



# SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN

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### WHAT HAS HAPPENED

John Hunter Yates, multi-millionaire and 49, is desirous of enjoying the rest of his life doing the things he has always wanted to do. He resigns from his huge company and attempts to include his society dowager wife in his planned adventures. She is, of course, not interested. He accidentally meets a young and beautiful actress, Blossom Bailey, who appeals to him as the type of girl to share the life he has mapped out for himself. He takes her with him to Europe, visiting every country. They are in Paris, when he meets Kokowski, former piano teacher of the music-loving Yates. As they talk at the sidewalk cafe, Blossom, who is to meet Yates there, comes up to the table.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Blossom come up to the table and Zukowski rose. Yates' tone was not overly warm.

"This is Miss Blossom Biley—"

Zukowski bent low to kiss Blossom's hand.

"... Mr. Anthony Zukowski — a very incompetent music teacher who left New York when he was unable to teach."

"And, failing to teach music, decided to make music, added Zukowski.

"Successfully, I hope," said Blossom.

The trio proved to be a gay party. Zukowski, with his knowledge of Paris, had them visiting the little rambling cafes that hide away 'neath the rambling, old building of the Latin quarter. In the early morning, Yates, Blossom and Zukowski ended their wandering revels in a party at Zukowski's studio. Zukowski and his friends played his newly finished symphony... Yates and Blossom listened...

The great Zukowski symphony rumbled and roared, cried and laughed. The finale built in crescendo... up... up... up... it thundered to a mighty climax that ended in the jubilant, excited "Bravos!" of the thousands packed in the huge Paris auditorium. The money of John Hunter Yates had brought the Zukowski symphony to an admiring world.

Yates and Blossom were in the wings of the stage as Zukowski bowed to the applauding audience.

"If we go over now we'll get killed in the rush." Blossom took Yates' arm. "Let's sneak away and see him tomorrow."

"And break his heart? Besides, there's a dinner for the critics at midnight. I think we're expected."

Blossom seemed urgent. "Let's get out of it."

"I thought," said Yates, surprised, "you looked forward to it."

"No, no." Blossom was nervous. "We're seeing too much of Zukowski... he's beginning to get on my nerves. Think, atks, breathes nothing but music. A bore..."

But Zukowski, brimming over with enthusiasm, rushed up. "You're disappointed — I can tell by your faces! You didn't like the finale! Not bold enough — not prestissimo — let's get away from here — come with me—"

He took their arms and hustled

them to his dressing room. He shut the door and turned to them quickly.

"Well? Tell me! Tell me quick!"

Yates smiled. "Didn't the audience tell you?"

Zukowski scowled. "To the devil with the audience. Half the time they don't know what they like or why they applaud. This is your concert as much as mine. You made it possible." He clutched at Yates' hand. "How can I ever repay you, my friend?"

"You repaid me tonight with your success. Next to creating something yourself, I suppose, comes the thrill of helping it along." He shrugged. "Midwife to the arts."

Zukowski turned eagerly to Blossom. "And you, Blossom—what did you think?"

"It was wonderful, Tony. I congratulate you both."

"We've got to celebrate tonight! After the dinner—" Zukowski almost shouted.

"I'm sorry, I can't. I have a headache—simply splitting. Maybe the excitement... and, anyway, I had nothing to do with it. I'd be an outsider, really." Blossom turned to Yates. "But you must go."

"No, no. If you're not feeling well, I'll take you home. I'll order the car. Yates walked off to summon his chauffeur.

Blossom avoided Zukowski's eyes. "A great triumph, Tony."

"No... a failure..." He walked over to her and reached for her hands. "Why did you say you had nothing to do with it, when you had everything to do with it? As far as I was concerned, you were the only one in the theatre tonight. It was for you and only you..."

He looked at her for a moment, then suddenly grasped her to him, crushing her in his arms. His lips found hers in a fierce, passionate kiss. Blossom resisted, but the man's fire seemed to surge through her own body. She clung to him, her arms encircling him with an ardor that equaled his own... an embrace that knew no resistance... but there was a knock at the door... Yates' car was ready.

Yates watched Blossom solicitously as she ate. "How's your headache?"

