

Mark's arms went around her and
his lips were tender



*When there's a threesome
in hearts, Sandy Lee finds
her own emotions in—*

DOUBLE DANGER

By Polly Sweet

SANDY Lee was furiously angry and she was hurt, too, horribly hurt but Sandy would have died rather than let Tom Paterson know how she felt.

For days, ever since he had moved to Terrytown, she had wanted to meet him. He was so big and handsome and so very gay. She thought it would be wonderful just to be near him. It is silly to be half in love with a man you've never met but that was the way it was with Sandy. That was how she felt about Tom.

It was the reason she had been so anxious to go to Barbara Jennifer's swimming party. Tom Paterson was going to be there. Barbara loved to give swimming parties. She looked so well in a bathing suit. That had been one of the reasons she had moved into the particular apartment house where she lived. It had a good sized swimming pool as one of its principal attractions. Sandy and Barbara worked in the same office and in spite of the great difference between them in temperaments, they were good friends.

And now the evening of the party had finally arrived and Sandy had been introduced to Tom. She managed not to sound excited as she acknowledged the greeting. A little breathlessly she waited while he looked her over appraisingly.

"Well, hello," he answered her greeting. "I didn't know there were going to be any children at this party."

That was when Sandy was filled with fury. She drew herself up to her full height and said coldly, "I'm eighteen—almost nineteen."

"You don't look it," he said. "But don't you mind. You're cute, a cute, little trick if ever I saw one."

"Well!" she flashed and would have gone on but Tom interrupted her.

"Very cute! Some day you'll grow up to be quite a gal. Remind me to date you when you grow up."

Sandy didn't want him to think her cute. She wanted him to think her beautiful, desirable. Now she wanted to snap at him in hurt protest but some instinctive knowledge prevented it. She forced a smile and answered in her best "cute little trick" manner. "I'll remind you," she said sweetly and then, "that is, if you have to be reminded."

Tom flashed her a searching look but she was smiling innocently. Such a cute, little trick!

She promised herself then that one day Tom Paterson would realize that she was quite grown up.

THE party proceeded gayly. Everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time. Tom didn't bother to stay near her and certainly she couldn't pursue him. A girl has her pride.

Later in the evening, Sandy happened to turn around quickly and caught Tom regarding her appraisingly. Instinctively her hands went to her hair. It was a tangled mess, unless you like crazy, little curls. She never could wear a cap in swimming. She knew that now she looked more like a child than ever. She tore her glance away from Tom's and moved back from the pool, trying to smooth her hair.

"Be yourself, youngster. You can't take high dives and expect to have your

hair remain unruffled. Besides, it looks cute that way."

Sandy regarded the young man beside her belligerently. She would have hated him for the word "cute" alone. But to make matters worse, he was handsome. "Too good looking," Sandy thought resentfully.

"Who are you," she asked him.

"Name's Mark Farnsworth. I'm Barbara's cousin."

"Oh. I've heard about you."

She stopped, flushing as she remembered the things she had heard about him.

"I take it that you weren't favorably impressed," Mark said. "Barbara doesn't like me much."

"It just so happens, Mr. Farnsworth that Barbara never mentioned you but once, to tell me that you were her cousin. I read about you in the newspaper the time you made the cross country flight and nearly broke a record—only you decided to stop off on the way and call on a blonde."

Mark lifted an eyebrow ever so slightly. "The child can read."

"You, too?" exclaimed Sandy in disgust. She was furious again. "I'm not a child and I wish people would realize it." She had no desire to cover her true feelings with this dark-eyed, taunting person. She didn't care what he thought of her.

"You look like one, you know. Only sometimes—"

"Oh, shut up." She swung around and dashing for the pool, dived in, but in her blindness she stumbled at the pool's edge. It was a very poor dive and it knocked the wind out of her. Her side hurt from the way she had twisted. She knew Mark had seen the dive and probably Tom had, too. They would be laughing at her. Somehow, she felt as though she couldn't face it. She wished she could sink to the bottom of the pool and stay there.

It was then that she felt a hand on her shoulder and a voice that she hardly recognized as Mark's say, "Steady, kid. That was a bad dive. Someone left a towel at the edge of the pool. You might have gotten badly hurt."

She wanted to pull away from his touch and yet it was so steadying. If

that pain in her side got any worse, she might faint.

"Let's get out of this. I'll drive you home."

