

One I Love

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
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BEGIN HERE TODAY ROLF CARLYLE has been breaking engagements with her to meet BETTY KENDALL, a very pretty girl who is secretary to BRUCE HAMILTON, advertising manager of Every Home Magazine.

She will love ROLF and can't forget him. JEFF GRANT, a young engineer, saved her from a bad marriage. He is now a man of one night and she and Jeff became friends. When she reads in a newspaper that ROLF has eloped with Betty Kendall she tells Jeff about her broken engagement and says she can never care for any one else again.

Hamilton leaves the magazine and because of reticence there is no job for him. However, Hamilton, this is a social secretary and Janet, the girl it is several days before she hears Mrs. Curtis is Betty Kendall's mother. Janet feels she should write up the job but has no place else to go. She decides to stay as long as ROLF and Betty are out of town.

Mrs. Curtis becomes ill and the doctor orders complete rest. She tells Janet her wedding gift to Betty is to be a completely furnished apartment and to Janet falls the task of finding the apartment. The young couple come home before they are expected. Janet wants to leave but circumstances prevent this. Several days pass before she sees ROLF alone. Then he says, "Aren't you glad to see me?"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE (Continued)

She scarcely saw ROLF. Mornings she breakfasted and was at her work before he appeared. Betty's breakfast was always served to her in bed and Mrs. Curtis began to adopt the same plan. In the evening Betty and ROLF usually went out for dinner or if they were at home there were guests and Janet dined alone.

She began to think less of going away. For one thing, there was a place to go. No place but back to Mrs. Snyder's boarding house and a search for work that seemed hopeless. She was busy here and she had forced herself to believe that if only she could keep busy enough, she could forget. Besides, it was evident that ROLF wished to avoid her as much as she wanted to avoid him. In a few days more he and Betty would be gone and things would be as they had been.

It was Betty Carlyle who completely dominated the household. Though Janet saw her only occasionally, it was Betty and not Mrs. Curtis for whom most of the telephone calls came and most of the appointments were made.

Janet told herself that she was unfair. She tried to make allowances, but she could not bring herself to like this pretty, pampered, strong-willed daughter to whom Mrs. Curtis was so devoted.

There was no doubt that Betty was popular with the young men and women of her "crowd." The telephone calls, the swank roadsters parked before the door and the dinner engagements proved that.

At any time of the day or night, it seemed Betty might arrive home with a group of noisy guests. If it were at night, ROLF would be with them. Betty never seemed to lack for escorts.

Her clothes were beautiful and yet she talked a good deal about "being in rags," and she and Mrs. Curtis went on shopping trips.

Remembering Dr. Roberts' instructions Janet worried about this. She was sure, too, that the noisy crowds coming and going at all hours must disturb Mrs. Curtis and interfere with her rest.

When she tried tactfully to mention this her employer brushed her fears away.

"Young people are only young, once!" Mrs. Curtis said. "I want Betty to enjoy everything while she can."

It was plain to be seen that young Mrs. Carlyle regarded Janet as merely another servant. Her position seemed slightly above that of Lucy, the maid, and slightly below that of Charles, the housekeeper.

Betty told her that she thought it quite unnecessary for Frederick to take the car out when Janet had errands down town. What were the buses for? It had a bad effect on servants, Betty said, to treat them as equals. She was impatient with her mother more than once on this score.

It was toward the end of that first week that Janet came into the house late in the afternoon. She was wearing her gray suit and the little green hat. She had been walking and the exercise had put color into her cheeks.

Janet stepped into the living room to leave some magazines. She laid them on a table with the others. All at once she heard a sound behind her and turned.

ROLF Carlyle was standing a few feet away. He smiled and said, "Well, Janet, aren't you glad to see me?"

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

ROLF's tone was casual, good-natured.

"Been wondering when I was going to have a chance to talk to you," he said. "Where've you been hiding yourself?"

Janet said, "Oh! you surprise me!" She met his eyes and then evaded, bending to straighten the pile of magazines.

He came a step nearer. "You haven't been trying to avoid me, have you?" he asked.

"Why, of course not!" So quickly defensive that the words belied themselves.

"I've been busy, I guess. You know I work here."

