

LEAP YEAR
BRIDEBy LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
(Copyright 1932)

CHAPTER XXXVI
Dan Phillips looked up from the typewriter. "We've been at this thing for two hours, Brenda," he complained, "and I haven't even written half a page!"

The typewriter table stood a few feet from theavenport in the living room of Brenda Vail's apartment. A lamp made of a Chinese vase with a taffeta shade flung light on the young man's face.

Brenda Vail turned. She had been standing before the open window and now she rested one hand against the casement. It was a pose that was becoming as Brenda Vail very well knew. Her figure was silhouetted against the black sky. She wore her favorite costume—silk pajamas. They were made with trousers of black velvet and a tunic of gold brocade.

"What is the use?" she said. "I have told you that when I am out of the mood I simply can not work. I am tired. My head aches. This trying to build up action, to plan sentences and 'extra-oh, it is mad—mad!"

"I'm sorry!" Phillips' tone was apologetic. "I didn't know you weren't feeling well. It's only that you know a great deal about yourself. We have the first act done this week. You should have sent me away long ago."

"But here beside me," she went on. "You're comforting. Dan, I feel as though I'd known you a long while, yet what is it? Only about two weeks. Most of that time we've been talking about gunmen and gangsters and other terrible creatures. Talk to me about something else, something that is beside her, thing else, won't you?"

"Wouldn't you rather I'd go?" he said uneasily. "If you're tired rest is what you need."

"For an instant the gray-green eyes met Dan's. "If you go I'll be lonely," Brenda Vail said softly. "And I am lonely so much of the time."

Phillips smiled. "That's an odd thing for you to say. You have so many friends, Brenda. Why, you're the last person in the world I'd expect to be lonely."

"You think so? Ah, then you are not as clever as I thought. Loneliness comes from the heart. What do you know of a woman's heart?"

"Why—why I don't know. I don't spend much time reading those love-column columns if that's what you mean. I've always had the idea men and women are really pretty much alike."

Miss Vail leaned her head back. "Omnipotent!" she said idly. Phillips held the box for her and flicked the automatic lighter into flame.

"Men and women are alike," Brenda Vail said slowly. "And yet they are different. Each of us, I suppose, is doomed to much loneliness."

This strange exhibition of fright has just ended, locally and nationally. . . . and now, with better times, the first thing this man needs is new clothes.

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ness. It is only when a man or woman meets another who really understands that the loneliness is not there—there is a great need for company all day. "I want you to talk now."

Phillips smiled. He looked very boyish and very attractive when he smiled. "I'm sorry, but honestly the only thing I've been thinking of for a week is this play. Do you really understand what this means for me, Brenda? Do you? Why I'd begun to think I was sunk in this place forever! I thought I was never to have a chance. It was the greatest piece of luck in the world for me when you came here."

"She was pleased. "And I think it was luck for me, too," she said. "To tell me what you are planning to do if our play is a great success?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought that far ahead yet. Remember, the first act isn't finished! But I'd like to go to New York and know some of the people you've talked about. I'd like to go to the places you've told me about. That must be the life—New York with the theatres and the people who write and act and paint!"

"It is a great life," the woman assured him. "And it is what you should have. Dan, for to write you must know life. You must have experiences—adventures if you want to call them that. You must see something of the world. Oh, you have talent, I am sure of that. But you need to develop it."

"It's wonderful of you to be so encouraging," Brenda Vail put a hand on the young man's arm. The faint odor of mimosa, heady and pungent came to his nostrils as she moved.

"You must let nothing stand in the way of your work," she told him. "You must go to New York. You must travel. You must have freedom and you must be with those who write and act and paint!"

"I'll do anything you say," he assured her eagerly. "Ah—you are a dear boy!"

From a radio in a nearby apartment came the strains of a waltz. It was softly played, melodious. As the sound reached the chorus the violinist took the melody, sent it forth throbbing as a lover's plea. The rhythm of the music caught at the senses. The song reached its climax, ended on a high note.

Dan looked at his watch. "Why, it's almost midnight!" he exclaimed. "It's late. I don't want to go. I'll have to dash along. Are we going to be able to work tomorrow?"

"She always spoke as though anything was possible," he thought. "It was a favor to themselves. Some how Dan admired her for it. It made her seem very sophisticated, very much a part of that outer world."

"I'll call you about 10 o'clock," he promised. "And I hope you'll feel better in the morning."

The door closed after him. Brenda Vail crossed the room with a determined stride. She took another cigarette from the box, lit it and dropped comfortably to the davenport.

"He's a fool," she said to herself, "but useful and amusing!"

Cherry sat on her knees surveying the stretch of yellow cotton cloth. It was spread on the floor before her and laid on in curious fashion were oddly shaped pieces of yellow tissue paper.

"There were lines in Cherry's forehead. "Now I wonder," she said aloud. "If that can be right?"

Since there was no one to answer the question, without reply, Cherry took up the scissors and began to cut around the paper pattern.

It was her first experiment in dressmaking. Mrs. Moreau had been making house dresses and had promised Cherry that she might use her sewing machine. The pattern was one of those labeled "for beginners." Cherry had read the directions half a dozen times but the result of her work, as it lay before her, was more puzzling than any problem she had ever encountered in school days.

