

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS B. WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Henry and Luella Pell have not been married long—only long enough for a large blue bottle to get into the house. For Marie Mason, who threw Henry over in the old home town, is now a first rate radio star, and she has asked the Pell to hear her broadcast, and now is talking very, very earnestly to Henry while Luella and Tommy McIntyre dance. Luella can't quite like it all.

Chapter Seven Lonely Wife

BUT Marie invited to dance, when Tommy declined to dance. "Tired?" Tommy asked. "No," said Marie. "But we think it would be nice to move on to a quieter place, where we can talk. Henry and I want to go with our reminiscing."

"But I thought you said this was no time for that," Luella reminded.

Marie shrugged, and laughed lightly.

"Luella, darling," she said, "you mustn't take people so literally. 'Yes, darling,' said Luella. And then: 'But why move on? I thought you two looked awfully cozy and comfy sitting here.'"

"Too many interruptions," said Henry. "People forever coming up to speak to Marie and ask for her autograph."

They got their wraps and coats. They went up to a little Hungarian Cafe in the West Seventies. They stayed there until after two o'clock in the morning. Marie and Henry talked—talked—talked. Luella and Tommy smoked and danced, and sometimes sat in perfect silence, thinking, thinking. They would probably have stayed longer—the four of them—if Luella hadn't fully reminded Henry that he had to be at the office at nine.

"My darling's out to make a name for himself," she said. "He can't do that by sitting in cafes all night. Can you, Henry?"

"No," said Henry shortly. "All right, let's break it up."

They parted after an outburst of plans to get together often, to do this, and that, and the other thing.

Later, at home and in bed, Henry said: "They're a grand pair, aren't they, honey? Marie and Tommy?"

Luella said nothing. Henry turned toward her.

"Don't you think so, Luella?" he asked.

"Yes," said Luella. "They're quite grand. Only I think it's awful the way Marie treats Tommy."

"How do you mean?"

"Neglecting him like she does," Luella said. "And, listen, honey, this is New York, not our old hometown—so don't go getting worked up about what people do or don't do—how they act—and all that."

They were silent for a time. Then Luella moved as close as she possibly could to Henry.

"Hold me close, Henry," she said. The old panicky feeling was trying to possess her—that old feeling that perhaps she couldn't compete with a girl like Marie Mason. "Hold me close, Henry. Don't let me go—ever."

"Luella, sweet," said Henry very softly. His arms were about her, he was holding her face against his cheek. "Luella, I believe you are crying!"

"D-d-d-d-d-d-d-d," said Luella. Henry kept on holding her to him.

"What do you mean, asking me not to let you go—ever?" he wanted to know.

"I don't know just why I said that," Luella admitted. "Just the silly remark of a woman—in love."

Henry suddenly remembered the look in Marie's eyes. And the memory disturbed him. He tightened the arms that were about Luella.

"Don't you ever let me go," he said huskily. "Don't ever let me get away from you."

"I won't," said Luella fiercely. "I won't."

Henry was hers, and no one was ever going to take him away from her. Never—never—never.

Dinner For Four

THE days following the broadcast seemed to move on swift wings, so far as Henry Pell was concerned; but not for Luella. Now that the apartment was all settled, and there was nothing urgent to occupy her time, she experienced many a lonely, homesick hour. She visited museums and art galleries, and attended an occasional matinee, but always alone. Sometimes she was so desperate for company that she was tempted to walk up to total strangers and invite them to go places with her.

"Those wives of your business associates certainly aren't in a hurry to call on me," she said to Henry one evening. "Honestly, Henry, I haven't visited with anyone in so long. I—I feel like an alien or something."

"I'm sorry," Henry said sympathetically. "But they'll get around to it sooner or later. You see, honey, most of them live in the suburbs, and have babies. Wait until summer weather sets in and they'll be inviting us out for week-ends."

And she went on with her knitting, wondering just what sort of young Britisher would eventually wear the sweater she was making, even wondering somewhat morbidly if he would be wearing it when his plane was shot down.

