

LADY with a PAST

BY HARRIET HENRY

SYNOPSIS: Venice Muir's real past is the record of a social dud. She has given New York an impression of dullness and reserve. Now, in Paris, she decides to manufacture an imaginary past, a story of conquests in Europe, with which to win popularity when she returns to New York. Her mother has died in Paris, leaving Venice free to make her own plans. Venice knows that she is attractive looking and that her trouble lies in a shy inability to express herself. With the reputation of mysterious experiences to attract people's interest she hopes to gain confidence. But she knows no one in Paris. At the Cafe de la Paix she falls into conversation with a young man, an American, with whom she feels quite natural. He says he has no money. Venice has an unexpected idea, and tells him that she has something to talk over with him.

Chapter 15 FLOWERS FROM A BLACK SHEEP

He stared. "I've never failed to enjoy another," he grinned. "But what's caught hold of you all at once?" "It's an inspiration. Listen. Are you really frightfully hard-up?" Venice asked. "Frightfully!" "Would you do anything for money?" "Anything short of murder." "Would you be a sort of gigolo?" "I'd be any sort of gigolo." Venice breathed a tremendous sigh of relief. This young man was to be the egree from her blind alley. She smiled happily at him. "I'll tell you everything," she said. "I'm from New York," she began as a mother starts recounting a story to a small child. "My family are smart and all that, and society and social success, that kind of thing. Is the reason d'etre. I had a lovely coming-out a few years ago and lots of invitations to all sorts of parties since, but I'm a social dud. I'm awkward at parties. I—I can't think of bright things to say. I have no—no social graces. Oh, I can't explain. I'm a complete flop." She became almost sad with this admission.

The young man patted her hand and said: "That's nothing to worry about." "Yes, it is when you've been taught it's the only thing to build on. Mother brought me over this summer to see if I could better here. She died before we got in touch with any friends." There was a pause. "Poor kid," he murmured kindly. "I've decided to stay over here. Do everything, go everywhere. And when I get home again be mysterious and have a past. What people don't know about you, can only guess at, intrigues them. Don't you see?" She stopped breathlessly, frightened lest he could not appreciate the value of the situation.

He did. He became fired too with her idea. "Of course. That's good psychology. How are you going to go about it?" "That's where you come in. You're to take me everywhere—Montmartre, the races. Everywhere that's smart and amusing. I'll pay for everything and give you something a week besides. Will you? Oh, please!" "You bet. What a lark!" Venice uttered another relieved sigh. "That's settled," she said. "Let's shake. Here's to your knocking New York for a goal!" They wrung hands, then raised their glasses. "And perhaps if you know people here you could get me into some sort of a set," cried Venice. Her ideas were racing over each other. She saw it now. She had never been so excited in all her life before.

"Of course, I do know some people. I'm going to arrange a party for you just as soon as I can. By the way, I'm Guy Bryson. I hail from Wilmington. The black sheep of a very excellent family. At your service, madame." "I'm Venice Muir." "What a gorgeous name for a lady with a past." She suddenly went shy. Her excitement died. She felt nervous and unsure about what she had just planned. What would her mother have said? But then her mother had asked her not to miss parties and had always wanted just exactly this for her. Yes, it would probably be all right.

The next day she bought herself a bottle of expensive perfume. It was a simple and delicate scent, vaguely reminiscent of gardenias. This was her first tangible step towards her vivid future, her desired alibi. The second was to take her evening frocks to a dressmaker who cut them to the water in back. Guy had telephoned her in the morning and they planned to dine and dance at Ciro's. She dressed that evening with a new and delicious sense of expectation, something she had not known since her debut. Her debut had been the heavy door that had slammed on all her happy anticipations. Through that door's reception she had realized that she was not a glib talker, a natural flirt or an intriguing person. Her self-consciousness, her latent diffidence had branded her from then on. She sat before the dressing-table in the turquoise chiffon dyed black and sprayed herself with the new perfume.

