



Lady, Be Gallant

By MARIE BLIZARD

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READ THIS FIRST:

Joan Spencer, school teacher in a small town, is shocked to learn from her married sister, Dorothy, with whom she lives, that Stephen Winslow, a young physician practicing in New York, has announced his engagement. She and Win had expected to be married. By a mistake, Joan received a letter from Julian Sloane, noted playwright, granting her an interview for a secretarial position. When school closes, Joan drives to Sloane's luxurious summer home for the interview. Joan finds she has arrived in the middle of a house party. Sloane is absent but his guests make her welcome. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 5

JOAN, IN the next half hour, accomplished one of the most difficult of social tricks—she made herself feel that she belonged. School teacher, catching a moment of glamor, amid the company of a Hollywood director, a popular radio comedienne, a famous dramatic critic, a nationally known writer and others of their distinguished ilk, she might be fit at ease, but Joan had an ease in her spirit that made graceful for her what many another girl in her place might have found impossible.

It's difficult enough for any stranger to adapt herself immediately to a social situation and it was doubly difficult under the circumstances in which Joan had found herself.

All right, she started out for an adventure, hoping that a luncheon might be its high spot, so why not make the most of it?

It was all such fun, her companions were so simple and spontaneous. And Joan was young and pretty. She gave herself up to enjoying the moment. There would be plenty of difficulties later she had no doubt. But could she be blamed if they had insisted on her staying with them, playing with them?

She didn't know and she didn't care, she thought, swimming the length of the pool with easy strokes. The water cooled her, and she felt body. The wide, blue sky above, the deepening greens of the lawns and trees that met her eyes, filled them with pleasure. And the gay laughter, the lazy contentedness of people enjoying themselves, paradoxically, relaxed and lifted her spirits.

She knew that even though she lacked the glamor of their backgrounds, she was welcome, attractive, and could enter into the play and act to it. And in the midst of these pleasant thoughts, the fast graying vision of Julian Sloane intruded itself. What would he think of all this?

"What's he like?" she asked, speaking her thoughts aloud to the waiter in pink pants, Monty Great.

"Who?" he asked lazily. "Mr. Sloane?" "Julian? Oh, I dunno—and then suddenly—"Don't you know him?" "No. I came . . ."

"You'll like him. Odd. Had to go to New York. How about a drink of something?"

Joan guessed she'd have to ask someone else because she was beginning to feel that she had to know something about Sloane to get the uneasiness out of her mind. But how was she to find out anything when, apparently, no one thought it at all strange that a girl who didn't even know their host, was part of their party.

"For the twenty-seventh and last time, are we or aren't we going to play my game?" Grace Turner shouted. And for the next half hour Joan had something else to think about in the strenuous tennis-water polo game Grace had invented.

When at last they had finished the ridiculous, strenuous game and were seated, dripping, on the edge of the pool, drying in the dappled sunlight, Joan made another try.

"Is Mr. Sloane like all the rest of you?" she asked Franche Tripper.

"Good Lord, no! Julian is disgustingly successful. Sometimes he writes beautiful stuff, and sometimes it's tripe, but he sells everything while the rest of us poor beggars starve. But I do think he has something terribly good in 'Breakage' don't you?"

"Listen," Joan studied her slim foot



"Good morning," he said.

and went on grimly, "I wasn't talking about what he's written. I just wanted to know what he's like. Look here, I never saw the man, I don't know anything about him. I have no business being here. I'm an actress, a writer or a debutante. I came over to see him about a job, and well . . ."

"Why, that's simply swell. I must put it in a story. And what a break for Alex?"

"Alex?" Joan felt she was slightly awestruck. She expected the other girl to turn a cold shoulder to her disclosures but if everything seemed to be all right, Joan was no girl to try to prove it wrong.

"Alex Garry. Gorgeous, the lad who introduced you. He has just done the music for 'New Forms'. Terribly clever and terribly bored with all of us. He used to like Grace until she went stupid for money. He likes you, I can see that." Franche slid back into the water.

Joan lay back on the warm concrete and closed her eyes. A girl had to take time out to think. She'd never met any people before who were so simple and easy to be with. Then she wished that she didn't have to go back and get in the Rattle-brain for the trying trip back to Blakeville.

"Do we lunch here or are we being polite and dressing?" someone called and was immediately drowned with a shout of protest.

"I'm never going to get dressed again as long as I live," Verna Delaney screamed.

"Oh yes, you are, my beautiful," her husband informed her. "We're all going over to the Fairfield club to look over the Rogers' nags and, meanwhile, we're lunching right here."

