

Co-Ed Wife

By EUGENIA MACKERMAN
CHAPTER X

Marquis there, fusing around the equipment. I asked Donna the other day if they'd seen anyone go in or out of the room while I was out and she said they hadn't, that they'd been there alone until I came back.

Coral jumped to her feet. "David take me back to the house, Donna either took that process or had something to do with it. Don't you see how it all fits? She works in the lab and would have a chance to find that drawer. Her father is a chemical manufacturer. She's been trying to do something to please him, to make him keep her in school. What could be better than your process... and letting him think she worked it out herself? Horri may have helped her, get even with me. I don't know how much of this is right, but I'm going to find out. Come on!"

Twenty minutes later, Coral burst into the room at the sorority house which she and Donna shared. Her roommate sat curled up on the window seat, eating chocolate and reading a movie magazine. She looked up, her face started, as Coral spoke. "Donna, put down that magazine and listen to me."

Donna complied in surprise. "What's the matter with you? What's up?"

"Plenty!" Coral's voice was stern. "Donna, tell me the truth. If you do, I promise that David and I will see that the authorities aren't hard on you. Donna, did you take that process from David's desk in the lab?"

Donna gazed at her unblinking, her eyes wide and innocent. "Coral, have you lost your mind? How could the process have been stolen, because you took it. Didn't you? Answer me! Didn't you take it?"

Donna was angry now, her eyes were frightened, her usually rosy mouth was twisted in an ugly grimace. "I didn't take the silly process. You're crazy!"

Coral took her by the shoulders and shook her a little. "If you didn't take it, you know who did. I'm sure of it!" As she released her, Coral's shoulder struck against a hanging bookcase. It swung crazily on its cord, then crashed, books and papers flying. Coral stooped to pick them up. Coral found a slip of blue paper protruding from the bent leaves of a dictionary. She caught it up with a cry of triumph. She looked at Donna squarely. "Now, let's have the whole story. I'm going to Professor Maxwell and you're coming with me."

Donna sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing. "Oh, no, you don't! In the first place I didn't take it. Horri did. I saw him, so he gave it to me to keep for reasons both of us have... good reasons. You can't do a thing to me, because I still have the whip hand, Coral. If you try to report me for this, I'll get there first. I'll tell Maxwell that you took it, that I found it in your dictionary. I'll tell him David helped you and that you tried to sell it to my dad. I'll tell you and David are married. In fact, Miss Coral Crandall, I'll tell everyone everything and more, too, and I'll make 'em believe me. I'll be the campus heroine and will I chuckle to see you and your precious David thrown out of here." She laughed loudly.

Coral looked at her gravely for a long minute. She turned and walked to the door. As she opened it, she wheeled and faced Donna a again. "You've had your chance. I'm going to Maxwell and Rendoff with this story and the process. Do what you like. I know what I must do, and I'm sure my story will be believed."

Donna spoke contemptuously. "I'm afraid you're wrong. I'm going to Rendoff and Maxwell, too. We'll see who talks the most convincing story. You and your noble David, or little Donna. Your tale won't stand a chance against mine. Wait and see!"

(To Be Continued)

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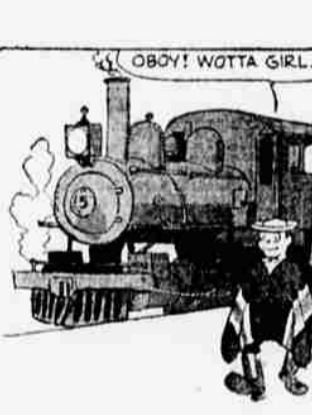
By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

No Time Lost

BY CRANE



OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople



Late Week News In Drain Listed

DRAIN, June 19 - (Special) - Mrs. Phil Varley has returned from Mr. Angel and Salem, who she has been visiting for some time.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Episcopal church met at the home of Mrs. Sumner, Wednesday afternoon. After a short meeting, election of officers was held, with Mrs. Dale being re-elected as president; Mrs. W. W. Austin, vice-president; Mrs. Ellen Walkthrop, secretary; and Mrs. Winifred Whipple, treasurer.

The hostesses, Mrs. Sumner and Mrs. Spalding served refreshments at the close of the meeting on the following: Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Virge Craig, Mrs. Verelton, Mrs. Mavis, Mrs. Anker, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Truhead, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Walkthrop, Doris Craig.

Mission Group Meets

The Missionary meeting of the Christian church was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Edna Healin, with Mrs. Mary McFarland as leader. The lesson was on South Africa. Mrs. Cowan led the devotion, Mrs. Healin and Mrs. McFarland gave talks. Mrs. Laker read an article on the work of the missionaries there. At the close of the meeting the hostesses, Edna Healin, Mrs. Healin, Mrs. Healin, Mrs. Laker, Mrs. W. E. Conns, Mrs. Maude Robertson.

The average year-round centigrade temperature at the North Pole is 23 degrees below zero.

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