Slowly and laboriously she cut around the last bit of paper. The sections of cloth did not seem to look like much but when Cherry held them up she thought she began to understand how they fitted together.

She was gathering up the last of the strips of yellow cloth when a knock sounded in the lock. Cherry scrambled to her feet.

"Goodness, Dan, I didn't know it was so late!"

The girl nodded. "Mrs. Moreau promised to help me," she told him. "Of course don't expect it to be very beautiful but the colors are pretty. I'll do to wear around the house."

Besides, I wanted to see if I could really do it. The pattern and cloth together only cost \$1.75."

"I'll have to learn to crochet first. Are you going to give me a book?"

"No hurry," Dan said. "What do you say we go over and pay a call on the Cuseys tonight? He was asking last week when we could come over."

"Oh, I'd like that!" the girl said eagerly. "But aren't you going to work on the play?"

Dan shook his head. He came over to where Cherry stood and took her chin in his hand. "I decided to let the play wait," he said. "It's been a long time since we've had an evening to ourselves. You don't mind having me around, do you?"

"There's nothing I'd like better! It has been lonely here this last week but of course I know what it means to you to finish the play. How's it going, Dan?"

"He frowned. "Not coming as fast as I hoped it would," he said, "but of course I don't know much about these things. I guess if you didn't have anything else to do but sit down and write you could turn out plays and short stories in no time."

"Some day you'll be able to do that," Dan said.

"Well—I hope so! This working all day on a new beat and then trying to keep up with Brenda Vail's isn't so easy. Anyway, let's forget about the play tonight. I don't want to even think about it."

"Then we'll forget it!" They sat down to dinner. Dan talked about a medical discovery reported in the daily news. He mentioned the fact that Max Pearson had been offered a new job and was undecided about taking it. Dan had encouraged him.

"Maybe it's selfish," he explained. "But I hate to think of old Max going away."

It was after while Cherry was putting up the last of the dishes that the telephone rang. "I'll answer," she told Dan and a moment later added, "It's for you!"

The door had recognized Brenda Vail's voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LEADERS IN
INDIA ADOPT
COMPROMISE

(Continued from Page One)

withdraw except on two years notice. It is thought in some quarters that if Japan considers the report unfavorable she will merely continue her objections to the league's method of handling the Manchurian issue, and ignore the league's ruling.

Mosquito Saves Man's Life
Two bites from a mosquito saved the life of a man attacked by a terrible tropical disease, in Boscombe hospital, Bournemouth, England, recently. The mosquito, a rare African specimen, was taken in a cage from the tropical disease research laboratories in London. At the hospital the cage was opened and the buzzer allowed to take two bites at the patient's leg.

Artificial Silk
A substitute for silk has been sought for a great many years. As early as 1856 George Audenards of Switzerland patented in England a process for making artificial silk from filaments of cotton and liquid rubber. The artificial silk industry was not established on a practical basis, however, until the invention of a French count, Hilaire de Chardonnet, who exhibited a cellulose yarn in Paris in 1890. His process has been improved and developed into the rayon of today.

Definition of a Food
A food may be designated as—Any substance which, when absorbed into the blood, will nourish, repair waste and furnish force and heat to the body without causing injury to any of its parts, or loss of functional activity; neither must it call for constantly increasing quantities of itself.

Expression
I have discovered after long experience that misunderstandings arise between men largely because of the failure of adequate expression. Be careful to see that your language is clear. Sentences must be short—then add style if you can. It is only half enough to have the transmitter work clearly and accurately. The other half lies in the receiver, and style, if it be compelling enough, is the sure way to make the receiver function well.—Owen D. Young.

Tropical Tree
A sand-box tree is a tropical American euphorbiaceous tree, Hura crepitans, having a depressed mangled woody capsule which when completely dry bursts with a loud report and scatters the seeds.

chicken, 12 bits of red pepper, one teaspoon of salt, one fourth cup diced celery, 12 bits of green pepper and two teaspoons of mayonnaise. The "Creole salad" was put into individual moulds, shaped and placed on a lettuce leaf where it may be garnished with red and green pimiento and served with mayonnaise.

CURTIS ARRIVES
AT LOUISVILLE

(Continued from Page One)

after the address. He speaks tonight in Lexington, where he opened the Republican national campaign four years ago.

In his address last night, Curtis appealed to the people to support the president in a time of depression as they do in war times and asked them to forget partisan feeling.

"In times of war and in times of depression," Curtis said, "the people of the United States put patriotism above politics, and for this reason we were the last nation to feel the effects of this world-wide depression and will be the first to recover."

DOAK SPEAKS FOR HOOVER
LAKE CAMPOUNCE, Conn., Sept. 24 (AP)—Secretary Doak today asked workingmen to support President Hoover for re-election on the grounds that Republican tariff and immigration policies were designed and had been administered for the benefit of

labor.

Speaking before a Republican club at New Britain, the chief of the department of labor said:

"Our candidates for office do not have to change their tariff policies every time they cross a state or county line, in order to catch sentiment or to secure votes in campaigns. We do not have to seek a catch-all word every time a convention meets to describe what our position will be on the tariff question."

