

An Even Fight

By
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WNU Service.

BEING desperate, Claudia decided to resort to desperate means to achieve her end. She cast about in her mind for some course of action, be it nature scurrilous or otherwise, and, finding none, merely glared across at Diane and Peter. There was no doubt but what Diane was enjoying a quick and complete success.

Claudia hadn't expected competition from little sister Diane. Diane was one of the quiet, unassuming type of girls, who would rather give in than argue, who had heretofore quietly disapproved, but never interfered with Claudia's lack of scruples in the matter of breaking young men's hearts and finding pleasure in it.

It was hard to believe that Diane was at last actually asserting a bit of individuality—and vastly annoying.

Unconsciously Claudia's eyes wandered about the room, as if in search of some weapon, and presently her glance fell on the newspaper lying atop the terrace's wicker table. Emblazoned across the front page was a name, a name that at present was very much in the public eye by virtue of the fact that it belonged to America's greatest football star.

It was as if fate provided her with the weapon she sought. Impulsively she said: "Oh, Di, darling, did I mention about meeting Nigel Todd yesterday?"

Diane and Peter stopped talking. They looked in her direction, and Claudia's pulse leaped. Peter's eyes had lighted and interest glowed.

"I say, that's splendid! What sort of a chap is Todd? I'd like to meet the boy. He's certainly a first-rate player."

Claudia fluffed her hair and said casually, "And a first-rate man with the ladies." She laughed lightly. "He's coming down tomorrow. We're to have dinner together." She had intended to say more, but Diane, unexpectedly, astonishingly interrupted.

"Oh, that will be just grand! We'll all have dinner together. Then you'll have your chance to meet him, Peter."

Peter looked faintly perturbed. "But, after all, perhaps your sister and Todd had planned something—"

"They won't mind. Especially Nigel. Nigel's grand. He likes to have people around."

Claudia wet her lips. "Nigel?" she said. "You—you've met him, Di?"

"Dozens of times! My dear, he's glorious. Haven't I told you?"

"No," said Claudia, "you haven't." She hesitated. If this were true, if little sister Diane did actually know Nigel Todd, it would make things awkward.

She smiled winningly at Diane. "A pity," she said. "Nigel's practicing late and won't be arriving until early evening. I was to meet him in town at the station. You're leaving on the 6 o'clock train, aren't you, Peter?"

"No," said Diane, "he's not. He can stay over and I'll drive him up myself. Besides," she bounded to her feet, "I'll call Nigel on the phone and ask him to come earlier."

She started for the house, and Claudia rose in some alarm. "No! Wait! You really shouldn't. I mean, let me go with you and talk to him."

Diane was already at the door. She disappeared inside, and Claudia, flinging hasty excuses over her shoulder at Peter, followed. Inside the living room Diane was waiting.

Claudia stopped dead still and stared. "Well," she said, "Are you going to call him?"

"If I do," said Diane, "it will be rather awkward for you, won't it, darling?" She took a step closer. "I should call him. I should beg him to come down here, just to show Peter what kind of a person you are. But I'm not going to, because it won't be necessary to employ such an underhanded device to get Peter for myself. I'd try to ex-

plain to you what I mean, darling, only I know how futile it would be. You wouldn't understand. The fact that I love Peter and Peter loves me doesn't mean a thing to you—because you're too hard and callous and unscrupulous and aren't capable of love yourself.

"This is the first time I've ever defied you, Claudia. That's because always before it hasn't meant anything. It's different now. Peter's mine, and I'm going to keep him at all odds—even if I have to fight you with your own weapons."

Diane suddenly stopped talking and turned away. At the door she paused. "Sally Allen's been wanting you to spend a week-end with her for ages, darling. It would be wonderful if you ran out there."

Claudia opened her mouth and closed it again without speaking. In that moment she understood what her sister had meant by saying—"even if I have to fight you with your own weapons." Diane had resorted to artifice; she had lied about Nigel Todd. In that case it was an even fight—

Looking through the window she saw Diane and Peter talking together out on the terrace. She watched them a moment and then laughed bitterly. It wasn't an even fight. Hardly. Diane had won—and it was too late to do anything about it. Still laughing, Claudia went to the telephone and called Sally Allen.

