

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

WETTY WALLACE

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"You'll be the loveliest thing here."

Martha knew she looked well. The white dress, with its softly falling among the wispy folds of the full skirt, had always been very becoming. Her silver sandals were new. She felt light as a feather, poised, happy.

A girl in glittering sequin jacket looked at her curiously for a moment. Martha saw the fleeting homage in her eyes—the homage that one woman pays to another who looks even more beautiful. She was ridiculously pleased, and a little smile tugged at the corners of her lips.

Paul was saying, "I've reserved a table. That is, we're with a party. Ted Willis and Madge, and the Graces."

SIDE GLANCES

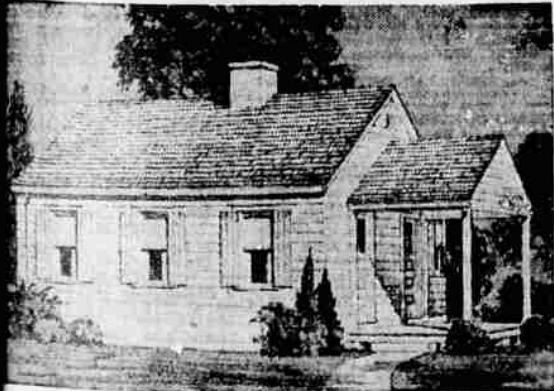


Then mix in two eggs and one cup of flour and allow it to cook over a slow fire."



FIRST HUNDRED YEARS—No rocking chair is going to Fred Plaisted, former world's professional single scull wing champion, who celebrated his 92nd birthday by rowing on Schuylkill river at Philadelphia.

SKILLFULLY PLANNED



HOUSES which are designed for an absolute minimum construction cost rarely offer that item of extra expense—a porch.

This minimum home offers that might be called an enlarged "stoop"—big enough to provide outdoor living in summer and protection for both the main exit and a kitchen door at other seasons. The fact that the entry door is on the side helps to create the illusion of greater length. When built with a basement the designer suggests a reduction in the size of the porch and the kitchen.

For further information write National Lumber Manufacturers Association, 1337 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. and refer to Design 404.



"Oh. He hadn't told her before, because she had known them all only during the time when she had been engaged to Paul. They were his friends, not hers. Bill had never met them.

"I'll be glad to see them again. She mustn't let embarrassment, any foolish self-consciousness, spoil her magic evening.

Mary Grace only smiled at her, lazily. Mary had always been like that—off-hand, casual, accepting things at their face. Probably nothing interested her very much except clothes. She and Jack were immensely wealthy.

It was good to be dancing again. Good to be part of this gay, care-free crowd, good to hear music and smile up at a partner who hummed under his breath and had nothing more important on his mind than enjoying himself.

"Long time no see," Ted said, after a while. "What happened to his husband?"

It was not that he cared, especially. In this country club crowd it was extremely usual to attach no importance to the fact that a married woman appeared at a dance with an old friend.

"The husband's in the Army," she laughed. "Didn't you know?"

"No, I hadn't heard." He shook his head, in exaggerated concern. "Country's going to the dogs. They'd better not get after me!"

Paul claimed her for the next dance. They had always danced beautifully together. She gave herself up to enjoyment.

Someone tapped Paul. "You can't keep loveliness like that under a bushel basket, Elliott," said a tall man with tawny hair. "Come to me, beautiful!"

She smiled at Paul, helplessly. The man led her off in triumph, but half way across the room, Jack Grace cut in.

"I thought people weren't supposed to cut any more," Martha said. "It was too collegiate, or something."

"Rules are made to be broken. Ah, this is what I call dancing!" "Look out," she warned him. "Paul's coming back!"

"That," said Jack, "is much too blatant an infraction of the law. Out the door, baby." Expertly, he danced her through the open French doors to the veranda. "We'll admire the moon."

"No, you don't!" Paul said, behind them. "Give her back, sir!"

It was silly, maybe. But it was fun. When Paul left her for a moment to get her something to eat, a red-haired young person sidled up and suggested, "Run away with me? This is my evening for running away."

"I'd love to," she laughed. "But I'm chained. Besides, we'd look so odd. Two brick tops."

"We'd look beautiful together!" he said. "If you want run away, at least dance with me. That'll give my girl something to think about."

"What did she do, run away with someone else?"

"You're a mind reader."

Paul rescued her, two minutes later. "Madge and Mary want to go to the Tortilla."

Martha realized, with amazement, that it was nearly 1 o'clock. "Where did the time go? We just came!"

She held out her hand. "My hankie, please!" In lieu of an evening bag, she had wrapped her compact and a comb and the gilt tube of lipstick in a wisp of chiffon, which Paul had obligingly stowed away in a pocket. "I must look a fright. I haven't repaired my complexion all evening."

"Three freckles," Paul admitted. "have worked loose."

She darted under the looped velvet into the powder room. Mary and Madge were already there. A maid was on her knees beside Mrs. Grace, taking a firmer stitch in the draped skirt around her waist. "That fool, my husband, has a clutch like a gorilla!"

Madge was touching up her mouth. "Hello, Martha. My, you certainly mowed down the stag line tonight!"

"Thanks. I think it was a conspiracy. Be kind to working girls night."

"With those eyes," said Mary Grace, calmly, "you need never worry."

"Eyes my foot! It's the girlish, lithe grace," Madge tittered. "I've gained two pounds and it's keeping me up nights."

"There's an exercise for that. You turn your head slowly from side to side when they bring up the whipped cream, darling."

The Club Tortilla, at 2 in the morning, with Ricardo and Regina whirling in a rumba, was hard to leave. That's how it happened that dawn was definitely streaking the sky when Paul left Martha at her door.

"It's been wonderful, Paul!"

"You'd better sleep all day tomorrow."

But she had scarcely tumbled into bed—hardly closed her eyes—when the long, imperious ring of the phone woke her.

At first, she resisted it. She was so satisfyingly exhausted! But it kept on and on, and she got up at last.

"Hello? Hello?" Her very voice was sleepy.

"Hello, Martha?" She came awake with a start. It was Bill!

"Martha, where were you last night? I tried to get you until after midnight. I kept calling and the phone didn't answer!"

(To Be Continued)

DISCOVERED ACCIDENTALLY

Just 38 years ago, the scientific world first suspected the existence of the okapi. Sir Harry Johnston found natives of the Semliki forest, in Africa, wearing curiously marked skins, and eventually traced them to their source.

WISDOM WITH YOUTH

According to statistics, younger sons of families are better equipped with brains than elder brothers. Caesar and Lincoln are examples.

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