

SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: April avoids meeting Kent, and Ann is happy to hear plans for the wedding. The idea is unbreakable to April, she plans to go to the Burnett cabin, remain there. As she leaves, Winkie Appleman and the constable are waiting at the door for her.

KENT STEPS IN

"THAT'S HER," Winkie said. "Sorry," the constable cut in, "have to serve a warrant on you." With that, he pressed a folded document into April's hands.

April had presence of mind enough to shut the front door behind her. She had on her fur jacket in readiness for Hal's arrival but even in it, she began to shake with cold and fright.

"What's wrong?" she managed to stutter. "I'm a-suing you... personal injuries," Winkie drew out the phrase pleasurably. "Yes," he went on, "guess you ain't forgotten the night you knocked me down when you was taking Mister Kent Carter to the Pattonville railroad station."

April leaned against the door. She'd never told anyone that she had taken Kent to the train that night. She'd never mentioned the run-in with Winkie. Now with this document in her hand, she felt as if her doom had been handed to her, signed, sealed and delivered.

If Ann knew, she would start being suspicious all over again about her, April, and Kent. When Dad found out, he would be shocked. It was going to hurt him in his professional standing—going to hurt everyone.

"You can't do this, Winkie Appleman," she whispered. "You know I settled with you."

"Settled!" Winkie snorted. "Think you can injure a man, maybe permanently, and settle it on the spot for a few dollars?"

The constable's eyes shifted around, came back to her. "That's not all," he said. "Got to charge you with failure to report an accident. Pretty strong laws about that in this state."

Winkie said, "I was hurt so bad that night, I didn't know what I was doing. I wanted to call an officer but you wouldn't let me."

April turned around, saw that the front door was shut securely. Inside, the living room lamps were lighted but out here on the porch there was only the dim bulb overhead. No one in the family had seen her yet but she didn't dare chance it further.

She motioned Winkie and the constable down the steps. At any minute Hal would be here and know how to help her.

She stopped in front of the constable's car, her spirits lifting in a quick spurt of defiance.

"You can't prove anything, Winkie Appleman," she said. "This is no better than a hold-up and you can't prove a thing!"

"Oh, can't I?" Winkie sneered and twisted the shapeless brim of his hat. "I guess maybe the check would speak for itself."

THE check! What had been a blur of pain and horror to her that night in the Pattonville railroad station, started to clarify. She had opened her purse and handed a few bills and some change at Winkie. He'd whined for more. She had remembered her check book and how with a numb, shaky hand had written a check.

"Make it \$10," Winkie had said, "and I won't say nothing." April saw it all. Winkie, unscrupulous no-account that he might be, was legally within his rights.

"Very well," she said finally, "what am I supposed to do?" She heard the constable speak of posting bond, of appearing for a preliminary hearing. "What you waiting for?" the constable asked.

"Why don't you come along with me now and get booked at the station without any fuss." An upstairs window in the Burnett house opened. Through it into the crystal air, came a strain of song from Ann. At this minute, Ann was dressing for her date with Kent. Ann's wedding day would be soon.

"Yes, I'll go with you just as soon as a friend of mine arrives," she said. "I'll go without any fuss. There's only one thing I ask. Does anyone have to know of this? Does my father? You see," and she spoke very humbly, "we're going to have a wedding in our house and the fuss, the notoriety would spoil everything."

Again, through the window, she heard Ann's lovely voice, lifting in silver notes of happiness. April closed her eyes briefly.

Winkie was speaking from the corner of his mouth. "Trying to keep it on the sly a little longer." April shuddered and then opened her eyes quickly. A clear, masculine voice was saying— "Keep what on the sly?"

Not Dad, not Hal—Kent Carter! "I asked—keep what on the sly?" Kent was repeating and in some way had come to stand by April, one hand steadying her.

THE constable was ruffled. "Served a warrant on Miss Ethel Burnett here," he said. "Failing to report an accident—damage done."

Winkie was whining. "You're the fella that punched me in the face. Yep, knocked an old man down when he'd already been run over. I know you Kent Carter. Miss Ann's fella."

April felt Kent's fist double under her hand. "Please," she whispered and her face was close to his. This was the first time she had seen him since he had returned, his sight restored. This was the first time she had been near him. She felt a headiness, a surge of joy sweeping her. For one absurd minute it seemed as if the hateful warrant, the shaming encounter with Winkie Appleman had been predestined for only one purpose—to bring her back to Kent.

Then she remembered Ann. Ann was in the Burnett house, safe, unsuspecting.

April pushed Kent aside. "Wait a minute," she began breathlessly, "I've got something to tell you all. I'll take the blame for this. It was my fault. I can see it through alone."

For the first time, she faced Kent squarely. She saw the be-

loved face, the eyes, clear now without the shadow of the dark glasses. "You, Kent," and she managed to make her voice hard and brittle. "You stay out of it." She hadn't heard the door open or any sound on the steps. But something made her turn. Ann was standing there, pale, fragile as a moonbeam. She looked first at April and then at Kent. "Whatever is the matter?" she asked.

(To Be Continued)

One-Time Private Now Infantry Boss



New chief of infantry of the U. S. Army is Maj.-Gen. Courtney H. Hodges, above, who enlisted as a private in 1900.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon Did Not Hang! They were a series of terraces, rising one above the other, landscaped with rare and beautiful shrubs and flowers. The Albatross Can Preen Its Feathers While Flying In A Gale! Does Vatican City Belong To Italy?