Then, at last, came the night of the dinner. Marie had a free evening, and so had Tommy. And now everything was in readiness for the Pell's first evening at playing hosts. Luella had engaged a

colored woman to help her, although she had insisted upon doing practically all the cooking herself.

"Lawdy, Miss Pell," said Patsy, the colored woman, "to look at you-all, so pretty like, I'd sure never let you-all cook."

Luella looked up from re-arranging the deep red roses in the cut-glass bowl.

"Oh, we Southerners surprise people with the things we can do with our supposedly useless little hands," she said. "You ought to know that yourself, being from Georgia."

"Yas'm," said Patsy. "But so many of us Southern folks change and get sorters careless-like, sorters get the Yankee ways when we get up here. She glanced at her reflection in the mantel mirror. "Do I look all right, Miss Pell, wearing this frilly cap?"

"You look positively beautiful," Patsy said. "If you serve the dinner as well as you look, Mr. Pell and I will be everlastingly grateful to you; and I'll see that he gives you a little something extra."

Henry came in while she was getting into her dainty underthings.

"Hurry out of that bathroom, darling!" he called.

"Coming!" said Luella, toting him. "Hurry yourself, you old slowpoke." She gave him a quick kiss. "Get showered and shaved. Then wash better mix the cocktail. I've put the ingredients on the kitchen table. When you're through, put the shaker in the ice box."

"Yes'm," said Henry. "Only I'll mix the drinks before I get doped up. So they'll be cooling."

He went whistling out to the kitchen.

Luella got out fresh socks, shorts, and a shirt for Henry. She laid these upon the bed and began to disrobe. She then went into the bathroom.

Luella had just finished her dressing when the telephone bell rang.

"It's for you-all, Miss Pell!" Patsy called.

"Thank you, Patsy," Luella picked up the receiver. "It was Marie calling."

Important Man

"DARLING," she said, "do forgive me for calling you like this. I know you must be busy preparing dinner, but—"

"For goodness sake, Marie, don't tell me you're not coming!" Luella cut in.

"Of course I'm coming," said Marie.

"Well, that's a relief! Dinner's all prepared."

"I had to meet a very important radio man for cocktails," Marie went on. "We're down in a hotel lounge. And what I'm calling for is to ask if I may invite him up for after dinner, you know. I think Henry should meet him by all means. He's nice, too. You'll like him."

"Invite him up, of course," said Luella. "I'm sorry it's too late to ask him for dinner."

"That's all right. He's got an engagement. Will nine-thirty be all right?"

"Yes, we'll be through dinner by then, if you're not late. Henry's going to make some mint juleps later. And there'll be one for your friend, Mr. er—"

"Rector is his name," said Marie. "Malcolm Rector."

"Very well, there'll be a julep for Mr. Rector. I'll even save him an order of Brown Betty pudding."

"Thanks a lot, darling! That will be terribly sweet of you. Remember, he's important and we're doing it all for Henry."

"Yes, I'll remember."

And as she turned from the telephone a moment later Luella felt annoyed. That "we" sort of ranked.

"All right, Henry," she called, "the bathroom's yours!"

Henry hurried past her.

That was Marie who telephoned, Luella said. "She's bringing up a Mr. Rector. He's important or something."

"Not Malcolm Rector?" Henry said.

"Yes, I think she did say his first name was Malcolm."

"Say, this is a break! Do you know who he is?"

"No idea—except he's important."

"I'll say he's important!" said Henry. "He's one of the biggest stockholders in the radio business. He's got a yacht, believe it or not—and a scads of money. Maybe he'll like us and invite us for a yachting trip along the Sound. Picture us on a yacht, Luella!"

"I'm picturing us," said Luella without enthusiasm. "What on earth did one war on a yacht?"

"Henry, do hurry! The guests will be here before you're half dressed."

