

SERIAL STORY

WAR AND A WOMAN

BY BETTY WALLACE

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Yesterday, realizing that she has fallen in love with Jimmy, Linda battles her emotions, determines to stay away from him. Marcia misinterprets her attitude, which Linda blames on her hatred of war, believe Linda dislikes Jimmy.

CHAPTER III

TAKEN a dislike to Jimmy! Linda Storm braced herself against the onslaught of feeling that even his name, spoken by Marcia, could rouse in her.

"Don't be silly, Marcia!" she cried sharply. She hadn't meant to be sharp. The moment the words were out, she heard the shrill note of panic behind them. She went on swiftly, "Of course I like your boy friend. I—I'm just out of place here. I didn't know when I came that I'd feel like this. But now I find that I can't forget it—my mind goes right on, weighing and judging against my will."

There was a stillness. Linda tried again. "Every time I see an airplane or hear that sound of motors, I remember that they're learning how to wage war. That's all that's the matter. It isn't Jimmy! It isn't!"

She slipped her arm around Marcia, tried to recapture the intimacy they had shared as young girls at Miss Lindley's school. "Darling, I'm sorry I ever started it. I shouldn't have told you. I should have been polite if it choked me. But you mustn't think it's your boy friend—that I dislike him—" Her voice was blurring. "I ought to go home."

"Go home? Oh, Linda, No!" Marcia hugged her fiercely. "It's a free country. Go on, hate the planes and war and even Jimmy all you want to. But this is my wedding! Remember how we used to talk about when we'd get married and be each other's maid of honor? You can't go home! I need you."

"I'm afraid I've spoiled it for you already. What a lunk I am sometimes!"

"You're not a lunk! I respect your opinions, even if I don't agree with some of them. What does anything matter, anyway, but the fact that we're friends?" Her voice quivered. "Lots of times we argued about sillier things at Miss Lindley's. It's merely that you've been brought up one way, and I another. But Linda, I—I never had a sister. And ever since we roomed together, I—I've had you."

Linda's heart turned over, and the hot blood stung her cheeks. Dear Marcia. So sweet and loving and generous. Giving her trust and whole heart so guilelessly. While all the time, it was Jimmy Cooper that Linda was afraid of. The planes, too. But Jimmy more than any bomber ever built. Jimmy's nearness was more terrible at this moment than any bloody news from across the sea.

If it killed her, Linda Storm resolved, she must not betray Marcia's trust in her. She must try to be cool and casual with Jimmy. She must try to pretend he was only another man in a world full of men. But she must not snap at him, she must not be too cold either. That was the most difficult part of it all. Because if she was unfriendly, Marcia would be hurt cruelly. But how could she be close to him and still hold fast to reason and judgment?

"Forgive me, honey," she managed to say, humbly. "Let's go down. Bring on your flying field and your airplanes. I'll try to see them with your eyes."

Marcia's grateful smile was reward enough. And yet, going down the stairs a moment later, Linda rallied herself consciously against the impact of this meeting with Jimmy Cooper. She girded all her mental armor. Then she looked directly at the tall figure who rose from the sofa to greet them, and murmured, "Good morning."

"Linda dawdled," Marcia was explaining to him. "Jimmy, are you very hungry for your breakfast?"

"Starved," he said briefly. He was staring at her. She could feel his eyes. She could even sense the moment when he roused himself and turned to Marcia.

At the breakfast table, Marcia's mother presided. She was a smart, middle-aged woman in a crisp morning dress. About her was the invisible aura of position and command which her husband's high naval post had bestowed upon her. You knew, looking at her, that she was capable and shrewd as well as gracious.

Mrs. King said, "Your father couldn't wait, of course, Marcia. She turned to Linda. "And how do you like Pensacola?"

Marcia cut in hastily, "Oh, she's hardly seen it, Mother."

"You were lucky to get so enthusiastic a guide as Jimmy. In that case, Linda my dear. We'll soon have you converted into an ardent flying fan. Jimmy is wrapped up in his work here and believes in it as few other men do. Although, of course, all of us are partisans . . ."

He would be just the kind of man who would be wrapped up in his work. He was enough like George Cameron for that. The same steel, the same strength. In Jimmy the steel was more finely tempered, the strength more like the strength of a slender wire than a concrete wall.

She had often reflected that George used the battering ram of steady grinding, when sometimes sheer brilliance might have achieved the same end more

quickly. But as her father had remarked, George got there. And brilliance was sometimes undependable. George was always dependable.

QUICKLY, she had caught herself. She mustn't even compare George with Jimmy. She concentrated on her plate; on the food which was tasteless to her. "Queensville," his voice said. "What's it like?"

Marcia was helping herself liberally to toast and jam. "It's a quiet graveyard, Jimmy, my love. Don't you remember I told you how I stilled out there three summers ago, when you were on the Lexington? You needn't give me that look! Linda knows what I think of Queensville. I said enough the whole time I was there. We had a swell time anyway. You ought to meet Linda's father. He always has his nose in a book guaranteed not to be less than 1000 years old. He talks in parables. Oh, not the Bible! Ancient history! Everything that happens nowadays, it seems, happened the same way and for about the same reasons in ancient Rome, to hear him tell it."

"I expect he's right," Mrs. King put in. "History does repeat itself."

