

# No TURNING

by Kathryn Bemis



## INSTALMENT ONE

This bright May morning, traffic was heavy on the broad downtown streets of Deweyton. It roared as evenly and loudly as traffic in many a business street in greater populated areas.

Kay Millstrom drove slowly along Main Street in her maroon streamlined roadster with the top down, her wide blue eyes intently searching the curb for parking space. This was the third time she had driven around this block trying to locate a place long enough into which to squeeze her car. Women who did their shopping by bus or street car actually did it easier, she thought, in sheer exasperation.

Finally, she tooted her car close to an outgoing sedan's shiny rear bumper, edged it in neatly by a parking meter. She turned the ignition key, jumped to the sidewalk, and dropped a nickel into the meter's slot.

"There!" she muttered in relief. "That takes care of things for an hour! I can't find a hat in that time, I've lost my sense of discrimination!"

Kay's supple young in its gray tailored suit swung easily along the crowded sidewalk. Men turned involuntarily to watch the slim five feet five of her, to note again the proud poise of her little head, wondered if the curls hugging her neck beneath the black straw sailor could be naturally that blond. That they were, Kay had long since wearied of assuring the curious.

She shifted the silver fox scarf from her right to her left arm, pushed around a revolving door, and stepped into the exclusive Swansdown Shoppe.

"Good morning," Miss Millstrom, and how do you do?" said the man-

ager, advancing to her with customary smile.

"I'll do very well, Mr. Parker—if I can find a certain hat," she responded.

She dropped into the chair he pulled back for her before a triple-mirrored table.

"I believe we've suited you innumerable times, Miss Millstrom," he said squarely. "Just a minute, please. I'll call Miss Carr."

He left her, then his gliding black shoes easing noiselessly into the long room's deep napped, crimson elegance. At the entrance to the fitting-room corridor in the rear, he spoke quickly to a smart-looking young woman. She gave him a startled glance, frowned, nodded her head. With a constrained smile, she advanced to her customer.

"It's so nice to see you, Miss Millstrom," she greeted nervously.

In the mirror, Kay watched the girl's unsteady hands removing her sailor, laying it on the table's narrow top.

"I'm so glad you're free this morning, Miss Carr. Every time I've been in lately, you're been tied up with customers or away on one of your Paris jaunts. Did you bring back anything startling this time?"

Miss Carr appeared to hesitate. She asked guardedly, "What—what type hat do you wish?"

"Something to go with a print of tangerine, lemon and sapphire against a black background—a redingote."

"Lovely! I've the very number! A modified kettlerim of black taffeta and meteor straw."

"You're precious, Miss Carr. You always know what suits me," declared Kay, glancing at her diamond-studded wrist watch. She was due at Adele Sanders' luncheon bridge at one and couldn't waste too much time

here. Miss Carr soon set the hat on Kay's golden head. It made her personality more vivid than any beauty who had ever beautified the fol-lies.

"Marvelous!" Kay declared, knowing a becoming hat when she saw one. "It's adorable, Miss Carr. I love it!"

"Yes—the lines are perfect—from every angle. The price is—"

"Oh, never mind, Miss Carr! You know I never haggle over prices. Send it, please—charge it to mother's account!"

Kay was frowning slightly. Somehow, she felt annoyed. It was embarrassing, when your personal checking account was flat, and your own mother refused to bolster it up—told you to charge things to her. "For the present, dear," she had explained vaguely, "because, goodness knows, when I can turn over any more funds to you, poor child!"

This was silly of Cora—Kay had the modern habit of using her mother's given name. Cora didn't used to be this way. It was a new, miserly streak in her. Well—not exactly miserly—Cora never could be that—just darned unpleasant for a twenty-two-year old daughter to accept graciously.

But, Miss Millstrom—"Miss Carr's cheeks were the shade of rosy peonies, she avoided Kay's questioning eyes.

Kay had slapped the black sailor on her head again, now stood facing the perturbed clerk. She said impatiently, "Well?"

"You see, Miss Millstrom—I'm terribly sorry—but Mr. Parker has received no check from your mother in ever so long—"

Kay's eyes opened wide. Angrily, "Are you trying to tell me mother's credit is not recognized here?" she snapped.

Miss Carr's heavily rouged lips grew thin. "Mr. Parker said to explain that no further purchases could be sent to your home unless—you see the account has run for nearly three years, Miss Millstrom. I'm sorry—"

"Bring Mr. Parker here at once!" ordered the indignant Kay.

"Yes, certainly," responded Miss Carr, alertly escaping from this unfortunate encounter.

After a wait, in which Kay furious ly paced the room in her little still heeled pumps, inventing cutting remarks to throw at "that rat-faced manager", Miss Carr reappeared.

"Mr. Parker has gone out, Miss Millstrom," she said weakly.

"Oh, really?" was Kay's sarcastic rejoinder. "You may tell him that, hereafter mother and I will purchase our millinery elsewhere." She thought, "Thank heaven, there were no other customers in the shop!"