"M-m-m," she sniffed. "It's lovely. Like creamy gardenias drenched with dew." Her eyes shone. Faint colour relieved the pallor of her face. She twisted to look at the deep V of her dress in back. It made her feel sophisticated and debonair. She gave a happy little sigh.

There was a knock on the door. She went to open it. A bell boy stood outside with a florist's box. "Oh—merci!"

The page showed new respect for her. It was beginning already, the recognition.

Venice shut the door and opened the box with fingers that shook with excitement. A small sheaf of green orchids. She read the card.

"O testiva token of future success, Guy."

How nice, she thought. What a graceful thing for him to do. She pinned them at her shoulder and scrutinized herself in the glass. They made her grey eyes almost green. She fastened the copied ribbon of her hair. Just right for me. How clever of him. The telephone. M'sieur Bresson was waiting.

Downstairs in the small parlor Guy shook her hand. "You look charming," he said. "Thank you so much for the orchids. They're lovely. But you shouldn't have done it."

"You paid for them," he laughed. "Somehow the way he said it did not spoil things at all."

"Look here," said Venice in the taxi, "if you take me places two or three times a week that'll be sufficient. Suppose I give you 1500 francs a week, that's \$30, and when they're spent you ask for more."

"You're trusting! No one ever trusted me with superfluous money before." His tone was earnest and strangely touched.

"Why?" "I've always been careless and shiftless and extravagant."

"Don't be any more. Here, Guy." She thrust a roll of notes into his hand.

"Aren't you afraid I'll spend some of it for myself?" "No. You might have before, but you won't now."

"You're quite right. Thank you, Venice." She wished the evening were not starting out so gravely. There had been something solemn and hurting about this exchange of words.

The taxi drew up at Ciro's. Guy followed her in like a gentleman thoroughly accustomed to such extravagant places. She felt vaguely proud to be seen with him. His dinner coat was worn but well tailored, his manner and manners perfect. The head waiter put them at a table at the edge of the dancing floor.

Given a breathing space by the momentary absence of service at their elbows Guy leaned a little across the table.

"I don't want to be rude," he said, "but it has a bit to do with your ordering here, there and everywhere. Are you frightfully rich, Venice?"

"No. I mean by that I'm one of the mediums. I can have what I want without shopping for it, but I can't afford to throw money away."

"Well said. Spoken like a gentleman." They enjoyed their evening. He did not dance exceptionally, but adequately, and after all, thought Venice, he's working out so well you can't have everything exactly perfect. And he introduced her to two attractive people. One a lithe, dark young man, so satin smooth he looked as though he had been dipped in oil. He had beautiful even white teeth and a perfectly chiseled nose and his eyes were so black that you could barely distinguish the pupils from the irises. His evening clothes were faultless, his shoulders broad, his hips narrow. Like the European here in a movie, thought Venice.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. by John Hix



In his vast collection of literature pertaining to tobacco, George Arenas, Jr., of New York, has documents relating to Myneer Van Klies, the champion of all smokers. He died in 1871, at the age of 38, having smoked no less than 8,000 pounds of tobacco. In his will, the old man provided 10 pounds of tobacco and two pipes for all smokers who would attend his funeral, the only condition being, that everyone should smoke throughout the ceremony. Hundreds took advantage of the offer and from all reports, the funeral was a big success. When the mourners really got down to business, the smoke became so dense they could not see each other.

Spinach is used in the manufacture of green candy, the green color being produced by mixing the candy with juice of the plant.

Garis' Bedtime Stories

UNCLE WIGGLY'S LITTLE LAKE

One morning, as Uncle Wiggly came down stairs to breakfast in his little stump bungalow, he saw Nurse Jane Fussy Wussy with a shawl over her shoulders when she brought in his orange juice.

"What's the matter, Janie?" asked the rabbit gentleman of his muskrat lady housekeeper. "Are you ill that you must wear a shawl?"

"Oh, no, I'm not ill, thank you!" squeaked Nurse Jane.

"Just then Uncle Wiggly's wife came to take her place at the table, for her breakfast. As Mr. Longears hopped up, politely to pull out a chair for his wife, he saw that she, also, wore a shawl."

