

SERIAL STORY

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

BY DONNA ASHWORTH

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YESTERDAY: At last Lita makes her decision. She tells Jerry. He tries to show her that she is just infatuated, that she will get over loving Ken, but she refuses to believe him. When it does end, Jerry promises, she will call for him when he comes, not because he wants to, but because he loves her. Jerry leaves. Ken calls. Lita tells him she is going to Reno.

LITA MEETS A RIVAL

CHAPTER V

LITA walked down Fifth Avenue that January morning. It hardly seemed possible that eight weeks could change life so completely, that the apartment in which she and Jerry had lived and had been so happy could be occupied by someone else, that Jerry could have another dancing partner, that she could have gone to Reno, and was now quite free.

She walked briskly. A cold wind whipped through her fur coat though the sky was clear and the sun made the morning bright. The windows were filled with advance spring clothes and bizarre hats. She looked at her own reflection in the windows as she passed—slim and straight, a jaunty fur hat that matched her coat at just exactly the right angle.

As she walked along she thought of Jerry, the past; then brought herself up with a start. She mustn't look back. She must look forward.

Sally Green was going to Farmington with her and pretend to be her aunt, because Ken had insisted she must have a chaperone. He had come up from Farmington to help select the furniture for the house Lita was going to rent. She was on her way to meet Sally now. They were to see about a new dress for Lita, then go by Ken's hotel. Ken had a business engagement which would keep him busy all morning, and in the afternoon they would begin shopping for furniture.

"I thought I'd come to meet you."

"Oh, Sally," Lita caught the hand of the plump, middle-aged woman who came up to her. "You certainly do look the part of my maiden aunt, with gray hair, dignified glasses, your motherly way. It's a good thing you can play character parts."

"Yes, Lita. She could feel Sally's disapproval. 'I'll help you all I can. I guess I'd better begin calling you Ann now, because I might forget.'"

"You know I don't approve of this wild escapade, of your getting a divorce from Jerry, or your going down to this crazy little town and pretending that you are an entirely different sort of person from what you really are."

"Now, Sally, please! Please! You've gone over all that a dozen times already. I know you don't approve of me, but you love me, and that's enough. Ken has everything planned perfectly. It can't possibly go wrong. It's a new adventure. And you'll adore Ken."

"I've heard that before, too, darling. I won't adore Ken. He's not even like him. He's a ladies' man with a flattering line and he calls for every new face. I know his type exactly. They're always rich, too rich for their own good, and they always paint the right pictures."

"But he's taking another man's wife. He's a thief. He has no use for him. But I'll put up with him, because you're in love with him."

"That's fine," Lita squeezed her arm. "And now back to Jerry. Have you seen him since I've been gone? Have you talked to him? How is he doing?"

"He's getting along," said Sally as they walked along. "He has been giving Ruth Eustace a terrific rush. I wouldn't be surprised if he married her."

"The words left Lita cold. When she had thought about Jerry's remarriage herself, that had been one thing; but for other people to think about it was something else. She didn't like the idea. It couldn't be that she was jealous."

"Yes, she has everything, beauty, wealth, social position. Any man would be crazy who didn't marry her if he could," continued Sally. "And everybody knows she is crazy about Jerry."

"I guess you're right," Lita felt suddenly tired. "But he can't do anything for six months. He insisted I agree the divorce would not be final for six months before I could get my divorce."

"Maybe he thought you'd change your mind."

"No," Lita shook her head. "I think he thought it would irritate Ken, knowing that he couldn't marry me, even if he wanted to. Jerry acted as if he hated Ken, but I can't imagine Jerry really hating anybody."

"I'm afraid you don't know Jerry," Sally halted abruptly. "There he is in his new car. Isn't it a beauty? Ruth Eustace is with him."

Lita looked out in the traffic. Jerry and Ruth. Just what she had planned. Now that she saw it, it made her perfectly furious.

She didn't count any more. She was out of Jerry's life. And he had turned right away to another woman. He hadn't meant what he had said about caring.

He wasn't hurt, even if he had pretended to be. Hurt! Loved her! Jerry hadn't known anything about love, really, not a love like hers and Ken's.

THEY hailed a taxi. All at once she had to see Ken, to be reassured that she was doing the right thing. Last night she had been certain, with his kiss against her lips, but now she wasn't. She wanted him to tell her again that this was the only thing to do. She had to see him.

The taxi stopped. As she started to pay the driver, she saw a couple coming toward the hotel entrance. It was Ken and one of the most striking girls she had ever seen. A slim, straight, dark woman who walked with the haughty assurance of a queen. Her suit was black, with a fur thrown about her shoulders. An arrogant black hat with a bright red feather was perched on her head. Both the strange girl and Ken were laughing, entirely oblivious of the passing crowd. Lita was sure Ken had not noticed her, waiting under the hotel canopy.

They stopped by a gray coupe parked at the curb. Ken opened the door for the girl. She talked a moment. Ken smiled. The girl had started the engine. Suddenly Ken pulled the door open and, leaning in, kissed the girl, then slammed the door and stood on the walk, smiling, as the car eased into the traffic.

Lita paid the taxi man and turned toward the hotel. "What's the matter, darling?" Sally was looking at her curiously. "You look as if you've seen a ghost."

"Nothing," she tried to laugh, "except that the man who just kissed the girl in that car good-bye was Ken."

"Ken!" She moved toward him. "Oh, Lita—Ann." He said the two words at once as he hurried toward her. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

THE CABBAGE BUTTERFLY

ARRIVED IN CANADA FROM EUROPE IN 1860, PROBABLY BY BOAT...AND THEN, IN JUST TWENTY YEARS, IT INVADDED THE UNITED STATES BY AIR FROM BORDER TO BORDER... FROM COAST TO COAST.



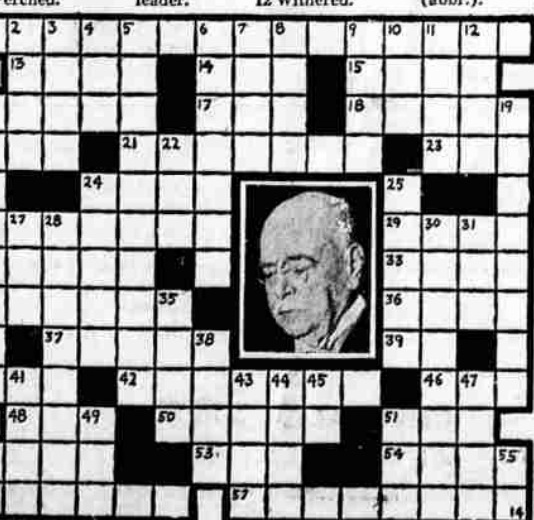
ANSWER: 1, Steve Peek; 2, Tommy Bridges; 3, Manuel Salvo; 4, Jack Knott.



ANSWER: 1, Steve Peek; 2, Tommy Bridges; 3, Manuel Salvo; 4, Jack Knott.

MARCH COMPOSER

HORIZONTAL		Answer to Previous Puzzle	
1 Pictured American march composer.	16 Place.	42 Hill.	48 Barrel.
2 To scorch.	17 Not (prefix).	43 Beam.	49 Sour.
3 Children benefit of parents.	18 To employ.	44 Limb.	50 Sour.
4 Venomous snake.	19 To put on.	51 Plant.	51 Limb.
5 To put on.	20 Fish.	52 Plant.	52 Sour.
6 To disturb.	21 Traversed.	53 Ever (contr.).	53 Sour.
7 To fish.	22 Rumanian coins.	54 Sour.	54 Sour.
8 To scorch.	23 To scorch.	55 He also composed 10.	55 Sour.
9 Children benefit of parents.	24 To scorch.	56 He was a famous band leader.	56 Sour.
10 Venomous snake.	25 To scorch.	57 He was a famous band leader.	57 Sour.
11 To put on.	26 To scorch.	58 He was a famous band leader.	58 Sour.
12 To disturb.	27 To scorch.	59 He was a famous band leader.	59 Sour.
13 To fish.	28 To scorch.	60 He was a famous band leader.	60 Sour.
14 To scorch.	29 To scorch.	61 He was a famous band leader.	61 Sour.
15 To fish.	30 To scorch.	62 He was a famous band leader.	62 Sour.



"No, we only came a moment ago. And I'm dreadfully curious. I suppose the young lady was the 'business engagement' you had this morning." Her voice was cool. "Who was she?"

"Haven't I told you about her, Honey? That was Janet Carstairs, a girl I used to be engaged to."

(To Be Continued)

Rubber has become so important to national defense that more than 50 different articles of natural and synthetic rubber are listed as "necessary" in the production of combat airplanes alone.

Our German-American congress for democracy has been set up to prove that the majority of our fellow-citizens of German birth or extraction are just as loyal Americans as anybody else. —Gerhard Seger, reichstag member under the Weimar republic.

★ POOLE'S

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Headquarters for
BICYCLES

\$5 Down

- Baby Walkers
- Wagons
- Tricycles

Lawn Mowers
Sharpened. \$1

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



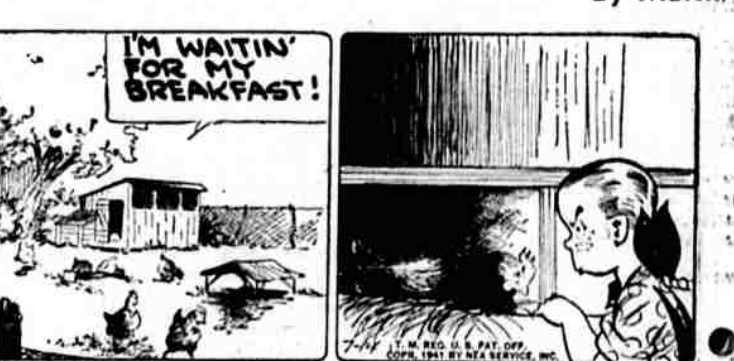
By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Bloss



By V. T. Hamlin

