

SERIAL STORY

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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FAMILY PICNIC CHAPTER IX

SHE was a cheat and a fraud. Enid thought miserably as she wiped her tears away in the loneliness of her bedroom. What was worse, Dr. Holliday—Hank—must now think her a fool as well. Starting to cry in that ridiculous way because he asked her to call him by his first name.

She was engaged to Tom. He was true to her, and he trusted her. She was sure that he had never dreamed of her deceiving him. She didn't think that Tom had seen her sneaking with Dr. Holliday—but the thought of what he would have felt and thought if he had, set her face as before.

On top of that, Hank Holliday had put that unexpected query of his about a husband, and in a way she had lied to him. True, she hadn't a husband, but she had a husband-to-be. And she knew instinctively that an admission of that to Hank Holliday would surely put the brakes on their growing friendship as if she was married.

Enid cried herself to sleep.

IN the morning she found the letter that Dr. Holliday had promised to write for her. He had left it in her mail box as they had arranged. It was addressed to Samuel Thornton, Advertising Manager, Lilly's, and was unsealed. Curiosity prompted her to draw the letter out and read it.

And it was a good thing she did, for Hank had mischievously enclosed a personal note to her.

The note began without salutation: "Why did you run away last night? Because I told you my name was Hank? I've always known that was pretty terrible, but it never affected anyone that way before. You can call me Henry, if you prefer."

That note from Hank banished completely her hang-over of despondency. What was done was done, she decided philosophically. She was committed to a certain course, and she might as well salvage what benefit she could. . . . for an unhappy day of reckoning was coming. She felt it in her bones.

The advertising offices of the Lilly store were familiar to Enid. She had visited them before in her quest for an advertising job. But this time as she waited in the outer office, she was conscious of a quickening hope. This time it might be different.

But it wasn't, after all. Sam Thornton read the letter from Dr. Holliday, looked at the sketches she had brought along to show him, and said he was very, very sorry, but he couldn't use her services for the present. He was over-stuffed as it was. Seeing the disappointment on her face, he suggested that she stop in to see him in two or three months, just before the Christmas shopping season. He might be able to use her then.

BUT Enid's disappointment over not getting a job at Lilly's was soon absorbed in a more immediate interest. Passing through the art department of the big store on her way down and out she remembered that she had promised to make some sketches of Dr. Holliday's son.

Accordingly she stopped and purchased a box of pastel crayons and an added supply of drawing paper. Then she hurried to catch a bus. It was nearly 12 and she didn't want to meet any of the girls from the office shopping around on their noon hour.

She spent the afternoon experimenting with the crayons, but her attention was prone to wander. She'd find herself thinking of "Hank." Far from disliking Dr. Holliday's nickname she adored it. Somehow it suited him. He could be crisp and professional she knew, but there was yet a streak of pranks in him that the dignity of his career hadn't yet smothered. And she had been fortunate enough to see that side of him.

She knew she was thinking too much about him. Their friendship was to him probably a most casual incident. A girl living alone whom chance had thrown in his way, and because she was near at hand, convenient to spend an idle evening with. Nothing more. Why he probably knew dozens of attractive marriageable girls.

It was "Sonny" who came to her door Sunday morning to remind her that she had an engagement with him and his father. He was a pretty fellow with engaging manners. Enid told him that she was ready any time. Sonny confided in his halting English that "Daddy" was fixing sandwiches to take along.

Enid thought rapidly. Then she took the child's hand and went down the hall to his father's apartment. The door was half-open as Sonny had left it. "Anybody home?" she called.

Hank Holliday appeared from the direction of the kitchen. He had a carving knife in one hand and a big checkered apron tied over his dressing gown.

The lips of Enid's lips turned up in an irrepressible smile at the incongruous picture he made. "Sonny says you're taking sandwiches," she explained. "I thought—that is I have a lot of stuff I could fix to take along if you want to make it a picnic."

"Now you're talking," he approved. "Sonny and I are always hungry."

In the end their combined resources produced two baskets of food and a thermos jug of iced fruit juices. Enid hastily changed into the slack ensemble she had worn the previous Sunday, and Hank Holliday carried the provisions out and stowed them in the rear of his car.

THEY went up along the river.

