Loris Raymond has come to New York with dreams of a musical career but, after several months, she has failed to get a job and is in desperate financial straits. Carey Carson, a young would-be architect, is also badly in need of a job. They meet often at an employment agency and become good friends. Then, the manager of the agency, Sam Murphy, tells them of a wealthy old bachelor, Roland Potter, who wants to help some struggling young married couple by paying them to live on his Long Island estate and act as glorified caretakers during his absence on a yacht cruise. Murphy suggests that Carey and Loris marry temporarily in order to get the job. They agree to the plan on a strictly business basis. After a hasty wedding, they are introduced to Mr. Potter, who, of course, is unaware that their marriage has been arranged. He likes them and hires them. The next day, he drives them out to his place and leaves them there.

CHAPTER IX

THE following Saturday morning, Mr. Potter telephoned from Port Washington to say that he was leaving that afternoon on his cruise.

"I've got a list of some things there at Pottersplace that I'd like you folks to bring over to me," he told Carey, who had answered the call. He read over the personal belongings he wanted. "Get here around one o'clock, if you can, and lunch with me at the yacht club."

When Carey had hung up, he went to tell Loris about the call.

"Well, the old boy's no snob," he remarked. "Inviting his caretaker and wife to lunch with him at a swank club!"

"Why should he be snobbish with us?" said Loris. "After all, we've got family trees that would make his look like a scrub oak."

"Listen, angel face, don't you start playing the snob!" Carey gave Loris a little shove. "Go get into that sports frock you bought at the Lindenbrook Emporium. It's just the thing for yacht-club luncheons. We're stepping out into Long Island society, Mrs. Carson!"

"And I don't like it," said Loris. "Not one little bit."

"Why not?"

"The less people we know around here, the better," Loris replied. "We're in no position to answer questions."

"But we've got nothing to hide."

"Oh, haven't we?" Loris exclaimed. "Only the fact that our marriage is a fake! It's purely temporary, and the fewer people who know about it, the easier it'll be for us in the end."

"'In the end'," Carey repeated. "I don't like the sound of those three words. They sound so definite—so hard and cold."

Loris glanced over at the clock. "If we're to meet Mr. Potter at one, you'd better hurry and get his things together."

"Right!" said Carey.

HE RAN up to Mr. Potter's suite, and was soon packing the things Mr. Potter wanted.

While he did so, Loris dressed. She had never been to a yacht club, and she felt a certain excitement at the prospect. Yet she kept wishing that she was to have her first yacht-club visit under different circumstances. Playing up to Carey, acting like a wife, wasn't easy. She wasn't actress enough to get a kick out of it.

When she rejoined Carey, he had changed into sports attire. Perhaps his clothes were old, but he wore them with an air.

"Will I pass?" he asked.

"With a mark of 100," said Loris. "How do I look?"

"Wonderful!"

A short time later, they were headed for Port Washington. Carey tried to keep up a conversation, but Loris was apparently not in a talkative mood.

"Why so silent?" he asked her.

"Just thinking."

"What about?"

"Wondering if we've started getting ourselves into that tangled web. Suppose Mr. Potter introduces us to some of his friends, and they start inviting us places! It would be awful, Carey! We didn't come to Lindenbrook to be social lights—and besides, we can't afford to return the hospitality of Mr. Potter's friends."

"Gosh, Loris, you *are* crossing bridges!"

"Maybe I am. But don't forget, Carey, I want to do a lot of practicing on that beautiful piano, and you've got a lot of drawing and designing to do."

"Sure, but we can manage time for a little fun."

"Of course. But only in a very quiet way. I mean, swimming, riding, things like that—by ourselves."

"Yes'm," said Carey, sounding a bit crestfallen.

"Does the thought of spending all your time with me make you feel as badly as *that?*"

"As what?"

"As that 'Yes'm' you just said—followed by a sigh."

"Sorry," said Carey. "I think it will be fun doing things with you, Loris. I've thought so all along. It's just that I don't like to feel I'm hiding something—or that I've got to stay in hiding myself."

