

SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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YESTERDAY: After her visit to camp, Martha settles down to a quiet life, takes up bowing and knitting. Paul doesn't call often, apparently accepts the situation. But one night he drops in. "You're going to the country club dance with me," he announces. Martha is glad he insists. The party will be fun.

MUSIC FOR MARTHA

CHAPTER XIII

THE country club was blazing with lights as Paul nosed the car into the long, curving driveway. The white building with its tall columns stood out against the dark sky, on the slight rise of hill, like a southern manor house in a moving picture.

Martha Marshall, her red hair piled high in curls, Paul's orchid on her shoulder, caught her breath with a sudden, guilty start. "I'm here, all dressed up and going to have a good time, while Bill's in that camp!"

But a moment later, as Paul was helping her out and they mounted the stairs together, the guilt died down. She had been so starved for fun, all these weeks! Paul smiled down at her. "You'll be the loveliest thing here."

Martha knew she looked well. The white dress, with its softly draped V and its tiny stars twinkling among the wispy folds of the full skirt, had always been very becoming. Her silver sandals were new. She felt light as a feather, poised, happy.

A girl in glittering sequin jacket looked at her curiously for a moment. Martha saw the fleeting homage in her eyes—the homage that one woman pays to another who looks even more beautiful. She was ridiculously pleased, and a little smile tugged at the corners of her lips.

Paul was saying, "I've reserved a table. That is, we're with a party. Ted Willis and Madge, and the Graces."

"Oh," he hadn't told her before, because she had known them all only during the time when she had been engaged to Paul. They were his friends, not hers. Bill had never met them.

"I'll be glad to see them again," she mustn't let embarrassment, any foolish self-consciousness, spoil her magic evening.

BUT Madge Willis was cordial, and her husband, Ted, claimed Martha at once for a dance. I don't get a chance like this often. Easy, you're looking marvelous!"

Mary Grace only smiled at her, lazily. Mary had always been like that—off-hand, casual, accepting things at their face. Probably nothing interested her very much except clothes. She and Jack were immensely wealthy.

It was good to be dancing again. Good to be part of this gay, care-free crowd, good to hear music and smile up at a partner who hummed under his breath and had nothing more important on his mind than enjoying himself.

"Long time no see," Ted said, after a while. "What happened to the husband?"

It was not that he cared, especially. In this country club crowd it was extremely usual to attach no importance to the fact that a married woman appeared at a dance with an old friend.

"The husband's in the Army," she laughed. "Didn't you know?"

"No, I hadn't heard." He shook his head, in exaggerated concern. "Country's going to the dogs. They'd better not get after me!"

Paul claimed her for the next dance. They had always danced beautifully together. She gave herself up to enjoyment.

Someone tapped Paul. "You can't keep loveliness like that under a bushel basket, Elliott," said a tall man with tawny hair. "Come to me, beautiful!"

She smiled at Paul, helplessly. The man led her off in triumph, but half way across the room, Jack Grace cut in.

"I thought people weren't supposed to cut any more," Martha said. "It was too collegiate, or something."

"Rules are made to be broken. Ah, this is what I call dancing!"

"Look out," she warned him. "Paul's coming back after me!"

"That," said Jack, "is much too blatant an infraction of the law. Out the door, baby." Expertly, he danced her through the open French doors to the veranda.

"We'll admire the moon." "No, you don't!" Paul said, behind them. "Give her back, sir!"

It was silly, maybe. But it was fun. When Paul left her for a moment to get her something to eat, a red-haired young person sidled up and suggested, "Run away with me? This is my evening for running away."

"I'd love to," she laughed. "But I'm chained. Besides, we'd look so odd. Two bric-a-bracs."

"We'd look beautiful together!" he said. "If you won't run away, at least dance with me. That'll give my girl something to think about."

"What did she do, run away with someone else?" "You're a mind reader."

Paul rescued her, two minutes later. "Madge and Mary want to go to the Tortilla."

Martha realized, with amazement, that it was nearly 1 o'clock. "Where did the time go? We just came!"

hankie, please!" In lieu of an evening bag, she had wrapped her compact and comb and the gilt tube of lipstick in a wisp of chiffon, which Paul had obligingly stowed away in a pocket. "I must look a fright. I haven't repaired my complexion all evening."

"Three freckles," Paul admitted, "have worked loose."

She darted under the looped velvet into the powder room. Mary and Madge were already there. A maid was on her knees beside Mrs. Grace, taking a firmer stitch in the draped girdle around her waist. "That fool, my husband, has a clutch like a gorilla!"

