

BLUE DOOR

Rachel Mack © 1935 NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER V

her course by that good-natured, irresponsible nit-wit of a Mrs. Cogly.

She figured ruefully, "There's no telling where this Girls' Industrial League is. It may be in Indianapolis. It may be in St. Louis. It sounds swell, but Mrs. Cogly's dizzy when it comes to geography."

Nevertheless, since her face was turned toward Cleveland, she would go to Cleveland or at least try to go there.

The bus was coming. The old man against the doorpost yanked his suspender. "There's yer chariot," he said.

Ruth gathered up her bundles and got on. It was a local, small and rather shabby. About half its seats were filled. Ruth chose a place directly behind the driver, as this gave her an opportunity to speak into his ear without being overheard.

"Please," she said to him in a muffled voice, "I'd like to ride till I've used up \$1.11."

"M'am?" replied the driver. He was too surprised to put his car in motion.

Ruth repeated her remark patiently and added, "I want to get as close to Cleveland as I can."

The driver, a big, red-faced fellow, more on the side of brawn than brain, scratched his chin and thought. He seemed to arrive at some decision, for he put out his hand and said, "Gimme your dollar, keep the 11 cents." He took the change she handed him, punched a register and shifted gear. They were off.

Ruth leaned back and relaxed. She was learning to live minute by minute, to hold fear at bay while she savored the rich morsel of the present.

"I believe you'll call this the middle west," she thought, looking out at the gorgeous autumn landscape. "It's grand. I like it. Imagine people in New York thinking New York's everything!" She pictured America like a huge map unrolling before her, varied and wonderful.

All at once Ruth realized that she was very hungry. She had eaten no lunch. Her breakfast had been a cup of coffee and a roll. The day before, of course, she had left the Lawrence house on the eve of Cousin Beattie's birthday dinner. Thinking back a step farther, she recalled the lone chocolate bar that had sustained her while job hunting.

"No wonder my skirt feels loose at the waist," she thought, placing her hand on her flat young stomach.

She began to imagine how nice it would be if a motherly looking woman would get on the bus and sit down beside her and open a lunch box. "And offer me some of everything," she thought rapturously. "Deviled eggs and ham sandwiches and chocolate cake."

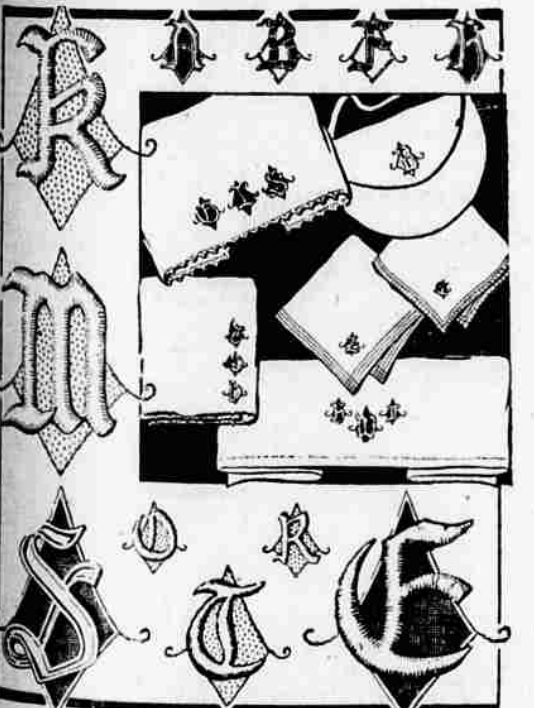
She had to quit thinking about it. An hour or two later the driver half-turned and spoke to her out of the corner of his mouth: "You'll have to get off at the next stop."

Ruth leaned toward him. "Why can't you take me in to Cleveland?" she asked. "There's room, and I'm not doing any harm sitting here."

"I've already carried you 40 miles beyond your fare," he told her. "There's been room so far. But look what's coming! I can't let you keep a seat from a paying passenger—"

(To Be Continued)

EMBROIDERED INITIALS SMART AND DECORATIVE SAYS LAURA WHEELER



OLD ENGLISH ALPHABET

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Silent as the Tomb By HAROLD GRAY

BETTER NOT KNOCK- YOU KNOW HE SAID NOT TO DISTURB HIM-

YEAH- BUT HE'S BEEN IN THAT TREASURE ROOM SINCE MONDAY, AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF HIM- THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG-

THERE'S NO WAY HE COULD HAVE COME OUT EXCEPT THROUGH THIS DOOR- THERE ARE NO WINDOWS OR OTHER DOORS OF ANY SORT-

NO, AND THE WALLS ARE TEN FEET THICK- STEEL AND CONCRETE- BUT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?

