

LAB GIRL

By Rene Ryerson Mart

THE PARTY

CHAPTER IX

BARBEE shook herself, tried to snap out of the strange spell the music had cast over her. Just imagining herself in Ken Carter's arms had sent a strange thrill over her, a warm glow of happiness which the thought of no other man had ever given her. Just for a moment she had thought she was in love with him.

But her good sense at once came to her rescue. How could she be in love with the man? She hardly knew him. And the little she did know of him didn't build him up in her imagination. He was a factory foreman. He probably had little or no education. His tastes were crude—he always laughed at Sue Keller's jokes.

Barbee had had a number of boy friends, she had been mildly in love a time or two, and with that experience she was quite, quite sure of her own control over her emotions. When she fell in love it would be with someone quite suitable from every standpoint, someone—Charles Mowry, maybe. She laughed indulgently at her queer fancy of a moment before and went to bed.

Even if she had been inclined to worry about the incident she would have forgotten it in the surprise the next day brought to her. Her father called her at the laboratory to say Ned was coming home on furlough.

SHE was almost too excited to work. Plans buzzed around in her head all afternoon, plans for making Ned's homecoming a superlatively happy one. She talked it over with Ken on the way home.

"We'll have to have a party—a homecoming party."

"That's a good idea," Ken approved. "I'd sure like to meet your brother."

Barbee stopped short, realizing suddenly that Ken was expecting to be invited to meet Ned.

She groped for words. "I don't think you'd enjoy it—I mean the party. You see it will be just for Ned's friends—you wouldn't know anyone."

"Don't worry about me, it doesn't take me long to get acquainted," Ken argued humorously. Then as the full implication of her stammering dawned upon him, "Say, what is this—you mean you don't want me there, is that it?"

Barbee tried to smooth it over. "Don't be silly, Ken. It's just that a party is never a success if you try to mix strangers. I'm sure Ned would like to meet you, too—some other time." It was a poor excuse, but the best she could think of on the spur of the moment.

Some strong emotion swept a tide of red right up to Ken's eyes and hair line. For a moment he stared hard at Barbee as if determined to read the mind behind that pretty embarrassed face.

"I see," his voice sounded thick and strange.

Barbee's hand stole toward his arm in an impulsive comforting gesture, almost betraying her. Then she drew it sharply back. Why try to smooth it over? Ken was right the first time. She didn't want him at the party. He wouldn't fit in with Ned's friends. She'd be ashamed of him.

The ride to Barbee's home was finished in stony silence.

"Thanks," she said, getting out. His eyes met hers, bitter and reproachful. "I really want you to meet Ned before he goes back," she went on awkwardly. "We might all have dinner together some evening."

"Don't bother," he said curtly. "All right." She lifted her slim shoulders in a shrug to show that she didn't care. He had no right to feel hurt because he wasn't invited to Ned's homecoming, she told herself angrily. But that didn't keep her heart from sinking when he drove off without saying goodby.

THAT secret feeling of remorse remained with her all evening as she planned the party to celebrate Ned's homecoming, consulted with the beaming Molly about refreshments, and telephoned Charles and Ned's other friends on her invitation list. It was still there the next day, an uneasy undercurrent to her happiness over seeing Ned again.

Ned looked wonderful, brown and fit, and very soldierlike in his summer tans. Charles and

Della were the only guests invited for dinner. Ned held them all spellbound with his talk of Army life.

At 8 o'clock the other guests began to arrive. Barbee had contrived cleverly with the short time at her disposal. There was dancing to the radio in the sunroom where many another impromptu dance had been held, card games in the living room, while her father and a couple of his cronies were established comfortably in the library where they could talk undisturbed by the younger folks. Barbee, graciously lovely in white organdy, flitted from group to group intent upon seeing that

LACY FAN IS EASY TO CROCHET



by Alice Brooks

Something different in crochet—this lacy pattern, reminiscent of the carved ivory fans which once graced our ballrooms. Even a beginner can crochet it and of inexpensive cotton, too. Let the set lend elegance to the rich upholstery it protects. Pattern 7601 contains directions for set; stitches; list of materials needed.

