

SERIAL STORY

WAR AND A WOMAN

BY BETTY WALLACE

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Yesterday, Linda packs hurriedly for her trip home. The first plane she can get leaves from Klamath Falls, 150 miles away. Linda is afraid of what may happen in the three hours alone with him.

CHAPTER VIII

The car hummed over the road. Jimmy's eyes were intent, his hands on the wheel very sure. The needle of the speedometer hovered at 55, went to 60.

Linda did not notice what they were passing. All she saw was his profile, so inexpressively dear, so unutterably important to her even though two weeks ago she had never seen it at all. The way his lips were curved and sensitive, the way his cheek was lean and hard.

Why had George's face never affected her this way? It was only a face.

"You and your dad are very close, aren't you?" Jimmy ventured at last. "If it—if it'll help you to talk, I wish you would."

"There's not much to say," she answered. "I—I guess it goes too deep."

"I lost my folks when I was 15," he told her slowly. "I think I know what you're going through."

"Fifteen! Oh, I'm so sorry..."

"I missed a great deal. Marcia's father and mine were life-long friends. He—he sort of adopted me, afterward. I was in prep school, and then at the Academy. And always there was the Kings' home to go back to."

She realized, suddenly, that he was explaining. Explaining about Marcia. They had been thrown together so much. She seemed to hear Marcia's voice again. "I've loved him since I was knee high."

Queer, that it was that same element of propinquity, of long acquaintance, which had drawn her to George.

"My—my fiancé—has been a friend of Daddy's a long time, too," she was saying. "He likes the same things Daddy does. They have long arguments over what did or didn't happen in ancient Rome. They discuss Caesar's campaigns, and the meaning of obscure passages in the Aeneid."

They were talking around the important point, she knew. Remembering the words she had flung at him last night, she went on. "They're both—both bitterly opposed to big navies and armaments and all that. They think the common people of the country don't want them. They think all that leads to war."

"The Services are very cliquish and headstrong," he admitted. "No use saying we don't take the attitude that war is inevitable."

"But that's a defeatist attitude. That brings it so much closer—just admitting that it must come! The color rose in her cheeks. "If you could see Queensville, see all those young boys learning the finer things. Learning the arts of peace—how to be doctors and lawyers, and scientists. . . . Realizing what a war would do to their lives—"

"But just by having us on hand, they're safer than they would be if they didn't have us," Jimmy said. "Say we're a necessary evil." His eyebrow quirked. Did he think her childish? "Without the armed forces, Linda, this country wouldn't be in the strong position it is in to talk peace. To enforce peace."

"But you can't enforce peace! Just the word enforce. . . ."

"Do you think all the nations of the world are apt to scuttle their battleships and dismember their fighting planes?" Now he was actually smiling. "It seems to me they tried that once."

SHE felt the sense of their argument slipping away from her. Her head ached. "I guess it doesn't matter what I think," she said wearily. "It doesn't matter what a hundred million other small, unimportant men and women in the country think. We're not in the saddle. The handful who are, are running us. Oh, where are we now? How far have we gone? I wish we were in Mobile!"

Jimmy glanced at his wrist watch. "We've lots of time. The plane doesn't leave until 10:35 to-night."

Ten-thirty-five. It wasn't even dark yet.

"Would you like to stop and get some coffee?"

There was gnawing emptiness inside her, she realized. "That would be fine," she told him gratefully.

But even across the little table in the roadside luncheon, the ghost of Marcia stood between them. Three hours she had given herself. . . . She had more. Much more. But always and forever, there would be Marcia.

They were riding again. "A funny name, Turpentine Still," she murmured drowsily, after a long time, as a sign swam into her vision.

He didn't answer. Linda closed her eyes. She never knew how long she had slept, but when she awoke, all warm and refreshed, her head was on his shoulder. She sat up swiftly, a blush prickling under her fair skin.

His eyes smiled at her, wordlessly. The steady driving continued. Now it was twilight. There was a bridge, looming ahead. "We're going over Mobile Bay."

