

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN.

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



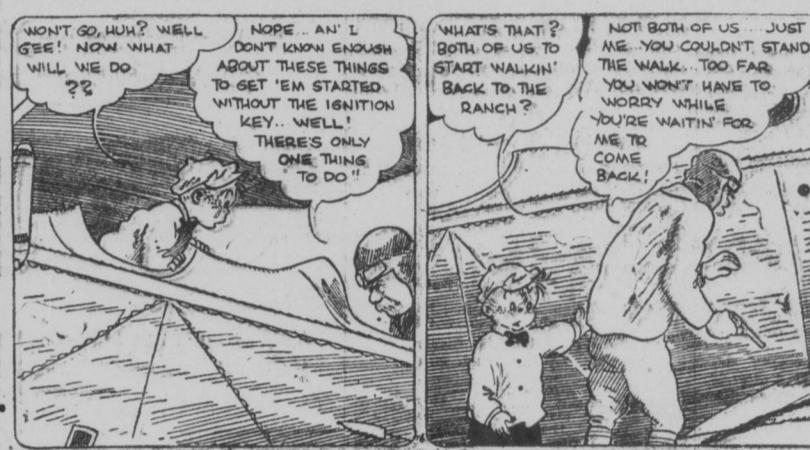
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



—By Blosser

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Crane

## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



—By Small

## SALESMAN SAM



—By Cowan

## MOM'N POP



By Edgar Rice Burroughs

## TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR



FINALLY the half-hour was up.

Celia tiptoed down the hallway and peered into the restroom.

Her mother seemed to be sleeping.

She looked little and tired and her face was pale as she lay on the low cot. An ice bag covered Margaret Rogers' forehead. Her clothing had been loosened. The breeze from an electric fan swept the room.

Celia crept silently to the only chair and sat down. Her eyes were misted with tears. It was all she could do to keep from kneeling beside the cot and slipping an arm about her mother, begging to be reassured that everything was all right.

"But how," Margaret Rogers asked shortly after lunch, "did you happen to drop in at the shop yesterday?"

Celia remembered the doctor said there should be no shocks and no excitement. She was cautious.

"Well, I wanted to see you."

"I wanted to tell you something."

"It was--well, I know where I can get a job."

Once Margaret Rogers moved restlessly. Her lips twitched but she did not open her eyes. The slow rise and fall of her chest continued regularly.

The dress shop closed at 5 o'clock, but Mrs. Foster and one of the other women stayed after that. Presently they told Celia that a cab was waiting at the door. They helped her rouse Mrs. Rogers, helped