

SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

COPYRIGHT, 1941,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY, Martha rode Bill to actually enjoying his conscription service. He has changed, she said, from a dull, lifeless man to a man of spirit. She goes to reception quarters to get a pass. A while after, she goes to the camp. "We hardly had a minute!"

DATE FOR A PARTY

CHAPTER XII

IT had been a glorious day—this first day with Bill since the train bore him away from her, into the army.

"But it slipped away so fast!" she was saying, there on the dark road as the car sped back toward the camp. "We hardly had a minute!"

"Mrs. Marshall, you have been monopolizing me for exactly 11 hours, 15 minutes—"

"So you've been counting the minutes until you could get away from me!"

"Counting the minutes, all right," he admitted, with a new glumness in his tone. "Counting them and wishing there was a way to stretch 'em out!"

She cuddled against him more closely. "Five minutes, yet." She added, "We're like Cinderella and the golden coach that turned back into a pumpkin. I forgot where Prince Charming came in, at that point, but my Prince gets turned back into a buck private at the stroke of 10."

His arms tightened. "It's hard to take, honey. I only wish you could come up every Sunday." It was much too far, and it cost too much. They both knew it. "Anyway, this one round trip may result in our owing Paul a new clutch. You always play the dummies with the clutch."

"I don't think the new cars have clutches. No shift, so what would they need with a clutch?" They were just talking. Talking to cover the ache of parting. "I shouldn't have let you stay this late. It's a long drive at night."

"I'll be home by midnight."

"No, you won't. And don't speed, please, darling."

"Time's up now, Bill." She lifted her face for a last kiss. As Bill got out of the car, Butch, who had been sleeping on the floor, woke up and growled his protest. Bill patted his head. "Sorry, old man. That's the way it is in the Army."

"It's been wonderful, seeing you, Bill!"

Bill straightened his shoulders. "Tell Paul I said thanks. And listen, woman! Tell him I also said not to take too good care of you!"

For a moment, her heart lurched. Then she realized that Bill was only joking. "I'll try to come up again very soon, darling." She waved gaily, while Bill cautioned her to drive carefully.

THE hundred miles of state highway which stretched before her seemed suddenly ominous as she drove off into the darkness. It was lonely, too. Butch had gone to sleep on the seat. The headlights of an oncoming car blinded her. She slowed down. Twice she stopped for coffee. It must have been long after midnight when she finally reached home, but her watch had stopped because she'd forgotten to wind it, so she could not tell exactly what time it was.

The next morning, she woke to find the sun high in the bedroom. "Mercy, I'm late!" Butch was patiently scratching at the door. She let him slip out, while she dressed hurriedly. "This is what comes of waiting my own husband!" She drove downtown quickly. "I hope the Chief's not around when I get in."

But he was. He was in Paul's office, as she discovered when she opened the door to return Paul's car keys. "Sorry, sir," she mumbled. "I drove out to camp to visit Bill, and got home so late—" She put the keys down on the desk.

The chief engineer grinned. "The moral is, don't hang around army camps."

At lunch time, she found a minute to thank Paul for the car. "Peg would surely have flown to pieces under the strain."

"I rather think it was too much for you, too," Paul said. "Next time, I shall insist on going with you. If only to help you drive." He asked, "Nice visit? How's Bill?"

"He's looking grand. He got a pass, we didn't stay in camp."

Paul put the key in his pocket. "This ends my generosity, positively; next time I go as chauffeur."

BUT he didn't suggest seeing her that night. She wrote a letter to Bill, telling him how late she got home. On Tuesday, she scrubbed the kitchen floor, and Wednesday night she took the living room apart and put it together again.

Yes, the things they had said to each other, she and Paul, Saturday afternoon here in the apartment, had shown Paul plainly that they mustn't see each other too much. But by Thursday, Martha was conscious of loneliness. It was so monotonous, to come

her a splitting headache. She remembered how she had scrubbed the kitchen floor. She looked down at the poisonous brown wool in her lap.

"A dance at the country club." The tempting picture of herself in the white gown—the alluring promise of dancing and laughter—was suddenly too much for her. "All right, Paul. I'll go with you."

(To Be Continued)

SHE was actually working on the sweater—sitting in the red leather chair and conscientiously knitting two, purling two, the night Paul Elliott appeared, without warning, at the apartment again.

"How's the hermit?" he asked. "I came here to indulge in an argument. Put down that ridiculous fancy work. What is it supposed to be, a sock?"

"It's a sweater, stupid. For Bill."

"Then that's merely a sleeve," he said, settling himself on the sofa. "Now for the argument. I have subscribed to a dance at the country club. A very gay affair, they promise. I want you to go with me. You've been burying yourself..."

Here it was again. Martha braced herself. "Then that's merely a sleeve," he said, settling himself on the sofa. "Now for the argument. I have subscribed to a dance at the country club. A very gay affair, they promise. I want you to go with me. You've been burying yourself..."

Here it was again. Martha braced herself. "Then that's merely a sleeve," he said, settling himself on the sofa. "Now for the argument. I have subscribed to a dance at the country club. A very gay affair, they promise. I want you to go with me. You've been burying yourself..."

Here it was again. Martha braced herself. "Then that's merely a sleeve," he said, settling himself on the sofa. "Now for the argument. I have subscribed to a dance at the country club. A very gay affair, they promise. I want you to go with me. You've been burying yourself..."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

WINSTON CHURCHILL

AND ADOLF HITLER BOTH SHOWED TALENT AS ARTISTS, AND EACH DEVOTED TIME TO PAINTING AT VARIOUS TIMES IN THEIR STORMY CAREERS.

COPIED BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

WILLIAM FERGUSON

HOW?

WHY IS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BE ONE-SIXTH INDIAN?

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.



SOME GILA WOODPECKERS, OF THE SOUTHWEST DESERT COUNTRY, NEVER PECK WOOD!

THEY MAKE THEIR HOLES IN THE GIANT CACTUS.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

ANSWER: You cannot be one-sixth blooded of any race. If you have the blood of two or more races, the denominator of the fraction expressing the ratio is either two or a power of two . . . one-half, one-fourth, etc.

1-28

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



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



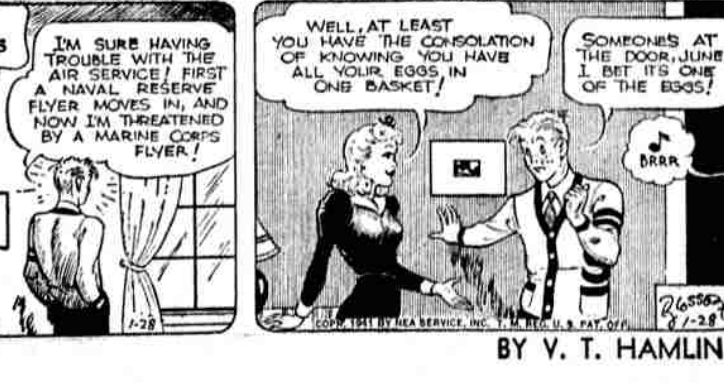
BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

