

SERIAL STORY

CHRISTMAS RUSH

BY TOM HORNER

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YESTERDAY, Dr. Connelly... Valerie is almost hysterical over the damage to her car. Hugh hurries them into an ambulance, orders an immediate operation, remains to care for others injured in the crash. At the hospital Martha waits for Hugh, then suffers a seizure during the operation. At last, Dr. Connelly summons her and the twins to Jerry's room.

VALERIE HAS HER INNING

CHAPTER XI

THE principal injury Valerie Parks had suffered in the accident was to her feelings. The physician who examined her decided. Even the cut on her scalp was not large enough to demand a dressing. She did, however, seem on the verge of hysterics, so he ordered a sedative and sent her to bed.

The medicine quieted her nerves to some extent, but nothing could calm her rage. Her car—her beautiful new car—was wrecked. And it was Jerry Connelly's fault. She went to sleep at last, still blaming Jerry.

Mr. and Mrs. Parks reached the hospital at 4:30, demanded that Valerie be awakened, so they could hear from her the full extent of her injuries. The house physician protested, weakly, and was secretly glad when Mr. and Mrs. Parks announced that they were taking Valerie home in an ambulance.

Mr. Parks tried to quiet his pampered daughter by promising a new car. Mrs. Parks added a South American cruise, but Valerie was not to be put off. She was going to tell Jerry Connelly—and his mother and father—what she thought of all of them before she left the hospital.

Mary Ward saw her come down the hall, saw her start up the stairs toward Jerry's room. "Where are you going, Val?" Mary demanded. "Come in here." She pulled Valerie toward the office.

Valerie hung back. "I'm in a hurry. I'm going up and tell those Connellys—all of them—what I think of that precious son of theirs. He wrecked my car, deliberately wrecked it."

"He did?" Mary simulated interest. "How did it happen? I'd like to know all the details." That broke Valerie's resistance and she allowed herself to be led into the waiting room. Mary managed to stand between Valerie and the door.

"Yes, he did. He drove right into that poor man. My car is a total wreck." Val raved on. When her tirade ended, she turned to leave. Mary blocked the door.

"Listen, Val, you're not leaving here until your parents come for you. You may wreck Jerry's medical career, but you're not going to disturb him, nor his family right now, ranting about your car."

"Don't you realize how seriously Jerry has been hurt? He may not get well—and you stand there worrying more about your car than the life of the man you're going to marry?"

VAL laughed. "The man I'm going to marry? That's funny. Do you think I'd ever tie myself to a drugstore clerk?"

"But Jerry's in love with you. You told Dr. and Mrs. Connelly you wanted to get married right away..." Mary gaped for words. "That was Jerry's idea, not mine," Val snapped.

"Then you never intended to marry him... You were willing to let him quit medicine, wreck his entire life, destroy all his father's hopes and plans..." Val, you can't mean it. How could you do this to Jerry?"

"I'll show you, if you'll move out of that doorway!" Val answered. "Listen, Mary, Jerry is the best-looking man on the campus. He belongs to the best fraternity, he gets bids to everything, knows all the right people. Any girl would be crazy not to date him if he gave her half a chance."

"Marry him? Not me! I'm not marrying anyone, yet. Marriage was all his idea—love in a cottage and all that. He liked to talk about it. I let him. Can I help it if he gets crazy ideas about quitting school?"

Mary stared at Valerie in amazement. How could any girl be so coldly calculating, so selfish? "There was another reason, too," Valerie hurried on. "You, I've never liked you, Mary Ward, any more than you've liked me. You—president of the house, telling me when I had to be in at night, how many dates I can have a week, when I should study. It's a wonder you didn't try to tell me what I could wear."

"You were dating Jerry Connelly when I came to school. I wanted to take him away from you, just to hurt you, and I did. I'm glad. I suppose you're in love with him. You can have him—and his family, too."

Mary's face was white, but her eyes flashed anger. When she spoke her voice was low, controlled. "I do love Jerry. But he doesn't know it. He hasn't time to think about love and marriage now. He has too much work to do. Maybe he loved me. I used to hope he would, before you came. Now you've wrecked everything..."

"I don't think so." Mary whirled around. Dr. Connelly and his wife stood in the doorway. "YOU'LL forgive us for eaves-dropping, Miss Parks," Hugh continued, stiffly formal. "We couldn't help hearing you. You seem to place more value on your car than upon Jerry's life. I'm glad we've discovered that. Jerry did everything he could to pre-

vent the crash, but if you still insist he was at fault, we'll be happy to pay for the damage. We're getting off cheaply.

