

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY, Barbara Chase learned the fact that all the men in her set are uninteresting, lack masculinity, and are, in fact, just a bunch of sissies. Her uncle, Hank Chase, wealthy oil man, living with his niece in New York, tells her that maybe she can provide some masculinity in the form of Chief Leaping Water, whose other name is Dugan Blake and who is coming to visit Hank. Barbara is suspicious, but she agrees to help entertain their Indian guest. When he arrives the following day, she is pleasantly surprised to find him a dark, handsome young man.

CHAPTER II

CHIEF LEAPING WATER—or Dugan Blake—was something of a shock to Barbara Chase. She had expected—well, anyhow, this WASN'T what she expected.

"Beautiful flowers you have there," he remarked as they walked up the steps. "A perfect complement for a lovely lady." She looked up startled but his face was expressionless.

"Say—for an Indian—I mean, you do well on the flattery on short notice, don't you?" Again the faint smile. "For an Indian—yes."

Uncle Hank, supervising the unloading of Dugan's baggage, glanced at them and chuckled. Raising a favorite niece had its moments, and maybe he was heading for quite a few of them, all at once.

He was even more certain of it a few minutes later when Sue Bishop's convertible screeched to a stop outside. Sue was a tall, pert-nosed blond who had been a schoolmate of Barbara's. She was, in fact, her closest friend.

"What's this I hear about an Indian raid?" she called over her shoulder as she took the stairs two at a time. "Think we ought to send for the cavalry?"

Uncle Hank flashed a startled look upstairs, wondering if Dugan had heard. Probably not, though. He was in his room.

Sue burst into Barbara's room like a tornado on the upgrade. "Hey, what's this all about?" she inquired, tossing herself on the bed. "You were out when I called before, but Charles told me the household is getting set to welcome a redskin."

"Charles as usual was the well-informed butler," Barbara muttered. "He was right. Uncle Hank thinks I ought to share the white man's burden."

"The which . . . ?" Barbara explained. "But," she concluded, "things may not be so bad. Mr. Chief Leaping Water, or Dugan Blake, if you will, is just about the best-looking male ever to set foot on these or any grounds in the vicinity."

"Furthermore," she added, heading for the shower, "he seems to have a pretty good veneer of civilization. Never can tell, though, when he'll revert to the tomahawk stage."

"It's him, not you, I'm worried about. Bet the poor boy wishes he'd never left his reservation or topee, or whatever it is Indians live in. When do I meet him?"

"Tomorrow night. I think we'll start things off by throwing a party for him at the Starlight Terrace."

Sue whistled. "The Starlight Terrace—for his debut."

Barbara winked. "Ought to be good."

BARBARA cast an appraising eye over Dugan Blake as she walked between him and Uncle Hank to the dining room. She didn't think an Indian could look so nice in a gray flannel suit and brown and white shoes.

He noticed her look. "I don't really feel comfortable dressed like this," he admitted. "Your uncle—Mr. Chase sent me a list of the things I'd need in the way of clothes, but personally I'd rather wear corduroys and boots."

"How naive," she smiled. "Oh, by the way," she continued, noting the glint in his eye. "I've arranged to show you some of New York's famed night life tomorrow."

She turned to her uncle. "Uncle Hank, I hope you included dinner clothes in your instructions. We're having a party for Chief—I mean Dugan—at the Starlight Terrace tomorrow."

Uncle Hank looked at her suspiciously. "Not wasting much time, are you? Starlight Terrace, hey?" "Do you mean it'll be formal?" Dugan broke in innocently. "I think maybe I can manage. Yes," he said musingly, "I think I have some formal clothes."

Dugan glanced up from the array of silver service at his plate, caught her eye and smiled. Yet she noticed throughout the meal that never once did he commit the slightest error.

BARBARA CHASE suddenly began to suspect that Chief Leaping Water had a lot more polish than her Uncle Hank had given her to believe.

"This party tomorrow night,"

Dugan said, "will there be many people there?" "Oh, yes," Barbara told him brightly. "Most of my very close friends."

"Do you think they will find me interesting?" "Of course. That's the idea, you know. They haven't met anyone like you before."

Dugan sighed. "The poor red man . . . always on exhibition." "Oh, I didn't mean that." Yet even as she said it, she knew he didn't believe her. There was something glitter in his glance as he searched her face coolly.

Dugan turned to Uncle Hank. "I should be used to the public gaze by now, though, shouldn't I, Mr. Chase?" Uncle Hank coughed nervously.

FRIENDLY CREDIT

ON ALL PURCHASES
OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

OREGON
WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

"Yes, Dugan . . . or, yes, you certainly should, but really, I don't think Barbara meant that."

Dugan turned back to Barbara. His mouth was still smiling but his eyes were not. Barbara couldn't suppress the slight chill which crept up her spine.

"I trust I shall find your friends just as interesting," he said. "But then, aren't they—what do you call them—members of the 500?"

Barbara stiffened. "It's 400 . . . but they're not. Not exactly." He smiled again and this time his teeth gleamed, as though he was getting some enjoyment out of it.

"Oh . . . 400. I was giving them more credit than they deserved, was I not?"

Uncle Hank, almost choking in his water glass, got to his feet. "I think we ought to get some of that air on the veranda."

Inwardly boiling, Barbara walked with them to the rambling porch overlooking the spacious grounds of the Chase estate.