"My goodness! What's this?" chuckled the rabbit. "Are you two going to a Halloween masquerade party?"

"What makes you think that?" asked his wife as she sprinkled some carrot jam over her cabbage pancakes.

"You both are wearing such funny shawls," answered Mr. Longears.

"We are wearing shawls because it is cold this morning," said Nurse Jane. "It will soon be freezing ice, I think, and we shall have snow for Thanksgiving."

All of a sudden there was a loud shout out in the hall beyond the breakfast room.

"My goodness! What's that?" cried Mrs. Longears. "Are the Bad Chaps in our bungalow so early in the morning?"

"That jolly shouting wasn't done by any Bad Chaps," said Uncle Wiggly. "That sounds like some of my forty-seven sixteen bunny-rabbit boys and girls."

And, surely enough, it was. For into the room came hopping Buster, Custer, Jingle, Jangle and all the others.

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" they yelled.

"Why are you so happy?" asked Uncle Wiggly as the children rabbits began to eat their carrot pancakes.

"Because we heard Nurse Jane say it was soon going to freeze ice," said Buster.

"And then there'll be skating!" shouted Custer.

"And when snow comes we can ride on our sleds," said Jingle.

"Yes, it will soon be winter now," agreed Uncle Wiggly. And as he twinkled his pink nose, and watched Nurse Jane and Mrs. Longears get the little bunnies ready for school, Mr. Longears decided he would hop out and look at the duck pond.

"I will see if there is any ice on it now," thought Mr. Longears. "If there is, my bunnies can skate when they come home from school. And I may have an adventure on the frozen pond."

However, it was not yet quite cold enough to freeze ice on the pond. Uncle Wiggly was standing looking at it and wondering when it would freeze, when he heard a sad little voice, down on the ground by his toe, saying: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

HOW'S your HEALTH



Dr. Japs Goldstein, Academy of Medicine, Kidney Stones

The formation of stones in the kidney and the operation for their removal have been known since antiquity.

The affliction is fairly common. Constitutional predisposition appears to play an important role, but diet and personal hygiene are also important.

The stones are usually composed of uric acid, or of oxalic crystals. They form about a nucleus of foreign matter and tend to grow by the addition of new deposits.

Their common location is in the space where the ureter unites with the kidney.

It is not uncommon, however, for stones to form within the tissue substance of the kidney.

The size and number of the stones may vary. There may be one stone or many, they may be pea like in size or as big as an egg.

Samuel Pepys, the famous English diarist who was cut for the stone in 1658, reports having seen a kidney stone the size of a tennis ball.

One may have a stone in the kidney for years without suffering much discomfort.

On the other hand, a very small stone, if lodged in the ureter and obstructing the passage of urine, will cause a painful condition known as renal colic.

An attack of renal colic usually sets in abruptly. It may last for only a few minutes or for days.

The pain is agonizing, usually radiating down the groin and along the inner side of the thigh.

It should be noted, however, that not all renal colic is due to stones, though an attack always suggests their presence.

Formerly the diagnosis of stone in the kidney was not always a certainty. In recent years, how-

Ruth Nichols Sets Distance Record



Ruth Nichols, society girl aviator of Rye, N. Y., is pictured with her mechanic in Oakland, Calif., just before her non-stop flight to Louisville, Ky., in which she set a new distance record for women.

ever, remarkable progress has been made in this direction.

Tomorrow—Kidney Stones II

Tomatoes Bring Profits. Knoxville, Tenn.—(AP)—The 1931 tomato crop brought farmers in Deatur County \$22,000 in cash, the county agent reported to the university extension department. The tomatoes were sold through the county co-operative.

Washington—Census Bureau reports 12,500,000 radio sets in America.

Missy Deane At Ma... One hundred cou... the informal Hallo... party given by the Council, R. S. and burn Chapter, Order in Masonic Hall. ... until 1 o'clock was... Cliff Lawrence's Mu... Refreshments during the course of the committee was... D. Hathaway, C. T. Thompson, E. S. M. Keller, F. Harron, G. and Clair Fulmer.

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