ANSWER: No. Since 1929 it has been a complete sovereignty, and the Italian government cannot intervene in its affairs. It is a city and a state "completely surrounded by Italy."

MAP PUZZLE

MAP PUZZLE. HORIZONTAL: 1 Map of American republic. 6 It succeeded from — in 1903. 12 Promise. 13 Cudgel. 15 Bronze. 16 To quote. 17 Male ancestor. 18 Powder ingredient. 20 Poem. 21 Occupants. 22 Thrice. 23 Folding bed. 24 Devil. 27 To cheat. 29 Postscript (abbr.). 30 Torn-out thing. 31 Old measure. 32 Preposition. 33 Revokes. 35 Negative. 36 Edge. VERTICAL: 2 Greedy. 3 Musical term. 4 Reverence. 5 Valuable property. 6 Group of desert travelers. 7 Kiln. 8 For fear that. 9 Door rug. 10 To throb. 11 Small island. 14 Baking dish. 16 The U. S. A. —ed the Panama Canal here. 19 Atlantic entrance to Panama Canal. 21 2000 pounds. 23 Frank. 25 Form of "be." 26 Spigot. 27 Large auto. 28 Male. 29 Skillet. 31 Calendar book. 34 Intention. 38 To listen. 39 Too. 41 Italian coin. 42 Diamond. 43 Arabian. 44 Light. 45 Part of a shaft. 47 Poisonous snake. 49 Mountain pass. 50 Churn.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY. A cartoon showing a car stuck in a rut. A man says, "THEY LOOKED LIKE A LONG-LEAF. LET'S MAKE SURE ABOUT IT." Another says, "YEAH, LET'S MAKE SURE." A third says, "LOOK HERE, YOU FELLERS, I'M A-GITTIN' FAID 'T CUCK, 'NOT 'T PUNCH COWS, 'YOU GIT RIGHT BACK ON 'TH' ROAD 'T TACWIN.'"

RED RYDER

RED RYDER. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "WELL, I'M 'TH ONE HE 'TRIED 'T SWINDLE CUTA MY RANCH, 'AN I'M 'GITTIN' REVENGE." She says, "I CONFESS, 'DON'T HIT ME... P.P."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. A cartoon showing a man and a woman talking. He says, "ME? TALK ABOUT WHAT? NO, ANNIE—THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHERS TALKING, DON'T YOU AGREE?" She says, "HA! I'LL SAY, 'SO! EVERYBODY ALMOST KNOWS JUST HOW EVER THING OUGHTA BE DONE."

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES. A cartoon showing a woman talking to a man. She says, "OH, 'WLO JEFF, 'WELL, 'BACK 'T RANGY MEETING YOU!" He says, "I'VE GOT AN IDEA 'BOUT WHER OUGHT TO BE DONE?"

WASH TUBBS

WASH TUBBS. A cartoon showing a woman talking to a man. She says, "BARON HAUSCOLRA HAS STOLEN ALL THE DISEASE CULTURE DR. BASSILA HAD, 'EASY, HE WON'T BE BACK 'T MORE, 'BECAUSE THERE'S NO LONGER A SOURCE OF SUPPLY, THAT MEANS WERE LATE AGAIN!"

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "I GOT IT, 'NUTTY... 'WELL, 'ADD THAT 'A CHECK 'FOR 'IS' BUCKS!" She says, "HOT STUFF... 'WELL, 'ADD THAT 'A CHECK 'FOR 'IS' BUCKS!"

ALLEY OOP

ALLEY OOP. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "LEGGO MY HEAD, 'YOU TUM, 'I'LL... SHUT UP AND KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN... 'IF YOU DON'T WANT THE FOOL, 'THING BLOWN OFF!"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "MY NAME IS 'O, FARADAY CODD, 'I SAW YOUR AD, 'AND I MIGHT GINK A FEW DOLLARS IN A GOING CONCERN! 'I'M IN THE SHOOTING GALLERY, 'GAME MYSELF... 'IT'S SO DULL NOW THE 'DUCKS ARE SNORING!"

BY FRED HARMAN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "YOU SKULKIN' CONARDY COW! 'YOU WILL 'MAKE FOLKS THINK I'M DEAD 'AN 'BURIED, 'WILL YOU?"

BY HAROLD GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "ME? TALK ABOUT WHAT? NO, ANNIE—THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHERS TALKING, DON'T YOU AGREE?"

BY MARTIN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "OH, 'WLO JEFF, 'WELL, 'BACK 'T RANGY MEETING YOU!"

BY CRANE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "BARON HAUSCOLRA HAS STOLEN ALL THE DISEASE CULTURE DR. BASSILA HAD, 'EASY, HE WON'T BE BACK 'T MORE, 'BECAUSE THERE'S NO LONGER A SOURCE OF SUPPLY, THAT MEANS WERE LATE AGAIN!"

BY BLOSSER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. A cartoon showing a man talking to a woman. He says, "I GOT IT, 'NUTTY... 'WELL, 'ADD THAT 'A CHECK 'FOR 'IS' BUCKS!"

BY V. T. HAMLIN

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