

# DANGEROUS BAGGAGE

BY ELEANOR ATTERBURY

Chapter One  
Wise Guy

SHARON ran the last block to the office. Being on time was one of Mr. Goodwin's "musts" and she had exactly four and a half minutes. Clutching her smart new green felt, she rounded the corner into the teeth of a boisterous March wind. If she hadn't stopped to quarrel with Dennis this morning, she wouldn't have missed that bus. Their quarrels were getting to be a habit, too. Of course, both having tempers like their hot-headed Irish ancestors didn't help any. But the way this morning hadn't been any ordinary brother-and-sister scrap.

Dennis was so unreasonable about being poor. Naturally he couldn't earn much at his gas station job. And she wasn't making enough to buy any top hats. Grimly, she shouldered against the heavy, glass-pannelled door. But somehow she had to make him see that poker and shooting dice weren't the answer. And traveling around with that crowd he'd found so thrilling lately, Dennis was so young and so terribly head-strong. Of course, if Dad had lived things would be different.

Her high heels clicked smartly against the stone floor as she crossed the foyer. Pat, the red-headed elevator boy, held his door for her.

"Top of the morning to you, Miss Doyle," he grinned. "And you can relax now. The Colonel ain't here yet."

"Thanks, Pat," she panted. "That was a break. It was only a few seconds after nine but Mr. Goodwin was seldom late. He'd been raised, someone had told her, by a retired Army captain grandfather and the training had left an indelible stamp on his bearing, his dress, his habits. It was part of his distinctive charm.

The elevator rocketed to the eleventh floor. Sharon pulled off her hat as she stepped down the long, marble-hoarded stairs. Sierra Steel, Inc., Harvey Goodwin, Pres., was still locked.

"Thank Heaven," she gasped aloud. "Now if I haven't lost my key," and snapped open her long envelope bag.

Compact, lipstick, her driver's license, gloves—everything but a key, "Darn," she muttered, poking at the bag frantically.

"Maybe you left it home in your other pants," a deep voice suggested over her shoulder.

Sharon whirled. The compact clattered to the floor, went careening dizzily down the hall leaving a woolly little wake of white powder.

Calmly, the tall young man who'd been propped against a window ledge, retrieved the compact, dropped it into her open bag. Then, deliberately, he took the bag from her hand.

"Let me try," smiling, his dark eyes were intent on her face as he coolly emptied the contents of her purse into one large well-shaped hand. The key came out on top.

"Oh—thank you," Sharon managed, recovering her voice and clutching at her dignity too.

"Suppose we see if it's the right one." Turning, he unlocked the door, swung it wide. "Shucks, I was really hoping it was the key to your flat."

"I don't have a flat," Sharon reached for the bag he still held. "Besides, it's none of your business."

"A penthouse, then?" His smile teased her and revealed nice white teeth.

"No—nor a penthouse. Please give me my bag."

"An igloo, maybe," he persisted. "You must live somewhere. Or aren't you even real?"

"Please, I'm in a hurry," Sharon snatched the bag. The mirror flew out, smashed into a hundred glittering fragments.

**Seven Years Bad Luck**  
THE young man shook his head. "Now see what a streak of bad luck you're going to have."

"Don't be ridiculous," she snapped, irritated and perfectly aware that she was being a little ridiculous herself. But she loathed being teased—and breaking mirrors. There was enough



Harvey Goodwin stopped short.

bad luck to be had already. Besides, if this smart young chap would mind his own business—

"It does sound ridiculous, doesn't it?" he was saying. "A dream walking and stuff. They write songs about things like this. Your black hair and your big blue eyes and a brow like a snow-drift. Just what they said about Kathleen Mavourneen wasn't it?"

Sharon flushed in spite of herself. "And I have to go to work. So please go."

Her dignity riding a little askew, she stepped past him, her head high, her pretty mouth a straight line. She crossed to her desk just outside the door marked "Private." The young man followed right at her heels.

"Well," she turned to him. "Did you want something?"

Gravely, he laid a key in her hand. "You forgot your key."

"Thank you. And now hadn't you better leave?"

"Do you work here?"—ignoring her question.

