

ORCHIDS PREFERRED

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Leone Finds
the Way to a
Red-Head's
Heart Is
Through an
Athletic Meet

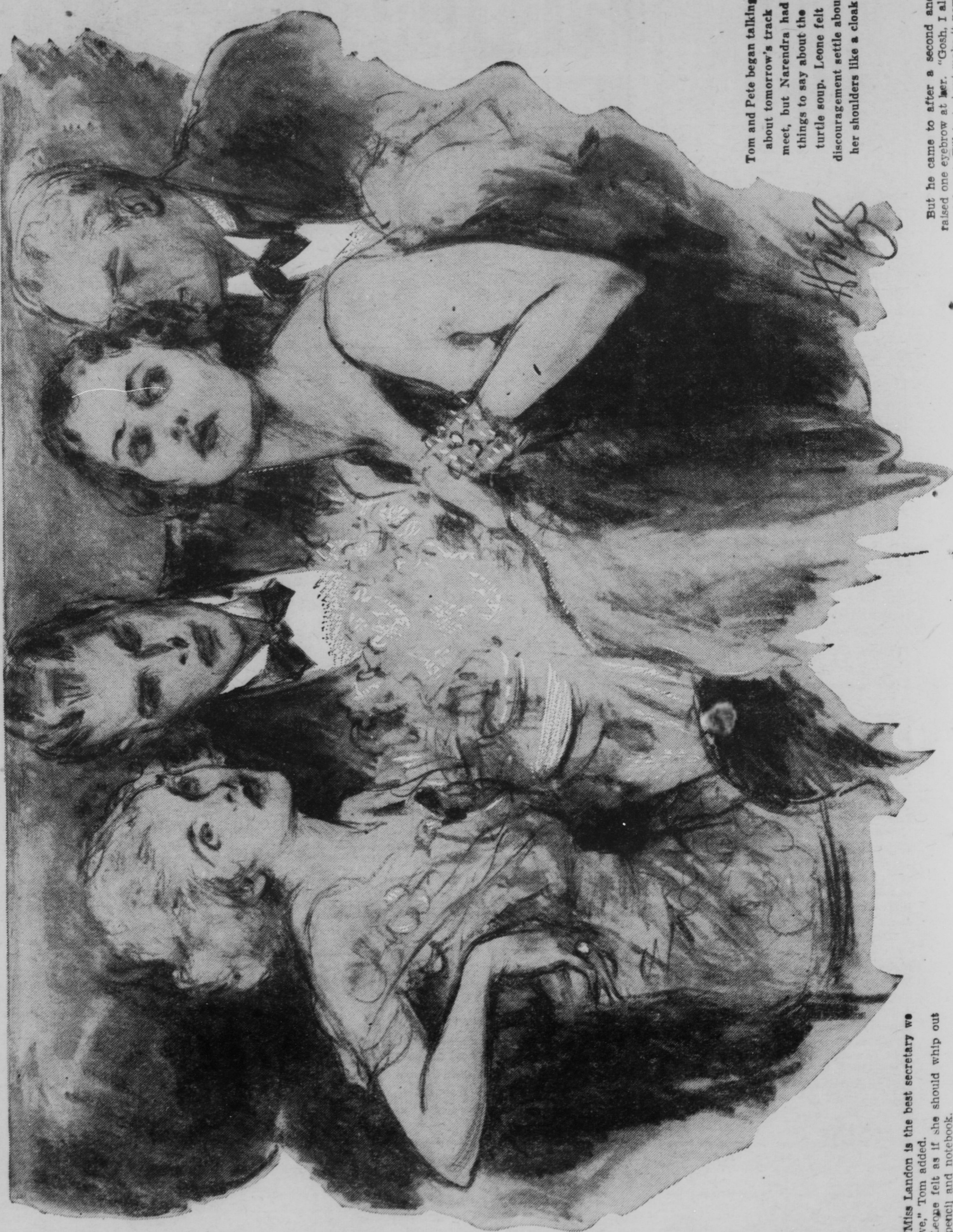
THE first day he came to work for McCracken & Spears, Leone had decided not to notice him. He was red-headed and probably stubborn. Good-looking and inevitably conceited. Besides, he looked at her as if he couldn't decide which was she and which was green steel filing cabinet. And he sent orchids regularly to a Miss Narendra Carewe, whose income-tax report read like a war debt.

But even in an office teeming with "tail-and-handsomes" a girl can't go on ignoring a man like Tom Tyson indefinitely. At least Leone couldn't. Not when she had to take his dictation and answer his phone calls and give his orders to the florist every day.

She'd got to the point of wondering if appearing some morning in her backless bathing suit might not be the only way. So the boss' extra bid to the sales convention banquet was made to order. And so was Pete Hargrove—dependable as galoshes and as romantic. But at least he wouldn't act as if she were merely a convenient attachment to a typewriter. And Tom would be there.

THE Palace lobby was already a swirling flood of satins and sables when they arrived. She met herself in a panel mirror. Her starched white lace formal was very becoming. It ought to be. She was still going without lunches to pay for it.

"You look swell tonight, Leone," Pete confirmed her thought.
"Thanks." Pete was a dear. She touched the spray of lilies of the valley at her shoulder. "It was sweet of you to send these, Pete."
"You said you wanted 'em. I thought most girls preferred orchids."
Leone caught sight of Tom's handsome head towering over the others at the bar. "I detest orchids," she said and then added, carefully casual: "There's Tom Tyson. You know him, don't you?"
"Sure. He's a fraternity brother." Pete grinned and waved. "Hi, Tyson!"



"Miss Landon is the best secretary we have," Tom added.
Leone felt as if she should whip out a pencil and notebook.
"How interesting," Narendra purred.
Tom and Pete began talking about tomorrow's big track meet, but Narendra

meanwhile murmured sweetly and got up. "I'll phone you tomorrow."

Tom and Pete began talking about tomorrow's track meet, but Narendra had things to say about the turtle soup. Leone felt discouragement settle about her shoulders like a cloak

But he came to after a second and raised one eyebrow at her. "Gosh, I almost forgot. Will just about make it now. Tell you what," he went on, just as if it were his own idea, "I'll run Miss Carewe in with me and you two can stay in the

Bill Bevans broke the world record last year. Cal can't afford to lose any more now. We're just about even."

Leone spared him one of her special smiles. "Good idea." Tom opened doors and

"When better throats are cut—"

Leone murmured sweetly and got up. "I'll phone you tomorrow."