"I understand." Loris reached over and patted Carey's hand. "Forgive me for crossing so many bridges. I'll try to get over that awful habit."

A FEW minutes before one o'clock, they drove up before the Port Washington yacht club. Mr. Potter, who apparently had been watching for them, came hurrying out to the car.

"Right on time!" he said. "We'll go straight in to lunch."

Carey lifted from the car the suitcase containing the belongings Mr. Potter had wanted.

"What shall I do with this?" he asked.

"I'll have one of the club men take it down to the yacht." Mr. Potter took Loris' arm. "Come along, my dear. I hope you like seafood."

"I do," she told him.

In the club dining room, the head waiter led them to a table overlooking the Sound. Loris looked about at the other lunchers, wondering how many of them she had seen in the rotogravure sections of the New York papers.

Then, she saw a young woman approaching. And what a beautiful creature she was! Park Avenue and Hollywood combined—tall, slender, dark.

"Roland Potter!" the girl exclaimed, as she reached the table.

Mr. Potter jumped up. "Iris! How nice to see you! Won't you join us?"

"I'd love to."

"Miss Wrenshaw—Mr. and Mrs. Carson," Mr. Potter introduced.

When the introduction had been acknowledged, Iris sat down, looked at Carey and smiled. And Loris was quick to see that Carey was all admiration. In fact, he looked as though he were seeing a vision.

"Do you two live around here?" Iris wanted to know.

Mr. Potter answered. "I've turned my place over to the Carsons for the summer — while I'm away on my cruise. You must look in on them, Iris."

Iris' eyes were still on Carey. "I'll do that!" she said.

Loris' heart sank. She glanced at Carey, plainly saw that he was delighted with the idea — that he would love having this beautiful creature drop in to see them.

She turned her attention to the menu card, but she suddenly had no appetite. Just around the corner, a flock of complications were waiting. She was sure of it. . . .

(To be continued)

(The characters in this serial are fictitious)

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STATES DISPUTE REPORT

Washington, Dec. 14—(U.P.)—President Roosevelt today sent to the governors of Texas and New Mexico an exhaustive report by the National Resources Planning Board designed to aid the two states in settling a dispute over the allocaion of the water of he Pecos river.

STRONGBOX WAS RIGHT—Built as a strongbox room for a bank at Wau, New Guinea, this concrete and steel structure withstood Jap bombing attack which demolished rest of building. Australian soldiers recover silver-bar contents of vault.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland; KEX (NPS 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 PWT

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Refresh Your Memory, KPO, KOMO; Vox Pop, KSL; Don Winslow of the Navy, KGO, KEX, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Army Recruiting Prgm., KNX; Curtain Calls, KOIN.

5:30 p. m.—Jack Armstrong, KGO, KJR, KEX; Voice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Harry W. Flannery, KNX, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Radio Theatre, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Henderson Lavere, KGO, KEX; Eyes Aloft, KPO, KOMO, KGW; You Can't Do Business with Hitler, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands, KGO, KJR, KEX; Melodic Potpourri, KGW; Salon Serenade, KOMO; Deep Melody, KPO.

7:00 p. m.—Raymond Gram Swing, KGO, KJR, KEX; Screen Guild Play, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Furlough Fun, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

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

8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ceiling Unlimited, KSL, KNX, KOIN; News, KOMO, KGW; Music for a Nickel, KPO.

8:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Counter Spy, KGO, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; True or False, KGO, KJR; Down Memory Lane, KEX; Quiz Court, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Studio Players, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Vox Pop, KNX, KOIN; Hawthorne House, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL, KJR, KEX, KGO.

10:00 p. m.—University Explorer, KGO, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Sports, KNX, KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; The World Today, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Matty Malneck's Orch., KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KNX; Home Town News, KGW; Folk Music, KJR; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

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5:00 p. m.—Refresh Your Memory, KPO, KOMO; Vox Pop, KSL; Don Winslow of the Navy, KGO, KEX, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Army Recruiting Prgm., KNX; Curtain Calls, KOIN.

