

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

by WATKINS E. WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Henry and Luella Pell have just taken their first apartment in New York, and Henry is taking over his first important job. It's all too good to be true to Luella—except that Marie Mason, the girl who set Henry aside for a radio job in New York, is pretty close for comfort. But hasn't Henry promised to love and cherish, Luella asks herself... and isn't that enough?

Chapter Four Big Plans

"AND just as soon as we get settled," said Henry, "I want to show people that the good old Southern hospitality isn't just a legend. My boss says contacts mean a lot to a business man in New York. We've got to entertain. We've got to make them like us. Be charming, all that sort of thing."

"But you didn't have to do that down home," Luella reminded. "Not that you weren't charming, darling—but I like people who do business with you whether you entertained them or not."

"Sure, I know that. But competition is keener up here. A fellow has to pull strings. We've got to circulate among the right people. Luella—mix with people who do business with you whether you entertained them or not."

"An other case of keeping up with the Joneses, I suppose."

"Not exactly. I don't mean that we've got to live beyond my income—nothing like that."

"Yes, my Lord and Master," said Luella. But away down deep she was afraid, wondering if she with her smalltown background and old-fashioned ideas about things in general, would ever fit in with the Who's Who folks. "I haven't forgotten that I took you for better or worse, so you can count on me. You know that, don't you, Henry?"

"You bet I do!" Henry said. "We'll look up a good negro woman for atmosphere as well as for working, and show folks that the Pells still know how to live gracefully."

"But how are you going to meet all these people?" Luella asked. "Or any people at all, for that matter?"

"The men at the office will see to that," Henry answered. "Already they are mentioning dinners and dances, and such-like. You'll meet their wives a little later on, and almost before you know it, you'll be an habitual hostess. After all, I am the man who put over some pretty big deals in transferring North Carolina and Florida property, and that gives me a bit of prestige to start off with."

"Yes, Henry, I know, but—"

"No buts, sweet!" You just see that our New York home is as beautiful as its mistress, and leave all the rest to old Henry Pell."

"Yes, Henry."

Henry's News

THAT had been nearly two weeks before. And now Luella and Henry were rapidly getting settled in their new home.

While Henry was busy getting the hang of things at the office, Luella was busy trying to set the hang of the curtains in the living room. Standing up on a step-ladder, she gave a last touch to the rich, old-rose brocade that had once hung in the parlor of the house down in the old hometown. Presently she got down from the ladder, and stood looking about her.

The room was perfect! All the pieces of furniture which she adored were in place. The chest of drawers which had gone through the Civil War, and which her grandmother had left her, stood between the two tall front windows, its rich deep red woodwork fairly shining. The brass candlesticks which Henry's great uncle had given them, stood upon it.

In the dining-room end of the long, high-ceilinged room stood the dining table which had been in Luella's family for a forgotten number of generations. Its glowing surface seemed to be smiling upon the room, catching the gleam of the rose bowl which had been one of their wedding presents.

"There's one thing certain," Henry had said, "we'll never be broke while we've got all these fine old museum pieces. Think what we could get for them from one of those snobs over on Madison Avenue."

"But, Henry," Luella had wailed, "we couldn't sell them! Why, they are all intertwined with our lives, and the lives of our families."

"Calm yourself, sweetheart," Henry had laughed. "We don't have to part with them. Now that your hubby is on the road to becoming an important New York realty excuser, we needn't worry about selling heirlooms. What we'll be worrying about is buying more stuff."

Luella glanced at the time, and hurried into the kitchenette. She had told Henry to come directly home from the office, and would have an honest-to-goodness home-cooked meal ready for him. And as she moved about she was glad that her kitchen was somewhat roomier than most of those they had looked at in other apartments. Some of those had been little more than a series of shallow shelves in a closet. At least in this one there was room for

something besides a two-burner stove.

She made biscuits, a salad—put potatoes in the oven to bake; and got out the thick lamb chops. She wanted them ready to put on the grill the moment she heard Henry come in. She also set the table, using her choicest china and silver.

Everything was ready by a little before six. All she had to do was broil the chops. Henry came in one minute after six.

"Hi, there, where's my woman?" he called.

"Out here in the kitchen being womanly!" Luella called back. Henry came striding out to join her. He caught her to him, his cheek cool against her hot one.

