

SERIAL STORY

NO TIME TO MARRY

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE
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CAST OF CHARACTERS
JANET DWIGHT, heroine. She was engaged to handsome young architect
LANCE BARSTOW, hero. Lance had great dreams for the future. So did
CYNTHIA CANTRELL, orphaned granddaughter of great-aunt Mary Cantrell. Still another dreamer was
BARNEY McKNIGHT, newspaperman. But Barney was more than a dreamer.

Yesterday: As Barney McKnight asks Janet about her new house, Cynthia interrupts, then the telephone rings and Janet senses something is wrong.

CHAPTER III

JANET called, "Hello! Hello, Lance!"

Lance's voice said, "Listen, darling, I've got to talk to you. But not here," he added hastily. "Not with the others around. Come as quickly as you can, will you?"

At sound of something strainer and insistent in his tone, Janet felt her own throat tighten so painfully that she knew her effort to seem casual must have failed miserably.

She saw Barney McKnight's keen blue eyes flick Cynthia's intent face, turn to the frozen mask that was her own, and back again. Then with a provocative word he drew the attention of the other two so that, for the moment, she stood virtually alone with Lance.

"Where, Lance?" she breathed quickly.

"How about the park? The usual bench, near the entrance from the boulevard."

"Swell!" Janet cried as lightly as she could. "I can make it in ten minutes. . . . Afraid the story's out for the moment," she flung toward Barney as she caught down a coat and bereft from her closet. "I'll have to fly."

Barney McKnight unwound his long legs and stood up.

"I have inside information that it's not good lying weather," he said. "How about my driving you wherever you're going? Won't cost you a cent."

"Thank's a lot, but no," Janet called back over her shoulder. "It's only a flutter. I'm practically there."

BEFORE the mirror over the bathroom door, Janet stopped to straighten her beret and survey herself. For even the most casual encounter with Lance, one must be neat. Lance really noticed the little details that make the difference between perfect grooming and that thrown-together look.

As a matter of fact, without being beautiful, or even conventionally pretty, Janet was one of those rarely fortunate women so trimly designed that they manage to look well groomed even in a March gale.

It was due partly, no doubt, to the expert workmanship of her slim hands and feet, partly to the proud, clean line of her neck and shoulders, partly to the lustrous sheen of her creamy skin, and perhaps a great deal to the way her hair grew—in luxuriant, smooth waves about her forehead and delicate ears, framing her face so graciously that it did not seem to matter that her features were irregular, and her mouth too generous for perfect beauty.

"When you were made, Jan," Lance once said, "Nature turned out a perfectly finished product, with one exception—as if a master architect said, 'Now this time I'm going to show them what I can do when I really try'; and then, after planning every dimension to a hair's breadth, thought to himself, 'Oh, but this won't do, after all. It's too perfectly regular. There must be something to make it really lovable and cozy. I'll just stick a restful nook in here where no one will expect it—a place where people can relax and be really at home. . . . That's your funny little face, darling.'"



She knew something that Lance had never even guessed. . . .

JANET found the bench just inside the entrance where she and Lance had so often sat together after one of their strolls along the

woodland trails of the park. From the bench, through a screen of maples, oaks, elms, and tulip trees, you looked down a slope toward the great bridge whose concrete arches spanned the ravine below. Although it was early September, the maples were tinged with crimson and gold, and woodbine trailed scarlet creepers up the gray, vaulting arches of the bridge.

