Beliefonte, Pa., February 27, 1931.

The Things That Haven't Been Done Before. The things that haven't been done be-

andfore, Those are the things to try, Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore, At the rim of the far-flung sky, And his heart was bold and his faith As he ventured with dangers new,

And he paid no heed to the jeering throng

Or the fears of a doubting crew. The things that haven't been done be-

fore, Are the tasks worth while to-day Are you one of the flock that follows, or Are you one that shall lead the way? Are you one of the timed souls that quall, At the jeers of a doubting crew, Or dare you, whether you win or fail, Strike out for a goal that's new? -Selected

TEACH ME THE MUSIC.

The Club Vienna—just off Broad-way in the Fifties—with a dozen girl entertainers, an infinitesimal floor and two dozen small glittering tables. Walls and ceiling by Proust, dance music by the Banjo Boys, ginger ale by Canada, an

had a face made for comedy, and plano!" she could make it funnier still. With a quirk of lips or a tilt of nose. She had a wide red mouth and beautiful gray eyes that could turn melody the tune out of the steely and hard. She had close cut Lanky gave him the tribute auburn-no, red: bright red-hair: and a clean, scoured look.

Lanky could be hard-boiled. Listen to her on the subject of men; speaking to one of the Doloreses or Mariennes or Jeannes or Liliths who worked with her, evenings, to entertain the tired traveler from Dubuque.

"Not for me! You fall for them and be sorry if you like. Not for this baby!"

The recipient of the confidence would purse scarlet soft mouth and stare unbelievingly from childish

"But Lanky darlin'—haven't you her and away; an eager, wonderful ever, really? Haven't you ever been look. Lanky actually gasped.
"I didn't know you could move

They were in love with someone all the time, the Dorotheas and Sylvias and Viviennes. With a young nam on Broadway. With the son nam on Broadway. With the son of the owner of one of Greater New York's greater department stores. With a darling, darling boy from college. With a man who could get them out of night-club business and into Big Time, if they could only make up their minds.

It was hard for them to make up their fuzzy little minds. They were torn between rags and riches, love in a garret and apartments on Park Avenue, every day in the week. But a world where a man, some man, did not play the lead was a world incomprehensible to

Rich or poor, men were all alike to Lanky. She made them laugh; she liked them; she forgot them when the large, fat, ridiculous check was paid.

The Vienna's press agent described her life as gay and glittering. At two in the afternoon, her maid brought her breakfast-orange fuice and black coffee because Lanky's bones were worth money to her. After breakfast she went to a noted school of the dance—for profes-sionals only—and there she worked Blues; chords; a tune; Benny's for two hours, hard, to keep thin playing; Lanky's voice. and supple and funny. Sometimes she stood for another hour being fitted for one of the startling gowns which only Lanky could wear and which were part of the long sys-tem of advertising by which, at twenty-eight, she had made her name. Later, she practiced songs, and dined lightly, still with her figure in mind, Emmaline padding in and out, silent and black, from the kitchenette.

Sometimes she went to the first half of a show; and then on to the Vienna, where she glad-handed the habitues and made the out-of-townwas no one in the world who be-longed to her and she didn't care about sharing her apartment with

another girl.
There is Lanky McGuire for you. Lonely, odd, funny, talented, practical, thrifty, glamorous and glitter- was rather nice.

"Get your sugar while you're young, kids," she advised her little helpers. "And hang onto it. Broadways a short street and there's no room on it for wrinkles. I've got enough put away right now..." She had enough and she'd have

more before she was through so that she'd never have to spend her eld age in a vaudeville home somewhere. Or clerking. Or working in

a beauty parlor; what's file use? Because, my dear, we'll all

"Well, you can pick a man better if you learn to use your head," Lanky would say. And sometimes, rather sadly, "Maybe you're right— for you. But who'd want me but a roughneck? And I don't like roughnecks-not to marry, I don't want to be anybody's comic valentine. If I can't be Juliet, I can't, but I'm not going to spend the rest, of my life wise-cracking for some poor

the Vienna, There are shy ones, even along Broadway, and Benny was shy. He wasn't a big man. He was medium tall; he was dark, and slight; his fingers flew over, the keys and he

phoned her about Benny.
"Picked him up at Sammy's—he's

"Picked him up at Sammy's—he's got no personality, y'understand—he's a washout that way. But can he play! Lanky he's got stuff of been called when she was kid. It was called when she was kid. It was attended a reat for herself. It had been a big night at the club and she was tired; she had laid in a stock of magazines and she was tired; she had laid in a stock of magazines and she was right, given this new hown going to take the afternoon off and catch up on her education. But when isaacson phoned her she got into her clothe's and called a cab.

