERLIN, April 19—(AP)—Convicted of conveying military secrets to foreign agents for money, Walter Hermann, 24, and Walter Hertwig, 19, were beheaded at dawn today. Whether they died under the axe or on the guillotine was not disclosed.



Recovered after a month's illness, Chief Justice Hughes declared he was happy to return to work on his 77th birthday. He is pictured above on a stroll before joining a Supreme Court conference.

# LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



Now Showing—"AERIAL COMBAT" Tomorrow—"A HARPY FOR A HOSTAGE"



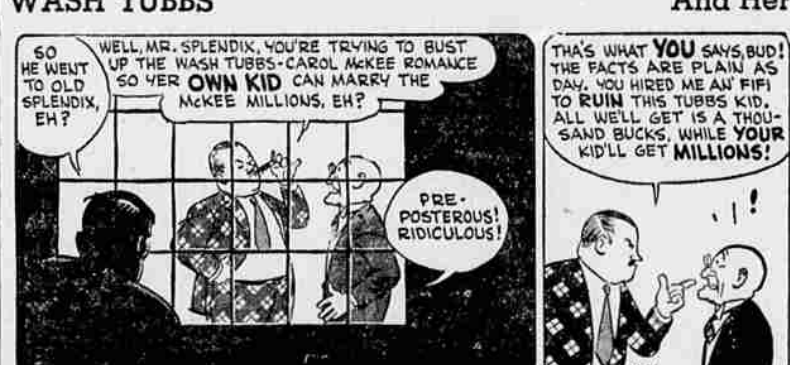
