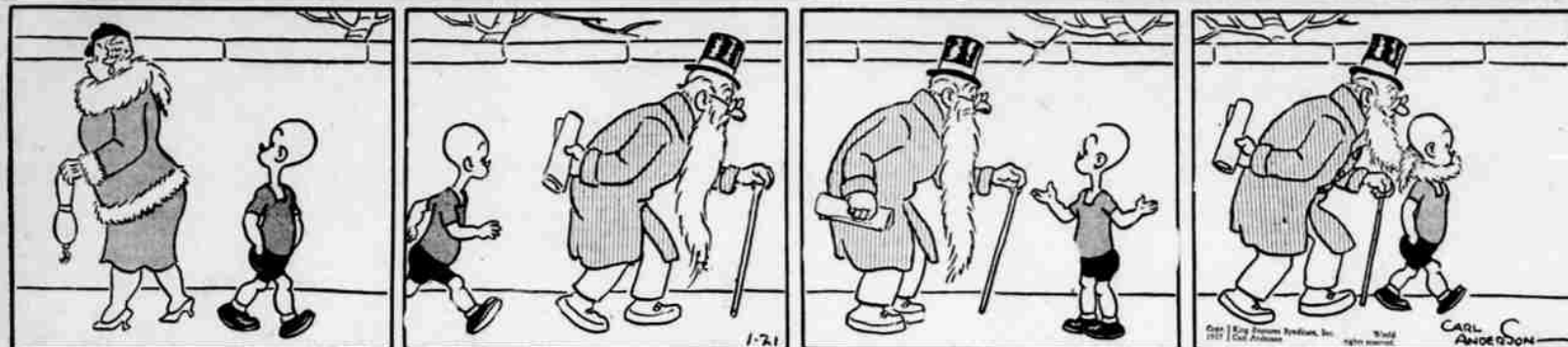


HENRY



By Carl Anderson

Wings For Sally

By BAILEY WOLFE

SYNOPSIS: Sally Warren, attractive copy editor of the Warrenton Courier, is secretly engaged to Terry Maynard, boyish blond aviator. But her pretty, broad-shouldered younger sister, Tip, falls in love with Terry and determines to have him. Philip Fave, returning to his homelike home, buys the Courier and backs the workman of the Morris mill in their fight for better homes. Wealthy Mary Morris decides to pursue Philip who is attracted to thoughtful Sally Terry. Sally must decide whether to marry him at once.

Chapter 18
QUARREL OVER TERRY
At the front of Sally's mind loomed the decision she knew now that she must make before she saw Terry that evening. She must go now, or risk never going with him. If she let him go to South America alone, he might tire of waiting for her. He might change. So might she.

And yet, could she leave now, on a
SUNDOWN STORIES
RIP'S LETTER
By Mary Graham Bonner
"Dear Rip," said the letter. "The doll is mine and I am so glad to have her back. I thought she was lost forever. I do not mind that she does not say 'Mama' any more because I can make-believe any number of talks she has with me. It's more fun. I feel all upset that you have the mumps. I'm afraid you got them from me. That was my first day out when you met me—and I shouldn't have come so far as I didn't really quite well, or add to play with other children. I shouldn't have kissed your silky ears. I hope you get over your mumps soon. I am sending you a present. It is a little, soft shawl to wrap around your neck. It will keep you warm while you have the mumps and I'm putting my favorite ball—a blue one—inside and you can play with it when you're all well again. Katrina is well and enjoyed flying over here under the crow's wing. She says she never expected to have a flying trip when she was so young. "When you're all well, please walk over here with Willy Nilly and tell me all about my doll's other adventures. Sometimes she becomes sleepy or as though she has a secret when I ask her all that happened when she was away. "I do hope you will be well soon, and please thank the crow for bringing my doll to me. With love and a pat for your head. "Your friend, Katrina—the doll's mother—Katrina. "Now I know how you caught the mumps," said Willy Nilly. "We'll tell Christopher, too. That crow has been so worried he hasn't been natural." Tomorrow Mrs. Quince Visits.

other emotions. Tip was spoiled. She wanted Terry as she had wanted a dozen other men, and because she had been able to win the others, she thought she could get Terry by outwitting him.

"Be quiet!" Sally ordered sternly. "You're behaving like a child. You don't know what love is. You want your own way and when you can't have it you always make a row."

"That's what you think," cried Tip. "But you don't know—you don't try to understand. Terry's not—not just somebody to play around with. He's the one person I've ever loved—and if you take him, I'll never love anybody else. I know." Tip's voice broke. She sat down on the edge of Sally's bed and wept softly, hopelessly.

