

Love is for Tomorrow

By VIRGINIA SCALLON

CHAPTER 31 OUT OF DEFERENCE

week-end hostess, Marcia selected one of the entrancing little afternoon dresses that hung in her closet. Made of a hand-blocked linen of peculiar green tones, it flared stiffly to the floor where a shallow pleated ruffle of white added effective decoration. The simple square-cut neckline was flattering, and Marcia had a scrubbed look of buoyant health as she joined Lona von Brecht's other party guests—a rather sophisticated group—on the veranda.

Lona was quick to appraise the girl who modeled her gown so perfectly, and proudly presented her to a Mr. and Mrs. Ben Aldrich, who had just arrived from their own home further down the beach; and a promising new actress billed simply as "Marcella", accompanied as usual by Heinrich Mueller, her agent. Others Marcia recognized as guests on that previous occasion when she and Ellen had accompanied Walt and Tony to a "pouring". Liquor was again much in evidence, and as she accepted a whiskey sour, she studied the group around her.

She could well believe Lona was "as smart as any husband" when she noted the expensive style with which she was able to maintain her beach home. She was never conscious of how many were enjoying her lavish hospitality, only seeming pleased when a cosmopolitan group made life gay and interesting. Marcia wondered when she found time to work, until she realized she had seen her only on week-ends. Intuitively she felt that Lona probably threw herself into her work as wholeheartedly as she did everything else. And, indeed, Lona was the life of the party today.

She was laughing hilariously at the story Marcia told about her first experience trying to land a screen test under her real name of May West. "What chance did I have with a name like that," she had dramatized, "when the original come-hither girl had made it a byword from coast to coast?" Then she admitted that the vogue for brevity had been responsible for her choice of only a single name, and henceforth "Marcella" was to cling to her and to shine in the brightest lights over every theater in town. She was a genuine hit, and Marcia was pleased to meet her when she was just starting up the ladder to success.

In the midst of her responsibilities as hostess, Lona looked inquiringly at Marcia. "Where's Gary?" she demanded. Not realizing this was the nickname of the escort whom Lona had selected for her, Marcia thought she must be referring to a dog. Conscientiously, she began to look under her chair and around the porch.

"If you start calling, 'Here Gary—Gary—Gary,' that will be the last straw," the man appeared from around the corner, and was genuinely amused at the laugh he'd caused at Marcia's expense. "Eventually I may prove to be an old dog Tray, but I resent it at this stage of the game."

Though he laughed, Marcia was to realize that he would prove as faithful as the original dog Tray,

about the inadvertent cause of a near tragedy in her life.

She made room for him on the swing beside her, and the party divided into intimate little groups. Lona had Stanley Walters, Louis Andrews and a newcomer by the name of Littleton Stork gathered about her, nor did she find it difficult to entertain them all.

"I wish I had that woman's capacity for enjoyment," Garrett said to the girl at his side who was watching their vivacious hostess. "She's always the center of some group of people, and usually they have smiles on their faces. She can banter nonsense with the best of them; yet she's the shrewdest business woman in southern California."

"I wondered about that," Marcia answered. "You see, I'm just a stray waif she picked up. I've only been here once before; Lona took pity on my loneliness, I think, and invited me here this week-end."

"Luckily for me," he said sincerely. "Nonsense," Marcia disclaimed. "But I'm interested in knowing more about Lona. How has she achieved the success to make all this possible?" With an expressive sweep of her arm, she indicated the lavish beach home, the swimming pool and tennis courts which were a part of this playground at fashionable Malibu.

Garrett explained how Lona, who had known nothing but poverty all her early life, had been forced to work from her earliest teens. She had one bit of good fortune: to be employed by Mme. Valeska, a dressmaker whose careful training was the backbone of Lona's later success.

"She has very keen intuition and a charming way with the ladies as well as the men," he continued, "and she soon built up her own clientele. Within a few years she had begun designing 'on her own' for some actress who later became famous. When she swept up, she took some of her favorite satellites with her. And almost overnight Lona's styles became a sensation. She was quick as a flash to capitalize on the break, and today she has one of the most exclusive shops in Hollywood. She's easily worth a half million."

