

SERIAL STORY

WAR AND A WOMAN

BY BETTY WALLACE

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Yesterday, Nearing Mobile, Jimmy told Linda they are foolish to try to fight their love. It is better to hurt Marcia and George now than to wreck two marriages. "I love you and I must have you!"

CHAPTER IX

THEY said goodbye to each other, Linda Storm and Jimmy Cooper, on the windswept field where little jewels of lights outlined the far boundaries of the airport. The great silver ship, with motors idling, waited for her.

It wasn't much of a goodbye. His hand held hers for an endless space, his voice said, "Remember, Linda. This is not the end."

"It's got to be the end!" she jerked. She ran up the steps and found a seal. She didn't want to peer out of the window, but she couldn't help it. He was standing bare-headed in the night, his face set. He waved to her. She saw the shadow of the huge airliner running along the side of a hangar. Then the field was dropping away, the lights below getting smaller and smaller.

EVEN before the ship stopped its slowing run on the field at Queensville, the next morning, Linda made out George's figure waiting, there in front of the gate. She had not slept all night, although her seat was tilted back comfortably. Too many things battled inside her.

But now that she was home again, the immediacy of her father's illness claimed her. "How is Daddy?" she asked breathlessly, when she and George were face to face.

"We don't know yet," George was tired. His eyes, behind the glasses, were red-rimmed. "I've been up with him all night. He kept asking for you."

A middle-aged, business-like nurse opened the door to them when they reached home. Linda asked her swiftly, "How's my father?"

"Dr. Logan will be here in a few minutes. You can go right up."

Linda brushed past her, raced up the stairs. At the door of her father's room, she checked herself. A smile. She must greet him with a smile.

"Hello, Daddy!" Her voice rang out, almost true in its forced cheerfulness. "What do you mean by pulling a trick like this the minute my back is turned?"

But when she saw his white face on the pillow, when she saw the deep lines around his mouth etched there by pain, her courage faltered. How old he had become! How weak, how spent!

"Linda," his voice was a thread. Only his eyes were the same. Wise and kind and holding a world of love for her. "Linda, my darling."

She threw her arms around his neck, remembering to be very gentle. She hid her face.

"How good to see you, Linda. I was afraid I'd never see you again."

"Don't talk like that, Daddy," she pleaded. The nurse bustled in. "We'll have no excitement, please, Professor Storm," she said crisply. "I'm glad your daughter is here, but you know what I told you about carrying on!"

"Nurse Rourke is a Tartar, Linda," whispered Daddy. "Can't call my soul my own."

"Humph! Calling your soul your own is just what I'm here to help you keep on doing, I'll remind you!"

Evidently they knew each other well and thoroughly, despite their short acquaintance. Linda's eyes stung, idiotically. It was so much like Daddy to have a little joke with his nurse even at a time like this.

When Dr. Logan came, he took her into the book-lined study downstairs, and closed the door. "Your father is a very sick man, my dear."

"But what is it?" "It's an occlusion of the coronary artery."

That meant nothing to her, as he had probably known. Damage has been done the heart—much damage, grave damage. Few men, if I may speak plainly, survive an attack of this sort. Your father has a fighting chance—if he made a little tent of his hands and looked at them with intense concentration—if another attack does not occur."

THE days became a pattern. She was with Daddy every minute that the formidable Rourke would allow. He had to sleep a great deal, and most of the time he was under medication. There were the long rituals of his bath, his bed changing, the many mysterious things Rourke did with the door closed against Linda. There were the doctor's visits, the careful detailing of how Daddy had or had not slept. Mostly it was had not. And there were the silent moments when the mask of cheerfulness slipped away from Linda as she sat at his bedside and wondered helplessly how they could prevent another attack.

There was one thing she could do: she could protect Daddy from ever knowing that she no longer loved George Cameron. A shock like that would be too much for him. He loved George as he might have loved the son he never had.

As for George himself, now that the first fright was over, he returned to his laboratory and his beloved experiments. Except for a few minutes each day with her father, he did not come to the house, for he understood how busy and upset she was. Nor did he refer to the long distance telephone conversation when she had

hung up on him. Had he forgotten that?

She had been home five days before George said, "Isn't it about time you stepped outside this house, Linda? I'd like to have you alone for a few minutes."

"I'm afraid to leave Daddy," "Of course I understand—but—"

"Isn't that Daddy's bell now?" Linda evaded.

"Miss Rourke is paid to answer his bell," George said quietly.

"Even trained nurses get some time off!" she snapped. "Excuse me. I'll see what he wants."

THE bell hadn't rung at all. But when she returned to the living room, George was gone. That was Friday night.