The circle was deed him up at Sammy's—he's sat for a time when she got the worst place! I took it because the was cheap. I get scared to death mode of the worst place! I took it because the was cheap. I get scared to death mode of the worst place! I took it because the worst place! I took it because the worst place! I be worst plac

Benny fairly dodged away from her brilliance; she had on a tight black hat and a long geranium gown that seemed to terrify him.
"Yes, I+I-" he said. "Well, Mr. Isaacson-run over songs I-I" Afterward, Lanky teld Isaacson why, I'm used to making 'em feel Lanky McGuire was hostess and hep. So I thought, Isaacson, old her at once. When she came she was tall, thin and comical She dear! But when he sat down at the ping down a golden ladder in

> melody, the tune out of the piano. one artist gives another; she aban- fast, and Nita, just on, still a little doned herself, her body swayed, she awkward about her music cues, got hummed a little; she listened.

Benny muttered, "Got some stuff of my own here. Mr. Isaacson was in; he watched show with Lanky beside him. "That new kid's a knockout said. "She can have my watch chain. What do you think of Lanky."

Lanky, who had seen do not be the sheet back. She had an amazing memory.

ory.
"I've got the words," she said,
"Teach me the music." She smiled her own particular smile again, and this time he gave her a look, fleeting, beautiful, with his dark eyes glancing quickly at

look. Lanky actually gasped.
"I didn't know you could move
that face!" She came and stood
beside the piano. "Come on, boy, Lanky could sing how she could sing! She leaned on the plano, odd and different and many; she shouted her songs sometimes and sometimes she whispered them, and always

something went through that husky voice of hers, something wonderful and passionate and heart-lifting. Benny's song she didn't shout, or whisper. She just sang it.

"He's mine what I'll do. Because he's mine.

No matter how he acts, that fact is true-And if some day somebo-bo-hody-Someone he likes

And steals him from me-I'll stick around to pick up the

She plugged his song for him; she could have put it over if it had been a bust, but it wasn't a bust. It was Benny's words and music, and Benny could write blues as

They introduced "Pick Up the Pieces" that very first night after Benny came, and the customers went home whistling it. Lanky hummed it in the morning as she went to bed and in the afternoon whe she got up again. She practiced with Benny; he came to the apartment and they worked togeth-er; he got over his shyness in some measure; they became friends.

It was odd that Lanky, knowing

human nature as it was her bus ness to know it, didn't realize what was happening to her. She knew that she felt better than she had ers feel wicked. When she went ever felt in all her life. She knew home in the gray morning there was that she could hardly wait to get home in the gray morning there was that she could hardly wait to get no one waiting up for her; there on the job at the club that she had never been funnier, that she had never sung so well, that the cus-tomers had never been so crazy about her, that there was an ache in her throat sometimes, that she

was rather nice.

There had been, of course, men who loved her, but she hadn't loved them. She had no idea that she was deeply romantic; that she had been—well, just waiting.

It was the day before one of the Mariennes left the chorus to get married and Nita Marsh came to take her place that Lanky discovered what alled her. ered what ailed her.

The customers were there; thos who were dancing had gone back to their tables; glasses clinked and waiters hurried as best they might in the narrow crowded asses. The baby spot was on the plano and Lanky came lessurely forward to lean beside Benny, who was waiting to play. Lanky had on a new gown that night—a gorgeous orange rag cut to show most of her, cling-

ing to long legs and thin hips.

Benny said, solto voce. "That's a fress, Lanky!" and Lanky, also solto voce. said, "Pretty good on Funny Pace, hub, isn't it?" Benny blooked at her startled. ob."

Who said you had a funny fare?"
Benny Parks joined the staff of he asked. "You're beautiful." Lanky stared at him; and that

ered Lanky his right-hand man, self, "I'm in love. Good Lord, I'm "Where are you staying?" Lanky their money-and I do too, Lanky!" in love Me. I'm in love."

She sat for a time when she got

men in the kitchen were there, and the liked Lanky; her voice was The next week Nita Marsh moved an exhausted scrub woman, working He liked Lanky; her voice was on hands and knees, and the men heart-shaking; she knew his songs; in, blond and perfumed and messy a moment. Lanky looked about her.

