DANGEROUS BAGGAGE

BY ELEANOR ATTERBURY

YESTERDAY: Sharon is a little flustered. She arrives at the office of Sierra Steel late, and Mr. Goodwin, whose private secretary she is, disapproves of lateness. And then a brash young man helps her find her key and demands a date right away. Sharon frowns him down—and then discovers that he is an expert sent from the eastern offices, and definitely a person of importance. Now Mr. Goodwin has rung for her.

Chapter Two

Date With The Boss

MR. GOODWIN smiled at Sharon across the polished expanse of his huge mahogany desk. Out of the corner of her eye, she was aware that Tom Stafford unfolded himself from the armchair as she came in.

"Miss Doyle will see that you have everything you need, Stafford," Mr. Goodwin said, apparently continuing a conversation. "Spare us no expense, no service that we can give to assist you."

"Thank you, sir. I'll do my best."

"Temporarily, you'll share Miss Doyle's office." He turned to Sharon. "Have that vacant desk moved nearer the window and see that another telephone is installed at once."

"Yes, Mr. Goodwin." Nearer the window and practically elbowing her own desk. This was going to be just wonderful!

"And now I suppose you are anxious to get down to the plant to look things over," Mr. Goodwin said, smiling pleasantly.

Tom Stafford didn't look exactly as if he were straining at the leash, Sharon thought dryly, watching his easy, unhurried departure.

"Yes, I'll move along now." Tom reached for the door.

"Miss Doyle, call my car for Mr. Stafford."

Sharon's fingers whirled the dial telephone. Even the boss' own chauffeurd car at Mr. Stafford's services, if you please. Young cheer leader makes good!

"No need for that, thanks, Mr. Goodwin," Tom declined easily. "I've a jalopy I picked up in a used car lot this morning." Then, smiling deliberately at Sharon, "It hasn't much class but it'll get me around."

Ignoring the smile, Sharon replaced the receiver.

"We'll see you later then." Mr. Goodwin extended his hand.

As the door clicked behind Tom, Mr. Goodwin pushed back his chair, crossed to the window. For several minutes he stood, his back to Sharon, his eyes apparently intent on the day flung like a brilliant blue carpet at the edge of the buildings swarming back from the Embarcadero.

A long white vessel backed away from a pier, headed out toward the Gate, a tug-boat chuffing busily in her wake. The view was gorgeous this morning. The wind had swept the air so clear, the scudding clouds had a new-washed look. Even the grimy office buildings seemed brighter.

But Mr. Goodwin wasn't seeing the Bay nor the tug boat nor the wind-swept sky. She knew that from the tense concentration, the almost unnoticeable squaring of his shoulders under his perfect-fitting coat. Little signs by which she was already learning to interpret his moods.

He turned toward her suddenly. Instinctively, Sharon straightened, opened her notebook.

Seeing the gesture, Goodwin relaxed suddenly, smiled at her. "You're a good secretary, Sharon. I'm lucky to have found you."

First Impression

SHARON felt her cheeks go crimson. If only she could master her baby trick of blushing every time Harvey Goodwin looked at her. But this was the first praise she had had from him. "Thank you, Mr. Goodwin. I'm lucky to be here."

"I'm not so sure of that." Dropping into his heavily carved chair behind the desk, he leaned toward her. "You don't like our new engineer, do you?"

Sharon started. "Why—I—scarcely—" Then meeting Goodwin's grey eyes intent upon her, she added more positively. "I didn't like my first impression. He appears young, inexperienced, and terribly irresponsible. But that is probably as untrue as most first impressions."

"Yes, probably. That nonchalance is deliberate camouflage."

"Camouflage?"

"Look here, Sharon, I really meant what I said about your having luncheon with me. Can you make it?"

Could she make it! Sharon felt thrill mushrooming inside. Hadn't she been daydreaming about this moment ever since her first interview with Harvey Goodwin nearly a year ago! Right then she'd promised herself she wouldn't even wish that some day those dark eyes would see her as something more than a stenographer. Because wishing wouldn't make it so. But of course she hadn't kept that promise.

"Why—yes. Thank you," she managed quietly, and prayed he couldn't hear her heart hammering.

"I've got to go uptown this morning but I'll meet you at—" he glanced at the handsome watch on his wrist, "say about noon at the Trader's Hut."

"Good." He turned to the sheaf of letters she had laid on his desk. "Get a wire off, in code, to the East saying that Stafford had arrived. And phone the plant foreman to expect him. Take any long distance message that comes for me. That's all."

Sharon took out the code book.

Deflated a little by the curtness of her dismissal, Sharon went back to her own desk. She stood a moment at the window, pressing her flushed cheek against the cold pane. Today was the day. Her first date with Harvey Goodwin. If only she could trust herself to be easual but charming, friendly but not presuming. It would be a test to keep her thrilled delight hidden, to keep her mind alert to the challenge of Mr. Goodwin's keen conversation. She must make him see her as a charming woman and companion as well as an efficient piece of office machinery. It was hitching her ambitions to a kite, she told herself wryly. But then, she was twenty and it was Spring and there was no tax on ambitions!

She went to the wall safe, took out the code book. Strange that Mr. Goodwin had wanted this telegram sent in code. After all, nothing very secret about the arrival of someone you'd been told to expect. Still, hers not to reason why. But hers to wonder how she'd happened to choose this morning of all the others to wear her new suit—the first really good outfit she'd ever had! Maybe she should make a habit of breaking mirrors!

