

SERIAL STORY WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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BACK TO WORK

CHAPTER XV

SHE could pretend to herself and nearly succeed in being—she was doing merrily—on an errand that had to be done. Her month's rent on the Arlington apartment was up, and she had to hand over the key.

But her heart wasn't fooled by this elaborate self-justification. It was singing because she was going to see Hank Holliday again very shortly—and maybe a miracle would happen. Maybe, somehow, fate at last smiling on her, would make it possible for her to go on seeing Hank although her truant month was over.

She went into the apartment that had been her home for three happy weeks, and packed her clothes and looked around to see that everything in the apartment was just as it had been when she had rented it. Then she set her bags out in the hall, locked the door, and went down the corridor to Hank Holliday's apartment.

She pressed his doorbell and waited, her blood pounding dizzily in her head. But the door didn't open, and Hank didn't smile at her from the threshold. There was no sound at all from within his apartment.

Enid pressed the bell again with some urgency. The possibility of his not being at home simply hadn't occurred to her. In the silence she heard footsteps shuffling up the back stairs from the basement, and the next moment Jim, the janitor, appeared in the rear of the corridor.

He grinned as he recognized Enid. "Oh, it's you, Miz Sharon. The doctor's not here."

"Oh—" Enid's voice was limp. It meant that she wasn't going to see Hank, at least not tonight and for a moment she couldn't think beyond the disappointment of that.

Jim came up to her and she handed him the key mechanically. "I'm moving," she explained. "Here's—the apartment key. Will you give it to the doctor?"

"He'll be asking me where you bin this last week," Jim volunteered cheerfully. "My father and mother met with an accident," she said absently. "I've been with them."

"Wait a minute," she said briskly, reaching a decision. She delved in her purse, found a memorandum book, tore out a sheet, and began to write. "I'll leave my new address with you, Jim, in case any mail comes here for me."

It was a lame excuse but better than none. Of course, there wouldn't be any mail for her, she knew that, for none of her friends had this address, but Hank would ask where she had gone and Jim would tell him.

The gurgling Jim breezed on. "It's too bad you didn't see the doctor. He just left yesterday. Went for a trip with his mother and Miz Adams."

Enid stopped writing. Hank had gone with his mother and—Clare Adams. The beautiful, arrogant, redheaded Clare, the girl he had said his mother wanted him to marry.

She tore the scrap of paper on which she had been writing to bits. How silly she had been, thinking that he might want to see her again—might even go to the bother of looking her up.

"What's the matter, Miz Sharon? That your new address you don't tore up?"

"It doesn't matter, Jim. I won't bother you with it. I'd forgotten, the postoffice will forward my mail."

THE nerve-racking clickety-clack of 50 typewriters pounded on Enid's aching head like so many little steel mallets driving into her brain.

She stopped her own machine for a moment and pressed one hand against her forehead. Her skin felt dry and hot. She hated to take another aspirin, she'd taken so many of them during the last few weeks. For her head ached almost continually. And she felt tired, exhausted.

She'd thought at first that it was the reaction from that week-long vigil in the hospital with her father. But it hadn't worn off, and she'd been back at work a month now.

Maybe she was going to be sick. Maybe she'd better see a doctor. At that last thought her lips curled in a bitter little smile.

See a doctor! Yes, if it was the right doctor, that might cure her trouble, she told herself with ironic honesty. But the jibe did not stop the wave of acute longing that swept over her at the thought of Hank Holliday.

And after a moment she raised her head and stared unseeingly at the half-typed letter before her. Why not go to see him? She really was unwell. She'd have a perfectly legitimate excuse for going to his office.

With a flurry of renewed energy she attacked the remaining letters on her desk.

She didn't know what office hours young Dr. Holliday kept, but she did know that many of the surgeons and specialists on Broad street, the town's medical center, were "in" all afternoon.

And luck was almost with her. She had reached the corner opposite the long stucco building where the Hollidays, senior and junior, had their offices, when she was delayed momentarily by a traffic light. As she waited for the signal to change she saw two men come out of the entrance of the building across the street and hurry to an automobile waiting at the curb.

