

So Much for Love

by NARD JONES

BEGIN HERE TODAY
HELENA, a dainty, youthful
head of the women's sports
department at Helga's store, goes
on a week-end party at Great
Mountain Lodge. There she meets
handsome PETER HENDERSON.
It is a case of love at first sight
between them. Peter asks Helena
to marry him and the ceremony
takes place.

Later the crowd goes swim-
ming. Peter makes a reckless dive
and is seriously injured. Lingering
between life and death, Peter
asks Helena to summon his law-
yer, JOHN COURTNEY. Courtney
arrives and a short time later
Peter dies.

Helena is informed she is sole
owner of a large fortune, including
the Henderson department store.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI

JOHN COURTNEY looked at
Helena in astonishment. "But
that isn't the way Peter wanted
it, apparently," he said.

"Isn't there anyone else?"
Courtney studied his hands a
moment before replying. "There's
Peter's uncle, Roger Barnes. He
has been managing the store. You
see, Peter has been away a good
deal."

"Then why shouldn't Barnes
have it?"

"Because Peter has provided
that you shall have it," Courtney
told her patiently. "I want to be
honest with you, Mrs. Henderson.
We may have trouble with Roger
Barnes. It's almost certain that
he will feel the store should have
come to him. I expect him to
contest the will."

Helena's shoulders sagged weari-
ly. "I'm afraid I can't fight it."
She raised her eyes to Courtney.
"Tell me about—about Leah Fra-
zier. Peter inferred that she was
your friend, but I—I know differ-
ently."

Courtney cleared his throat.
"I'm coming to that. You see,
Leah Frazier belongs to one of the
town's oldest families. She and
Peter had known each other since
they were children. Then Leah
went east to school, finally to Eu-
rope. Peter went his own way—
to a military prep school in the
south, and then to Stanford. But
when they returned, and were in
town together, Peter called on
Leah often. They were together
at our local affairs. People be-
gan to take it for granted that,
whenever Peter got ready to set-
tle down, he would marry Leah
Frazier."

"But he—he must have planned
to marry her . . . some time."

"No doubt. As a duty," Court-
ney smiled. "Then you came
along."

Helena's fists clenched until the
knuckles showed white. "God
knows I wish I hadn't." She
looked at Courtney helplessly.
"What can I do? How can I get
out of this?"

The attorney shrugged. "I
wouldn't be doing my duty to
Peter if I suggested that to you
—yet. How do you know you
want out of it? The best thing
for you to do is return home with
me. The store is yours. You
must do something with it. You
can sell it to someone else, or give
it to them, or you must operate
it."

"What do you suggest?" Helena
demanded evenly. "You're his—
his widow's attorney now, and
you have a duty to me, too."

"Well . . . My idea is that you
should take over the store. Then
if you find it—ah—inconvenient
under the circumstances, you sell
it for a comfortable sum. Possi-
bly to Roger Barnes."

"I know what you mean by in-
convenient," said Helena slowly.
"They'll all hate me."

COURTNEY looked grim. "They'll
regard you as an interloper for
a time, possibly. I wouldn't mis-
lead you there. And Roger Barnes
may be an active enemy."

"And Leah Frazier?"

Courtney shook his head. "I
can't answer that."

The attorney looked at his
watch. "The caretaker has offered
to take us to the station to catch
the afternoon train. I'll see to
. . . all the arrangements, and
the services, of course, will be
over there. You'll come with us?"

Helena nodded. "Of course I'll
want to be at the funeral. Then
I'll decide about the—
the other."

Courtney left the room briskly,
and a few moments later Helena
sought Sandra. Briefly, through a
fresh flood of tears, she told San-
dra Leigh what Peter had done.
"But I can't go through with it,
don't you see? I—I don't belong
in Peter's life or in his town or in
his business. I—I haven't the
right."

The Leigh girl sat squarely in
front of her, lifted Helena's chin
until their eyes met. "Look here,
child. I'm glad you came to me
with this. I—I rather feel I got
you into it, and I want the chance
to see you through it. Answer a
question for me. Who has a bet-
ter right to it than you?"

"Peter's uncle. Perhaps this—
this Leah Frazier."

"Nonsense! I don't know Peter's
uncle, but there must have been
some good reason why he was left
out altogether. As for Leah Fra-
zier, feel sorry for her if you
want. But I'll tell you this, you'd
better feel sorry for yourself.
She has that town by the tail, and
she'll swing it against you every
chance she gets."

"But I—"
"Let me finish, Helena. You
thought you were in love with
Peter. I think you were, but
whether it was love or just an in-
fantuation that swept you off your
feet doesn't matter now. You were
willing to take the chance, and
you took it. You couldn't know
this was going to happen. And
don't think you're being handed
something free. Life doesn't work
out that way. If you make a go
of it in Peter's home town with
what he left you, then you'll fight
hell for it and win it on your
own terms."

THERE was a knock at the door,
and at Sandra's invitation it
opened and revealed a tall, cool
young man.
"Miss Frazier . . ." Sandra said
leisurely, "this is Mrs. Henderson."
Leah Frazier's gaze was sharp,
metaling, and under it Helena
felt her face growing crimson.
How do you do?" said Leah, im-
mediately ignoring Helena. She
turned to Sandra. "I was won-
dering about the plane schedule
to the city. I—I'm rather upset
—I don't think I'll return home
or a few days."