(To Be Continued)

One day . . . it will fall upon the New World to uphold and defend the civilization which has already begun to decay in the Old. And only by Union will that be accomplished. — Simon Bolivar 100 years ago, quoted by Frederick E. Hasler, president Pan American society.

The major events of our time are so essentially anti-Christian that against their terrific background Christian faith seems to many to be mere wishful thinking, a pleasant fairyland. — Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor New York's Riverside church.

Chicago police found ammunition, rifles, axes, powder, percussion caps, and fuses in a dentist's office. Thanks, but we'll stick to gas.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



HEAD BOY SCOUT

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1, 6 Founder of Boy Scouts of America.
 - 10 Blackbird.
 - 12 Ugly monster.
 - 12 Epoch.
 - 14 Kimono sash.
 - 15 Substantive pronoun.
 - 16 Father.
 - 18 Writing fluid.
 - 20 Street car.
 - 22 Perfume.
 - 24 Imbeciles.
 - 27 Genus of swine.
 - 28 Rubbish.
 - 29 Witticism.
 - 31 Animals' footprints.
 - 33 Gnaws.
 - 34 Gibes.
 - 36 Salt tree.
 - 37 Cereal grass.
 - 38 Second trial.
 - 40 Eternity.
 - 41 Fortune.
 - 43 Luckless.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- HYENA NOCTURNAL**
EL DOUBLES OF
CLAW PROUD SOAP
OPTIC SEE GENRO
W ERASE S
ARDENT S
R SEEDED
DYE SAUCE
LENS MOON
VACALS N SPINAL
OLA ODE ANIAL
STRIPES CARRION
WHEN STOUT ELSE
- VERTICAL**
- 45 Road (abbr.).
 - 46 Being.
 - 47 Frozen desert.
 - 48 Spain (abbr.).
 - 50 Flower leaf.
 - 52 Unsuit.
 - 54 He was a — or naturalist.
 - 55 He was an — or wheels.
 - 15 He was also an author or.
 - 16 Lane.
 - 17 To stop.
 - 19 Fabulous sea monster.
 - 21 Exterior of bark.
 - 23 Precept.
 - 25 Carted.
 - 26 African colonist.
 - 29 To apportion.
 - 30 Spruce.
 - 32 Salutes.
 - 34 Flotsam.
 - 35 Salt spring.
 - 38 Declaims.
 - 39 One that laces ball.
 - 42 Set up a golf ball.
 - 44 Can group.
 - 45 Line.
 - 49 Butter lump.
 - 50 Italian river.
 - 51 Musical note.
 - 53 Palm lily.



OUT OUR WAY

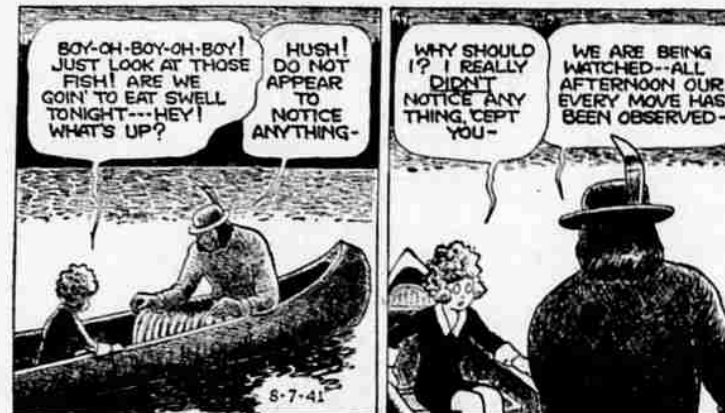
By J. R. Williams



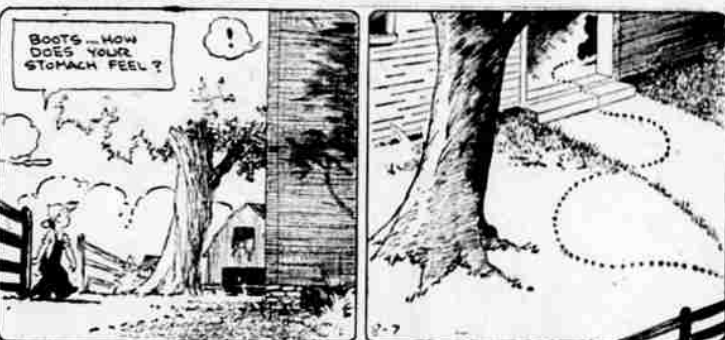
RED RYDER



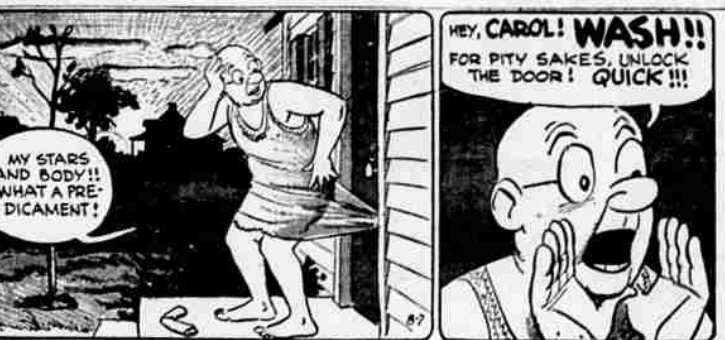
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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