THERE'S ALWAYS TWO OF US GUARDS HERE, WIDE AWAKE- NO ONE HAS HEARD A THING- GO AHEAD- RAP ON TH' DOOR-

HE'S LIABLE TO KILL US FOR THIS, BUT HERE GOES----

NOT A MURMUR, THAT I CAN HEAR- MAYBE HE'S BEEN SLEEPIN'- BUT THAT OUGHT TO HAVE WOKED HIM UP-

YEAH-- TELL YU! THERE'S SOMETHIN' FISHY ABOUT THIS- I'M GETTIN' SORT OF A CHILL-

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO OVERTAKE BARTEL'S CARAVAN LIEUT. SPEED MARTIN ARRIVES AT MEL SHORT'S CABIN AT NIGHT- FALL

AND WAS THE BLACK-WHISKERED GENT STILL WITH THEM, MR. SHORT?

HE WAS WITH THE OUTFIT WHEN IT PASSED HERE YESTERDAY, LIEUTENANT! YOU'D BETTER PUT UP HERE FOR THE NIGHT

SGT. BEETLE, DO YOU THINK THE STRANGER WAS HANK MURDOCK, THE ESCAPED CONVICT?

MEBBE, YES- MEBBE, NO- MASSAH TIM

THAT NIGHT JULES BARTEL ASSIGNED THE TWO HOUSA SOLDIERS TO GUARD THE CARAVAN - AND YOU STAND THE LAST SHIFT, ABIDOO

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

OH, MY DARLIN' OH, MY DARLIN'

OH, MY DARLIN' CLEMENTINE

YOU, GA!! WHAT'S AILIN' YUH? AINTCHA GOIN' FISHIN'?

NOPE! AINT GOIN' NO- WHUR

YOU ARE GO-O-ONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN-

WELL, DERN MY HIDE! HE AINT MISSED A DAY FISHIN' SINCE WE WERE MARRIED! WONDER WHUT IN TARNATION HAS GOT INTO 'IM?

BRINGING UP FATHER

I MUST GIT TO THE STUDIO-I GUESS THEY ARE WAITIN' FOR ME NOW- I MUSTN'T SET A BAD EXAMPLE BY BEIN' LATE EVEN IF I AM THE STAR-

MR. WARREN SHORTS DIRECTOR

BY GOLLY-HE'S BEEN IN THAT CONDITION FER A WEEK NOW- IT MUST BE A DISEASE-

HE'S GOT IT, TOO- IT MUST BE CONTAGIOUS-

MR. CNARIO WRITER

IN CONFERENCE DO NOT DISTURB

BY GOLLY- IT IS CONTAGIOUS-

IN CONFERENCE DO NOT DISTURB

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE

DEAR SHEEPS- THIS TIME I AIN'T ASTIN' YA WHO IS THE GREATEST DICTATOR ON EART- I AM TELLIN' YA WHO IS-

IT'S ME, THAT'S WHO IS

AW, GNATS!!

YOU CAN'T KID US- YOU'RE JUST OLD POPEYE, THE SAILOR

THA'S A INSULT- I DEMANDS RESPECT

POPEYE TO YOU FROM THE TYRANNY, SIR!

WE OBJECT TO YOUR TYRANNY, SIR!

I YAMA SAD DICTATOR- ME SHEEPS DON'T LOVE ME

DARN YOU!

HE CAN'T DO US LIKE THIS!

POPEYE TO YOU FROM THE TYRANNY, SIR!

WE OBJECT TO YOUR TYRANNY, SIR!

I YAMA SAD DICTATOR- ME SHEEPS DON'T LOVE ME

DARN YOU!

OUT OUR WAY

COME RIGHT IN! THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR- THERE'S THE ROAD TO THE SINK- THAT ONE TO THE CELLAR- AND THIS TO THE REFRIGERATOR. THE BIG TRAFFIC RUSH IS ALWAYS WHEN I'M MOPPING OR WAXING THE KITCHEN- AND TRAFFIC MUST GO ON!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

YES, MULHAUSER- I NEVER APPRECIATE WHAT A SWELL OL NEIGHBORHOOD THIS IS, UNTIL TH' MAJOR GOES AWAY ON HIS VACATION. I WISH HE'D GO FOR A COUPLA YEARS, ON ONE OF THOSE SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS HE'S ALWAYS GASSING ABOUT- I-I SHAKE EVERY TIME I THINK OF HIM COMING HOME- HE MAY START UP A WHISTLE FACTORY NEXT DOOR TO US- OR GET TH' IDEA TO TRAIN KANGAROOS AS GOLF CADDIES, USING THEIR POUCHES

I SAW HIM WHEN HE LEFT- SAID HE GOT A CALL FROM WASHINGTON, TO STRAIGHTEN OUT SOME PROBLEMS THAT HAVE TH' BOYS TREED!

THE MAJOR'S VACATION ALSO IS ONE FOR HIS NEIGHBORS =