

SERIAL STORY

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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Barbara and Dugan had been victimized by my darling uncle's little joke."

"Meaning me?" she told him, "and don't try to give me the idea you're not enjoying it. You're getting more attention than a two-headed calf at a county fair."

"Nice comparison," he murmured. "However," she continued, "if you can tear yourself away for a minute, Uncle Hank would like to see you. He said he'd be in the kitchen, of all places."

DUGAN found Hank Chase draped over a glass of beer. "Guess this is the only place in the house with any degree of privacy," he said laconically. "Sit down, Dugan."

Dugan sat down. Hank looked at him intently. "Dugan, I'm going straight to the point. I heard today from reliable sources that you've been offered a job at \$15,000 a year with Midwest Oil Products."

That's almost three times what you're getting with me. Why didn't you tell me, Dugan?" he asked quietly. "Midwest Oil," he repeated slowly.

"I was going to, Hank," Dugan said softly. "Somehow, I just—"

Hank Chase rose. "You don't have to, Dugan. I think I understand. Everything," he added significantly.

Someone in a group huddled around a portable radio called to Dugan, but he hurried by unheeding. He had to find Hank. Instead, he bumped smack into Barbara and Larry coming out of the garden.

Larry grabbed him. "Just the person I want to see."

"Sorry, but..."

"No 'buts.' I want to talk to you a minute. Won't give you all the details now, but I want you to play a little polo for our Briar Hill team. We're having a little practice game tomorrow with the Hunt Club outfit, and we're not taking 'no' for an answer."

Dugan started to protest, thought differently and nodded assent. "Talk to you about it later," he called over his shoulder. "He's in an awful hurry," said Barbara curiously.

DUGAN didn't find Hank Chase because Hank had gone to his room and stayed there. Barbara, knocking on his door before she retired, found him in a chair, puffing on his pipe.

"Hey, where've you been? We had some swell charades. I was a refugee mother with triplets, and..."

"Sit down, Barbs," he interrupted quietly. "I have something to tell you. Something that has been bothering me all night."

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "Barbara, we've both been fooled, but it's hard to believe."

"Fooled?"

"Dugan's taking a job with Midwest Oil."

"No!" she whispered. "So what innocently implied was true all the time. He DID sell you out on that tract of land."

She got up, her eyes blazing. "I'm not wasting any time telling him what I think of him."

"No, don't..."

But she was gone. Barbara knocked on Dugan's door.

"Come in," he called. She stepped inside and a look of surprise crossed his face.

"To what do I owe this honor?" he asked with a smile. "To your dishonor," she replied coldly.

He walked over to the window and looked out grimly. "So, you've been talking with your uncle, I take it."

"Yes, you—your thief. You insufferable, contemptible cad! Needless to say, we expect you to leave our house when we return. There's nothing I can do about ordering you from Larry's place, but I wish I could."

He walked up to her very deliberately, his cheeks flushing. "You're the first person who ever called me a thief. The rest of it wasn't so bad, but I refuse to be judged a thief without a trial. Now, then, come with me."

He grabbed her by the wrist and all but jerked her into the hallway. There wasn't a chance for her to protest, even if her numb senses had time to function.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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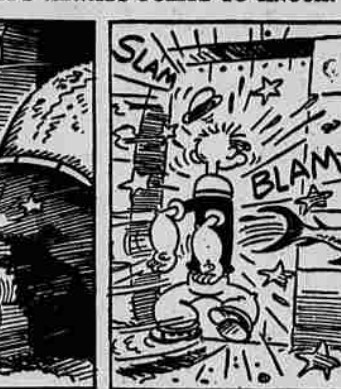
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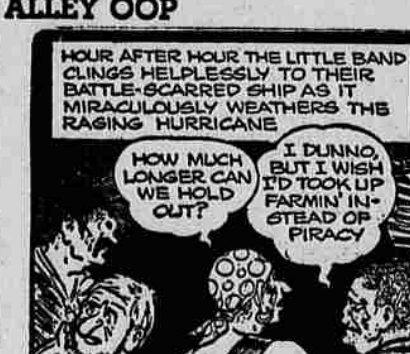
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SIDE GLANCES



Catholic Soldiers Use Streamlined Rings

FORT DIX, N. J.—Eight thousand Catholic soldiers of the 44th Division and in the recruit reception center are using new "streamlined" rosary rings designed for them by two service chaplains.

About 1½ inches in diameter, the rings are made of brass and are flat, so that they easily can be carried in the pocket or worn on a cord around the neck.

Major George J. Crone, Catholic chaplain of the Division and Capt. John D. Duggan, reception center chaplain, designed the rings to replace the ordinary prayer beads which were found to be fragile and expensive for army use.

Insurance Policies Novel College Gift

RICHMOND Ind.—A novel idea in the selection of the traditional "gift" by the 1921 graduating class has brought a welcome cash contribution to Earlham College's 1942 construction fund.

Twenty years ago, members of the class, wanting to make some contribution to the future of their alma mater, hit upon the plan of a 20-year endowment policy. The lives of the five youngest members of the class were insured, with an agreement that the class pay the premiums and the college be named beneficiary.

boy needs a dog, so I brought this puppy for Junior to grow up with.