

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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THIS STORY: Enid Sharon has accepted Tom Driftwood's proposal but is not sure of her love. She is a girl who has been married before. She is a girl who has been married before. She is a girl who has been married before.

END TAKES THE PLUNGE

CHAPTER IV

Puzzled by the unexpected familiarity of the face before her, it was a moment before Enid found her voice. She couldn't remember ever having seen the man before, and yet she had a feeling that she ought to know who he was.

"I've come to inquire about the apartment for rent," she managed at last.

He smiled a quick and easy smile. "Oh, yes, of course. The janitor usually shows these apartments, but he's not here just now." He held the door wider. "If you'll just step in a moment, I'll get the keys and show it to you."

Enid stepped timidly into the room and subsided into the chair nearest the door. It was a straight chair with a rounded back and thin curved legs and covered with a greenish brocade. She discovered too late that it was an antique. The springs in the seat were gone and it was as comfortable as sitting on a rock pile. She remained poised gingerly on the edge of the seat, fearing that even her slight weight might wreck it.

The young man smiled more broadly sensing her predicament. "I think you'd be more comfortable over here on the lounge. That chair is strictly for ornamental purposes."

Flushing with confusion, Enid changed her seat to the deep-cushioned divan he indicated. He nodded his satisfaction, excused himself, and vanished.

Enid looked curiously around her. The room was long, with plain yellow walls, and carpeted from wall to wall with a rich red carpeting that matched in color the divan on which she sat. Opposite her was the most enormous desk she had ever seen. She was staring at it with fascinated eyes when the man came back.

He had discarded his dressing gown and was more properly clad in gray slacks with a blue shirt and tie. He went to the great desk, carelessly pulled out a drawer and took a bunch of keys. "That desk—" Enid said timidly. "I've never seen anything like it. Is it an antique, too?"

He was obviously pleased at her interest. He smiled his pleasant smile again. "It's an antique all right. It's made out of an old rosewood piano that my great-grandmother brought over with her from England. My mother handed it on to me when I fitted up this bachelor apartment."

HE smiled again broadly. "Well, you're much too young and pretty to bother your head about antiques anyway."

Enid wasn't accustomed to being complimented, and her flush deepened. In an embarrassed silence she followed him down the corridor to one of the apartment doors near the front of the building. He didn't know which key on the ring fitted the door, and it took some minutes by the trial and error method to find the right one.

"This is a furnished apartment," he said as the door finally swung open. "Is that what you wanted?"

Enid nodded her head and drew a sharp breath of pleasure as she stepped in and looked around. She stood in a long spacious living room, modeled much in dimensions as the one in the man's apartment. But there all resemblance ended.

This room was furnished in a delicate feminine style. A wide davenport and a wing chair were upholstered in a light floral design against a cool green background. There was a white leather chair and a reading lamp before the radio, and in the opposite wall space a tall carved secretary with another leather chair drawn up before it to balance the room.

The floors were covered with a soft green carpeting, there were the sheers of ruffled curtains looped back at the windows, and some really good pictures on the walls. There were occasional tables and white lamps, and a low bookcase filled with brightly bound volumes and colorful pottery. It was the kind of a room she had dreamed about.

"This apartment belongs to an elderly lady who has lived here for years," her guide was explaining. "Her husband died recently and she has to economize now. So she asked us to sublet the apartment while she is away on a trip with a friend. She left all of her furnishings intact, even to her Haviland china, and we'll have to be careful whom we rent to."

His eyes were mischievous as they met Enid's. "I don't suppose you have more than four or five children."

The pale rose that crept up under her transparent smooth skin was very becoming. "No—I'm not married. You see—" she had rehearsed this painstakingly so that it would sound natural, "I only want a place for about a month. I'm a fashion artist and I've come here looking for a position in one of the stores. If I don't get one I'll have to go back home."

He moved through the dining room. "Haven't you better look the rest of the place over?"

kitchen. Her common sense was vanquished.

"I love it," Enid breathed. But what if the rent was more than she could pay, or what if the young man asked for credentials? She'd look rather silly referring him to the office and having him find out that she was a \$20 a week stenographer.

SHE needn't have worried. As a landlord the young man was extremely lax.

"Well, I guess that's all then. Mr. Allen said I was to let it for just the rent of the apartment if I could find a suitable couple." Again his eyes twinkled mischievously. "That's \$75 a month."

"I'll take it," Enid said quickly. "I'll give you a check now." She'd better hurry before he changed his mind. She sat down at the secretary and took out her bank book and fountain pen. "To whom do I make out the check?"

"I guess it will be all right if you make it out to me. My mother owns this place. And I live here. So I take care of things when Jim's not on the job." Enid supposed Jim was the absent janitor. "Henry Holliday's name," he finished cheerfully.

Enid paused with her pen in mid-air. Henry Holliday—she knew now why he looked so familiar to her. That was the name of the doctor she had read about in the paper, the man whose face she had admired as she hastily wrote and handed him the check.

