incent Richard

CHAPTER VI

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Synopsis

Len Rollins had dreamed of fame and glory when, as a member of the Davis Cup
Team, he would play for America. But he falls in love with Grace Worthington, rich and socially prominent, who is willing to defy her family and marry him—if he will give up tennis. Len injures his ankle and the doctors tell him he can never play again. He and Grace are married and live happily on his salesman's salary. But the ankle improves, and Len wants to play again. Grace says she will not be the wife of a tennis bum and when Len keeps on playing, she goes out with Richard Whyte. Len arrives home and finds her missing. As he waits, he exaggerates the tent to the same and As he waits, he exaggerates the uth a hundredfold.

"I suppose," he said when she finally came into the living room, 'that you've been chasing around "that you've been chasing around again with Richard Whyte. Oh, don't try to put anything over. Frank Wheatley told me he was at the Monterey the other evening and saw the two of you. Good God, if you want to pick on anyone to gad about with, why not pick on someone besides that good for nothing playboy!"

The corners of her mouth quiv.

The corners of her mouth quivered as she spoke. "If you'll stop tirading I'll attempt an explanation though you don't deserve

not! It wouldn't occur to the Len Rollins who rides fifty miles in a dusty train on a hot day to play a silly game of tennis. Not to the Len Rollins who bathes in the frantic applause of a grandstand packed with stupid hero-worshippers. Oh, no, Len Rollins' wife shouldn't go out with another "You want me," Justin offered, "You want me," Justin offered, "to try to persuade him to give Rollins who rides fifty miles in a dusty train on a hot day to play a silly game of tennis. Not to the Len Rollins who bathes in the frantic applause of a grandstand packed with stupid hero-worshippers. Oh, no, Len Rollins' wife shouldn't go out with another man because her husband's a great tennis player—and she's head over heels in love with him. Yes she is—not!" She stood before him, body quivering, chin high, eyes challenging.

She walked over and took a cigarette from the teakwood box on the coffee table. "If it'll make is a fairly sensible young of the sound tutoring you gave Bob. The sound the sound the sound tutoring you gave Bob. The sound to the sound tutoring you gave Bob. The sound t

She walked over and took at cigarette from the teakwood box on the coffee table. "If it'll make you feel better, Mother called me and asked if we'd like to join them at the Monterey. You were out at Forest Hills—it was Saturday, you'll remember! She told me to come along anyway. Dick town preferably a long distance of the come along anyway. Dick town preferably a long distance of the come along anyway. Dick town preferably a long distance of the come along anyway. me to come along anyway. Dick town, preferably a long distance

"The perfect matchmaker, your mother!"

"I went," she concluded evenly.
"That's all. Except that I had a marvelous evening." "Is Dick living in town?"

"Yes."

He leaned forward. "Tell me, Grace, have you been spending all these evenings with him— when I haven't been here?"

"Not all."

"I won't have you go out with him again. And that goes whether your parents are present

"And what am I supposed to do, Mr. Rollins, sit here twiddling my thumbs every evening, includ-ing Saturdays and Sundays? No thanks! If you can't find time to take me out occasionally I'll find somebody who will."

Mr. Arthur Justin's secretary stood just inside the door of his paneled office until the sales manager looked up from his desk. Then she announced: "Mrs. Rollins to see you, Mr. Justin. She says she has an appointment." "Oh, yes. Show her in, please." Justin rose as Grace entered

Justin rose as Grace entered and took her outstretched hand. and took her outstretched hand.
"It's nice meeting you, Mr. Justin. You've been so good to Len—and to me." She peeled off her gloves. "I'm not interrupting?"
"Not at all," Justin replied, offering her a cigarette.

Grace leaned forward. "I'm

one."

She took a step forward, small fists clenched. "Len Rollins, did it ever occur to you that you're neglecting your wife, neglecting her shamefully? Oh, no, surely not! It wouldn't occur to the Len Rollins who rides fifty miles in a position?"

I renng her a cigarette. Grace leaned forward, "I've come to see you about Len, Mr. Justin," she said. "You know, of course, about Len's ankle—the accident which resulted in his coming here and applying for a position?"

away, to which you could trans fer Len?"

"So," he said, rubbing his chin with the back of his hand as he spoke, "it's that bad."

"Not yet. But I am afraid it will be." "I see," Justin said quietly.
"You'd have a better chance if he
were not so close to Forest Hills,
Easthampton and the rest of the white trousers circuit? How would Indiana do?"

"Indiana!"

"Yes. Indianapolis. The manager of the sports department out there is about ready to be pensioned off. A young, energetic, ambitious chap like Len would fit in very well. It would be merely a trial, of course, but..."

"You're wonderfully kind-He answered, "I'm glad to be your ally. I'll speak to Len this afternoon and the offer that will be made is one he will find extremely difficult to reject, I assure you."

sure you.' "Thank you," she replied quiet-"It means so much to both of

As Len threw his hat into the locker after luncheon Weir said: "Justin wants to see you; and there's a letter for you over at the counter.'

The letter was addressed to him in evenly spaced typewriting on rich stationery. Puzzled, he turned it over. On the sealed flap was embossed, "Dayton P. Richmond." He opened the let-He opened the let-

recommend. He opened the letter and read:
My dear Rollins:
"First of all, congratulations on your successful comeback. I've your successful comeback. I've been reading about it in the pa-

should go over with the Davis
Cup team you might take care of
this for me—at a fair compensation, of course,
"Will you let me know?

didn't want to play on the team, didn't want to ...

He read the letter again. "At a fair compensation ... What a fair compensation ... What a fair compensation ... What is a fair compensation ... What a fair compensation ... What is a fair compensation

de dhim that manager's job in Indianapolis. Nice guy, Justin. He'd be for it, all right.