"Thanks, but it's only a few blocks. I'll be all right."

"Get dressed. I'll explain to Barbara."

She felt too miserable to protest. She said good-by to the girls and waved a general good-by to the boys and started for the door.

Snatches of sentences reached her as she went.

"With Mark Farnsworth, no less," from one of the girls. "He's dangerous."

"A danger worth while if you ask me," another girl said.

Then a voice she would never fail to recognize spoke. "She's a child playing with fire. Someone should look after her."

Tom was interested in her now because Mark Farnsworth had noticed her. Mark was just a little older. He had been in the air force for two years. Mark had been around more than any of the others, and had acquired a reputation for rushing a girl and dropping her when he saw another he liked better.

SSANDY smiled. Mark was no danger to her. She knew all about him—at least all she cared to know. If a girl fell in love with him, deeply in love, then there would be danger. Remembering how attractive he was and also how gentle when he wanted to be, she smiled a little to herself—double danger.

Well, so far as she was concerned, it was unimportant. Certainly she had no idea of falling in love with Mark Farnsworth.

"Ready?" Mark was beside her.

"All ready," she replied and without another word they went out to his car.

Not until he had started it and driven for a block or so did Mark speak again.

"How about a little ride before you go home?"

"Why?" Sandy asked.

"What a suspicious nature?"

"Just careful," Sandy replied.

Mark considered this for a moment. Then he flashed her a smile. "You don't think much of me, little Sandy. Perhaps you're right. Maybe I haven't been using my head. Nothing seemed very important. There was a reason—girl trouble. I found that one girl couldn't be trusted so I thought I couldn't trust any of them. Anyway, don't worry, youngster. With you I'll be the essence of propriety. Somehow," he went on, still grinning, "somehow, with you I don't feel a bit wobbish. I feel—" He stopped as though surprised at himself. "I feel like shaking you and giving you some good advice. I—well, I'd hate to see you get hurt."

"What advice?" Sandy wanted to know.

"Don't wear your heart on your sleeve. Don't let your feelings show in your eyes. It's bad. Frightens the guy away."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you?"

"Was it that obvious?" Sandy asked after a moment.

"Only to me. You see I thought you were a pretty cute little—I thought you were very attractive and I watched you closely. If you happened to notice me, it didn't register. You were too interested looking after Tom Pater-son. I guess my ego was hurt."

"You're a strange person," Sandy said thoughtfully, "not half as bad as I thought." She stopped short, her face flushing.

Mark laughed. "That is one of the things that I like most about you. You are honest. If a fellow put his trust in you, you would never let him down." The last was said to her seriously, almost grimly.

There was a moment's silence.

"It still hurts, doesn't it?" Sandy asked softly.

"If you mean do I still love her, the answer is no. As for the hurt—" He stared ahead. "Sure it hurts. My pride, I guess."

"I—I wish it were just my pride," Sandy said.

"You really are hit hard."

"I guess I am."

Mark meditated for a minute. "Maybe I can help."

"I don't see how."

"I could—er—help you grow up."

"You do think I'm—just a kid?"

For a moment Mark didn't answer. He studied the lighted end of his cigarette. He put the cigarette to his mouth and inhaled deeply, then exhaled slowly, thoughtfully.

"Well?" asked Sandy impatiently. Mark crushed out his cigarette.

"I think you're very sweet."

"Hm!" said Sandy scornfully at which Mark laughed heartily. He reached for her and drew her toward him.

"Listen, Sandy, it is a rare quality. Hold onto it."

"But I don't want to be just sweet. I want to be desirable."

Mark's arms tightened around her. His lips closed down on hers—hard. She hadn't really meant to but somehow she was returning his kiss with more ardor than she had ever kissed any man before.

WHEN he released her, Mark said slowly and his lips were unsmiling, "Don't worry, Sandy, you are more than just sweet. I'd advise you to—er—watch those kisses. Another man might not understand."

Another man! Her face flamed. She had never kissed any man like that before. Of course she had never kissed Tom Paterson. Somehow she felt a little ashamed of herself for kissing anyone the special way she believed she should save for the man she fell in love with.

"Mark, I didn't mean anything," she stammered.

Mark touched her lips lightly with his finger tips. "I understand, honey. Believe me, I understand. Forget it, now and go to bed. It's late."

He was so casual about it all, so understanding that Sandy felt an intense relief, a wave of gratitude.

