

SERIAL STORY WAR AND A WOMAN

BY BETTY WALLACE

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Yesterday Linda meets Jimmy at the airport. He explains, hoping to ease out of his engagement to Marcia, to let Bill Brooks have a chance with her. He begs Linda to marry him.

CHAPTER XII

LINDA STORM'S senses were swimming away from her in the suddenly incredible thrill of Jimmy's strong, hungry arms around her. His voice in her ear, pleading, "Marry me, darling," drowned out the voice of conscience, the sound of everything else she had been listening to, within her own mind. For an endless moment they clung together, two people alone in a miraculous world of their own.

"I love you so," he was whispering. "I dream of you, and think of you all day long. I love you so."

"I love you, too," she confessed brokenly. "Jimmy, Jimmy!"

But after that one, revealing kiss, she forced herself to push him away. Sternly, she held fast to logic and reality. When his lips were on hers, it had all paled into insignificance. But sitting up straight brought it back. "We can't be married, Jimmy. We can't. Not now—or ever."

"Linda, don't say that! I won't listen to it. We've got to be married. You know that as well as I do."

"Listen, Jimmy." The red mouth was a tight line, and the wide golden eyes were brave and sure. "You know the meaning of duty. No one knows it better. My duty is here, with Daddy. While he's alive, I couldn't possibly marry you. Not so much on Marcia's account as because of your work. Oh, don't say anything, please! I've gone over this in my mind thousands of times, and I know. You're not the kind of man I could ask to give up his work, either. You know that. We'd both be miserable if I took you away from flying. Even from the Navy. You could be a commercial pilot, with your training. But you don't want to be. You needn't tell me. I'm sure of it. Slowly, day by day, you'd begin to hate me for taking you away from the life you've been brought up to. We must accept that."

THERE was a stillness. Jimmy's face was strained, waiting for her to continue.

"That's your side of it. My side of it is the incontrovertible fact that it would kill me to know that you're working every day, learning every day, how to make war more horrible. Every time I picked up a newspaper, I'd die a little bit, fearing the inevitable moment when you are ordered out to put that knowledge into use. Think of diving low over a city, Jimmy. Think of bombs killing women and children. It's murder! But you'd have to do it. Don't you see? And then there's Daddy. And Marcia. And George. No, we can't. We can't."

"We can. There isn't going to be a war while we're alive, Linda. They're bluffing, all of them. This country's so strong it doesn't have to fight. All we need to do is to be prepared and show them we could fight."

"There you go again," she said wearily. "We're different. Let's not argue any more. Go back to Washington, Jimmy. Get on the Ranger, forget me. Some day you'll marry Marcia. Even if it takes you a while to forget me." Her voice broke. "I'll forget you. I'll make myself forget."

"You can't do it. This thing is stronger than we are."

"But there's no solution, Jimmy."

His hand closed over her arm, rough, and yet gentle. "Promise me you'll break your engagement. After that, I can wait as long as you say."

"What you really mean is that you can wait until Daddy—until—"

"Until you're ready, no matter how long it takes."

"I'll never be ready while you're in the armed service, Jimmy."

Her hands were tightly clasped in her lap. She turned her face away from him, looked out the window. The taxi was passing the university now. The familiar ivy-covered buildings blurred before her eyes. And then, as they rolled down the tree-shaded street, she saw a figure walking slowly. A familiar figure, a little stooped, a trifle heavy.

She clutched at Jimmy's sleeve. "There's George! He must have spent the morning in his lab. I—I think he recognized me."

love him as utterly and completely as this, and still to have the power to deny that love—were all women made like this? Was this what Miss Rourke had lived through, too, in the five years she had waited to marry her doctor?

And Marcia—was her waiting as exquisitely painful? Her letter had been light, but the postponed wedding must hurt deeply. For the first time, Linda Storm fully understood everything she had done to Marcia King. Out of her pity for that other girl, she said finally, "It's got to be goodby, Jimmy."

She tapped the driver on the shoulder. "Stop, please." Before Jimmy could move to prevent her, she had opened the door and was jumping out.

WHEN she reached home, after stumbling, confused minutes, she found George sitting on the front steps, his brief case across his lap.

"I was waiting for you," he said. "It was you I saw in the cab, wasn't it?"

"Yes." Her head ached horribly. She sat down beside him. Jimmy must be at the airport now. Another big silver ship was taking him away as speedily as he had come.