Marcia gasped at the magnitude of the woman's wealth. "She can't be more than 35," she ruminated, "yet she's done all that, found time to play, and—had two husbands! Whatever became of them?"

"Oh, I guess one of them didn't like the idea of being 'Mr. Lona', and she divorced the other one for some reason or another. Neither of them seemed to interfere with her life much; she knows what she wants and what's more to the point, she knows how to get it. I guess she realizes that men can be had for two bits a dozen, when you have her wealth and personality."

"Maybe some men," Marcia admitted, then almost laughed aloud to think of idealistic Sandy giving a second thought to such a marriage. "I guess she's just the kind to whom a man isn't as important as other things."

"Not any one man, anyhow. I don't imagine she believes in this one-man-for-one-woman theory; she's more inclined to love 'em and leave 'em. But you, what's

your theory?" the man leaned toward her, waiting anxiously to hear what she might say to give him an insight into her character.

"I guess I belong in crinolines," she confessed shyly, "but the trouble is that kind of clothes doesn't belong on a business lady. That seems to be my trouble: I'm a dual personality."

"Double trouble, eh? And can't you decide which is the stronger?" Garrett hit the nail on the head with this diagnosis, although he was merely parrying what he thought was a pretty statement.

"No," she shook her head. "I don't seem to be like Lona; I can't be two people and do justice to either, it seems. Of course, I think it could be done, but I've found complications."

Marcia didn't realize how much of her personal life she was revealing. But suddenly Garrett could see beneath the veil of allusions, and sensed the serious meaning behind words he had first thought to be frivolous.

"No—men are selfish where the woman of their heart is concerned. It takes a strong character like Lona to be able to give full expression to both sides of her nature. And sometimes," he said with a far-off look, "sometimes I wonder if the woman in her is really satisfied with the taste of success."

"Well, she's free, white and 21." "And I'd say you were about 20 to hazard a guess!"

"It's a compliment to Lona's frock, then; I've been able to vote for two years. Not that it's done any good." She smiled up at him. "You women are all alike; you want to feel that your single vote swings the balance wheel over to your side. You like to be the one to break a tie vote and realize a sense of power. Aside from that, what do you, personally, like?"

"I like to draw," and Marcia challenged his interest with the pride in her voice. "I'm really quite good if given half a chance. My only trouble is a few surplus ideals," she said ruefully.

"Unnecessary scruples, some people would call them, I suppose," he said. Then suddenly he smiled broadly. "Well, there are two things we have in common!" he admitted.

"Scruples?" she said wonderingly. "Yes, and an interest in art in any form. You see I'm a publisher, Marcia. We've been trying to put out some really fine books and I'm afraid my idealism has led us into a few costly experiments. But we'll win out and I feel it is distinctly worthwhile," he began enthusiastically, and Marcia recognized a kindred spirit in this purposeful young man. Suddenly he faced her directly, a twinkle in his eyes.

"Do you know, I begin to smell a nigger in the woodpile," he laughed. Noticing Marcia's puzzled expression, he went on: "You're an artist, aren't you? And I'm a publisher. Do you suppose the lovely Lona had any ulterior motive in bringing us two together?"

"Why, no—well, I don't know." She was embarrassed, thinking he might feel she had angled for a chance to meet the young publisher who was so distinctly eligible from many points of view, (To Be Continued)

ON DUKE SUMMER FACULTY



Duke university's summer school has opened with a record attendance and the strongest summer faculty in its history. Many of the visiting teachers are nationally known authorities in their fields of study.

Top row—Philip A. Boyer, public school administration, Philadelphia public schools; Dr. Merritt Y. Hughes, English University of Wisconsin; Dr. Ross H. McLean, history, Emory University, Catawba college.

Second row—Dr. Reginald H. Griffith, English, University of Texas; Dr. Earl L. Griggs, English, University of Michigan; Ernest V. Hollis, secondary

education College of the City of New York; Dr. Gay W. Allen, English, Bowling Green State university.