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10:30 p. m.—Sports, Gene Krupa's Orch., KNX, KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; The World Today, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Matty Malneck's Orch., KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KNX; Home Town News, KGW; Folk Music, KJR; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

Closing time for Classified ads 9 a. m.—To late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

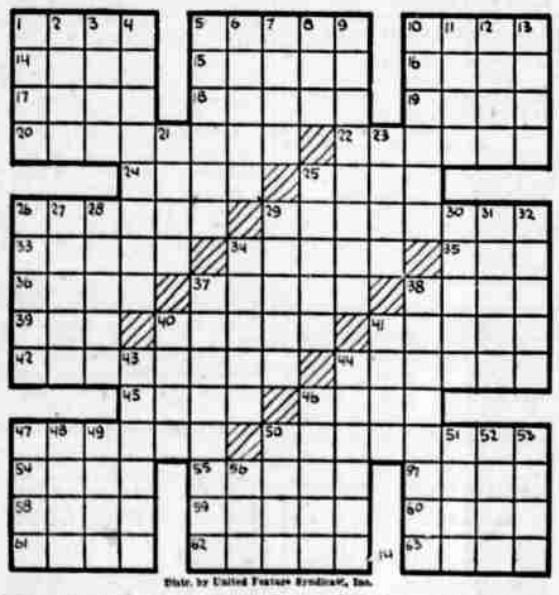
1—Mountain lake
5—Goddess of Growing Vegetation
10—Gala party
14—Region
15—Living
16—The Tent Maker
17—Scrapings of linen
18—Sodium nitrate
19—Ancient people of Gaul
20—Breadth
22—Fashions
24—Ballot
25—Dwell
26—Desire
28—Poison in tobacco
32—Platter
34—Prank
35—Study
36—Smelling of pines
37—Pervor
38—Victuals
39—Compute
40—Keep away from
41—Wash lightly
42—When girls propose
44—Stopped
45—Period of fasting
46—Buddist pillars
47—Most tender
50—Bard leader
54—Petition
55—Stupid
57—Heraldic bearing
58—Helps
59—Observes

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

60—Long fish (pl.)
61—Quantity of medicine
62—Paradises
63—Chair

DOWN

1—High
2—Operatic solo
3—Fissure
4—Birth of Christ
5—He commanded the tide
6—Cut off
7—Religious ceremony
8—Night before
9—Attendant
10—Lose memory of
11—Flightless bird
12—Domesticated
13—Goddess of Discord
21—Ripped
23—Smell
25—Two-legged stand
26—Frighten
27—Said
28—Bear-like animal of China
29—Lowest point
30—Religious images
31—Loop
32—Concluded
34—Native of Central Europe
37—One of Rome's seven hills
38—Complete failures
40—"Yes" votes
41—Network
43—Gratify
44—Fondle
45—Kind of cloth
47—World War airplane
48—Mixture
49—Radicals (slang)
50—Certain day
51—Large plant
52—Highly seasoned dish
53—Peace
56—Bow head



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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS by GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Protection For Small Investors

Babson Urges More Intelligent Use of Proxies

New York City—It certainly gets my goat to have letters from small investors complaining that everyone is against them and that they are being robbed and persecuted. No group of people have better protection than have the small investors. In addition to the Securities and Exchange Commission, there are Blue-Sky Laws for nearly every state and a host of other laws thrown in for good measure. Today I especially want to write of the importance of the proxy and the power which small investors have in connection therewith.

Laws Not Answer To Dividend Lack

Most of the attempts to help small investors have been by legislation. One of the crying appeals is to have salaries of corporation officials reduced. To satisfy public clamour, this is now being done so that the presidents of the largest corporations will receive no more than the heads of certain labor unions! Yet, out of 130,000,000 people in the United States, only 3,000 are affected by such legislation and their total salaries amount to less than 1/000 of 1% of the total dividends. Most of the other legislation for which small investors are asking can have a very little affect upon dividents. **More legislation is not the answer to the problems of the small investor.**

While investors are complaining, they, themselves, hold the cure for their troubles. I refer to the proxies which are sent out once a year and which 95% of investors sign like blind monkeys. Hence, the question:—Should a small investor ever sign a proxy unless the dividends received and the company's general policy are satisfactory to him? Certainly, investors who blindly sign and return proxies have no standing in court.

