

SERIAL STORY

PEACE—SHE'S WONDERFUL

BY ISABEL WAITT

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YESTERDAY! Carole explains how Oden tried to hide the stolen \$500 in Peace's corncoppper, but she didn't get it away from him. After Carole finds the money she is afraid Oden will return. They catch the train and Denny sees publicity for Carole in the advertisement.

CHAPTER XII

NEVER in all their lives would they forget the reception the passengers gave them. Conquering heroes, all three, according to a couple of newspapermen who had boarded the train.

Rhoda threw her arms around Denny's neck and kissed him, because everybody. It was, he realized with mixed feelings, the warmest kiss she'd ever bestowed upon him. "Oh, darling—you've found her! I've been nearly crazy." She even kissed Peace.

Mrs. King's beady eyes stared at the money in the corncoppper. When the gold cigaret case came into view she cried, "Something told me that man was a villain. I'm intuitive, that way. If only I'd trust my intuition, I'd never have listened to his silly proposition." She nearly smothered Peace with her gratitude. "Your Auntie King will buy you a whole aquarium, so she will."

Mrs. King tucked a \$20 bill into Peace's hand. "Get your Uncle Denny to buy a nice little turtle tank with this, dear." She beamed when a camera clicked in her direction, and held up the corncoppper full of greenbacks.

Rhoda cut up Peace's chicken for her, and even ordered a lettuce leaf for the turtles. "I like you now, Aunt Rhoda," Peace said between bites. "You wouldn't throw Darby and Joan off the train any more, would you?"

"You better believe I wouldn't, honey." Rhoda's laughter was a shade lower than hysteria. "When you've finished your supper, Auntie Rhoda wants to put you to bed."

Mrs. King regaled the newsmen until they left the train at Flagstaff to wire the story to the world. Carole excused herself and retired to what had been Oden's drawing room. Denny didn't take any chances of the Warrens reading the morning headlines first. There had been no time at Winslow, but now he sent a reassuring telegram: "Having lovely time. Wish you were here. All well, Dennis."

RHODA sat down beside him, after tucking Peace in. To his surprise she reached over and took his hand in hers. "She fell asleep before she touched the pillow, poor little tot." Rhoda could be so sweet! "Only one more night, Denny. Sure nothing more can happen. And tomorrow we'll hand her safely over to her grandmother. My, what a relief!"

And tomorrow Carole would be gone, too. He'd never see her again, except on the screen. After 1 o'clock tomorrow, when they arrived in Los Angeles. It wasn't possible! Yet what could he do or say, with his fiancée, that very minute, clinging to him trustfully? Astonishingly, Rhoda spoke for him. "Do you think I'm blind, my dear? The way you look at her. The way she looks at you. Why do you suppose she risked her life? For the kid? Don't make me laugh! She's wild about you, that girl."

"Don't be ridiculous! Carole's a big star. She wouldn't look at me." He didn't realize how his voice shook. Rhoda withdrew her hand. "Why don't you ask her? I'm releasing you, Denny. No, not on account of her exactly. But I've been thinking it over. Bertrand was right. I should wait till I'm absolutely sure. Then, too, you know how I love luxury, and with Aunt Tilly's money—well, don't you see? I'd regret losing a fortune, as what sense would it be to skip it. This way, we'll both be well-served. I was just thinking Carole probably has secrets."

Denny was listening to a stranger, while his heart thumped madly with joy. Rhoda was all right, but how could he ever have made himself believe he wanted her for his wife! Not that he'd have a chance with Carole, but he'd risk a chance at a chance. He'd call her bluff about losing the bet on the credit for the rescue, and make her pay with the trip to Catalina. "Do you really think she—she looked at me the way you said?"

"Why don't you ask her?" Rhoda repeated. "As for me, I'm going to hop off at Williams and catch whatever connection there is for the Canyon. You don't mind, do you, Denny? Now that we've had our little understanding, I always did want to see the sunrise in the Grand Canyon."

"But Rhoda..." Mrs. King nodded with a slight sniff. Then she winked. "Happy landing!"

He stopped a waiter carrying in Carole's tray at noontime, and bribed him with a generous bill. "Breakfast, Miss? But first, will you marry me?" He set the tray on a chair. Carole turned from the mirror where she'd been adjusting a belt to the sea-green costume which matched her eyes. "Why, Denny! Wha-a-at did you say?"

"Oh, darling!" He caught her in

his arms, trying to say everything at once. How he'd known the minute he saw her. How he couldn't offer her very much just yet, but that some day... And she could go on with her career, if she wished. He adored her in pictures, but more in real life.

Carole pushed him gently away. "And what about Rhoda?" Explanations tumbled over each other: Aunt Tilly, Rhoda hadn't even been quite sure she loved him. Then Bertrand had come between them. "She—she told me to ask you," Denny added. "Funny, I recognized you at once, though you were traveling—well sort of incognito, without a maid or anything; not even a drawing-room. But you couldn't fool me!"

"Couldn't I? Suppose I told you that is how I always travel. I'm not Carole Love, Denny. I double for her. The fans often mistake me. They get a thrill and it's part of my job. I didn't pretend to you—just let it ride. The real Miss Love will get all the publicity. I must phone her right away. Are you awfully disappointed? My name is Janet—Janet Browne."

"Your name's going to be—Dennis!" He kissed her. Janet would always be Carole to him.

BUT when the limited eased into Los Angeles, an hour later, and Denny and Carole turned Peace over to her grandmother, he felt a tug at his heart strings. Without Peace, he would have made the blunder of his life, and never, never changed brides. It was like a fairy story.

"Was she a good girl?" asked Grandma Warren, hopefully. "No trouble at all!" Denny

grinned, tucking the corncoppper under Peace's arm.

"Me left I in the desert, didn't me?" she smiled back, waving goodby. Carole put her name aside, while Denny wired the Warrens. Then they headed for La Jolla. Miss Love'll get the credit, but I'll win the bet," she teased him. "Catalina will be marvelous for a honeymoon."

(The End)

He'll Dictate to Canada's Industry



Democratic Canada, intent on war-winning, took a leaf from the totalitarian book in giving C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, dictatorial power over nation's vital war industries. For duration of war he'll tell them what to make and how much.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE SOUTHERN CROSS IS VISIBLE IN THE U.S. ONLY AT THE SOUTHERNMOST POINTS, BUT DUE TO THE WABBLING OF THE EARTH'S AXIS, IT WILL, AT A FUTURE DATE, BE SEEN AS FAR NORTH AS QUEBEC, CANADA.



ANSWER: Once every two months.

FORMER STAGE STAR

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



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