"You might have wrecked Jerry's entire life—if he lives... Now, I believe your parents are waiting for you." He stepped back to let her out the door.

Valerie pulled her coat tightly around her, hurried from the room. "I hope I never see any of you again—and that goes for Jerry, too!" was her parting thrust. They waited until the elevator door closed behind her.

"You heard—everything?" Mary asked. "Everything," Martha answered. "We understand, Mary. We love him, too."

"Will he—will he get well?" "He hasn't regained consciousness," the doctor told her. "There was concussion, but no fracture. He has a broken arm, and a couple of cracked ribs. He is resting easily now. We'll know more about him in the morning."

"Now, Martha, I want you all to go home, try to get some sleep. I'll stay here. This has been a hectic night for all of us."

THE doctor was right. Martha thought sleep impossible, but she awoke to find the sun flooding her room with warmth. She could hear Cleo rattling pans in the kitchen. And Hugh whistling! She picked up a robe, ran downstairs. Hugh was waiting for her in the living room, smiling. She rushed to him.

"He'll live, Martha." Her heart was pounding. She wanted to laugh, to cry all at

once. Her boy would live. She sobbed against Hugh's shoulder. "He regained consciousness soon after you left the hospital," her husband was saying, "recognized me, and went back to sleep. He's still a hardhead." He can still take the bumps. "The boy is a long ways from well, but he'll make it. We're not losing him this time, darlin'." "Wake up the girls and we'll go back to the hospital. Jerry will be wanting to see you."

(To Be Concluded)

During November, 1940, international air travel in Argentina totaled 2442 passengers as compared to 2395 ocean-going boat travelers.



SWISS—Ernest Weller (above), who's 1941 president of the Swiss confederation, formerly was a commercial college professor at Zurich and served as head of his country's finance department. He's considered a conservative, politically.

OUT OUR WAY

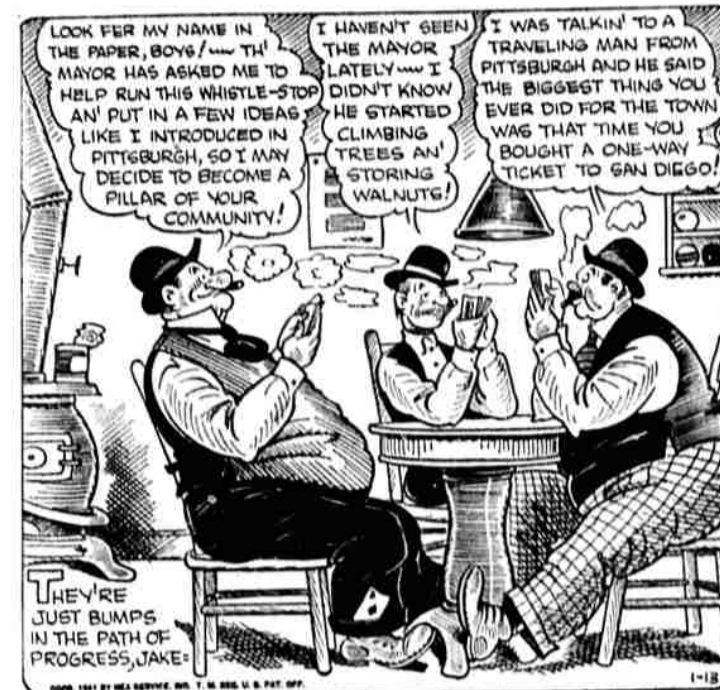
By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



THEY'RE JUST BUMPS IN THE PATH OF PROGRESS, JAKE

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



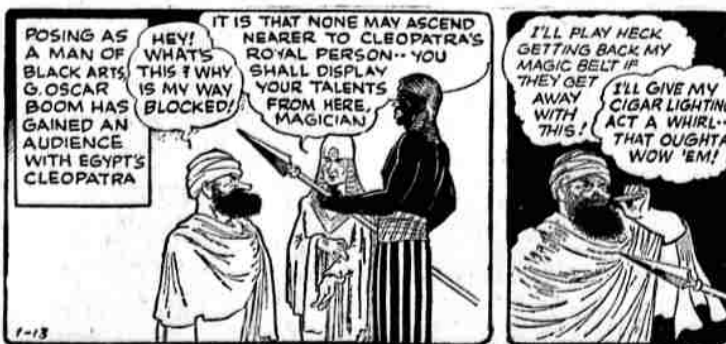
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



