

So Much for Love

by NARD JONES

BEGIN HERE TODAY
HELENA, DURING her youthful days, the woman's sportsman department of Helga's store, goes to a weekend party at the Mountain Lodge. There she meets handsome PETER HENDERSON, who 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, lingering between life and death, he asks Helena to assume his lawyer, JOHN COURTNEY.
Courtney arrives and a short time later, Peter dies. Helena learns 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.
Helena decides to take over management of the store. JOHN LASSITER, banker, and Courtney are her allies. Leah Frazier tells Helena that unless she leaves town, Leah and her friends will boycott the store.
This makes Helena more determined to win her fight. HARVEY JAMISON, in charge of the hardware department, assures Helena that the employees are with her. John Lassiter invites Helena to attend the Sunshine Club ball.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER X

AS John Lassiter had insisted, the annual Sunshine Club ball was the biggest party of the year. The whole town took part, but the affair was staged by what were known as "the older families"—ably and excitedly assisted by a goodly number of families who hoped one day to be included in that category.
Helena had promised John Lassiter that she would go to the dance with him, but as the date drew near she began to wonder as to the advisability of it. "I notice that Leah Frazier and her mother are patronesses," she told Lassiter. "Don't you think it would be better if I stayed away?"
Lassiter frowned. "I honestly believe that the Fraziers and their friends have been able to impress you with their importance." He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her around to face him. "Look here... for a whole month I've been planning on having with me the belle of the ball. I won't be cheated out of the triumph!"

AT last he persuaded her. In her little apartment Helena dressed for the party in one of the simplest evening dresses she had been able to find at Henderson's. She discovered that she was looking forward to the Sunshine Club affair.

The dance was to be held on a huge open-air platform built especially for the occasion. When Lassiter and Helena parked near the pavilion she heard the rhythmic strains of a popular tune drifting down to them. Beyond the car, countless lanterns flickered through the trees. The two sat there a moment, not moving, not thinking of leaving the car. Softly Helena began to hum.
"You're more beautiful than usual tonight, Helena," Lassiter said softly.

She smiled up at him impersonally. "It's the summer night haze," she told him. "Affects the vision... Shall we start?"
The pavilion was well covered with dancers, most of them young, all of them enjoying themselves immensely. Beyond them, almost at once, Helena saw a row of older men and women seated in wicker chairs along the edge of the platform. Mrs. Frazier was there, splendid-looking in a white gown and a short black fur evening coat.
"Dance?" asked John Lassiter, and Helena drifted off in his arms. They danced well together. Too well to spoil it with conversation. They had danced three times through before Helena encountered the suddenly resentful eyes of Leah Frazier.
The Frazier girl was in white, like her mother, but her gown was daring. In her faultless hair she wore a tiny gardenia. "She's truly beautiful," Helena thought. She saw Leah's arm drop from her partner's shoulder, saw her gather up the folds of the white skirt and leave the dance floor.

WHAT happened then, Helena would never forget as long as she lived. Leah spoke briefly to her mother. To Helena it seemed as if there was an almost instant exodus from that row of wicker chairs.

"I—I'll have to leave," Helena whispered to Lassiter. She felt that every pair of eyes there must be on her. Lassiter did not see what was wrong at once. Then, at the far end of the pavilion, she glimpsed the Fraziers and their friends leaving.

"I'll meet you at the car," Helena said quickly. "You—you can tell them that I'm leaving... that I won't spoil their party." Lassiter held to her wrist. "Helena, you can't—"

"Please let me go! People are staring at us..." She wrenched her hand free, hurried from the dance floor. Blindly she stumbled through the darkness to Lassiter's car.

A moment later he joined her. "Forgive me," he said. "Of course you wouldn't want to stay, under the circumstances." His face was white with rage. "Damn them," he said slowly and evenly.

Helena put her hand on his arm. "You mustn't be angry with them," she told him. "You mustn't get mixed up in this. You're in the bank. You've got to do business in this town."

Lassiter turned to her, took both her hands in his. "I never dreamed they'd do such a thing, Helena. I'd never have brought you if I—"

"Of course not, John. I know that."

Wordless then, he drove her through the quiet town and back to her apartment. There he said, "You don't feel like talking tonight. But I've something more to say, Helena. Won't you have dinner with me tomorrow night? We'll go to some quiet place."

"All right..." She faced him, tried to smile. "It was nice of you tonight to... to try."

NEXT morning, in Courtney's office, she told the lawyer: "All I want is to make a success of the store."
"You're doing that," the attorney told her enthusiastically. "Your credit policy hasn't hurt business, and it's brought in payments we never believed we'd get. And the bonus system for employees is working out fine."

When Helena reached her office the telephone was ringing insistently. Taking it up, she heard Lassiter's voice. "Helena, I'm darned sorry, but I simply can't make it for dinner tonight."

"Why, that's all right," she told him.

His answering laugh was weak. "I—I want to tell you where I'm going," he said. "You might hear of it and misunderstand. I have to go to the Fraziers for dinner. You see the last time they asked me I had something to interfere. I simply didn't dare turn them down this time."