Refusal of Proxies Would Get Results

I know of no company whose stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange where the directors and their friends own a majority of the stock. In most cases all the directors combined own only about 5% of the stock. The balance of the stock is usually distributed through thousands or perhaps a 100,000 small stockholders. I am not advising it, but I do say that if you and other small stockholders would only go on a "sit-down" strike and sign no proxies for awhile it would be impossible to hold the next annual meeting. Then the management would frantically write and ask you what is the reason for your not sending in to them your proxy. You would then have a chance to tell them. I promise you the result would be better dividends on your stock.

In other words, small investors, in order to get results, do not need to go to Washington or hire a lawyer, or do anything else but refuse to vote. Of course, if the president of the corporation writes and asks you what the trouble is and you are too lazy to answer the letter, then the fault will be squarely up to you. Unfortunately, I fear too many small investors are too lazy to write corporation officials and tell them what they want.

Family Companies In Need of Shaking

Too much stock of most corporations is held by children, grandchildren and trustees who have no knowledge of the business. The stock has descended to these people who did nothing to deserve it. It almost seems as if too many companies are being operated from cemeteries rather than from efficient offices. Yet, on the votes of these "old friends" too many managements depend. These dry bones need to be shaken and this can best be done by the small stockholders. If investors would only appreciate the power of the proxy, their dividends received would go up. This especially is true in the case of certain utility and insurance companies operated under management contracts.

All of this means that if you are satisfied that the companies in which you have your money invested are being honestly and efficiently operated and are paying a fair rate of dividend, then sign and return the proxies which are mailed to you. On the other hand, if you are dissatisfied, do not depend upon the government or anyone else to help you out. Refuse to sign any proxy but instead write the company that you want the directors to give you better results before you will permit them to be re-elected.

Two-Party System Hope of Country

One difficulty with Germany, Italy, and Japan is that they have only one political party. The hope of the United States and the other democracies lies with the two-party system. The German, if he goes to the polls, must vote for Hitler. There is no opposition party for whom he can vote. Those of us who are citizens of the United States can go to the polls and vote for the party in power or we can vote for the opposition. This means that a nation is much safer and certainly the citizens are better off, when there is a strong opposition party.

The same principle applies to corporations. Most corporations are today operated on the Nazi system with one party and one ballot—the ballot being printed so as to keep the present management. The future hope of the American investor is to develop the two-party system with two ballots offered for each annual meeting — one endorsing the present management and the other appealing for a change in management. When such a voting system exists, you will see better earnings, larger dividends and higher stock prices.

Moribund Managements May Be Displeased

Of course, I'll be severely criticized by many corporation officials for taking investors into my confidence this way. These managements are dependent on their salaries; many of them are getting so old that they cannot get a job elsewhere. Hence, they resent any interference by a "poor country boy" like me. Furthermore, I have hesitated a long time before speaking out in meeting in this way.

At last, however, I am determined to do so. Moreover, I am going to keep some extra copies of this column on my desk to send to investors who write me long **tales of woe.**

Use Mail Tribune Want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

BIG BREAD LINE

Working on a twenty-four-hour, seven-day week schedule, the big shop's requirement for a typical day's bread and pastry output is 3,000 pounds of sugar, 15,000 eggs, 3,500 pounds of flour, 180 pounds of salt, 1,000 pounds of jelly, 1,000 pounds of cornmeal and 3,700 pounds of pumpkin. Ingenious contrivances in the huge kitchen include a cookie cutter which supplies the correct amount of dough for each cookie and places it properly in the pan, an automatic pan-greasing machine and a flour sifter on an overhead assembly line which gauges the correct amount of flour to be put into the dough-mixing machines.

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent—Fast Service Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

LI'L ABNER—A Puppet of Passion By Al Capp

THE NEBBS—On The March By Hess