Luncheon, Joan thought, was more story book than all the other things that had happened to her. There were things she hadn't thought of in all her imagination. They lunched from the wheeled carts Kobi, the Japanese butler, brought to the pool. Delicious concoctions of chicken hash and hot crab meat in a sauce served in clam shells. And there were huge wooden bowls of all the green things that go to making a salad, served with aged cheese, a memory to last forever. And Joan was treasuring up these things to remember forever against a day when she would need happy things to remember.

It was after three when Grace led the way to the house, warning

them all that they must be in Westport before four, and to dress quickly. Joan hated the idea of putting on her crumpled blue linen and starting the lonesome trip back.

When she was dressed again in the frock that appeared miraculously fresh since Kobi had seen to its pressing, and the panama firmly, if unhappily, perched on her head, she found Grace Turner waiting for her in the hall.

"You're driving over with Alex and me, you mix—to steal him from under my eyes." Grace took her arm. "Thanks awfully, but I can't. I've got to go back now," and then she told Grace all about the whole thing, with reservations. She let Grace think that she was actually looking for a job.

"I'm terribly sorry Julian wasn't here today but he will be here tomorrow and if he hears we let you go, he'll be furious. Have you got a date for tonight? Or can't you stay over and telephone home or something?" Grace answered when she had finished.

"Well . . ." Joan hesitated. After all, she had come to see Julian. "I guess I could do that."

"Swell. It's all settled then. We're going to have a very quiet evening. Dinner at the Hunt club and then we'll come back here and fool around."

The first thing Joan did on Sunday morning when she opened her eyes was to sigh. "Easy come, easy go," she said philosophically and ran for the shower. On went her blue linen and the panama hat again. When Julian Sloane met her, she wanted it understood that she was not presuming on his hospitality.

There was no one astir when once more she went down the wide staircase. The hunger-tempting scent of coffee assailed her and mingled with it the scent of cigar smoke. She followed the scent to the porch.

Then she saw no longer alone. The lone figure of Julian Sloane stood poised on the lower step. In one quick glance she saw the careless grace with which he wore his rough tweeds, the faultlessness of his linen, the slight silver at his temples, the bronze of his deep eyes.

"Good morning," he said. "You must be Miss Spencer, and why are you wearing your hat?"

In that moment Joan knew that she'd have to make it up to Jane Spencer some other way; she wanted to be Julian Sloane's secretary. She wanted to know this man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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READ THIS FIRST:

Joan Spencer, school teacher in a small town, is shocked to learn from her married sister, Dorothy, with whom she lives, that Stephen Winslow, a young physician practicing in New York, has announced his engagement. She and Win had expected to be married. By a mistake, Joan received a letter from Julian Sloane, noted playwright, granting her an interview for a secretarial position. When school closes, Joan drives to Sloane's luxurious summer home for the interview. Joan finds she has arrived in the middle of a house party. Sloane is absent but his guests make her welcome. After a gay time at Sloane's party, Joan finally meets her host who has been detained in New York. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 6

UNCONSCIOUSLY Joan found herself taking off her hat. Her eyes stayed on Julian's face as she advanced to take his hand. She searched for and found something in his mouth that she liked. Joan rested her judgment on the revealing lines of a man's mouth. She knew from his that his smile was ready but slow and that was an indication of the character of the man.

"I am Miss Spencer," she said and added quickly, "Joan Spencer."

"Yes, I know," he said to Joan's perplexity, "and you haven't had breakfast. Neither have I but I heard you moving about upstairs and I thought we might have it on the terrace."

As he spoke, he moved along beside her. "The others are lazy-bones and won't be up until noon. I hope they've made you comfortable."

"Oh, quite," Joan was surprised to hear her voice tremble slightly. "Please forgive me for not being here when you came. I had to run down to see my agent quite unexpectedly."

"Please forgive me for staying," Joan said, feeling exceedingly foolish. "I should have been terribly disappointed if you hadn't," he said and Joan felt as though they were playing Act I of a Noel Coward farce.

"About the position . . ." Joan started when they had finished their iced tomato juice.

"Do you particularly want to talk about it at breakfast?" Julian asked with a slight smile and the merest lifting of his eyebrows in what Joan would have called a whimsical manner if any sort of whimsy hadn't been beneath her notice.

"Get a grip on yourself," she warned herself, and then, speaking aloud: "Not in the least if you don't, but I thought you might."

"Try a bit of this omelet. I warn you it's filled with chives and I hope you don't mind." He uncovered a silver dish.

"I adore them," she said. "In fact, I'm not above equally adoring onions." She helped herself to a generous portion.

