

● SERIAL STORY

BRIDE FROM THE SKY

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

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THE STORY: The telephone bell in Judy Allen's apartment rings insistently as she leaves it for the last time, but she does not answer. With her in hand, a dependable Philip Rogers, attorney for the magazine of which she is an associate editor and the man she is about to marry, she knows who is calling—Sandy Amersman, a daring, impulsive aviator. Judy decided her intense attraction for him was only a sensation when newspaper stories linked him romantically with actress Peg Gordon. Only question mark left in Judy's now well-organized life is her secretary, Sara Fuller, jealous of Judy and obviously disloyal.

AN INTRUDER ARRIVES

CHAPTER XIII

THE telephone bell pursued Judy and Philip down two flights of stairs, peeling steadily as though whoever was calling intended to remain at his end of the phone until somebody came home to answer.

"It may be important," Judy suggested.

"Couldn't be. I'm not on the other end of the line," Phil answered. His voice was but his eyes were deeper, more serious than usual. "Anyway, you've a train to catch."

Nothing, Judy suddenly introduced a new note into the conversation.

"Phil, my darling, you may be the best buy on the market, but there's one word we aren't having said when we stand together before the preacher. The word is 'obey.' It's too mid-Victorian. You think so, too, don't you, down under your liver or appendix or somewhere?"

Phil's laughter was clear and ringing. He reached for her with strong arms, pulled her to him, and kissed her firmly, almost demanding. For the moment she forgot Sandy. As he released her she smiled more radiantly than she had for days. Phil was sweet. And devoted. And masterful. Maybe being married to him would be more fun than she had suspected.

"I never knew 'obey' ever was used in marriage ceremonies," Phil said. "You call your minister and tell him to cross it out."

"He knows better, but I'll warn him," she agreed. "Some women—the kind who want to put up a good front before agreeing to share a man's name and doorway—think it makes a man happy to have his pet poodle run whenever he throws a stick. If a

woman doesn't serve tapoca pudding because she likes to please her husband, what's the sense in coercing her into it? He'd get better meals at his club."

Their conversation was gay and happy as they rode to the station. They had the taxi driver roll his cab onto the ferry which would carry them to the Erie station. Once on board, they left the cab and stood at the boat's stern, watching the high lights of Manhattan walk the sky in cyclorama.

The harbor was strewn with little boats and far out some warships rode the waves.

JUDY looked at the high lighted canyon whose walls were lower New York, listened to the three musicians, who had come on board to play old songs and collect pennies and nickels. Because she knew she could never return this way with the freedom and gaiety which she was taking with her, she felt lonely and clung more tightly to Philip's arm.

Obey was a word one neither put in a marriage ceremony nor omitted. Obey was a word which a heart held or discarded. Maybe in time she would think of Sandy as a little too rough-hewn, remember that his eyes never quite lost their laughter as surely all men's eyes must do sometimes, not recall that there was special music in the low timber of his voice.

Maybe . . . She said goodby sweetly, told Philip she would meet his train the next Tuesday. Then she found her compartment on the train and sat staring into the sky. Four more days of being Judy Allen and nobody else.

The stars looked brighter as the train rushed west from New York City. She had read somewhere that people had to travel 50 miles or more away from the artificial glow to see the stars in their clarity.

Maybe Sandy had been remembering the wide spaces of clear blue and dark blue, where there were stars at night, when he talked about his nights to freedom.

She recalled that, in a recent newspaper, she had seen him lighting from his plane with Margaret Gordon. There had been nothing wistful or sad in his gaze. His mouth smiled and the crinkles stayed around his eyes.

"Stop being a nitwit," she commanded herself. "The guy didn't want you. He's proved it, so forget him."

Whereupon a dozen things that he had done, half a dozen attempts to see her, scrambled over the other reasons.

"Maybe he wanted both Peg and me," she murmured, half asleep. "And I do—like—Phil—a lot. I'd trust Phil!"

THERE was excitement at the low, widespread white house with its many wings when she reached it. Spring, soft and sweet and hyacinth-drenched, blew

ly through the trees that were coming to flower. Cousins and aunts, already notified, had arrived.

Mrs. Irvington Allen, having been deprived of a scalloped aving and red-carpeted steps at her wedding 25 years before, was determined that her only child should have every thrill that accompanies romantic marriage.

True, Judy had sprung her forthcoming nuptials on the family rather suddenly, but Mrs. Allen was certain that she would manage the wedding easily. The old stone church where the family worshiped was two blocks away. An open church wedding would be just the thing, since her husband would be up for his fifth re-election as common pleas judge pretty soon.

His supporters would enjoy the lilies, the slim white candles, the smilax and the pageant of the wedding party.