# SECRET AGENT X-9



# BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



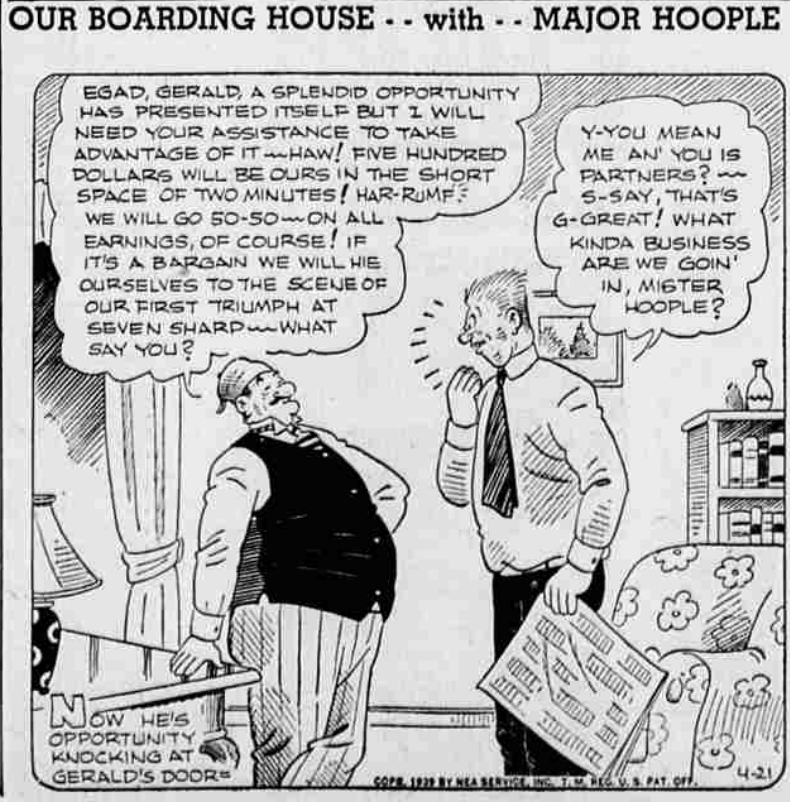
# WASH TUBBS



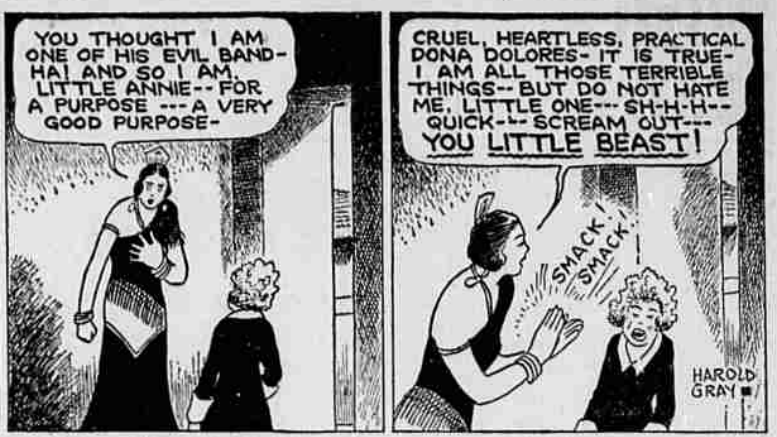
# ALLEY OOP



# OUR BOARDING HOUSE



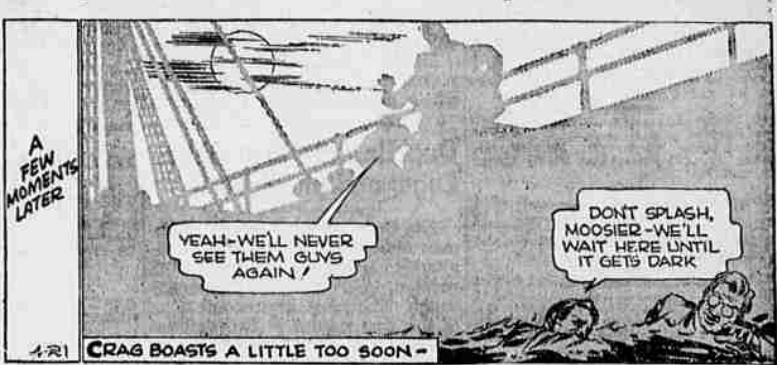
# Sing Out the Blues



# POPEYE



# SECRET AGENT X-9



# BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



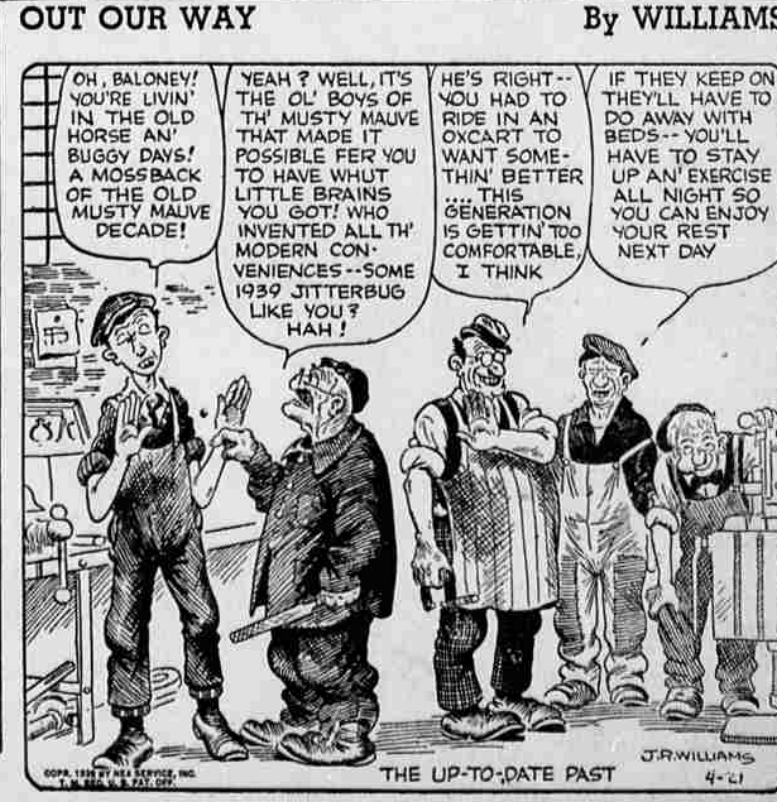
# WASH TUBBS



# ALLEY OOP



# OUR BOARDING HOUSE



# By HAROLD GRAY

# By E. C. SEGAR

# By ROBERT STORM

# By MARTIN

# By CRANE

# By V. T. HAMLIN

# By WILLIAMS