

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

COPYRIGHT 1942, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE STORY: Tom Driscoll meets Enid Sharon following an art class which she attends after a day of work. Tom proposes, and she accepts. However, when Tom suggests they be married next day, Enid takes up an axe about leaving to take a month's trip with one of her employers, meanwhile thinking of her sister's joyless married life and wondering if the same fate is in store for her.

VACATION PLANS

CHAPTER III
"That you, Enid?" Mom called sharply from upstairs as Enid closed the front door behind her. Mom never went to sleep until Enid was in for the night.

"Yes, Mom."
Mom's voice went on with its usual complaint. "It's about time. Tom Driscoll's no business keeping you out until this time of night, and every night. What do you suppose the neighbors think?"

Sara Sharon had had three daughters. Letty was married, Katie had died as a child, and Enid—well, no one was going to say that one of her daughters wasn't a good girl. And she didn't trust Tom Driscoll any farther than she could see him.

Enid's face twisted a little as she climbed the stairs. In a way Mom would be glad if she did marry Tom. Then she wouldn't have to worry any more about her virtue. And yet she wouldn't like it altogether either. For Enid was the meal ticket, now that Pop couldn't work any more.

Mom spoke again as Enid reached the upper hall. "Come in here, honey, I've got something to tell you." There was an excited tremor in her voice.

"What?" Enid began.
But Mom didn't give her time to finish. "We got a letter from Aunt Faye today." Aunt Faye was Mom's sister, the one who had married money. "She says she hasn't been able to rent one of her cottages this summer, and we can have it for a month, free."

Enid sat down on the side of the bed beside her mother. Pop rolled over on his side facing her, his faded blue eyes sparkling with excitement. They were both as pleased as children at Christmas time.

"That's grand, Mom," Enid caught their enthusiasm. "You'll have to rent a rowboat, and you and Pop, and you can fish to your heart's content."

"I was just wondering," Mom paused thoughtfully. "You've got a whole month vacation coming, Enid. You know you skipped yours last year when all those girls at the office were sick with summer flu. Maybe you could get it now, and—"

Enid leaned down and kissed her mother's flabby cheek. "Now, don't start worrying about me, Mom. I'll be all right here. You two go up to the lake and enjoy yourselves. I doubt if I could get my vacation on such short notice."

But she was glad that Mom and Pop had the chance to go and said so again. They would enjoy it. "Don't fuss around making a lot of preparations," she urged. "Go this week-end. Phil will drive you up if you ask him."

ALONE in her own room, she remembered that she hadn't said anything to Mom and Pop about her brand-new engagement. And she began to wonder again why she had lied to Tom. He'd find out that she wasn't going away—she'd have to tell him. It had been such a senseless thing to do.

It would be nice, though, if she could go away for a month or six weeks and do just as she liked—have a sort of fling at life—before she settled down forever as Mrs. Thomas Driscoll.

She sat down on the edge of her bed day-dreaming about it. What would she do if she could do just as she liked for a month? Live in a hotel or a nice apartment? Meet interesting people—the kind of people she always wanted to know? Pretend that she really was what she longed to be, an artist! Wear beautiful clothes!

The idea was so breath-taking that she blinked stupidly. Just the thought of it made her dizzy. She got up after a moment and picked up her purse and pulled out a thin bank book. Three hundred and fifty dollars was the last balance, entered in neat black figures. She had saved it painfully during the six years she had been working. Saved it by stinting her lunches, and buying plain serviceable clothes instead of the ones she really wanted, and by doing her own hair and nails.

More than once Enid had felt frantically guilty hearing her mother put off a bill collector with her pathetic but honest hard luck story.

At first she had treasured her savings, thinking that she'd use the money to go to a good art school sometime. And lately she'd thought that if she and Tom got married it would buy her wedding clothes and be a down payment on some furniture.

But the rebellious impulse that had seized her in art class was still smoldering within her. It wasn't right that one should never have anything that one really wanted. Why should she put her savings into their marriage? Tom didn't have any. Tom was just putting himself in. He probably thought that that was boon enough for any girl.

Enid's little white face suddenly became set, and a new light blazed in her usually timid eyes. For once she was going to do something she wanted to do, regardless of consequences!

She had another inspiration, one that saved her conscience. She'd take \$50 of her savings and send Letty and the children up

to the lake with Pop and Mom. At lunch time and scanned the Apartments for Rent column while she ate. A nice apartment, she had decided, would be cheaper than a hotel. She could do her own cooking and save on the food item. That would leave her more money for clothes and incidentals.

An address halfway down the list caught her attention. Worthing Arms, Arlington. That certainly sounded swanky. She read on: "4-rm. apt. Frigidaire. Janitor service. Completely furnished." She tore it out and put it in her purse.

But by evening her resolution had weakened. It was with a great deal of trepidation that she took the Arlington bus, instead of the one she usually rode.