"Thank you, Mark," she said scarcely above a whisper.

Mark simply nodded. "'Night," he said and turned to leave.

"'Night," Sandy called after him and it must have been because she felt

more confidence in herself, in her ability to interest Tommy that she added involuntarily, "and thanks."

The next day Sandy felt happier than for a long time. Somehow she felt that when next she saw Tom Paterson, she would not be afraid. She would know what to say, how to act. There would be no reason to think her a child. Somehow she felt quite grown up. Then it came to her in a flash that she had felt that way ever since Mark's kiss. It had taken another man's kiss. Impatiently she tried to push the thought out of her mind. She had told Mark she was sorry—and he understood. Another man might have made her feel ashamed but Mark had understood. That was that.

She was anxious to see Tom again. She was almost sure he would be at the regular Saturday night community dance. Although she had a date for the night with Jim Stevens, she would see Tom and perhaps dance with him.

She dressed with special care for the dance. Everything had to be just right.

Almost the first one she saw as she entered the hall was Tom. He was not alone. Standing with him was Barbara. Sandy's heart twisted. Of course, he'd fall for Barbara. She was beautiful, witty, sophisticated, everything Tom would want in a girl.

Even as Sandy danced with Jim Stevens, her eyes followed Tom and Barbara.

She was startled when a voice said, "May I cut in?" Then she was in Mark Farnsworth's arms.

"I don't usually cut in on a fellow's first dance with his date but I had to save you."

"Save me?" Sandy asked amazed.

"Sure. The way you were mooning over Tom—well, it's a shame. For goodness' sake, snap out of it. Your date must be blind. If my girl—"

"I'm not his girl, or anybody's girl. We've been friends since we were kids."

"Then I won't break his heart if I steal you for a dance or two?"

"Certainly not but—"

"What's the matter? Don't you want to dance with me?"

Sandy shrugged.

"It really doesn't matter."

Mark laughed. "Now that's the way you should act with Paterson, cool and unconcerned. With me you can be truthful. You don't really want to dance with me. You don't like me. You resent me because I tell you a few things you don't want to hear."

Sandy flashed, "You're impossible."
"Just honest."

They danced the rest of the dance in silence. Not until he returned her to her date did he speak. Then it was a casual, "Thanks, Sandy. Remember what I told you." Before Sandy could answer he was gone.

"Well," said Jim and Sandy had never heard him speak with such vehemence. "He certainly acts as though he owned you."

SANDY looked at Jim in surprise. Her lips parted to reply and then closed together—tight. An idea had struck her.

"Well, you can't blame him really. I mean, he's awfully jealous." She managed to act embarrassed. Kid! Child! Youngster was she? She could play as neat a game as any of them.

Because Mark had appeared interested in her, Tom had suddenly realized she was alive. Even now she could see that he was looking in her direction. And Jim, who had not meant a thing to her or she to him, was all at once concerned about the way she was treated. Well, if that was what it took to interest men—especially Tom, let them think Mark was in love with her and she with him, for the moment anyway.

As for Mark, if it complicated things for him she was glad of it. He was conceited, presumptuous. In other words, he was impossible.

Tom came up to ask her for the next dance and Jim glared.

"You stags!" he muttered.

Sandy smiled at him sweetly. "But Tom didn't come stag, Jim. Why don't you ask his date to dance with you? He came with Barbara Jennifer."

"She's dancing with Mark Farnsworth," Tom said, which fact Sandy had already observed.

Sandy's smile became positively

angelic. "Now isn't that nice of Mark? Dancing with his own cousin." She paused an expressive moment and finished simply, "He is so sweet."

"He's a wolf." Tom's voice was grim.

"A predatory one at that," Jim said. "Sandy is my date. As for Farnsworth and you, too, jump in the lake!"

"Come now, Jimmie, dear," Sandy interrupted, "Tom just wants one little dance, and I'm sure Mark understands now that I'm your date."

Jimmie grunted and Sandy slipped into Tom's arms.

"You little witch. What do you mean one little dance? I want every dance I can get. Why did I ever give another fellow the chance to date you?"

"Oh, that!" Sandy said vaguely. "Of course you couldn't have every dance but Jim wouldn't mind a couple, I'm sure. Jim and I are just pals. He dates me when Cindy Travers is out of town or something."

"He didn't sound that way."

"He was a little angry at something Mark said. Sometimes Mark acts—well, rather possessive."