Goldfish Are Produced by Selective Breeding

Goldfish as we know them do not exist anywhere in the wild state. They are a product of long years of selective breeding. The wild fish from which goldfish were developed belong to the carp family and are numerous in the streams of China. They do not naturally have the golden hue, but are dark in color, much like ordinary carp, although the species tends toward albinism.

Centuries ago the Chinese fish culturists interbred light-colored specimens and produced many beautiful varieties. Fanciers further induced and strengthened the golden and silvery colors by regulating the quantity of mineral in the water.

When goldfish are restored to a natural environment, says a writer in the Indianapolis News, they often revert to the original dark color after a few generations. It is supposed that goldfish were introduced into England in 1691. Some of the first specimens sent to France were presented to Mme. de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV. Goldfish are produced in large commercial aquariums.

ITALIAN PRINCE



Prince Emmanuel, son of the crown prince and princess of Piedmont, grandson of King Victor Emmanuel, for whom he was named. The boy, who is in direct line of succession to the Italian throne, was photographed at the Quirinal palace recently.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Cooking Sour Fruit—Sour fruit will require much less sugar, and be more digestible, if a dessert-spoonful of syrup and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda are added after cooking.

To Prevent Scorching—Leave one small section of a gem pan empty when putting gem batter in pan. Fill this section with water and gems will never scorch.

Keeping Brassware Bright—Brass ornaments will remain bright longer if, after polishing, they are given a thin coat of white shellac.

Banana Toast—Place sliced banana between two slices bread, spread with shortening. Place in baking pan in hot oven until lightly browned.