On Saturday morning, when she opened her eyes she remembered something sharply. Tomorrow! Tomorrow was Marcia King's wedding day. Linda's whole soul shuddered at the thought of Jimmy Cooper, standing at Marcia's side, repeating solemnly, "I, James, take thee, Marcia—"

But as she dressed slowly, she told herself that the wedding would occur as scheduled, all right. Jimmy had returned to his senses by now. He owed Marcia a duty. Those wild things he had said to Linda Storm wouldn't stand up in the cold light of day. Anyway, she had told him plainly, there at the airport, that it was goodbye. "This has got to be the end," she'd said.

Miss Rourke's voice broke into her thoughts. "Postman brought a letter for you."

Linda flung the door open. "Thank you." Her heart lurched. Could it be from Jimmy? But when Miss Rourke put in her hand, Marcia's round scribbling, which had not changed since the days when pieces of her English themes littered their room at school, stared up at her.

She tore the letter open swiftly. "You haven't written, Linda," Marcia began. "But I understand how it must be with your father so desperately ill. I am willing to tell you that you are not going to be dishonored after all. You'll have a second chance. Because, darling, there isn't to be a wedding this Sunday. Jimmy was suddenly ordered to sea Wednesday."

(To Be Continued)

During 1937, the Dominion of Canada produced 1,402,911 tons of steel, highest reported since 1918, when the tonnage was 1,672,954.

Seeks to Win Packing Peace



In attempt to avert strike against Armour and Co., National Labor Relations Board rushed John Leo Connor, above, commissioner of conciliation to Chicago, ordered election to determine whether C. I. O. Packing House Workers' Organizing Committee should act as bargaining agent for Armour employees.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"She had lots of talent but she didn't get a real break until she was nearly six."

MYTHICAL BEAUTY

HORIZONTAL

1 Beautiful maiden of the Classic Myths.

6 To impel.

10 According to.

11 Single thing.

13 Branch.

14 Comparison word.

15 Uncooked.

16 Parent.

17 Felt through the senses.

18 Night.

21 Scriptural priest.

22 Horse food.

23 Jar.

29 Seraglio.

32 Rubber trees.

33 Middays.

35 Pedestal base part.

36 Lemur.

38 Kind of pier.

39 Maple tree.

40 Pointing out.

42 Dormant.

44 Slight bow.

45 To wound with the teeth.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

PRINCE OLAV

AURA RADI X

SLOP ACATE

TENET FILM T

PIRISUTE

KRAIKENS SONATAS

RETIRE PAVIANE

OPENERS MINERAL

N ATTRACT

EDICT ARES SATES

LICE SLATS LAD

EVEN PERSE LARES

MARTHA S THIRONE

46 To plunder.

49 To disavow.

52 Chum.

54 Fatal mischief.

56 Pronoun.

57 Illustration.

59 She had the butterfly.

60 Large wild ox.

61 She was forbidden to see her sweet heart.

VERTICAL

1 Papa.

— peeking at him.

18 Sitting of a court.

19 To grade.

20 She finally became an — or goddess.

23 Bitter herb.

24 Gull.

26 To lend.

27 To yearn.

28 Social insect.

30 Speed contest.

31 State of bliss.

34 Kind of law code.

37 Places of business.

41 Fish.

43 Garret.

45 To lie in warmth.

47 Kimono sash.

48 Malediction.

50 Your.

51 Long inlet.

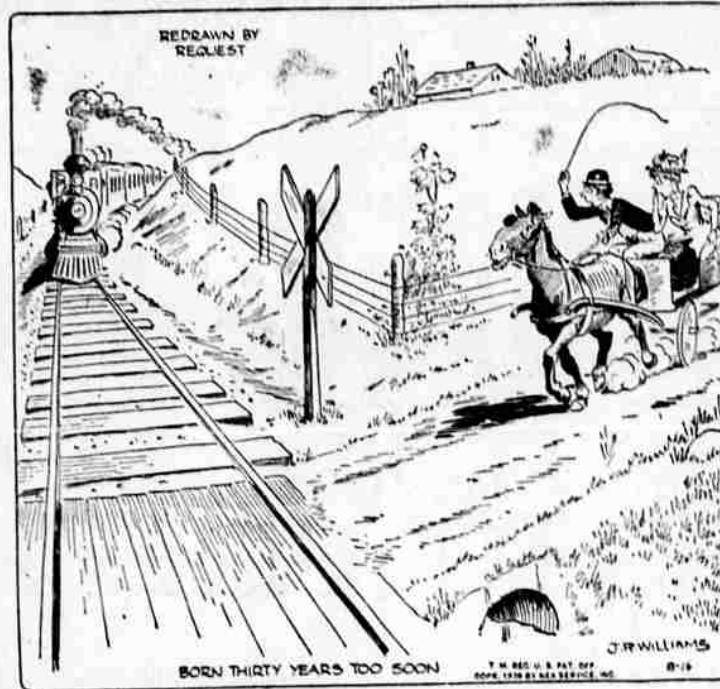
52 Carbonated drink.

53 Cuckoo.

55 No good.

58 Cupid's 58 Cubic.

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

