

# "TELL BILL GOODBYE"

By Marie Blizard

**SYNOPSIS**  
THE CHARACTERS: FABIENNE SEYMOUR, rich, young and beautiful.  
NICKY BARTLETT, wealthy and in love with Fabienne.  
YESTERDAY: Gertrude, Fabienne's ambitious mother, is distraught when Willoughby leaves his entire fortune to charity.

**CHAPTER TWO**  
"PERFECT entrance," Fabienne whispered to no one in particular when Nicky Bartlett came into the drawing room.  
His smile, beneath his neat mustache, was a blend of anticipation and realized pleasure. His eyes included all of them as he went directly to Gertrude de Ligne and bent over her hand. Rising, he spoke to Edna Willoughby, gave his hand to Mark and then to Dick and came to stand beside Fabienne, as if that were his place.



She said "Hi, feller, how'd you know this was the psychological moment to arrive?"  
He snapped open a paper-thin gold cigarette case and held it out to her. "Something exciting going on?"  
Fabienne took a long time over lighting her cigaret from his lighter. Then she blew a straight smoky column before she answered: "We've been cut off without a sou. Or haven't you read the papers today?"

"Oh, THAT." Yes, Nicky did things well. Nicky did things in the good taste that Gertrude talked so much about, without always being quite sure of what she meant. Gertrude often got form mixed up with taste.  
"We can't believe it, Nicky," Gertrude said pathetically.  
"Should I offer condolences?" His question was for Gertrude, but his glance was for Fabienne.  
"Not at all," she answered before her mother could speak. "We're all going to make something of ourselves. A nice fresh start with no filthy lucre to tie us down. We're going to work. Dick and me."

"Isn't she droll, Nicky? Darling, it's getting on toward seven. Hadn't you better dress for dinner?"  
"Why, mother! Poor folk don't dress for dinner. However, I'll get cleaned up. Played some good tennis today, Nicky, with Sue Auchin, class." Fabienne aimed neatly at the hearth with her cigaret and made it. "I'll put on something dance-ish if you'll take me to the Petite Taberne tonight, Nicky."  
"Last flare before she becomes one of the working masses," Dick explained.

"She's not serious about working, is she?" Nicky wanted to know after Fabienne had left the room.  
"Of course not. She's piqued with me because I'm solicitous about her. I want her to get married, Nicky, and I know she wants to. I think the child's romantic. I think she wants to be swept off her feet." Gertrude paused for a moment and then abruptly said something about that day's polo. She hoped that Nicky had taken the hint she had put rather badly.

After all, it was time that Nicky stopped allowing Fabienne to twist him around her finger. He had been counting Fabienne for—Gertrude calculated hastily—twelve years. Ever since the summer she had taken the child to Maryland to visit her dead father's parents. They were only twelve and sixteen then, but already Nicky had been browbeaten by her own willful daughter.  
Marcus came in with a tray of cocktails.  
"Nicky, do you know the Prochets? They gave a most amusing party on Monday . . ." Gertrude chatted amiably as if she had not spent the past seven hours in storms of tears and anger. Now

Fabienne said to her brother, "Come and see me when I take a walk-up." that Nicky was there everything would be quite all right.  
Yes, Nicky would know the Prochets. He knew all the right people, the right tailors, the most dependable brokers, the rating of every club worth while. To know and do the right things was Nicky's whole life. He had never done a day's work in all his twenty-eight years. But there had been no need of it, he was the heir to the Bartlett tobacco millions.  
Fabienne was a fool not to grab him. "My daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Bartlett," the Countess de Ligne would say in the drawing rooms of London and Paris that still knew her.

Fabienne came in wearing something sleek in ice-blue satin that made her look a head taller than Nicky.  
"Doesn't she look sweet?" her mother said fondly.  
"An awfully good buy, Nicky. Reduced today," Fabienne said, and her voice took on a hard edge that was like the hard light in her eyes earlier.  
"Cocktail, dear? We'll have dinner in a few minutes."  
"No, thanks, Nicky's taking me out to dinner." She didn't want to stay another minute. She knew all the things her mother would say for Nicky's benefit. Accumulated anger gathered in her breast.

She said goodbye to them all, kissed her uncle and aunt and said to her brother, "Give my best to John Harvard and come and see me when I take a walk-up."  
Nicky had a car that was, as one might suppose, long and sleek and as expensive as possible. Which was hardly the basis of any objection to Fabienne Seymour who preferred the luxurious.  
Fabienne belonged in that car, she thought approvingly. She looked the part. Her slippers had cost thirty dollars; her gown, simple and arresting as an exclamation point, was a French original and her short jacket of perfectly matched sables had been last year's Christmas present to herself from herself with love.