Lunch With Glamor

THE Trader's Hut was one of San Francisco's smart new spots. Sharon had passed it dozens of times on the street car and read about it in the society chat columns. Now, trembling, she pushed her way into the crowded foyer, trying hard not to stare at the pretty women, at their rich furs, their expensively ridiculous hats, their good-looking escorts.

Mr. Goodwin was waiting—tall, superbly erect, his rather sternly handsome face made him outstanding even in this smart crowd. Sharon was aware of a new thrill as, catching sight of her, he smiled, made his way toward her, obviously eager.

"Hello. I hoped you wouldn't forget." He caught her hand, pressed it lightly, tucked it under his arm.

Forget! Her eyes flared with a smile. "How could I? This is a very special treat."

She glanced toward the softly lighted dining room beyond Hawaiian beach scenes and seascapes splashed lavishly on the walls with blue and silver paint. Lush hibiscus blossoms and verdantly green palms like huge bouquets separating the low bamboo tables and chairs. An Hawaiian orchestra strumming romantic Island music.

To be continued

Galloway's Removal Sought by Farrell

Oregon City, Jan. 30.—(AP)—Speaker of the State House of Representatives Robert S. Farrell, Jr., told the chamber of commerce here yesterday that Charles W. Galloway should be removed from the state tax commission.

Farrell said Galloway admitted withholding an order for a uniform system of taxation from the legislature bec use he felt the legislature incompetent to act on it.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland. KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland. KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510 Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue) 810 San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle; KNX (CBS) 1070 Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Red) 850 Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 950 Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680 San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time Shown Is PST

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith Hour, KSL; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Ed Stoker's Music, KPO, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Bill Henry, KNX; Bill Sabransky, KPO; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Old Clothes Chorus, KOMO.

6:00 p. m.—Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Secret City, KGO, KEX; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Victory Chorus, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Michael Piper, KGO, KEX, KJR; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00 p. m.—Elsa Maxwell's Party Line, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ransom Sherman's Show, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—How'm I Doin? KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Modern Music Box, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR; Amateur Hour, KGO.

8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Herbert Marshall, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Variety Show, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Who Done It? KPO, KGW, KOMO; Three Ring Time, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kate Smith Hour, KNX, KOIN; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO; Dark Fantasy, KGW; News, KSL, KJR; Old Clothes Chorus, KOMO; Floyd Wright, KPO.

10:00 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Red Nichols' Orch., KSL; News, KNX; Shining Hour, KJR; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO; News, KGW; Unlimited Horizons, KOMO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Northwest Bible Institute, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KNX; Reveries, KOMO.

Saturday

5:00 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX; Organ Concert, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Erwin Yeo, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Bill Henry, KNX; Ed Stoker's Orch. KPO, KGW, KOMO; Ted Steele Variety Prgm., KGO, KJR; News, KOIN; William Winter, KNX, KSL.

6:00 p. m.—Your Hit Parade, KSL; Walter Damrosch's Birthday Program, KGO, KEX; Who, What, Where and Why, KNX, KOIN; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

6:30 p. m.—Walter Damrosch's Birthday Program, KJR, KEX; Erwin Yeo, KOIN; Here's The Story, KNX; This World, KGO.

7:00 p. m.—Robert Ripley, KGO, KEX, KJR; Sports Newsreel, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Olga Coelho, KOIN; Grand Ole Opry, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hi, Neighbor, KNX; Red Ryder, KGO, KEX, KJR; Studio Prgm., KOIN; American Challenge, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Truth or Consequences, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:15 p. m.—University Explorer, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Knickerbocker Playhouse, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Green Hornet, KGO, KJR, KEX; Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Paul Baron's Orch., News, KGO, KEX; Your Hit Parade, KNX, KOIN; Serenade, KJR; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—The Edwards, KGO, KEX; Best of the Week, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KSL, KJR.

10:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Ran Wilde's Orch., KOMO; News, KNX, KGW, KOIN, KPO; Dance Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KJR; Phil Harris' Orch., KOMO; Dance Orch., KNX, KSL; The Quiet Hour, KEX; World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KGW, KPO; Martha Mears, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; News, KNX, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

CONTRACTOR DIES

Salem, Jan. 30.—(AP)—Funeral services for Fred A. Erixon, former Salem contractor, who died in Albany yesterday, will be held here this afternoon. He was 80 years old. Erixon built the state supreme court building, the Salvation Army building, Eaton Hall at Willamette university, and the Capitol National bank.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too Late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

SINGLE-HANDED SUB CAPTURE

Lieutenant Campbell was an officer aboard a British "Q" boat. These were small vessels mounted with guns, but disguised as merchantmen or trawlers to lure submarines within striking range. When his ship was torpedoed Campbell, along with the rest of the crew, was forced into the water, there being no lifeboats. After capturing the sub, Campbell was given the Victoria Cross for his exploit.

CONTRARY MIX

Cryostase is a mixture of equal parts of phenol, camphor and saponin, with a little turpentine oil added. Unlike most mixturus, which become thinner when heated, cryostase solidifies!

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPI NTOMMY—Running Into Greater Danger!

By HAL FORREST

LI'L ABNER—Anything For a Laugh!

By AL CAPP

THE NEBBS—Inconspicuous!