

SERIAL STORY

PEACE--SHE'S WONDERFUL

BY ISABEL WAITT

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YESTERDAY With Mrs. King determined she has discovered a kidnapping...

CHAPTER III

ONLY half awake, Denny jerked up so suddenly that he struck his head and nearly knocked himself out...

Groggily, Denny stuck his head between the curtains. Other heads were popping into the dimly lit corridor...

"Doing your daily dozen?" called a male voice. "Go on back to your nightmare and let a fellow sleep."

"Help! Porter! Somebody! My back!" Despite the chinstrap and smooch, substituting for a hairnet, and the general get-up, Denny knew the raucous tones and beady eyes belonged to Mrs. King.

"My I be of service? What seems--"

"My back! It's crawling down my back--e-e-e-e!" Frantically she brushed herself and jumped up and down.

Even Denny hesitated. This was no job for a shy, young bachelor. If only Rhoda, or some woman--

"Don't be scared! It's out there! It's! Stop jumping! It's out. See? Step back, Madam. And

he pounced on a rapidly scuttling round green shell, just as the conductor came striding up.

"What's going on here?" Mrs. King pointed. "That creature! I--I found it crawling on me, conductor. With safety assured, her quivering tongue flew faster--"

"Neither the conductor nor Denny could get a word in edgewise for a full minute. Denny displayed the offending Darby. "Little girl's pet got loose. Won't happen again, Conductor. He scarcely heard the official trade, but caught the accompanying wink. Down the line he could see tiers of amused faces.

Carole Love was smiling from her curtains in an upper berth. He was too perturbed at the time to wonder why a famous film star was traveling without a drawing room.

But Rhoda wasn't smiling. "That settles it, Wayne Dennis! Twice is enough. Remember? I warned you. Now throw that nasty thing out the window before the kid wakes up." She withdrew, only to pop out again, adding, "And the other one, too."

He was hanged if he would. But the other one! Suppose it too began its peregrinations along Mrs. King's vertebrae? Or Rhoda's? Holy mackerel, where was that con of a d-d-d-d copper!

Peace, he was thankful to see, was still sleeping like a cherub in the berth beneath Rhoda's. The copper must have fallen from the window onto her blanket, releasing both wildly pawing pests. Denny plunked his turtle inside and fastened the catch securely.

For some time he tumbled around, searching for foam--or was it Darby? Then he took the small cage into his own berth. At least, he had one of them.

LAUGHINGSTOCK, that's what he'd be in the morning. Grins. Gares. And the King woman going clear to Los Angeles! Would

Mrs. Love take the same route as he? Hollywood? It was possible. Odd that he, about to be married to another girl, should wish it. Recalling her amusement at the recent high jinks, he couldn't help wishing Rhoda had a keener sense of humor.

He liked sleeping on a train. But that couldn't be the second gong for breakfast! Rhoda's curtains were closed, but Peace's berth was empty.

He asked the porter if he had seen the child. "She ain't around here, Mistah. Mos' likely she's having her breakfast in the dining car." She was. Denny found her at a table with a youngish, weary mother, who held a fat baby wiggling on her lap. A small boy and two little girls, all between 3 and 7, he estimated, were busily gobbling a tableful of inviting dishes.

"She invited us," declared the matron, who looked as if she'd been caught stealing jam. "She said you said we could order anything we wanted for breakfast."

"Uh-huh, Uncle Denny," Peace nodded. "You said no lobster salad for supper, but anything you want for breakfast, and I wanted them."

"I'd oughta known better than to take the word of a child like her. We was doing all right with our pancakes." The woman stared appalled at the check a waiter handed her.

They were doing all right with raspberries and cream, small steaks, French fried potatoes, muffins, toast marmalade, and, believe it and cringe, ice cream. Denny appropriated the check. Gee, it would jolt his bankroll.

"I wouldn't eat those pickles, honey, if I were you."

At that instant she spied a magnified turtle, futilely swimming in the waterbottle, and practically forgave her. "Not a bad idea!

However did you get Darby into the neck of that bottle. "Oh, that's Joan! And I had to squeeze her some. Uncle Denny, can we take the bottle with us to Grandmother's, if I can't get her out?"

Denny tried a fork. Then a spoon. A waiter suggested he take it to the kitchen. In a flash it occurred to him that Peace had found the way out. Turtles were amphibious. He'd buy the waterbottle and stick the other one in. My, what a relief! Pets for Peace and peace for them. Even Rhoda couldn't object.

Denny's order came. He saw the mother packing leftover food in one of the baby's clean unmentionables.

"A lot of trouble traveling with children," she beamed at him. "Your little girl is an angel!"

Denny doubted it. Mercy, she'd be ill. "Peace, I positively forbid you to eat any more of that chocolate cake for breakfast. There's a limit."

"I'll say!" Mrs. King swept regally past, her head held high. In her wake came Carole Love. At his table she stopped to pick up the waterbottle. "What's this? Safety first?" Her eyes twinkled, as she moved on to her seat. And presently when the family of guests rose to go, he heard her reply to a sibilant hiss, "He couldn't have kidnaped all of them."

DENNY glanced at the door, wondering where Rhoda was. Sleeping still, no doubt, though

they'd agreed to meet in the diner at the second gong. This was his chance. "Peace, you mustn't invite any more people without asking me first," he began, not crossly. Then in a lowered tone: "What did Miss Love say to you last night, when you took the turtles for a swim?"

"Peace raised round blue eyes. "Carole said, was you really Daddy?"

"And you said no. And she said--"

"And she said, was you not my Daddy but a play Uncle, where was you taking me?"

"You was taking me away, I told her. She said, am I afraid, little girl?"

"And you said--"

"And I said, me don't like her! Don't let her kill poor little--"

"Sssh!" He looked up to encounter Mrs. King's frosty stare. (To Be Continued)

Hysteria is not what we have to fear at present. We are developing instead a multitude of mild panics--chaotic, purposeless mass reactions of terror which accomplish no purpose to the advantage of the individual--Dr. Harry S. Sullivan, psychiatrist.

The defense program will end, and so will the European war end--we hope soon--and the people will go back to peace time pursuits. What then? Are we going to be in the same economic morass as in the last 10 years?--Philip Murray, CIO vice president.

An eastern university offers a summer school course for janitors, no doubt an effort to bring sweeping reforms to our educational system.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

WHEN WATER SOLIDIFIES IN A CLOSED CONTAINER, THE ICE THAT FORMS EXERTS A PRESSURE OF 13 1/2 TONS TO THE SQUARE INCH.



GOVERNMENT LEADER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and a portrait of a man in the center.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



PALM MYSTERY

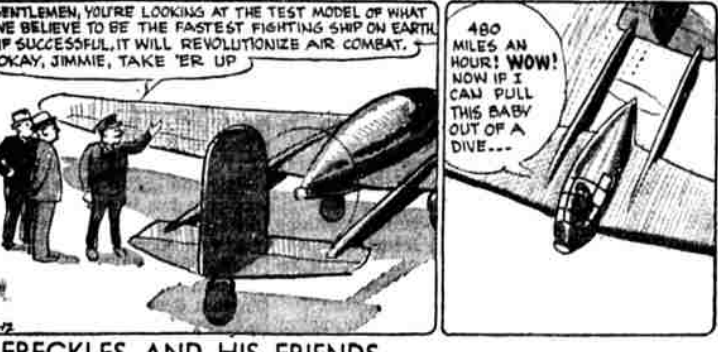
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



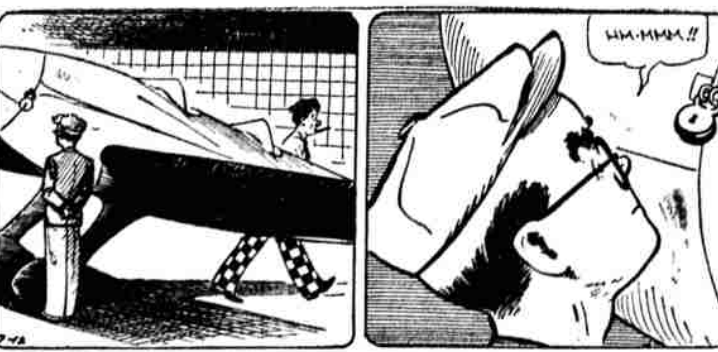
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



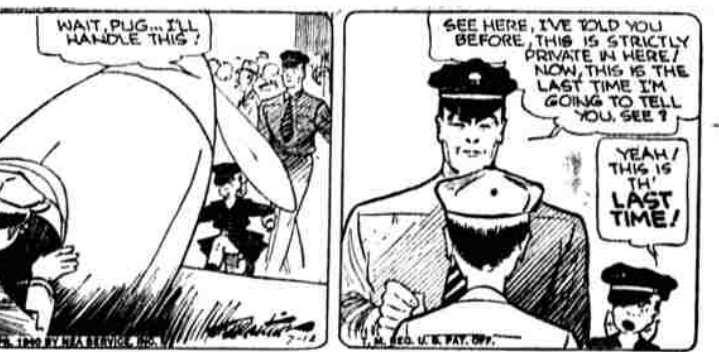
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



Advertisement for Lipton's Tea featuring a comic strip and a product image. The comic strip discusses 'YOU'RE THE CRABBIEST MAN ON EARTH!' and 'TRY LIPTON'S TEA'.