"You mustn't stay with me until the plane comes," she said in sudden panic. "Dump me at the airport. I'll be all right."

"Do you think I'm anxious to be rid of you, Linda?" He was trying to sound light. Her eyes dropped.

"Marcia will be anxious about you. And there's the party—"

"Listen, Linda. All at once his tone had changed. His eyes had changed, and a bunch of muscles at his jaw were taut. "Let's cut out this pretending. We haven't much longer. Sooner or later we'll have to talk this out, and I—I've got to do it now!"

"No," she said faintly. "No, Jimmy. You'll be sorry. You don't mean it. You can't. . . ."

"I do mean it. And you mean it. A thing like this doesn't happen more than once in a lifetime to a man and a woman. It's happened to us. We didn't go looking for it. It just burst—like a bomb in our faces."

"Bom!" she choked. "Oh, stop! Stop!"

HIS hand on her shoulder was suddenly firm. "I'm not going to stop! We'll face this out! You love me, you know you do, you can't deny it. What does it matter that we both made a mistake, that we both promised other people? Think of all the men and women in the world who walk into marriage blindfolded and don't meet the right one until it's too late. That shouldn't happen to us! We ought to be glad—glad, I tell you—that we found out in time! We've got to be brave about it. I'll hurt Marcia. I'll hurt that George of yours. But it won't hurt as much as if we go on spinelessly and let two marriages smash up later."

FLAPPER FANNY

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By Sylvia



"There's a lotta mistakes in it, boss. Can I just put on 'dictated but not read'?"

MODERN PRINCE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1, 6 Crown of Norway.
 - 9 Epilepsy symptom.
 - 10 Mathematical term.
 - 12 To spill liquid.
 - 13 Daily foods.
 - 14 Doctrine.
 - 16 Tree.
 - 18 Shaggy.
 - 21 Sea monsters.
 - 25 Instrumental compositions.
 - 30 To retreat.
 - 31 Stately old dance.
 - 32 Aperients.
 - 34 Mined product.
 - 35 To allure.
 - 37 Decree.
 - 41 Bronze.
 - 42 Gluts.
 - 46 Frozen dessert.
 - 47 Bed laths.
 - 49 Youth.
 - 50 Opposed to odd.
 - 51 Blue.
 - 52 Greek god of war.
 - 54 His wife is Princess of Sweden.
 - 55 His father was elected to the . . .
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
1. WARSAW
2. VANDERBILT
3. MATEO
4. ANENT
5. TAD
6. QUAST
7. YULE
8. STAMMER
9. SREBA
10. STORA
11. TRAVERSES
12. CADIT
13. LIMIT
14. TEAS
15. ALAS
16. IM
17. MALONE
18. BALTIC
19. COYNIA
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Time gone by.
 - 2 Law.
 - 3 Golf club.
 - 4 Back of neck.
 - 5 Age.
 - 6 Land rights.
 - 7 Dyestuff.
 - 8 Chopping tool.
 - 9 Mineral spring.
 - 11 Maple shrubs.
 - 15 At that place.
 - 16 Renters.
 - 19 Sluggish.
 - 20 Theme of a talk.
 - 21 Unit of currency in his land.
 - 22 Corded fabric.
 - 23 Gnawed.
 - 24 Kinsfolk.
 - 26 Farewell!
 - 27 Viscous fluid.
 - 28 Of each an equal quantity.
 - 29 Barbers.
 - 30 Not fresh.
 - 31 Long poles.
 - 32 Erects.
 - 33 Prima donna.
 - 34 Cake froster.
 - 40 Penny.
 - 43 Axillary.
 - 44 Rootstock.
 - 45 Paradise.
 - 47 Mineral spring.
 - 48 To harden.
 - 50 Type measure.
 - 53 Southeast.



He Fires Verbal Volley at Hatch



"Most unAmerican piece of legislation in 25 years." At Young Democrats convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., Pitt Tyson Maner, above, of Montgomery, Ala., national president of organization, thus blasted Hatch law, prohibiting political activities by government employees.

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