She was sure that she'd never have the nerve to go through with her crazy plan. It was insane. Why, that precious \$350 would almost furnish a small apartment, complete. She was too sensible to squander it. But she'd look at the apartment in Arlington anyway. It would be nice to see inside a really nice one, and she might get some ideas for furnishing her own later.

The Worthing Arms proved to be a rambling, winged, brick building set back of a wide, beautifully shrubbed lawn. Enid sighed contentedly as she walked up the curved walk to the heavy oak door of what seemed to be the main entrance and, pulling it open, stepped a little out of breath into a dim hall. Three shallow steps led upward to the level of a long carpeted corridor.

A placard stuck up on the lawn had said to inquire at Apt. No. 3. She found that number over a door at the rear of the hall and pressed the button with her finger. She heard footsteps inside the apartment, and a moment later the door opened. A blond young man in a blue silk dressing robe

looked inquiringly at her. Enid stared at him foolishly. His face was confusingly familiar. (To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!
CIRCUS
"No, I'm afraid the clowns can't be used as roustabouts!"

"TAKE 90 DAYS TO PAY — THE OREGON WOOLEN WAY!"
• NO INTEREST
• NO CARRYING CHARGE
• NO RED TAPE

USE YOUR CASH TO BUY BONDS YOUR CREDIT TO BUY CLOTHES
MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK CLOTHES and SHOES
OREGON WOOLEN STORE
Klamath's Credit Clothless
8TH and MAIN

WELL, IF THAT AIN'T TH' MOST SLOWLY, LAZY WAY OF DOIN' PULLIN' A TIE OVER YOUR HEAD TO KEEP FROM TYIN' IT!
SAY, I SPENT TWO WEEKS GITTIN' THESE TIE ENDS TO COME OUT EVEN—AN' BOY, I'M KEEPIN' IT LIKE A HUNTER DOES A MOUNTED MOOSE HEAD!

HEROES ARE MADE — NOT BORN
Our Our Way
By J. R. Williams

I DIDN'T CALL YOU A LIAR! PUT THAT GUN AWAY, PATCHY!
THEN YOU BELIEVE WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT MYSTERY MEGA?

Red Ryder

BY THE WAY, BAXTER! WE HOOPLES ARE LAUNCHING A BODY-BUILDING COURSE TO FIT MEN FOR WAR WORK!—FOR A MODEST FEE WE'LL PUT SOME MEAT ON THAT COAT-HANGER FRAME OF YOURS!
I'M GLAD I DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU TWO DUFFEL BAGS!— BUT IF YOU CRANE EXERCISE, COME OVER AND I'LL PLAY ROLL-OUT-THE-BARREL WITH YOU!
DON'T WASTE SHOTS ON THAT BUZZARD AMOS!— YOU COULDN'T COAX A DIME OUTA HIS FIST WITH A BLOW TORCH!

Our Boarding House With Major Hoopie
RING UP NO SALE =

I'LL BELIEVE IT TILL SOMETHING BETTER COMES ALONG!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING BETTER! THESE PART SNAKE AND PART HOSS CRITTERS ARE—
WELL, THEY IS RODE BY THE PURTIEST GALS YOU EVER SEEN! AND THEY AIN'T WHITE NOR INDIAN!
PATCHY—JUST WHERE IS THIS MYSTERY MEGA?

By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

POOEY
A PIG WON'T MAKE A HOG OF HIMSELF!
UNLIKE HUMANS, IT WILL NOT OVEREAT EVEN WHEN GIVEN AN OVER SUPPLY OF FOOD.

QUOTING ODDS
THE DICTATORS PROVE THAT SOME SHOES HAVE THREE HEELS!
ROBERT M. LERMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEDBUGS CAN LIVE FOR ONE YEAR WITHOUT FOOD.

RUSSIAN GENERAL

YOU ASK HOW DOES ONE GROW UP SUDDENLY, COLONEL ANNIE?
YEAH! WHY, YOU'RE ONLY EIGHT OR TEN YEARS OLD—WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL YOU'RE GROWN UP?
I COULD TELL YOU THAT—BUT YOU DON'T DISCUSS KILLING, EVEN TO DEFEND ONE'S HOME—
HEY! GEE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN KILLIN' FOLKS AT YOUR AGE, DRIFTWOOD—
FOLKS? NO! THE BUTCHERS WHO CAME TO MURDER US— BUT I TALK TOO MUCH! HAVE YOU NEVER KILLED?
HM—M—WE DON'T TALK ABOUT SUCH THINGS HERE, DRIFTWOOD, AS YOU SAY—
I THINK I UNDERSTAND— YOU ARE LIKE A GIRL OF MY VILLAGE—SONJA— SHE GOT SIXTY-EIGHT BEFORE—BEFORE—ER— BUT THAT IS ANOTHER STORY—
ER— YEAH— COME THIS WAY—

Little Orphan Annie

WHEN HE COMES OVER, BE PERFECTLY CALM— AND WHEN HE'S IN THE RIGHT POSITION, GIMME A SIGNAL!
WELL, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE! DO YOU LIVE 'ROUND HERE, BEAUTIFUL?
A MILE OR SO FROM HERE! MY NAME IS DROPPIT!!!
YOU AIN'T BAD, SISTER! BUT THAT'S A FUNNY NAME! ARE YOU 'MISS' OR 'MRS'?

