

● SERIAL STORY

LESSONS IN LOVE

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

COPYRIGHT, 1941.
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY, Dugan tells Barbara he kissed her on an impulse. Later Uncle Hank explains that Dugan's part in the Midwest Oil affair was that of a person helping out a friend. Barbara is repentant for her accusations. At the country club dance, Dugan strolls through the garden and comes upon Barbara and Larry in an embrace.

BARBARA SAYS "NO"

CHAPTER XI

LARRY GROVER took Barbara's face tenderly between his two hands.

"Okay," he murmured. "You win. Here I am broken down like an old pair of shoes." He smiled into her eyes. "You'll marry me, now, won't you?"

His arms went around her again and his lips sought hers, but she turned her face against his chest instead of kissing him.

"Larry," she said quietly, "I think I've always wanted you to kiss me the way you did just then. It was the first time you—well, it was the first time you really ever put your heart into it."

She looked up at him then. "Yet even now you take me for granted. You confess your love unreservedly, so of course you figure I'll start marching right down to the altar with you."

Barbara patted his cheek tenderly. "I'm glad you finally kissed me that way, Larry. It woke me up."

He frowned slightly. "What do you mean?"

"I'm pretty sure I don't love you, Larry," she said softly. "You're sweet and swell, but—something didn't go click in here when you popped the question."

She looked at the moon streaming from behind a feathery cloud, and she felt as though a big load had been lifted from her mind.

"It's funny, Larry," she mused, "the way we think we want something, and then discover we never really did want it when we get it."

She poked him in the chest playfully. "That applies to you, Larry."

He smiled ruefully. "Not angry. Just disappointed. But I guess it's my own fault for not playing my cards right. Or would you say it isn't the way you play them but the cards you have to play?"

"Let's not analyze it," she whispered.

"Let me know if you change your mind?"

She nodded. "But I don't think it'll change it."

He took her by the arm. "Let's go inside. As I recall, you haven't danced with Dugan yet," he said pointedly.

She stiffened slightly. "No, I haven't."

THEY couldn't find Dugan Blake anywhere. "Haven't seen him in the last 15 minutes," said Uncle Hank. "Haven't seen him all night, in fact," said Uncle Hank.

There was a troubled frown on Larry Grover's face as he drove Barbara home.

"Funny, about Dugan disappearing, wasn't it?"

"I—I hadn't thought much more about it."

"Liar," he said matter-of-factly.

"Why don't you admit you're in love with him?"

"I'm not," she flashed. "Nor have I any intentions of falling in love with him."

"Well, at least you're a beautiful liar," he added cheerfully. "Which makes it all right, of course."

Larry offered his hand as he took her to the door. "We've got to be very impersonal from now on," he said gravely, and she laughed.

Then Barbara reached up swiftly and kissed him lightly. "That's for good luck tomorrow. 'I'll be darned if I'll get up for your morning game, but I'll be on hand if you advance to the afternoon round."

Barbara sat up in bed and hugged her knees. She liked to think that way, and she wanted to do a lot of thinking just then.

Larry Grover—sweet old Larry Grover—had finally neglected his ponies long enough to get around to proposing to her. She knew he would, sooner or later, of course. Seriously, and not jocularly in that threatening manner he liked to employ.

There was a time when she would have accepted, she mused, and then hurriedly amended the thought in her mind.

Looking at it objectively she should have known it never could be. When she fell in love she wanted it to be sudden, swift and sure. Something that would hit her and make a definite impression, not a vacillating one.

Barbara knew she could never learn to love a man, as though it were a lesson, taking it by stages until the whole thing was mastered and understood.

She felt a little ashamed of herself, too. Larry probably wouldn't have proposed if it hadn't been for Dugan Blake. Poor Larry. Of course, he had figured—just as she knew he would—that Dugan

Blake might blossom into a rival.

BARBARA lay back and closed her eyes. A silly thought, of course. Larry should have known that was an impossibility. For her to fall in love with that—that wild Indian didn't make sense.

It didn't, did it? she asked herself and then, as though an inner voice had answered her, Barbara sat bolt upright again.

She knew then and there she had to be careful. Her falling in love with Dugan Blake could make a lot of sense. There was no use kidding herself. And there was only one thing she could do about it.

She had to avoid Dugan as much as possible in the two days remaining before he returned to Oklahoma.

Briar Hill beat Spring Mountain the following morning, 8-6. Dugan got four of the eight goals, and as they dismounted at the end of the game, their faces bathed in sweat, Larry swung an arm around Dugan's shoulder enthusiastically.

"This is the year," he chortled. "We can't miss, or I'm a left-handed Ubangi!"

Larry picked up a sponge impulsively and sponged Dugan's face. "Honest, Injun, I wish you weren't going home Monday. Everyone around here is completely sold on you. I'm not kidding when I say there's going to

be an awfully let-down feeling when you pull stakes."

He helped Dugan into a fleece-lined jacket to keep his muscles from getting cold. "Can't you transfer your interests to New York?" Larry asked appealingly. "Old Man Chase probably can make just as good use of you here as he does down in the sticks."

Dugan smiled wryly. "Thanks, Larry. It's swell of you to say all that, but I think I'll be a lot better off in Oklahoma. Yes," he said slowly, "a lot better off."

(To Be Concluded)

Hock is a German wine produced around Hochheim, but any Rhine wine is known by this name in other countries.

★ POOLE'S

222 S. 7th

Headquarters for

BICYCLES

\$5 Down

● Baby Walkers

● Wagons

● Tricycles

Lawn Mowers

Sharpened. \$1

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson.