"Got news for you, honey!" he said. "Big news!"

"No. We've got a date!"

"No kidding?" Luella said, freeing herself and turning to the stove. "What sort of date?"

"We're going to a broadcast."

"Oh!"

"Marie Mason, of all people, telephoned me at the office, and said—"

"Telephoned you—Marie?"

"How did she get your number?"

"She reads the hometown papers," said Henry. "She read about our wedding, and what the article said about my work up here. All she had to do then was look up the firm I'm with."

"Oh, I see," said Luella. So Marie had been keeping tabs on Henry. She had even telephoned him during business hours, and—

"It was swell hearing her voice again," Henry said. "She asked me if we'd like to come to see her broadcast this evening, and when I said we would, she sent me over two tickets by special messenger. He took them from his pocket, held them up for Luella to see."

"Yes, sir, we're stepping out for a fact, Mrs. Pell!"

"Well, that can wait," said Luella. "The dinner can't go get ready. Everything'll be stone cold."

"I'll take a quick shower and be right with you!" said Henry. He hurried on into the bedroom.

While he bathed, Luella broiled the chops. They were on the table when Henry came in, wearing a pair of tennis slacks and an old sweater.

Glamor For Henry

"MIND if I eat like this?" he asked. "I don't want to dress to go out just yet."

"You look sweet," said Luella. "Take a college boy. Sit down, and I'll serve you. What time is the broadcast?"

"Ten o'clock," said Henry. "But we have to be there at least ten minutes before, or we can't get in." He sank down into his chair. "We're dancing afterwards, Marie's bringing along a Mr. McIntyre, a radio man, to make a fourth."

"Do I have to dress?" Luella asked, as she put a chop and a potato on Henry's plate.

"Marie said she would wear the gown she broadcasts in, so you might wear a simple dinner gown, or even the frock you wore up here."

"Yes, sir," said Luella. "It looks as though the Pells were about to be launched. I only hope they don't break champagne over our heads."

Henry laughed. "Thank God, my darling's got a sense of humor," he said. And then, more seriously: "Marie knows a lot of important people, and she told me that when she realized that I was something of a successful land broker she immediately thought of several men who might mean a great deal to me. I call that being a real pal."

"Marie always was a generous girl," said Luella. "More butter for your potato?"

"Thanks," Henry held out his plate. "Listen, honey, you don't sound terribly enthusiastic about seeing Marie. Or am I imagining things?"

"Of course it'll be fun seeing her," said Luella. "You are imagining things."

"Boy, I could do with a little fun," Henry said. "So, you've been working pretty hard these past few weeks. It's high time we relaxed a little, and got a glimpse of New York's night life."

"How's your chop?" said Luella, changing the subject so suddenly that Henry grinned.

"Perfect," he said.

"It ought to be! Heaven knows I had to pay enough for it. Well, let's not spoil it by discussing its cost," said Henry. He put more butter on his potato. "From now on the Pells are going to discuss important things—far more important than the price of a lamb chop. We'll leave that to the servants."

"What servants?"

"I mean when we get them," said Henry. And went on: "Tonight we're the guests of the rising young star, Miss Marie Mason, from the old hometown. I'll bet she's a regular glamor girl by now."

"No doubt," said Luella. "She always had the makings of one."

"And it's up to us," said Henry. "To show her we've got no hayseed in our hair."

"I suppose a girl like Marie has very little time to think about the price of a lamb chop."

Henry gave his wife a quick look.

"That's a funny thing to say," he remarked.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFL, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KXN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KONO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Monday
8:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. L. Q. KPO, KGW, KOMO; String Ensemble, KGO, KJR; Summer Serenade, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tribute to Charles Evans Hughes, KOMO; Floyd Wright, KPO; Stars of Today, KGO.

9:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KEX; Contended Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Elondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Rose Reznick, KGO; Dance Orch., KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO.

KEX, KJR: Gay Nineties Review, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Harry James, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Neil Bondhu's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, Bobby Byrnes' Orch., KEX; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Amateur Hour, KGO; Buy Washington, KJR.

