

SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY

BY W. H. PEARS

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YESTERDAY: Chris and Paula meet Kilo and Jack and Chris goes off for the picture by George the reporter. But Chris reverses breaking date with Kilo. When Tony calls, Paula refuses to see him in a farewell dinner. Kilo calls on Paula, warns that she must make Chris come back to her.

PAULA GOES TO A PARTY

CHAPTER VIII BACK at the house Paula tried in vain to study. Her mind was whirling. She thought, "If I could only talk things over with someone. With Tony..."

She told herself she mustn't pile her troubles on Tony, but it was no use. She felt she had to see him. She went downstairs and called his house.

Characteristically he asked no questions; he said simply, "I'll be right over, Paulie."

The porch was deserted when Tony arrived. Paula brought out cushions and they sat on the steps.

An immense solitude seemed to hold the campus, and Paula and Tony, too. They shared it, reluctant to break the silence. Paula sharply aware of the difference between silence with Tony and silence with Chris.

It was Paula who finally spoke: "Kilo Sherwood paid me a visit tonight."

A match flared briefly as Tony lit his pipe. She saw in that moment the seriousness of his lean face.

"Nothing melodramatic, I hope." "A little," Paula said with a forced laugh. "Either I send Chris back to the League, meaning herself, or she'll use some hold she has on him."

"Don't be too sure she won't," Tony advised. "She's a clever gal. She's used to getting what she wants."

"That's why I called you. Tony. What shall I do?" "About all you can do, Paulie, is keep a tight rein on Chris."

"It seems so silly to be fussing this way over a grown man," Paula said, and was instantly ashamed.

Tony shrugged. "That's Chris," he said laconically. "Tony, if I could go to your party without making him mad--"

"Sure, I know," Tony said. "Maybe it's better anyway. The League may try some stunt to break up the party."

Tony pulled a crumpled sheet of note paper from his pocket. He lit a match while Paula read: "Call off your party if you don't want trouble."

"But why do you think Chris had anything to do with this?" Paula asked. "Hunch, maybe; I dunno..."

But if you hold Chris to his date for that night everything'll be okay, I guess.

"Don't worry, I will," Paula said. "But I really think Chris is through with the League. I'm sure he wouldn't lie to me."

Tony arose reluctantly. "Well, I guess we've swapped worries long enough, Paulie. I'd better get along."

She held out her hand. "Good night, Tony. Thanks a million times for coming. Sorry I was a baby."

"You're thanking me!" He sandwiched her slim hand between his two big ones. "Why have you been avoiding me lately?"

"Why, Tony, I..." But Paula couldn't lie to him. "I thought it was best. Please don't ask me why."

"Don't do it, Paulie--avoid me, I mean. I think I know what you're worried about. Will you let me handle that? When you get in a jam I always want to be the first to know it."

LATE the following afternoon Paula sat in the Sweetland having a coke with Chris. Final exams were underway and she attributed his quietness to hard work. She chattered lightly, telling him about Tony's invitation to the party.

Chris said with a suddenness that numbed her: "Why don't you go? You're strong for this Greek-letter stuff."

Paula heard her own voice, choked and indistinct, saying, "Why, Chris, don't you remember? You said we'd celebrate the night after finals... just the two of us."

to go on a lark with Chris and Tony, but the last few weeks had changed everything. Glumly she settled down in her room with a book.

After supper a scramble began among the Gamma Taus to get ready for their respective parties. Slim, bright-cheeked girls dashed wildly about raiding their sisters' rooms for bits of jewelry, wailed over snagged hose and fought with stubborn curls.

Even Paula's low spirits took a jump as she slid into her new formal. Its sea-green chiffon cascaded down from her slim waist and foamed about her ankles. The tight-fitting bodice, with its heart-shaped neckline, molded her firm figure into lovely lines.

Looking at her radiant young self in the mirror, Paula said determinedly, "I will have a good time. I'll go and dance and forget Chris and the League. This is my night to howl!"

