

SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: Winkle Appleman has brought suit against April for damages. Her failure to report the accident adds to the seriousness of the charge. Trapped by a check, April pleads for mercy—and Kent Carter arrives. He admits being a witness to the affair. Then Ann comes out the door. What's the matter?

ANN SETS THE DAY

CHAPTER XX

It was Hal Parks who took things in hand when he arrived. With one arm protectively around April, he talked to the constable, drove to the police station and arranged for bond. The date of the hearing in lower court was set for the following Friday. That night, April came home early, managed to carry the hidden brown suitcase into the house unseen. Not that it mattered, she thought with a wry smile twisting her mouth, if all the family, all the town watched her. It was too late now to spare Ann from the gossip that would be sure to follow Winkle's suit; too late to keep Dad from knowing she was accused of trying to "fix" a case.

Lying awake in bed that night, she was sure she heard sounds of sobbing from the adjoining room where Ann slept.

But there was no sign of tears in Ann's eyes the next morning. Except for her pallor, she was seemingly as happy as she had been since Kent had returned.

"Kent and I have set our wedding day," she announced at the breakfast table. "It will be on Saturday afternoon. Mother, and because—well, because of everything, we've decided it will be a very quiet ceremony here at home."

Mother brightened instantly at this news, although she showed the marks of worry from the experience last night when Winkle had brought the warrant. She put down her coffee cup with a clatter. "Saturday? We never can do it. Today is Tuesday, so that means only four days to get ready."

"Oh, I think we can manage it nicely," Ann said.

"You going to the altar on Saturday and me to jail on Friday," April tried to joke.

"Please, April," Mother pleaded, and then almost at once forgot her distress in the hasty making of plans.

April tried to avoid Ann that morning, but her sister caught up with her in the hallway.

"Was there some reason," she asked, "why you didn't want to tell me that you took Kent to the train that night?"

April shrugged. "Really, it didn't seem important."

"You didn't think it important when you tried to pay off Winkle Appleman?"

When April made no answer, Ann went on. "I can't help wondering now if you saw Kent at any other time when I was away."

"For goodness sake," April blustered, "why should I have wanted to see Kent Carter when Hal Parks and the rest of my erstwhile cavaliers were rushing me around at the Casa Blanca and gay places?"

Mother joined them then, ready for a shopping trip downtown. She was so busy fussing with samples of white silks and satins that she didn't notice anything wrong. But April knew that Ann's suspicions were growing by leaps and bounds.

All that Tuesday, April stayed in her room. Nip's wiry head cocked knowingly at her. Nip knew. Winkle Appleman knew. The man at the garage where she had had the chains put on that awful night had openly taunted her about going up to the Carter place. Even Octavia was putting two and two together. Yes, it seemed as if all Pattonville was going to know that April Burnett had masqueraded as her sister, and fallen in love with Ann's sweetheart.

She pleaded an excuse when Hal called. She sidestepped the family. Best, and most important, she didn't see Kent again.

ON Wednesday, Dad came into her room and settled himself for a talk.

"I'm awfully sorry about this mess," April blurted.

But Dad wasn't angry. "You're not to worry," he said. "The hearing on Friday will be a preliminary one, likely held over until later. I'll defend you, of course, see you through it. It would have been better if you'd told me about it at the time, but you were so sick afterwards and then probably all you wanted to do was forget it."

"Yes, that was what I wanted. To forget it."

Dad questioned her, made notes. "I can't believe you hurt Winkle Appleman," he finally said. "Winkle's a pretty hardy old specimen. But he's nursed a grievance against me since I sent him to the workhouse a few years ago. Maybe this is the way he's getting back at us."

"Dad, I'll tell the truth on the stand. I'll take a chance that everything will come out all right. But I don't want to bring anyone else into this. Not Kent Carter, Dad. Please, he won't have to be at the trial, will he?"

"Kent?" Dad smiled in a secretive way. "But Kent insists. Nothing I could say would keep him away. He wants a chance to testify."

