

By Harold Gray

THE LUXURY HUSBAND

BY MARY SIEGEL

Chapter 1
MEMORIES

The girl in the copper red evening dress stumbled twice over her partner's feet and then stood still in the middle of the deck space that had been cleared for dancing.

The man, to whom she had been talking animatedly as they swayed in and out among the dancers, looked down at her in surprise.

Barbara Landon was reputed to be the ship's best dancer and besides being expert in the ballroom she had acquired a reputation for amateur solo dancing as well. He wondered what could have come over her and prepared to continue the dance.

But the girl didn't move; she seemed to have lost all consciousness of his presence, for she remained standing still, her eyes bright with excitement, fixed upon the face of the lean young saxophonist.

The music ceased and Ralph Henderson spoke.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I seem to have bungled that."

But she did not seem aware that he had spoken, for, with an impulsive gesture, she laid a hand upon his arm and murmured, "I'll be back in a moment," and immediately she was making her way towards the little raised dais where the ship's orchestra was sitting.

Watching her go, Ralph Henderson's surprise gave place to anger. He felt a fool at being deserted in the middle of the dance floor, and it was especially galling that it should have been Barbara Landon who had done it, because of all girls on that ship she was the one he was most anxious to impress.

When the Englishman had first stepped on board he had surveyed the girls critically, wondering which of them managed to combine beauty and wealth. Barbara, it appeared, was the only one who possessed both these requirements; so, from the first day out, he was her devoted attendant.

She had not appeared to object to his monopoly. In fact, she had seemed to encourage it. Certainly, at lunch that day, when she had discovered that he had tipped the steward to alter his place so that he might sit beside her, she had only smiled up at him and murmured that she hoped a close-up of her profile would prove worth the \$10 he had paid for it.

The couple were rapidly leaving the dance floor. Young Henderson glanced uncertainly towards Barbara, wondering how much longer she intended conversing with the fellow who played the saxophone.

She looked very small, he thought, as she stood there, almost elfin-like, her red brown hair gleaming pure copper under the electric light as though it had taken on a reflection from the vivid copper red dress. He considered her very attractive.

Presently, as she showed no signs of rejoining him, Henderson moved over to where her chaperon, Mrs. Trenton-Jones, sat placidly in her deck chair, feeding herself on candy.

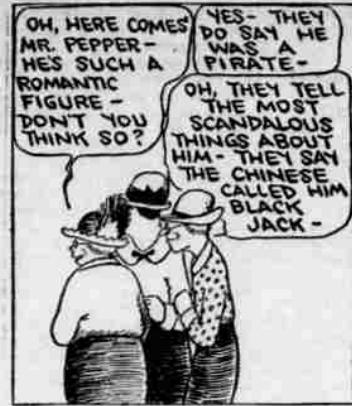
He hoped that he would find an ally in Cora Trenton-Jones. She had herself married an Englishman and had lived several years in London. Since her husband's fairly recent death she had returned to the United States, where she had been comfortably vegetating in a small apartment until Barbara had forcibly pulled her up by the roots and transplanted her onto the steamer Vendena, bound on a Mediterranean cruise.

"Has Barbara deserted you again?" she asked tactlessly. "She seems to have been smitten."

(Continued on Page 12)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Strange!



HAROLD GRAY ©

REG'LAR FELLERS

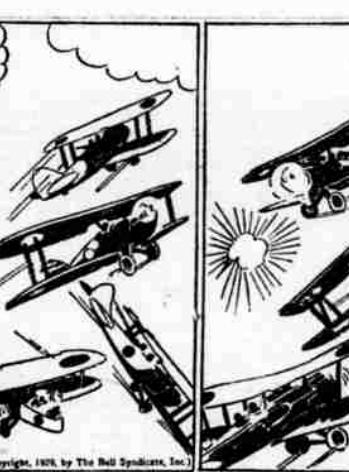
It Can't Last



By Gene Byrnes

TAILSPIN TOMMY

Against Terrific Odds



GOOD BYE TO HOPE! TWO SHIPS AGAINST A DOZEN!! TOMMY AND SKEETER AND COMMANDER CELEBRO ARE THE TARGETS OF A MASS ATTACK WHICH MUST SPELL DISASTER!!!

CONTINUED

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

DUMB DORA

By Chick Young



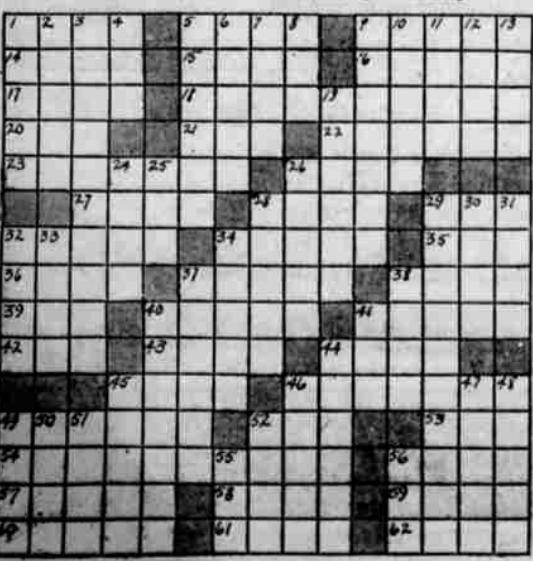
10-1 CHICK YOUNG

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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MUTT AND JEFF

One Left Turn Deserves Another

By Bud Fisher



MORE TOMORROW