

SERIAL STORY

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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THIS STORY: While her family is away at a lake resort, Enid Sharon, stenographer, has taken a furnished apartment for a secret vacation of her own. She wants some of the leisure and luxury that she misses at home, also wants to make sure of her love for Tom (Lillian), whom she has promised to marry. She has told Tom she is going out of town on a business trip. At the apartment Enid is attracted to one of her neighbors, handsome courtier Henry Holliday. She is embarrassed when the apparent bachelor is visited by a young woman. Later Enid rescues the child from a vicious dog, is invited to supper by the doctor.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

CHAPTER VIII ENID couldn't decide whether she was glad or sorry about what she had learned, as she undressed for bed. If Dr. Holliday was a divorced man, he was a free man. And yet—the feeling was so hazy that she had difficulty analyzing it—a divorce somehow tarnished him in her mind. It was like seeing, unexpectedly, clay feet on a marble statue.

It was Wednesday evening about 9 when her doorbell rang. When she answered it, there stood the doctor. He grinned at her amiably. "It's too beastly hot to stay indoors tonight. I saw your light—I thought, maybe, you'd like to take a ride."

Enid looked down at her paint-smudged smock. She'd been working all day, she hadn't even been out for a breath of air. "I'd be glad to," she said shyly. "If you don't mind waiting until I dress."

"Of course not," he told her. "Just ring my bell when you're ready."

She fairly flew into her clothes. A black wool sport dress cut on expensively simple lines—the shivers when she thought how much she had paid for it, the jacket of her white linen suit, the white sandals and a pair of hose so sheer you couldn't believe they were there. She swept her hair up swiftly into its simple arrangement. Then a touch of deep rose lipstick matching her nail polish, and perfume on brows and in the hollow of her throat—an evasive fragrance as delicate as the scent of wild flowers.

Her reward was the look Dr. Holliday gave her when he joined her in the hall, a look of admiration and acceptance. "He really thinks I belong to his class," Enid thought as she settled beside him in the seat of the convertible. "I wonder how he'd act if he knew I was a \$20-a-week stenographer off on a binge?" But she couldn't feel sorry for the deception at the moment.

DR. HOLLIDAY took the river road. He had the top down on the car and above them the stars shone big and luminous, and were reflected in the still dark reaches of the river. As they drew near the Club Del Rio they could hear the dance music. Enid remembered the last night she had been there with Tom, the night they had run into Grace Dingle and Norma Benton from the office.

Dr. Holliday motioned for service, and a pert waitress who had just brought a tray to the next car. "What will you have?" he asked Enid.

She smiled. "You must be a mild reader. I just remembered that I hadn't had any supper."

"Why didn't you tell me? We'll go inside and order a steak."

"Feel better now?" he asked anxiously.

She nodded her head. "Yes," lamely. "I guess it was going too long without eating—and then fancying."

"I was enjoying it," he said simply. "I was too," she said quickly, "until—"

"Until what?"

She floundered. "Oh, nothing." She could feel his keen glance on her face in the semi-darkness. But they were half way back to town before his warm chuckle broke the silence.

"What are you laughing at?" Enid asked in a small voice.

He chuckled again. "I'd give a lot to know who it was you saw that made you want to leave so suddenly."

She tried to be indignant. "I didn't see anybody. I told you I felt faint—"

"Her voice trailed miserably. He didn't believe her. That was the worst of lying. You started with one little deception, and that made another and another one necessary. If she wasn't posing as a stranger in the town she wouldn't have to deny having seen someone she knew at the Del Rio."

"You haven't got a husband mislaid, somewhere, have you?" the doctor asked with a sudden change of voice.

"Of course not." This time she didn't have to feign indignation.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "About that letter to Sam Thornton. I'll write it tonight and leave it in your mail box when I go out in the morning. You can get it when you get up."

"Thanks a lot, Dr. Holliday. It's kind of you to bother."

"No bother," he insisted, grinning, and then teasingly, "Not Doctor Holliday, please. It's Hank to my friends."

She tried to say, "Thank you, then, Hank," lightly, but her tongue stumbled and suddenly her

eyes brimmed with tears. She turned and ran blindly into the building before he could say a word.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Tell us about your hobby, Mr. Jogg!"

LEATHERNECK FATHER John Adams, early president of the United States, is often referred to as the father of the Marine Corps.

Ready For Immediate Delivery THOR Washers and Ironers UHLIG'S

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

PLAYING CARDS, WITH THE FACES SHOWING SILHOUETTES OF ALL PRINCIPAL COMBAT AIRCRAFT, ARE BEING PRODUCED TO AID SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS IN FINANCE. IDENTIFICATION! U.S. PLANES ARE SPADES, BRITISH ARE HEARTS, GERMAN ARE DIAMONDS AND JAPANESE, CLUBS.

KWIK-KOPPER ARE YOU BUYING BONDS? A GRASSHOPPER CAN WALK ABOUT AFTER ITS HEAD HAS BEEN SEVERED.

ANSWER: Train, trolley, tricycle, truck, taxi, tractor.

BRITISH STATESMAN

- HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1. Picture of British statesman, Captain — 2. Roof edges. 3. Benefit. 4. Crown. 5. Satisfied. 6. Roman road. 7. English poet. 8. Nevada city. 9. Helper. 10. Cape (geog.). 11. Cautious. 12. Drama units. 13. Beverage. 14. Symbol for tellurium. 15. Cooking vessel. 16. Greek letter. 17. Rough lava. 18. Bird's beak. 19. Bird in vapor. 20. Plant. 21. Symbol for samarium. 22. Head covering. 23. System of signals. 24. Twitching. 25. Swiss river. 26. Louise egg. 27. Pet again. 28. Dismounted. 29. Weep convulsively. 30. Onager. 31. He was once governor of the 32. Church part. 33. Wingle like part. 34. Country. 35. Flying mammal. 36. Disfigure. 37. Let it stand! 38. Fragrant oleoresin. 39. Yellow bugle plant (pl.). 40. Syriac cursive script. 41. Repair. 42. Instrumental duets. 43. Moved back.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-43.