Like an outraged princess, she flung herself out to the street. But inwardly she was seething with humiliation.

"Cora is always forgetting to pay her bills," she reflected, in vexation. "It's a pernicious habit. I wish she'd stop it. But she's just beautiful and careless—she never will know the value of money, I suppose."

Kay tagged down the street in a fit of deep dejection. This hat business had just about kooled her. She wondered—

"What are you looking so glubTAO about, Angeface?"

Startled, she glanced up at the pale, washed-out little green eyes of Hennington Blare. They looked level and mirthless, even when he smiled as he was doing now. But she was nearly glad to see him to see any one who could restore her confidence in herself, make her believe that she was still the much sought, socially important Kay Millstrom.

Blare was of medium height slightly stout, forty, rich and single. The two latter perquisites exactly suited Kay's mother. Lately, she had been trying to impress this in Kay, much to Kay's disgust. When she fell in love—if she ever did—it wouldn't be with a man she suspected of wearing a corset to improve his figure.

"Hello, Henn, I'm cross with the world, that's all," she returned, with assumed brightness. "What do you know this heavenly day?"

"Only one thing, my dear—the usual thing. I'm as much in love with you as ever."

He fell into step beside her, drew her arm through his.

She laughed lightly. "Declaring one's affection in noisy downtown traffic—you positively had to yell it—sours the romantic note!"

He sighed, pressed her arm. "I've tried moonlight and glamorous settings—but what luck did I have? Exactly none!"

"Honestly, Henn—you're in love with nothing but your stables of race horses and polo ponies—with the steel factories your grandfather handed down to you. I come from a blue blooded line. I've taken doses of culture at finishing schools, at home and abroad. I'm widely travelled—and not too great an imbecile. You think I'd fit into your scenery. That's about it isn't it?"

"We'll—there's something to all that, certainly. A man in my position shouldn't marry a—a nobody. Yet if she were you, Kay, I'd have her—if I hung for it!"

Kay giggled apprehensively, every nerve in her body reacting against this determined man. It was like fighting a battle or something quite as enervating. She had been facing his firing line so long, she was getting tired of it. Yes—very, very tired. She was almost afraid if there were much more of it, he'd wear her down to accepting him. It worried her.

They had come to her car now. She jumped in, totally ignoring him. It was second nature for her to snub Henn. He took it all in his stride, resolving to be firmer with her at their next meeting.

"See you later, Henn," she said, waving a black-gloved hand. She turned the wheel, adding apologetically, "I've a heavy date."

After all, she mused reluctantly, Henn endured a great deal from her. He had been sweet about it, too. That is, he had been up to a certain point. When he was tired he could be fussy and short-tempered. He had even tried it on her one morning after a dance. She suspected that dancing wasn't exactly in his line, that a man his age was beginning to prefer his beauty sleep before dawn.

Once out of the congested district, Kay's long low roadster picked up speed. Twice this month she'd

## Social Happenings

And Items of Interest from Clubs and Societies

### Gyro Ball

Some 300 guests were present at the Annual Gyro Ball held in Castle Hall January 1. The guests enjoyed dinner from 11.30 o'clock until 12.30 and dancing followed until four o'clock Monday morning. K. R. McAdam, Gyro President and Mrs. McAdam, and Mayor C. Hedley Forbes and Mrs. Forbes, were on the receiving line. Kenneth Staples Drug Company catered for the dinner, and music for dancing was supplied by Walter McGinn's orchestra. The committee in charge of arrangements was under the chairmanship of Nelson Rattenbury.

### Guest of Daughter

A. F. Campbell and Miss Susie Nixon, Hartland, are spending the holidays in the city, guests of Mrs. Campbell's daughter, Mrs. Mabel Fleming.

### Guest of Parents

Miss Jean Dickie spent the holiday season in Campbellton as a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dickie.

### Weekend Guest

Miss Pauline Lipsett spent the Christmas week-end in Hartland with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lipsett.

### Returned To City

Mrs. Hazel Sherren has returned to the city after visiting her mother, Mrs. James Sherren, Moncton.

### Guest In City

Miss Ruth Adair, Moncton, spent the holiday week-end as the guest of friends in the city.



## Classified Ads

**MAN WANTED FOR Rawleigh Route.**  
Real opportunity for right man. We help you get started. Write Rawleigh's, Dept. ML-25-O-L, Montreal Canada.

