

• SERIAL STORY

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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BACK TO REALITY CHAPTER XIII

AUNT FAYE had money! But Aunt Faye wasn't the kind of a person who went around assuming other people's responsibilities. It made Enid sick with humiliation to think of having to ask her for a loan... but there was nothing else to do.

Mrs. Luxon didn't make it easy for Enid either. "Haven't you any money at all?" she asked incredulously.

Enid flushed with her guilty secret. If her aunt knew that she had squandered her entire savings in a hair-brained escape from reality she would never help her.

"Pop only gets a small check from a benefit fund now that he isn't able to work any more," she explained lamely. "And I make \$20 a week. That doesn't go very far. Please, Aunt Faye, I'll pay it back. Every cent of it."

"How much will you need?" "I—I don't know. Perhaps a couple of hundred dollars."

Grudgingly Faye Luxon wrote her a check for that amount. "Mom—and Pop, if he lives, must never know about this," Enid thought wretchedly. She felt that she had brought dishonor upon them by having to borrow money.

They had always been poor, Pop had never made big wages, but they'd always been independent and proud. They'd never accepted nor expected help from anyone.

She wished again futilely that she hadn't spent her savings so foolishly, that she had never rented the apartment in Arlington. And there her thoughts halted curiously confused.

No, she decided after a moment, she didn't really regret what she had done, not even now, while her face still burned with humiliation. For if she hadn't rented the apartment she'd never have met Hank Holliday, never have known that the kind of a man she had dreamed about really existed.

It was the first time she had thought of the doctor since she had gone home and found the telegram from Letty. And even in the midst of her troubles the thought of him magically warmed her heart. It was with lighter steps that she went to the hospital office and made the necessary arrangements for her father's care.

WHEN she went back upstairs, she found the family in consultation outside the private room where they had moved Pop. Letty was worrying about her babies left in the casual care of neighbors at the resort. Enid told Phil to take her back to the cottage and round up their scattered family.

Aunt Faye said she was dead on her feet, and that she'd have to go home, too, and get some sleep.

Enid told them all to go. She said she'd stay at the hospital and if Pop took a turn for the worse she'd let them know.

Tom lingered after the others had gone. He waited until a passing nurse disappeared into a room and then he slipped his arms around Enid and kissed her quickly.

"Don't, Tom, please not now," she said. He thought she was tired and embarrassed. He had no way of knowing that the alarm in her eyes and the flush that pinked her cheeks was caused by a startling and quickly suppressed memory of another man's kiss.

"Sorry, babe, I guess I shouldn't have done that, now. Listen, I hate to leave when the old man's so bad. But I ought to be at work in the morning. I'll come back up next Sunday. That all right?"

She nodded. "Yes, Tom. And if Pop—gets better, I'll go back with you then. I'll have to be at the office next week."

He went down the corridor swinging his shoulders, and looked back before he made the turn and waved at her.

The blood rushed to her face again. It was as if everything Tom did was designed to torture her with a mixture of shame—and longing. In just such a manner Hank Holliday had walked down another corridor and had turned at his door and waved gallily at her.

Her throat grew achingly dry and hot. This was the last precious week of her vacation. The last week... and she wouldn't be seeing Hank, or going places with him. A mist clouded her eyes. She turned slowly and went into her father's room.

She sat down in a chair in a corner of the room, out of the way, and watched the nurses move softly on their rubber-soled shoes about her father's bed. Every little while a white-coated interne would come in and check the charts and feel her father's pulse, and perhaps give some low-voiced instruction to the nurse in attendance. The room was dim and quiet, the only sound the labored monotony of her father's painful breathing.

Enid wished there was something she could do to help. It was terrible just to sit helplessly by and watch.

SHE didn't realize that she had fallen asleep, until someone shook her rather roughly back to consciousness. "Here, wake up," a man's voice was saying. "You mustn't moan like that."

Enid stared at the man bending over her. He had a ridiculous little fair mustache, his eyes that crinkled at the outer corners, and smooth, blond hair. She straightened in her chair and put out her hands to him.

"Hank—oh, Hank. I'm so glad you're here."

Then she blinked in dismay. It wasn't Hank. It was one of the internes who had been with her father. She saw that, now, that

she was fully awake. Her face burned with her confusion. The young doctor looked at her curiously. "You must have been dreaming."

"I—I guess I was." He helped her out of the chair, and led her out of the room, steadying her with a hand on her arm. "You're worn out," he said kindly. "Go down to the kitchen at the end of the hall and tell them to fix you some hot coffee."

"My father—" Enid began anxiously. "He's resting easier now. I believe he has a chance to pull through."

