

Joan felt Karl's irritation towards Sybil. "My parents are both dead," she explained. "Sybil feels that she has to look after me."

But even Joan was annoyed to find Sybil waiting up for them later that night.

"It's almost two o'clock," Sybil snapped. "What's the idea?"

Karl Miller looked amused as he stood hat in hand in the doorway. "In that case, I shall say good-night without further delay."

When he had gone Joan turned furiously to her sister. "Why did you have to say that? I'm old enough to manage my own affairs."

There were deep circles of fatigue beneath Sybil's blue eyes. Her voice seemed to echo like a warning through the old-fashioned, high-ceilinged rooms. "You've got to quit working for Karl Miller! You've got to quit tomorrow!"

CHAPTER III

The sisters stared at each other in the dimly lit room. Joan threw her head back defiantly as she cried, "You've made Karl angry! You had no right to do that."

Sybil smiled ruefully. "He looked more amused than angry. 'It's up to me to look after you, Joan. I feel responsible since mother and dad are gone. If anything happened, I'd never forgive myself.'"

"I know, Sybil! And we mustn't quarrel about it."

She yawned and started for the bedroom but Sybil caught her arm. "Then you will quit working for Karl Miller?"

"No, I will not. I'm twenty years old, Sybil, and I'm not going to let you or anyone else run my life."

The grandfather's clock in the corner chimed.

"Two-thirty," Joan observed, evading Sybil's worried glance. "We'd better get some sleep. Don't you have to work in the morning?"

"No. Today was my last day. From now on I'm one of the unemployed."

"And you expect me to quit my job? Oh, no, Sybil! I'm making a good salary and whether you think so or not, Karl is a gentleman."

"Maybe so," Sybil said as she snapped off the lamp, "but I don't trust him."

The next day Joan Leland arrived at the Club Elite promptly at two o'clock. Karl Miller's office was filled with baskets of flowers. Tonight was opening night but Karl was untroubled behind his desk, impeccably dressed in a gray suit, a red carnation in his buttonhole.

She was glad that she had worn her best black dress. It was an expensive sophisticated dress, the kind of dress Joan knew Karl would approve. Heavy silver earrings were her only ornament, and she had used a touch of mascara, a dash of dark red lipstick. Joan had the assurance of a woman who knew that she looked her best. Her green eyes sparkled as she closed the office door behind her.

"Good afternoon," she said demurely.

Her employer was not the type to evade issues. "I've been thinking about your sister, Joan. Tell me something about her."

Joan removed her hat and coat and smoothed her black hair before she replied. "Sybil's a little low right now. You see, she's just lost her job. The beauty shop where she worked has been closed."

Karl laughed. "Then perhaps that was why she was in such a bad humor?"

He said it with such apparent honesty that Joan was not angry. She sat down at her own small desk beside Karl's and mechanically inserted a sheet of paper in her typewriter.

Karl suddenly leaned forward. "Would it please you if I could help your sister?"

"The girl's lovely face lifted innocently to his. 'Oh Karl, could you?'"

"I think so. A friend of mine, a Mrs. Murdock, owns the Ritz Beauty Salon. If I ask her, I feel sure she will be able to use another experienced girl."

Joan's eyes were shining. "The Ritz Beauty Salon! Oh, Karl, that's wonderful!" It was one of the best shops in town. Sybil would be thrilled.

"Of course," Karl continued, "your sister may not want any assistance from me since she so obviously dislikes me."

"I'm sure Sybil will appreciate it very much," Joan assured him. "It was sweet of you to think of her, Karl."

But with a swift change of attitude Karl had ground out his cigarette and when he turned again to



"All right! From now on I'm not saying another word. You can go just as you like, Joan."

Joan's eyes were void of any emotion.

"Get that orchestra leader on the telephone," he said. "I have some instructions to give him."

"Yes, Mr. Miller!" and as Joan dialed the number she found herself more than ever intrigued by this man who had offered to help her sister. This strange enigma that was Karl Miller.

At six o'clock Joan decided to go home for dinner. In two hours she could easily make it and she was eager to tell Sybil of her good fortune.

Her sister looked up in surprise as Joan burst into the living room. "What on earth are you doing home? You didn't by any chance quit?"

"Don't be silly!" Joan cried, throwing her hat on the table. "I have wonderful news for you. Karl can get you a job at the Ritz Beauty Salon."

Sybil was genuinely surprised. "The Ritz? That smart new shop on Post street?"

"Nothing less! Isn't it wonderful? Karl knows the owner. He's going to call her and fix it up for you."

"But it's one of the best shops in town," Sybil said unbelievably.

"Of course! Wasn't it nice of him? Honestly, Sybil, how can you dislike a man who is so kind? Imagine his thinking about a job for you today, of all days, when he's so busy with the club opening!"

Sybil was standing by the window. "Doesn't look like a very good night for it. It's going to rain."

"Is that all you can say!" Joan cried indignantly. "Karl said maybe, since you didn't like him, you wouldn't want his help. But I thought you would."

Sybil turned. "You're right, Joan! I do need the job. You may tell Mr. Miller that I appreciate it very much."

Joan did not notice the coldness of her sister's reply. She was happily unconscious of the expression on Sybil's face.

"How about dinner? I'm starved. I have to be back at the club by eight."

Sybil broiled the chops while Joan made a salad.

"I see you're wearing your good black dress to work. What's the idea?"

"Why not?" Joan retorted. "I'm making fifty dollars a week now and I have to look my best."