He came over and patted her shoulder. "I've an idea you've been through more than we realize, Daffy," he said. "When I get you cleared in this case and the excitement of the wedding is over,

I'm going to make it up to you." "I'm all right," April stammered. "There's nothing you have to make up to me."

"I think we've lost sight of you in the excitement of Ann's romance. Seems strange, doesn't it, our little Ann—a bride?"

"It's wonderful," April said. "I'm very happy for Ann."

Dad pursed his lips. "Yes," he began, "it is wonderful, and yet I have a feeling that underneath, something troubles Ann."

Did Ann know? Had Ann guessed the whole truth about April and Kent?

"More than anything, our Ann hoped to make a success of her voice. I don't think she'll ever quite get over the disappointment of the audition with Vivano."

"All the more reason," April spoke up, "why nothing must spoil her happiness with Kent."

ON Thursday, Miss Evans, the seamstress, kept the sewing machine whirring. Octavia closed the kitchen door on the rich aroma of baking cakes and roasting meats. Florists surveyed the house for decorations for the wedding.

Wedding! Ann and Kent's wedding on Saturday.

Ann herself came and went, humming softly; patient at fittings of the bridal gown; hurrying on innumerable errands.

April decided she couldn't stand the strain and suspense any longer. She herself had an errand to do—an errand that couldn't be put off any longer.

She picked a time in the afternoon when she could leave the house unnoticed. Her ankle had completely healed, although she was still wobbly, weak from the long inactivity her illness had

brought. She took a short cut across town, began walking up a familiar road. Her yellow hair blew around her face; her cheeks stung in the January air, but she kept climbing, sometimes slowly, sometimes in a desperate sort of jog. (To Be Continued)

Hitch-Hike Champ



Hitch-hiking championship (inter-collegiate division) is claimed here for William Halliwell, engineering student at the University of California Agricultural College at Davis. Each morning he leaves his home at Salinas—23 miles distant—figures an hour to get to first classes. And he hasn't missed yet.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: 1, bunting; 2, swallow; 3, robin; 4, kingfisher.

SONG WRITER

HORIZONTAL

1 Man who wrote the song "Home Sweet Home."

13 Genus of grasses.

14 Stream.

15 Card game.

16 Small bunch.

17 Angry.

18 Sums up.

20 Pismires.

21 Frozen.

22 To strike.

23 Born.

24 Evergreen tree.

25 Since.

27 Biblical priest.

28 Acts of lending.

30 Sweet secretions.

31 Occurrence.

33 Reads again.

36 Roof final.

38 Half an em.

39 Sheltered place.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

9 To sprinkle with flour.

10 Sound of sorrow.

11 Warbles.

12 Relating to a node.

16 He was a or traveler most of his life (pl.).

19 To revolve.

24 Dead.

26 Eye socket.

28 Single thing.

32 Mercenary.

34 Deifying.

35 Bristle.

36 Tree.

37 Spanish coin.

42 Fruit.

43 To lacerate.

45 Enthusiasm.

49 Musical note.

51 Measure.

52 And.

53 Sound of inquiry.

40 To permit.

41 Enraptured.

2 To think.

3 Student residing in a hostel.

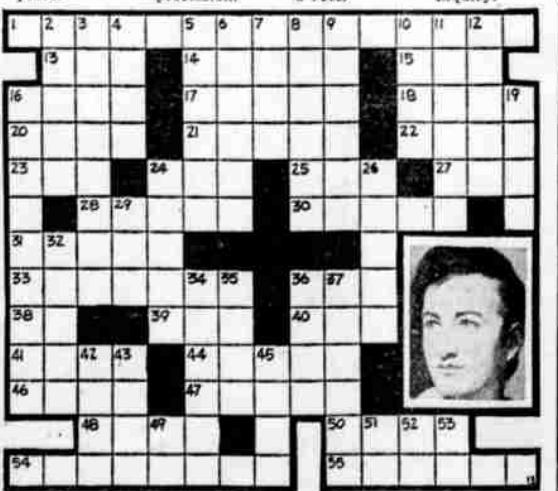
4 Dozes.

5 Ancestry.

6 Wire trappers.

7 Grand-parental.

8 Pertaining to a rete.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