LEAVE SCRAP RUBBER HERE THE PATRIOTS Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

YOW! Red Ryder

MY-MY! SO THIS IS THE LITTLE REFUGEE WHO'S COME TO OUR TOWN. ARE THINGS REALLY AS BAD OVER THERE AS THEY SAY? QUITE! SO ALL YOUR FAMILY WAS KILLED—HOW HORRIBLE—BUT I PRESUME THE NEIGHBORS WERE KIND TO YOU. OH, I HEARD EVERYONE ELSE IN HIS VILLAGE WAS KILLED TOO—ISN'T THAT SO? QUITE— BUT YOU RAN INTO THE WOODS AND HID—JUST LIKE IN THE FAIRY STORIES. BUT WEREN'T YOU AWFULLY FRIGHTENED? QUITE— MY-MY! SUCH TERRIBLE TALES—HOW FORTUNATE IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN HERE—THAT THOUGHT ALWAYS CHEERS ME SO— OH—I NEVER READ THAT HORRIBLE WAR NEWS—IT'S TOO DEPRESSING—OH, MY DEAR! HAVE YOU SEEN THE LATEST PICTURE? IT'S TOO CUTE!

Little Orphan Annie

SMITH, WE OWE YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE FOR WHAT YOU DID! SHUCKS, MR. KENT, IT WASN'T ANYTHING! I ONLY HOPE IT WILL MAKE EVERYONE IN CAMP FORGET ALL THE TROUBLE I CAUSED WITH THAT LETTER I WROTE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT—YOU'RE A HERO NOW! EVERYONE WILL REMEMBER YOU AS THE YOUNG MAN WHO CAPTURED AN ALIEN!

Freckles and His Friends

THIS IS QUITE AN OCCASION, BEING MET BY CAR, CAPTAIN. GAS SHORTAGE, YOU KNOW. YES, SIR. HAD A LETTER FROM HOME YESTERDAY. MY FOLKS GET FOUR GALLONS A WEEK. THEY THINK IT'S TOUGH BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO WALK TO THE MOVIES. NO BOMBINGS—PLENTY TO EAT—WHY, THEY DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF HARDSHIP, YET!

Wash Tubbs

COME, DEAR—YOU AND I WILL GO BACK TO THE CABIN! GWAN UNCLE STEVE—DRAG HIM OUT OF THERE AND PUNCH HIM IN THE NOSE! EGGS! BAH! COME ON OUT! WE DARE YOU!

Boots and Pier Buddies

GOOD HONK! TH' CRITTER'S WALKED OUTA THAT CAGE JUST LIKE IT WASN'T THERE! HEY! GET BACK IN THERE, YOU BIG WALLOWER! YOU CAN'T GO 'ROUND BUSTIN' UP MY ZOO!!

Alley Oop

EGAD, JAKE! MY BODY FEELS LIKE A DEFLATED INNER TUBE AFTER THOSE STRENUOUS CALISTHENICS YESTERDAY!... SUPPOSE YOU LEAD THE BOYS THROUGH THEIR EXERCISES TODAY!... THIS WAR-CONDITIONING PROGRAM IS WORSE THAN WAR ITSELF—FAP! NOT SO FAST, STRONGHEART! YOU GIVE OUT THE BIG TALK, SO YOU KEEP CHARGE OF THE YO-HEAVE-HO DEPARTMENT!... I'M TH' TREASURY-MINDED TYPE, SO I'LL CARRY THE CASHBOX AN' STAY BACKSTAGE! NOT TOO FAR BACKSTAGE, JAKE! Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

HEY! WAKE UP! IT'S TIME WE HIT THE TRAIL TO MYSTERY MESA! YOW! ME DREAM ABOUT MYSTERY MESA! ME SEEUM ONE OF MESA MONSTERS! WAS HE PART HORSE AND PART SNAKE LIKE PATCHY CLAIMS? YOU BETCHUM! AND IF DREAM LASTED SECOND LONGER, HIM BEEN PART LITTLE DEEVER!

MY-MY! SUCH TERRIBLE TALES—HOW FORTUNATE IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN HERE—THAT THOUGHT ALWAYS CHEERS ME SO— OH—I NEVER READ THAT HORRIBLE WAR NEWS—IT'S TOO DEPRESSING—OH, MY DEAR! HAVE YOU SEEN THE LATEST PICTURE? IT'S TOO CUTE!

By Harold Gray

THERE'S THE BOY WHO HAD THE WHOLE CAMP UPSET OVER A LETTER HE WROTE!

By Blosser

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE MUCH OF ENGLAND TO REALIZE THIS IS A REAL WAR. PRIVATE CARS GET NO GAS AT ALL OVER HERE! THERE'S A SCARCITY OF NEARLY EVERYTHING EXCEPT COURAGE

By Crano

WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU? SPEAK UP! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US! TSK TSK! SUCH RUDE PEOPLE! NAW! HOW WOULD YOU FEEL, HEEL?

By Martin

HE guided her to the steps and up. He didn't release her arm until she was seated in the car.

By V. T. Hamlin