Curiously, she found herself looking straight into Mark's eyes. He was at some distance from her, leaning against one of the columns that supported the balcony. When he caught her looking at him he smiled a little, but his smile was somehow mocking, even a little contemptuous.

All at once she felt heartsick. She didn't like playing games. Why did she have to flirt and pretend to be in love with someone else so the man she was really interested in would notice her. Why couldn't she be honest? She moved closer in Tom's arms and they tightened around her.

"Listen, sweet, I've been a little slow at catching on but I'll make up for lost time. How about a date for tomorrow afternoon? It's Sunday and we can drive out into the country and have dinner and get acquainted."

Her heart leaped excitedly. How easily she had won! Tom had asked her for a date. Then she remembered Mark's words. She must act casual, unconcerned. She must not wear her heart on her sleeve or in her eyes.

"Perhaps. I'm not sure. Call me tomorrow."

"Mark?" Tom asked.

Her shrug could have meant anything.

"I have to think it over," she said.

It was several dances later that Mark strode purposefully up to Sandy.

"Dance?" he asked.

WITHOUT waiting for her reply he pulled her up to him. "Thanks, Stevens," he called over Sandy's shoulder to Jim who stood frowning after him.

"Well!" said Sandy when they were out of hearing, "Why the cave man tactics?"

"You tell me something first. Why have you told Jim and Tom that we are—well, practically going steady—or something?"

"I didn't tell them," Sandy smiled up at Mark sweetly. "I just let them think so."

"But why? It's—it's such a lie."

"I know." All at once Sandy was serious. "I know and I'm sorry if it complicated things for you. I thought it was a good idea when I discovered how quickly Tom became interested in me after he thought you liked me. Even Jim got that way, too. You must have quite a reputation."

"I have. And that is strictly my affair."

"Of course, but what are you so mad about? You certainly don't think your blonde friend out in Texas will hear about it."

"Leave her out of it," Mark said sharply.

Sandy was surprised. She hadn't known he felt that way.

"Mark," she said contritely. "I didn't know you cared. I mean, you said you didn't."

"I said I'd gotten over any girl I thought I was in love with, and I have."

"Then what is the matter?"

"It is just that—" he said and then hesitated a moment. "Oh, never mind."

"See?" Sandy said. "You're only mad because it wasn't your idea and it is such a wonderful idea. Tommie is already interested. He asked me for a date. Tomorrow we're going to ride out

into the country."

"Congratulations!" Mark's voice was edged. "And to think I considered taking you under my wing for instructions. Baby, you know all the answers."

The dance was over and he took his arms from around her immediately, as if he couldn't let her go soon enough. He seemed to be angry and Sandy couldn't understand why.

Sandy only knew that the thought of Mark's being angry at her made her uncomfortable.

"Mark." She put her hand on his arm. "Come outside on the veranda a moment. I want to talk to you."

SILENTLY he followed her. As soon as they were outside, he pulled her almost roughly into his arms and kissed her. It was an angry kiss.

"What else, darling?" he asked as he let her go. "It is a good idea to make a guy jealous by giving him a little competition but I wouldn't carry it too far. It might backfire."

"Mark, you're horrid. I didn't ask you out here to make Tommie jealous. I just want to ask you why you are so angry with me. I—I didn't mean to hurt you." She stopped and her voice caught on a sob. "I guess I'm not very good at playing games. I'll tell them there is nothing at all between us." Her lips quivered a little. "I'll tell them you don't even like me."

She started to move away from him but he caught her hand and drew her back to him. He didn't take her in his arms but he put his hands on her shoulders, holding her.

"Listen, infant," he said huskily. "You are either the craziest kid in the world, or the cleverest."

Tears came unbidden to her eyes.

"Let me go," she said.

"In a minute."

Mark's arms went around her, this time gently and his lips when they touched hers were tender. It was crazy how her pulses raced, how little flames seemed to run through her body. Crazy, crazy, when it was Tommie she wanted to love her, Tommie she was in love with. It was all wrong that she fitted so perfectly into his arms, that

her lips should quiver against his and his should immediately become demanding. She tried to reason, to tell herself it was madness but in the end she only found herself trembling and clinging to him as though she would never let him go.

When he released her, Mark looked at her for a long moment. "When you see Tom again," he said, "you can tell him that there is something between us, and it will not be a lie."