"But governments seldom learn that lesson," Linda couldn't help saying.

"Anyway your father sounds very learned," Jimmy said. "Daddy is one of the foremost authorities in Latin and ancient history in the country."

"In that case, I wonder what he thinks of modern Naval officers. College professors usually don't approve of us."

"Oh, Lord!" Marcia whispered. "Here it comes!" Her eyes besought Linda not to make any breaks. Linda crumbled toast in her fingers and Mrs. King, pouring

a second cup of coffee for Jimmy, remarked, "Most professors subscribe to the belief that war is barbarous. And it is, of course. Nevertheless, it is lucky you're already engaged to another professor, isn't it, Linda?" So many visiting girls bring home flying sons-in-law from Pensacola."

Linda's lips were suddenly stiff. A muscle twitched in Jimmy's cheek. Then, against her will, Linda was looking across the table. Looking straight into his eyes. The blood raced and pounded in her veins as she felt his eyes asking her deep, wordless question and her own eyes answering.

(To Be Continued)

Daughter of Dr. Smith Near Death



Dr. James Monroe Smith, imprisoned ex-president of Louisiana State University, has been moved to Baton Rouge, La., to be near hospital where only daughter, Mrs. Owen Waller Ware, above, is now death from blood poisoning. Recently Mrs. Ware gave birth to son, whom Dr. Smith has never seen.

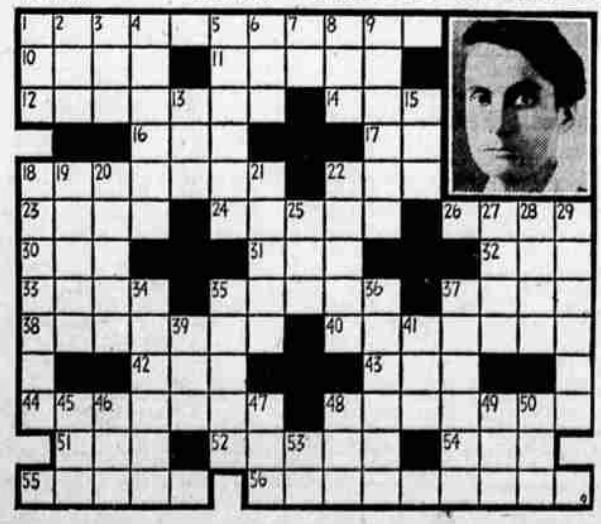
Hold Everything!



"What's the trouble—can't you think of anything funny to draw?"

WELFARE WORKER

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Social worker who specializes in children's work.
 - 10 Hub.
 - 11 Viol.
 - 12 Not armed.
 - 14 Obscure.
 - 16 Electrified particle.
 - 17 Behold.
 - 18 To rub.
 - 22 Hair ornament.
 - 23 Grafted.
 - 24 Impetuous.
 - 26 Food mollusk.
 - 30 Low of a cow.
 - 31 Gold.
 - 32 Haunt.
 - 33 Hoop.
 - 35 Repasts.
 - 37 Round-handled basket.
 - 38 Deliverances from injuries.
 - 40 Seats in church.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- PAUL MUNI AWARD
ARRIVES CATERER
TEND DEPOT DID
ASS MARINER LEO
B SOL UP
ROSEAL TOAST
OGLE I TACUE
ARA GO P ORA
DEMAN ANGEL
AL SOPHILA
ARISE BOO AVENT
RAVEN IRA CAMEO
CHARACTER ELUDE
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Antelope.
 - 2 Hied.
 - 3 Kava.
 - 4 Cherry red.
 - 5 To retaliate.
 - 6 To offer.
 - 7 Exclamation.
 - 8 Ancient.
 - 9 Male sewer.
 - 13 Flightless bird.
 - 15 To cut grass.
 - 18 She was a
 - 20 Passive.
 - 21 Relieves.
 - 22 Gongs.
 - 25 Gazelle.
 - 27 Heathen god.
 - 28 Faery.
 - 29 She worked to reduce mortality.
 - 34 Pertaining to the gull family.
 - 35 Purposed.
 - 36 Horse tennel.
 - 37 Scoria.
 - 39 Pastry.
 - 41 Drone bee.
 - 45 Tree.
 - 46 Rumanian coins.
 - 47 Three.
 - 48 Vigor.
 - 49 Wine cup.
 - 50 Convent worker.
 - 53 Form of "be."



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



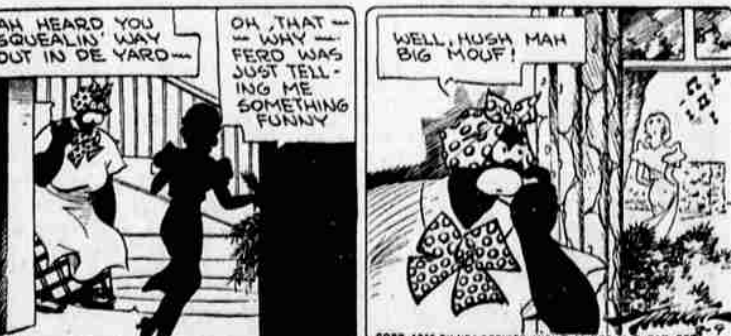
BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