By Harold Gray

HELLO, EVERYBODY! LITTLE THOMAS AND JEFFERSON ARE SLEEPING LIKE LAMBS, I SEE
WE DUNNO! HE'S BEEN GONE AN HOUR
WE CAME TO PLAY BRIDGE, NOT TO NURSE BABIES!
THEY JUST FELL ASLEEP. THEY'VE YELLED SINCE TEN O'CLOCK!
WHERE'S MR. MCKEE?
NOW, LET'S SEE! THEY SAY IF YOU WISH TO CATCH A CRIMINAL, YOU SHOULD PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE
AH-H, YES! NOW! IF I WANTED TO PILFER AN ICE BOX, I'D APPROACH THE QUARRY CAUTIOUSLY— LIKE THIS!

Freckles and His Friends

NO WONDER! DADDY FORGOT TO GIVE THEM THEIR TEN O'CLOCK BOTTLES!
NO, MAMA, HE DIDN'T FORGET. TROUBLE WAS SOMEBODY FILLED THOSE BOTTLES WITH BUTTERMILK!
WHY, HOW RIDICULOUS! WHO WOULD EVER MAKE SUCH A STUPID MISTAKE AS TO— WHERE ARE YOU GOING, WASH?
ER— JUST OUTSIDE A MINUTE— IT'S SORTA WARM IN HERE!

By Blosser

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured Russian commander, Marshal
9 Triumphs
13 Mineral rock
14 Deep hole
15 Short sleep
16 Service charge
17 Father
19 Toward
20 Either
22 Near
23 Middy
26 Present time
27 Below
30 Part of speech
32 Age
34 Music note
36 Pigpen
37 Trade mark (abbr.)
38 Tantalum (symbol)
39 Monster
41 Place
43 Also
44 Move forward
46 Be indebted

Answer to Previous Puzzle

ARTHURNEWHALL
SPERSEOTIARA
SPLICEOTRIVEL
PAYKINGRETTEND
INEXISTING
REPEATS EPE
AELSEAL
TRAPPED ASK
TIGS DEEDS
OITS EITOP P
NOTA E IN PUNECA
SIURUBUTEPEEA
ADMINISTRABLE

VERTICAL

1 Lid
2 Persis
3 Myself
4 Spain (abbr.)
5 Strike
6 English school
7 Have knowledge
8 Boat paddle
10 Provided that
11 Close
12 Matched

18 Unfastened
21 Lodgings
24 Upon
25 Kernel
27 Soak flax
28 Any
29 Parcels of land
31 Silk substitute
33 Provide food
35 Past
38 Pull
40 Cord
42 Skin opening
44 Aperture
45 Ocean
48 Boy
50 Skill
51 Lengthy
52 Bargain event
53 Flight
55 Operatic solo
56 Vegetable
57 Blemish
59 Golf device
61 Everyone
63 Accomplish
66 Half an em.
67 Measure of area

23 24 25 26 27 28
29 30 31 32 33
34 35 36 37 38
39 40 41 42
43 44 45 46
47 48 49 50
51 52 53 54 55
56 57 58 59 60 61
62 63 64 65 66 67

ALLEY OOP

WHILE ALLEY OOP AND HIS COMPANIONS TRY TO EXPLAIN THEIR PRESENCE IN THE ASIATIC WAR ZONE...
WE RETURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE UNITED STATES, WHERE OUR HERO'S BIG PREHISTORIC PET IS LODGED IN A CITY ZOO
MY STARS, WHAT A MONSTER! AND YOU SAY IT ONLY EATS A TON OF HAY A DAY?
YEZZUM, JUST HAY... NO MEAT AT ALL... STRICTLY HERBIVOROUS

DINNY— DINOSAUR— NO GEORGAPHIC LOCATION UNWANTED
Dr. E. Warming

Alley Oop

OW-OOOCH!
HELP
HEV, FOR!!! IT'S UNCLE STEVE

By Martin

GOODNESS! HOW PERFECTLY GHASTLY! JUST LIKE MY DOCTOR SAYS... AN UNBALANCED DIET MEANS OVER-BALANCED SCALES! TSK, TSK!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE LIONS LOOSE!

ROARRR

By V. T. Hamlin