

SERIAL STORY This Could Be Your Story

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN
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CHAPTER X

The possibility of Kitty causing trouble didn't come as a surprise to Sue Mary. She smiled when she mentioned it.

"Kitty doesn't mean any harm. I know why you said that," she said. "She was a little upset when young Ross Clark came in and passed her by without a word."

"You see, Vera, she's made a mistake here out of him. The boss is a junior member of the firm; handsome and single. We tease her about it, but she doesn't mind. I know, I really think she believes that some day he'll ask her for a date."

"Such childishness," Vera said. "Then she turned and smiled. What would she do if he asked her to go out?"

"Good heavens! She'd probably die of envy!" It was Nick, catching up with them just as they turned in at the hall entrance.

"One of the girls at the office," Sue Mary explained, laughing. "Vera's already a little jealous of me because the son of the boss asked to her today."

"Well," said Vera in a low, calm voice, "she's really silly. She needn't worry. There's only one man I'm interested in and he's not the son of my boss."

The words were casual, but the smile on Sue Mary's lips faded when she saw the expression in Nick's eyes when she met them at the door, in time to hear Vera's answer.

While Nick talked about a summer political rally that the Y.P. group had scheduled for next month, Sue Mary thought again of Vera's amusement at Kitty. And of her calm statement that she was in love and interested in only one man. Somehow Sue Mary had come to think of Vera as too completely absorbed in her work to have time for love or feminine weaknesses.

Anyone as attractive as she was must, of course, be sought after. Made love to, wanted. She wondered what would happen if young Ross Clark did suddenly become interested in Vera. She could imagine the consternation in the office.

She wondered, too, just what Vera, the loyal party worker, so far forgot party standards to become interested in one of the young socialites; a rich man's son; a man the society columns referred to as an eligible young bachelor.

The way Natalie's blue eyes had opened wide when she heard Vera's comment, and then the way a curtain had seemed to fall over them, aroused Sue Mary's curiosity. In the weeks that she had been with the crowd she had seen them only as intense crusaders. Bound together by a common cause; casual in their relationships; free in their conversations; with a lack of self-consciousness that at first startled her.

She wondered why Nick hadn't fallen in love with one of the girls who worked in the group. She wondered why he hadn't fallen in love with Natalie or Vera. They were both attractive. They spoke his language, obeyed his orders, worked until they were beaten and so tired they could hardly stand, and yet never lost the fire that made them leaders among the young people.

And Nick had the ability to stir

one. She knew that more each time she saw him. For hours he would be the executive; outlining plans for the rally; helping draw up posters and ads; suggesting people to call and articles to read; firing them with enthusiasm.

And then, somehow, he and Sue Mary would be on their way alone, and he would be the lover and crusader in one. It frightened her, but back in the recesses of her mind lingered the memory of loneliness—a loneliness that Nick had dispelled by opening this new world to her.

"You mustn't," she would insist. "After all we're not in love. We just like the same things. I'm grateful to you for teaching me so much. For lifting me out of the dreary rut I was in, and for showing me how selfish I was, how blind I was to the world and the needs of others. But we aren't in love."

"But we are in love. At least I am. Maybe I'm not like that Joe you talk about. Maybe when he makes love to you it's the kind you read about in magazines, with talk about a little vine-covered cottage and how two can live as cheaply as one. But not me.

"We have the world before us. I won't be stopped. The world is changing and I'm in the thick of the fight. With you beside me our life can be beautiful.

"You don't want to be tied to a man with no imagination; a factory worker. It's our fate to be together and to work for the good of these people who can't help themselves. In the new system, we young people will have a voice and we won't be on the bottom, either. Sue Mary."

With his lips against hers she couldn't answer, couldn't think. Joe, Springfield, the safe, sane life at the office—all were blotted out and only this heady feeling of something to come, a future—dangerous but exciting, and Nick's arms about her.

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She worked in a daze the next day. Her thoughts went back again and again to Nick; his voice murmuring against her arguments; his lips against her cheek. That was why she was the last of the girls in the office to become aware that something was wrong.

Suddenly she looked up from her typing, aware of a stillness, aware of a tenseness in the atmosphere. Her gaze met Kitty's and suddenly she realized Kitty was nodding toward the rest room.

They met there and were alone. Sue Mary asked, "What's the matter? AM of a sudden I felt things weren't right."

"You certainly have been in a fog," Kitty said dryly. "But then you haven't been yourself for weeks. Going around with these new friends of yours certainly changed you."

"Today's business? What do you mean? I just know that all of a sudden I felt things were different. And then you looked at me and here we are."

"Well, get caught up quickly then. We can't stay in here all day. Not the way things are out there." She nodded toward the office. "Something's been lost. And do you know what that means? At least I take it for granted you haven't been in such a state that you don't realize there's a war going on in the world, and this office has been neck-deep in legal work on these plane orders."

(To Be Continued)

SIDE GLANCES



Would you kindly tell my waiter to come over here—the one with the far-away sneer.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE All Out By HAROLD GRAY



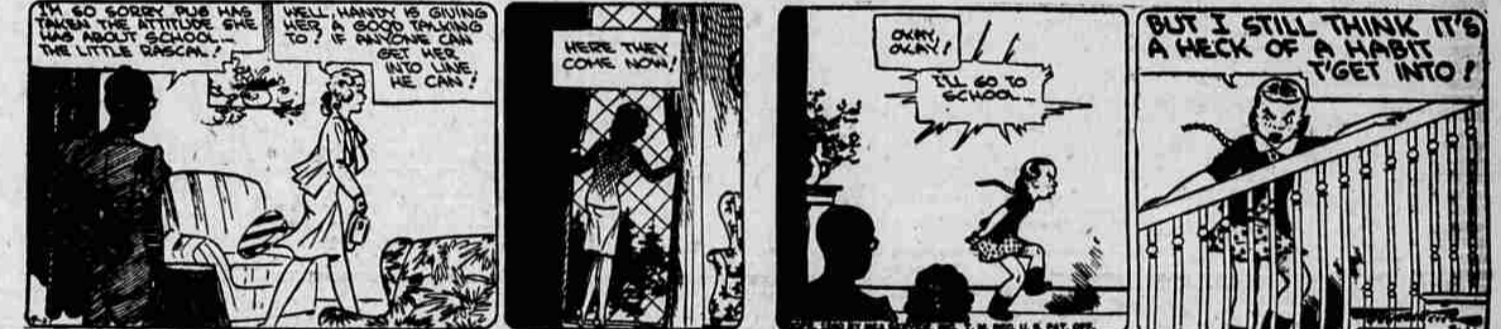
POPEYE Now Showing—"All Aboard!" By E. C. SEGAR



Secret Agent X-9 By Robert Stammers



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES Agreement Under Pressure By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS Bring Her Back Alive By CRANE



ALLEY OOP Well, Who's This? By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE .. with .. MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY By WILLIAMS



Well-Planned Two-Story Model



The plan of this two-story home is simple yet interesting. The first floor is given over to the functions of living while the second floor consists of two bedrooms and a bath. Unusual in a small home is the excellent lighting and ventilation which this home can claim. In addition to the two bay windows shown in front, there is another serving the kitchen in the rear of the house. Given a valuation of \$5,900, this property was financed with a Federal Housing Administration insured mortgage of \$5,300. Monthly payments on a mortgage of this amount, exclusive of taxes and hazard insurance, amount to approximately \$39.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN

FIRST FLOOR PLAN