

SERIAL STORY

PEACE--SHE'S WONDERFUL

BY ISABEL WAITT

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YESTERDAY Denny leaves the train, gets a plane, flies back to hunt Peace and Carole. He finds them, hiding near the tracks. Peace keeps accusing Ogden of stealing Joany, and she's not all she is!

CHAPTER XI

BUT that could come later. Just now the one idea was to catch the train. It waited 20 minutes at Winslow. Missing it, they would keep on to Flagstaff, the pilot said. "Rhoda and Mrs. King must be having kittens," Carole said, as they sailed away into the glory of the sky. Denny heaved a great sigh. "Nothing matters now. Peace's grandmother won't have to be told anything to worry her. I'm thankful the Warrens won't know, at any rate, until it's past history. What I don't see is why you--stating what you mean about Ogden's stealing?" He gripped Carole's hand. "Did he take something from you?"

The pilot was pointing downward to the little station where Denny had telegraphed. Ant-like creatures were waving at them. "Carole, you brave girl! Nothing I can ever say will tell you how grateful I am to you--leaping off the train like that to help my little girl. You might have been killed!" His voice grew husky, and for a moment their eyes clung. "Peace, what made you do it? Run away from Mrs. King?" "Don't scold her," Carole begged. "She's been through a lot."

"Me didn't run away," Peace declared. "Mr. Hogden packed away my popcorn. Then the train bumped."

"But what's that you're holding?" "I got it back again. And Joany's not hurt a bit. See?" Peace opened the wire lid. There lay the torpid turtle on a paper napkin. "Look, Uncle Denny," Peace lifted a corner of the napkin. "Joany's mattress! Carole says--"

"Mrs. King's option--the whole \$500. And her gold cigarette case. She's hunted everywhere for it."

Denny whistled. "The old crook! Using a child's toy to hide his loot. I knew he was a faker. Doubt if he ever saw an oil well. Did he see you two were left by the train? You can see an awful distance in this country. And from that road, I don't think he could help it."

"If he did he must have thought we were a clump of desert growth. At any rate, the car was a mere speck by the time the train vanished. I hadn't examined the popcorn," Carole related, "and I yelled and waved like anything. After I discovered the money I was terrified for fear he would discover the substitution and come back. That's why we hid."

"Substitution?" "Yes. This smart little trick saw him packing her popcorn."

"With Joany in it," Peace interrupted. "Mr. Hogden had been giving her a swim, and she got lost. I didn't know she was in the popcorn till--"

"He put Joany on top of the money so that any one discovering the popcorn would think it just a cage for his pet turtle." Carole went on. "Only Peace decided she'd rather have her 'popcorn' than the box he'd given her when she planned his getaway. So when Ogden wasn't looking, she switched 'em. When he opens his bag and finds that empty box--"

"Won't he be mad!" Peace said, seriously. "Not to find little Joany!"

Denny chuckled. "Well, youngster, you've redeemed yourself. But I still don't see why, if you had your pesky pet, you had to let Mrs. King's hand when I'd told you to stay right there."

"Hunting for Joany. Peace didn't know she was in the popcorn."

"Mr. Hogden said she fell out the window. I went to look. I told the conductor Joany's lost, but he said 'Johnny who?'" Peace reminded him. "I told Mrs. King too, but she just kept crying, 'Caleb! Caleb!'"

The child's mimicry was perfect. Denny held her closer. How careless he'd been! If he'd been on the job, she would not have had time to be alone in Mr. Ogden's drawing room, long enough to swim the turtles and change the popcorn. How fortunate the man hadn't seen the cage tucked under Peace's arm, when he ran from the train.

"That car didn't meet him by coincidence. He must have prearranged for it with some confederate. If Mrs. King only knew her gangster better--"

"See how dark it's getting. Like a blanket," Carole stared at the sky. "Oh, Denny, it'll haunt me to my dying day--this little blue figure suddenly popping up from behind the sagebrush while I leaned over the rail of the observation car. When she wasn't with Mrs. King, I had a hunch."