Lanky said, advancing, smiling her wide gay smile. "And I'm your new little pal, Lanky McGuire, Isaacson told me—"

She was a little blonde, with soft shining curls and enormous blue eyes and a vapid tight little rose of a mouth. She had dimpled shoulders, very white, and slim legs; she had a voice of sorts and a way of flinging her body when she danced that made her stand out in a chorus. In a whole line of waving pink legs, hers were the legs that were noticed.

You heard them whispering excellent chef—and Lanky McGuire, easy! This Benny—a washout! Not the gentlemen from Dubuque saw Lanky McGuire was hostess and hep. So I thought, Isaacson, old her at once. When she came tripsifly style show of the Club Vienna

Unjust; the others in the chorus had worked for weeks, hard and the great big hand. Isaacson was in; he watched the

"That new kid's a knockout," he said. "She can have my watch and chain. What do you think of her, Lanky, who had seen dozens

of little blonde knockouts come and go, opened her mouth to reply.

And happened to look past Isaacson to Benny, sitting at the plane, waiting his turn

The Banjo Boys were playing; Lanky was never again in this life to hear "What is This Thing Called Love?" without getting that sudden drop of the heart, that sick, fright-ful sensation that struck her, almost doubling her up.

Benny was sitting in shadow but

she could see his face. His eyes, dark, luminous, were fixed on Nita, capering like an innocent pink and white and gold rabbit in the spot. There was a look in his eyes— Lanky said to Isaacson, "she's a knock-out, all right."
And, after a while to Be "Yes. And, after a while, to Benny, "Say that new kid we've got—did

der me. "Who could forget you, Benny?"
I bet she does remember you! Maybe you're why she came!" The quick scarlet flowed up over Benny's clean-cut cheek bones. Up into the roots of his hair. He lengh-

"You're a great girl, Lanky, but you can't put that over!" he said.
"She'd never look at me." He
added, "She was a crazy little kid,
all right, when I knew her, I wish
she wasn't here—in this place."

"What's the matter with this

gesture out front.

"Well—all those." He pointed to in two hours, "Who was that, Lally?"

"Who was that, Lally?" "Well—all those." He pointed to the various parties adorning the various tables of the Club Vienna. There they all were. The women, flat-breasted, loud of voice, beringed; or full-busted, loud of voice, beringed. The men, forty and silent; or talkative and twenty.

"It's no place for a little crazy girl like Her." Benny said. "All this money they throw around—hard to keep your head."

"T've kept my head." Lanky said.

Reep your head."

"Tve kept my head," Lanky said, and Benny answered fondly.

"Oh, you! You've got a head."

"Yes," said Lanky bitterly, "and I've got a face, a face like a jack-o-lantern. And that helps."

"I wish Nita had someone to look after her," Benny worried. "It was fierce enough in vaudeville, and she was only about fifteen then and she had her mother. Has she got her had her mother. Has she got her mother with her now?" "Don't know," Lanky said. Haven't

heard. I'll find out, and if she's a poor little orphan, I'll be a motther to her, Benny. I'll look out for her all I can."

"Gosh, Lanky if you would! I've never forgotten her. She's a nice kid."

"I'm not doing it for her. Benny." Lanky smiled at him through sudden tears "I'm doing it because you're a nice kid yourself. Because I like you so."

They went downstairs and along the corridor to the dressing rooms—Lanky and Benny Lanky found Nita. Lanky and Benny. Lanky found Nita in a wisp of pink tulle, ready for

her next number.

Lanky cried "Welcome to our midst. little stranger! There's a friend of yours out here wants to see you."

Nita tooked up out of kitten eyes and said, "A friend of mine! Why, I don't hardly know anyone in this

But when she saw Benny she flew at him and hugged him.
"Oh, Benny! Benny Parks! Who'd have thought I'd ever see you here! Oh, Benny, I'm so glad to see you! I'm so lonesome!" Her eyes filled; she clung to Benny. "You know-

Lanky stared at him; and that odd strange feeling swept her, rose up and took her. A feeling that made her want to lean over and kiss Benny square on his sensitive mouth. And this time she diagnosed her case we have the same little curly headed, angel you always were!" He turned to Lanky. This is the greatest little case. had nothing to say to the girls.

They went into their number. All half a dozen others, and who consider through it she was saying to her-They went into their number. All Nita. And Nita, this is Lanky Mc-

asked. "Oh, I'm in a horrid old hotel-

twelve. Having her there Lanky and queer," rather liked it, after that first aw "Don't be scare ful night or two when her heart "I was turning and writhing within her. yet." "Take care of her," Benny had said. Men were always after her, even when she was a kid. Only her

She was Because Lanky loved Benny, she had made up her mind to love Nita, too, but it wasn't hard. In no time, she was watching the girl like a lynx worrying about her, petting her, scolding her. "You don't need another dress, honey. You're in debt to the

Benny was around all the time.

He sat at Lanky's big square piano and his fingers talked for him, told Nita the things he wanted to say. Nita sat on the piano and smiled and made dimples, and sang with him sometimes in her clear piping voice. She talked to him about her mother, pathetically: she jumped down to answer the phone. The phone rang, rang. The door-

bell rang. . Men Nita met at the club; fat Sigarus Freund, dark and rich and forty-five-Nita laughed at him; Tom Harrison, thin and good-looking, with a sport racer that glit-tered twice a week in front of Lanky's apartment; a grayhead who sent orenids every day. Half a you did you know her before?"

Benny said, "Yeah; I met her on
Sun Time. Maybe she don't remember me. ""

Sun T

evenings at home; gone was Emmaline.

Emmaline quit; she had been with Lanky for four years and she knew her ways. "But I cain't keep de place decent nonow, Miss McGuire not wid her here. An' she ain't got no call to holler at me way she

does." She doesn't mean anything, Emmaline. She can't find her things."
"Whyn't she put 'em away, then?
Tellin' me I do everything wrong!
An' every day's wash day in dis house now—wash dis out, wash dat out—I don't have to work nohow." Lanky was instantly defensive, taken her place, one who took messy but Benny answered with a vague ways for granted. She didn't mind answering the phone a dozen times Emmaline was gone; another had

"Gempmum. Foh Miss Nita."
Sometimes Lanky thought she would keep her mouth shut about gempmun for Miss Nita-that she gempmun for Miss Nita—that she would drift and hope aginst hope and let Nita go her own way. But Benny was among those gempmun; he was suffering, and Lanky could not watch his pain.

She said to Nita, "Honey, what do you want to kid a fine boy like Benny for?"

Nita turned her great innocent eyes on her. "I don't," she said. "I like him a lot, Lanky. Honestly I right."

out for you,"
"Yes, but Lanky," Nita said, "I don't want to get married and live in a walkup. I'm having too good a time better than I ever had. I'm got your pal left. You got to stick

so many of them. Cute little girls. self, "he They come in and everybody goes crazy about them. And they tear around with a lot of men, and then temperate they begin to fade out of the pic-

"Why, you don't know, honey!" Lanky's voice was earnest. "These men how could you know what they really are? What do you want to run out with them for fat old foots like Freund and all those? Don't you like Benny the best "I'm crazy about him," the said. Lanky's heart lurched, but she went on: "He's a wonderful boy. He's going to do great stuff some

day real stuff! And he's decent Isaacson, you never threw a guy and—why, you've been an ideal to down before when he was in trouhim for years! He—he's written songs to you."

these men you're running with. I to snap out of it."
bet she'd like Benny."

"She didn't," Nita said. She gently. spoke in a frightened tone. didn't like anybody who who just man? you aren't the first. had a future. She liked men for "What's the matter with you? had a future. She liked wen for what's the matter with me that were there! That had made tell you, I'm ready to quit."

she cried, suddenly and passionately. hang what happens!" "How-how do I know Benny'll ever

love himee'l Hill shoots who waxed the floor. And Benny Parks, silent and nervous, his fingers touching the keys on the big dark piano and an ash tray, full already beside him.

"You're our Benny, aren't you?"
Lanky said, advancing, smiling her wide gay smile. "And I'm your ready beside him."

"And I'm your shining curls and nervous his fingers touching the keys on the big dark piano and an ash tray, full already beside him.

"You're our Benny, aren't you?"
Lanky said, advancing, smiling her wide gay smile. "And I'm your shining curls and enormous be and adorable. The quiet routine of his to the Benny Parks who dream Lanky's homelife was shattered and all the things she didn't care about money, she said. "I'm you're got sense about money, you red-headed will will you've got sense about money, you'red-headed will be here."