"Who was the man with you, Linda?"

"I don't have to answer that, George."

"I think you do. I have a right to know."

"I'll never see him again," she said quietly. "What difference does it make?"

"Linda, we can't go on without trust. You're my promised wife, you wear my ring. I asked you yesterday what it was that was so important you'd have no time for me, and you stooped to a subterfuge in order not to answer." He was talking slowly and deliberately.

ately, without passion. As if he had thought over carefully how best to present this to her, the whole while he sat here, waiting. She wanted to laugh, suddenly. George, the typical professor, who must have everything orderly and classified.

"Here's your ring," she was saying, while that horrible laughter and choking, difficult tears fought in her voice. "Now I'm not your promised wife. I won't tell you anything!"

(To Be Continued)

Named Bridges' Campaign Chief



Charles Hawks, Jr., above, representative from Wisconsin, starts planning a presidential campaign for Senator H. Styles Bridges, New Hampshire Republican, who recently tossed his hat in the ring.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS

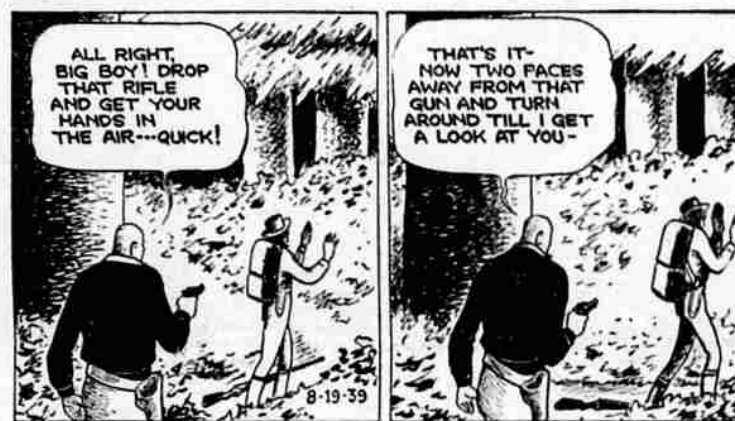


OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



"I had the loveliest time! We hid in the cave in Claribel's parlor and were attacked by Indians!"

RELIGIOUS LEADER

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1, 5, 8 Founder of Christian Science.
- 11 To thread.
- 12 Eskimo hut.
- 13 Pieces of poetry.
- 14 Eminent.
- 17 Marshes.
- 18 Scepter.
- 20 Arched.
- 21 Fabulous bird.
- 22 Grain.
- 23 Coal boxes.
- 25 Railroad.
- 26 Sun.
- 27 Sound of pleasure.
- 29 Prickly pear.
- 30 Broth.
- 31 Arabian.
- 33 Publicity.
- 34 English titles.
- 36 Being.
- 39 Negative.
- 40 Fifth month.
- 42 Remote.
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
- COLUMBUS CREDIT ORAL ERICA KINO BTER AWMA MEED SIR EEL PIE DIM AT ALA SP CU LAFAR SOBT VISIT ELEM NAC NAGN CRTI DO EVE CRTI ORB ENS WEE LEE RIOTS ORA ROUND JERA SPAIN OTS SLEDGES TORMENT
- 10 Giver.
- 13 She was a great—or recruiter.
- 15 Rust-colored.
- 16 Preposition.
- 18 The Bible.
- 20 Knave.
- 23 Male guinea pigs.
- 24 Pertaining to the nose.
- 26 Health resort.
- 28 Coal scuttle.
- 32 Dealer in money.
- 35 Stimulates.
- 37 Close.
- 38 Half.
- 40 Met.
- 41 Opposite of awether.
- 42 To do.
- 43 To avouch.
- 45 Upright shaft.
- 47 South America.
- 48 Nothing.
- VERTICAL**
- 2 Fervor.
- 3 Long grass.
- 4 Affirmative.
- 5 Commenced.
- 6 Indian cuckoo.
- 7 Ceremony.
- 8 Sprite.
- 9 Agent.
- 44 Revolving device.
- 46 Kind of jelly.
- 48 Wheel hub.
- 49 Eucharist cup.
- 50 To obliterate.
- 51 Wrath.
- 52 She was a — of many religious tracts (pl.).
- 53 She trained some adherents as — or practitioners.