ROLF laughed. "And just now, apparently, nothing is quite so important as those magazines. But they looked very nice the way they were. I thought, 'Come on. Sit down. Is there any reason in the world why we shouldn't talk to each other for a few minutes?'"

"No-o," Janet hesitated. There were reasons but she couldn't tell him what they were. The little fires burning in her cheeks.

That excited sensation when her eyes met his. Oh, yes, there were reasons why Janet shouldn't turn and flee from that room, but instead she sat down in a rose brocade chair.

"That's better!" he stood looking down at her, smiling. "You're very decorative in that chair. Becoming background. And that's a good looking suit you're wearing, too. On

the whole, you're looking unusually attractive!"

He was the same ROLF. Exactly the same. When he paid compliments you could never be quite sure whether he really meant them or was joking. He pulled a chair forward, sat down, and drew from his pocket a silver cigarette case.

"Have one?" he asked, flipping open the case.

Janet shook her head. She saw that the case was new and handsome. Suddenly it became a symbol. A symbol of all the changes that had taken place between them.

"Listen, ROLF," she said quickly. "I can't sit here talking to you. You know I can't. The only reason I'm in this house is because I'm paid to work here. There's one thing, though, I want to tell you. When I came here I didn't know Mrs. Curtis was your wife's mother."

SHE felt better now that she had got that out. It was easier to go on.

"After I found out I was going away, but I needed the job and I didn't know where to find another. There aren't many jobs just now. I've been reading the want ad columns every day."

He stopped her. "But that's nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Listen, you aren't going to leave this job. Very, it's just the thing for you. I'm better than working down town in an office. Mrs. Curtis thinks a lot of you, too. I've heard her telling Betty she couldn't get along without you!"

His concern was genuine. The laughter was gone from the dark eyes now.

"Promise me you won't do that, Janet," he urged.

"You really think it's all right for me to stay?"

"Of course I do! I want you to."

"I don't know," Janet said doubtfully. "I don't know exactly what I should do."

"Then let me decide for you. You've made a real place for yourself here. I'll see that there's nothing to—embarrass you. You needn't worry about that. Only we can be friends, I hope. There isn't any reason why we shouldn't be, is there?"

There was a flash of that quick, winning smile.

Janet said, "No ROLF." She smiled, too, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"Then let's shake on it."

Their hands met. Janet said quickly, with a voice unsteady from emotion, "I've got to go now! I'm late."

In another moment she was hurrying up the stairs. She did not stop until the door of her own room had closed behind her. Then she sank down on the edge of the bed.

She was cold, and every bit of strength seemed to have ebbed from her body. She clenched her hands together tightly, shivering though her heart was pounding.

"I won't see him again!" Janet resolved. "I mustn't let him know I feel the way I do!"

But his eyes were smiling into hers as she said the words and the pain in her heart was so sharp that Janet instinctively raised one hand to shut out the sight.

"Oh, ROLF!" she murmured, going back to the chorus of all her loneliness. "Oh ROLF, why can't I forget?"

SHE didn't go down stairs again until she had heard Mrs. Curtis telling some one that Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were dining out. Then Janet bathed and dressed and went down to the library.

ROLF proved to be as good as his word. Three days later he and Betty moved into their apartment and during the those three days Janet saw him only once.

He was with Betty then, on their way to some sort of engagement. He was wearing dinner clothes and Betty's wrap had slipped back to reveal her newest evening gown, a bizarre creation of coral and gold.

Janet passed them on the stairway. Betty was speaking to ROLF and did not even glance toward the other girl. Janet, after that first swift look, kept her eyes from meeting the man's.

With that young couple gone, she had hoped that the household would return to its quiet orderliness, but this did not prove true. There were still parties. There was still Betty and Betty's demands. Where all the money was coming from to maintain the Carlyles' elegant new home Janet had no idea. She knew Mrs. Curtis had paid a year's lease on the apartment and furnished it. But there were other expenses.

Advertising Agency it was unbelievable that his salary could meet these demands. Janet had heard Betty had money in her own name. Perhaps that was how the bills were paid.

In one respect Betty had instituted economy. She had only one maid for the six-room apartment. Consequently when she entertained it soon became a habit for her to telephone her mother to send over Bertha or the cook.