But I know, I know Benny won't always be poor. You aren't even taking a chance."

But I know, I know Benny won't always be poor. You aren't even taking a chance."

But She hoped. "She hoped." I never taking a chance."

But She was a little blonde, with soft baby. She was twenty-two, but the sort of place wouldn't be so "And I'm you had adorable. The quiet routine of Lanky's homelife was shattered and all the things she didn't care about in it with you." she said. "I'm you're got sense about money, you'red-headed in white dusty blurs, gay garments flug to Lanky." I never taking a chance."

But I know, I know Benny was working again; completed as the packed."

To Lanky Nita seemed a mere baby. She was twenty-two, but the sort of place wouldn't be so "And I'm you're our place w

> "Dan't be scared dear." "He's never even asked me-

Lanky sent for Benny the day when Nita went out. "Listen," she said. "Cirls as pretty as that

boy in regard to our Nell?'
Benny flung himself restlessly around the room. "I don't know how she feels about me!" he said. "I can't tell. She one day she's sweet and and she goes out with fingers. With the same big trusting me. And the next she talks about eyes and rosebud mouth. She clung

with Benny taxi riding in the park." When she said she was a thing. I've had 'em myself—and with Benny, Lanky never scolded; I know. You're the decentest fellow in the world. She's lucky to Don't be mad at me. Lanky darlin. I know. You're the decentest fel-low in the world. She's lucky to She's lucky get you if you haven't got a mil-lion dollars! For heaven's sake, get it over tomight I'm about to die of suspense!"

So Benny stayed to dinner; and afterward played gently, thrillingly on the piano, waiting for his love. Lanky was dressing for the club when the note from Nita came. The doorbell rang, Lally came flapping, flat-footed, through the narrow hall. "Telegram" foh woods Miss Mc-

Guire." Lanky read the message.

Don't be mad Lanky darling. Darling, you've always ben so good to me, fix things with isaacson, will you? Told you Benny didn't ask me to marry wouldn't let him. I was afraid if he ever asks me I'm gone— So crazy about him but I don't want to marry poor. I've only got these next few years; you said get it while you're young ...

"What's mattah, Miss McGuire?" Laily cried, and Lanky, ashen-fac-ed, brushed past her and into the living room. Benny got up, staring, as she came in.

She said, "Benny we're too late. You're too late, dear. I've got to Isaacson said, indicating Benny tell you."

He wants to hear him and you. tell you."
"What do you mean? Nita-" "She was she was married this afternoon. She and Sigarus Freund.

My darling. I'm so some of the boy's stuff for the new show and."

My darling, I'm so sorry.' Benny's eyes were dark marks in My darling, I'm so sorry.'

Benny's eyes were dark marks in a white mask. He started for the door; Lanky caught his arm.

Lanky went slowly, sickly, to the piano. She said, 'Well, Benny, after all we're going to have the door; Lanky caught his arm.
"Where are you going, Benny?
You can't do anything; you can't
stop her now! You're due at the club at ten." "I've got to get out of here got to!"

Lanky put her arms about him, held him; after a moment he clung to her and wept, bitter man tears.
"Don't. Don't, Benny. You've got your pal. You've got Lanky.
You're all right, honey. You're all

"I want to die. He's got her. I "There's nothing in this night life." Lanky said. "It's great at first. But you're the sort ought to have a home and a man to look out for you."

Want to die."
"Don't. Don't, honey! You stay here with Lanky; have some coffee and—Why, you can't throw Issaction down! Or me, Benny. She's Or me, Benny. She's not worth it, honey."

a time better than I ever had. I'm awfly lonesome for poor Mama, of course, but but honest, Lanky, she kicked up such a row when I did anything! And now—"

"Your mama was right, baby,"
Lanky said. "You look all in, right now. And I've seen kids like you—
so many of them. Cute little cirls are said. "heaven knows why I want

self; "heaven knows why I want Benny was a wreck. He had the temperament which belongs to the true artist; he suffered, heart and soul and body, and he abandoned himself to pain.

Once, when he showed up late at the club, eyes blurred and mouth

loose-lipped and ugly, Lanky saved his job for him. "He's through," Isaacson said. "I won't stand that stuff. He ain't girl fit to go on Tell him to clear out."
but Lanky faced him "If he goes, I Lanky faced him. "If he goes, I go. He's sick, I tell you, he's going to be all right!