The landscaped parkway between the boulevard and the river had been converted into a public picnic ground, and they finally located a picturesque spot that was unoccupied. Hank had brought along some toys to amuse the child, and he and Sonny tossed a ball while Enid spread a white lunch cloth on the grass and laid out stacks of sandwiches, cheese, pickles, a dish of fruit salad topped with whipped cream that she had hastily concocted, cookies, and generous cups of the sparkling fruit drink.

They sat cross-legged on the ground. Sonny was the first to see the stray dog that stole up sniffing hungrily at the smell of food. He let out a blood-curdling scream.

Hank picked up a stone to drive the dog away, and Enid drew the frightened child into the protecting circle of her arms. "Wait a minute," she said to Hank.

She held out a half-eaten sandwich to the dog. "Poor doggie. He's hungry. Let's feed him," she said coaxingly.

Sonny trembled against her, but he grew silent with curiosity as he watched the dog eat, and then gratefully lick her hand. Enid fed the dog another sandwich and then another, and when he was quite satisfied she patted him fondly on the back.

"See, he won't hurt you," Sonny grew so bold as to put out a chubby hand and furtively touch the shaggy hair.

Hank Holliday was watching her with thoughtful eyes. "You have a way with children," he said gratefully.

"I've a married sister with three of them," Enid told him lightly. "I spend a lot of time with them—when I'm at home." For a moment full confession as to who she was and what she was trembling on her lips.

The friendly casualness of his

manner, the sunny wholesomeness of the day invited it. Crooked, devious little secrets were out of place at that cozy picnic table. (To Be Continued)

Maybe a perfect nuisance gets a kick out of being perfect.

The early bird may get the worm, but who wants to get up and get his own breakfast?

Washington, short on gasoline, is turning to the horse. This time, the old gray mare is what she used to be.

We hope the American fliers will make the Japs' Zero planes just that.

People who have a good mind do to do things wrong haven't a good mind.

"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 Clothiers 8TH and MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



BECAUSE THE EARTH IS ROUND, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A HORIZONTAL LEVEL!

AGAINST THE LAW

IT'S PICK COLUMBINE IN COLORADO.



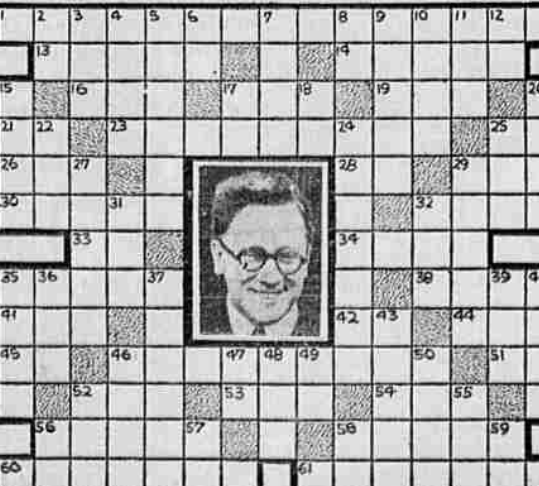
QUOTING GODS



"YOU TELL THE DRIVER TO GO AHEAD AND BACK UP," says DOROTHY KOSOWER, Cleveland, Ohio.

BRITISH OFFICIAL

- HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle
1 Pictured British official.
13 Absorb.
14 Repel.
16 Farm animal.
17 Exist.
19 Purpose.
21 Upward.
23 Science of dialing.
25 Music note.
26 Speak.
28 Street (abbr.).
29 Three (prefix).
30 Throw.
32 Having shoes.
33 East Indies (abbr.).
34 As.
35 Loud shout.
38 Sprites.
41 Unusual.
42 Toward.
44 Cloth measure.
45 Doctor of medicine (abbr.).
46 Growing numb.
51 Biblical pronoun.
22 Friend.
24 Insulate.
25 Away from.
27 Produce.
29 Topic.
31 Nothing.
32 Snow runner.
35 House.
36 Join.
37 Beginning.
39 Inclination.
40 Vehicle on runners.
43 Vegetable.
46 Harvest in India.
47 Editor (abbr.).
48 Title of respect.
49 Centimeter (abbr.).
50 Sour.
52 Punch.
55 Etruscan title.
56 Exclamation of joy.
57 Symbol for tellurium.
58 Mother.
59 Symbol for lutecium.



THE TOP HAND

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



JAKE WILL BRING HIS COMMANDO DICE = 8-26



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Herman



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin