

**Girl of the Turf**

By  
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CHAPTER XII

Cary waited interminable minutes. It seemed, for Ivy to come out of Lucretia's room. A magazine lay on her lap, its pages unturned. She could not read and she could not keep her mind from marching in a procession of distributing thoughts.

Already she owed Jim Constance more than \$1,000 and bills were coming in each day almost faster than she had time to write checks to cover them. She was drawing on her own slender allowance to pay many of them. Yet Jim insisted that everything was coming along as it should.

"It's always tough in the beginning," he assured her, "but as long as you've got me back of you, you have nothing at all to worry about. I'll see you through."

Strangely that was no assurance whatever.

When Ivy came out she was not looking particularly happy. "Sit down here," she motioned to Cary indicating a place beside her on the davenport. Cary obeyed silently.

"Now what's all this I hear about Anthony Garth? Whatever it is, Lou's taking it pretty hard but it's not going to be fatal. It almost never is, especially when a woman like her is still beautiful and there are plenty of men afloat — rich men, I mean."

"I met him at the track today," Cary said unhappily, almost wishing she hadn't seen Anthony at all. "I was feeling pretty low at the time. One of my horses was claimed for a song."

"I don't know what that means," Ivy said, "but go on."

"He must have seen how I felt, for he suggested that we get out of there where we could talk. We got in his car and landed on high stools with our elbows on the counter and some perfectly swell food in front of us. You know what that does to a person sometimes?"

"Yeah, I know," Ivy said. "After that what happened?"

"Nothing really. We drove home. We were standing on the steps when Lou came up with some friends. I guess it was quite a shock to her."

"How did she treat him?"

"Better than I expected, but rotten enough. She left no doubt in his mind how she felt toward him."

"I imagine," Ivy chuckled. "But the question is, Cary, how much do you like him? I mean is he likely to be coming around again soon?"

Cary colored slightly, but she was frank.

"I like him a lot, though it's nothing serious. I may see him again, but not here."

Ivy grinned. "I'd say from the expression on your face that you like him more than a lot and that you very definitely will be seeing him again."

"I still say I like him a lot, Ivy, but I'm not going to let myself get any other way about him. Lou thoroughly hates him because she knows he was paying out money to someone and she believed Anthony had some connection with that."

Cary got up abruptly and stood looking down at Ivy. "I can't say Lou David was paying out money to me. I'm sure now that it wasn't a woman. He was kind and good and he loved my mother and he loved her child. Otherwise, why did he continue sending her fat checks each month after her marriage to George Tyle automatically stopped all alimony? But she took everything he gave her and gave him only bitter hate in return."

Ivy lighted a cigarette before she spoke. She looked at Cary through a thin haze of smoke and said, "You're a smart girl, Cary. You should have been a detective instead of so good-looking."

She drew deeply on the cigarette and her eyes narrowed. "Tell me this, though. How are you going to keep Anthony Garth from feeling something more than mere sisterly affection for you? It's sometimes difficult to keep a man like him from falling in love and when they do — well, I'm warning you, they work fast. You're married to them and settled down in a vine-covered cottage before you can bat an eye. And how do you think Lucretia is going to take that?"

"You've forgotten about Paul," Cary said. "I'm going to give him the right of way the next time we meet and that should make everyone extremely happy."

Ivy stood up and bent to crush the fire from her cigarette. She did not look at Cary when she said, "Everyone but Anthony and you."

Then she let the weight of her unwhipped glances fall fully upon Cary, as she went on. "If I were you, darling, I wouldn't marry any man I didn't love. Your own mother did that three times and it brought her nothing but headaches and unhappiness."

"But I love Paul," Cary said, meeting Ivy's eyes levelly, believing her own words.

"I'm glad to hear that, my sweet," Ivy said drily. "I'm glad to hear that someone loves someone else. Where do I sleep? I'm going to bed at eight so I'll be beautiful tomorrow."

"There are twin beds in my room," Cary said. "I'd love to have you use the other one. Mine's the one next to the double windows."

"So thoughtful of you to grab all the fresh air," Ivy said, but her voice was steeped with good humor.

The telephone rang sharply. "I'll take it," Cary said.

Ivy yawned. "If it's for me, I'm not in. If it's for Lou, she's all in. But if it's for you and it's a date, take it. You need something to give you a boost. You look terrible."

Cary felt her heart hasten its beat. Jim wouldn't be calling again. She had rather definitely settled him for tonight. Anthony had said, "I'll call you."

"Hello, Cary Moran speaking."

"Hello, sweetie," she spoke at the other end of the wire said, "you're sounding rather formal tonight."

"Paul! When did you get into town?"

Ivy headed for the bedroom, muttering, "Sneaking of the devil" and closed the door before she finished the sentence.

"I'm not quite in town but I'll be there in about an hour. I thought I better warn you that I'm coming along tonight and I'm going to seal things tonight."

"I'll be waiting," she said.

(To be continued)

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