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The Voice of Love By WILLIAM NEUBAUER

IAP Newsfeatures

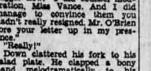
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Back came the world to camp this Back came the world to Ruth Carlisle. With a start she grew aware of the tumult shout her and Mr. Juince bearing down on their table with long strides. "I could not. According to his nephew. Mr. Curtis wants no fuss. He doean't feel well. And fust wait until I get my hands on Nancy!"

Mancy¹⁰ "May I join you?" The lanky principal beamed upon Miss Elosary Vance. Taking silence for consent, he placed his tray on the table and sat down. "Quiet, isn't it?" Miss Vance snifted. "I can hear birds singing and the tinkle of brooks in the quiet afternoon!" Mr. Quince chuckled. "Oh, you're not angry with ma Miss vance. You know perfectly well that the decision was made by the school board."

school board." "A real principal would have defended the results of the past, A man who wasn't an oily poli-tician at heart would have told Mr. Abraham O'Brien and all the others that our methods achieved good, clear, worthwhile results."

His gray eyes twinkled. He was a man of invincible amiability. Dishes might crash around him, rebellion might flars in his school, Grace might go out with Arith-metic two evenings a week, but still he'd smile and return daggers



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