

# THE JAZZ JESSALYNS

By IDA M. EVANS  
Illustrated by CHARLES ARCIERA

The slim, graceful whirling body of Jarvis Jessalyn, satin-clad, satin-faced, is a fillip to the most black-broadwayite. Jane Jessalyn's black-fringed blue eyes, set in a small pink-and-white face, divide public favor with her tiny white-flashing ankles and expert toes.

The sleeked-back black head of the one, the pretty flying corn-colored bob of the other, unite to collect for the pair between \$2,500 and \$4,000 weekly in revue, roof garden, musical comedy or whatever the pair choose to favor with their graceful double presence.

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impromptu and posing—unchanged underneath, she had always believed—cool-eyed, a little selfish, but loyal to her and fonder of her than he would ever be of another.

"Of course, the world wouldn't believe this. There had been his affairs in the past, to be sure. Publicity stuff, as when he sent flowers daily to that Hungarian prima donna—and every other day forgot, and Jane herself had to telephone the florist."

"But that was some time back—Dawn is a chilly hour. She tucked away pettishly from the open, slung hand window and got into bed."

"In bed, because sleep was not at hand, she turned on the small side-

"Bloke place. On the Hudson." Jane flung herself up from her pillows with that inconceivably swift effect possible only to perfectly trained muscles.

"How sweet of Helena! Parents out of town, I suppose! Too bad that Helena's feelings are going to be hurt by our declining it, Jane." His eyes were directed on hers.

"But we are declining it, Jane." His eyes were directed on hers.

"Going to direct the Jessalyn act any, Jane, for us to swim Saturday and a Sunday in old Morgan Blake's private pool? Walk over his golf course? Or lighten his sideboard's private load? Think, Jane!"

folded, Jane smiled carelessly at the crowd, at individuals. She smiled gracefully at her hostess, whose hands were extended hospitably, while a footman came for orders.

"Neither Tilla nor De Frere was particularly pleased. And half an hour later Tilla repaid Helena's little attention by motoring back to town with Harry Semp. But Jarvis, Jane noted, was faintly smiling with his eyes, a way he had when pleased with himself and events.

"Dressing for dinner, the Jessalyns exchanged their first full five minutes' conversation of 20 hours."

"Well, I'm grumbling,—" you really couldn't blame any man. Think—simply think of the income tax she'll hand some lucky fellow."

"The two apologized in concert a few moments later."

"Jane! That stone balustrade is so huge—and your hair is so nearly the color of Tilla's!"

"Don't get excited," murmured Jane with indifference.

"After that, however, Helena's affair with young Semp was rehearsed to its last bunch of violets. Gabriella related how Helena's father appeared unexpectedly from Florida and laid down the law. The younger Tucker idly retold how the same unexpected father had expurgated De Frere and Willis previously.

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the lovely light head in the chair nearest Tilla, you've looked bored for 40 minutes. Do you miss your megaphone? Here's a substitute."