"You are a woman after my own heart." He put down his silver and studied her across folded arms. "You probably like corned beef and cabbage and Irish stew?"

"Very well, no Irish stew." He picked up his fork and laid it aside again. "How about sauerkraut and spareribs?" He waited anxiously for her answer.

Joan pondered thoughtfully for a long time.

"Yes, I think so, on very cold nights. I also like warm woolen socks in bed in the winter and ice cream cones on very hot days."

"There! I knew that if I ever saw a sensible woman I would recognize her."

"But you mustn't misunderstand me. I also have exotic tastes." Joan was really having a perfectly lovely time.

"You like the nineteenth century poets, milk coats and Katherine Cornell," he accused.

"No," she said, "I like . . . I like—yes, I do like nineteenth century poets. Is that wrong?"

"Definitely no! I've known 4,000 women who've said they liked nine-



"About the position . . ."

teenth century poets but they couldn't name them." He poured fresh coffee for Joan who hadn't the least idea what it tasted like between her delight and her dread of the moment when she must end this chatter and tell him the truth.

"So you think you do? Then quote me the line that follows that most beautiful line, 'Forlorn, the word is like a bell . . .'"

" . . . tolling me back to my sole self," Joan finished it.

"You do know it! That settles it. You are engaged, Miss Spencer. I can see now that I cannot get along without you." He offered her a cigarette.

"Oh, but I can't accept," she said quickly now that the moment had arrived.

"The cigarette?" he asked blandly. "No, the job, Mr. Sloane. I must tell you the truth. I am not . . ."

"Jane Spencer?" he asked and she saw his broad smile for the first time. She swallowed hard, unable to speak.

"I know, you're Joan Spencer." "Yes, but how did you know?" "I really . . . I didn't mean . . . I mean I did . . ." Joan was enveloped in embarrassment.

"Please, don't be uncomfortable. I know because Jane Spencer had sent me her telephone number and when I called to tell her I would not be here yesterday, she told me that she had found another position."

"Oh! That monosyllabic was all that Joan could manage." "Of course you can take dictation?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes . . . yes, of course," she answered weakly. "But do you mean that you . . . after all this . . . I mean . . ."

"Do you mean, will I take on Jane Spencer's . . . substitute? Yes, if you want the job?"

"I do." She regretted the haste with which the little words tumbled together.

"Good. Suppose you tell me something about yourself and then we'll do something less burdensome."

"I'm a school teacher but I worked my way through school typing all sorts of things for the pros and I've kept up my stenography." That seemed to be all there was to say.

"Fine, you'll come with a fresh point of view. The hours may throw you. I work erratically. Sometimes it's early in the morning and sometimes it is all night but you'll have

plenty of freedom. I shall expect you to stay here." Then arrested by something in Joan's face, he added: "I have a housekeeper who will relieve you of any of the domestic duties secretaries sometimes anticipate. We'll be out here until October and then we'll go into town."

"Go into town?" Joan asked foolishly. She simply couldn't make sense. "Please don't misunderstand. I'll give you plenty of notice when I'm going to work and so you'll be quite free. The salary, by the way, is \$200 a month. I hope it's satisfactory?"

"Very." Joan was in it now. "No more little Buddy Johnsons with dripping noses and retarded developments. No more dusty school rooms. No more Blakeville bridge parties, 'kitchen showers'. No more endless days and lonely nights. No more nights like these last three weeks without any future with Win to think of. Something smote her deep within then and her blue eyes shaded to violet.

The swift shadow was not lost on Julian Sloane.

"Er . . . you aren't engaged or married?"

"Neither," she answered shortly. "I have no entanglements of any kind." And neither had she. On \$200 a month she could send a little to Dorothy to make up for the loss of her "board."

"Good. Then it's all settled. Can you start tomorrow?"

"Yes," she answered immediately, "but that means I've got to leave immediately because I must drive over to Blakeville."

"You'll see the others again," Julian said to her before he went around to the garage to order her car.

"Hello, how's my rival this morning?" It was Grace Turner at her side.

"Simply swell this morning, P. S.—She got the job! I'm going to be Mr. Sloane's secretary." She had to pass her happiness on.

"Phew! Really? I think that's grand. I suppose you know one of your duties will be keeping the gals off? And I wonder what Sheila will think of Julian's having a beautiful secretary."

Driving over the dusty road, Joan thought of Grace's little speech with mingled emotions. No one had ever called her beautiful before. And who was Sheila?