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Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Going my way?"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"He's taking no chances—the last time he had her out she ordered lobster!"

everyone was having a good time. The climax of the evening came when Ned announced his engagement to Della. "I guess every soldier needs a girl waiting for him back home—a special girl. I've found that one... for me." He kissed Della before them all. Barbee did the conventional thing. She kissed Ned and then Della warmly, and then as other friends crowded around with congratulations she slipped away unnoticed. Outside on the terrace she wiped the thick tears away from her eyes and as fast as she did so fresh ones filled them. She wasn't crying from jealousy. She was truly glad that Ned had found happiness. She was crying because she couldn't present Ken to her family and friends in the same proud way that Ned had presented Della.

(To Be Continued)

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE BIBLE WAS PRINTED IN BRAILLE FOR THE BLIND AS EARLY AS 1830! THE COMPLETE EDITION REQUIRED 39 LARGE VOLUMES.

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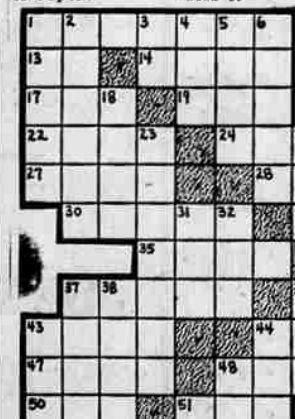
275 TONS OF JAPANESE BEETLES WERE TRAPPED IN A FEW WEEKS' PERIOD BY MARYLAND FARMERS. (1940)

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 8-13

NEXT: Nature's water pumps.

ARMY'S DINNER SET

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | 10 Any |
| 1 Pictured eating equipment. | SERVICE MEDAL | 11 Sufficient |
| 7 It must be after each usage | SNEERED ORALE | 12 Drench |
| 13 Half an arm | ARISTOCRACY | 18 Rifle pin |
| 14 The pair | ROBBERY | 21 Thin opening |
| 15 Merit | CORALS | 23 Book of psalms |
| 16 Negative | TAR | 25 Unhappy |
| 17 Soak flax | REVERES ARIDITY | 26 Heavenly body |
| 19 Through | ORE EVOLVES DEE | 31 Observe |
| 20 Perish | MS AWARD ASA DIA | 32 Five and five |
| 21 French coin | SLADE PUNSER | 33 Moist |
| 22 Grasp | STERE GREETED | 34 Uncooked |
| 24 Meditated | HEADS | 37 Tomatolike fruit |
| 26 Addition sign | 44 Serpent | 38 Among |
| 27 Her product (pl.) | 46 Biblical pronoun | 39 Hawaiian food |
| 28 Angry | 48 High bank | 41 Exclamation |
| 29 Box seat | 50 Boy | 42 Perform |
| 30 Foam | 51 Falsehood | 43 Removes |
| 33 Anger | 52 Toward | 44 Dim |
| 35 Grimace | 53 And (Latin) | 45 Behind |
| 36 Thin | 54 Bristle | 46 Quote |
| 37 Thin plate | 55 Suffix | 49 Fortified place |
| 40 Kind of cloth | 56 The uses it | 51 Hawaiian wreath |
| 43 Cupola | | 54 "Coyote State" (abbr.) |
| | | 9 Before |



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



OVERACTING

TOO LITERAL

DALLAS, Tex. (AP)—A marriage license clerk told R. J. Moonie when he applied for a license that he would have to present a health certificate. Moonie obtained the certificate and bought the license. A few minutes later he rushed back to the bureau, protesting the wrong name was on the license. After all, he said, he was getting the license for a friend, not himself.

If you want to sell it—phone The Herald and News "want-ads," 3124.

Red Ryder



Red Ryder

Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends

Wash Tubbs



Wash Tubbs

Boots and Her Buddies



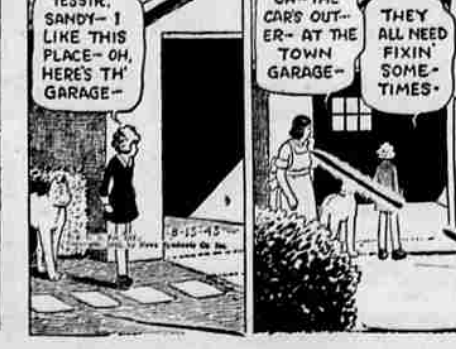
Boots and Her Buddies

Allep Oop



Allep Oop

Little Orphan Annie



Little Orphan Annie

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



Our Boarding House

Red Ryder



Red Ryder

Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends

Wash Tubbs



Wash Tubbs

Boots and Her Buddies



Boots and Her Buddies

Allep Oop



Allep Oop

Little Orphan Annie



Little Orphan Annie