

SERIAL STORY

PEACE--SHE'S WONDERFUL

BY ISABEL WAITT

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YESTERDAY, Wayne Dennis, an actor from Boston to Los Angeles, agrees to take Peace Warren, 6-year-old daughter of a friend, to her grandmother. Before the train leaves, Peace gets lost. Denny frantically searches the wrong child, is chased as a kidnaper. He recovers Peace in time to catch the train but another passenger, Mrs. King, eyes him suspiciously.

CHAPTER II

"NOW we're going through the Mohawk Trail. Used to be full of Indians."

"Will they burn up the train, Uncle Denny?" Peace tore her startled gaze from a family of children across the aisle to hunt for a blazing covered wagon and a ring of movie savages. Nary a warwhoop!

"Don't you wish it was our real honeymoon, dear?" she heard Denny ask Rhoda.

"What's a honeymoon, Uncle Denny?"

"Wh-why, a honeymoon's a trip you take right after you're married."

"What's married?"

"Married? Wh-why, married's when two people live together, like your Mummy and Daddy."

"Are you and her married?"

"Don't ask so many questions," Rhoda snapped. "Didn't you bring anything to play with?"

"Darby and Joan." Peace patted the small case on the seat beside her, but just then her attention was attracted by a chocolate and the beckoning finger of the woman in back of Rhoda and Denny. Riding backwards, Peace had been watching her some time. Now she sidled into the aisle.

"Ask Mamma," the lady said. "But I can't. She's in the H-O-S-P-I-I forgot the rest of it." She seized upon the sweet, nibbling joyfully.

"So-ooo! Then who's that woman with your father?"

"He says to call him Uncle, but he's—he's just an Old Man." That was what Daddy called him, wasn't it? Peace accepted a pink bonbon. "Who are you?"

"I'm Mrs. King, dear. Do you know these people real well?"

Peace shook her head. "Never saw 'em before we got on the train," she said truthfully. "He—he came and took me."

Mrs. King looked terribly queer, glaring at the back of the two heads close together in the forward seat. "Don't you be afraid, little girl," she whispered. "Your Auntie King will be right here if you need her."

The couple in front sounded as if they were quarreling. "Don't call me honey. That's what you call Peace. Ridiculous name to give a young one."

"Isn't it?" Denny agreed. "—world at war. —a pacifist or something. —rabid on the subject."

THE first song for dinner tinkled through the car. Denny collected his young charge, who dove for her little case and slid something into her pocket. When they reached the dining car, Mrs. King was already seated across the way, opposite a stunning girl with a strangely familiar face. Her most striking feature was an aura of what looked to be natural, honey-hued curls. She met Denny's frankly quizzical gaze with a surreptitious glance, as if, as he had just said, "Don't look now, but see if he isn't—"

"I've seen that girl somewhere before," Denny said.

"Why, she looks like Carole Love, the film star," Rhoda said. And the waiter, remembering former tips from bits of information, nodded. The lady was, indeed, Miss Love, he believed. And, he added to give further zest, the train was now going through the Hoosac Tunnel.

Rhoda ordered lobster salad, but when Peace shrieked she'd like "salad" too, the elder girl said: "Don't let her, Denny. We don't want her sick on our hands. Not till we get rid of her."

"Did you hear that?" Denny caught the King woman's hiss, and the horrified glance Miss Love turned on his fiancée. Had Rhoda seen it too? Her fork clattered to her plate. With a little shriek she stood up, backed away from the table, crying, "Take it away! Waiter!"

"Somep'm wrong, Miss?" Black hands seized the tempting looking dish. Eyes popped, the whites rolling in amazement. "Well, I nevah!"

"Take it away quickly, Ugh!" Rhoda slumped back into her seat. Peace reached an anxious hand towards the platter and came away with a lettuce leaf. "It's only Darby," she explained, showing the small Mexican turtle, green, about the size of a half dollar and edged with red spots, that wriggled in her palm. I wanted salad for 'em but you wouldn't let me have any, so I let 'em nibble yours while you ate the rolls. They only took a little. Why, where's Joan? Rhoda Lowell, did you eat her?"

Rhoda paled. "I'd as soon eat a snake. Is one of them lost?"

"Snake!"

"Snake!"

"Snake!"

THE diner took up the cry. Women clutched their skirts and climbed on chairs.

Denny cried: "Don't be alarmed! Only a baby turtle!" But it was too late. They cry of snake drowned him out. The well-known pandemonium reigned.

Peace, on her knees, crawled under the tables, even after things had quieted down. "Don't step on her!" she sobbed. Rhoda failed in trying to drag her out of the dining car. "Me won't go with you! Poor little Joan!"

"You see?" Mrs. King resumed

her seat and patted her beads reassuringly. "She's afraid of them. The vipers!"

It was Carole Love who found the missing pet. "Here's your daughter's turtle," she smiled, handing the squirming Joan to Denny.

Before he'd finished thanking her, before he could correct the mistake about Peace, Rhoda demanded he throw that horrid bug off the train. Did he expect her to be annoyed all the way west?