At first Judy Allen hesitated because he himself had hid his slim, golden-haired bride to the justice of the peace so many years ago. Judy's wedding might make some lost magic up to her though.

When Judy wired she didn't mind and the idea amused Philip, he told his wife to go to town—to engage a caterer, ice cream wedding bells, small silver boxes for the cake which would bring dreams to every guest.

The judge was tall, slim, silver-

hated. Already he had met this future son-in-law on occasional visits to New York and had grown fond of him. Here was the man he himself would have picked for Judy.

Therefore, when he saw Judy receive another young man in the low-ceilinged rose and white drawing room and then promptly order him to leave, the day before the wedding, he raised his blue eyes in surprise.

"A gate-crasher," Judy said coolly, wondering if the whole house heard her heart tumbling over and over. "Put him out, please, Dad."

As he turned to obey, her whispered voice interfered. "No, Dad, I don't mean that."

(To Be Continued)

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- * No Red Tape
- * As Long as 90 Days to Pay

KLAMATH'S CREDIT Clothiers

OREGON

WOOLEN STORE 8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



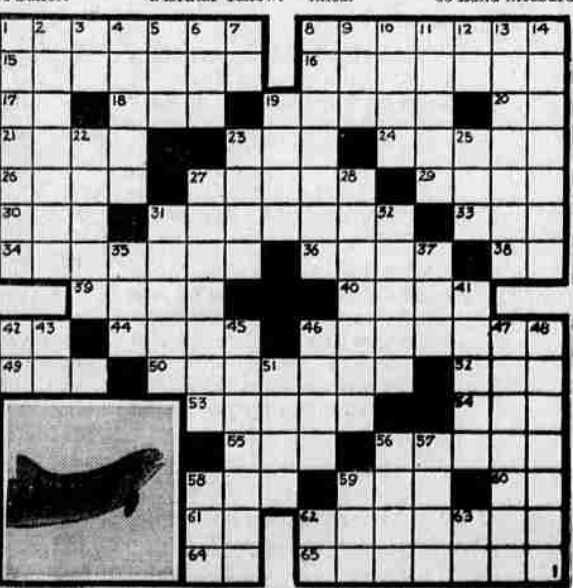
ANSWER: Signs of the Zodiac.

MARINE CREATURE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured mammal.
- 8 Black gibbon.
- 15 Fugitive.
- 16 Hypnotic compound.
- 17 Provided.
- 18 Weaken.
- 19 Gem.
- 20 Company (abbr.).
- 21 Nigerian.
- 22 Japanese coin.
- 24 Begin.
- 25 By way of (pl.).
- 27 Pile.
- 29 Long cut.
- 30 East African Society (abbr.).
- 31 Roofing material.
- 33 Greek letter.
- 36 A bird.
- 38 Elevated (abbr.).
- 39 Anon.
- 40 Unavailing.
- 42 Perform.
- 44 Mining tools.
- 46 Bed clothes.
- 49 Newt.
- 50 Spare time.
- 52 Sailor.

- 1 Pertaining to the glottis.
- 19 A fuel.
- 22 Suffix.
- 23 Heavenly body.
- 25 Beverage.
- 27 Slim.
- 28 Rascality.
- 31 Hail (Norse).
- 32 To classify.
- 35 Wheel part.
- 37 Kind of leather.
- 41 Denoting presence of nitrogen.
- 42 French preposition.
- 43 Preposition.
- 45 Resident of Thailand.
- 46 Onion-shaped root.
- 47 Natural simplicity.
- 48 Curried a horse.
- 51 Skidded.
- 56 Conspire.
- 57 Rant.
- 58 Edge.
- 59 Man's name (abbr.).
- 62 Spiritual essence in occultism.
- 63 Land measure.



OUT OUR WAY

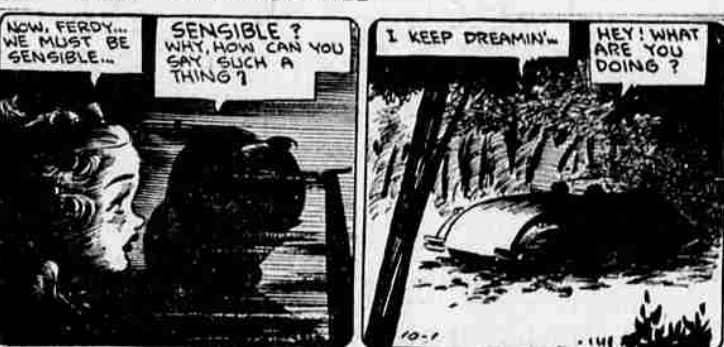
By J. R. Williams



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 Martis



By Crane



By Blosser

