

So Much for Love

BEGIN HERE TODAY
HELENA DERRIK, youthful head of the women's sports department at Helvig's store, goes on a week-end party at Crest 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 swimming. Peter makes a reckless dive and is seriously injured. Linger- ing between life and death, Peter asks Helena to summon his lawyer, JOHN COURTNEY. Courtney arrives and a short time later Peter dies.
Helena is informed she is sole heir to a large fortune, including the Henderson department store. She meets beautiful LEAH FRAZIER who had expected to marry Peter, and realizes Leah is an enemy. Peter's uncle, ROGER BARNES, manager of the store, is also hostile.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VII
IT was indeed a closely-knit town, neither large nor small, into which John Courtney brought Helena—and to her alarm she discovered that the Henderson Department Store was easily the most impressive structure there. She was to learn that it was im- pressive not simply in size. True, it was not as large as Helvig's, where Helena had worked, but it was easily the biggest organiza- tion of its kind in its half of the state.
"You can see from what I've said," Helena wrote her mother, "that I've had my hands full—and that I don't know yet just what to do. I'd thought of hav- ing you here with me, but the truth is I don't know whether I'll stay. Today John Courtney telephoned and said he was coming over. I have to meet Peter's uncle, and a man from the bank."
She had just sealed and stamped this letter when the bell of her apartment sounded. "It must be Courtney," Helena thought with a sigh. Aloud, she said, "Come in, please."
Turning from the little writing desk she confronted, not John Courtney, but Leah Frazier.
"Good morning, Miss Frazier," Helena faltered. "I'm awfully glad you called."
"This," answered Leah Frazier, "isn't precisely a call, Miss Der- rik." She smiled coldly. "It is Helena Derrik, isn't it? I mean you wouldn't quite call yourself Mrs. Peter Henderson, would you?"
Helena ignored the thrust. "Won't you sit down?"
"Thank you, no. I can state my business very briefly. I under- stand that you're going to meet Roger Barnes today?"
"Yes, I am."
"My advice is that you re- linquish all claim to Peter's estate. No doubt Mr. Barnes will be will- ing to make some compensa- tion."
"Apparently you've discussed the matter with him?"
"And why not? My people were among the founders of this town. I was—a friend of Peter's and of his family. Obviously, you have neither the background nor education to even assist in the management of the store."
HELENA smiled. "Perhaps not the background, if that's neces- sary. But I've worked in stores for quite a while. I think that might be a very good education for this job."
"You couldn't!" Leah returned without control. "Everyone knows you tricked Peter into marriage—just so you might fall into this I suppose you thought you played into great luck when he had the accident. I suppose—"
"That's enough, Miss Frazier!" Helena cried, facing her. "If ev- eryone knows a story like that it's only because you've spread it. Now will you please leave?"
The Frazier girl colored, held fast to her composure. "Yes, glad- ly. But in fairness, I'll warn you. If you attempt to stay in this town you'll wreck Peter's store in six months. I'll help you to do it."
"You'll help?" said Helena, not understanding.
"Leah Frazier smiled. "Yes. And so will all my friends. We'll boycott Henderson's Department Store, and we have accounts there now running into plenty of money. You don't know how fast a thing like that can spread in a town such as this."
She turned and left the apart- ment, slamming the door insolu- ently.
When Courtney arrived he found Helena wrapped in a cold rage that had not subsided from the moment Leah Frazier had gone.
"The Frazier girl was just here," Helena told him. "She wants me to turn the store over to Barnes. And she says if I don't she'll boy- cott it."
The lawyer pursed his lips. "I was afraid of something like that. And there's another hurdle, too. I've discovered Barnes has been talking to the employees. He's warned them that if you take over you'll mismanage the place, put it out of business, and lose their jobs for them."
"I don't care about that," He- lena whirled upon him. "They can all have the store if they want it. But I don't like the idea of being run out of town. Won't anybody go with us?"
"It's hard to say. I think we can count on one person, and he's important to us. That's John Lassiter."
"Who's John Lassiter?"
"He's old Aaron Lassiter's son. Aaron's president of the biggest

bank here—the one we do busi- ness with—but he's turned things over to John mostly."
"Why... why should he be with us?"
Courtney shook his head. "I don't know, but he is. He told me he thought you ought to have very consideration. And I don't think he approves of the wide credit Barnes allows in the store."
Helena looked at the attorney. "I wonder," she said slowly, "who the people are who are getting long-time credit at the store? Maybe it's our friends who would boycott. If that's true, we can land that kind of a boycott."
COURTNEY broke into a wide grin. "You know, I believe you like a good fight."
Within 20 minutes they were in Roger Barnes' office on the mezza- nine floor of the store. Barnes was a cadaverous-looking man in his early 50s, startlingly unlike his "nie nephew." He made no secret of his resentment toward Helena.
They had talked only a few mo- ments when John Lassiter arrived. The banker's son was a pleasant, well set-up young man, whose ready smile did not conceal the act that he knew his way about. "I've been showing—ah—Mrs. Henderson the financial state- ment," Roger Barnes said. "But of course I doubt that it means very much to her."
"Oh, yes," said Helena sweetly. "We used to draw up financial statements as part of our high school course." She turned to Lassiter. "I may be wrong, but it seems to me that, in compar- ison with the total annual vol- ume, we carry a tremendous amount on the books. There's a notation here that says some are 90-day ac- counts. Several of the larger charge accounts run six months or a year. Isn't that rather un- usual?"
Roger Barnes spluttered. "Those are people whose good will we need."
"Just so that I can get some idea..." Helena turned back to Barnes. "Is Miss Frazier one of those? And if she is, would you call her representative of this class of trade?"
(To Be Continued)

The easiest thing in the world to do is to spend somebody else's money, and it must be very pleasant, judging from the number of people who vote for it. —Senator Carter Glass, Virginia.

Notification Gown of Peggy



A striking picture of girlish beauty in her "notification gown" was Peggy Anne Landon, shown here. Her dress was a field flower marquisette, with its only ornament a bunch of field flowers. The hat she wore was of white tulle.

Flapper Fannie Says



Beauty is feminine lightning. It makes for a striking appearance.

OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