"Certainly."

"And what do you do?"

Sharon drew herself up to all her five feet three. "I am private secretary to Mr. Harvey Goodwin, President of Sierra Steel—if it's any of your business."

"It isn't, or wasn't rather until a few minutes ago." Calmly, he sat down on the edge of her desk.

"But seeing you make a difference—a tremendous difference. You're much too young to be a private secretary."

"Well—really—"

"You have to be old and homely and soured on life. A pretty little kid like you should be going to school or having coming-out parties or being painted into a picture."

"Will you stop wasting time here and—"

"My dear young lady, I assure you this is no waste of time." He pulled out a package of cigarettes, offered her one.

"No, thank you. Mr. Goodwin dislikes smoking in the office."

"Does he?" The young man jammed his cigarette thoughtfully. Then, lighting it, he dropped the burnt match in her pin tray.

"Please go," she begged, exasperated. What if Mr. Goodwin should come in now, and find this person draped on her desk, smoking, saying impossible things. "Unless there is something you really want here—"

"There is, I'm a stranger here, you see." He grinned, a perfectly charming invitation to friendliness. "Stranger, orphaned, bachelor and—very lonesome."

"This happens to be the office of a steel company," Sharon re-

minded him coldly, despising herself for not being able to put this man in his place. "Not a Bureau for Lonely Hearts. Suppose you state your business."

"Gladly. It's about a date. Say for lunch today at the Palace. How about it?"—and smiled as if the idea were brilliant and original.

"Certainly not."

"What do you mean 'certainly not?' Don't you like the Palace? The St. Francis, then. Or Flor d'Italia."

"No, no the St. Francis—or—or the city dump. Now please get out of here before Mr. Goodwin—"

As if speaking his name had conjured him out of thin air, Sharon heard Mr. Goodwin's quick step in the hall, saw the door swing open. Embarrassment surged into her cheeks like a hot tide.

Mr. Goodwin stopped short when he saw them. And Sharon, terribly aware of her crimson cheeks of the tall young man in tweeds still perched on her desk so chummily, wished the floor would swallow her.

"Good morning," Mr. Goodwin smiled suddenly, came toward them.

"Good morning, Mr. Goodwin," Sharon stammered. "This man is—this gentleman is—"

"Getting acquainted with your very charming secretary," the stranger finished smoothly, and inviting her to lunch.

**All Wrong!**  
AMAZINGLY, Mr. Goodwin actually nodded approval. "A nice idea, Stafford. Only it so happens that Miss Doyle is having luncheon with me, today. Some other time she'd be delighted, I know."

Sharon stared at him, not sure she wasn't dreaming all this.

"You're prompt, Stafford," Goodwin went on. "Glad to see you again."

Stafford! Not Thomas W. Stafford, electrical engineer and technical expert being sent from the Pittsburgh branch? Mr. Goodwin had been expecting him for more than a week. But of course this smart aleck wasn't old enough to have acquired all the degrees and recommendations Mr. Stafford's letters mentioned.

"Thank you, Goodwin. Glad to be here."

The two men were shaking hands.

"You've met Miss Doyle, I see," Goodwin said casually.

Tom Stafford grinned at her. "Yes, it's been charming, Miss Doyle."

Furious, Sharon permitted herself a cool nod. He might have told her in the first place. All his wise-cracking about—

"Now if you'll just step into my office, Stafford, we'll get down to cases."

"Good," Tom tossed his hat onto a filing cabinet. Then as he passed Sharon's desk, "How about dinner tonight?" he said in a stage whisper. Then, hastily, "We could take Goodwin along if you insist."

"No, thank you."

"Good," he nodded. "I prefer a twosome myself. I'll pick you up about eight," and still grinning closed the door before she could answer.

Seething, Sharon stripped the cover off her typewriter. Honor graduate of Massachusetts Tech and the best electrical engineer they had. She spun a sheet of white paper under the platen. He looked more like the college cheer leader or the campus "catch." He was good-looking enough for either if you went in for tweeds and tall ranginess—which Sharon didn't, definitely.