He didn't bother to glance at it. "When will you be moving in?"

"Over the week-end, if that's all right."

"Certainly. Well, here's your key—and I hope you like it."

Enid lay awake for hours after she went to bed that night. She was too excited to sleep. And when at last her eyes closed, she

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sank into a mad welter of dreams in which new apartments and blond young men with toothbrush mustaches were hopelessly mixed. (To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"I think it's silly, too—but they told me to mount some cannons!"

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

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SITTING BULL,
SIOUX INDIAN CHIEF,
COINED THE TERM
"IRON HORSE"
FOR STEAM
LOCOMOTIVES.



WHAT NAMES DO YOU
ASSOCIATE WITH THE
FOLLOWING AIRPLANES—
SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS,
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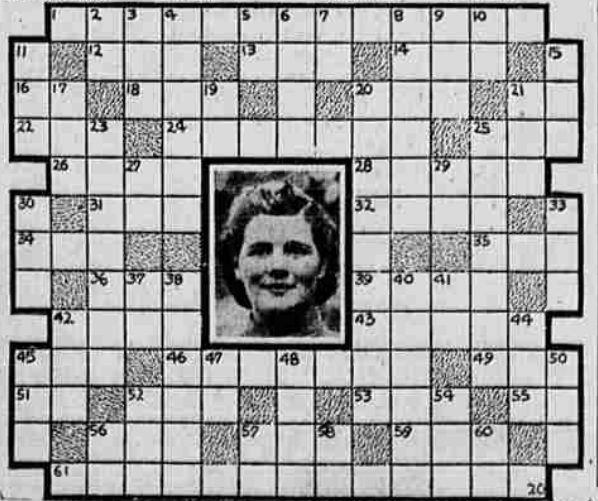
ANSWER: Colonel Lindbergh, Wiley Post, Captain Kingsford-Smith, Amelia Earhart.

PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured daughter of a statesman.
12 Pedal digit.
13 Entomology (abbr.).
14 Bustle.
16 Either.
18 Tree.
20 Partook of food.
21 Rough lava.
22 Child's marble.
24 Omen.
25 Look closely.
26 Telegraph.
28 Sandpiper.
31 Land east of Eden.
32 Angers.
34 Dance step.
35 Spinning toy.
36 Oriental lute.
39 Russian mountain.
42 Foot bottom.
43 Ventilated.
45 Important metal.
46 Abandons.

Answer to Previous Puzzle
TIMOSHENKO WINS
ORE PIT NAP FEE
PALL TO OR RAT
NOON NOW ROAR
P NOUN EON C
LA STY MARSHAL
ORET T M ITA
TOO GO SPOT
S PLAN S OWE
CLEAP SAW AREA
END PAL IT T RA
AIGOS RED GENERAL

21 Noah's boat.
23 Her father is Churchill.
25 Drugists' instruments.
27 International language.
29 Music note.
30 Foreign agent.
32 Sulted.
37 Indian mulberry.
38 Ransom.
40 Upright parts of steps.
41 Area measure.
42 Courtesy title.
44 Period.
45 Large cask.
47 Symbol for erbium.
48 Toiletry case.
50 Morass.
52 Limit (comb. form).
54 Ignited.
56 Pair (abbr.).
57 Mystic syllable.
58 Symbol for thoron.
60 Exist.



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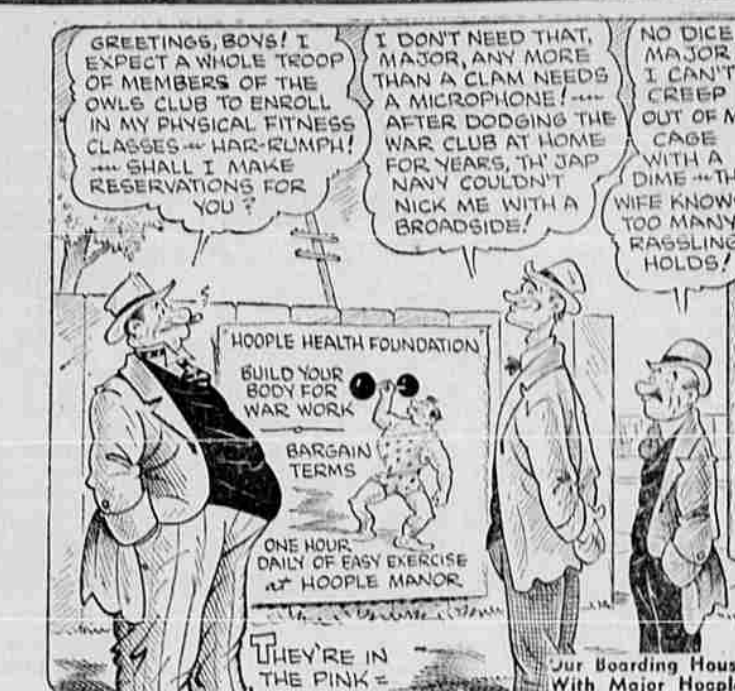
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