

OUT OUR WAY

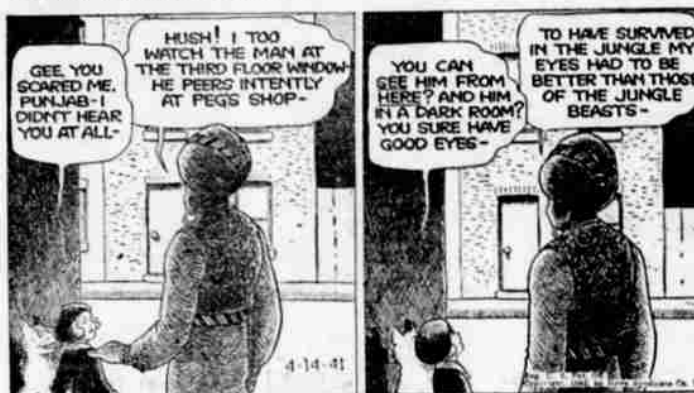
By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

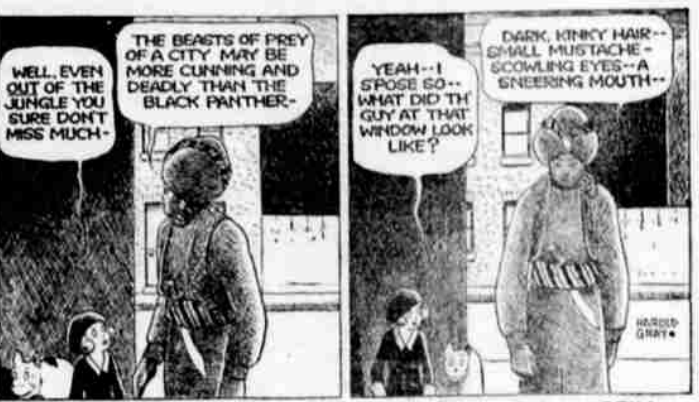
With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN



SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

YESTERDAY: Beatrice is determined to see Vera Shadrach. But Anthony comes from his conference defeated. The mercurial manager laughed at the idea. But Anthony isn't giving up. He'll get proof. And he realizes that she has to have proof for her changes in the store or she will be laughed at. For the first time she realizes the responsibility her money has brought upon her.

NO TIME FOR BLUES

CHAPTER XXII

THROUGH the long afternoon, the enormity of her problem stayed with her. That night, as she punched her time card, one of the line of hurrying girls in dark store dresses and cheap coats, she thought, "These girls need me. I've got to help them! I've got to help Anthony. And Grandfather would want me to do something. But what? What shall I do?"

Anthony was waiting for her outside the employes' entrance. Toby Masters, who always left the store with Beatrice, cried, "You look like a man who wants to get plastered."

Toby knew something was going on, she sensed that Anthony had suffered some bitter disappointment. But she was too wise to ask.

Anthony said, violently, "If it weren't for me, I certainly would go out on the town tonight. I'd get high as a kite."

"And you'd have a hangover in the morning that would kill you," said Toby.

"Not to mention getting fired," Beatrice added.

YET his anguished eyes were so hard to bear! She remembered how she had always sought forgetfulness and surcease in the gay, crowded night clubs of this city. She thought of the hotel ball rooms, in which she had danced; the theaters in which she had sat; the music and laughter and the excitement that could drive away, for a few hours, even the deadliest boredom.

"Anthony, why don't we all celebrate tonight? We wouldn't need to get tight. But we could make whoopee! Look, let's be like that man who used to celebrate every kick as if it were a medal of honor. Let's dance and make merry and the deuce with disappointment."