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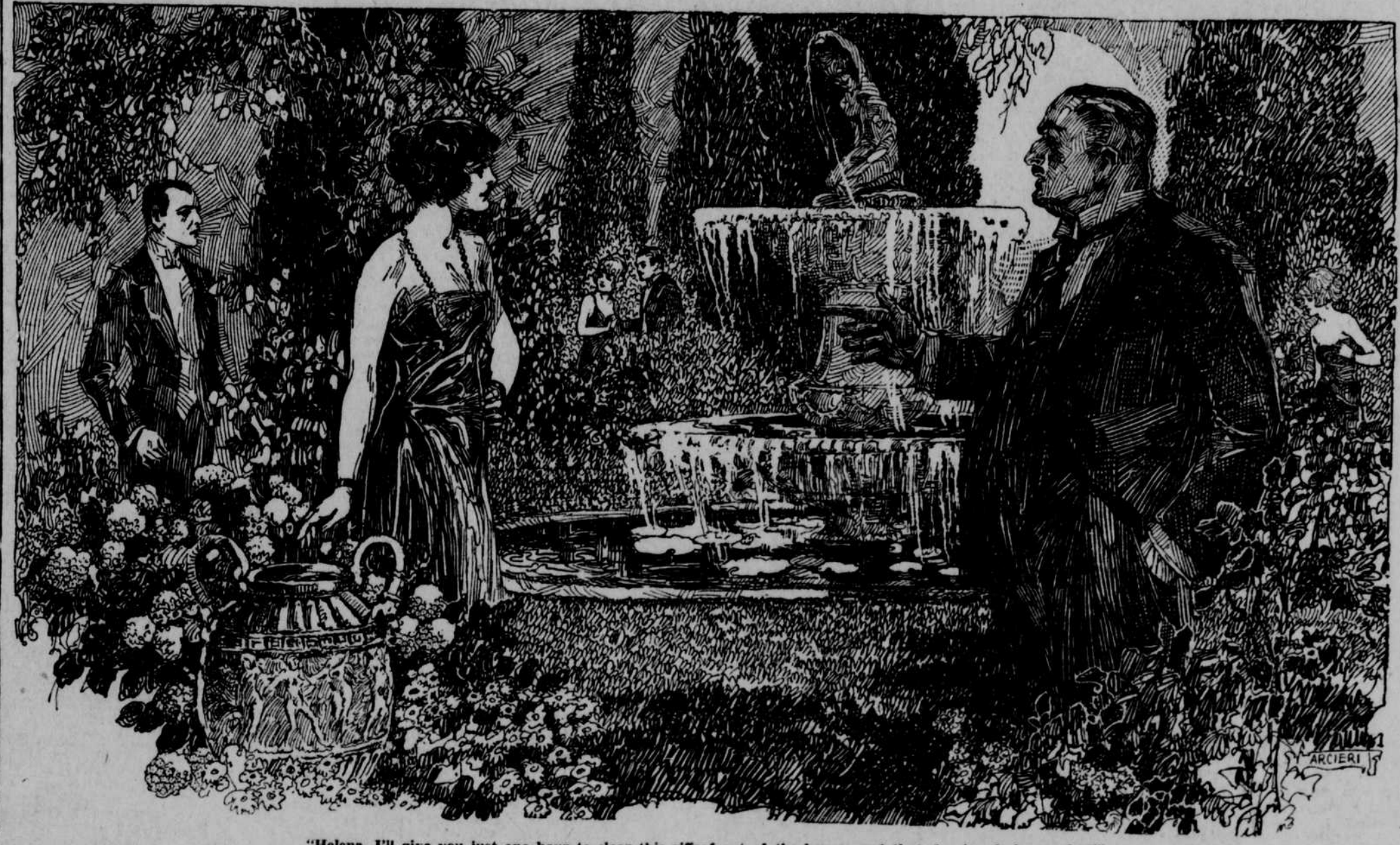
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"Helena, I'll give you just one hour to clear this riffraf out of the house—and that dancing fool goes first!"  
"He isn't a fool, Dada. He's sweet!"

"Is that what you're thinking of?" she sneered angrily.

"And Stamm," he said coolly. "And a new pair of Russian dancers. But his eyes were a shade too narrow."

"I won't go," she declared sullenly. "I made it the twenty-ninth," he observed suavely.

"Approaching Bloke Place by motorcar one has an impression of a great orderly sprawl of white stone, dusky water, blue sky and huge green shrubbery.

"Besides a noble view from all its four sides it has splashing fountains, sumptuous driveways, garages, tennis courts, a polo field, a golf course, greenhouses, a great vegetable garden in the English style, and Druid groves."

"Some place!" The exclamation was low and involuntary. Jarvis Jessalyn's long white hand tightened on his car's wheel.

"Jane's face expressed something besides pure admiration of a white-and-green view."

"Looks like a new movie star's idea of home, sweet home," she said briefly.

"No movie star draws enough in this country, even by report, to pay for this joint."

"His voice drew a little. He drove slowly."

Dan Willis began to hum. "But she once was a pal of mine, too-o!" accompanying the last word with a wave of a thin hand.

"And 20 minutes later, in what was known as the daffodil suite and which did not suit Jane's pink-and-white charms, Jane confronted her husband wrathfully."

"Flattered? Leone Tucker?" "Now, Jane—"

"Listen, Jarv, I don't pretend to be finicky. I never made my living by dancing for censor boards. But left to myself, I wouldn't pick the Tuckers and that De Frere for seatmates at the same dinner-table."

"I'll admit that Helena's taste needs pruning."

"It was not so much what he said, but the way he spoke, thoughtfully, with a little inflection of intimacy."

Against the feelings that threatened to take possession of her, Jane fought mechanically. Professional wisdom and professional training were strong. Facial lines mustn't be created; temper mustn't be permitted.

"Not this week-end. Ah, not now! A curious mist formed in her eyes—she willed it away and pressed a button for her maid; a frightened little twit took her lips—she forced it off by the time the maid appeared."

But she aged in the next few hours—and knew it.

The crowd was openly interested in watching Jarvis and Helena. This did not seem to annoy young Miss Bloke, however.

Nineteen was the girl, no more—even in the broad glare of afternoon. Her face was firm of flesh, like an apricot hardly ripe. Her heavy bright hair was young and rampant in the afternoon breeze. Her incessant laughter and movements had the rush of pure vitality. But, grimly conceded Jane, the girl also had the makings of a dowager and a strategist.

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you to excuse her to your guests, as she has gone to her room with a headache."

"They didn't expect Mums, so they'll excuse her," called Helena justly. By that time she was half across the room.

