

SERIAL STORY

This Could Be Your Story

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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YESTERDAY, while the office searches for the missing order, Sue Mary feels Vera knows about it. Vera does. Mrs. Grant had given her the order to type, young Ross Clark had come in and she had showed the order aside until morning. She explains its disappearance easily. Sue Mary wonders at Vera's self-assurance.

TWO LOVES—NICK AND JOE

CHAPTER XII

"THAT one," Kitty said scornfully, as she was powdering her nose before going home late that afternoon. She stared at Sue Mary in the washroom mirror. "Of course she had that order. I saw her speak to her and I saw her go in the old man's office with those papers. And I can guess just how surprised she was to discover that they were hunting for that one in particular, and how innocent she acted. I bet they ate her alibi up: about her being new and strange here. She's a cool number." Kitty pulled her ridiculous excuse of a hat down over her black curls. "She's smart, but I bet she doesn't make the grade with young Ross Clark."

Sue Mary hid her smile. She was glad Kitty was too engrossed with Vera and young Ross Clark to think more about Vera and the paper. That business had upset her more than she had thought. Her head ached and the walk home seemed twice as long.

She didn't want to go out that evening, but Joe called. It had been a week since they had had a date and she couldn't refuse now. Once with him she found herself swinging back again to the other side. All the problems of the office, all the enthusiasms of the YP group somehow seemed trivial. Joe talked of vacation plans, of the simpler things that had once constituted her whole life.

With the war talk, world problems, and politics on everyone's lips, Joe's plans for a camping trip up north, his attempts to paint the joys of fishing, and the pressure of his hands on her when he spoke of the week's vacation seemed to give the world a different color.

"Sue Mary," he said, "sometimes don't you get tired of working in that office, and playing around with that crazy outfit? Sometimes don't you think you'd like to get married and have a home of your own?"

"My work is going along swell," he went on earnestly. "Why don't we plan on a wedding and be like other people. We're living alone now and trying to pretend it's fun. Well, I don't think it is. I want you and I hope you want me. Although sometimes—I sort of feel you find me pretty dull—"

"Oh, no, Joe. It's not that. I sure for you," Sue Mary pulled his arm tighter about her. "I feel so safe, and sure of things when I'm with you, but then there's a whole week with time on my hands and what happens? I see other people and my own life seems drab. I want something to happen to me. I don't just want to work at the office, come home and sit and read all evening."

"I don't think you're dull. After I'm with you I wonder about the others, because what you say is so sane, so true. And I think I'm in love with you—but I'm not sure I want to get married yet, Joe."

"And you'll never be sure as long as you play around with those Reds," he said bitterly. "Something will have to wake you up to the fact that they're all phonies. But I don't know what it will be. You see, Sue Mary, I think you are hunting for adventure. . . . And I think you believe you're half in love with this Nick."

HE was going away for a week so she wouldn't let anything precipitate a quarrel. But his words echoed in her mind. Hunting adventure, believes you are half in love with Nick. She supposed that was the way it would look, and yet, she told herself, this is more than adventure; working at something that is worth while, helping people my own age who have brains and charm, in a cause they are convinced is right.

And as for Nick—But that always left her confused. She tried to believe his attentions were the same with the others, but she couldn't ignore the look in his eyes, the sound of his voice saying her name, the way he managed to take her home after the meetings.

The next day Sue Mary went to Natalie's after work. It was hot in the studio bedroom and the girls tied back the faded window drapes to catch the slightest possible breath of air.

"I'd like to get out of here," Natalie said in her low, husky voice. She was in her white slits

with her thick, knobby-colored hair pinned in a knot high on her head. She wiped beads of water from the pitcher and poured Sue Mary a glass of lemonade.

"I know where there's a grand apartment," she said, slouching in the chair near the window. "Big rooms and real windows—not all like these, and a view. But I can't afford it alone. Sue Mary, why don't you move in with me? Heaven knows we'll be working together enough these

next few months, with the election coming along and the YP campaign in full swing. I think it would be a grand idea."

SUE MARY tried to think. She supposed Natalie was right. Her own draft room was simply a place to escape from when one wasn't sleeping.

Yet living with Natalie would be a strange experience. She looked around the room, at the pictures overflowing on the floor, books streaming from the table, clothes shoved in the closet and the door that never shut; the tiny kitchen with dirty dishes ever present on the sink.

Natalie laughed. "Yes, I know what you're thinking. You're so precise, so tidy, that this must bring horror to your neat little soul. Well, you can straighten up to your heart's content."

"Why not try it anyway? I mean sharing an apartment. You won't hurt my feelings if you move when you can't take it any longer."

And so it was arranged. They all had a hand in it: Vera packing pictures, records, papers, books, and Nick making endless trips between Natalie's old room, Sue Mary's, and the new apartment. And before she knew how it had been accomplished, they were settled.

She got a thrill out of being able to move about in a room that was more than a cupboard. The twin beds in the bedroom didn't even crowd the space, and the big shiny bath with the deep

tub, the shower with its funny curtain decorated with fantastic fishes, the tiny kitchen with its compact drawers, refrigerator and stove—all enchanted her so that she was content just to stand and stare about her.

"We'll probably never get her out," Natalie told Vera. "She goes around with a dustcloth all evening shining things, and picking up after me. My clothes have never been hung up before and now I can't find anything. Sue Mary has them where they belong."

(To Be Continued)

GAINING GOBBLERS

HENRY, Neb. (AP)—Turkeys in this area are maturing earlier this season, and says H. V. Anderson, Cooperative Marketing association manager, you can blame it on the lack of grasshoppers.

He explained that in previous years the gobblers were used as a chief weapon in the anti-hopper war.

But this year the 'hopper supply was short, the birds did less running, got more prepared feed, thus fattened earlier.

SLIGHTLY INCONSIDERATE

LINCOLN, Neb. (AP)—The fact his car was out of gas and locked didn't stop thieves from taking it, Jack Gray reported to police.

When officers recovered it the car contained two gas cans and a siphon—but still no gas.

The Nazis are dropping oil bombs on Britain. It's a wonder Joe Goebbels doesn't protest this encroachment on his department.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

A BUILDING ON THE MOON, ONLY A FEW HUNDRED FEET LONG, WOULD BE VISIBLE THROUGH OUR LARGE TELESCOPES.



DOMESTIC CABBAGE, KOHL-RABI, AND CAULIFLOWER ARE ALL DESCENDANTS OF WILD CABBAGE... BEING MODIFICATIONS OF THE LEAVES, STEMS AND FLOWERS, RESPECTIVELY.



CAN AN OSTRICH OUTFRIN A HORSE? ANSWER: Yes. Such races have been held in California.

NEXT: When hogs were cattle.

PIONEER SHADOW STAR

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a woman in the bottom right corner.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



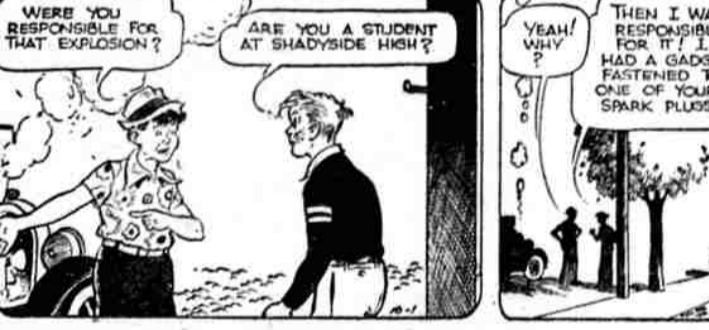
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



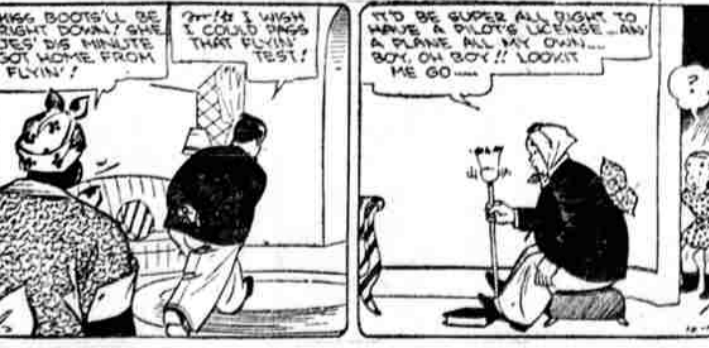
WASH TUBS



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