Toby promptly seconded the motion. "I've been aching for a really big night for months!" She hopped up and down, squealing delightedly. "What a chance to drag out the Great Stone Face! Look, I'll tell him you're throwing the party, Anthony. Oh, I know you're broke, I'll pay you our share. But if I tell him it's your party, he can't turn me down, see? Leaving things up to him seems to have gotten nowhere, so—"

She grinned impudently. "I'm nuts about the boy. Come on, let's go home and I'll phone him and get all rigged up—"

"I've never heard of any Great Stone Face before," Beatrice said slowly. "Who is he?"

"He's a handsome blizzard. A frozen glacier. A human adding machine. He's in the comptroller's office, my sweet. What do you think I've been doing while you and Anthony cooed over the lunch plates in the cafeteria? I've been throwing myself at his head, that's what I've been doing. He always sits in a dark corner near the kitchen, with a book on higher mathematics. I've been tossing the book under the table and offering him Toby instead, and he's been very politely and stubbornly refusing to have any."

"Toby, you shock me," Anthony said.

"Oh, he likes me, don't fret! He thinks I'm wonderful. He even admits I'm good looking. But—" the small, animated face sobered, and for a moment Toby was wistful and unsure. "He's a very careful looker-ahead, and he has a mother to support."

"I think you deserve a party," Anthony commented. "All right, we're throwing a party."

NEVER in her life had Beatrice known quite so impromptu a party. Anthony went home with them on the subway. Toby phoned her boy, and Vera phoned Terry. At 8 o'clock, the doorbell rang, announcing Toby's Great Stone Face. She cautioned Terry five times, between the bedroom and the door, not to "get gay" with her friend. Then she came back radiant, leading a tall boy with a thin, bony face and red hair.

"Handsomen!" thought Beatrice. "Toby must have it bad!" But when Sam McArdle smiled, she understood.

"We might as well get going," Terry said, after the introductions were over. "We've got half an hour before the curtain and it's a long ride."

Back to the subway. Six laughing young people, crowding into the train. Toby hung on the arm of her cavalier with such transparent joy that Beatrice couldn't help saying, to Anthony, "The tough young girl about town! Just look at her!"

They ran all the way from the subway station to the theater, but they were late. It was two flights up to their seats, and people commented audibly at their nerve in barging in after the show started. "No consideration! Where do they think they are, in the orchestra?"

DURING intermission, Toby and Vera hung over the rail, gazing down enviously at the brilliant

lance of the fur capes, satin and sequined evening gowns, and diamond bracelets of the sirens in the orchestra. Beatrice sipped a warm orangeade from a paper cup contentedly, and smiled at Anthony. She knew the orchestra crowd. This was better.

It was an uproarious musical comedy, with tunes that lingered after the last curtain fell.

"And now," said Toby, "On to the Danceteria."

"The—what?"

"It's a nightclub, really," Toby explained with dignity. "Only you tote a tray. Dinner and drinks and dancing and a swell orchestra and better than Fifty-second street any night!"

The Danceteria was a revelation. It was done in red, with a Spanish motif as eye-shocking as the zebra stripes at the night club with which Beatrice was more familiar. There were tables, all crowded, and a dance floor that was jammed although it was larger than any night club dance floor had a right to be.

The most important thing about the Danceteria was its democracy. Black ties mingled with dark blue serge, and sport dresses swayed right next to white tulle. The cheerful sound of happy voices was strangely different from the occasional feverish shrieks Beatrice remembered. There was no recurrent shrilling of, "How perfectly divine!" "My dear, can you bear it?" No one seemed to be concerned with who stopped at who's table, or who was dancing with who's wife.

When Petty Officer E. F. Standley received Britain's Distinguished Service Medal at Buckingham Palace, young son John went along to share glory.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

FINGER-PRINTING HAS BEEN USED AS A MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION IN THE ORIENT FOR MORE THAN 2,000 YEARS.

ANSWER: No. According to the U. S. Weather Bureau, we are just going through a dry phase of our normal climate.

TINY ANIMAL

Answer to Previous Puzzle

ROMULUS, FOUNDER OF ROME, WAS NAMED AFTER HIS TWIN BROTHER, REMUS.

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