

SERIAL STORY
BRIDE FROM THE SKY
BY HELEN WELSHIMER

LACE IN JAIL
CHAPTER XIX

THE police matron came into the block of cells a few moments after Judy had been placed there. She pulled the 10-watt bulb in Judy's cell, dimly lighting the drab iron cot with its brown blanket, the tin wash basin, the barred window pane that was too far from the cement floor.

The matron was a middle-aged woman, thin and small, and gray hair bobbed around her face and her mild blue eyes.

Now she smiled at Judy. "My, my, child, what a pretty dress," she enthused. "Most of our brides wear gingham or some kind of white. Honest to goodness, you're the first one to be all dressed up like a paper angel. Did you get the worth out of the dress, dearie?"

"I never even was married," Judy's voice was gayer than it had been.

"Well, now that's a pity. A fine dress like that and the lace all ruined."

The woman moved her head from side to side in sympathy. Judy examined the lace, too. It was hopelessly raveled. Even in its rundown state it still held its pride.

"My grandmother wore this dress," Judy said. "And my grandmother lived in the same old brick house for 51 years. She never thought her dress would be Exhibit A in the case of the People vs. her granddaughter. Or that it would take a jump out of an airplane."

"Child, you jumped?"

The woman's eyes widened, and she sat down on the rough brown blanket.

"Bailed out," Judy slid off her wedding veil. It was ruined beyond all mending. "Maybe you could trim a blouse with this." She tossed the shimmering lace to the small police matron.

Why she wanted to tell the policeman her story she didn't know. Maybe because she wanted to straighten out its twisted threads in her own mind and a red, well rounded, would make the parachute melodrama clear.

For the first time she realized that the whole thing was fantastic—the sort of thing that simply didn't happen to well-balanced, intelligent people. It seemed natural to Judy to present the facts in a light that shed quiet glory on Phil. Sandy had done the unforgivable, the unbelievable, heedlessly and hopelessly muddling two lives besides his own. As she spoke her voice sharpened with anger.

At the close of her story the woman stood up and placed a gentle hand on Judy's shoulder. "I know you're furious with him, dear, but just think of that poor young man up there by himself all night long. Honey," she nodded, "you can say what you please, but he must love you a lot more than most women ever get loved to do what he did. And I'm for him. Maybe I'm just romantic, but I'm sure for him."

JUDY glanced out of the small upper window. The stars were out now, shining brightly in her corner of the sky. Then she whirled on the police matron.

"You think he's coward enough not to come down?"

"No, no, honey, but he'll work better if he isn't arrested. And I thought you hated him!"

"Oh, I do. I love Phil. He's—he's wonderful. If I wanted to marry him before, I want to marry him three times more now."

Even while she spoke she wondered why she had called Philip wonderful. It was such an ordinary word. Any girl could describe any man with it and mean it.

"Well, darling, here's a nice, neat, brown calico that will carry through till morning when the court sends for your stuff. There's a pitcher of cold water and a wash cloth and towel. If you want anything else just ring. You've got the whole women's quarters to yourself tonight." She smiled again, opened and locked the door, and her overruled heels hobbled away.

A little wind came from somewhere and ran along the window. Judy's throat hurt. Her eyes were misty. She wanted to be at

home, hearing friendly, laughing voices, knowing that marriage was a roof, a shelter, feet on smooth, thick-carpeted floor.

She had been a fool, but she had landed safely. From now on she was safe. No more rainbow ladders across white clouds, no more bridges made from stars, no more wings.

The cot was hard and uncomfortable. Because she could not sleep she remembered, looking at the dark blue window. Were all windows made from memories? Were nights supposed to be a place, a stopping place, for something that once had been lovely, something drab with time's passage?

When memories were done, those in which Phil and Sandy both moved, she caught her thoughts and pushed them together firmly behind a mental door.

IF Sandy really cared for her, why didn't he offer himself in her place? For a moment she had thought that he had cared. How did he know that she made a successful jump?

She began to think. There was to be a cross-country flight next week. Sandy had registered for it and paid the \$1000 entrance fee. She wondered how he had got it. Maybe from Peg's father.

And yet...

Sandy twice in the past winter had let her steer for a moment, his hand above hers. The earth had fallen away above the silver sea and she had aimed at a white, light trek that led to the moon.

Well, here she was. "Honey-moon suite," she murmured.

It was later, much later, that she awakened. For a frightened moment she wondered where she was. Her back ached from the mattress on the iron cot. She was cold, too, for the prickly blanket had slipped to the floor. She felt the white silk slip, the gossamer underthings that she was wearing.

The police matron stumbled sleepily along the corridor. "Miss Allen, a young man says he has to see you. A fine young man. Faith, if I was younger and hadn't buried my third, I'd make up a dress with lace and catch his eye myself."

"But how did he know that I'm here?" Dear Phil, grand Phil. She should have known he would come.

"May I really see him?" she asked, reaching for the billowing brown calico.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE



10-1-41

Stilled Small Voice



10-1-41

By HAROLD GRAY



10-1-41

By HAROLD GRAY



10-1-41

POPEYE

Now Showing—"Can't Blame a Feller for Trying!" Tomorrow—"DIVING BELLES?"



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Secret Agent X-9



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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



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OUR BOARDING HOUSE



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RAIL PUTS THE BITE ON—Recent fall of huge hailstones in New York state's Ontario region ruined several orchards and left cavernous pits in the apples, as seen above.

PARTY FOR TALL GIRLS
HOLLAND, Mich.—(AP)—The all girl has finally found an event that suits. The Tip-Toppers of western Michigan held a party and invited girls who were at least 5 feet 8 inches tall. Only men could attend were 6-footers.

HOUSING BACKS NAME
LITCHFIELD, Conn.—(AP)—The smallest defense housing project in the country will be completed at Bantam by Thanksgiving. The project will consist of 40 units in duplex houses, compared with an average of 235 units in the nation.

SIDE GLANCES



10-1-41

Raw Silk Gets Test In Florida

MIAMI, Fla.—(AP)—The shortage of silk resulting from this country's strained relations with Japan and the European War has accelerated a movement to develop south Florida as a great silk-producing center.

Overtures already have been made to the Department of Agriculture for government sponsorship of experiments carried on in the area during the last 41 years by Dr. Thomas de Pamphilis, who believes Florida eventually can supply more than enough silk for the entire nation.

De Pamphilis, who gained his early knowledge of silk-producing methods in his native Italy, came to Florida in 1900 to begin his experiments. By persistent testing in the muck and marl of the Everglades, he discovered that three varieties of mulberry trees—the albor morris, black English and morettian—would give three times as much silk from butterfly cocoons as had ever been produced.

By 1923 he had 20,000 of these trees under cultivation on a 160-acre tract near Miami, only to see them wiped out four years later by a tropical hurricane.

De Pamphilis' experiments have not been confined solely to the agricultural phase of silk production. He has perfected a method by which the larvae in 100,000 pounds of silk can be killed in two hours at a cost of approximately \$2.50. In Japan, a dozen persons require more than two weeks to kill the larvae in only 20,000 pounds of cocoons.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



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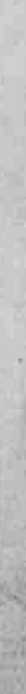
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OUT OUR WAY



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