"No..." agreed Helena dully. "No, you couldn't do that. Not after last night."

"Helena! Last night has nothing to do with it. You do understand how it is, don't you?"

She told him that she did, and Lassiter promised to telephone again soon. But at 6 o'clock after the store was quiet, Helena broke her head in her arms upon the desk, she burst into tears.

Finally the tears stopped, but she did not raise her head. She felt too weary, too utterly alone to open her eyes upon the world.

There was a tentative rap at the door, and through the frosty glass she saw the outline of a man, hurriedly she powdered, tried to rearrange her hair. Then, "Come in," she called.

Harvey Jamison stood in the doorway. "I noticed the light," he said, "and I thought maybe I could persuade you to knock off and see a movie with me. If you haven't eaten, we can grab a bite in the way." Having spoken, he seemed afraid that he might have resumed too much.

Helena slammed shut the drawer of her desk, faced that friendly smile. "I'd like to!" she said.

(To Be Continued)

CUTIE OF CLOUT



Fae Lindner started Walla Walla, Wash., by appearing as the star of the Connell, Wash., men's baseball team. Nor was it a publicity stunt. Miss Lindner is a fine all-around player, equally at home in infield or outfield. She is batting .438, and throws, catches the ball, and runs like a boy. The 17-year-old girl excels on her boy's high school squad, plays basketball and tennis, and swims and boxes.

RUSSIAN ACTOR SAYS

JAZZ ANCIENT MUSIC

Jazz music may be comparatively new in America, but in Russia it's as old as the earliest folk tunes, according to Akim Tamiroff.

The former Moscow Art theatre member, now playing a Chinese war lord in Paramount's "The General Died at Dawn," starring Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, says American jazz is practically the same as the zarzuela music of the Caucasus, so-called after one of the principal instruments on which it is played. The zarzuela, he says, is like the American saxophone.

Flapper Fannie Says



A tribe of critical relatives can make you feel savage in no time.