MOVIE STAR

HORIZONTAL

1 One who enmeshes

8 Hint

13 Revoked

17 One who tosses

18 Windlike

19 Suffix (pl.)

21 Watered silk

22 Girl's name

24 Part of a stove

26 Rubber

27 Deep hole

28 Right (abbr.)

30 Statue

32 Near

33 Editor (abbr.)

34 Scooping

36 Consumed

37 Time period

38 Ran swiftly

39 Italian

40 Mineral (pl.)

42 Comedian

43 Avoids

45 Humorist

46 Orders

48 Mother

49 Instead (simplified)

50 Upon (prefix)

51 Damage

52 Departure

54 A peculiarity

Answer to Previous Puzzle

CRAVE APPROBATE

HUMID RARE LIRA

USES VISE WADER

RENTS AT FOREST

CAISSE ELIDE SH

HO SETTLEERS H

ILK GAR DEMI

LINDEN WINSTON MIEN

LOOT CHURCHILL RAIT

TIPEEG ERSER

MIDBERG ENEER

INDIAS FIT YOKES

SLAPS ARIL DIRE

TARE AHAM RELIC

SYNDICATE ISLET

57 Afternoon

6 Yale

7 Nevada city

9 An expression of inquiry

10 Vegetable in secretion

11 To feel one's way

12 Pen name of Lamb

13 Notches

14 Amused

16 Bequeath

20 Half (prefix)

23 Sphere of action

25 Sail

29 Cut off

31 General Electric (abbr.)

34 Coin

35 It is (cont.)

36 Copies

37 Sulk

38 Female saints

39 This bar

40 Kava

41 Proficient

42 Exclamation

43 Whirlpools

44 Those who die for a cause

46 Manuscript (abbr.)

47 Nearest

48 One who cripples

51 River in France

53 Works with a shuttle

55 Incursion

56 First name of

OUT OUR WAY

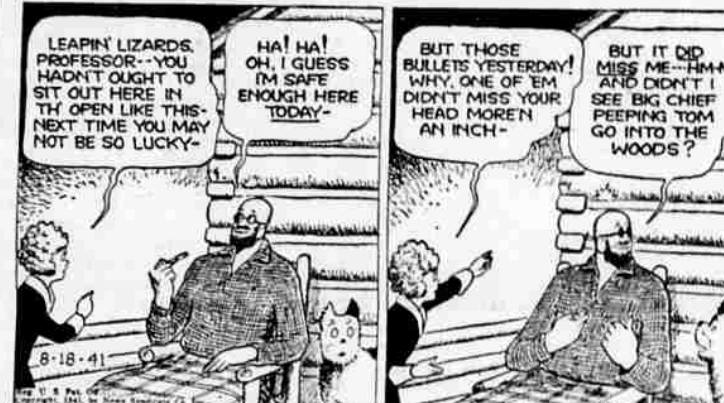
By J. R. Williams



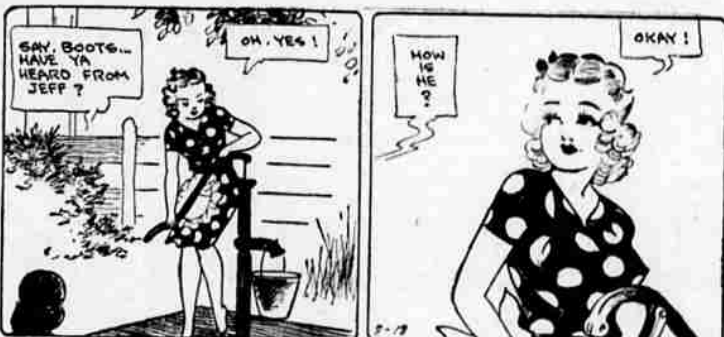
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



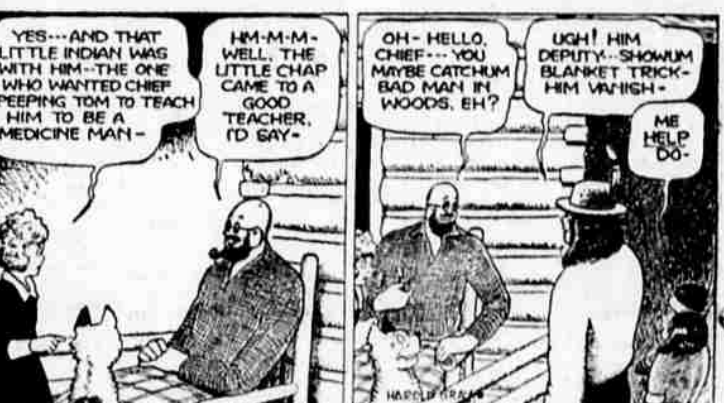
OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



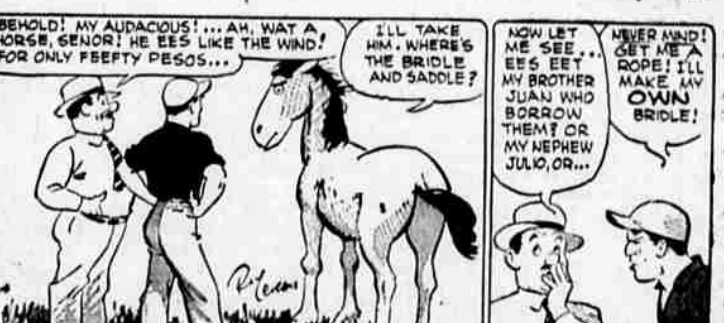
By Harold Gra



By Marti



By Crani



By Bloss



By V. T. Hamlii