Sally sat down beside her and took one of Tip's hands in hers. "Tip," she said, "don't you know that Terry has asked me to marry him, that he loves me and wants me to be his wife? Haven't you any pride left at all that you can run after a man who doesn't want you?"

Tip shook off Sally's hand and faced her with burning eyes. "But he does love me!" she cried, and her words had the sting of sincerity. "If you weren't blind as a bat you'd know he loves me—that I'm the right one for him, not you. Only he likes and respects you, and he'll never tell you. He'll marry you, because you want it—and I can't bear it, I can't!"

Tip's head went down on the bed again, but this time Sally did not touch her. All Sally's reason fled as bright hot anger possessed her. "Stop that!" she cried. "You're a selfish, hateful girl—and if anyone ever marries you, he'll be ashamed of you—as I am!"

"Then it's time I was getting out of this place," said Tip dully. "It's time you got out and tried to find yourself a job. If you worked and did your share for the family you wouldn't have time to worry about how many men you can add to your string of conquests. Well, you can't add Terry. He's mine."

Tip stared at Sally, shocked out of her own grief. Sally relentlessly poured out the accumulated resentment of years of giving up to Tip. "You're not worth all we've sacrificed for you," said Sally. "You're not worth Mother's slaving over your pretty clothes, or my furnishing your pocket money. You're not worthy of Terry Maynard's love, and I hope he'll never be blind enough, stupid enough to care for you."

"Stop, Sally," Tip said quietly, standing up. She looked her older sister steadily in the eyes. She had a strange new dignity, and Sally's wrath subsided as suddenly as it had risen, leaving her sick and ashamed.

"Go on away with Terry," Tip said. "You're right. I'm not good enough for him. Just—not good enough."

"I'm sorry," Sally meant it. "Don't be sorry," answered Tip. "It's the truth. I've been a silly flirt. Only, give me credit, this time I know what it is to love somebody enough to feel I'm not good enough for him."

"You only think you love Terry," said Sally. "Tomorrow it will be Joe Morris or someone else."

car and Terry she tried to erase from her vision the irrag-comic picture of Tip, standing in the middle of the floor, striding like a movie heroine, and yet, strangely sincere. Sally was glad that Terry did not talk to her until they were out of town and well on the road to the Barn. When he did speak, he was matter-of-fact and reassuring.

"Hope the news that my big job came through wasn't too much of a shock. I meant to save it and tell you tonight, but Mom let it out to the newspaper. She couldn't wait."

"Your family's proud of you, isn't it? Mine's proud of you."

"They were afraid I'd never get a job," grinned Terry. "They're still surprised that I can really do anything anybody's willing to pay for. They think I'm being overpaid for this new job."

"You've earned it—every bit of it."

The lights of the little roadside inn loomed ahead of them. They parked the car beside several others and went in, to find the little stalls of the Barn nearly full of people having supper. Later there would be a small string orchestra and everyone would dance.

Sally had Terry ordered supper and while they ate talked of everything but themselves. Terry, who had at first been his old gay, self, full of exuberance over the new job, grew silent and moody as they neared the end of their supper.

Sally, over the coffee, said: "Shall we—talk about us?"

"I've got a hunch something is going to bust loose around here mighty soon—something we won't like—it's been too dog-goned quiet lately."

"If that gang wasn't up to something, they wouldn't be prowling this neighborhood all the time. In my way they are."

"I wouldn't care so much for myself—Sandy and I could jump town easy enough—but Ginger won't run, and I'll not leave her—Gee—if anything should happen to her—"

"OH ANNIE—YOU'RE SPILING ME ENTIRELY—BUT I MUST ADMIT I LIKE IT—"

THAT'S A PICTURE OF A SAVAGE MEDICINE MAN, PINHEAD, HE'S WHAT WE CALL A DOCTOR IN OUR COUNTRY

WHAT'S HE WEAR THAT MASK FOR, DAISYBELLE, IT MAKES HIM LOOK TERRIBLE

SAVAGES DON'T HAVE MEDICINES LIKE WE HAVE, PINHEAD, SO HE WEARS THE MASK TO FRIGHTEN THE SICKNESS OUT OF HIS PATIENTS

SO THAT'S HOW HE LOOKS WHEN HE WANTS HIS PATIENTS TO GET BETTER

WELL, WHAT MUST HE LOOK LIKE WHEN HE WANTS TO SCARE 'EM INTO PAYIN' THEIR BILLS!

"You've made up your mind, then?" Terry asked quickly. "Not exactly," Sally tried to read his expression. She must go carefully, remembering everything that Tip had said.

"What do you mean?" Terry frowned. "There's no more hesitating, Sally. The time's too short. Either you love me enough to marry me and go away with me now—or you don't."

"There's something else besides that," said Sally. "There's—Tip."