Third row—Dr. Oscar B. Douglas, educational psychology, University of Texas; Dr. Charles W. Odell, educational psychology, University of Illinois; Dr. Hastings Eells, history Ohio Wesleyan university; Dr. T. H. Scutte, education, Huntingdon college.

Bottom row—Dr. Douglas E. Seates, education, Cincinnati public schools; Dr. Albert C. Baugh, English University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Clarence T. Gray, educational psychology, University of Texas; Dr. Edward S. Bradley, English, University of Pennsylvania.

THIS WEEK—150 YEARS AGO



The Story of the Constitutional Convention of 1787

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

"THE CRITICAL MOMENT"
During the closing days of June, 1787—just 150 years ago this week—the Convention meeting in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to write our Federal Constitution, reached what Alexander Hamilton described as "the critical moment" for forming a strong and stable government.

It was a critical period for the Convention itself, as well as for the nation. For during those anxious days the historic congress hung perilously close to the edge of dissolution. Differences between the large states and the small, fears that one group might dominate the other, had brought delegates to a disagreement so serious that some threatened withdrawal, and Benjamin Franklin gravely urged the necessity of prayer.

"Something," warned Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, "must be done, or we shall disappoint not only America, but the whole world. We must make concessions on both sides."

To which Franklin added—with his gift for homely metaphor: "When a broad table is to be made, and the edges of planks do not fit, the artist takes a little from both, and makes a good joint. In like manner here both sides must part with some of their demands, in order that they may join in some accommodating proposition."

Thus far, in brief, the Convention had decided that:
The Government of the United States ought to consist of a supreme legislature, judiciary and executive.

The legislature ought to consist of two branches.

The members of the first branch ought to be elected by the people of the several states, for the term of two years; to be adequately paid out of the public treasury, and to be at least twenty-five years old.

The members of the second branch ought to be chosen by state legislatures; to be at least thirty years old; to hold their office for six years, one-third to go out biennially; and to receive compensation for their services.

Each branch ought to possess the right of originating acts.

But now they faced a decision of graver import. It was on the crucial question: should representatives in the national legislature be chosen in proportion to the population of each state; or should each state be equally represented, regardless of its population. The larger states favored the former plan, the smaller states the latter—each group with its own advantage in mind. On this question discussion centered, reaching finally what seemed a hopeless impasse.

Then it was, with the threat of failure confronting them, that calmer heads among the delegates sought a compromise. Eventually it took the form we know today—representation based on population in the lower house; equal representation for each state in the upper.

Although several members had made such a proposal earlier in the proceedings, it was a resolution offered by Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, that brought it to the fore during this critical week.

According to Madison's famous Journal of the Convention, Ellsworth "proposed that on this middle ground a compromise would take place. He did not see that it could on any other. And if no compromise should take place, our meeting would not only be in vain but worse than in vain."

Even after this appeal the proposal had a doubtful reception. So serious, in fact, was the opposition that the Convention hesitated to act immediately. Instead, the resolution was referred to a committee instructed to report on July 5, after several days consideration.

This action had a double advantage—it gave the passions engendered in debate time to cool; and it afforded a brief recess during which many delegates participated in a stirring Independence Day celebration.

Next Week—Independence Celebrated.



Oliver Ellsworth

CLOSEUP OF GIRDLER TESTIFYING



Tom M. Girdler

This is how the candid camera caught Tom M. Girdler, of Cleveland, chairman of the board of Republic Steel corporation, as he made sensational charges at the senate postoffice hearing in Washington. He denounced the C. I. O. and reiterated that he would not sign a contract with the C. I. O. unless forced to by law.

—Central Press

Praises F. D. R.



Lady Nancy Astor

After having a "general chat" with President Roosevelt at the White House, Lady Nancy Astor, Virginia-born member of the British parliament, disclosed to interviewers that she had told President Roosevelt "how remarkable it was for a man so hated to keep free of hate." She said she commended him for "not hating back."



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