## Round Trip BARGAIN FARES TO SAINT JOHN

Going  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 6TH  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 7TH  
and  
Return Limit Mon., Jan. 9, 1939

**\$1.80**  
From FREDERICTON  
Children of Five and under Twelve Years of age HALF FARE  
Tickets Good in DAY COACHES ONLY  
No Baggage Checked  
For Further Information Consult any Ticket Agent

**ANADIAN NATIONAL**  
TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA  
By Radio-Relay Telegraph

**Corn Beef 18c; 25c**  
For boiling needs, no soaking  
**Lamb Stew, 2 lbs .29c**  
**Shoulder Lamb Chops**  
Per lb. . . . . 25c  
**Salt Mackerel Fillet**  
Per lb. . . . . 15c  
**Labrador Salt Herring**  
Per dozen . . . . 60c  
**Salt Shad . . . . 35c each**

**W. C. LEE**  
MEATS AND FISH

## CITY ELECTION

THE ELECTION FOR MAYOR AND ALDERMEN FOR THE CITY OF FREDERICTON for the ensuing year will be held on

**MONDAY, the 9th day of January, 1939**

at the Polling Places as follows:  
DIVISION NO. 1.—For all electors entitled to vote residing in that part of the City above or to the northwest of the centre line of Carleton Street, prolonged, at or near the City Hall, in the said City.  
DIVISION NO. 2.—For all electors entitled to vote residing in the remainder of the said City, at or near the County Court House, in the said City.

## NOMINATIONS

Every candidate for the office of Mayor or Alderman shall be qualified to vote at the election for which he is nominated and shall be nominated in writing by at least TWO ratepayers residing in the City of Fredericton, and qualified to vote at the ensuing election for which such candidate is nominated.

Every nomination paper with the certificate of the City Treasurer showing that all City taxes due by the candidate have been paid within the time required by the Fredericton Election Act 1914 shall be filed with the City Clerk or at his Office at least six days before the day appointed for holding the election and not later than 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the last day for filing such nomination papers. No candidate is qualified to be nominated for Alderman unless at the time of nomination he is a resident of the Ward for which he is nominated. The acceptance of each candidate and the signature of at least TWO resident qualified rate payers, who must sign the nomination paper, shall be proved by affidavit attached to the nomination paper.

In case of a contest, each elector shall be entitled to vote for one one candidate for Mayor, for ONE candidate for Alderman for Wellington Ward, for ONE candidate for Alderman for St. Anne's Ward, for ONE candidate for Mayor, for ONE candidate for Alderman for King's Ward.

Dated this 17th day of December, A. D. 1938.  
**FRED I. HAVILAND,**  
City Clerk.

## Sutherland & Tweeddale

Barristers and Solicitors  
McLellan Building, 62 Carleton St.  
H. W. Sutherland C. F. Tweeddale

## WINNING CONTRACT

### By the Four Aces

(David Bruce Burnstone, Merwin D. Maier, Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken, world's leading team of four, inventors of the system that has beaten every other system in existence.)

### SHOULD BID ONE NOTRUMP

Howard Schenken was your partner yesterday, neither side was vulnerable, and you had a partial score of 80. You were third hand and held:

♠ A x x  
♥ K x x x  
♦ Q x x  
♣ Q x x

The bidding went:

Schenken Jacoby You Maier  
1♥ Pass Pass (7)

ANSWER: Your correct bid is one notrump. With a score of 80, your partner may read this bid as a mild slam invitation and will take appropriate action if his hand warrants it. Score 100 per cent for one notrump, 50 per cent, for pass (this hand is not so strong that a pass should be severely criticized), 40 per cent for two diamonds (with 80 on score your partner may pass and it may be found that two diamonds is a very unsatisfactory contract), 0 for any other bid.

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Oswald Jacoby is your partner and both sides are vulnerable. The bidding was:

Schenken Jacoby Burnstone You  
1♥ Pass 3♥ Pass  
4♥ Pass 6♥ Pass  
Pass DbL Pass Pass  
Pass

You hold:

♠ 10 9 x x  
♥ x  
♦ Q x x x  
♣ x x

What do you lead? (Answer tomorrow.)  
**TODAY'S HAND**

West, Dealer  
Both sides vulnerable  
♠ J 8 6  
♥ A Q 8  
♦ J 10 9 4  
♣ A K 2

♠ 10 5  
♥ 9 7 3 2  
♦ K Q 5  
♣ Q 10 4 3

♠ A K Q 7 4 3 2  
♥ A 6 2  
♦ J 9 6  
♣ Mr. Caldwell

The bidding:  
West North East South  
Pass 1NT 2♥ 2♠  
Pass 3♥ Pass 4♥  
Pass 4♠ Pass 5♦  
Pass 5♥ Pass 6♠

Robert N. Caldwell, assistant city editor of the "Bergen Evening Record", who sends us today's hand, writes: "A trump was opened, I took it in my hand, had a second round to the dummy, and missed diamonds. West returned a heart and, since nothing could be lost, I bessed the Queen and had to trump in hand. I entered the dummy with a trump and took the heart Ace, discarding a club from my hand, and then tried the second diamond finesse, which set me. My partner says (quite truly as the cards lie that the hand can be

## REG'AR FELLERS

Happy New Year

By

GENE BYRNES

## REG'AR FELLERS

Backing Himself Up

By

GENE BYRNES