"You know," Terry was immensely relieved. "I told her you would. I told her somehow you'd be able to figure it out—if you knew."

"Tip thinks she loves you."

"God knows why," said Terry. "I can't make it out—how she could fall for me, stacking me up against all the fellows she's got on her string."

"That's not so difficult to understand," said Sally, and a trace of hardness got into her voice. "Perhaps it's just that—you haven't been on her string. Tip always wants what she can't get."

"Do you believe that, Sally?" Terry searched her face with anxious eyes. "That's what I've been trying to tell myself all along—it would make things easier. Do you really believe that, Sally?"

Sally was bitterly tempted to say yes. If she did, if she told Terry that Tip was incapable of liking anyone for very long, then Terry might believe her. After all, she and Terry had been fond of each other for a long time. If he believed him-

self to be falling in love with Tip now, it was because Tip had been running after him, had flattered him. Sally fought down the impulse to dismiss Tip's love as pure infatuation. She must be fair, above all.

"If—if I could believe that Tip's only flirting," Terry repeated. "It would make the whole thing easier."

"I don't know," said Sally slowly, picking her words. "It's true that Tip never has been so much in earnest about anyone as she was tonight—about you. Maybe she loves you. Maybe she'll get over it and fall in love with Joe or some of the others. I can't answer for that. I haven't the right. It seems to me that what you have to consider is—what you feel for Tip."

"Now it was out. She was giving him his chance, to get out of their engagement, just as she had known she would ever since Tip had spoken.

(To be continued)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Q. Where were the earliest blue laws in force in this country? K.R.G. A. The title Blue Laws seems to have attached to the earliest code of

THURSDAY, P.M.
8:00—Pepper Young's Family, NBC.
12:30—Ma Perkins, NBC.
12:30—The O'Neills, NBC.
1:30—NBC Program.
2:30—Prison, NBC.
2:30—State of Today.
3:00—Woman's Magazine of the Air, NBC.
4:00—Donald McGilbert, NBC.
4:30—Voice of Experience, NBC.
4:30—Philly Time, NBC.
4:30—My and My Shadow.
4:30—Cocktail Hour.
5:00—Buddy Vallee, NBC.
8:00—Dinner Concert, NBC.
7:30—Music Hall, NBC.
8:00—Amos 'n' Andy, NBC.
8:15—Symphony Hour, NBC.
8:45—Orchestra, NBC.
10:15—Glenn Miller.
10:30—Orchestra.
To 12—Complete Weather Report.

the colony of New Haven about 1640. The list of 45 such laws published in 1781 in a History of Connecticut by S. A. Peters, a fugitive Tory clergyman, was compiled mostly from the codes of various New England colonies and did not represent the laws of Connecticut.
Q. How many acres are planted in commercial truck crops? W.M. A. In 1935, the acreage was 7,574,000. This year it was about 7,335,000.
Q. How large was the first issue of The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.? J.F. A. The Evening Star was first regularly issued on December 16, 1852, as a five-column, four-page paper.

RADIO PROGRAM

THURSDAY, P.M.
8:00—Dr. Kait.
8:30—Lanny Ross Showboat, NBC.
9:30—Hands of Lightning.
10:00—Orchestra, NBC.
10:30—Orchestra, NBC.
10:45—Melody Memories.
11:15—Charles Burson, NBC.
To 12—Complete Weather Report.
FRIDAY, A.M.
8:00—530 Kilowatts.
8:00—Mermaid Melodies.
9:00—Petite Musicale.
9:45—Start of Today.
9:00—Financial Service, NBC.
9:15—Financial News.
9:30—Voice of Experience, NBC.
9:30—Arlinson Time Signal.
9:30—Christie, NBC.
9:15—Start of Mary Martin, NBC.
9:45—NBC Program.
10:15—Mrs. Wainwright.
10:30—John's Other Wife, NBC.
10:45—Just Plain Bill, NBC.
11:30—Orchestra.
11:45—Refreshment Time.
THURSDAY, P.M.
8:00—Monitor News.
8:15—Party Hour.
11:00—Music.
11:30—Variety.
1:45—Music.
2:00—Guardians Your Health.
2:30—Garden Club Program.
2:45—Music.
3:00—When Foreign Students Talk at Home.
3:30—Music.
3:45—The Monitor Views the News.
4:00—The Symphonic Hour.
4:30—Stories for Boys and Girls.
4:30—On the Camp.
5:30—Music.
6:45—Vegetables.
6:00—United Press News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:30—Radio Shortland Contest.
8:00—Music.
8:15—Gossip Along With Others.
8:30—Music.
8:45—Foresters in Action.

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SO NEAR TO RESCUE... AND YET... By Hal Forrest



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