While Leah stood there facing
Sandra, Helena examined her. She
was indeed beautiful. Her fea-
tures, her figure were perfect, al-
most as though she had been done
up by some sculptor—but
sculptor who had somehow been
able to breathe softness into
his work. Her voice was a mo-
tic, nicely fitted together, a na-
tive from smart schools, from
Paris, from Florida
and Palm Springs.

A troublesome voice somewhere
in her brain kept asking, "Did you
love Peter? How do you know?
How do you know it wasn't the
new environment, the gaiety of
Sandra's crowd—Peter making
love to you in the moonlight—
how do you know it wasn't that?"
In a sudden flash of self-revela-
tion she saw that what she was
feeling for Peter's death was not
so much grief as shock. Grief
was something that welled up out
of the years, out of an association
between two people through hap-
piness and sorrow, through suc-
cess and defeat.

But her brain was too weary to
follow things out. Her life seemed
to have been taken into other
hands. John Courtney seemed to
symbolize a fate that was steer-
ing her along in the rut of the
aw.

Before she could be certain of
anything at all, she was on the
train with him, bound for Peter's
own home, the owner of the Hen-
derson Department Store and the
big Henderson home she had nev-
er seen.

(To Be Continued)

"Though I've listened to lots
of jazz, I'm no savage, no tear-
up-of-the-social fabric," says Paul
Whiteman. Still we'd hate to
have him sit on our davenport.

A Detroit reader writes in that
she is troubled severely by a pain
at the base of her neck, and won-
ders what to do. We find ignor-
ing election speeches helps.

Mrs. Landon at Notification



For the proudest event of her
life Mrs. Alfred M. Landon was
charming as she appeared for the
notification ceremonies in
Tospeke. She wore a salmon-
rose print redingote over a sim-
ple white crepe dress, with
white accessories.

Flapper Fannie Says



A hairbrush is something that
gets to the bottom of the hair.

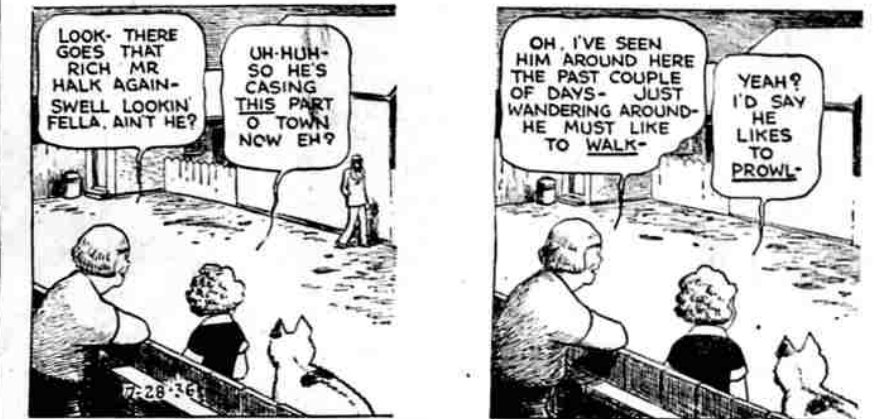
OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



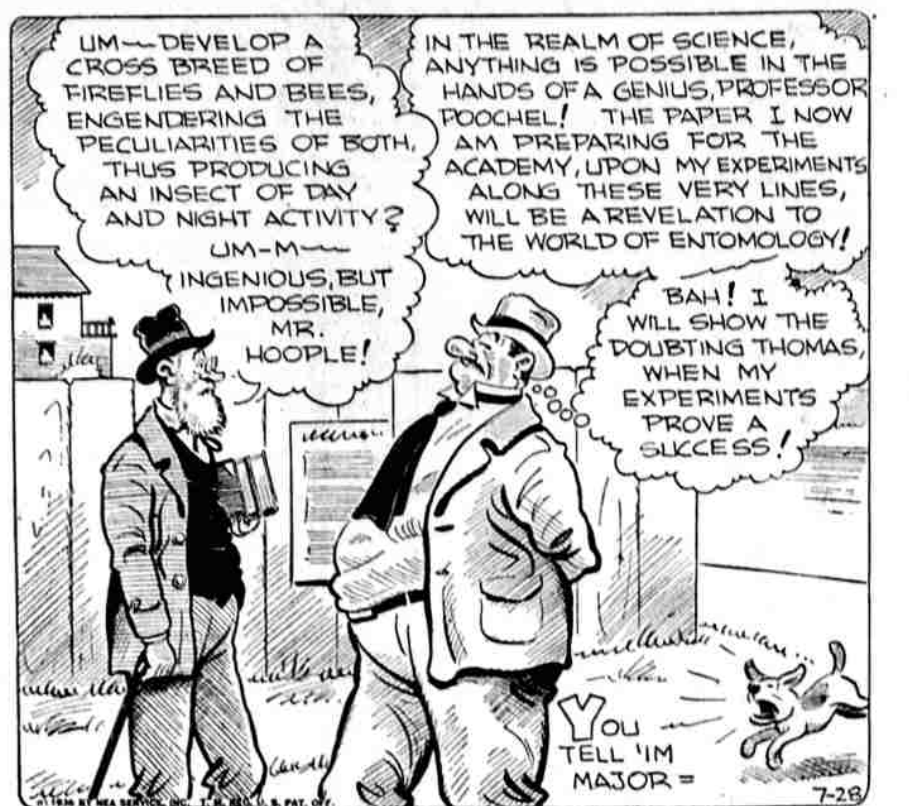
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