Sandy turned away with a jerk and hurried into the club house. Jim was standing near the door. Immediately he took her hand and led her out onto the floor to dance. Across the hall, Sandy saw Tom watching her. He had seen her hurrying into the room. He smiled and there was something about the smile that Sandy didn't like.

"Let's go home, Jim," Sandy said when the dance was over. "I'm tired."

"I thought we might go on to the Red Parrot Inn for a while. It might be more exciting."

"Some other time, Jim, but not tonight. I—I'd like to go home." Sandy felt that she must get alone so she could think.

"Okay," said Jim and Sandy went for her wrap.

Far into the night Sandy tried to analyze her feelings. She had wanted Tom to like her, and he did. She had wanted him to date her, and he had. Everything was just perfect, or should be. It was the thought of Mark that complicated things. His kisses, first angry, then tender.

It was very late when she finally decided to put Mark out of her thoughts entirely. Whatever had made him angry didn't matter. He had gotten over it. Probably he had kissed her just to show her that they were friends again. She smiled to herself contentedly. So they were friends. After that she fell asleep to dream blissfully of Tom and of his arms around her and of his kisses, but somehow it was Mark's lips she felt against hers.

When she awoke in the morning, she felt disturbed remembering the dream. Today there would not be time to think much of Mark and she was glad. Today she would have her first date with

Tom Paterson. She would tell him "yes" when he telephoned and after that there would be many others. She sang as she dressed. Pale blue linen that made her hair seem more golden than usual, and her eyes darker. Perhaps it was the thought of Tom that made little flames of excitement shine in her eyes. Or maybe just that she was self confident. Hadn't Mark said she was desirable.

MARK again! The warm color surged into her cheeks. She wished she could get him out of her mind.

When Tom called she was her very sweetest to him. Yes, she would be glad to go. She could be ready to leave any time.

"Half an hour, then, sweet."

"Half an hour, Tommie," she replied.

She was ready when Tom arrived and eager with anticipation. How handsome he was! She was a lucky girl, luckiest in the crowd for she had Tom Paterson.

They drove out into the country. It was beautiful and Sandy loved it. A plane flashed across the sky and Sandy thought of Mark and the time he almost won a cross country contest, but had stopped off in Texas on account of a girl. Somehow the thought irritated her. Not that she cared how many girls Mark had. It was just such a stupid thing for a man to do when he was on the brink of success and possible fame.

"Sandy, baby, I'm talking to you. Want to stop where we can dance or shall we find a quiet spot where we can be alone?"

Sandy roused herself. "I'd love to dance," she said and added swiftly when she saw his disappointed look. "You're such a wonderful dancer."

Immediately Tom grinned and Sandy knew that she was learning fast. She knew, too, that she didn't want to go to any quiet spot to be alone with Tom Paterson. That plane streaking across the sky had brought thoughts of Mark and that, in turn, the memory of Mark's kiss. Quite suddenly she knew why she hadn't been able to get the thought of Mark out of her mind. She

was in love with him.

The knowledge left her shaken. Impressing Tom had been easy, but making Mark think of her as anything but a crazy kid would be next to impossible. Mark, who had had so many girls, who still had a girl somewhere in Texas. To Mark, she had revealed her innermost thoughts. Oh, it was hopeless all right.

Again she was roused from her thoughts by Tom.

"What's the matter, kid? I thought we were going to have fun."

"I'm sorry, Tom. I guess I'm not very good company today."

"That's all right honey. I like to take my time getting acquainted and somehow this time I think it will be worth while."

Sandy couldn't think of anything better to say than, "Are we almost there? I feel like dancing."

Tom took it for a compliment and beamed.

During the next few hours, Sandy did her best to be good company. She danced. She laughed at Tom's wise cracks. She flattered him a little, and all the time she could hardly wait to get home.

When she finally got home, she allowed Tom a brief goodnight kiss and then slipped from his arms.

"Thanks, Tommie, for a pleasant time. It's late now and after all I am a working girl and have to be at the office on time in the morning."

"Sure," Tom agreed. "I know, and there's lots of time for us to get to know each other. Good night, baby. I'll be seeing you."

Sandy didn't answer. She just nodded and hurried into the house.

The next morning at the office Barbara greeted her coldly.

"You were out with Tom Paterson yesterday."

"Yes," said Sandy and felt glad that she didn't want Tom for herself. Barbara liked him—a lot. The hurt look in her eyes showed it. "Yes. We went for a drive and dancing. It was a wonderful day and everything, but somehow we just didn't click."