"I'll keep 'em in their corn-coppper!" pleaded the tearful child. To be met by Rhoda's "Don't my wishes count for anything?"

Carole Love's eyes twinkled. "A corn-coppper's just the thing. Here's a celery stalk and an oysterette. Will they eat these?"

Peace beamed, and so did Denny. "You're very kind," he said. "Ant eggs," Peace said. "Only I got hungry and ate 'em all up. They taste better'n cerule."

Good heavens! Would they hatch? Denny wondered. Rhoda hoped so, but Carole only laughed, while Mrs. King grimly tackled her flet mignon.

Peace would have to go right to bed, Rhoda ordered.

"Couldn't we take Darby and Joan to the washroom for just a little swim?" Miss Love asked, as they rose to go. "I'm sure we'd all rest far better, and we'll fasten the corn-coppper real tight afterwards."

Denny relented, and Peace went after the small wire popper, with-

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE BIG SHOT

out its handle, which fitted with her night things into the tiny blue case. And when, after a brief interlude, Peace returned, quite willing now to go to bed, he heard Carole's throaty voice say to Mrs. King, "You were quite right about it."

"... course I was. ... bear watching," replied the other. He was glad when the porter, making up the berths, shut out her suspicious, beady eyes. He wanted to question Peace, but not before Rhoda. What had Carole meant that Mrs. King was right about?

They retired early. Denny scarcely slept when he heard a piercing scream.

(To Be Continued)

MOVING NIGHT

NORFOLK, Va. (AP)—Police nabbed a couple of men they said were furnishing a new residence in a novel and somewhat illegal manner.

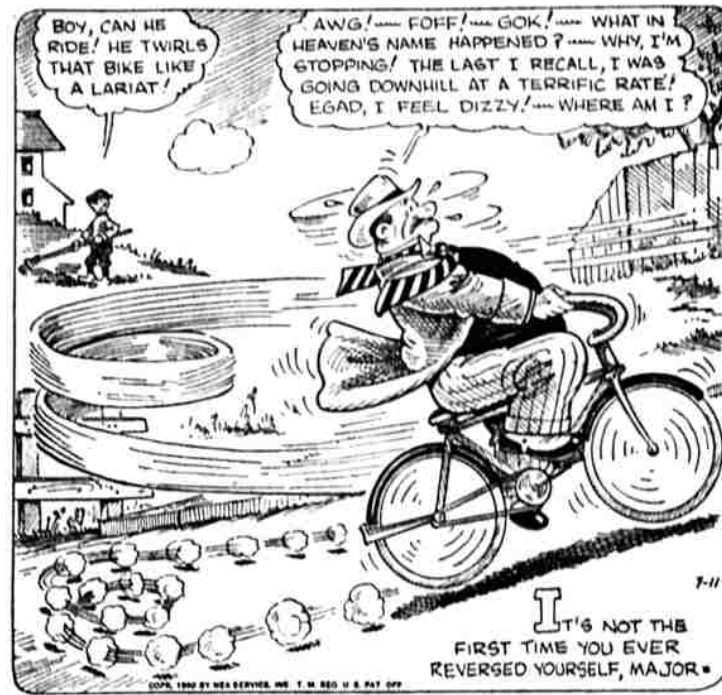
They were hauling furniture in the dead of night by taxicabs from a retail storage warehouse. On the second trip the cops moved in.

The world will never be saved by the childish ways of force, but by mature ways of good will and understanding.—Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo, New York pastor.

Discovery of South American pigmies who can't count beyond six leads the duffer to believe at last he knows where to find the ideal caddy.

Two out of every five persons killed in traffic accidents are pedestrians.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER REVERSED YOURSELF, MAJOR.

BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBS



BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



ANSWER: "Spring Song," "In the Good Old Summer Time," "Autumn in Paris," and "Winter Wonderland."

MAP PUZZLE

- HORIZONTAL: 1 Pictured in South American republic. 9 It is a great land raising. 13 Roof border. 14 Desperations. 15 To mitigate. 16 Pile. 17 To clutch at. 19 Rubber tree. 20 Male guinea pig. 21 Pattern blocks. 22 Print measure. 23 To roll a flag. 24 Optical glass. 25 Afternoon. 26 Lacerated. 27 Ala. 28 Knock. 29 Liquid part of fat. 31 Jargon. 32 Boundary. 33 To close with wax. 34 Market. 35 This country exports huge quantities of — or pelts. 36 Dutch measure. 37 To guard. 38 Note in scale. 39 Idant. 40 Ballot choice. 41 Not bright. 42 Payment back. 44 The cougar. 45 To obliterate. 46 To pardon. 47 Central part of this land has a — climate. 15 This republic's capital. 16 It extends to Cape —. 18 Its treeless plains. 20 To consume by fire. 21 Slight depression. 23 To frustrate. 24 Cotton staple. 25 Paste. 26 Athletic company. 27 To repel. 28 Carmine. 30 Commander. 31 Staff. 32 Musical term. 34 To appportion. 35 Hooked. 37 Clan symbol pole. 38 Extent. 40 Flower container. 41 Russian council. 43 Flying mammal. 44 By. 46 Of the thing.