She gave a little sob of relief. He patted her shoulder. "There now, be a good girl. Run along and get your coffee."

It was cruel, Enid thought, as she turned blindly toward the room he indicated, that the strange doctor should look so much like Hank.

There was a nurse in the serving kitchen when Enid entered. She looked up inquisitively.

"One of the doctors—the young one with the mustache—sent me in here to get a cup of coffee," Enid explained.

The nurse nodded. "That's Dr. Kingsley."

She told Enid to sit down, and busied herself at a hot plate measuring water and coffee into a percolator.

Enid watched the fragrant brown liquid bubble up into the glass top of the coffee maker, and tried to get herself in hand. It was about time, she told herself firmly, that she forgot this foolishness about Hank Holliday. Time, indeed, when she began to imagine that every strange man with a mustache looked like him.

There had been the most casual sort of friendship. She'd probably

see him once more—when she returned the key of the apartment to him—and that would be the end of it.

Forty-eight hours away from him had restored the sanity of her mind, if not her heart. (To Be Continued)

ARCHDUKE DIES

VIENNA (From German Broadcasts, Aug. 29 (A))—The death of Archduke Joseph Ferdinand of Austria, commander of Austrian armies on the Russian and Italian fronts in the first World war, was announced Friday. He was 70 years old.

If that's true about drafting heads of families, guess dad will have to learn how to cook and keep house.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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THE TESSELLATED PAVEMENT OF TASMANIA!

A BEACH NEAR EAGLEHAWK, FORMED OF LARGE SILICEOUS CLAY SLABS, LAID AND CEMENTED TOGETHER BY MOTHER NATURE WITH INCREDIBLE REGULARITY.

THE NAME OF THE BEAUTIFUL FLYING BUTTERFLY IS BELIEVED TO BE A CORRUPTION OF "ADMIRABLE."



LOTS OF PEOPLE WALKING TO REDUCE ARE NOW REDUCED TO WALKING... Mrs. Wilson Edward, Keno, Oregon.

WAAC HEAD

1 Pictured head of the WAAC. 12 Cultivate. 13 Speaker. 15 Exclamation. 17 English school. 19 Reverberate. 20 Therefore. 21 Upright shaft. 23 Facility. 24 Knight of the Elephant (abbr.).

50 Health resort. 52 Bone. 53 Sacred white bull. 55 Part of track. 57 Symbol for silicon. 58 Makes amends (symbol). 60 Plan. 62 She is picking women from all over. 63 She formerly headed the Texas— of women voters.

20 Observe. 22 Article. 23 Game. 27 Skill. 29 Likely. 30 Entangle. 33 Compensate. 35 Intertwines. 36 She heads the Women's Army Auxiliary. 38 Incline head. 39 Drugged sleep. 40 Live. 41 Twice. 43 Thorn (comb. form). 45 Steel. 48 Area measure. 49 Travel by boat. 51 Assistant. 53 Dined. 54 Dry. 56 Meadow. 58 Part of "be." 59 Samaritan (symbol). 61 Symbol for silver.

1 Verbal. 2 And (Latin). 3 Bind. 4 Changes. 5 Robbed. 6 Behold! 7 Before (prefix). 8 Mattock. 9 Different ones. 10 Foot. 11 British (abbr.). 14 Offspring. 16 Possesses. 18 Nova Scotia (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a woman in the center.

Comic strip 'Out Our Way' by J. R. Williams. A man is being carried out of a house by two women. He is shouting about his pajamas and how tired he is.

Comic strip 'Red Ryder' by Fred Harman. A man is climbing a ladder to get a cat. He is talking to a woman who is looking on.

Comic strip 'Little Orphan Annie' by Harold Gray. Annie is talking to a man about her father's name and a presser.

Comic strip 'Freckles and His Friends' by Blosser. Freckles is talking to a woman about leaving for the day.

Comic strip 'Wash Tubbs' by Crano. Wash Tubbs is talking to a man about a station and a concentration camp.

Comic strip 'Boots and Her Buddies' by Martin. Boots is talking to a man about a quiet and peaceful time.

Comic strip 'Alley Oop' by V. T. Hamlin. Alley Oop is talking to a man about a crazy galoot and a rampage.

Comic strip 'Our Boarding House' by Major Hoople. A man is talking to a woman about a zoo and a toad.

Comic strip 'Eeyowoo-o!' by Harold Gray. A man is talking to a woman about a rope and a beaver.

Comic strip 'Henry' by Blosser. Henry is talking to a woman about a mother and a boy.

Comic strip 'Dinny' by V. T. Hamlin. Dinny is talking to a woman about a moment's peace.

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