

SERIAL STORY

PEACE--SHE'S WONDERFUL

BY ISABEL WAITT

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YESTERDAY: Bertrand wins Rhoda to postpone her wedding. Denny is mildly angry. The train stops abruptly in the desert. Ogden leaves. Peace is left behind and Carole jumps from the moving train. Denny watches, helplessly, as they disappear in the distance.

CHAPTER X

DENNY struggled to the rail to leap from the speeding train, but other passengers held him back.

"Don't be a fool! They'll be all right. You'd be killed!"

"Caleb--Mr. Ogden will pick them up in his car!" called Mrs. King, from the rear. "Unless, of course, a coyote or a rattlesnake--"

"They'll be all right," the conductor reiterated. "Slack right near the track. See it? Your runaway must have been in it or we'd have seen her. Darned lucky the young lady didn't hurt herself, jumping off my train!" Indignation emanated from him.

Carole, Denny realized, had risked her life. A fine person he was to be entrusted with the care of a child.

"I can't stand it!" Rhoda blazed. "This is the end, Wayne Dennis. 'Shut up, will you?' Denny grabbed the conductor's arm. 'When do we stop? Can I get a car or--it'll be getting dark--a plane? Where are we, anyway? In Arizona?'"

"There are wolves after dark!" a woman piped up. "And gila monsters. Oh, I'm going to faint!"

The conductor drew Denny away from the pack. Denny could get off at the first station. He would get a car, or, possibly, wire Winslow for a plane. Sure, there'd be time before dark. Daylight lasted in Arizona. More than likely this Mr. Ogden would have seen the whole business, and would pick up Carole and Peace and bring them to the very same station, before Denny had made his arrangements. Nothing to worry about, but that train couldn't be delayed another minute. He was sorry. They were about a hundred miles from Winslow.

Mrs. King stood at Denny's elbow, wiping her eyes. "I wish I'd never given Caleb \$500 for that option on his old oil well."

"Five hundred dollars, madam? So that's it!" The conductor sighed as if the limited meant the weight of the world. "Better let Mr. Dennis telegraph your bank to stop payment."

"B-b-b-but I gave him cash."

"We'll do something after I find Peace," Denny told her.

And this was the woman who'd put the police on his trail. And she was going to watch out for Carole. Sucker! In his misery Denny almost pitied her.

In a few minutes the train slowed down at a cluster of "dobe" shacks. Could that be a station? And a battered roadster beside it! "Good luck!" called several passengers.

"Pick you up en route, if you get a plane," the conductor said. "If we don't, wait for me in Los Angeles." Denny instructed Rhoda. "Coconut Grove!" It was the only place he could think of at the moment, since their previous plans had been to go on at once to La Jolla. Rhoda would have to look out for herself. His anxiety was so great he forgot to kiss her goodbye.

A wan young station agent greeted him as he hopped off. "Jumpin' bullfrogs--a passenger!" Denny had explained the predicament before the train was under way. "Can I take your car?"

"Sure, buddy. Only poor Liz has a flat. Patch her up in a jiffy."

"What would you do," Denny put it up to him, "if you had two girls lost in the desert and one on the limited?"

The agent scratched his rumpled head. "Me? I'd telegraph for a plane. Car couldn't catch the train, even without a flat. Then I'd pick up the lost girls and get 'em safely aboard the train at first possible station, and head for Mexico by my lonesome."

Denny heard the click of the instrument, while he watched a group of barefoot, half-naked Mexican children playing in the sand.

The station agent accepted a cigaret. "Be here before you can say Jack Robinson. Hope your folks stick to the tracks and don't try to wander off. Not much twilight here in Arizona. Old sun smears itself all over the sky and plops out of sight. Lots of time before dark, though."

The dark! Denny smothered a rising fear.

It seemed years before he heard the droning of the plane. Already the sun had splashed sunset gold across the sky. The light still held, and the afterglow would follow briefly. A little crowd gathered from nowhere to watch the plane land.

"Goodby, buddy!" The agent waved away Denny's bill. "Good luck, and when you find 'em, take my advice and beat it to Mexico. Three girls--no harems for me."

Denny climbed into the plane. "Follow the track east. There's nothing near the spot but a tumble-down shack, but it's before you get to Gallup." The pilot knew his business and every inch of the country.

Denny felt comforted, if only the sky didn't fall in. Upward they soared, over a vast expanse of sand, mountain rimmed in the distance. The plane was sailing smoothly.

"That it?" It couldn't be possible! They had only been a few minutes in the air, yet there was the ribbon of a road where the spot of a car had been, toward

which Denny had seen Ogden run. Only no Carole was in sight, waving, as she should have been.

"Looks like it, only where are they?" Gone with that Texan! And if so, where? "Let's land and investigate."

"Look. They've been here," Denny said. "See those tracks?" He pointed to the impressions made by small high heels and those of a child's shoe. "Peace! Carole!"

They pushed open the door and stepped into a windowless hovel, with a dirt floor covered with debris. The only sound to greet them was a loud snore, coming from a half-breed Mexican-Indian sleeping in a corner.

The pilot was outside studying the tracks again. "They came here, all right, and then they ran. See, Mr. Dennis, how much deeper these tracks are?"

"Carole! Peace! Where are you?" Denny shouted with all his might.

"Oh, Denny! Oh, Denny!" The cry came faintly to his ears. And facing it, he made out two little figures running toward him from sagebrush back of the shack.

"There they are!" Denny raced to meet them. He caught Carole in his arms, as she came panting up, dragging Peace.

"Oh, Denny! That awful man! If it hadn't been you! We were hiding behind those mesquite bushes. We heard the plane, but we had to be sure who was in it, because we were afraid he'd come back for the money. We

came out as soon as we heard you call."

"Did that man molest you?" Train or no train, he'd go back and make him pay for it.

"She means Mr. Hogden!" Peace piped, delighted when the pilot picked her up and carried her.

"He stole poor little Joany, the horrid old thing!"

"And that isn't all he stole," Carole said. "Wait till you hear."

(To Be Continued)



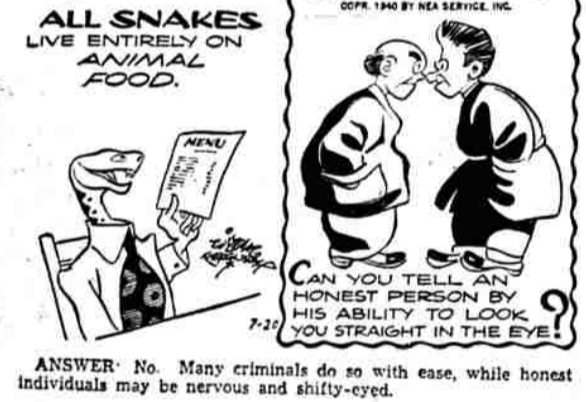
PREXY AT 35--Only 35, John W. Nason (above) takes office July 1 as president of Swarthmore (Pa.) college, succeeding Dr. Frank Aydelotte. He's a native of St. Paul, is an expert softball pitcher, once won scholastic honors at Oxford.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



MR. BLAGDEN, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, REMAINED FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN A ROOM HEATED TO 260 DEGREES F.



ALL SNAKES LIVE ENTIRELY ON ANIMAL FOOD.

KATZKOPFER

Can you tell an honest person by his ability to look you straight in the eye?

ANSWER: No. Many criminals do so with ease, while honest individuals may be nervous and shifty-eyed.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENT

Crossword puzzle with clues for horizontal and vertical words related to musical instruments.

Completed crossword puzzle grid with a violin illustration.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS

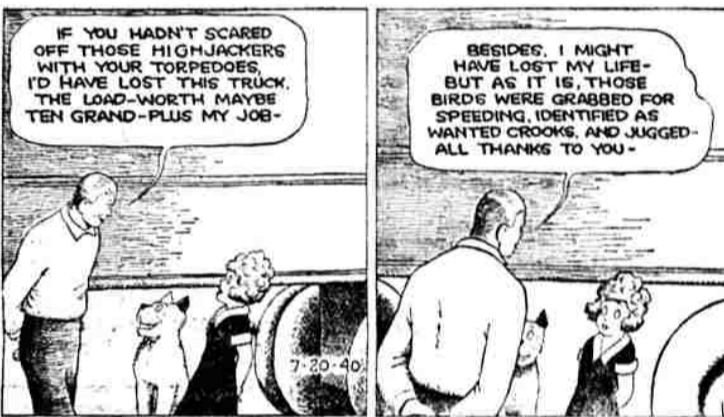


WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



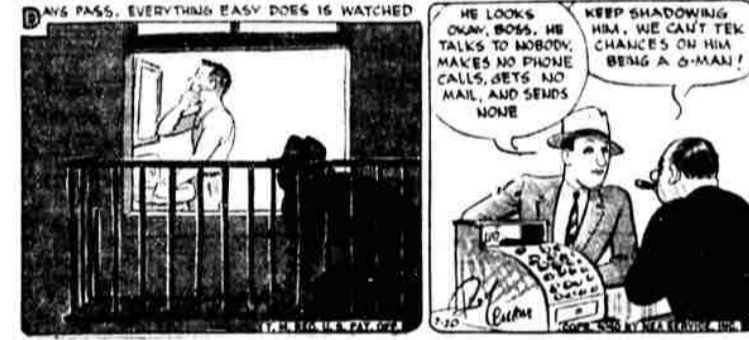
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