That's what they needed, he and Grace—a good trip. Needed to get away alone together. It would give them both a fresh grip, tend also to draw them closer together. Lately they'd been drifting. His fault, of course. But he'd make it all up to her.

They'd be together, not only while crossing, but on the other side as well. They'd spend a week in London. He'd play at Wimbledon. Then they'd go on to Paris—the Davis Cup matches. There was enough money and there would be that "compensation" from Richmond. The U. S. L. T. A. would take care of his expenses as a member of the team in London and Paris. Then he'd be finished with tennis until next spring and he and Grace would resume their former settled, sane home life.

That evening Len hurried seather is ded money, have a good vacation, and for me to play for wacation, and for me to play for way country all at the same time I don't see why you should raise a hullabaloo about it. It's just it is. Damn it all, if I—"

"Don't stop, Len. Say it. If you insist on making an issue of it, then I will talk straight from the shoulder. If I weren't married to a spoilsport my life would be much more to my lik-married to a spoilsport my life would be much more to my lik-married to a spoilsport my life would be much more to my lik-married to a spoilsport my country all at the same time I don't see why you should raise a hullabaloo about it. It's just to would raise a hullabaloo about it. It's just to would raise a hullabaloo about it. It's just the don't see why you should raise a hullabaloo about it. It's just the should raise a hullabaloo about it. It's just the would raise a hullabaloo about it. It's just it is. Damn it all, if I—"

"Don't see why you should rais

tled, sane home life. That evening That evening Len hurried home, making plans. Grace said as she raised her lips to his: "But

"I thought you were practising."

"I called it off. Something far more important. I wanted to talk to you about it as soon as possible." His voice was eager, boutship anthysication.

possible." His voice was eager, boyishly enthusiastic.

Justin, then, had been successful! Her heart beat quickly, happily, as he held her to him. She was wrong, then, in believing as she always had, that she meant less to him than the courts! But she must never let him know she had gone to Justin, that it was she who was responsible for the Indiana job.
"Oh, tell me what it is, Len!

Was it the ofice, Mr. Justin, or

"Oh, yes," he said, laughing, "I had a talk with Justin today. I'll tell you about that later—" She stood, her mind in a tur-noil. If it were not Justin's offer

toccurred to me that if you hould go over with the Davis moil. If it were not Justin's offer moil. If it were not Justin's offer that had made him so jubilant, what then? Her eyes, wide and frightened, watched his hand come from his pocket triumphantly holding a letter. Dramatically he handed it to her. She took it with a shaking hand and

"I know what it will do to you in the end if you keep up this way, Len. It'll ruin you."
"But it won't," he cut in. "How many thousands of times have I

told you that already?"
"It has begun even now," she said.

said.
"It has not. I'll quit when we get back, honestly I will, Gracie."
"No you won't."
"You're not fair. You misinterpret, twist things to fit your own prejudices. I don't twist things I'm opposed to as they'll help bolster my arguments. Take your family, for instance. And Richard Whyte."
"Please! They don't enter into this discussion."

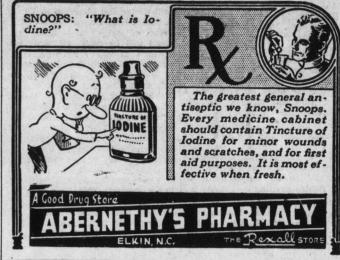
"Please! They don't enter into this discussion."
"But they do. They've been poisoning your mind against me; at least, against my playing. Oh, perhaps not directly, but indirectly. You can't very well spend a week-end out there without being somewhat influenced by it all, without perhaps wishing that you were part of that life again." She answered, "I gave it all up for you, and I don't ever care about going back to it, unless— there is no alternative."

there is no alternative."
(Continued Next Week)

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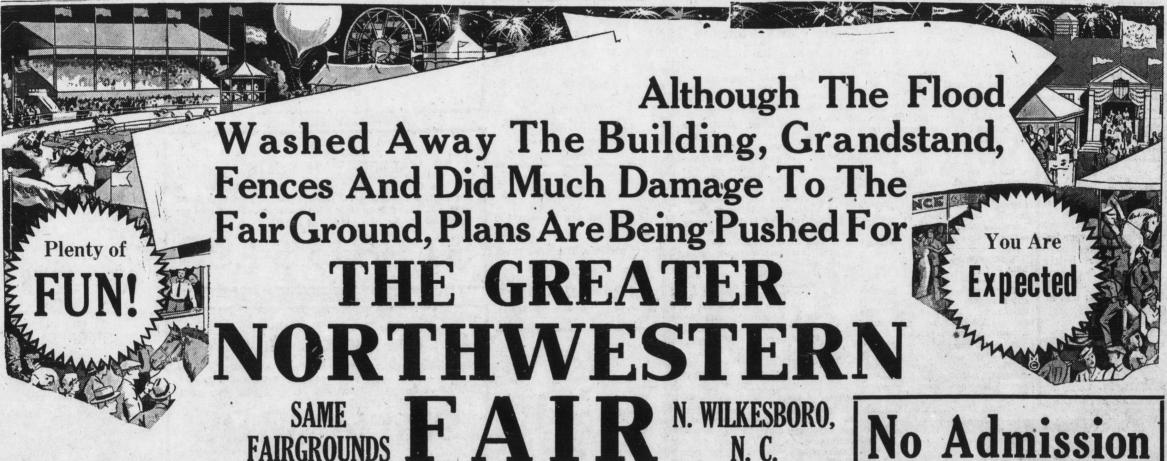
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