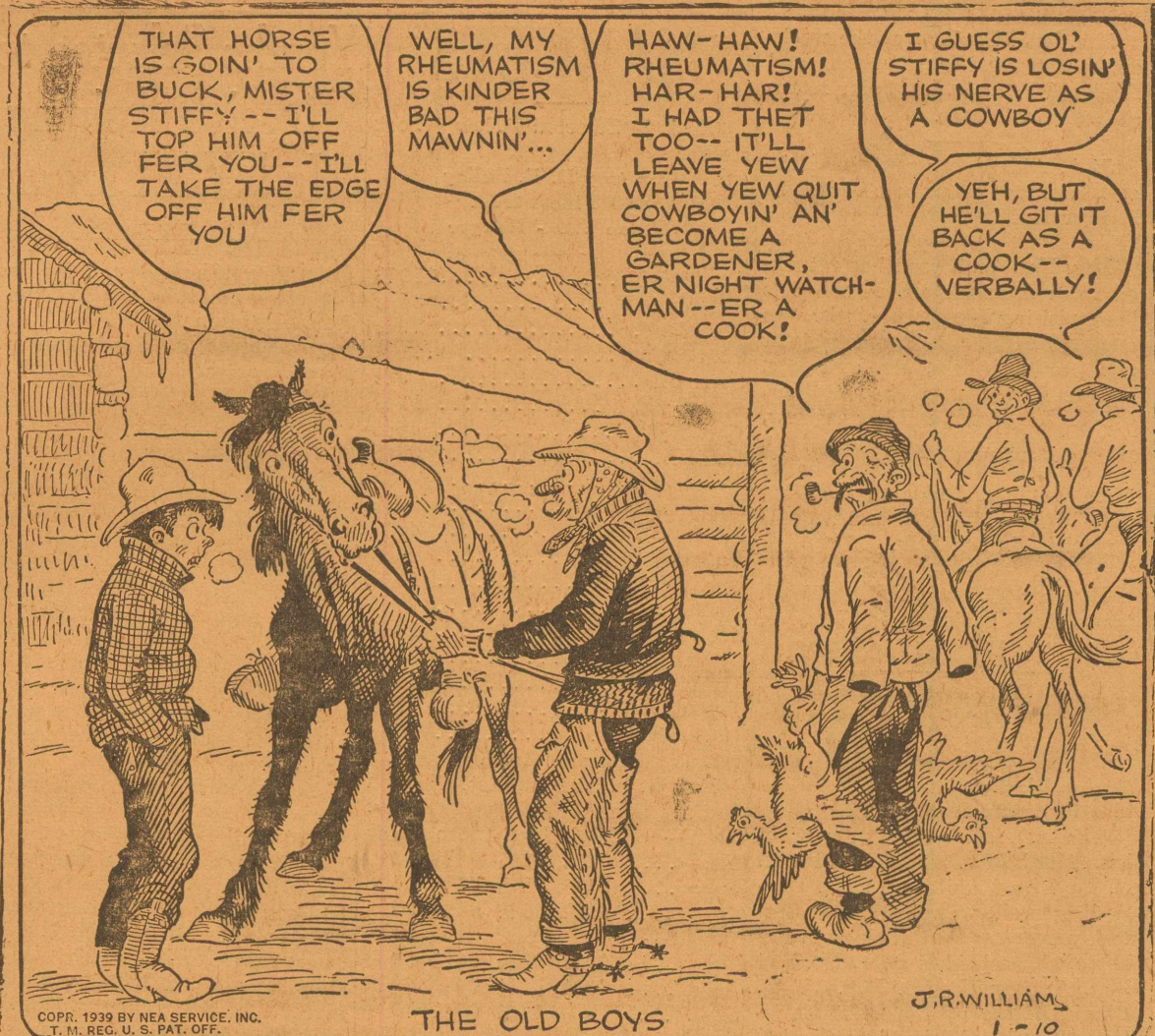
Across the ravine, clinging to the hillside at the edge of the wood, was the house Lance was building for them, its white brick gleaming through a screen of foliage.

It was an adorable house. Janet had helped Lance plan it. The upstairs sitting room, with the glassed-in loggia looking out over the ravine, had been Lance's idea; the many-windowed dining room, built almost in the tops of the tall trees which upthrust from the hillside below, had been Janet's. The living room had a deep wood fireplace that would take five-foot logs; and there was to be a broad curving stairway with a hand-wrought iron railing which Lance had got from a dismantled mansion in South Carolina.

By the first of the year the house would be ready, unless—Janet's breath caught. Could that be what Lance had wanted to see her about? Had something gone wrong with the plans for the house? Perhaps Mr. Benton had known about it, and had told Cyn at lunch that day. For Cynthia knew something.

A SQUIRREL peered at Janet from behind the trunk of an oak, scurried down, and advanced cautiously, stopping from time to time to stand up and inspect her, his tiny paws judiciously clasped across his middle, his mouth obviously watering. Finally, reassured, he scrambled up to her feet, his paws outstretched. "Sorry, fella," Janet laughed. "But I haven't any nuts for you. I'm not a tree." "No wonder he takes you for a tree. You look like a part of an

"OUT OUR WAY" By Williams



THE OLD BOYS

ALLEY OOP By Hamlin



West Texas C. of C. Soon to Have Its 20th Anniversary

ABILENE.—Twenty years ago this month final organization of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce was perfected. No special ceremony to observe the anniversary will be held, but officials are noting it in passing as they continue the work of the vast regional body which has been a powerful, constructive force in the building of West Texas for the past 20 years, said H. S. Hilburn, Plainview, president, in commenting on the occasion.

