

SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: Ann... April of being in love with Kent...

APRIL ENLISTS FOR LIFE CHAPTER XXV

"DEAR April—I'm on my way back to New York. Yesterday when you came in from the hearing in court, I was talking on the telephone. It was a call from New York. Vivano told me the night of the audition that I would never make a concert singer, that I didn't have the voice to become a truly great contralto.

"But someone else was at the audition that night who felt rather differently about it. Through this friend, I had an offer yesterday for a contract on a radio program. Oh, I may never be the famous song-bird I hoped but this will mean a career in music, and that's all I ask.

"I wasn't quite sure what my answer would be yesterday but I knew last night.

"April, you would have kept quiet the rest of your life to spare me, but there were other things entering into it. Kent's Aunt Elizabeth—a frightening old person, isn't she—let something slip. She liked you, April.

"And Kent himself. When I saw his face last night after we had found you crying, I had the real answer.

"I thought I loved Kent, and at first I was jealous because I suspected you had fallen in love with him yourself. But Kent and I had quarreled once about my singing and we would have quarreled again. That's why this chance to sing gives me a way out.

"I've left another note for Mother and Dad because explanations wouldn't have done any good at this eleventh hour.

"There's only one request I want to make of you. You must be the one to tell Kent.

"Please believe me when I say this finds me in seventh heaven. My hope is that you'll be there, too—with Kent. Ever your sister—Ann."

"FOR a long time, April held the letter.

"If it had been written a week ago, a day ago, it would have changed the future. Now it had come too late.

"Yesterday she had told Kent she had masqueraded at love—carried through the pretense just as a lark. A lark!

"He hated her. He despised her. Nothing could change that.

"She went downstairs to telephone him. The quickest way would be the easiest in the end.

"Kent!"

"Yes, Ann—I've been up for hours. Sort of thought I'd hear from you."

"April steeled the receiver. Kent had called her Ann. All right, let him think she was Ann until she had told him herself that Ann had gone away. He might not even see her if she said she was April.

"I'm taking the roadster out. It'll be by for you in a few minutes."

"Fine," he said. "That will be fine." But he didn't say it in the same glad, ringing voice as on that day when she had phoned him before their drive to the windmill farm.

"AS she drove up the hill in the car, the sky was still streaked in the east with copper and gold. And there was a certain fragrance in the air. Almost like spring, she thought, even though the calendar was still at January.

"He was waiting at the gate and when she saw that she was April, curly yellow hair, rakish beret and jaunty coat, he strode angrily to the car.

"Another one of your masquerades?"

"No—no, it isn't."

"Where's Ann, then?"

"That's what I came to tell you. He leaned hard against the car door.

"What do you mean? Has she gone away?"

"Yes—so New York. She left me a letter."

"If this is one of your ideas of charm and cleverness—"

"Please, Kent," she begged, and the way she said it must have impressed itself on him because he stood up and the grim lines left his mouth.

"Tell me the rest, all of it."

"She had a chance to sing. A wonderful contract. She thought it would mean more to her than—well, than marriage. Maybe you can reach her by telephone. Maybe you can get her back. Planes will be flying today and the wedding isn't until 5 o'clock."

"Kent kept silent for what seemed an endless time. Then he said, 'No, if she wants it to be like that I wouldn't try to get her back. I have a feeling it's for the best.'"

"As she looked at him, April had the impression that Kent wore an expression, almost of relief.

gloomy old house, this time for all time.

"Don't go yet," Kent said. "There's something else you wanted to say?"

"You might tell Ann when you write that I want her to be happy. And also, that as long as there'll be no wedding, I'm returning to camp."

"Yes, I'll tell her—and good luck, Kent."

"Thanks—and to you, April. You deserve the best. I had you all wrong, April, right from the first when I called you the Gilt-terbug."

Suddenly, April switched off the throbbing engine. "Kent Carter," she said, "we're talking here like strangers, making up polite conversation. I don't want your good luck! I don't want you to say you were sorry or that you had me all wrong!"

The April storm was rising in her at last. She began to pound her hands on the steering wheel. Kent reached over and in some way was beside her.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"You! You, of course! Last night when I told Hal Parks I could never marry him, he said that with some people love might be slow blooming, but with me it was like lightning that struck once—and fast. Don't you see, Kent? It struck me that night I met you at the train."

"April—April, darling!"

HE kissed her recklessly, dizzily, and right in the full view of the gingerbread Carter house where no doubt the gingery old great-aunt could see.

Then he eyed the April of the blue eyes and the daffodil curls with a certain wondering curiosity.

"Some day," he said, "you can tell me the whole story from beginning to end."

"I can tell it to you now," she answered. "The beginning is that I was drafted for love. The end is—well, that's just it. There is no end. I've enlisted for a lifetime."

(THE END)

To Parliament



Boston-born Mrs. Beatrice Clough Rathbone takes the seat in parliament held by her husband, Flight Lieut. John R. Rathbone, killed in an air raid over Germany.

It has been estimated that the world produced a total of 149,330,000 net tons of steel during 1939.

Furs, when being stored, should not be crowded into suit cases, boxes or small closets in which the fur is pressed flat.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ENGLAND ONCE INDIRECTLY TAXED THE SUNLIGHT AND AIR ENTERING THE HOUSES OF ITS PEOPLE, ALTHOUGH THE TAX ACTUALLY WAS LEVIED ON WINDOWS! MANY PERSONS BRICKED UP THEIR WINDOWS TO AVOID PAYING.



TASMANIAN WOLF CARRIES ITS YOUNG IN A POUCH, LIKE THE KANGAROO, BUT, SINCE IT WALKS ON ALL FOURS, ITS POUCH OPENS TOWARD THE REAR.



PARADISE APPLE

Word puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a crossword puzzle grid and a list of clues.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbers indicating starting points for words.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



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