TONY'S fraternity had spared no expense to make the party a success. A band from the city dispensed music both sweet and hot. A huge buffet supper was spread in the dining room. French doors onto the veranda had been thrown open to permit dancing outside, but around 10 o'clock a shower drove the guests back into the big living room.

Tony, handsome in a white mess jacket, gave Paula his complete attention. When he held her tight she forgot that his dancing was short of perfection. She closed her eyes and abandoned herself to the gay mood of the party. A mood compounded of spring, soft music, perfume and the carefree spirit that follows a winter's hard work.

She was dancing with Tony when something sailed through

the open French doors and broke on the floor. The sulphurous odor of bad eggs filled the room. Tony, the first to realize what had happened, dashed for the door. Paula, not far behind, saw him start down the steps, then crumple to the ground.

(To Be Continued)

Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown, with two black cats, were the first to span the Atlantic by air, in 1919.

Baby Nightingale



Direness of the emergency seems to weigh heavily on 3-year-old Elsie Zaumel, acting role of nurse in mock disaster mobilization at Nyack, N. Y.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



WHO'S WHO

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hooplo



WONDER IF UNCLE GULLIVER HAS A HAMMOCK?

RED RYDER



RED RYDER



By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

Advertisement for 'The Sun' sunglasses. Includes text: 'MAN HAS LEARNED TO FLY HIGHER, FASTER, FARTHER, AND STRAIGHTER THAN BIRDS... AND HE CAN FLY CROSS-COUNTRY IN WEATHER THAT LIANTS BIRDS TO SHORT, LOCAL FLIGHTS.' Also includes a drawing of a bird and a pair of sunglasses.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin

WASH TUBBS



By Crane

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser

ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin

SPRING FLOWER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues. Includes text: 'HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Common bulb flower. 5 These flowers are and are no longer wild. 13 Single thing. 14 Loiter. 16 Epoch. 17 Spigot. 19 Stormed. 20 Three. 21 Buffalo. 23 Male. 24 Raccoon type beast. 26 Margins for action. 28 To curtail. 30 Caterpillar hair. 31 Routine study. 32 Preposition. 33 Sniping way. 34 Transposed (abbr.). 36 Disfigurement. 37 Sweet secretion. 41 To court. 42 Newspaper paragraph. 10 To charge with gas. 11 Banal. 12 Each (abbr.). 15 Measure of area. 18 Force. 20 Wrongful act. 21 Its time is in the spring. 22 Native. 24 Dove's cry. 25 The bulbs or multiply rapidly. 27 Mandarin's residence. 29 Hour (abbr.). 33 Deadly. 35 Primped. 36 Instructor. 38 To rescind. 39 Punitive. 41 Meadow. 43 Saxifrage. 44 Phasant. 47 Bones. 49 Mother. 51 Legal claims. 52 Scatter hay. 53 Verb. 57 Either. 44 Born. 45 Greek letter. 46 All gone. 48 Print measure. 49 Sea call for help. 50 Narrow valleys. 51 North Africa (abbr.). 52 Sooner than. 53 Ridge. 54 Tree. 56 Solar orb. 58 These bulbs are imported from. 59 Because of the war, is raising her own bulbs. 60 Hour (abbr.). 33 Primped. 36 Instructor. 38 To rescind. 39 Punitive. 41 Meadow. 43 Saxifrage. 44 Phasant. 47 Bones. 49 Mother. 51 Legal claims. 52 Scatter hay. 53 Verb. 57 Either. 44 Born. 45 Greek letter. 46 All gone. 48 Print measure. 49 Sea call for help. 50 Narrow valleys. 51 North Africa (abbr.). 52 Sooner than. 53 Ridge. 54 Tree. 56 Solar orb. 58 These bulbs are imported from. 59 Because of the war, is raising her own bulbs. 60 Hour (abbr.).