Her fingers fled while with part of her mind she transcribed her shorthand notes and with the other she thought about Tom Stafford. He was going to be a nuisance. She could see that now. If she'd only had wit enough to guess who it was, she might have avoided that silly scene in the hall. That had gotten her off to a bad start.

Goodwin had chosen her out of all the stenographers in the plant office because, he'd said, she had the necessary dignity for the position. And now the first chance she had to show she was equal to any situation, he found her flushed and stammering like a school girl.

And Tom Stafford had thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing. He should care if it lost her the break of a lifetime. Her fingers tripped and the keys went into a huddle. Damn Tom Stafford. She ripped the page out of the machine. She wished she might rip him out of her mind as easily. Instead, she was going to have to work practically cheek by jowl with him for the next few months. Breaking that mirror this morning had certainly started things off.

Mr. Goodwin's buzzer sounded. Instantly her wits fell into rank. Sharp pencil; her notebook; the letters he had dictated late yesterday—she checked everything swiftly.

"Yes, it's been charming, Miss Doyle."

To be continued

## DIES FEARS WEST DUE FOR ATTACK UNLESS WE WAKE

### Pearl Harbor Disaster Due To Irking Foreign Powers, Coddling Fifth Column.

Washington, Jan. 29.—(AP)—Representative Dies (D-Tex) told the house today that "unless the government adopts an alert attitude there will occur on the west coast a tragedy that will make Pearl Harbor sink in significance."

The Pearl Harbor disaster, Dies said, was largely due to "a fear of displeasing foreign powers and a maudlin attitude toward fifth columnists."

He said the tragedy might never have occurred had the house committee on un-American activities, which he heads, been "permitted" to disclose last September its findings on Japanese espionage.

Dies said he would make public within a week or two "a full and complete report" on Japanese espionage and sabotage in this country, including official letters disclosing "the true attitude of official Washington toward the whole fifth column question."

**Argument Fails**  
Dies was arguing—unsuccessfully—in favor of his amendments to specify communists and bundists as foreign agents in a pending alien propaganda registration bill, and force them to file lists of their members and records of their finances.

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The house, by a standing vote of 228 to 40, rejected Dies' motion to recommit the bill to committee and then passed it as it stood, without specifying the groups he named.

A joint house and senate conference committee recommended elimination of the Dies amendments, contending that everyone engaging in activities for a foreign power was blank-

## BOND SALE HEADS FOR NEW RECORD

Washington, Jan. 29.—(AP)—Sales of defense bonds reached \$795,088,712 in the first 24 days of January, indicating that the month may set a record of close to \$1,000,000,000. The previous record was \$534,000,000 in December.

The last week of January was

expected to be particularly heavy because institutional purchasers usually buy at the end of a month because they get the same interest as if they buy at

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### Medford Mail Tribune

## Lowry Is Credited With Discovery of Unity Area Fossils

Wallace D. Lowry, graduate student of University of Rochester, N. Y., has been credited with discovery of the new and apparently important fossil locality in the Unity area of eastern Oregon, according to John Elliot Allen, geologist, in a current news letter of the Geological Society of Oregon

## MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

**This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief**  
Many sufferers believe nagging backaches equally, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's kind way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about a pint a day. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and dizziness. Frequent urinary passages with stinging and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Film, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisons and waste from your blood. Get Doan's Film.

## ENLISTMENTS CUT U. O. ATTENDANCE

Eugene, Jan. 29.—(AP)—Fifteen per cent of the 573 University of Oregon students who did not return to school fall term are now members of the U. S. armed forces, it was estimated today by Assistant Registrar Clifford Constance.

He added that another estimated 13 per cent of the total had left to take jobs in defense industries. Total enrollment at the university winter term was 3,030, a decrease of 13 per cent. Withdrawals because of military service have already showed an increase in winter term over fall term, with 12 leaving during the first few weeks of the new term, as compared with only 7 during the entire fall period.

**Harbor Grant**  
Washington, Jan. 29.—(AP)—The federal works agency made a grant of \$53,000 for harbor improvements at Redwood City, Calif. The work will include wharf extensions and dredging.

The U. S. Marine Corps is the oldest branch of the military service in America.

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