8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dance, News, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Milt Herth Trio, KEX; Concert Hall, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Fantasy in Melody, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hymn Service, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Pick a Tune, KGO, KOMO; Beautiful Music, KGO, KEX; Topnotchers, KPO; News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Ray Noble's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Earl Stocker and Music, KGW, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO; Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Tuesday
8:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGO; Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR, KEX; Waltz With Us, KPO; Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hap Hazard Show, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Lewishohn Stadium Concert, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

8:50 p. m.—A Date with Judy, KPO, KOMO, KGW; New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Uncle Jim's Question Bee, KGO, KJR, KEX; College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Juan Arvizu, KOIN, KSL.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Court of Mising Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

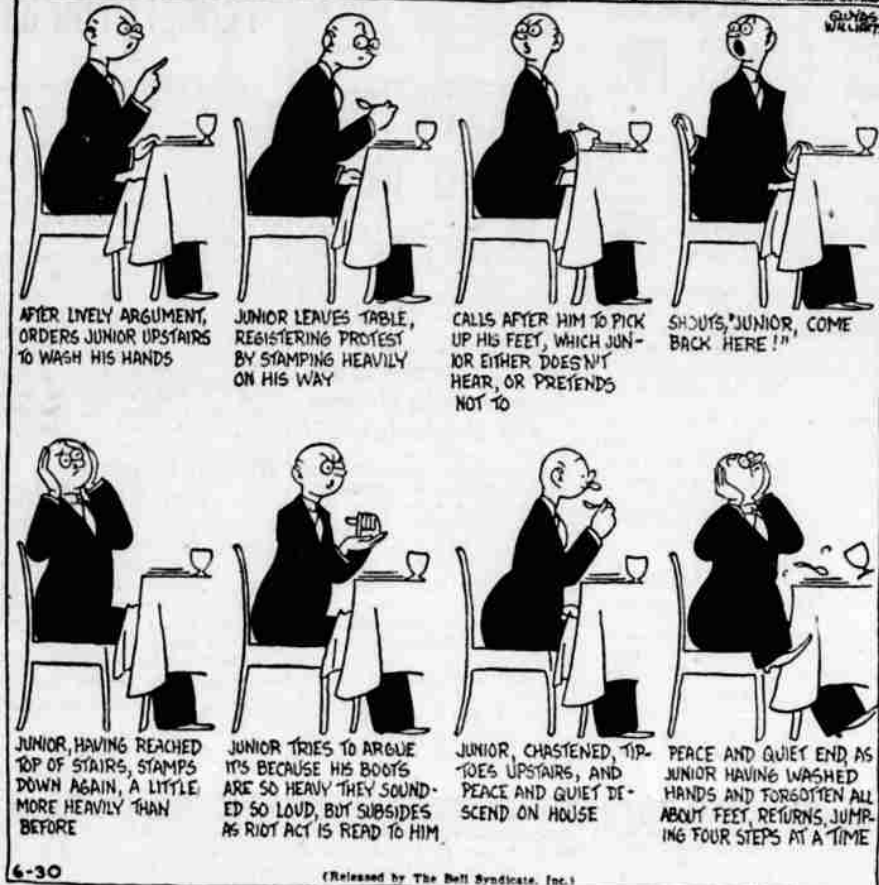
8:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalaiah, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Jungs's Orch., KSL; Hollywood Showcase, KNX.

9:00 p. m.—Baseball Game, KEX, KOIN; Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, KJR; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Mixem and Matchem, KOMO; Saltair Orch., KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; This is Judy Jones, KGW; Musical Potpourri, KPO; Ozle Nelson's Orch., KGO; News, KJR, KSL; Old Times, KOMO.

HEAVY FEET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIT ABNER—Women Are Putty in His Hands



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Reluctant Retreat!



