

SERIAL STORY

This Could Be Your Story

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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YESTERDAY, Kitty and Vera's gloves in the office, but Vera explains its loss easily. Mr. Clark is worse. Sue Mary realizes that he can't help her, that she must solve the problem herself. What if Nick and Vera have anticipated discovery? In that case, Sue Mary would be made a fool.

MEET ME HERE—TONIGHT

CHAPTER XXIII

LUNCHTIME came and Sue Mary put on the wide-brimmed straw hat that made her look like a little girl, deepened the golden glints in her brown eyes. Her tan linen dress flared from the hips in the same way it had delighted her, when she had worn it for the first time weeks ago. The bangles on her wrist still jingled merrily, but she was too absorbed in her distraught thoughts to feel the confidence a well-groomed girl usually possesses.

She was so absorbed that she literally ran into Nick before she saw him in the lobby of the office building.

"So blind you can't see me?" he demanded, taking her by the elbows and shoving her back away from the crowd coming from the elevators. "I'm not sure that pleases me."

She drew a frightened breath, but managed to hide her fears and smile. "After all, one doesn't expect to see you here."

"But here I am, and guess why?" His dark face was close to hers and his eyes looked deep into her startled brown ones.

"To see you, my dear. When a man's in love he wants to see his girl. And there seem to be less and less chances these days. Sue Mary, you know that. At the hall there are always people: people wanting me to do this and that; asking questions, wanting to talk. And at the apartment—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, there's either Vera or Natalie—" "But Nick—" She didn't know what was coming, but she instinctively prepared herself. "What else—?"

"I have to talk to you, darling."

I must. I—I thought, perhaps, tonight."

She felt her mind whirling. Tonight—but tonight Nick and Vera meant to come to the office for those papers. "Tonight," she repeated stupidly.

"Yes, dear. Natalie said you had to work late last night. I thought maybe we could talk here. I could meet you and take you home—"

"But Nick—" she groped for words trying to understand how this new move fitted the picture. "But—I—I don't work every night. Last night was an exception."

"You could do it again. If it meant we could see each other. Talk together. Give me a chance to tell you what's in my heart."

"But here—" she repeated. "Why here?"

"Because we could be alone, and that's what I want, darling. Alone with you for just a little while."

"You could pretend you had some work left over from last night. You could be here for just a little while," he repeated. "And I could take you home. Say 10 o'clock, Sue Mary. We could meet here, and then in an hour—less if you wanted—we could leave."

"Promise me, darling. There's so much I want to tell you. So much—" He leaned toward her, kissed her lips and abruptly vanished into the crowd on the street.

THE food before her on the drug store counter was tasteless. She ate her sandwich and drank her milk, but she wasn't conscious of the taste of either.

If Nick meant to carry through his plan with Vera, why did he want her present? And surely, after the careful groundwork laid by Vera, he wouldn't toss the whole thing aside even if—as he so ardently insisted—he was in love and did want to see her.

But that was ridiculous, she told herself. She knew real love with Joe, and she knew Nick wasn't in love; not really. This was a move in his game, but she still couldn't see how she would fit in. Unless he meant to involve her so deeply that she couldn't disclose what was going on.

Her hands grew cold and she could feel the breeze from the drug store fan dry the perspiration that broke out on her brow. What if Vera knew she had been in the office last night in time to witness her scene with young Ross Clark?

What if they were both afraid of how much she knew? Perhaps they planned to make her serve as an accomplice tonight and thereby keep her from disclosing their plans?

She had a feeling that they didn't trust her. She knew they didn't respect nor fear her intelligence. To them she was still the naive, lonely little girl who, strange and bewildered, with nothing to do and nowhere to go, had fallen into their group. She had swallowed their philosophy, followed their course, allowed herself to be used to their advantage.

If she could only think. If she could only see what to do.

She knew she couldn't stand idly by and permit them to carry out their plan. Every instinct of decency, every instinct of Americanism within her rebelled. They didn't know the meaning of patriotism. She smiled a little. I'm thinking like a Girl Scout, she said to herself.

Only, in these days, patriotism had suddenly become something vital and terribly important. With a world cracking about you, with your country—the country in which your parents and grandparents had worked and toiled and lived to make it free and safe—now faced with stark danger—patriotism was much more than a word, or a verse, or a song, or a line from a poem.

IT wouldn't have been so bad, she thought, if I could stop and think this thing out clearly, sanely, but there's Joe, too. What was happening to him?

She closed her eyes and pictured him in the hospital: quiet, motionless on the white bed, his blond head swathed in bandages, doctors and nurses moving about him; consultations, X-rays, diagnoses, operations.

Life without Joe—She gripped the marble top of the counter as she felt her head swim in dizzy circles and a pall of blackness began to descend. The coolness of the marble, the breeze from the fan gave her strength. Somehow she got back to the office.

There was a note on her desk. Call Mercy Hospital. She had left her number and begged she

be notified of any change. Now something had happened. She tried to dial the number, but her fingers shook so that the numbers slipped by aimlessly. Tears dimmed her eyes so that she could barely see. If he was worse—But she didn't dare think of that. He couldn't die. Couldn't leave her. She dialed the number again and waited for the answer. (To Be Continued)

Paradox of the bowling alley. It seems, is that it is not so quiet because you can hear the pins drop.

