

SERIAL STORY

PEACE---SHE'S WONDERFUL

BY ISABEL WAITT

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CHAPTER IV
CAROLE LOVE finished her grapefruit, came up to Denny's table with a piece of the yellow rind.

"Poor little thing," she said to Peace, as she looked at the still furiously swimming turtle.

"Denny, a bit flustered, began a formal introduction, then stopped abruptly as Carole passed on down the aisle.

"H'mmm," Rhoda's eyebrows went up. "Boy meets glamor girl. Boy'll bear watching."

"Scsssh!" Denny frowned at Peace. "Don't be silly."

Rhoda's headgear suit didn't become her in the morning. Or maybe it was the mustard-colored blouse.

"I wired him not to. I'm taking a taxi to his office. Aunt Tilly said it would save time. He's pretty busy."

"Are you--fond of him, Rhoda?"

"Fond? What a way to put it. I haven't seen him since we were kids. He twisted my camera the wrong way and broke it, I remember. I hated him at the time."

"Chicago. A third of the way," Denny sighed. "I'll be thankful when I've changed trains safely with-- Why, where is Peace? That child can be in more places! Mind if I go to see what she's up to?"

Rhoda shrugged. "Run along. Personally, I can't say I'm sorry a third of this--what did you call it--almost honeymoon--is over. Every time I do manage to attract your attention I feel like saying, Remember me? I'm the girl you're engaged to!"

Denny flushed, as he tried to laugh. Funny, he had never noticed how sharp her voice could be. She didn't look very well either, a bit sallow under the rouge of her peaked little face.

"You should have a swell time with your cousin," he said. "Most of the afternoon till midnight. But be sure you're on the right train at the stroke of 12, Cinderella."

"If we didn't have the infant along--! You don't mind, do you, Denny, if I have a little fun without her? I can't very well take you with us and stick her in a day nursery, or could we?"

"We could not. I promised Warren not to let her out of my sight, and I'd better be hunting her up right now." Denny concealed the slight hurt he felt. After all, Bertrand was Rhoda's cousin and it was natural she should want to see him. Hang it! He was her fiance, wasn't he? Which one of them was she ashamed of?

"They reached Chicago on the dot. Rhoda dashed ahead for a taxi, while Denny gathered up the baggage and Peace and installed them on the bus for the transfer to another station.

Carole Love was on the same bus. And the pest. Mrs. King might not be talking Carole's ear off about him, but she was certainly looking at him. Her sibilant whisper reached him clearly.

"See? They've split up. Don't dare be seen together. Wait till I get--" The rest was lost to him.

The big bags had been previously checked through, but Denny carried the overnight cases to the parcel window to be free of them until the train was made up. Peace clung to the waterbottle prison. "Hand it over, honey, then we'll go home some fun."

"Peace drew back. "Darby and Jonn wants some fun, Uncle Denny."

"But we can't carry that thing!" "Let her keep them." Carole's porter had brought her luggage to the same window. "Excuse me for the suggestion, Mr. Denny."

"Dennis. Wayne Dennis."

"Mr. Dennis. But since we're all taking the same train tonight, why can't I take care of you-- your little girl? Then you could spend the day with your friend. I do wish I'd dared offer before, but then I didn't know we were all going the same route. We'd have a swell time in Lincoln Park, hunting a raft for the turtles to rest on, wouldn't we, honey?"

Peace danced up and down, spilling water on Denny's gray trousers.

"That's terribly good of you, Miss Love. But Miss Lowell is spending the afternoon with-- with a relative. And as for this chicken, I don't dare leave her out of my sight."

Mrs. King hissed darkly, "What more do you want?" She tugged at Carole's elbow. "Come on. Let's get a paper. Maybe this one will have--"

Idiot that he was, he had let her walk off when he might have invited her to go to Lincoln Park with them. Now he had lost her. Perhaps it was better though.

Rhoda would never have understood. He watched the two women stop at a magazine stand. He couldn't fathom them; one so antagonistic and suspicious, the other so sweet and co-operative. Co-operative, that was the word. He wished Rhoda would be a little more co-operative about the obligation he had undertaken. A man felt so lost with another man's child.

"Won't dare let you out of my sight," Peace was saying, as she hid the turtles behind her.

Denny hadn't noticed. "Come on, honey. The park sounds pretty good to me. There'll be a zoo and animals."

"Elephants?"

"Elephants and monkeys and buffaloes and popcorn and peanuts and everything."

THE blue waters of Lake Michigan glistened in the hot afternoon sun. Denny hadn't realized the zoo had so many exhibits. Peace was running him ragged.

He had been quarterback at college, but this 6-year-old had tuckered him out. He found a shady tree, stuck the waterbottle he'd lugged all the afternoon under it, and said, "Now, we'll take a nap."

To his astonishment Peace obeyed, lying on the newspaper he spread for her.

He awoke with a guilty start. Forty winks! Terror smote him, till he saw her buff frock a few yards away. Denny stood up. What was she doing, crawling on her hands and knees? He went forward to investigate.

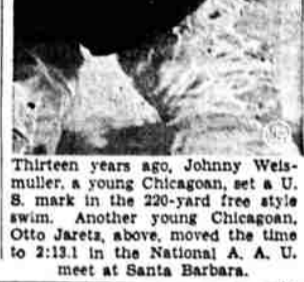
"It's Joany, Uncle Denny." Peace explained without looking up. "Me took her out to do her exercises in the sun, and she ran away."

Relief that only the turtle was lost set him to helping in the search, though the little beast was probably in Kansas City by now.

"Yoo-hoo! I know where she is!" Denny heard a girl's voice call from behind a bush. And when she straightened up, he saw that it was Carole.

(To Be Continued)

Breaks Swim Mark



Thirteen years ago, Johnny Weismuller, a young Chicagoan, set a U. S. mark in the 220-yard free style swim. Another young Chicagoan, Otto Jarets, above, moved the time to 2:13.1 in the National A. A. U. meet at Santa Barbara.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE WORLD'S "SCREW" PLANT, THE SCREWBEAN, A SPECIES OF MESQUITE THAT GROWS IN THE SOUTH-WEST DESERT.



ANSWER: Not if you have brothers or sisters. They would be more closely related by blood.

TROJAN STATUE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'Trojan Statue' and other words. Includes a small illustration of a Trojan horse.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbered squares for words.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