Joan was soon to find that out. (TO BE CONTINUED)

CONTRACT BRIDGE
WRITTEN FOR CENTRAL PRESS
By E. V. SHEPARD

MOST UNEXPECTED RESULT
OUTSIDE THE ranks of the professional and semi-professional bridge players there will be found few players more able than Mr. Charles King, Knickerbocker Whist club. He also is one of the most charming partners to be found anywhere. I have yet to see him annoyed or outwardly disturbed at any happening at the table, which I assure you is rare indeed. The unexpected result of the following deal appealed so to Mr. King's sense of humor that he gave me the hand, with the interesting details of the result.

♠ 10 8 7 4
♥ J 10 3
♦ K J 8 7
♣ 8 4

♠ A Q 8 6
♥ 2
♦ None
♣ K Q 9 7
6 5 3

♠ K Q J 3
♥ 5
♦ A Q 10 6 4
♣ A 10 2

Mr. King sat South and dealt. Bidding went: South, 1-Diamond; West, 1-Heart; South, 1-Spade; West, 3-Clubs, to show his great strength; North, 3-Diamonds; West, 5-Hearts; North, 4-Spades; West, 5-Hearts; trusting partner to shift to the minor make, if he preferred; North, 5-

Spades; West, 6-Hearts, which South doubled. With three and one-half quick tricks, and partner supporting, while East persistently had declined to assist the double appeared to be a very promising investment.

The 4 of spades was led. Declarer's lone Ace won. The 5 of clubs was led back and dummy's singleton J went to doubler's Ace. The opening lead showed declarer void of spades, but it could do no harm to ruff him, so the K of spades was led by South. West ruffed with the 2.

The next three tricks were taken with declarer's Ace of hearts, dummy's K and declarer's Q of that same suit, cleaning up opposing trumps and leaving a single heart in dummy and one in declarer's hand. Somehow the double did not appear so good as when it was made. Declarer had won five of the first six tricks taken, but probably a minor suit trick or so might still be won by defenders. That may have been the last hope of the doubler and his partner. But that was not to be.

Two rounds of winning clubs took out the last card of that suit held by the doubler, leaving the rest of declarer's clubs long, with no losers in other suits. Mr. King had a real surprise on the outcome of that deal.

Well as Mr. King plays, with four spades and four diamonds in East's hand, the Ace of spades held by West, and ability to force two ruffs from the South hand; had either member of the doubling side elected to play a small slam at diamonds or spades, the path would have been both difficult and expensive.

Wife Preservers



When your blanket is clean and dry, use a soft brush to bring up the nap. Press the binding only, using a moderate iron over a damp cloth.

Saccharin Is Found Not Harmful for Sweetening

47 LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

"IS THERE ANY objection to the use of saccharin to replace sugar over a long period of time?" writes a correspondent.

No, according to everyone who has made a careful study of the subject. Most of the objections are based on opinion.

Saccharin comes from a Brazilian plant. Chemically it is the anhydride of ortho-sulfamido-benzozole acid.

It is 300 to 500 times sweeter than ordinary table sugar. It was on account of this property, brought into general use as a substitute for sugar in the diet of diabetes and obesity.

It also was introduced into commercial food manufacturing, especially in England, because it takes so little to sweeten a sample of canned goods. Considerable indignation was expressed at this time (20 or more years ago) in the house of commons at this practice, and charges were made that it had deleterious effects on the body if taken in large quantities. This is evidently where the idea originated.

But the claims were thoroughly investigated, with the following results: One patient was reported who had taken seven to eight grains of sac-

charin a day for 15 years with no bad symptoms or effects.

As an experiment, two men were given 25 grains daily for over four weeks. Their food contained no sugar whatever. This is about ten times the average daily dose ordinarily taken by the diabetic or overweight patient. There were no ill effects.

The most that can be said is that when very large doses are ingested, stomach irritation, nausea and headaches result. But this is in much larger doses than are ordinarily used.

To many people, the taste is not pleasant or even sweet, but bitter. And when too much is used the after taste is almost inevitably bitter. It is always well to use too little rather than too much, simply for the palate's sake.

An advantage recently introduced in its use is that it can be obtained in pulverized form. Formerly it was only to be had in the form of tablets. When used in cooking it should be added only at the very last minute, because prolonged heating makes it bitter.

QUESTIONS FROM READERS
W. D. L.: "Please tell me how long before medical tablets lose their original strength if they remain in a corked bottle, protected from the light. I have about 75 five-grain Empirine tablets."
Answer: Very few medicines lose their strength if kept in a dry state under the conditions which you mention—i. e., corked bottle, protected from light. The Empirine tablets would keep almost indefinitely in this way.