"Okay, beautiful!" Henry turned on the shower. "I ought to sell him a nice interest in some of the land holdings I'm handling."

Luella fluffed the red-gold curls that were piled on top of her head.

"Sometimes I get all mixed up," she said.

"How do you mean?" Henry called.

"I never am sure whether it's all just for business reasons or whether it's for a good time that one meets people in New York."

"Both!" Henry laughed. Then he started singing.

Luella sighed, gave a last look at her reflection, and went out to give the living-room one more going-over. It was perfect, she thought; homelike and charming.

And so was the dinner perfect. In spite of the fact that the very important Mr. Rector was in the offing.

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, 550, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNA, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 880, Denver; KOIN, 870, Portland; KOMO, 560, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1100, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Thursday
5:00 p. m.—Music Hall, KPO.
KOMO, KGW: Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, KNX, KOIN, KSL: Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX.
6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KEX: Chetumba Rhythms, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Rudy Vallee Frim., KGO, KEX, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Richard Himber's Orch., KPO: Montreal Symphony Concerts, KGO, KJR: Organ Musings, KEX: Quits of Two Cities, KOMO.
7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN: Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Elizabeth Russell, KGO, KEX: Concert Trio, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Your Marriage Club, KNX, KSL, KOIN: Clark Dennis, KJR, KEX: Coffee Time, KGO, KOMO: Dinner at Omar's, KPO.
8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX.

KJR: News, Tony Pastor's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL: Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
8:30 p. m.—Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Chuck Foster's Orch., KJR: Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN, KSL: Fellow Sportmen, KGO: Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN: Comedy, Musical Potpourri, KPO: The World's Best, KGO: Faithful Stradivari, KGW: Musical Quintella, KOMO: Saitair Orch., KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Neil Bondahu's Orch., KGO: Dancing With Glancy, KGO: By the Way, KNX, KOIN, KEX, KJR, KSL: Good Neighbors, KGW.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Marine Band, KGO, KJR: Dick Jurgens' Orch., KSL, KNX, News, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR: Ed Stocker and Music, KGW: Concert Hall, KPO: Masterworks of Music, KNX: State Traffic, KOIN: Industry and Defense, KOMO.
11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO: This Moving World, KEX: Nightcap Terna, KSL, KOIN: News, KGO, KGW: Fishing News, KJR: Knox Manning, KNX.
Friday
8:00 p. m.—Paddy Jordan's Orch., KNX, Janet Jordan, KGO, KJR: Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Quits, KEX: Eyes of the World, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the

News, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Hollywood Premiere, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:00 p. m.—Penthouse Party, KSL, KNX, KOIN: Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX: Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Scandinavian News, KJR.
8:30 p. m.—Listen American, KPO, KGW: Proudly We Hall, KNX, KSL, KOIN: First Piano Quartet, KGO, KEX, KJR: Comedy, KOMO.
7:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Your Happy Birthday, KGO, KEX, KJR: Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN: Dance Time, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Great Moments From Great Plays, KNX, KOIN, KSL: Ben Bernie's New Army Game, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Ben Bernie's Orch., KPO, KGW: Grandpappy and His Pal, KGO, KJR, KEX: Claudia, KNX, KOIN, KSL: Fish Finder, KOMO.
8:30 p. m.—Bob Strong's Orch., KGO, KJR: We're Building a House, KGO: Dick Jurgens' Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL: You and Your Bank, KPO: Baseball Game, KEX: Fort Lewis News, KGW: Fort Lewis Life, KOMO.
9:00 p. m.—Ozma Nelson's Orch., KPO: Jay Widden's Orch., KJR: Barton Elliot's Orch., KNX: Chuck Wagon Days, KGO: Paul Sullivan, KNX: Leon F. Drews, KOIN: Highlight Hour, KOMO: Symphonic Serenade, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Weekly Spectator, KPO:

SAYING GOOD-BYE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Reprinted by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIT ABNER—The Rise and Fall of Patrolman Grogan



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Pursued by Death



THE NEBBS—Number Two



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



THE BLIND CAVE SALAMANDER OF THE OZARKS IS LUNGLESS AND BREATHES THROUGH ITS SKIN...IT MUST REMAIN DAMP; IF IT DRIES IT DIES!