Lucy, who admired Mrs. Carlyle greatly and considered her home equal to anything she had seen in the movies, was only too glad to go there to serve.

Betty found errands for Janet, too. She appropriated her services as casually as she took everything else that she wanted.

Scarcely a day passed when Janet was not instructed by telephone to run over for a shopping list or to take care of some club obligation Betty had forgotten until the last minute.

ON such visits Janet almost always found young Mrs. Carlyle in a gay lounging costume leaning back in one of the low, modernistic chairs, smoking and gossiping with some of her friends.

The cocktail shaker was always in evidence. There was likely to be dance music coming from the radio and often the laughter was high-pitched and boisterous.

(To Be Continued)

WRIGLEY'S

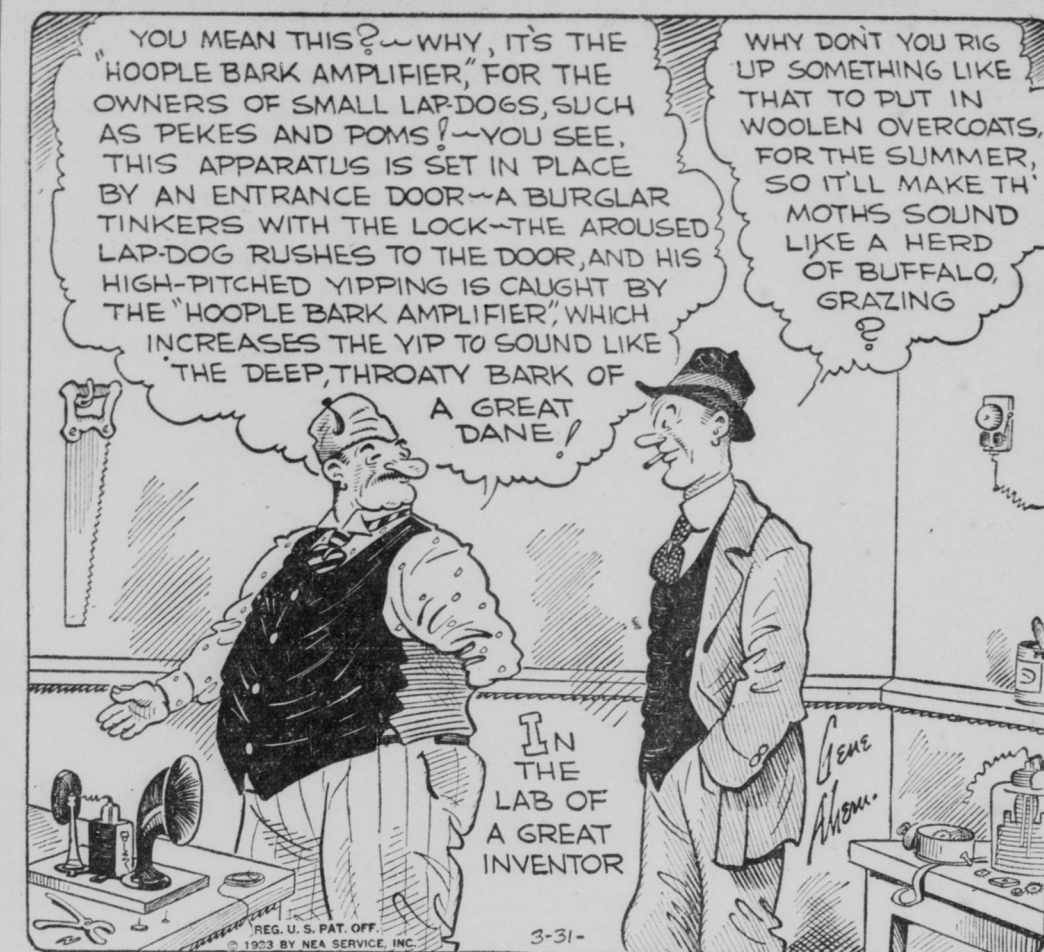


OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

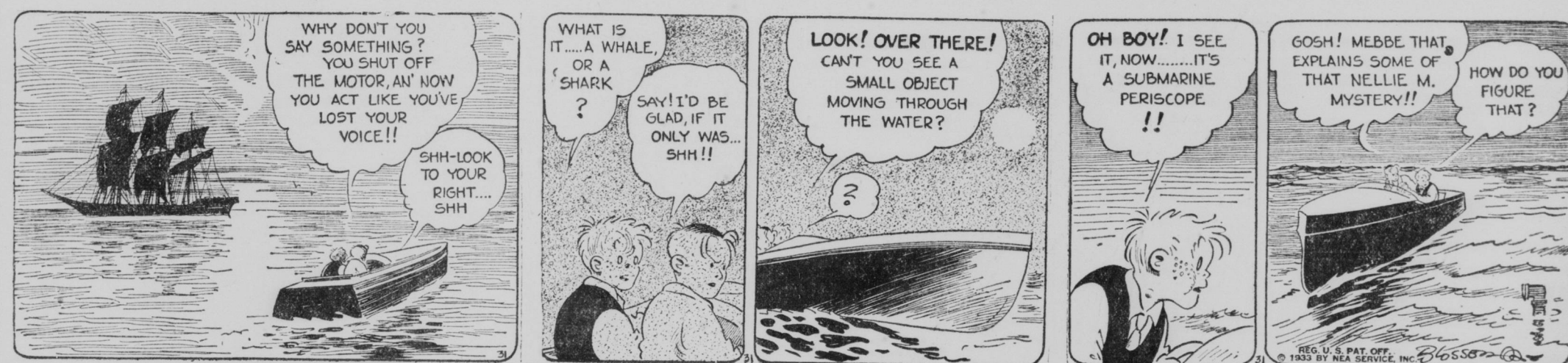
OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



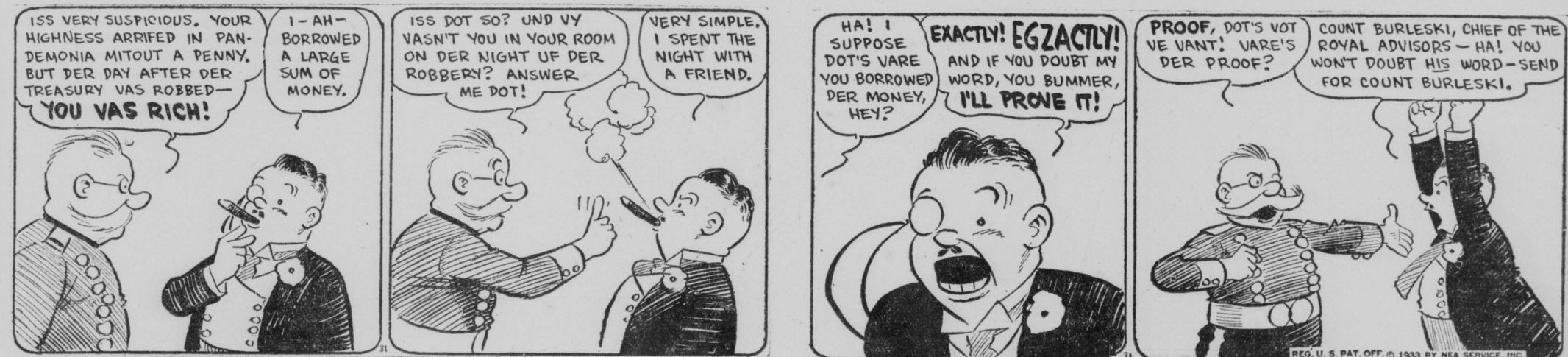
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



As though instinctively she sensed Roger's unuttered call to her, the beautiful woman's eyes met his, then turned to answer laughingly her handsome escort, speaking in French. Only a moment she looked at him.

In that moment Roger's memory leaped the years, back to his summer in India, for something in the woman's presence vividly recalled Patricia Canby and his love for her. Later he saw her in the baccarat room.

Here he observed the woman closely as, calmly winning, her slim white hand fingered the ivory chips. She wore no jewels, except an exquisite ring of emeralds and rubies, curiously designed. He saw her leave early.

She left with the same map, and Roger watched her as she boarded a smart motor boat and speeded toward a palatial yacht anchored under the Mediterranean moon. Vaguely disturbed and homesick, Roger turned to seek his friend and host.