"Odd that the brakeman didn't see her. Nor I. I'd have sworn there wasn't a sign of life on that other side of the train. I was sure she'd gone aboard with Mrs. King. Rhoda said--"

The name silenced him. Rhoda--to whom he was flying. His fiancée. For a moment he wanted to tell the pilot to turn around and fly the other way. But there was Peace's grandmother, soon to meet the train in Los Angeles. And there was Hollywood, waiting for its star. The stars in the sky began to twinkle, and below an occasional cluster of dotted lights proclaimed a town.

Denny sighed. "Anyway, Carole--how naturally it came to him to call her by her first name--you'll get a lot of good out of this."

She looked up at him. "What more could I want? With her safe, and--and this unforgettable ride with you?"

"Bless her! But the publicity. Movie stars thrive on it, don't they?"

"I hate it," Carole replied quietly.

"You do? I don't wonder--the usual sort: 'MOVIE ACTRESS ROBBED OF \$50,000 NECKLACE.' But this is different. This is heroism. 'CAROLE LOVE LEAPS FROM TRAIN TO RESCUE CHILD LEFT ALONE IN THE DESERT!' Why, the public will eat it up. Witnesses will prove it wasn't faked. You'll make every front page in the country."

"Oh, dear," Carole sighed, "I suppose I will. But I'll bet you a trip to Catalina I won't get the credit."

"What do you mean? Peace saved the money for Mrs. King, but she's just a child. That was nothing to risking your life the way you did."

"I don't mean Peace."

THE pilot broke in upon them: "Here we are! We've made it. This is Winslow. A car will be waiting. They won't even have to hold the train. He set them down safely. 'You folks were lucky.'"

"Lucky in having you for a pilot, old man."

"That was nothing," the pilot said. "Any of our men would have done the same. I meant--it's all getting settled before night."

The desert's a mighty mean place at night. Only safe place is the sky.

A car sped them to the waiting train, now due to start in a matter of seconds.

Waiting passengers, craning steps and platforms, set up a cheer. Cameras clicked. Lights flashed. Carole was besieged. "I'm still betting," she whispered to Denny. "Are you?" (To Be Concluded)

An lowan builds a dog-house 8 by 10 feet, with brick walls, concrete floor and insulation, which is the envy of every married man in the block.



TEE QUEEN--Par holds no terrors for Betty Jameson (above) of San Antonio, Tex. Last year's women's national golf champion, she won Trans-Mississippi title, defeating Patty Berg in 8 under par over Glen Echo course, St. Louis.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ONE SPECIES OF BIRD AFTER ANOTHER BECAME EXTINCT DOWN THROUGH THE AGES BECAUSE IT NEGLECTED TO PRESERVE ITS POWER OF FLIGHT.



IN ENGLAND, IT WAS ONCE THE CUSTOM TO WEAR THE WEDDING RING ON THE THUMB.



ANSWER: Wrong. They fall with the same speed.

SONG WRITER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words related to music and songwriting. Includes a list of words and their definitions.

Another crossword puzzle grid with clues. Includes a small portrait of a man in the bottom left corner.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



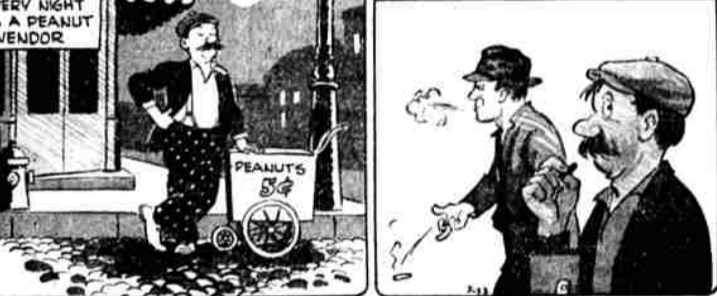
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



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