DIME STORES UP WAGES IN TACOMA

Tacoma, July 3.—(P)—Tacoma retail clerks approved a new

11:00 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO: This Moving World, KEX: News, KGO, KGW: Fishing News, KJR: Knox Manning, KNX.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Jay Burgett, KGO, KJR: Dick Jurgens' Orch., KNX, News, KOIN: Freddy Nagel's Orch., KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGW: Abe Lyman's Orch., KGO, KJR: The World Today, KNX, KOIN, KSL: Concert Hall, KPO, KOMO: Behind the Headlines, KEX: Masterworks of Music, KEX: Portland Police, KOIN.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

wage scale agreement with employers last night.

Under the new scale, women clerks in variety stores will get \$18.25 a week, up \$1 from the old scale, according to E. R. Jacobs, secretary-treasurer of the union. Women clerks working in "classified" departments such as draperies, shoes, etc., will receive \$21.50, up \$2.

There are over 2,500 kinds of mammals in North America.



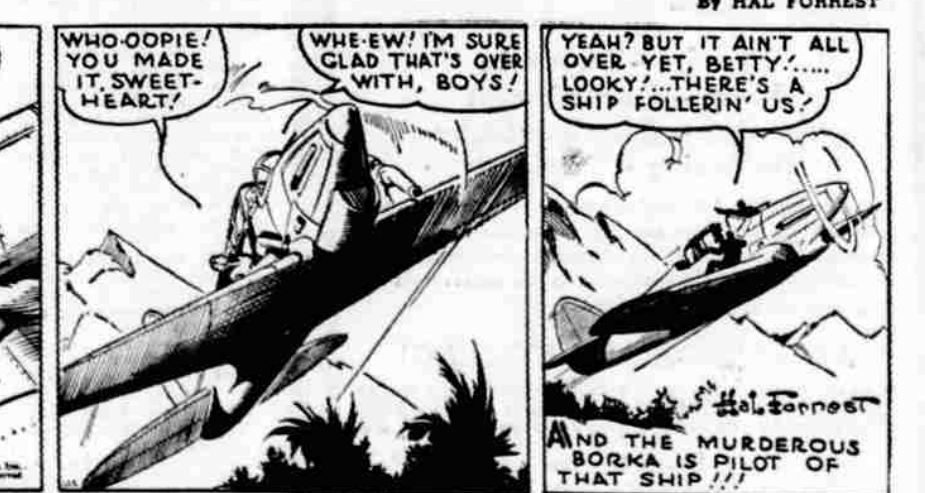
MR. BIG No other American colonial governor had such absolute authority as did Johan Prints, eccentric Swedish army officer, sent in 1643 to govern New Sweden, on the Delaware river. A favorite story about him is that, in reply to public criticism, he once "tried" himself, acting as defendant, prosecutor and chief justice. Prosecutor Prints refused to press charges against Defendant Prints, whereupon Chief Justice Prints threw the case out of court!

TOMORROW: Mountain Sea Coral

MY B-BADGE!!



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS



MAJOR ACQUITTED IN EARL'S SLAYING

Nairobi, Kenya Colony, July 3.—(AP)—Major Sir Henry John Delivers

Broughton, 37-year-old war veteran, was acquitted today of a charge of murder in connection with the death of the Earl of Erroll, hereditary high constable of Scotland.

The Earl of Erroll, a widower, was found shot through the head in an automobile parked on a moonlit road last January 24 a few hours after he had left a dinner party attended by Sir Henry and his bride, Diana.

A police statement read to the court early in the trial quoted Sir Henry as saying his wife and the earl were in love and planned to marry, since a divorce could be arranged.

Leaves swept from the streets of Lexington, Ky., are baled to trim hauling costs.