Nicky looked as if he belonged in that car, too. But then Nicky always looked right—at the tiller of his sailboat, in his pink coat at the Hunt Breakfast, riding steeplechase, playing fast polo, flying his speed plane.  
She could have this car, and a town car, and a plane of her own if she wished. She'd always look

right amid the possessions that Nicky could give her, and Nicky was waiting for her to say that she'd take them—and him.  
Why didn't she say it? Her mother was right. There was nothing else for her but marriage. She'd loathe working. Besides, what could she do? She couldn't sing in a night club. She wouldn't sell things. She was utterly useless as far as earning any money went. And she'd have to have money. Five hundred a month would be little better than nothing after Gertrude closed the apartment and went back to Paris. She'd have to take on an apartment for herself.  
Nicky said, "What's all this about 'making something of yourself'?"  
"Oh, so you think it's too amusing, do you?" She said it sharply, her resentment against everything finding its expression against luckless Nicky.  
"Ridiculous, not amusing," he corrected, unfortunately choosing the one word that was a red flag to her.  
"Well, you know my views about such things. We've discussed them before—if you remember."  
He ducked as if her words were blows. "Are you going to start that line about my going to work again? Because if you are, my good girl, I'll only bore you by saying the same things over again. I've got plenty of money and plenty of time and plenty to do with both. Would you want me to take a job that some poor guy needs?"  
"Couldn't you find a job to make for yourself? Make something useful of yourself instead of being a . . . a playboy?"  
"I might do social work," he said laughingly.  
It was the way he laughed that added fuel to the fire kindled by her mother. It blazed, and suddenly she thought she knew a way to make her mother know how deep her resentment was.  
The idea was born. Fabienne glistened over it gleefully.  
"Look, Nicky," she said in a tone that indicated her annoyance with him was forgotten. "I've got an idea playing around in the back of my mind. I want to scare mother. Will you drive me down to Willoughby house in the morning?"  
Fabienne little knew what a sweeping tide that wavelet of an idea was to prove.

(To Be Continued)

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THE CHARACTERS: FABIENNE SEYMOUR, rich, young and beautiful.  
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YESTERDAY: Fabienne persuades Nicky to drive her to Willoughby house, the old Willoughby mansion which her grandfather has left as a settlement house.

**CHAPTER THREE**  
MARCUS brought Fabienne's tray in and laid it across her knees. Annabelle slipped a cape pale blue elderdown across her shoulders. Her mother's maid, in maroon taffeta that was twin to Annabelle's, passed the door with clothes draped over her arm.  
Fabienne stretched deliciously and said, "Somebody going some place?"  
"Madame is having her trunks packed, Miss Fabienne," the butler told her and removed the silver tops of the breakfast dishes.  
Fabienne inspected the dishes hungrily. There were rosy melon balls in ice, an egg with a fragrant brown sauce still sizzling in a minute baking dish, tiny sweet rolls toasted, and a pot of coffee.



There were also the morning newspapers and two piles of mail.  
Marcus poured coffee and went out with the dish covers.  
Fabienne settled back in her pillows and opened her mail. She gobbled the melon balls while she read the bills. Then she turned to the invitations, the little notes with foreign post-marks while she ate the rest of her breakfast.  
There wasn't a crumb left when she finished.  
Sheer curtains, like lingerie petticoats, billowed lazily in the sunny September breeze that blew in her windows. In the room beyond she could hear Annabelle's movements as she prepared her bath.

"Oh, what a lovely morning, she thought. For what? For golf? For shopping? She ran through her mail. Helene Carrington wanted her to serve on a committee for some sort of refugee work. Heavens, no!  
Gertrude came to her door. "I've decided to sail on the Normandie, Fab. The Derwent's are going to take the apartment. Are you coming with me? I do think you ought to stay here. Edna and Mark would like to have you, but of course—"  
"I'll let you know later, mother. You really mean that you think I ought to stay here until Nicky proposes again, don't you?"  
Nicky! She'd forgotten that she'd told Nicky to call for her at eleven. What for? Oh, yes, she was going to make him drive her down to the slums. To Henderson street to see Willoughby house.

She regretted that impulse. To waste a beautiful morning drive down through the slums to appease an anger she had completely forgotten was silly.  
Her mother's exasperated voice recalled her:  
"Fabienne Seymour, you've got a disposition just like your . . . your father. What are you going to do today?"  
Fabienne grinned. She looked strangely like the old man then, old Elihu. "Nicky and I are going down to look over the family mansion."  
"Oh, Fab!"  
"Don't worry. I won't do anything but look it over."  
"What is there to see?"  
That was what Nicky wanted to know, too. Privately, Fabienne agreed with both of them that the expedition was a stupid one. There were so many more pleasant things to do on a bright September morning. But perversity was a strong trait in Miss Seymour and she was persistent about driving down to Henderson street.

"What is it anyway?" Nicky plagued her.  
"It's a settlement house, darling. A place where children and . . . oh, I don't know any more than you. Only it is some kind of a neighborhood club where earnest young women teach people things they don't want to know. Grandfather Willoughby met some angel of mercy—some completely impossible Good Woman—named Ellen Chapman—who is supposed to be a miracle worker in the cause of charity. And she sold him on the idea of lending the house to make the Henderson Street Settlement house. Then, as you know, he left the whole works to them as a memorial to his mother."