He said the Democratic "talk of a reciprocal tariff" must mean a reduction in tariff rates, "or the claim of our opponents is inconsistent because the cry is that the present tariff is too high."

On immigration, Doak said: "The action of President Hoover in September 1930 in issuing instructions against admitting alien workers during the depression has done more toward proper restriction of immigration than all that congress did at any time previously. x x x"

CURTIS TO VISIT 7 STATES
CHICAGO, Sept. 24 (AP)—A series of speaking engagements for Vice President Charles Curtis in seven states was announced today at Republican campaign headquarters.

The vice president will start the tour at Parkersburg, W. Va., next Monday and end it at Spokane, Wash., on Oct. 11. In addition to the scheduled addresses, Curtis is expected to make a number of informal talks en route.

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Light repeat	16. Middle name of the creator of "Sherlock Holmes"
2. Dull finish	17. Sesame
3. Bustle	18. Form of gambling
4. High mountain	19. Spout oratory
5. Non-professional	20. Urchin
6. Eagle	21. Uch
7. Musical sound	22. Billiard shot
8. Of the sun	23. Working underwear
9. Biblical king	24. Female saint
10. In name only	25. On watch
11. Clerical collar	26. Enterprising
12. Performed	27. Basket of a balloon
13. Cakes	28. Sign of property
14. Musical instrument	29. Combined
15. Cravat	30. Sin
16. Greek letter	31. Instrumental duet
17. Single pieces	32. Ancient wine receptacle
18. Type measure	33. Affectedly shy
19. Inclinate	34. Rope for hoisting a yard
20. Symmetrical	35. Near
21. Iron	36. Concerning
22. Be profitable	
23. Employers	
24. German river	
25. Equine animal	
26. Diplomacy	
27. Flow	
28. Mohammedan	
29. Plaything	
30. Decay	

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The TINYMITES
STORY BY HAL COCHRAN
PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

THE monkeys' tails seemed very strong and Duncy said, "Naught will go wrong while I am in this dandy swing, as long as I hold tight."

"I know the rest of you all yearn to swing. When I have had my turn, I'll let you try your luck at it. Watch me! I'm swinging right!"

"It isn't your fault," Copy cried. "That you are having such a ride. See, give the monkeys credit. All you do is have the fun."

"They have to swing you to and fro, and my, how they can make you go. I will be glad to take my turn when your long turn is done."

JUST then wee Scouty simply roared when one monk let go of the board. This toppled little Duncy, but he landed on his feet. At first it startled him a bit, but then he cried, "How can I sit upon a swing when it goes plip? That isn't any treat."

"The zoo man smiled and said, 'Well, son, the monks were simply having fun. I'll promise that the next to ride will have no chance to rave.'"

So Windy cried, "I'll have a try," and soon the lad was swinging high. The others smiled when shortly he had nerve enough to wave.

JUST then a little lioness ran by and Scouty said, "I guess I'll show you I'm a little trick. A leopard I will make."

"Give me some paint and I'll have lots of fun just dobbing on big spots. Although I'll do a good job, very little time 'twill take."

They caught the lioness and then brave Scouty went to work again with paint the zoo man gave him. "I am pretty good," said he.

He dobbed the big spots here and there and seemed to do the task with care, but it looked very funny and the Tinies laughed in glee.

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(Duncy has a strange experience in the next story.)

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FOR SALE OR RENT—A G. A. 7-rm. house, out-buildings, \$1800, 1st place east of county farm. 9-19-5 tp.

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STRICTLY MOD. 6-rm. bungalow. Inq. 1405 N Ave. or Ph. 494 J. 9-20-2 t.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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A Startling Discovery!

AS I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY, I'M SEARCHING FOR A GLADYS FINNEGAN WHO HAD A GREAT GREAT AUNT BY THE NAME OF BRIDGET FINNEGAN

YOU SAY YOU HAD AN AUNT BY THAT NAME?

IT SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD UNCLE MIKE SPEAK ABOUT HIS AUNT BRIDGET. I'LL CALL HIM UP

SURE! AND BRIDGET WAS HER NAME! SHE WAS MY OLD GRANDFATHER'S SISTER AND A GRAND OLD GIRL SHE WAS. SHE WENT TO SOUTH AFRICA AND THAT'S THE LAST WE EVER HEARD OF HER

YES, HE SAYS HE HAD A GREAT AUNT BRIDGET, WHO WENT TO SOUTH AFRICA YEARS AGO

HONEST, SUGAR?

TO SOUTH AFRICA, DID YOU SAY? BY JOVE! I MUST TALK WITH THIS UNCLE AT ONCE!!

THEY'RE DIVING, TOO... SAY! WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE?

THEY'RE DIVING, TOO... SAY! WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE?

THEY'RE DIVING, TOO... SAY! WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE?

THEY'RE DIVING, TOO... SAY! WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE?

THEY'RE DIVING, TOO... SAY! WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE?

THEY'RE DIVING, TOO... SAY! WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE?

THEY'RE DIVING, TOO... SAY! WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE?

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