"Haven't any. That was just an excuse to get out of that dinner with Zukowski. There are other things in life besides music. Why—you're not eating."

"No. I've discovered something about midnight snacks. Some people pay for them after they're served. I pay for them the next day with indignation."

"It's a silly thing to do, at that. I ought to get out of the habit."

"No—don't. It's a charming habit. And you mustn't be impatient with Tony. He has a wonderful gift. He'll be a great man some day."

Blossom was impatient. "You're a great man already. He was perfectly right when he said that tonight was yours as well as his. When he was waving his baton in the theatre I saw you waving your wand—and it was a wand, a magic wand. It made a successful composer out of a straving music teacher."

"Tonight," said Yates sadly, "I'd gladly change places with Zukow-



Loretta Young and Cary Grant in "Born to Be Bad"

ski."

"Because he can make up tunes?"

"That—and something else. Because he is thirty, while I—"

"How old are you?"

"I'm over forty — and you, my dear?"

Blossom hesitated. "Going on thirty."

"Thanks."

"For what?"

Yates smiled. "For putting it that way. It's hard to put into words—but I want you to know something we've never had an arrangement of any sort, have we? There's no contract... written or implied."

"Well—why should there be?"

Yates avoided her eyes. "I'm not insensible to the difference in our —our years—"

"There you go again! I've asked you not to speak of that. I hate it."

"I'll never speak of it again. I only mentioned it because I want you to know I have no claim on you. I mean—if anybody should ever come along—now or in the future—somebody more nearly your—somebody you might learn to—"

Blossom spoke gently. "What's on your mind?"

"What did you ever want to take up with me for?"

"Do you want," said Blossom slowly, "pretty speeches of the truth?"

"Whatever suits your mood best."

Blossom looked into his eyes. "I wanted the things that money could buy, and you had the money to buy them with. That's how it was when I met you. But I've found out something since I've known you. If you lost all your money tomorrow, I'd still stick around, if you wanted me."

Yates walked over and stroked her hair gently. "Why?"

"You've been so marvelous. You're the finest man I've ever known. I've never been so happy in my life... and the only thing that makes me blue is when I sometimes figure out what I add up to. The answer is nothing—nothing. Except maybe this: You like me—you like me some, don't you?"

"Yes... I like you some." Yates bent over and kissed her.

Blossom smiled through the tears that came to her eyes. "Come—on. A duet—" She stood, took Yates' hand and led him to the piano. "You take the treble and I'll play the bass. Ready?"

"Ready."

They began to play the childishly simple "Au Clar de la Luna." The tinkling notes filled the room. Blossom closed her eyes, for through her heart, her mind, her very body pounded the incessant, overwhelming strains of Zukowski's symphony. "Au Clar de la Luna" faded for Blossom, the Zukowski symphony, strong, grand, magnificent, tore at her soul. "Au Clar de la Luna" ended on a thin, tinkling note. Blossom's hands fell from the piano. She stared at the white keys, with their ever present black companions—mourners for the music that had soared and died over the tunc cords.

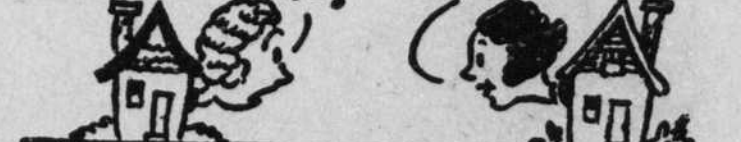
"Darling," said Blossom slowly, "I'm tired of Paris. Let's go back to New York."

Yates looked at her in sudden surprise. Blossom's eyes were, however, still on the little black keys of mourning...

(To be Continued)

## ALMANAC

She's a drug store blonde and her teeth are false! why, I think she's very nice.



"A good word for a bad one is worth much—and costs little."

**JULY**  
2—Assassin Guiteau shoots President Garfield, 1881.

3—First street cars in U. S. run in Brooklyn, 1854.

4—First trans-Pacific cable service starts, 1903.

5—P. T. Barnum, "sucker-a-minute," born 1810.

6—John Paul Jones, first U. S. naval hero, born 1747.

7—Four are hanged for assassination of Lincoln, 1865.

8—The Liberty Bell is cracked while tolling, 1835.

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