

SERIAL STORY

CHRISTMAS RUSH

BY TOM HORNER

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YESTERDAY: The family doctor Valerie really has an attractive personality, welcome here late the first time...

VAL SEES THE 'DREAM HOUSE'

CHAPTER VII VAL will understand after I talk to her tomorrow. Jerry told his father as they sat before the dying fire...

Hugh Connelly nodded, puffed his pipe in silence. They were alone. Martha had led Valerie upstairs, to stay in the guest room...

"Yes, you don't have to worry about Val," Jerry continued. "It'll be difficult for her for a while, getting used to living on a salary—my salary—but we'll make it."

"Your Mother and I will buy your share of your car—the one we gave you and the girls for Christmas," the father went on. "That will give you a little cash reserve. You'll have to watch the pennies, though, Jerry. Once you're married you're entirely on your own..."

"Gee, Dad, there's a lot more to this about when you get married than just finding the right girl, isn't there?" "There is, son—a lot more to think about."

THE house on Front street was everything the doctor had predicted and more. Front street was not the best residential district in town, but it was entirely acceptable...

It was strange that she should choose her rival in love as her champion, but it might have been that she felt a common bond in being not entirely accepted into the Connelly inner circle...

"It's adorable," Mary enthused as they entered the cottage. "Val, you'll love it. It's a dream house."

"But we won't have much furniture, at first," Jerry reminded her.

"And no dining room!" "But this breakfast nook—it's big enough. Besides you won't be doing much entertaining."

"We'll set the table in the living room when we have company." "There's hardly room to turn around in the kitchen."

"You'll never get lonesome here, not like you would in a big house." "Our first apartment" was over a store. Martha recalled, laughing. "Can you ever forget it, Hugh? Your office in the front, and the kitchen and bedroom in the back. I had to go to bed every time Hugh had a patient."

"You should have seen our quarters in the flood zone in China," Mary put in. "Shanghai was all right, but when Daddy was ordered up the river—and Bill and I refused to stay in the city alone. All the discomforts of a home."

"The owner led them downstairs. 'Nice furnace... plenty of laundry space.' 'You'll have plenty of chances to get acquainted with this furnace, Jerry,' Dr. Connelly said. 'And you, too, Valerie. Place shouldn't be hard to heat, though.' Valerie halted on the stairway, stared down into the basement. A furnace—built-in laundry tubs—an ironing board."

The voice of the owner droned on, in a sing-song monotone. "Nice location, too. Off the main traveled streets. Lots of children on the block. Plenty of place to play, and not much danger of automobiles. Soon get used to the trains, too. Of course, they're a good four blocks away. After you've been here a week you'll never notice them..."

Children... trains... This horrid, tiny, cramped house.

THEN she was talking to them—almost screaming at them. "I hate it! I hate it! I wouldn't live here..."

"Val—Val!" That was Jerry, but he couldn't stop her.

"I think you planned it all. 'A big surprise'... You knew I wouldn't stand for it. You don't want me to marry your son. All

right—I won't if I have to live in a crackerbox—if I have to fix a furnace, wash clothes—I won't marry him—"

"Val, you don't know what you're saying," Mary tried to calm her. "Dr. and Mrs. Connelly were only trying to help."

"I won't! I won't!" Valerie was screaming now. She turned on Jerry. "You can have your doll house and your \$25-a-week job. But I don't go with it!"

She turned, ran up the stairs. They heard her heels pounding over the bare floors, the slam of the front door.

DR. CONNELLY was the first to break the silence that followed.

"Valerie is mistaken, son," he said. "Your mother and I had no intention of hurting her feelings. This is a good house, as good as you can afford. You could be very happy here—as happy as Mother and I were in our three rooms."

"If Valerie marries you, she will have to learn to live on your salary—unless you are willing to live on your wife's income. That means cooking, doing housework, even taking care of a furnace and doing her own washing. It won't be easy, at first..."

But Jerry wasn't listening. "You did plan all of this," he interrupted savagely. "You and Mother. You brought Val here to show her up. You don't like her, and you don't want me to marry her. You want me to go on studying medicine—you want to go on running my life for me."

"I won't let you! Val and I will pick out our own house—and I'll find my own job. Without any help from you. We'll get away from this town—away from you—all of you!"

He was gone then, racing after Val.

They heard him start a car, the Christmas present. Dr. Connelly slipped his arm around his wife. "They won't be taking the house," he said to the owner. "Mary fingered the furnace, cold and metallic, tenderly. 'I love it,' she whispered. But no one heard her."

(To Be Continued)

VICTIM OF CIVILIZATION

LAKIN, Kas., (AP) — Emma, the best known Mallard in this area, is dead.

Seven years ago the duck sought shelter in Preston Osborn's wild fowl sanctuary. Osborn petted her—put a band on her leg.

Came chilly weather and Emma migrated, but she returned each spring and fall.

The federal biological survey, wishing to study Emma, had Osborn clip her wings. But civilization proved too perilous for Emma.

A deer stepped on her.

Saws were used in Egypt several thousand years before the birth of Christ.

If you keep looking up you'll find out that the sky's the limit.

In the United States, the sun never is seen straight overhead.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IF YOU ARE EXTREMELY UGLY, YOU CAN'T JOIN THE U.S. ARMY. NO MATTER HOW PERFECT YOU MAY BE OTHERWISE.

EL PASO, TEXAS, IS ABOUT 300 MILES FARTHER WEST THAN GARDEN CITY, KANSAS... BUT WHEN IT'S NOVEMBER IN EL PASO, IT'S ONLY 11 A.M. IN GARDEN CITY.

WHY DO CIGAR DEALERS OFFER A CUSTOMER THE WHOLE BOX... SO THAT HE MAY PICK OUT THE DESIRED NUMBER?

ANSWER: Not because of any federal law, as many people believe, but merely as a sanitary measure.

SOURCE OF FOOD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words related to food and general knowledge.

Continuation of the crossword puzzle grid.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE WARRIOR

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



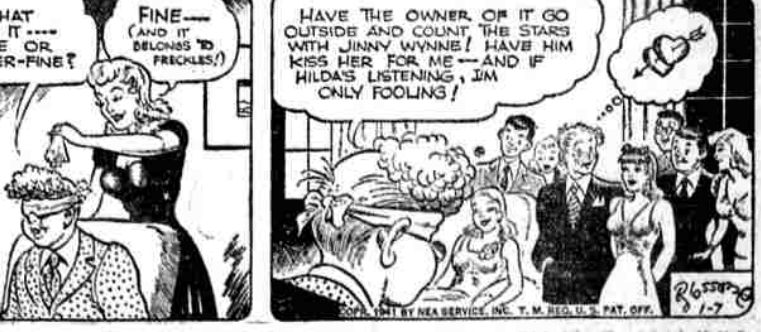
BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