THE NEBBS—Now You Know



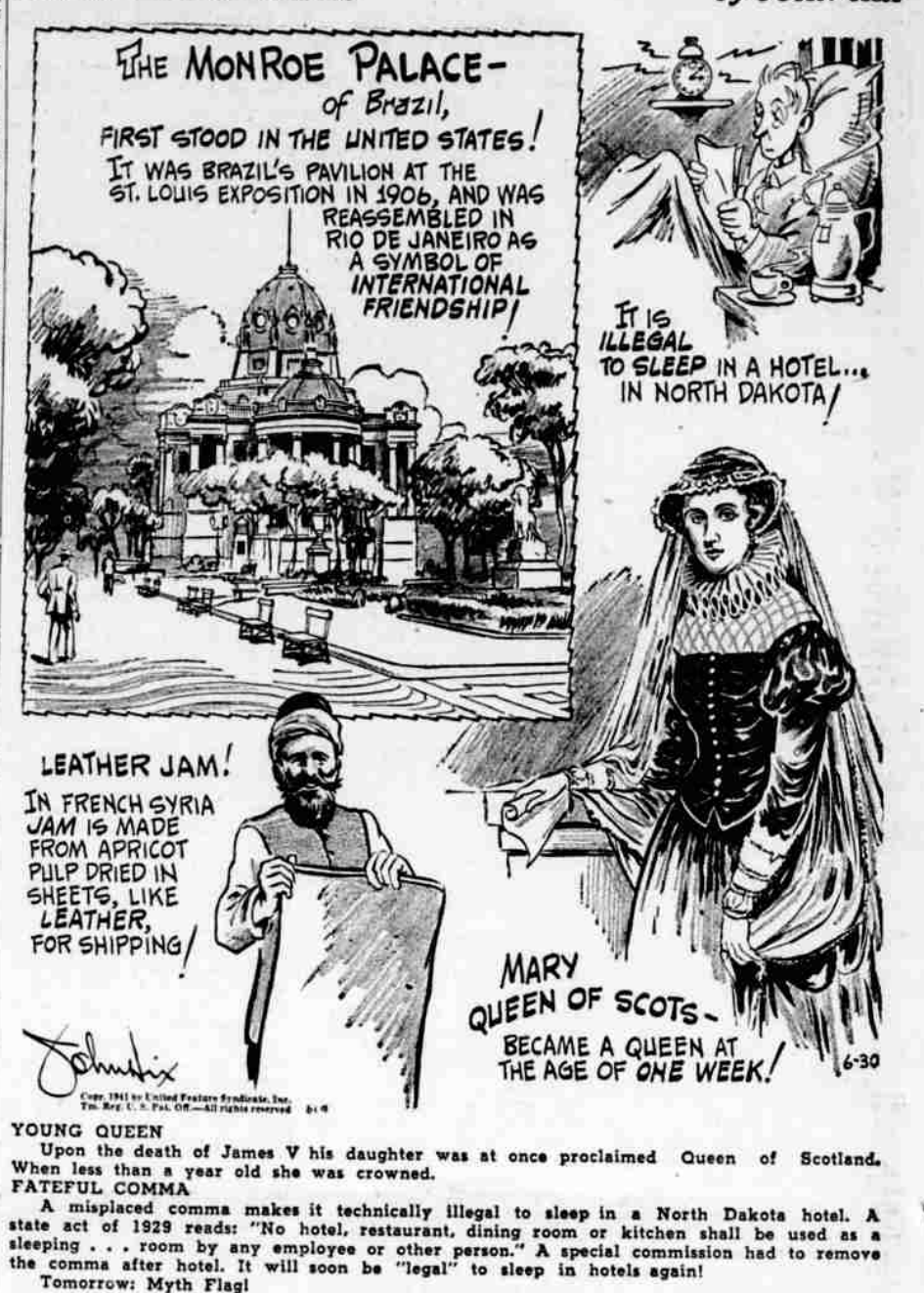
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Neil Bondhu's Orch., KGO, KJR; Dick Jungs's Orch., KNX; News, KGW, KOIN; Freddie Nagel's Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Army Band, KGO, KJR; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX.

11:00 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS



Nebraska Educator Passes
Lincoln, Neb., June 30—(AP)—
Edgar A. Burnett, University of

Use Your Credit

at

Barkors

Store for Men

Nebraska chancellor emeritus
who played an important part
in developing the school since
1899, died today.

Historic Garden Modeled
New Orleans (UP)—A scale
replica of New Orleans' first botan-
ical garden, where the old
French settlers learned what
vegetables would grow in the
New World soil, has been com-
pleted in the Vieux Carre, W.
Edward Woolbright, Jr., a land-
scape artist, conceived the idea
for the garden when he learned
of the finding of a plan for the
original in the French archives.