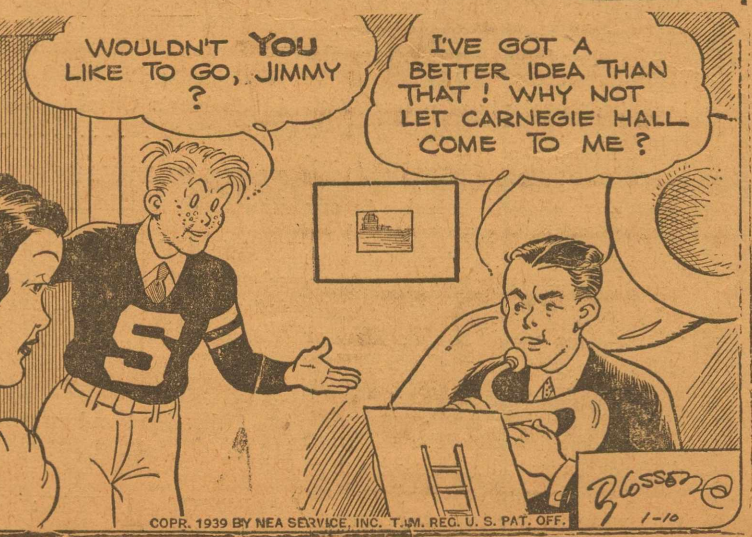
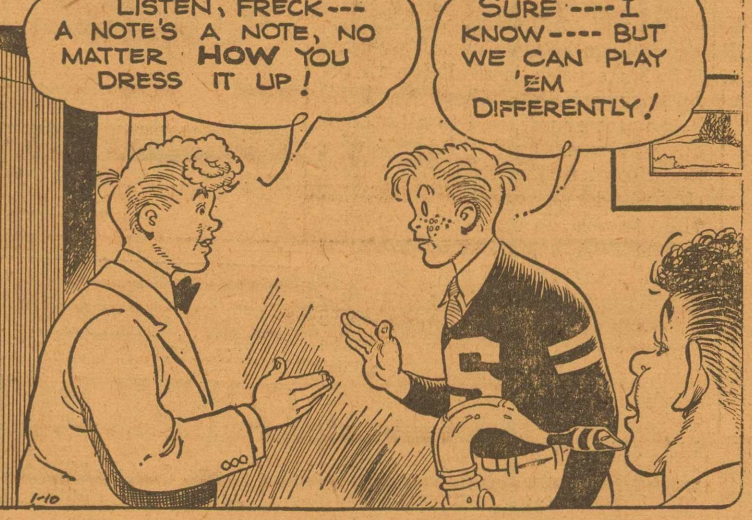
First step toward organization of the regional chamber was taken December 17, 1918, when a small group of West Texans called a meeting of persons interested in such an organization for December 21, 1918, in Fort Worth. About 125 men representing 25 counties attended the meeting and preliminary organization work was started.

Purpose of the organization as stated in the by-laws adopted at that time is: "To foster, promote, protect and develop West Texas as to its agricultural, manufacturing, livestock, mineral, industrial, and commercial resources; to encourage education; to improve and extend its transportation facilities and to otherwise stimulate its general prosperity and promote its general welfare."

The permanent organization was formed at a meeting in Wichita Falls February 8, 1919, when Col. C. T. Herring of Amarillo was elected first president.

Must be the Christmas spirit. Republican Senator McNary of Oregon thinks Senate action opposing third term for FDR would be ill-mannered.

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS By Blosser



By HARRY GRAYSON

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NEA Service Sports Editor

WILLIAM LEO McCARNEY writes from Berlin to inform us that Herr Max Schmeling is fighting again, and that he is confident of winning from Joe Louis in a third match.

According to Billy McCarney, Schmeling traces the disaster of last June to his being totally unprepared for Louis' terrific onslaught in the first round. He figured that the Negro, remembering the pasting he absconded two years before, would come out slowly.

Louis might have played the game Schmeling's way at that had he not seen Henry Armstrong wade into and annihilate Barney Ross, and had not fat Eddie Meade, manager of Little Dust Cloud, been hanging around his training camp.