Morgan Blake withdrew. But immediately a maid entered the room and murmured something in Helena's ear.

Helena laughed. "Tell him after a while, Marie." And she continued to dance.

Jane saw that once Helena whispered something to Jarvis. Jarvis smiled faintly. Five minutes later Helena was missed from the room.

Morgan Blake appeared again, but it was Gabriella whose wits were quickest and whose incautious eager confidence to the youngest Tucker, a tone too audible, reached Jane's strained ears past De Frere's black shoulder.

"Quick, Colly! They'll meet out there, past the tennis court and the Grecian slave fountain. And Father's roaring at a maid to tell him in which direction Helena went. Let's not miss the fun."

Jane finished the turn with De Frere and then murmured that she was tired of dancing. His back turned, she herself slipped out an open window. Past the great stone porch she sped, past shrubs and fountains, hurrying—whither?

She skirted the main driveway, and then was aware of murmurs just ahead—the Tucker shrillness of whisper. Another swift step, and she would have been in her company.

In the shadows Jane hastily hid herself. Across the illuminated driveway Helena came alone. Jane and the other eavesdroppers saw the slim form of Jarvis advancing over a wide space of velvety sod. But before Jarvis got within 50 feet of Helena, who apparently did not see him, Morgan Blake came crunching heavily down the driveway toward his daughter.

He was bareheaded, and the moon shone down on his passionately purple face. Jane saw Jarvis slip into the black shadows.

Morgan Blake spoke in a furious voice.

"Helena, I'll give you just one hour to clear this riffraf out of the house—or I'll clear."

"Sweet!" Business of a father partially choking to death. "This is the limit from you, Helena! A married man—"

"Dads, you're so old-fashioned! Doesn't a man ever seek a divorce?" "Helena!"

"And don't threaten to disinherit me," she went on. "Because I've learned there's money in heels as well as in rails. Jarv says I'd create a sensation on the New Century Roof."

"Numbbed for a moment, Jane missed some of Morgan Blake's rejoinder. But she caught the last words: "What are you doing, Helena! A married man—you with the whole world to choose from!"

**ABE MARTIN**

**On Dreams**

WELL, WELL, ISO IT'S YOU? I FOUND OUT YOU WAS LIVIN' AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE

GRAND BALL OYSTER SUPPER

MEATS, CAPS, BUSHES

After Years O' Waitin'.

The remarkable thing about these scientific days of goat glands, coast to coast flights and diabetes cures, is that some prym' master mind hasn't discovered somethin' about dreams. declares Rev. Wiley Tanager. "Dream lore is placed under th' head of a psychic phenomena, but th' students o' psychology an' other scientifically inclined folks don't seem t' take a bit o' stock in th' strangeness of dreams, an' whether it's because they don't tackle 'em, end t' begin at or how t' do 'em, we don't know. But it has be done about dreams. There's no way t' guard agin 'em. Ther' liable t' come t' anybody, an' ther' mighty liable t' be scary. We know o' many instances of prophetic dreams that come with dreams that are almost incredible, but our scient' highbrows jest laugh at 'em an' call 'em mere coincidences. A young lady friend tells me she dreamed that she wuz t' marry a tall, dark stranger an' that her mother tried t' break it up. 'Th' next day she wuz passin' th' New Palace hotel an' a tall, dark, handsome stranger accosted her an' asked her if he hadn't met her before. A niece o' mine dreamed that she wuz presented with a set of furs, an' a day or two later, she wuz butted by a goat in front of th' lively stable. In 1917, I wuz in a city an' dreamed that I wuz pickin' up money by th' conductor gave me change for a ten in nickels. A friend o' mine tells me that on two nights in succession, he dreamed that he wuz goin' t' have a lot o' trouble. What it wuz t' be wuz pure scare, but it wuz goin' t' be awful. But he thought no more about it. An' before he knowed it somebody had talked him int' buyin' a big, heavy seven passenger, second hand car that had only gone 300 miles. One time after I'd been out o' th' theological seminary for three or four years, I dreamed I wuz goin' t' meet somebody I hadn't seen for a long time, so th' mornin' I put on my best clothes an' got my hair on my wuz jest leavin' th' barber shop, when a stranger accosted me. "Hello," he said. "I heerd you lived around these parts." He proved t' be a book agent I'd met while still in college, a feller I'd bought a set o' Wilkie Collins die wuz somethin' like three or four dollars, but th' dream struck me as bein' most wonderful. Th' night before Late Bud's honie wuz raided, he dreamed that a mouse had bored through th' chessboard cover in th' bung hole an' had dropped int' his wine."

SSS. Makes You Feel Like Yourself Again

Jarvis Jessalyn isn't Harry, but he happens to be the best substitute I've found so far. And possibly in time—"

"In other words, you're threatenin'—"

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