Nicky chortled. "She must have been some persuader. I thought the old man loved that place."  
Fabienne said, "Humph!" She settled down glumly.  
"Ever see her?"  
"Who? Chapman? No. But can't you see her? Nice broad bosom and a lamp in her eyes. A spinster of fifty mothering all the dear unwashed."  
Nicky turned the car off Seventh avenue and drove through a maze of crooked crowded streets. In an astonishingly short time they had left the neighborhood of neat apartments and now they drove more slowly through knots of screaming urchins who scampered through the streets. Bed clothing hung from the windows of the tenements that lined the narrow streets and pushcarts forced them to progress at a snail's pace.

"Want to turn back?" Nicky asked when they had narrowly avoided running over a baby carriage pushed into their path.  
"When I slum, I slum. Push on," Fabienne answered, wrinkling her nose with distaste for the smells that assaulted it. "After all, this is where he built his great mansion for his mother sixty years ago."  
It was before them then. A mass of gray stone, with neat curtains in every window. There were patches of green grass between the iron paling of the fence and the building at the front. Back of it, they could see a playground. The sound of singing children's voices came from one of the opened upstairs windows.  
Over the fan-door that was open there was a new plate. On it, WILLOUGHBY HOUSE was written in black on a field of gold.

It was very clean and cool and spacious, that house sitting there

"I recognized you from your photographs," said the other girl.  
in the midst of a city's squalor.  
"Well, there it is. Now do we drive on?"  
Fabienne was looking at the house. "No, not yet. I think I'll look around." She got out. "It might be amusing. But you stay here."  
Out of the open doorway, a slim, dark girl dressed in navy blue, was leading a file of children almost as tall as herself.  
Fabienne walked to the foot of the flight of steps and looked upwards and in.  
"Wouldn't you like to go in?"  
It was the dark girl who asked her.

"I don't think so. I was just looking around." She looked up at the black-and-gold sign above her.  
"We put it up this morning." It was the girl speaking again.  
"Did you?" Fabienne said distantly, aware of her stiffness, unable to think of anything else to say.  
"And inside we have another, one to which we are all devoted. It's in memory of your great-great grandmother, who made all this possible, Miss Seymour."  
"You seem to know me?" Fabienne said, turning a glance of surprise on her guide.  
The other girl smiled and nodded. "I recognized you from your photographs. Won't you come inside and let me show you?" Not waiting for Fabienne to say she would, the girl dismissed the children and went to the door.

Fabienne did not want to go on. She didn't know how not to. She said, "Thank you . . . but perhaps . . . some other day."  
Nicky was watching the little play from back of the wheel a few feet away.  
Fabienne looked at him, hoping he'd catch her cue and call to her to hurry, but Nicky was grinning. Nicky was tremendously amused! For some strange reason, she felt piqued.  
She turned to the other girl with a broad smile. "All right," she said. "Let's go. This might have been my house, you know. I'd like to see it. I never have, Miss—"  
"I'm glad to have the privilege of showing it to you. May I introduce myself? My name is Ellen Chapman." She held out a small hand that was surprisingly firm and strong for such a slip of a girl.

(To Be Continued)

## War's Over For These Captured Nazis



Somewhere in England these Nazi prisoners are waiting for the war to end so they can be returned to their homes. Meanwhile they make the best of it in a concentration camp. Bottom, prisoners carry spades over their shoulders as they go to dig a garden plot. Top, it's chow time, and the men fall to with hearty appetite.

## Student Revolt Brings Gestapo to Czechs



Armed German Storm Troopers and German policemen occupied the Masaryk School and other universities in Prague when students, boys and girls, demonstrated against the Nazis. Top, is a recent student demonstration in Bratislava. Below, is the Masaryk school, where shots were fired as the Nazis placed 1,200 students under arrest. (Central Press)

## Enter a Grandee



Jose Lazara  
White-bearded and handsome, Jose Lazara, said to be the wealthiest man in Spain, is pictured on arrival at New York, his first visit to the United States. Senior Lazara is said to have been the "angel" behind the revolt that made General Francisco Franco master of Spain.

## Wins Nobel Prize



Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence  
Dr. Ernest Orlando Lawrence, 38, professor of physics at the University of California, was awarded the 1939 Nobel prize for his work on the structure of atoms and their transmutation. A native of Canton, Ohio, he holds degrees from Universities of South Dakota, Minnesota, Chicago and Yale.

## Off to War



David Niven  
One of Hollywood's brightest stars, David Niven, who has played a hero's role in many a reel war, is shown aboard the liner Rex as he sailed from New York to do his bit for England in a real war. (Central Press)

## Nazi Victim?



Prince Frederick Wilhelm  
The Kaiser's favorite grandson, Prince Frederick Wilhelm of Germany is reported a victim of the Nazi purge of royalty whom they blame for the Munich beer cellar explosion. The Prince was known as an international playboy, was once the swain of Barbara Hutton.