Almost instantly Enid recognized the younger of the two men as Hank. She looked eagerly at the automobile as it came across the intersection toward her, but Hank was driving and with his eyes intent on traffic heavy at that

hour, did not see the girl smiling at him from the curb.

And yet, oddly enough, Enid wasn't altogether disappointed. Just seeing him for that brief moment had done something to her.

She'd get off a half hour early the next evening and then she'd catch Hank before he left his office. She'd been awfully silly, she decided, cutting herself off from him the way she had when they lived in the same town, and seeing him was such a simple matter. And probably she had grossly exaggerated the importance of the trip he had taken with his mother and the beautiful Miss Adams.

It was an almost happy girl who boarded the bus when it came. It takes such little things to alter an outlook, a future. Little things like idly reading a newspaper over a man's shoulder while the bus swayed and lurched on its way.

Mom and Pop were already seated at the table eating when she arrived. Enid forced herself to smile.

"Do you mind, Mom, if I don't eat now? I'm so hot and tired."

She lay across the cool-sheeted bed and tried to stop her nervous trembling. It had been a shock seeing Clare Adams' picture staring at her from that newspaper in the man's hands.

A large picture filling seven columns across the top of the society page and losing in black and white none of the beauty of those chiseled features, the arrogant poise of the lovely head.

"To Wed Doctor," the cutline below it had read.

Enid hadn't seen any more, turning her eyes blindly away, not wanting to see that hateful, triumphant face, not wanting to know the details of the coming wedding.

She tried to bolster herself with pride. She was glad now that she had missed seeing Hank at his office. At least she had been spared the humiliation of having thrown herself at him.

(To Be Continued)

Pedestrians, remember that with the approach of fall, there are more hours of darkness and consequently, greater hazards for persons walking in dark areas. The state traffic safety division urges you to assume responsibility for your own safety in crossing streets. Remember drivers may not see you if you are dressed in dark clothing. Wear white, or carry a lighted flashlight when walking at night.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



NEXT: Before the days of tire worries.

STATESMAN

HORIZONTAL

- 1,7 Pictured statesman.
- 12 Sheep's cry.
- 14 Pedal digit.
- 16 Bone.
- 18 Varnish ingredient.
- 19 Vegetable.
- 21 Jumbled type.
- 22 Obtain.
- 24 He was former commissioner of the

Answer to Previous Puzzle

TYRONE POWER
THEREDRA
CHRISTIAN
HERHCS
NARABSTAB
PATRONAGE
REMAINS
HDETAILS
ALITRUE
RESLAIS
DELAYACUTE
RANACUTE
PITCTURESTAR

VERTICAL

- 27 Beverage.
- 29 Insects.
- 30 Erbium (symbol).
- 32 Snake.
- 34 Any.
- 36 Material to fill spaces.
- 37 2000 pounds.
- 38 Fowl.
- 39 Alleged force.
- 41 Bright color.
- 43 Electrical term.
- 45 Standard of value.
- 46 Not concerted.
- 47 Courtesy title.
- 49 Forenoon (abbr.).
- 50 Sun.
- 51 Fondle.
- 54 Negative.
- 55 Mentions.
- 57 Also.
- 59 Royal family of England.
- 60 Candid.

19 Program.

- 20 Likely.
- 21 By.
- 23 Instructor.
- 25 Postscript (abbr.).
- 26 Snuggles.
- 28 Inquired.
- 31 Health resort.
- 33 Metal fastener.
- 34 Since.
- 35 Finish.
- 40 Particle of water.
- 41 Male sheep.
- 42 Rings, as bell.
- 44 Iniquity.
- 45 Tablet.
- 46 Transferred ownership.
- 48 Shaft.
- 50 Chinese coin.
- 52 Half an em.
- 53 Snake.
- 56 Therefore.
- 57 Transpose (abbr.).
- 58 Upon.