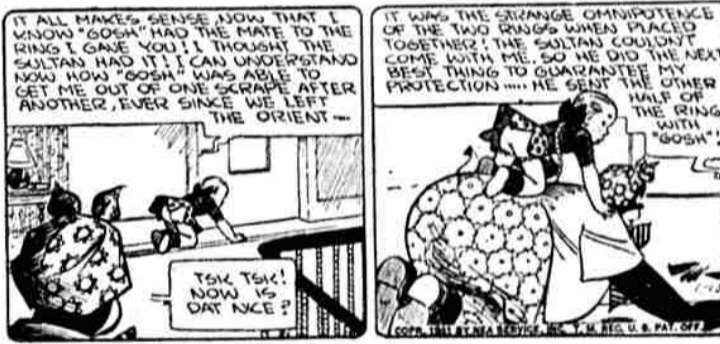
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



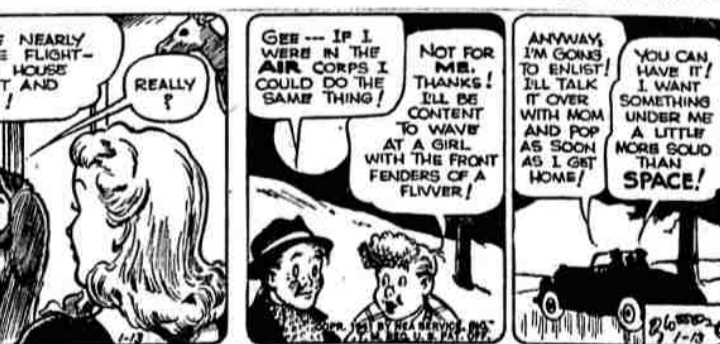
BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER

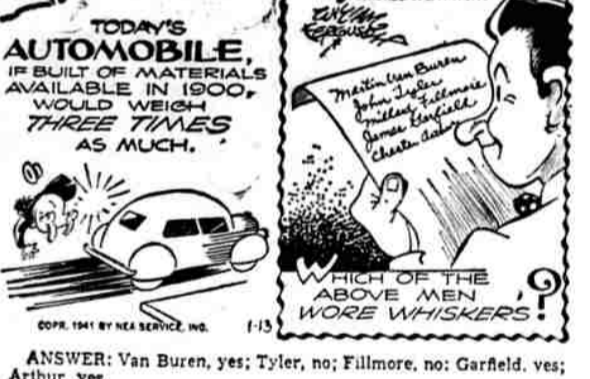


BY V. T. HAMLIN



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Van Buren, yes; Tyler, no; Fillmore, no; Garfield, yes; Arthur, yes.

AMERICAN BARD

- HORIZONTAL
1 American poet pictured here.
10 To worship.
11 Honey gathering insect.
12 Blushing.
13 Snake.
15 Point (abbr.).
16 Caller.
18 Court (abbr.).
19 Huge.
20 Mother.
21 The utmost extent.
23 Lights.
27 Annelids.
28 To burden.
31 Ancient tale.
32 To scatter.
34 Vagary.
36 To slash.
37 Plural pronoun.
38 To sunburn.
39 Note in scale.
41 Chaos.
42 Compass point.
44 Center of action.
Answer to Previous Puzzle
HERALDUS CREEK
DORMER ABATER
JET RAMULUS ROE
ENTE LISTIS CYST
A EAT NEE E
LARVATE DAB
ON EWE M LRB
UTE SALINAS
SEND RUNES
CRIB GAD OVIS
HEAVEN SHARED
EDGE OPERA TIRE
WEB AGITATE SEW
18 He lived last...
19 To proffer.
21 Cover.
22 Spigot.
23 Coins.
24 Postscript (abbr.).
25 Membranous bag.
26 He was a great lover of...
28 Copper.
30 Arid.
32 Gat.
34 Brought about.
35 Football team.
38 Digit of foot.
40 Data.
42 Coin aperture.
43 Mining term.
44 Amicid.
45 Pertaining to wings.
47 Pulp fruit.
49 Circle part.
51 Monkey.
54 Form of "I."