Interest suddenly showed in Barbara's eyes.

"I'm glad," she said frankly. "I thought—well, after what Mark said—"

"Mark said what?"

"Not much. Just last night when he came to say good-by I mentioned Tom and he rather guessed I liked him. He told me that I'd better look somewhere else, that another girl liked Tom and it appeared that Tom had fallen hard for her. He meant you were that girl. He didn't say so but I guessed it was so."

"Wait," Sandy said. "You said Mark came to say good-by?"

"Sure. He's leaving this afternoon for Texas."

SANDY gripped the side of her desk for support. Texas! The blond girl friend! He was going to her.

"Barbara, where is Mark now? I want to see him before he leaves, to say good-by."

Barbara's eyes opened a little wider. "It's not Tom, then. It's Mark."

"It's not Tom," Sandy agreed.

Barbara's voice was suddenly happy. "Run along, honey. Mark is at the Shelby Arms Hotel. He'll be packing now probably. I'll look after things here and explain your absence, and good luck."

Sandy hurried out to the street and hailed a cab. All the way to Mark's hotel she waited tense and a little frightened. She hadn't the slightest idea what she was going to say to him. All she knew was that she couldn't let him go without seeing him once more. Somehow she would let him know that it was he she loved, not Tom. She supposed she should be too proud to do this but somehow pride didn't seem to matter.

Finally, when she faced Mark in the hotel lobby, her courage almost failed her. Especially when he greeted her with a cool, "What do you want?"

"To see you," she told him softly. "Barbara said you were going to leave today for Texas."

"I have been transferred there by the company. I work for an oil company that has interests in Texas."

"Then, it isn't because of her? You're not going there because of a girl?" Sandy's eyes were shining. Her lips trembled. "Oh, Mark. I—" she began and faltered. A girl can't say right out to a man "I love you."

But there was no need. With swift steps Mark was close to her. His voice was low and husky—and his eyes were filled with a kind of awe—as though he were looking at a miracle. What he said was a little silly perhaps but Sandy understood him and she thought her heart would burst with joy.

"To think I told you not to wear your heart in your eyes. If you hadn't just now I would never have guessed, never have dared to believe what I see there."

"Oh, Mark, I—I couldn't hide it. I just wanted to see you again before you went away, to bid you good-by but—oh, darling, I love you so."

"And I've loved you from the moment I saw you. But I thought it was Tom you were interested in."

"That was before I grew up," Sandy said smiling. "Before you kissed me."

Mark took her in his arms to kiss her but Sandy had to ask one more question. "That blonde in Texas. You're sure?" Mark's arms tightened around Sandy as he replied laughingly. "She was just a very good friend and is now married to an army buddy of mine."

"Oh," Sandy sighed happily.

"Satisfied?" Mark asked softly.

"Mm—hmm," Sandy replied and lifted her lips for his kiss.



Love Notes

LET'S not waste time worrying about the so-called American "husband shortage." There are enough men to go around—and more—according to statistics, which reveal that 11 females out of 12 who reach the age of 15 eventually wed. It's a five to one bet that every young lady who reaches 21 will probably marry within a year. If she hasn't said "Yes," by the time she's thirty, her chances are still good, though reduced to a fifty-fifty basis.