OUT OUR WAY

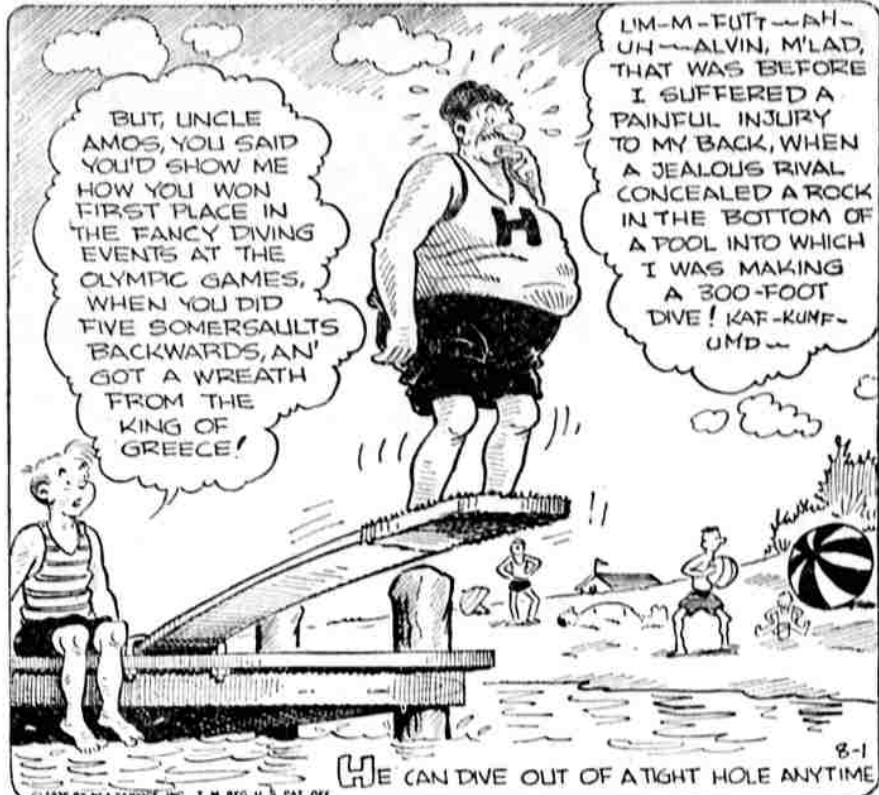
BY J. R. WILLIAMS



THE RUNNING MATE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



HE CAN DIVE OUT OF A TIGHT HOLE ANYTIME

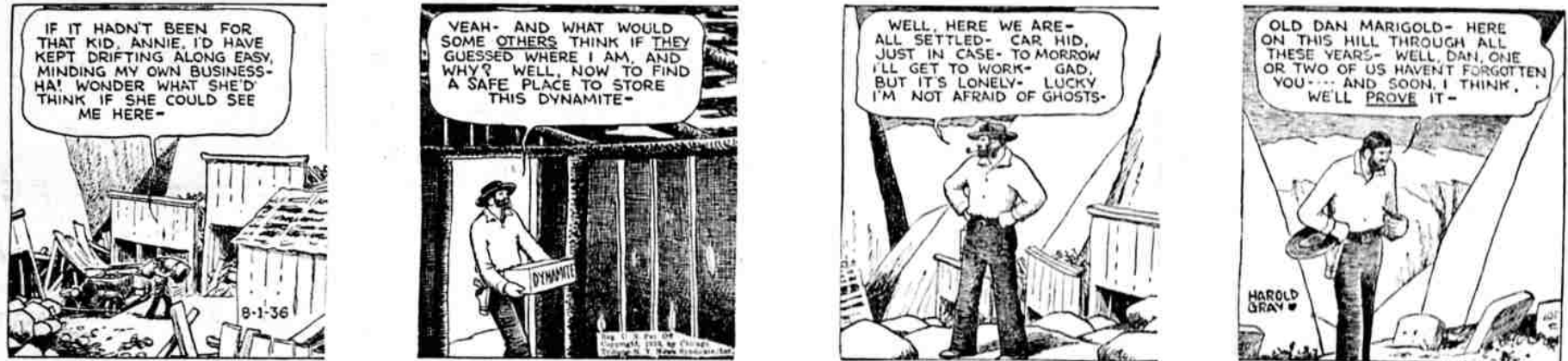
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE

BY THOMPSON AND COLL



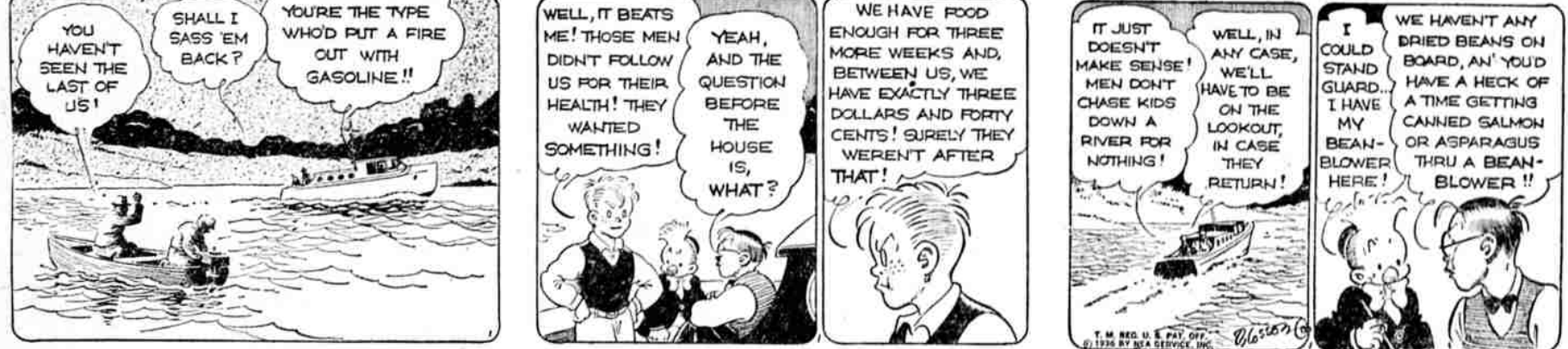
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



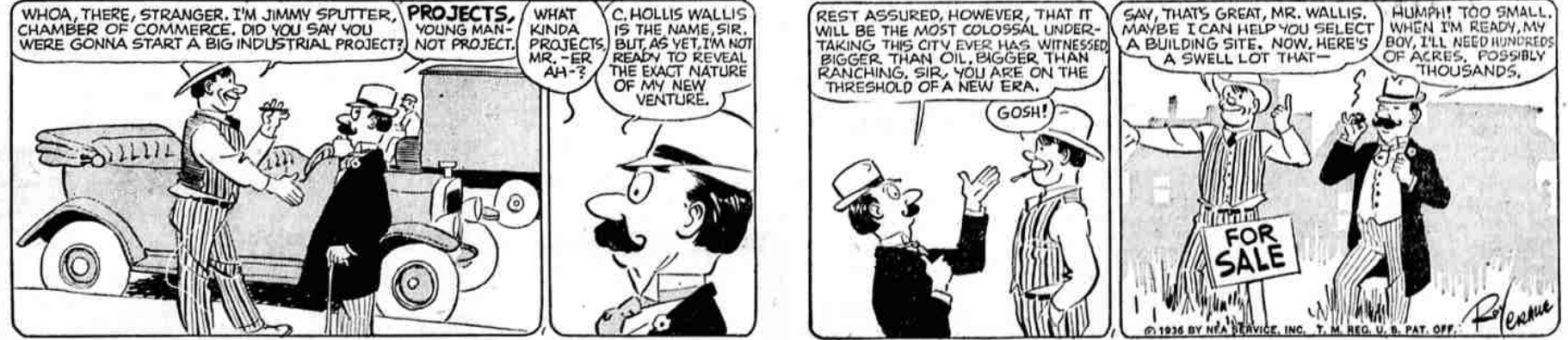
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

