

SERIAL STORY

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

BY DONNA ASHWORTH

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YESTERDAY: When Ann asks Ken to take her to hear Jim Coon's orchestra, Ken refuses, saying Coon would publicly recognize her as a dancer and that the incident would be humiliating.

JERRY HELPS OUT

CHAPTER XI

ANN turned into the first door. The Kit Kat Tea Room. She gasped as she looked at the mellow lighted interior and hurried toward a booth.

"Like old times, isn't it, Janet, having afternoon cocktails here together?"

Ken's voice.

A wry little smile twisted itself about Ann's mouth, and she swallowed a lump in her throat. Sally had been right. Ken was with Janet. Had he been coming every day? Had he been dining with her every night, when he told Ann he was working?

"Where are we going to dinner tonight, Janet? Coon's orchestra is playing at the Strathmore. We could dance together to the grandest music in the world. We used to have grand times together at the Strathmore."

"Before you became engaged to little, ladylike Ann. Don't forget, Ken, you are engaged."

"But not married, Janet, and there's many a slip—We can still dance together and dine together and no one can stop us."

Other words came to Ann, but they did not register on her stunned brain. She watched them leave the tearoom so interested in each other they did not notice her.

"He's double-crossing you, telling you he has to work at night when he's dining and driving with Janet."

That was what Sally had said. Sally had been right. A thousand things were leaping up to taunt her—Ken's scorn of her dancing, his wanting her to pretend to be something she wasn't, his arrogance, and now his unfaithfulness.

But suddenly she knew that it did not matter, because all at once, for no reason that she could understand, she did not care. She no longer wanted to be the lady—the sedate person he wanted her to be. She no longer wanted to fit into that background of aristocracy which meant so much to him. She wanted to dance. And more than anything else she wanted Jerry Lane with his sincerity and honesty.

She had called Jerry crude, but now she knew that real, rough quality in him was what she loved. There was no veneer about Jerry. He was just what he was and she loved him.

JERRY. She thought of him breathlessly, shining eyed. She wanted to dance with him again to Jim Coon's orchestra. He had told her that when she called him he would come no matter when. She'd find out from Jim Coon if he was still in New York. She couldn't get to the telephone fast enough.

At last... "Jerry." Her voice was high and shrill as she flung the words over the telephone to him. "Jerry, this is Lita. The veneer has cracked just as you said it would. Jim Coon's in town. He told me where to find you. And I want you to come to me tonight to dance with me."

"You've got to come. Get a plane. If I ever meant anything to you, you've got to come now... You can't! But, Jerry...!"

"Oh! You've got your call! You're ordered to report to camp tomorrow! But, Jerry, you must... I... I'm a rainy night as Ann sped over the highway to the airport. She had scarcely parked the car when a plane was zooming overhead in the darkness. Then it was bumping over the ground and had stopped.

She ran forward, holding out welcoming hands to Jerry. She could scarcely wait for him to take her in his arms, to feel the warm, hungry pressure of his lips against hers. But he wasn't gathering her close.

Stunned, she realized that he was holding her hands in the same impersonal way that he would hold the hands of any girl he liked—that he wasn't going to kiss her at all. She no longer meant anything. The repulsion was like a lash cutting her.

acting just as I would expect you to—outraged pride and all that, and it's fortunate that I could come along and help you put your show over.

"I don't suppose that Ken and Janet care any more about each other than you and I do. There's always a time, you know, when you think you're crazy about someone, but you recover eventually."

"I don't think I realized until afterward that it was for the best—our calling it quits. You never do at the time, and our little show tonight will probably make Ken realize."

"But I don't want him to realize that," she wanted to shout the words at him, but she didn't. "I don't care what he thinks. It's you I really care about and our marriage wasn't a mistake." She held the wheel until she felt as if she must twist it off, staring ahead at the dark, misty night, thankful that he couldn't see her face.

Jerry didn't care. He was talking as impersonally as if she were someone he barely knew. He had gotten over caring about her. She wanted to cry, but she mustn't. She'd have to go on pretending now. She couldn't humiliate herself before Jerry and let him know how much he meant to her when she meant nothing to him.

"I didn't know love could hurt you like this, Jerry." She spoke shakily. "I thought love made you gay and happy." He must think she cared about Ken. What a fool she had been to throw over someone as worthwhile as Jerry for someone as shallow as Ken.

"It does, darling." His voice was carelessly gay in the darkness. "Love has dancing feet, and it does make you gay and happy, and it is only when we're mistaken that it makes you sad."

"After all you aren't really mis-

taken in Ken, perhaps. But don't talk about it. Think only about tonight... and us, dancing together. You know you'll have to put on an act... laugh and act as if you're enjoying yourself, or Ken will know how jealous you really are." (To Be Concluded)

CLEANED UP DENVER, (AP)—Two squads of police, encouraged by passersby, rushed to the hotel roof demanding, "Where's the man that's gonna jump?"

"There's nobody here but me," replied Bridgroom Archie Simpson, 24, interrupted while hanging out a wash. Then he remembered he had peered over the hotel cornice after a handkerchief that had blown from his unwashwomanly grasp, and decided maybe that caused all the excitement.

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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams. Comic strip showing a man reading a book while others talk about it.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople. Comic strip showing men talking about a cave and gold nuggets.

RED RYDER. Comic strip showing a man on a horse talking to another man.

By Fred Harman. Comic strip showing a man on a horse talking to another man.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

By Harold Gray. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson. Comic strip about a cactus and a man.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

By Martin. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

NET STAR. Crossword puzzle with clues and a grid.

WASH TUBBS. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

By Crane. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

By Blosser. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

ALLEY OOP. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.

By V. T. Hamlin. Comic strip showing a man talking to a woman.