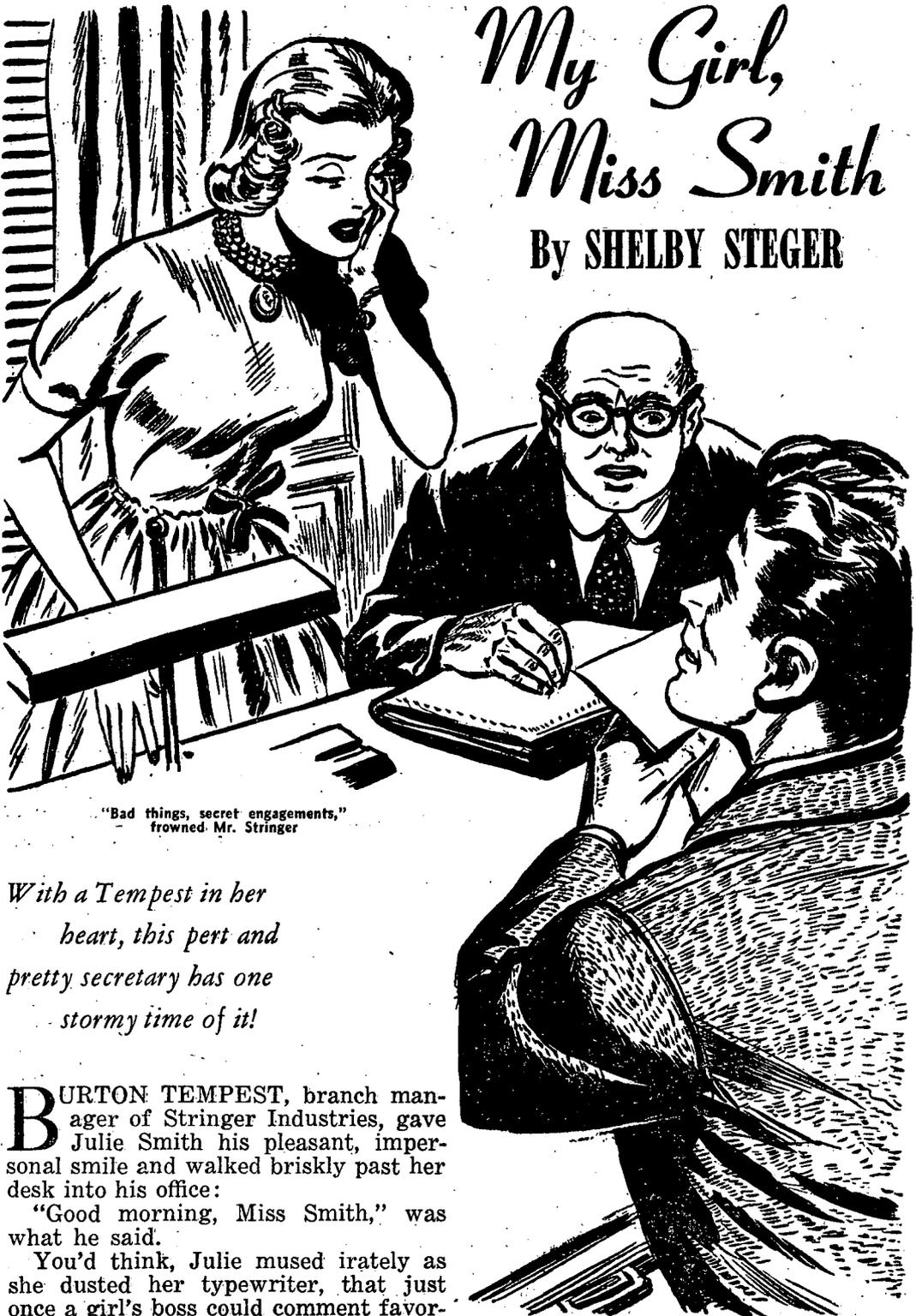
ORDER of the Golden Fleece, one of the most coveted decorations of the Seventeenth Century, was instituted in the name of romance by Phillip the Good of Burgundy. He was infatuated by a lovely, golden-haired woman whom he couldn't marry because she was merely a scullery maid. But the king obtained a lock of her hair which he kept with him always, and instituted the famous Order in her honor.

VICTOR HUGO and his "amie," Juliette Drouet, had a true love story far more steadfast than many fictionized romances. It lasted for all of 52 years—from the time Hugo first met her in 1833, until his very death. Although they could not marry for 35 of those years, he visited her daily. And she wrote him from one to three letters every day—an amazing correspondence that added up to 17,000 missives.

ENGAGED couples of long-ago Germany had to undergo an odd examination before marriage. The boy was stationed on one side of a cross-cut saw. The girl was placed at the other end. Then they were requested to fell a tree. If the pair cooperated, the ceremony was performed. But if the starry-eyed youngsters insisted on pulling against each other, no one would permit them to go ahead with the nuptials.

My Girl, Miss Smith

By SHELBY STEGER



"Bad things, secret engagements,"
frowned Mr. Stringer

*With a Tempest in her
heart, this pert and
pretty secretary has one
stormy time of it!*

BURTON TEMPEST, branch manager of Stringer Industries, gave Julie Smith his pleasant, impersonal smile and walked briskly past her desk into his office:

"Good morning, Miss Smith," was what he said.

You'd think, Julie mused irately as she dusted her typewriter, that just once a girl's boss could comment favor-