Isaacson, who could replace Benny "I know." McGuire, but never Laffky McGuire, back"I bet your mother wouldn't like tracked at once "Well tell him Lanky did tell him None None

"What are you, anyway?

"Let me tell you something,

She picked up Nita's things and packed them away; all the smears were gone off the bureau, all the gay silky wisps were gone. Lanky marveled as she packed.

curled up on the chaise longue at felt this way about any fellow be her a new tune; still looking at the the foot of Lanky's bed she looked fore. He's so different and shy world sober-eyed, but able to laugh, Lanky was starting for the club one night when Nita returned. She had been gone three months and Lanky had not heard from her. Her

one and only note had said, "He's taking me abroad." Fall had frozen into winter. Shows that she thought, for once, he'd Look at the little one in blue! mother kept them off. Nita never don't wait around long not in our business was won liked wrong. Because when a No, not that one the one next to guy goes gaga when Frome at him bet."

The little one in blue! mother kept them off. Nita never don't wait around long not in our business. Somebody's going to grab liked the wrong ones. But she's like off. Just what's the idea; stalling this and Lanky had put on a show that way? What are your intentions, Isaacson said was the best they'd

ever had at the club. Nita stood, like the girls in the storiess at Lanky's door ... Out of a storm. Expensively clad wonderful furs, diamonds blazing on her little

honey. You're in debt to management now."

"Lanky darlin', I just had to have get."

"Lanky darlin', I just had to have get."

"Listen, Lanky, I can't give her all those things. I'm—I'm not the only guy that's after her. How do about those parties. I hate to crab, baby, but there's too many parties in your life. A party yes parties in your life. A party yes lanky afternoon, and you were out towards afternoon to a the your Don't be mad at me. Lanky darlin darlin'! I couldn't stand it. It—it was Benny brought me back. Like you said Love Does he has he

forgotten me?"
Lanky said frozenly, brokenly,
"No. I don't... No. He hasn't forgotten you."
She sent him a note when she got in, by one of the waiters. Nita's back She's getting a dis varce, noushe's out the apartment out She watched him read it; saw the

color surge up into his face. To

Isaacson she said hoarsely. "I can't sing tonight. Got a cold." Isaacson was all sympathy T'It's a bum night anyway, Monday, he said. "There won't be any regulars in. Give 'em the glad hand and let Benny and the girls do the work,' She kept away from Benny. She saw his dark beautiful eyes on her, she knew he wanted to talk to her. They always talked while the girls were on those were their moments! his and heis waiting in the soft

gloom by the pianones off star She stayed out with the custom-ers and never looked his way. But at two-thirty a big party came in. There was a proflucer in the crowd way. Lanky saw him talking to Isaacson, and a moment later Isaacson came to her in vast excitement. "He's heard about the boy there." Isaacson said, indicating Benny. whose name was known along Broads

"Listen, Lanky I got to talk to you! What did you stay away for? I got to tell you..."
"Save it," Lanky advised wearily. "Let's give em Pick Up the Pieces !
She leaned on the piano; odd and different and funny and beautiful. She sang Benny's song and he play-

'And if some day somebody.''
Her voice was heartbreaking.
"Someone he likes comes
And steads him from me
I'll stick around to pick up the
pieces."

They had to do it again; and again; they stopped the show. Then the lights man picked out the chorus and Benny and Lanky were alone in a crowded room; in velvet darkness. The Banjo Boys began to blay: Benny said: play; Benny said: "Don't go. Wait. I got to talk to you." She's back," Lanky said

Freund's divorcing her. She came

back to you."

Benny caught her hand as she started away. "Wait!" he said. "I can't. You—That's just it." Lanky said, "What in the—"
'Lanky," he said, "Tve been crazy. I—I didn't know. I'm over it, Lanky. That was that was just like a dream. When she came back, woke up. I've been like I was

sick-and now I'm well. And I never Lanky made a startled movement in the darkness; he held her hand "Nita_" she said, and stoppe Benny went on as though he must get the words out or die. "She's a nice kid, but I-" he be gan; stopped; started again; laughted brokenly. "Lanky, you've been

such a pal to mer stood by me so.
And I didn't know I can't get over
it. It—it hit me. It's different.
That other—I was a kid, dreaming.
This is real. I can't lose you."

Benny Lienky said. What are
you trying to say to me?" Benny said affection to know it runs

til tonight. I love you. m. Monire so (Continued on page 7, Col. 5.)