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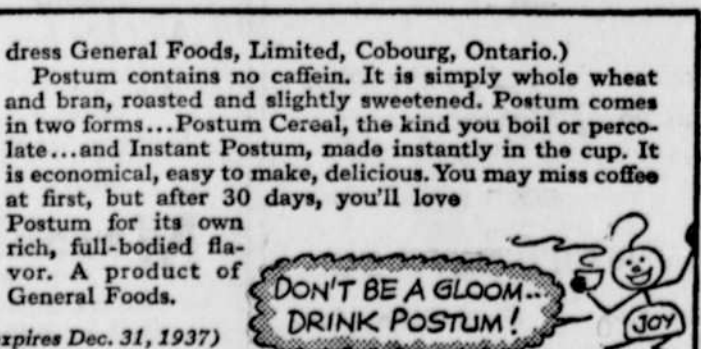
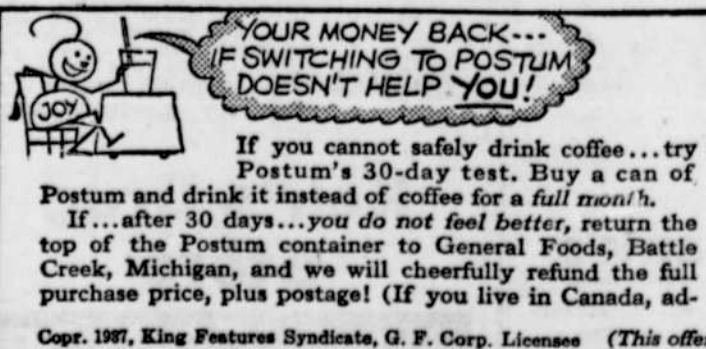
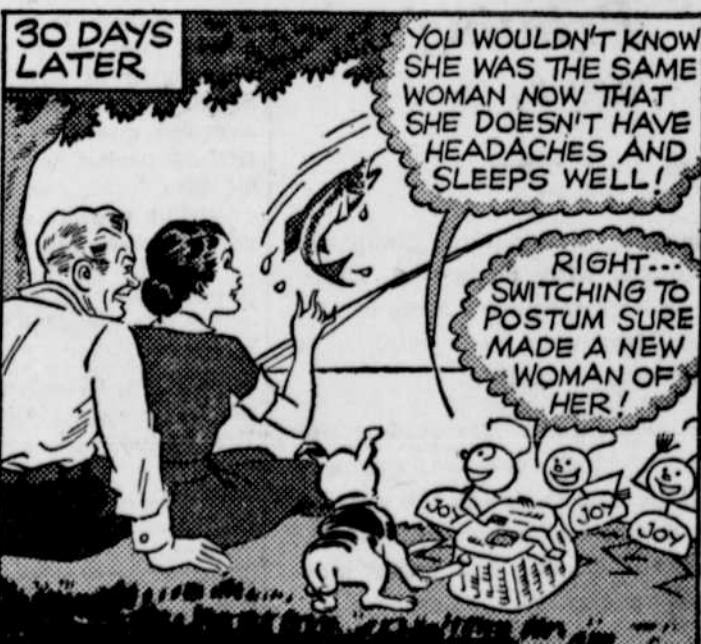
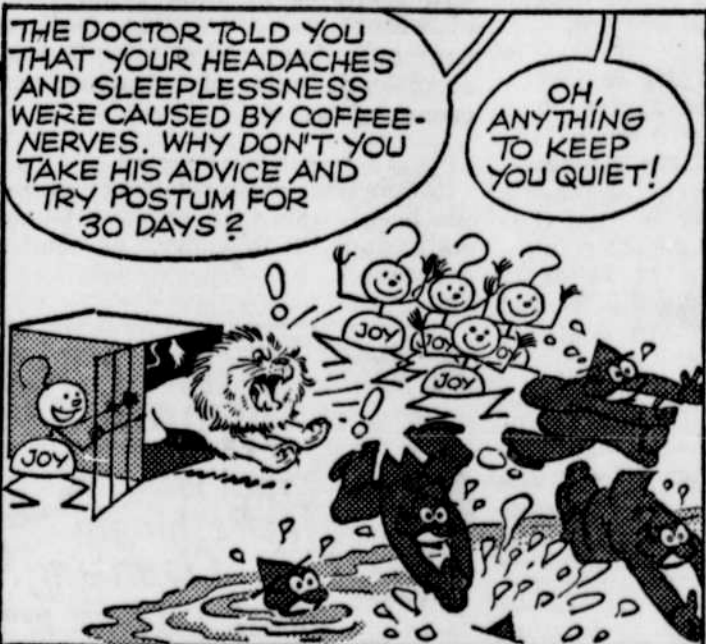
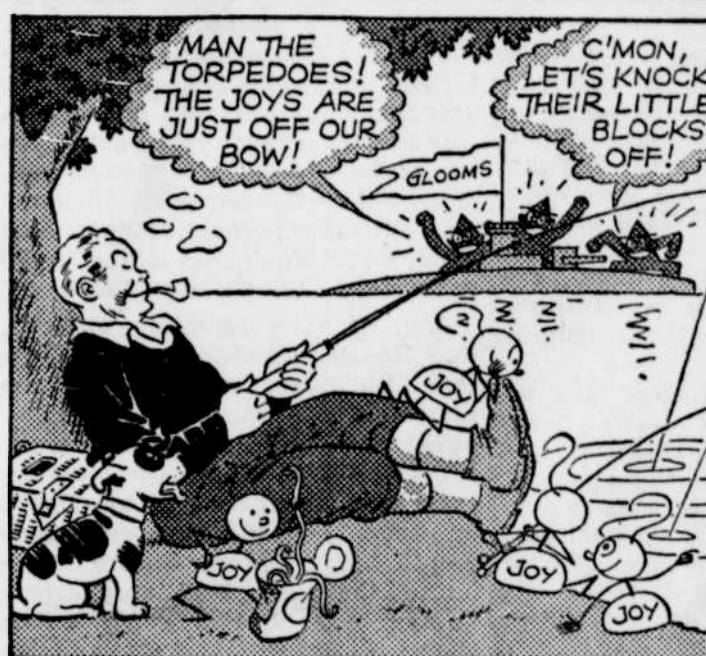
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