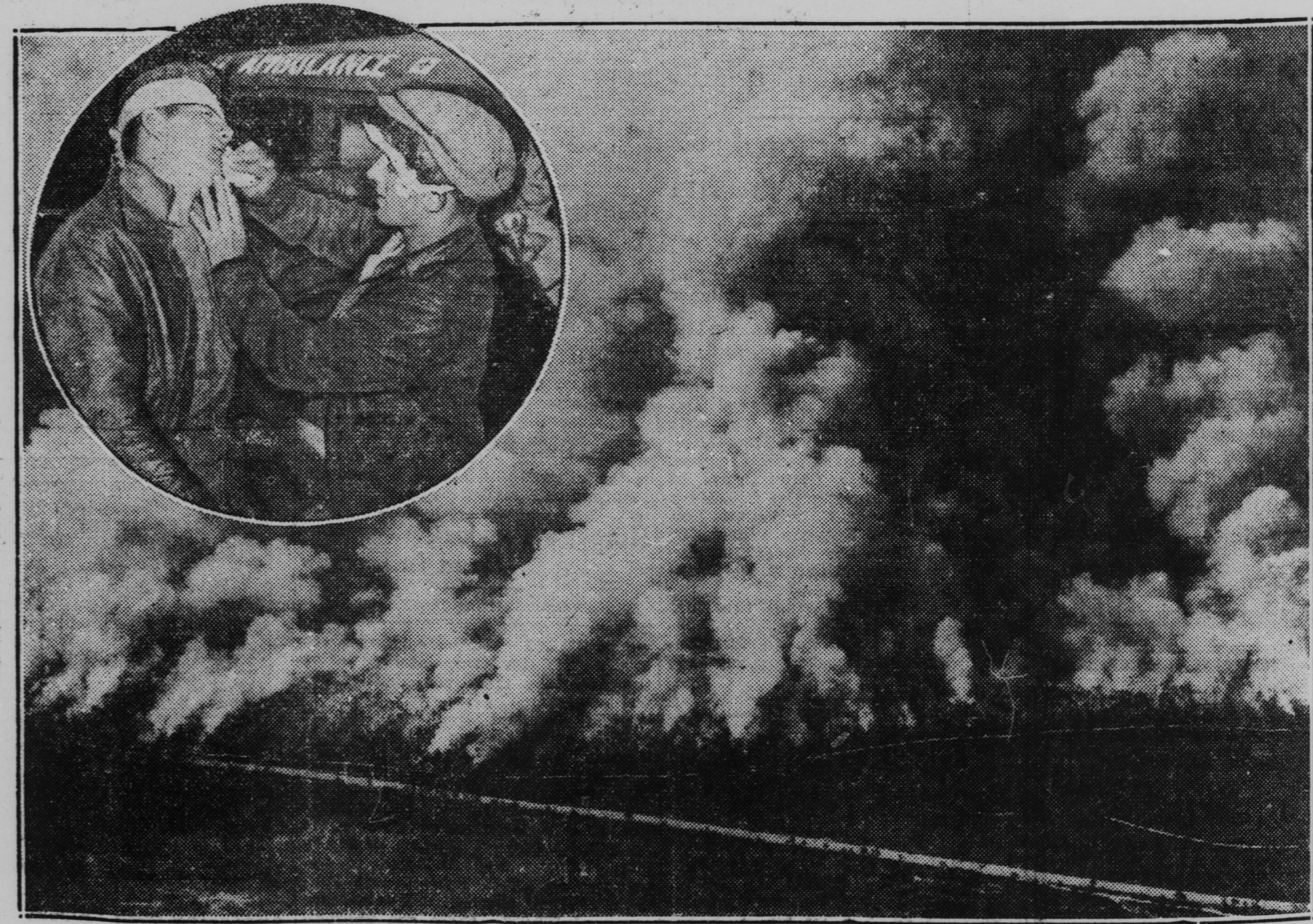
Landon's Floor Boss



Representative J. W. Martin, Jr. Management of the interests of Gov. Alfred M. Landon of Kansas on the floor of the Republican national convention will be in the hands of Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, above. The convention opens in Cleveland on June 9.

—Central Press

Death Toll Mounts in Jersey's Hundred-Mile Forest Fire



Huge columns of smoke curl upward as roaring flames devour the southern New Jersey pine belt near Tuckerton, destroying everything in their path. Early reports set the death toll at five, with a score missing. In the inset Peter Campbell, of Yonkers, N. Y., is giving first aid to James Devine, of Newark, N. J., after they had searched for hours for the bodies of two missing fellow CCC workers. (Central Press)