Meade watched Jack Blackburn putter with Louis until he could stand it no longer.

"It's none of my business," he told Blackburn and John Roxborough, "but why in the world are you wasting a great hitter's time on defense, especially when he is going to fight an old man? Let him walk right in and belt Schmeling out."

Roxborough thought that was a grand idea, and Meade wound up in the champion's corner.

"SCHMELING will have two fights in Germany, and if satisfied with himself will make another trip to America and seek another crack at Louis," writes Professor McCarney. "He certainly looks good, weighing hardly three pounds more than when he tackled Louis, although he has done nothing in the way of training since he quit the New York hospital."

If Schmeling wasn't hurt in the Louis bout, he is putting up a splendid and protracted stall, for Professor McCarney reports that he spent an entire day with the ferocious Frankfurter and found him still under a doctor's care. He adds that the Teuton's back trouble has disappeared, however, split with Joe Jacobs over the management of Schmeling.

It's really too bad that Professor McCarney can't find a fighter capable of standing up. He certainly gets around with hamdonnies.

He might even bring an old gent like Schmeling back.

PROFESSOR McCARNEY has another appointment for stumbling Steve Dudas in the Fatherland. . . . with one Paul Wallner of Dusseldorf in Konigsberg, East Prussia, Dec. 26.

The fact that Dudas was dropped and outspared by Heinz Lapek of Vienna, the European champion, in Hamburg the other night, doesn't matter. Professor McCarney has been laughing off reverses suffered by his fighters longer than he cares to remember.

Schmeling knocked out Dudas in Hamburg just before the Pretzel Pounder sailed for this country on his last trip, but Professor McCarney hopes to obtain the Jersey title horse another date with the ex-titholder in Berlin in the spring.

Meanwhile, Professor McCarney has put long, red fannel underwear on Dudas and stocked himself up with plenty of high-powered brandy for a cold Christmas in Konigsberg, and will spend New Year's Eve in Paris.

Life could be much worse for Professor McCarney, the old Jo'seman of Fistiana.

JOHN T. FLYNN

BY JOHN T. FLYNN
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

IN the range of economics no set of circumstances looms larger for the New Year than events in Europe.

What happened in those swift few days of Berchtesgaden, Godesberg and Munich now becomes clear, though why it should not have been clear all along is worthy of wonder, since its meaning was described for us several years ago by men who know Europe better than we do.

The great mystery of the present European crisis to American observers is the behavior of England.

England's primary interest for a century has been her immense and widely scattered colonial empire. Because her interests in the matter of land were everywhere but in Europe she made it perfectly clear to European governments that she had no ambition on the continent.

But while she had no territorial ambitions there, she had very great interest in preventing any controlling power from gaining complete dominance. This was essential to the protection of her empire and her trade.

Therefore she skillfully played off one European nation against another and succeeded pretty well.

But now Americans ask why England has apparently abandoned this policy—why she permits Germany to expand in military and territorial resources undeterred. Why does she permit France to throw away her southwestern strength while Spain is

abandoned to Fascist forces upon France's other boundary and as the very entrance to the Mediterranean?

The answer to this must be that England has not abandoned her old plan of playing off the nations against each other. The confusion is in the failure to realize what nation England is driving at.

Whether we like it or not the realistic student of European affairs must see that Europe's problem will slowly divide upon a great economic issue—the control of the economic system.

Will it be controlled by the Communists or by the Fascists or by the highly privileged aristocratic ruling classes in the various countries?

For England the question is: Will England's life be subjected to an attack upon her ruling classes from any source?

To those groups there is but one real enemy in Europe—at least so the Chamberlains think. That enemy is Russia.

Bad as Mussolini is, vile as Hitler seems to them, at least they fight the same enemy.

The one great problem in Europe today is for England to isolate Russia and if we understand that, it is quite simple to see how successful British diplomacy has been.

It is to be a battle between Russia and Communism on one side and Germany and Fascism on the other. Undoubtedly Italy will be in that.

It will be time enough, think Mr. Chamberlain, to deal with Germany and Italy when both have exhausted themselves in that titanic struggle.

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MYRA NORTH, Special Nurse -- By Thompson and Coll



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Canberra, a most modern city, laid out after plans designed by an American architect. The first parliamentary session at Canberra was opened by the Duke of York, in 1927.

