

So Much for Love

By NARD JONES

CHAPTER I

IT was 5 o'clock in the morning and Helena Derrik, attired in a white swim suit, was poised for a dive. In another moment, using her lithe body as a knife, she would slit the water below her. But just now she stood thinking how nice it was to be 20 and full of health.

And . . . in love.

She described a graceful arc and left scarcely a ripple to mark the spot where that arc had terminated. Then, far out from the lake shore, the smart white rubber cap appeared on the surface. Helena's arms, looking longer than they were, began a perfect rhythmic stroke that brought her to the float again. Easily she hoisted herself from the water and began smoothing out her suit, squeezing little rivulets of lake water down her flawless legs.

Wading ashore from the float, Helena stooped to retrieve a bright coolie jacket from the sand. Swinging it around her shoulders, she started off at a run toward the big lodge which was set back from the lake in the cool shadows of the towering trees.

"Well!" she heard a voice remark, "I thought I was the early bird—but I perceive I'm just a lazy piker!"

She looked up to see Peter Henderson watching her from the veranda of the lodge. He stood, tall and handsome, with a robe of toweling wrapped around his athletic frame. Even in the weak sun of dawn, Peter's thick blond hair shone attractively. Involuntarily, Helena slowed her pace, conscious of a queer feeling around her heart. "It's so absurd that he can do this to me," she told herself. "I've known him hardly 24 hours . . ."

Absurd, perhaps, but it was true. She was head over heels in love with Peter Henderson. She had been attracted to him from the first moment of their meeting, and during the ensuing hours, in which they had been much together, this attraction had come to be something more. Of course it was foolish. Helena had assured herself that it was. She had met Peter Henderson on a Friday morning. Now this was Saturday morning—and she was in love with him!

Nevertheless, Helena Derrik knew such things did happen. So why not to her? "But I'd better be careful," she had warned herself during the sleepless night. "This is the first time I've been away from the store—really away from it—and it may be that I'm a little giddy!"

It had, indeed, been a sleepless night. In lieu of sleep, Helena had lain, reviewing the chain of events which had brought her to Crest Mountain Lodge. For two years she had worked in Helvig's big department store, and it was only this spring that she had been given a department of her own. True, it was a small department, but it was an important one—especially during the summer months.

Now she knew that she had been wise to pay strict attention to the ultimatum of Miss Landes, the personnel manager of Helvig's. She had been in taking home the little pamphlets which Miss Landes handed out to her "class" of salesgirls. The majority of the girls seemed to think as whole thing a great joke, and only a few studied the pamphlets. "Why should I worry myself to death after hours?" Maisie Jensen had asked Helena. "Old man Helvig pays me for eight hours a day—and that's what I'm giving him. No more and no less."

It did seem as if Maisie got along quite as well as Helena Derrik. Both received the same salary, and certainly Helena obtained no more concessions than the light-hearted Maisie. Nevertheless, Helena took Miss Landes seriously; and she studied the multi-graphed pamphlets entitled, "Getting the Customer's Confidence," and "Courtesy," and "You Are in Helvig's to Sell—Not to Marry." Then one day, quite suddenly, Helena was called into Miss Landes' office. Trembling, she had taken the elevator to the fifth floor and walked down the spotless hallway to the door marked Personnel Manager.

"Good morning, Helena," Miss Landes had said, removing her glasses. Characteristically, she had come to the point at once. "Helena, do you know anything about sports?"

"Why, I—I'm afraid not," Helena had faltered.

"Surely you must know something about them," Miss Landes urged. "At least you know what a smart woman should wear for swimming and tennis and—" she waved her hand vaguely, "well, badminton?"

"Y—yes, I think I do."

Miss Landes replaced her spectacles. "Good! And before fall you can learn something about the winter sports, too." She smiled at Helena. "You see, Miss Little in the sportswear department is leaving the first of the month. I thought you might like to have her place."

Helena Derrik had gasped. The sportswear department was one of the most important in Helvig's. It was important not so much because of the volume of business, but because of the fact that it drew the daughters of wealthier families in the city.

"You realize, of course," Miss Landes said, "what the sportswear department means. Its customers

are chiefly young girls with money to spend—young girls who can influence their families to maintain an account at Helvig's . . . or not maintain an account at Helvig's."

"But, Miss Landes, I—"

"It's my opinion," went on the personnel manager imperiously, "that you can handle the sportswear department even better than Miss Little. You are good-looking, and you've that healthy, outdoor look that a girl in that department ought to have. But that's not what convinced me, Helena. We watched you in our personnel classes. You strike me as a girl who is anxious to get somewhere in the world. What do you say?"

"I'd like to try it, Miss Landes."

So on the Monday of the following week Helena had found herself in the sportswear department. This department of Helvig's big organization was hardly more than one corner of the "indies' ready-to-wear"—but it was a glamorous corner, done in a silvered modernistic mode with indirect lighting and streamlined display cases. Old man Helvig had quickly recognized the trend toward outdoor activities on the part of young women, had been among the first to see that a smart costume was half the fun. He was proud of his sportswear department, and cautioned his buyers that it was to have not only the reasonably priced lines, but the exclusive outdoor costumes as well.

(To Be Continued)

A Pinus fur beetle is said to have "penetrated directly through 27 large book volumes in so straight a line that a string could be passed through the opening and the whole series suspended."

The Two people of southeast Uganda, Africa, have coiffures embellished with hair collected from the heads of their dead ancestors, stuck together with blood, and decorated with feathers.

There are four American Roman Catholic cardinals. They are: William O'Connell, Boston; Dennis J. Dougherty, Philadelphia; George W. Mundelein, Chicago; and Patrick J. Hayes, New York City.

Going 'Over There'



Flapper Fannie Says



A certain amount of polish helps nail a man

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



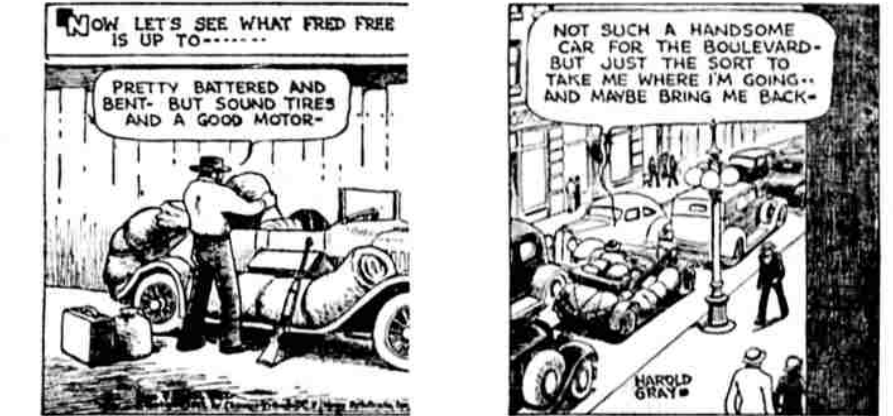
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE

By THOMPSON AND COLL



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By BLOSSER



WASH TUBS

By CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN

