● SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY

BY W. H. PEARS

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YESTERDAY: When Paula visits Tony in the hospital, she learns that a blue scarf belonging to Chris has been found in shrubbery near the fraternity house. Paula sees bits of red wool clinging to it, knows Kilo Sherwood wears a red sweater. She calls on Kilo, accuses her of borrowing the scarf, asserts that Kilo—not Chris—was in on the bombing. Later Paula meets Tony en route to the dean's office to tell about the scarf. She threatens never to speak to him again if he betrays Chris. Tony insists it is his duty, that he is doing it to protect Chris.

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CHRIS IS ARRESTED

CHAPTER XI

WHEN Paula went to breakfast next morning she knew that the news of Tony's injury had broken into print. A group of Gamma Tau girls, in various colorful stages of morning attire, fluttered around the tabloid newspaper like butterflies around a blossom—a blossom of sensationalism created by Bill Jenks.

Paula viewed the headline with dismay: CARDMAN TORN BY BITTER FEUD.

Rapidly Paula scanned the story, written under Bill Jenks' by-line. His description of the stench-bombing was accurate. He had even learned about the blue scarf, but gave only the initials.

Then, keeping well within the libel laws, Jenks managed to imply that Van Horn was at fault; that an impartial man in the president's chair would soon settle the quarrel.

Paula threw down the paper in disgust and fled from the house to escape an avalanche of queries from the other girls.

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RESTLESS, lonely, Paula turned toward the Sweetland. She had no appetite, but a cup of coffee, she felt, might cheer her. She was passing the administration building when she saw the erect figure of Dr. Lud. His greeting was preoccupied.

"Dr. Lud, I know I've no business asking, but . . ."

"You might as well know, Paula," Lud said, tugging nervously at his crisp gray mustache. "It'll be all over the campus before long anyway."

"You—you mean Dr. Van Horn's been dismissed?"

"Not yet, Paula. Like most peaceable men, Van Horn's a battler when you push him too far. He just fought Big Barney's men to a standstill. The faculty helped with a petition demanding his retention. Van Horn told them that if they dismissed him without cause he'd give the true story to every paper in the state!"

"So they're not going to fire him?"

"Not yet," Lud said with a shake of his head. "But if this League-Fraternity row flares, as it seems likely to, Van Horn won't have a ghost of a chance. Big Barney's men can truthfully say that they gave him his chance and he failed . . ."

"But he mustn't fail," Paula cried. "There must be some way to quiet things."

"Young blood is hot blood," Lud sighed. "Van Horn can't appeal to either group without making it seem that he's begging for his job. He's issued a statement to the League. Now about all he can do is sit back and wait."

"What kind of statement?"

"A notice that he would like to talk with any members of the League who will call at his office."

"Will that do any good, Dr. Lud?"

"I doubt it."

"Dr. Lud," Paula said abruptly, "what's liable to happen to Chris Wentrich?"

"Young Wentrich is decidedly unpopular around here at the moment, Paula." Lud's voice was cold. "He should have been more careful with his scarf."

"Chris didn't hit Tony. I—I know he didn't. You see . . ."

"If you don't mind, Paula, I don't feel free to discuss Wentrich." Lud's smile removed the sting from his words, but Paula felt herself rebuked.

"I'm sorry."

Lud gave her arm a light pat. "You're loyal, Paula, but very, very foolish." And with these words he was gone.

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PAULA stayed in her room all that evening. Her nerves were taut. Each time the telephone rang she expected word to go through the house that a battle had taken place between the League and the fraternity boys, but each time it was someone calling for a date.

At midnight she went to bed, daring to hope all would be quiet on the campus. Only one day remained before Commencement. If trouble could be averted until then, Paula felt sure everything would be all right.

The next day, also, was quiet—too quiet. The campus was deserted except for a few girls. The Gamma Tau house, usually a hive of social activity, droned through the afternoon, its occupants loudly bewailing the absence of males.

Late in the day one of the girls burst into Paula's room.

"A man, Paula!" she yelled with exaggerated excitement. "Grab him quick before he gets away."

It was Chris. He waited on the porch, his big shoulders drooping. His eyes when they met Paula's were worried, his face haggard.

"Chris, I've been worried about you," Paula exclaimed. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"Everything, Paulie," he mumbled. "Old Christopher's about licked."

"Oh, Chris, no!" Paula cried. "Not now, not the day before Commencement. Why, tomorrow, Chris, we begin all over again. When you leave Cardman no one's going to know you made a few mistakes."

Chris shook his head. "It's no good, Paulie. I can't fight the whole school, and they all think I socked Tony. I'm poison around here. Every time I show my face someone wants to take a poke at it."

"Chris," Paula begged, "why don't you do what I asked you? It's all right to be noble, but you don't owe Kilo—"

Chris stiffened. "H-how do you know about that?"

"Two and two make four, Chris. It's not fair for her to let you take all the blame," Paula finished hotly.

"I've got to," Chris said, his fire-blue eyes softening. "There's a reason . . ."

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PAULA saw that it was no use. Whatever happened, Chris would stick by his guns. Secretly she didn't blame him, but the injustice of it made her burn with anger against Kilo.

"What are you going to do, Chris?"

"That's what I came to tell you, Paulie. You're the swellest friend a guy ever had. I—I couldn't leave without saying goodby."

"Oh, Chris, Chris, you can't do that," Paula choked. "You can't throw away four years as if they were nothing."

Chris held out his hand. "So long, pal," he said huskily, "remember old Christopher now and then . . ."

He turned quickly and almost ran down the steps. Then he came to an abrupt stop against the solid body of Jake Sands, village marshal of Cardman Center.

"Just a minute, young fellow," Sands said. "Yer name's Wentrich, ain't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Sorry, but you gotta come along with me, son. I got a warrant for your arrest."

"B-but what for?" Chris stammered.

"Says here assault and battery," Sands replied. "Sworn out by a fellow named Tony Beale."

(To Be Continued)

Domestic airlines, 16 in number, carried 177,055 passengers during January, 1941, flying 69,047,939 miles — an increase of approximately 30 per cent over the same month in 1940.

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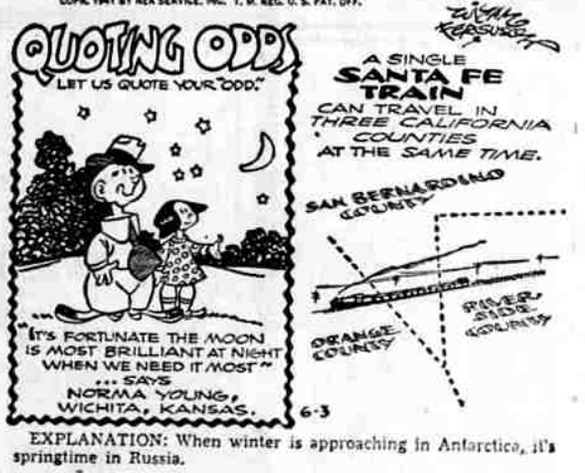
THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



EXPLANATION: When winter is approaching in Antarctica, it's springtime in Russia.

NEXT: When a 12-year-old was middle-aged.

BOY RULER

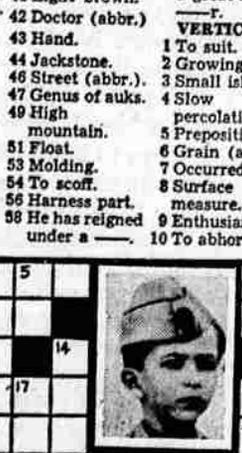
HORIZONTAL

1 Boy who became king of Iraq in 1939
6 His father, King ——, was killed accidentally.
11 Insertion.
12 Less common.
13 Story.
15 Hill top.
16 Wigwam.
18 Gem.
19 To exist.
20 Work of skill.
21 Pronoun.
22 Spain (abbr.).
24 Heron.
26 Hammer heads.
28 Stabs.
30 To regret.
32 More modern.
34 Payment demands.
35 Unit of currency in Iraq.
37 Valley.
38 Dined.
39 Envoys.
41 Light brown.
42 Doctor (abbr.)
43 Hand.
44 Jackstone.
46 Street (abbr.).
47 Genus of auks.
49 High mountain.
51 Float.
53 Molding.
54 To scoff.
56 Harness part.
58 He has reigned under a ——.
59 His country is a great oil ——r.

