● SERIAL STORY

# CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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**YESTERDAY: Martha discovers work is the best medicine for heartache. Paul is in New York, so the meeting with him is postponed. Then the Chief calls her, orders her to take important papers to Paul. When the plane lands, Paul is waiting to greet her.**

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**TROUBLE AHEAD**

CHAPTER XXVI

"OH, Paul!" Martha cried, in mixed gladness and dismay. "You shouldn't have come!" Yet even while they walked through the busy, glassed-in passenger loading underpass to the administration building, she felt a little throb of relief that she wouldn't have to buck this bewildering hugeness alone. "How did you ever manage to get away from the conference."

"What was the sense of twiddling my thumbs in the hotel?" He looked down at her with undisguised joy. "It's good to see you! When did you get back to the office?"

"Yesterday."

"I'm glad you came to your senses, Martha. One day of the office has worked wonders."

She couldn't help dimpling. "Only the difference between my best suit and newest hat, and Helen's printed house dress and the accompanying symphony of baby howls."

As they entered the great round room which was the main ticket office of the administration building, Martha's breath caught. "Why—it's, it's lovelier than Grand Central Station!"

She had a swift impression of warm, pinkish marble; of gold-glinting brass. The room was spacious, modern, somehow thrilling. She looked up to the domed ceiling and saw that an enormous globe, the continents and oceans of the world in bold relief, was suspended above them. At each side of the room were the busy counters of the various airlines, and in the center, an enormous circular information desk. Martha couldn't take all the splendor in at once, and Paul was already rushing her.

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IN the cab, she wanted to stare out and get her fill of LaGuardia Field. Paul wanted to talk. "You haven't told me anything. Why did you come back to the office? Did the Chief tell you about the awful time we had without you?"

She brought her eyes back, reluctantly. "He told me. With gestures." Paul looked rather fit, considering that he had been in the hospital so recently. "How's your collarbone?"

"It's all right. I'm good as new. Look here, Martha, what happened? Did you suddenly come back to your senses—or did Bill—"

He stopped. His eyes clouded. "Bill's still sore about what Suzanne said, I suppose?"

There was no point in evading. "Yes. He's—he's being very silly about it. Oh, Paul, I'm so sorry it ever happened! If you had only listened to me when I tried to tell you!"

Somehow, against her will, the old regrets tore at her. She remembered Bill's sullen eyes, the hurting way that he clung to his suspicions. But she must not tell Paul about Bill's senseless rebellion, there at camp. She must not tell him that she had come back to the office because she could bear no more.

She touched the briefcase that lay on the seat between them. "Hadn't you better be checking this over, making sure it's all in order? It'll be almost 4 when we reach the hotel, and your men may be waiting."

Paul frowned, but his fingers worked the tiny brass catch. He drew the crisp papers out, and Martha gave herself again to sightseeing. They were skimming along some sort of parkway, now.

He said, "Martha, do me a favor. As long as you're here anyway, sit in and take notes of the whole proceedings, will you? Then I won't have to remember all the endless details, and there'll be less chance of slipping up on anything important. These boys don't quite know what it's all about yet. If I have to write them later, clarifying any points—"

"I'll be glad to, Paul."

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NOW he was all engineer, and she was all secretary. No one, seeing them half an hour later in the richly-panelled conference room which the hotel had put at Paul's disposal, could possibly have imagined that the stern, gray-eyed man with the strong, bony jaw and the self-possessed, commanding voice was in love with this small, redheaded stenographer.

The conference lasted until after 6. One of the men suggested, "Send out for something to eat?" But they didn't. They rushed the discussion to a close, and shook hands all around. "See you at 9, then, Mr. Elliott. Finish up all the ends."

The long notebook she had sent out for was almost filled. Page after page of her neat, shorthand hieroglyphics. "Paul," she said. "I ought to transcribe these while they're reasonably fresh. You could get a typewriter from the management, couldn't you?"

"I could, but I won't. Take it back to the office with you. Better yet, stay tonight, take the rest of the stuff in the morning. . . . We could fly back together."

Martha stirred uneasily. "You won't really need me in the morning."

"I will. God only knows what may pop into their heads. I tell you, they're foggy. Building plane parts isn't like fabricating auto parts. They're experts in their line. But this is my line and—"

"I don't think the Chief meant for me to stay."

"I'll phone him. When he hears how it's been going, he'll want you to stay."

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SHE felt dazed, bewildered. This morning, when she woke up in Mrs. Larkin's boarding house, she hadn't had the faintest notion that tonight she'd be in New York with Paul.

With Paul. An ominous little doubt shook her. Bill, there at camp—out of the guardhouse by now—had already received her note, telling him that she had left Helen's. Although they had quarreled, although she was not sure of what would come now, her spine crawled at the thought of Bill's ever finding out about this. Never in the world would he believe the simple truth! Not after all the things they'd said to each other, not after his bitter, "Back! Back to Paul!"

"I can't stay, Paul," she told him.

His eyes were suddenly very direct. "Don't be a fool, Martha! I'll drive you to a well-known woman's clubhouse just a block from here!"

She gathered up her pencils, the notebook, her handbag. Her face was hot. "I simply can't stay Paul. Surely, after all we've been through already, you should understand that!"

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SO he took her back to the airport, in a taxi, his pipe between his teeth and his eyes hard. He bought her a ticket for the 9:20, and they ate almost in silence in the beautiful Airport Terrace. Twinkling lights on the field below, the hum of airplane motors, the sound of wings in the darkness above them, did nothing to lighten their mood.

"I can't help it, Paul!" she tore out once. "I love Bill and he—he's crazy enough, already."

But she never dreamed, in that moment, exactly how crazy Bill was to be. She never guessed, either then in the restaurant, or later, after midnight, when her cab pulled up in front of Mrs. Larkin's boarding house, how appalling was the situation that awaited her.

(To Be Continued)

## Seeks $1,000,000 For War Refugees

Hoping to raise $1,000,000 for maintenance in Palestine of 1700 pupils and teachers, refugees from Jewish schools in eastern Europe, Dr. Isaac Herzog is pictured as he arrived recently in New York. Dr. Herzog is chief rabbi at Palestine and was formerly chief rabbi of the Irish Free State.

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: 1. Gone With the Wind; 2. Little Women; 3. The Good Earth; 4. The Harvester.

## CAPABLE SOLDIER

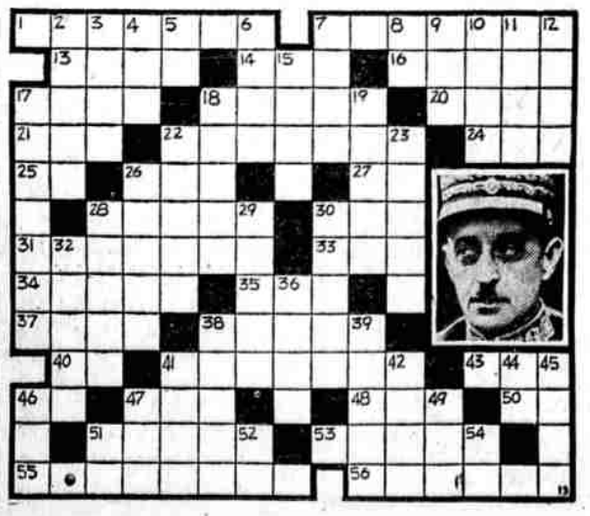
**HORIZONTAL**

1 Leader of the Greek army, Alexander ——.
7 His military title.
13 Knife.
14 Blackbird.
16 Molding.
17 Painful.
18 To pronounce holy.
20 Pitcher.
21 Be still!
22 Caused to exist.
24 To observe.
25 Musical syllable.
26 Brother.
27 To fare.
28 Serf.
30 Stomach.
31 Fortunes.
33 Numeral.
34 Hangman's knot.
35 To make lace.
37 Cistern.
38 Noisy festivity.
40 Musical note.
41 Covered with wax.
43 Baglike part.
46 Exists.
47 Obese.
48 By way of.
50 Morindin dye.
51 Foundation.
53 He ——d his country in a war with Turkey.
55 He is an experienced —— fighter.
56 Inclined.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

**VERTICAL**

2 In circuit.
3 Harbor.
4 Beer.
5 To depart.
6 Auction.
7 Nub.
8 Nay.
9 Night previous.
10 Brawls.
11 On the lee.
12 Learning.
15 Tidy.
17 He is a keen —— or scholar of military history.
18 Courageous.
19 Auto body.
22 Slatted box.
23 Dowry.
26 Bottle.
28 Rock.
29 Compound ether.
30 Vocal composition.
32 Flies.
36 Grandparental.
38 Nets.
39 Flat.
41 To hurl.
42 Dismal.
44 Rough lava.
45 Dressed.
46 Distinctive theory.
47 Ventilating machine.
49 Kava.
51 Bushel (abbr.).
52 Note in scale.
54 Half an em.

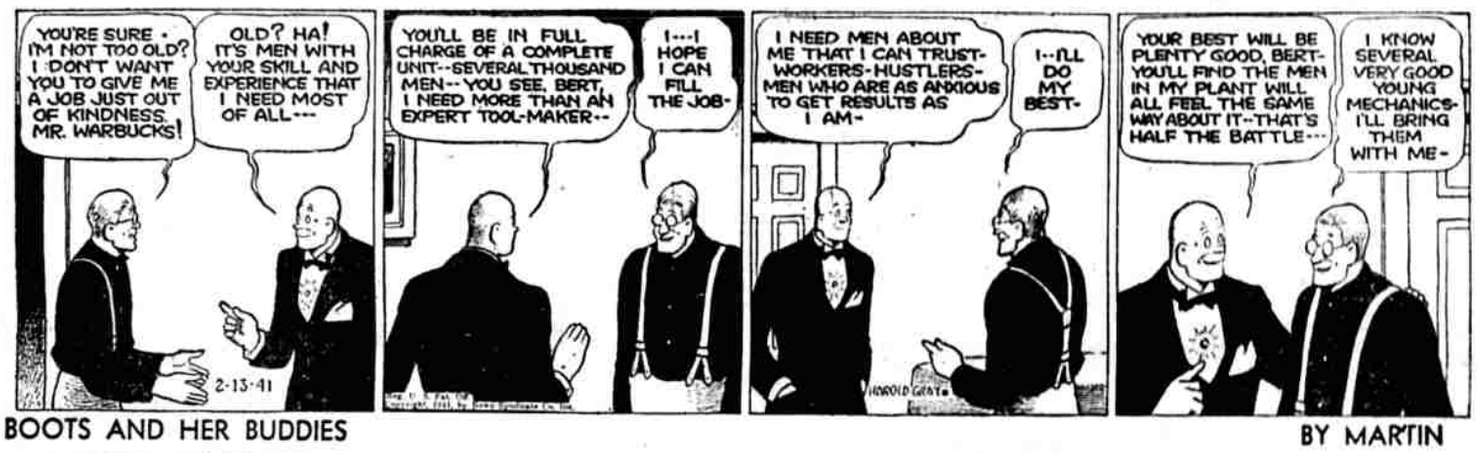


OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE

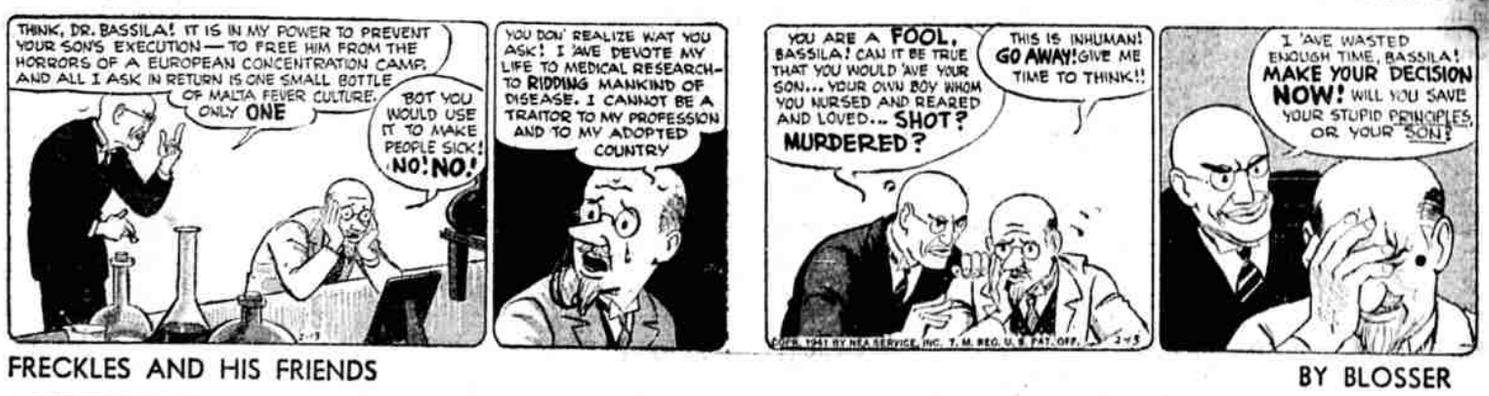
RED RYDER — BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — BY HAROLD GRAY




BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — BY MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — BY CRANE




FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — BY BLOSSER

ALLEY OOP — BY V. T. HAMLIN