Madge was touching up her mouth. "Hello, Martha. My, you certainly mowed down the stag line tonight!"

"Thanks. I think it was a conspiracy. Be kind to working girls night."

"With those eyes," said Mary Grace, calmly, "you need never worry."

"Eyes my foot! It's the girlish, lonesome grace," Madge giggled. "I've gained two pounds and it's keeping me up nights."

"There's an exercise for that. You turn your head slowly from side to side when they bring up the whipped cream, darling."

THE Club Tortilla, at 2 in the morning, with Ricardo and Regina whirling in a rumba, was hard to leave. That's how it happened that dawn was definitely streaking the sky when Paul left Martha at her door.

"It's been wonderful, Paul!" "You'd better sleep all day tomorrow."

But she had scarcely tumbled into bed—hardly closed her eyes—when the long, imperious ring of the phone woke her.

At first, she resisted it. She was so satisfyingly exhausted! But it kept on and on, and she got up at last.

"Hello? Hello?" Her very voice was sleepy.

"Hello, Martha?" She came awake with a start. It was Bill! "Martha, where were you last night? I tried to get you until after midnight. I kept calling and the phone didn't answer!"

(To Be Continued)



W. Averell Harriman, above, wealthy banker and railroad executive who has staunchly supported the New Deal, may be appointed U. S. Minister to England to accompany John G. Winant, if the latter becomes Ambassador to Great Britain. Harriman would take active charge of U. S. aid to Britain.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANGEL FALLS, NEWLY DISCOVERED IN VENEZUELA, NOW IS CONCEDED TO BE THE WORLD'S HIGHEST WATERFALL! ESTIMATES PLACE IT AT TWENTY TO THIRTY TIMES HIGHER THAN NIAGARA!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, IT WAS NOT UNCOMMON FOR SMALL-POX TO WIPE OUT ONE-TENTH OF A COUNTRY'S POPULATION ANNUALLY.

NAME AN ANIMAL THAT COULD BE REPRODUCED IF EVERY ONE OF ITS KIND NOW IN EXISTENCE SHOULD BE DESTROYED.

ANSWER: Mule. It is a cross between a mare and a jack.

NOTED SOLDIER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured Civil War soldier.

14 Tendency.

15 To harmonize.

16 To extend.

17 To wander.

18 Likes.

20 Nothing.

21 Pistol.

22 Plural pronoun.

23 Parent.

25 Any flatfish.

27 Half an em.

28 He was a military leader.

32 Transposed.

33 Servant.

34 Onager.

35 Pattern block.

37 Black.

40 Slovak.

42 To seek fax.

43 To subvert.

45 Falsehood.

46 Common verb.

47 Becoming.

48 Above.

50 Senior (abbr.).

51 Calms.

53 Soft-spoken.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

EAGLES, B. AQUILA

P. L. T. A. L. O. N. S. T. U. N.

I. T. E. R. A. D. U. L. T. E. R.

A. D. S. T. O. R. M. E. D.

D. R. A. C. E. E. T. S. E.

I. U. N. I. O. N. A. C. E. R. E.

A. B. E. D. S. T. E. D. L.

N. W. S. A. C. E. S. B. E.

A. R. A. L. L. A. G. G. A. R. D.

L. I. T. R. O. U. G. E. B. R. O. S.

T. E. E. C. A. N. O. E. R. A. T.

K. E. E. N. E. S. I. S. F. L. I. G. H. T.

V. E. R. T. I. C. A. L.

1 Right (abbr.).

2 Body part.

3 To throb.

4 Finish.

5 To remark.

57 Malt drink.

58 Portuguese coin.

59 Nuts.

60 Hops kiln.

67 He was the commander of the southern U. S. forces.

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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



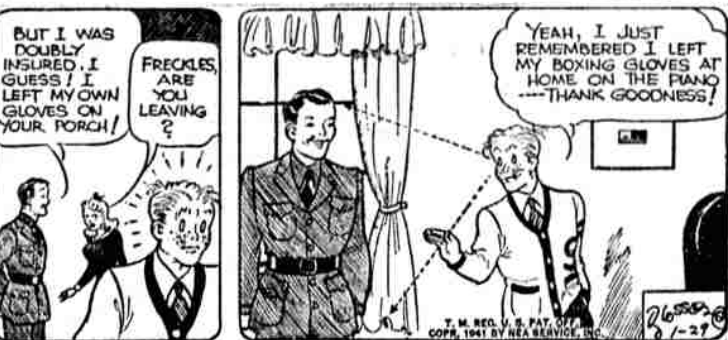
BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