"You didn't seem to think it necessary when you worked for Mr. Mulford."

Joan put the salad bowl on the table and set places for two. "You know how I feel about Karl, Sybil!" she said in a low voice. "Why make it hard for me?"

"All right! From now on I'm not saying another word. You can do just as you like, Joan. Maybe it's none of my business, after all."

Joan put an affectionate arm about her sister. "Don't feel that way, darling. But give me a little credit for knowing what I'm doing. I'm not a child, you know."

Sybil smiled as she turned back to the stove but she said no more.

As Sybil had predicted, it was raining when Joan reached the club but the weather had not seemed to affect business. Already the first guests were arriving. The bar was crowded. Gay laughter, conversation, tinkling glasses made an exciting combination of sounds which spelled success for the future. Joan felt a little thrill of pride as she passed on down the corridor to the office.

She settled herself at her desk and began to type. Karl was not there. Her mind wandered as she worked. Only a week ago she was working for Arthur Mulford. Now everything was different. Life had turned a fresh page, which Joan felt sure would be filled with adventure. It must have been fate that she answered Karl Miller's advertisement. Fate that Mr. Mulford had gone out of business and been forced to fire her.

She was thinking so intently that when he opened the door she felt the color rush into her cheeks. And she knew that his keen eyes had observed her embarrassment.

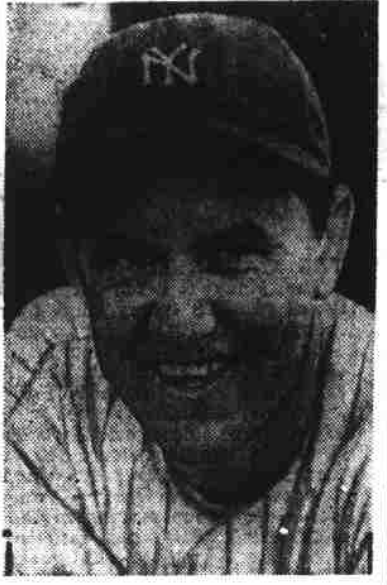
Karl seemed pleased. "Everything's going fine. Couldn't be better. By the way, I spoke to Mrs.

TALKING OF SPORTS
By ROBERT McSHANE
Published by Western Newspaper Union

Senor Gomez
VERNON ("Lefty") Gomez, the Yankees' veteran southpaw who staged a remarkable comeback last year, is in hopes of another good season.

El Goofy won 15 and lost five for the Yankees in 1941. This will be his 13th season with the world's champions. He has been in five world series with them. His banner year was 1934, when he topped the league in practically all important pitching departments. He holds the world series record of six victories and no defeats.

Gomez recalls that, with Ed Barrow's encouragement, he put on 23 pounds following his excellent 1934 season. Barrow expected the weight gain to give Lefty more power. The



LEFTY GOMEZ

following season proved otherwise. The overweight hurler was very much of a flop.

Out with an injury a couple of years ago, Lefty pined on quite a number of pounds. When he limped home with only three victories and three defeats for the season, he was convinced that surplus weight was a thing of evil. Too, his arm looked as though it were gone for good. But he came back again last season to win 15. With any luck, his 183 victories for the Yankees should be expanded to 20 this season.

Lefty's major league debut wasn't a howling success. He walked into his first big league game in 1930 against Detroit when two men were on base. Lefty took two long wind-ups and both base runners stole home. Senor Gomez departed for St. Paul with a minimum of delay.

In 1932 he was back with the Yankees—to stay. He had proved his ability and the Bronx Bombers welcomed him with open arms. His mates, together with a few million fans, hope that El Goofy will hit the 200 victory mark before the 1942 season draws to a close.

Aerial Artist
Cornelius Warmerdam, the 33-year-old California Dutchman who holds all world pole-vaulting records, is both elated and disappointed over his recent triumphs.

Just a short time ago, Warmerdam made the highest vault in history—a gravity-defying leap of 15 feet 7 1/2 inches.

"Of course I was thrilled at setting the new record," Warmerdam said, "but I guess I'll never really be satisfied until I've cleared the bar at 16 feet. I had my heart set on reaching that mark."

Warmerdam established the new record on his third and final try at the 53rd Boston A. A. track games. Not content with this mark, he requested officials to raise the bar to 15 feet 10 inches.

After resting half an hour, Warmerdam went back to work. He made three rapid tries. On his final vault, he appeared to clear the bar at more than 16 feet. In descending, however, his elbow grazed the crossbar just enough to knock it off the supports.

Quite a number of track fans refuse to believe that Warmerdam won't clear 16 feet. After all, he came mighty close to it in Boston. It wasn't long ago that 14 feet was considered a stratospheric leap. The California school teacher has bettered that mark by more than a foot and a half. He is the only man who ever has cleared better than 15 feet, and he has managed to do that more than 20 times.

But the difference between his new record and his hoped-for goal is 4 1/2 inches. Even the greatest pole vaulter of them all knows that those comparatively few inches may be an insurmountable barrier.

SPORT SHORTS
Charlie Ruffing is the first pitcher ever to wip 200 games for the Yankees.

Norwegians, who brought skiing to the United States, organized the present National Ski Association at Ishpeming, Mich., in 1904.

Bing Miller, new White Sox coach, caught 20 games in France during the first World war.

Danny Litwhiler of the Phils and Clyde McCullough of the Cubs hit home runs in every National league park last season.

PAIN SEWING



1538-B

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