Japan Seizes Island



Japan's newest move in the growing Oriental crisis was seizure of Liukung Island, above, at Welhuai which Britain leased from China

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

GALILEO,
BECAUSE HE BUILT THE FIRST ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE, WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO SEE THE FOUR LARGE MOONS OF JUPITER, THE MOUNTAINS AND CRATERS ON OUR OWN MOON, AND VENUS AS A CRESCENT.

"CURIOUS CUTIE"
RAINWATER IS SOFT, BUT IT CAN FALL HARD.

WHAT DOES R_x STAND FOR ON A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION?
ANSWER: For the Latin meaning, "I prescribe."

NEXT: Where mountain climbing is taught in college.

HUGE BIRD

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured bird.

7 It is the or biggest of existing birds.

13 To happen.

14 Egret.

16 Jar.

17 Blood-sucking insect.

18 Concerning.

19 Tunnel.

20 Steams.

22 Irritated.

24 Coterie.

25 Musical tone.

26 Corded cloth.

28 Dye.

29 Witticism.

31 Effigy.

34 Hidden.

37 Polishing tool.

39 Suture.

40 To bundle.

42 It is a bird.

44 Type measure.

45 Climate.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

ROBINSON CRUSOE
AGAR ART SE TURN
ERE TAPEDE ALA
SEE LA AT ALA
A RANCHEROS
VALET MA
AMOLETS
OMPERIO
EM TALES
AS LOCH
ANGLASHIM
STILL ROPES
SAILORS PARROT

VERTICAL

1 Away.

2 Ointment.

3 To negotiate.

4 To gather a crop.

5 To scorch.

6 Female towel.

7 Opposed to short.

8 Sinus cavity.

9 Animal.

10 Church official.

11 To slip.

12 To make lace.

15 Musical note.

21 Shield fillet.

23 On top of.

24 It is very footed.

27 Its —s or feathers are valuable.

28 Eras.

30 Trial.

32 Sticks in mud.

33 Astringent.

35 Portuguese coins.

36 Engagements.

38 Crinkled fabrics.

41 Perspiration.

43 To spring up.

46 Every.

47 Person opposed.

48 Third-rate actor.

50 Pack beast.

51 Antelope.

53 Was seated.

55 Strife.

58 Noun ending.

58 Street (abbr.).

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18 19

20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27

28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36

37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49

50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



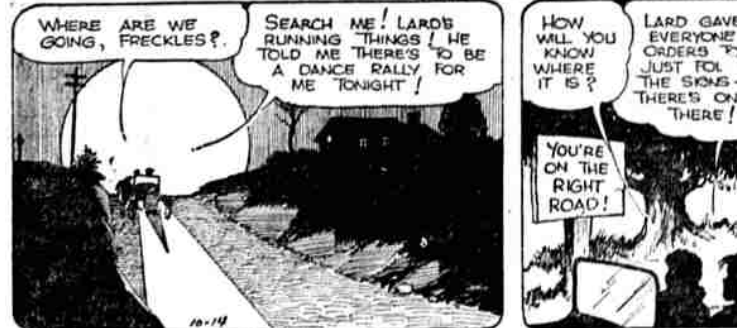
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

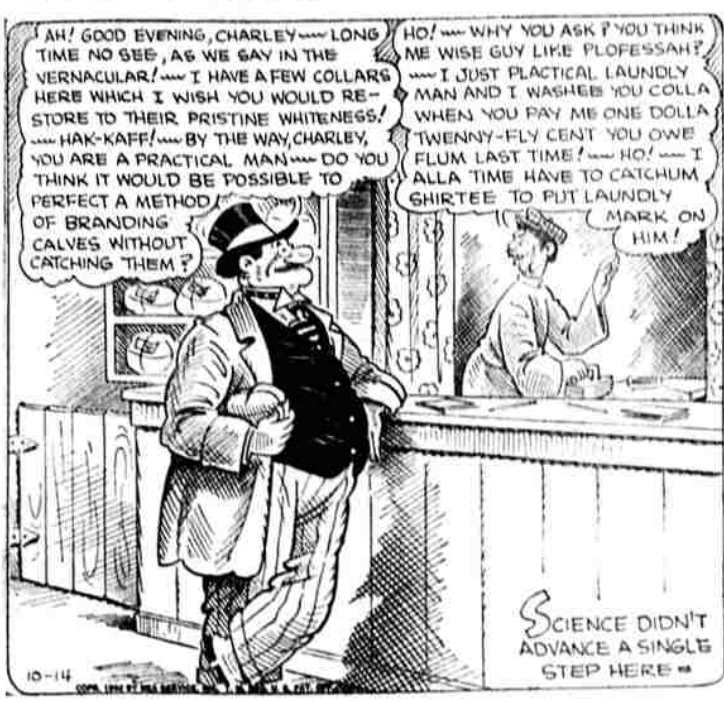


ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



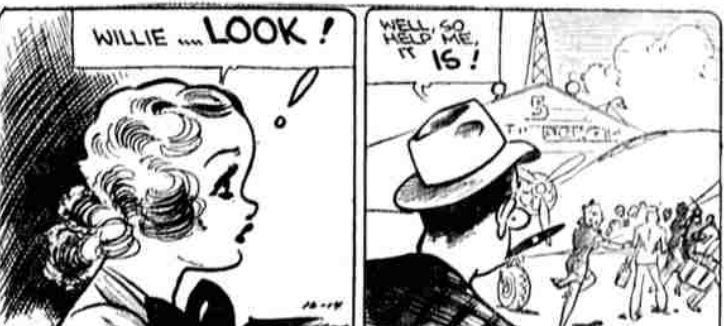
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

