SERIAL STORY

WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

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THE STORY: Pretty, groom-ed Kay Donovan, who has come to the city to seek her ex-foster-father, makes four friends and two startling discoveries. Her friends are Ted Andrews, job-less salesman whom she meets on a park bench, and MacLeod, Gold-berg and Flynn, lawyers who ad-vertise in the want ad columns for information as to her whereabouts. From them she learns that her father has passed away, leaving her $426.55, a factory, and a million cans of Wondros-oap, the product in which he had invested everything. The kindly lawyers suggest that she liquid-ate her holdings, but Kay is de-termined to carry on the work in which her father, along with a chemist, Hans Stadt, now somewhere in Texas, had faith, even though she knows nothing about it. She asks the lawyers to find Ted Andrews for her, plan-ning to make him Wondrosoap sales manager.

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CHAPTER III

MAN—Must be business-get-ter with original ideas, courage to use them, to sell entirely new product. Salary and commissions. To the best need apply. Box 206.

TIM DONOVAN waved the crumpled newspaper under At-torney Flynn's nose.

"There, if that doesn't bring him in, nothing will. Unless he's tired reading the help-wanted ads. He thinks he's tops in sell-ing, that 'original ideas and cour-age to use them' will catch his eye.

"You seem sure that this young man can sell Wondrosoap," Flynn said patronizingly. "If he does, I admit he's a marvel."

"Ted Andrews can sell any-thing."

"He's sold you—on Ted An-drews." The big Irishman laughed and ducked as Kay hurled the pillow at him. But there was laughter, not anger, in the green eyes.

In the three days he had known Tim Donovan, Mike Flynn had learned to love the girl. She was proud like her father—determined, self-confident, and once she made her mind there was no chang-ing her decisions. He had found out when, with MacLeod and Goldberg, he had vetoed the idea of her living at the factory.

"And where would be a better place for me?" Kay demanded.

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"So that was the way it turned out.

Right now, Mike was enjoying a cigar after testing Kay's culi-nary skill. He had to admit she was a cook. Not even Tim Dono-van made a better Irish stew. He was as much.

But Kay wasn't listening to him. She rushed to the door.

"Mike—Mr. Flynn—there's a car stopping outside. Do you think . . ."

"Do I think it's that young luna-tic that climbs up card tables? Open the door and let's see. Or would you rather be greeting him in the moonlight?"

Kay blushed. An instant later someone knocked. Then—

"I've found him. This Andrews fellow!" Goldberg shouted.

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TED walked into the room be-hind the attorney.

"You! Again!" Ted gasped.

"Why, yes." Kay was laughing at his surprise. "I inherited a business. I'm an heiress, just as you said. I need the best sales-man in the country, a man with ideas and"—she winked at Mike Flynn—"courage to climb out on top of 10 card tables."

"All right, Miss Donovan, have your fun." Ted tried to make his voice sound stern and business-like. "What's this high-powered sales job you wanted to see me about?"

Kay explained, told him about her father, his successful patent and his dreams for an all-purpose cleaner. If Tim Donovan was sure Wondrosoap was good, it would sell, provided it was backed with a good sales campaign. She wanted to know if he was willing to give it a trial.

"And what do I get out of this?" Ted demanded. Kay glanced at Flynn and Goldberg.

"You can have $25 a week and 5 cents commission on every can of Wondrosoap you sell"—Flynn and Goldberg smiled—"or you can have a quarter interest in the business and take the same risks I do. I'll put up the cash. I've got $400."

The smile underwent quick transformation, became a frown.

"Katie," Flynn broke in, "you can't be giving away your busi-ness like this—"

"You heard my offer." Kay waited.

"I'll take it—the 25 per cent of the business, no salary." Ted stuck out his hand. "Have your lawyers draw up a contract, we'll sign it tomorrow."

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KAY was waiting for Ted the following morning when he came down the dusty road to the factory.

She led him through the plant. At the mixing vat, somehow his hand brushed hers. She flushed.

"There are raw materials in the storehouse to make another mil-lion cans of Wondrosoap," Kay said quickly. "At least so Mr. Goldberg says. I don't know the formula, or the methods of mixing it, but Hans Stadt will know. He was Dad's chemist. He'll be back from Texas soon and we can start production again. However, we won't need to right away. There's plenty in the warehouse." She led the way.

"What does this stuff look like?" Ted lifted a box from the stacked rows, pulled off a board, extracted a can. He twisted off the lid.

He dug some of the stuff out with his fingers, rubbed it into the palm of his hand.

"Looks like a grease but it doesn't feel like it." He wiped his hands with a handkerchief. "Look! It doesn't leave a stain. You'd never believe there was anything on that handkerchief."

"It will clean metal, too," Kay reminded him. "Try some on this doorknob." The knob was dusty, blackened by grimy hands. Ted applied the cleaner, wiped it off again. The metal gleamed like new brass.