VERTICAL

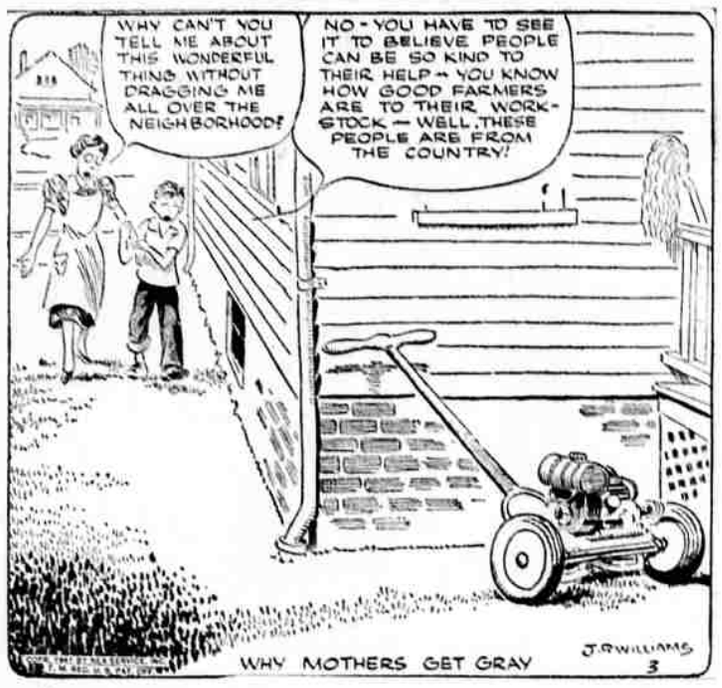
1 To suit.
2 Growing out.
3 Small island.
4 Slow percolations.
5 Preposition.
6 Grain (abbr.).
7 Occurred.
8 Surface measure.
9 Enthusiasms.
10 To abhor.
14 To measure.
17 Makes a mistake.
18 Foretoken.
19 Iraq's capital.
23 Mother.
24 Bird of prey.
25 Spruce.
26 Irish fuel.
27 To kill a fly.
29 Affront.
31 Incapable.
33 Resilient.
35 Lair.
36 Carmine.
39 Untruth.
40 Courtesy title.
43 To run away.
45 Poet.
48 Limb.
49 Some.
50 Energy.
52 Feudal benefice.
53 Either.
54 South Carolina (abbr.).
55 Railroad (abbr.).
57 New England (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

RED RYDER

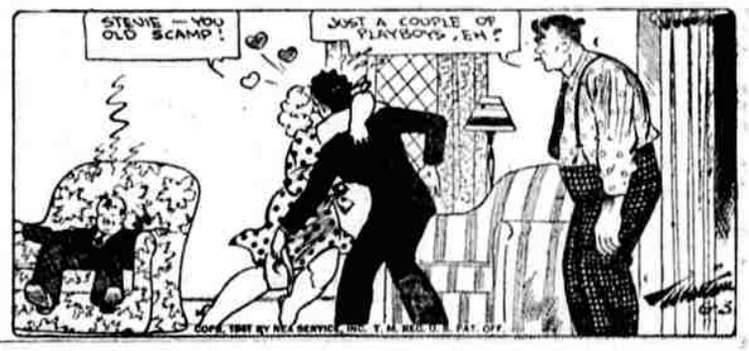
By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin

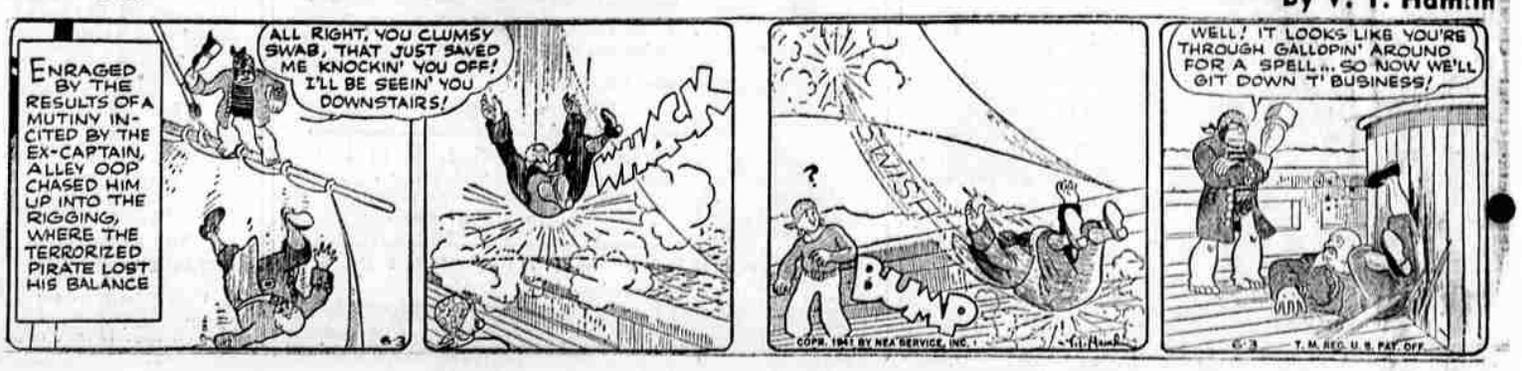


WASH TUBBS

By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser

ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin