

SERIAL STORY

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

BY DONNA ASHWORTH

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YESTERDAY! Ducking into the Kit Kat Tea Room to avoid meeting Jim Coon, the orchestra leader, Ann discovered Ken and Janet together, planning to go to the Strathmore Hotel to dance to Coon's music. Ann realized suddenly she really loves Jerry, hasty to telephone him. He tells her he will come to Farmington by plane but that he must hurry back because he has been called to camp. When Ann sees Jerry, her heart sinks, because he appears indifferent. But he promises to accompany her to the Strathmore Hotel dance.

SEVERAL PEOPLE WAKE UP

CHAPTER XII

AT the Strathmore Hotel, there was laughter and music. Farmington society had come to dance to the swing music of Jim Coon's famous orchestra.

Jim Coon looked toward the door, a smile about his mouth.

"Jerry Lane and Lita Damson, world famous dancing pair, are now entering the room," he announced swiftly. He had scarcely believed his ears when Lita had called, but here she was with Jerry beside her.

The words were magic. As she would shed an old frock that no longer was of any value, so Lita could feel the cringing sedate personality slipping away from her. She had been humble, afraid of what Ken might say—afraid of displeasing him or his friends. But she wasn't afraid now, for it no longer mattered.

She moved beside Jerry as a princess might have moved, nodding here and there to people she knew, meeting for a moment Ken's eyes as he sat at a table near the wall with Janet.

Jim Coon watched them as they came along the edge of the floor. When they came nearer, he made his way toward them, holding out his hands in welcome, laughing as he guided them to a table. For a moment they talked and laughed; then he turned back to the room.

"We are going to have the privilege tonight of seeing Miss Damson and Mr. Lane dance. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you—Lita Damson and Jerry Lane, the world's greatest dancers as well as my two very good friends."

They moved toward the center of the dance floor, laughing as they turned to face the applauding crowd. Lita was looking at Ken as he sat scowling beside Janet. She had never seen him look so angry. He was fairly glowing.

The light caught the scintillating sequins in a thousand splinters of light as she danced with the abandon for which she was famous. The applause was deafening as the music stopped.

She and Jerry were dancing again, their mad Spanish dance, swirling, dipping, swaying, stopping at last, panting and breathless, laughing into each other's eyes.

Lita was laughing and bowing as she clung to Jerry's hand. The applause was a roar about them.

TO the left was a dinner party of the gay younger crowd who was always doing things, and Ken disapproved of them because they were not in his particular social group—Rita Cavin and the Baylor boy, young Tom Phillips and Bess Beggs, Charles Ryan and one or two others she did not know. Suddenly she moved toward them, laughing down at Rita Cavin.

"Jim Coon has consented to play for a party for me after he finishes here tonight. Won't you all come out to my house and dance?"

"Will we?" They were looking at her with admiring eyes. "We didn't know you were Lita Damson." Their voices were bubbling.

People were watching her eagerly, and their glances darted back now and then to Ken Richards and Janet Garrison.

"Ken, darling," determinedly she made her voice gay and light, and her eyes as she met his were mocking. "I'm having a little party as soon as Jim Coon finishes here—the sort of party at which we met in little old New York. Remember? You'd better bring Janet along; she might like it."

The look on Ken's face was fateful. His eyes glittered. His mouth was twisted in a savage snarl. She had never seen anyone so angry. There was murder in his eyes as he leaped to his feet, striking blindly at Jerry. There was the sickening sound of knuckles cracking against flesh.

"Ken! Ken, don't make a fool of yourself!" Janet shrieked above the clatter.

A chair went over with a bang. A table loaded with dishes tilted and crashed. Jerry Lane and Ken Richards were fighting in the open space, jabbing at each other with fierce strokes that went home.

Swaying a little, clinging to a table for support, Lita watched them as they struggled. Ken had discovered at last that she counted, or was it just his pride. Even in that moment she wondered if he really cared for her . . . could care very much for anyone.

She couldn't think of anyone but Jerry who had come 500 miles or more because she needed him. Ken would kill him! He was so much larger and stronger. She darted forward, clutching at them wildly, trying to separate them.

"Jerry, darling, be careful Jerry!"

JERRY stopped one instant and glanced at her. Then understanding blazed in his eyes and he turned and struck so swiftly that no one knew exactly what happened. Ken Richards was swaying on his feet, crumpling down in a heap on the floor. For a moment Jerry stood swaying groggily above him. Then he stood erect, wiping the blood from his face.

"The next time he takes another

man's wife from him, maybe he'll know how to treat her," he said. "I thought a six-month delay on that decree would show him up."

With the realization of the meaning of his words, she was dizzy with sudden delight. Everything was a blur. The crowd was fading away. Her knees were crumpling beneath her.

"Darling," Jerry's voice . . . Jerry's arms catching her close, lifting her up. Her head dropped against his shoulder. Everything was black.

Presently fresh air was blowing in her face. Her wrap was folded about her. She was beside Jerry. The highway stretched out ahead of her, and Jerry was guiding her car swiftly over it. There were lights—the lights of the airport.

"Jerry! What . . . ?" He did not wait for her to finish her question. A laugh played about his mouth. He bent and kissed her, silencing her. He stopped the car and climbed out, darting around, opening the door, lifting her out as if she were a child. He walked through the darkness, paused a moment at the airport office door, and issued orders. She started to speak, but Jerry kissed her suddenly, fiercely, so that the words would not come.

"I love you." His lips were against hers. "I've always loved you."

The plane soared on through the night. Suddenly the moon swept out of the darkness, clear and bright. The world was wrapped in the glory of it. Pictures floated through her mind, the Strathmore, the startled faces, the look in Ken's eyes.

A little smile crept about her scarlet mouth. She threw her arm over Jerry's shoulders. She was tired of being a lady. Tired of quietness and being conservative, tired of restraint, tired of all the things she had once dreamed she wanted. Ken, Janet, Farmington

all seemed very far away. They didn't matter now. "I've wanted you so, Jerry," she murmured wearily. (THE END)



New boss of Sing Sing prison is Robert J. Kirby, shown on the job after succeeding famed Warden Lewis E. Lawes.

FRIENDLY CREDIT

ON ALL PURCHASES
OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

OREGON
WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



HIGH TYPE BEAST

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured climbing mammal.

7 It belongs to the order . . .

14 Small finch.

16 Loved.

17 Genus of moose.

18 Eye.

20 To color.

23 Garden tool.

25 With might.

26 Typical New World monkey family.

28 Round window.

32 To march formally.

36 Less common.

37 Brooch.

39 Larva.

40 Boredom.

41 Unit.

42 Broader.

43 Drama scene.

45 Taro paste.

47 Small.

52 August (abbr.).

53 Marine.

54 Valleys.

57 Biblical priest.

58 Tempers.

59 It is a . . .

60 Boredom.

61 Unit.

17 It is . . .

18 Dried grape.

21 To make dear.

23 Bronze.

24 To doze.

26 Celia member.

27 Insect.

29 Food container.

30 Footed vase.

31 Coin.

33 Portuguese money.

34 To sum up.

35 Pattern block.

37 Kettle.

38 Fiber knot.

44 Tree.

46 Fertile spot on desert.

48 Roman highway.

49 Yarn.

50 Nest.

51 Medley.

55 Blackbird.

56 Sour plum.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

BILL TILDEN

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



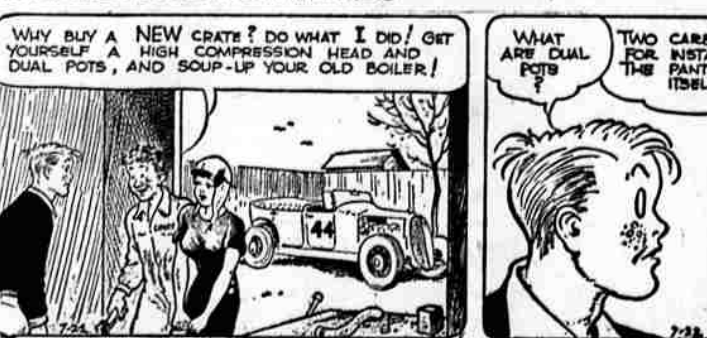
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



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