"You've got something here, Kay!" He grinned broadly.

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BACK in the office, Ted enthusi-astically outlined his sales campaign.

"If you have a product that you want to put on the market with a bang, how would you do it, Miss Donovan?"

"Why, I'd advertise it, of course."

"Suppose you want to create interest in it—create a demand—" Ted was thinking aloud. "You'd use teaser ads. That's it, daily teasers. We can start with 'W.' Next day we'll use 'Wo,' then 'Won' until we've finally spelled out 'Wondrosoap.' Then we'll tell the customers what it is and what it can do. Boy, will we blast them off their feet! We'll have them standing in line to buy Won-drosoap, and dealers howling for more. It's a cinch."

Kay wasn't so enthusiastic.

"That's a wonderful idea," she admitted, "but we can't afford a big advertising campaign. That would cost more than we can spend. I've only $400 and I have to live on that."

Both of them stared at the floor. Ted lighted a cigaret. The drone of the electric fan was the only sound. Then Ted's grin returned as he caught sight of the news-paper Kay had thrown at Flynn the night before, still lying in the corner.

"Honey, where do people go when they want to get newspaper advertising for the least money?"

Kay ignored the "Honey" and answered, "I haven't the slightest idea."

"Where you went when you wanted to find me. Where Flynn and MacLeod and Gold-berg went to trace you. Where we both went to find jobs. In the classified section. It's a cinch."

Kay laughed. Wondrosoap was on its way.

(To Be Continued)

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL VISITS ICELAND—Accompanied by a U. S. Marines (left), British Prime Minister Winston Churchill (knee-length coat) and Ensign John D. Roosevelt Jr., (center) salute the United States flag as they inspected U. S. Marines during a recent visit to Iceland on Churchill's return trip to England from his conference with President Roosevelt.

SIDE GLANCES

Grandchildren are always a cure for his rheumatism when they come for a visit!

Accidents, Fires Prove Dutch Still Resisting

IT took only four days for German armies to subdue the Netherlands in May, 1940, but there has been no victory over the Dutch spirit. Of all the occupied countries, the proud Netherlands wages the most determined fight against Nazism, through underground organization.

The stubborn Dutch have pursued a policy of ignoring the Germans publicly, infuriating the invaders. They have found an ever increasing number of ways to annoy and harass the Germans—by pasting placards in prominent places, by scribbling "V" everywhere, by wearing white carnations.

The Dutch railway system, the 100th anniversary of which was commemorated in the 1939 stamp above, is one of the finest in Europe. But since the Germans have taken it over it has been plagued with split rails, open switches and similar troubles that could only originate in sabotage.

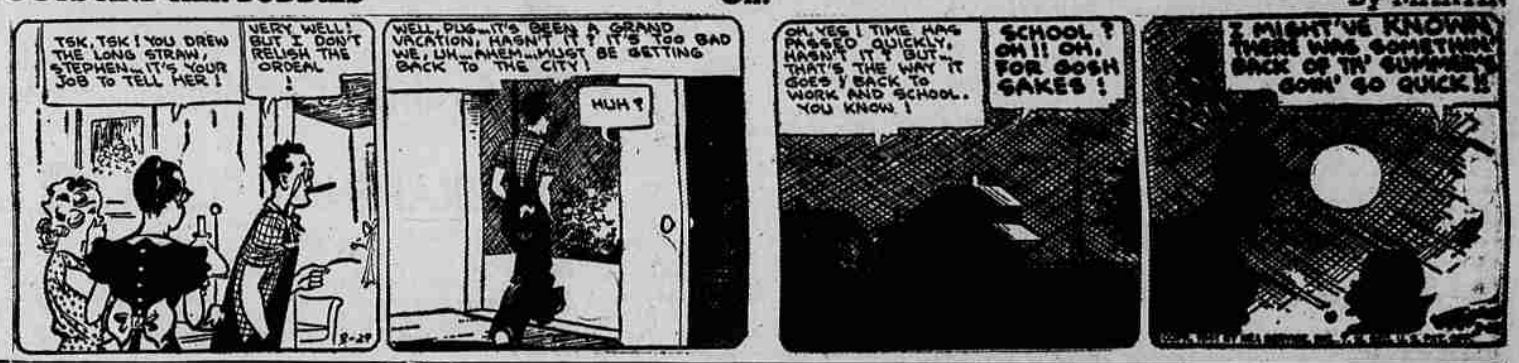
Fires have been springing up all over the Netherlands. The country is a continental landing point for British intelligence agents.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — The Tortoise and the Hare — By HAROLD GRAY

POPEYE — NOW SHOWING—WRITER'S CRAMP! — TOMORROW—JUST A BIG DUST BOWL! — By E. C. SEGAR

Secret Agent X-9 — By Robert Storm

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Oh! — By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS — Blitzkrieg — By CRANE

ALLEY OOP — Nearing the End — By V. T. HAMLIN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE · with · MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS