

LEAP YEAR BRIDE

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
CHERRY DIXON, pretty 19-year-old daughter of wealthy parents, falls in love with Dan Phillips, newspaper reporter. She quarrels with her father about Dan and then, taking advantage of Leap Year, asks Dan to marry her. They are married and Cherry has the first time finds that it means to Jack money. They take a small apartment and live happily with housework as a discouragement.

DIXIE SHANNON, movie critic of the News, is friendly with Cherry. She meets handsome MAX PEARSON, also on the News.

After several weeks, Cherry's mother becomes seriously ill. The girl is called home and there is a reconciliation with her parents, but she will not allow her to accept financial aid from them. When MRS. DIXON is stronger, she and her husband leave for several months at the seashore.

Cherry and Dan are invited to a swimming party at a nearby resort. Dan is delayed and Cherry starts without him. A storm overtakes them and while they are waiting for it to pass, he tells her he loves her. They finally get home but after that, Cherry avoids Pearson.

BRENDA VAIL, magazine writer, comes to see Cherry. Dan meets her and she asks him to collaborate with her on a play because he can supply information she does not have.

Dan is delighted, but when Cherry meets Miss Vail, she does not like her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX  
DAN PHILLIPS looked up from the typewriter. "We've been at this thing for two hours, Brenda," he complained, "and I haven't even written half a page!"

The typewriter table stood a few feet from the davenport in the living room of Brenda Vail's apartment. A lamp made of a Chinese vase with a taffeta shade illuminated the young man's face.

Brenda Vail turned. She had been standing before the open window and now she rested one hand against the casement.

It was a pose that was becoming, as Brenda Vail very well knew. Her figure was silhouetted against the black sky. She wore her favorite costume—pajamas. They were made with trousers of black velvet and a tunic of gold brocade.

Miss Vail frowned impatiently. "What is the use?" she said. "I have told you that when I am out of the mood I simply can not work."

"I am tired. My head aches. This trying to build up action, to plan entrances and exits—oh, it is maddening!"

"I'm sorry!" Phillips' tone was apologetic. "I didn't know you weren't feeling well. It's only that you know we promised ourselves we'd have the first act done this week. You should have sent me away long ago."

He arose, but the woman put out a hand to stop him.

"No," she said. "Don't go. Stay here and talk to me and maybe the head will feel better. I am as anxious to have the work finished as you are."

THEY TELL ME

TODAY and tomorrow delegates from thirty-eight states convene here for the purpose of creating a fighting political organization whose only avowed purpose is to perpetuate national prohibition.

For many years the two major parties of the nation pledged their support to the dry movement and the National Prohibition party was only a name, dim and half forgotten.

Then all within thirty days, they tossed prohibition overboard. In the case of the Republican party, halfheartedly, it is true, but still its pronouncement could not be termed "dry" in any sense of the word.

Why this great change? Why should the powerful Bishop Cannon, dictator to solons and Presidents, become overnight a petty and unpopular lobbyist? Why is the Anti-Saloon League as shown of power today as is Hoover of popularity?

What has happened?

The answer is not in prohibition itself. The prohibition situation today is no worse than five or even three years ago. Liquor is as plentiful and as easily obtainable as before, the conventions proved that.

There has been no sudden increase in the hearts of the American people of resentment against curtailment of personal liberty.

What's the answer?

Ten million people are out of work. Delegates to the Democratic national convention saw bank after bank in Chicago close its doors. Dividends are being passed, factory chimneys show no sign of smoke, the soup lines grow longer.

Even delegates who were no smarter or brighter or more intelligent than those of four or eight years ago did see this. "They saw prohibition as it is and not as the Bishop Cannons pictured it, in glowing words that teemed with allusions to Holy Writ and mythological commandments.

Their vision was not obscured by wreaths of factory smoke. The men out of employment, who, while jobs were plentiful and pay good, had no time to think about the question, now have plenty of leisure.

As long as business was good, it was difficult to get people worked up about prohibition.

Those days have gone the way of the dodo. For years they were taught that the post-war prosperity was a direct result of prohibition.

But the dry law still is on the books and the halcyon days have gone.

Even party leaders now can recognize the truth—there is no connection between prohibition and prosperity. They are as far apart as Jim Farley and Al Smith.

Even delegates from the reaction-ary deep south realize this.

That's the answer and that is why desperate attempts are being made here to create an aggressive party, dedicated to the sole purpose of retaining national prohibition.

How far will it get?

You're the voter—you answer.

HORIZONTAL

1 Percolates slowly.

7 What important country went off the gold standard last year?

10 To accomplish.

11 Carpet.

12 Inlet.

13 Plural termination.

15 To soak flax.

16 Giant king of Bashan.

18 Postscript.

19 Old ship's clock.

21 To accumulate.

23 Membranous bag.

25 Nymph of Mohammedan Paradise.

27 To swallow without chewing.

28 Pertaining to the ear.

30 Vessel carrying blood.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 INDEPENDENCE DAY

2 OLIVE MARNE

3 ANILE J. PATTY

4 WHOSE JEM BILERS

5 ST. RIA WAFER CRH

6 ST. ONI FICE TIL

7 HORNET E MADCAP

8 IDE BEARDED HOW

9 NVA RISES DORR

10 GLENS DON PORTE

11 TARTAR N LAPPICK

12 ONISCUS NEWYORK

13 NEET KNIGHTS YES

14 Arrangement in an orderly sequence.

15 Hares.

16 Putting a corpse.

17 What country recently modified its prohibition law?

18 Before Christ.

19 To undervalue.

20 Dye.

21 Metal.

22 Described.

23 Lyre-like instrument.

24 To partake of.

25 Drunkard.

26 Spot.

27 Eye tumor.

28 Myself.

29 Stick.

30 Senior.

31 Frozen water.

32 Pale.

33 Within.

34 Strong current.

35 Facile.

36 Vertically.

37 Cozy.

38 Embryo bird.

39 Deity.

40 Nominal value.

41 To clip.

42 Delivered.

43 Sum.

44 God of love.

45 Crash.

46 Place from which the jury 54 Sun god.

47 Cozy.

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LEAP YEAR BRIDE

"Oh, I hadn't thought that far ahead yet. Remember, the first act isn't finished! But I'd like to go to New York and know some of the people you've talked about."

"I'd like to go to the places you've told me about. That must be the life—New York, with the theaters and the people who write and act and paint!"

"It is a great life," the woman assured him. "And it is what you should have. Dan, for to write, you must really know life."

"You must have experiences—adventures, if you want to call them that. You must see something of the world. Oh, you have talent—I am sure of that. But you need to develop it."

"It's wonderful of you to be so encouraging."

Brenda Vail put a hand on the young man's arm. The faint odor of mince, heady and pungent, came to his nostrils as she moved.

"You must let nothing stand in the way of your work," she told him. "Nothing—do you understand? You must go to New York. You must travel. You must have freedom and you must be with those who understand."

"I'll do anything you say," he assured her eagerly.

"Ah—you are a dear boy!"

From a radio in a nearby apartment came the strains of a waltz. It was softly played, melodious.

As the song reached the chorus, the violinist took the melody, sent it forth throbbing as a lover's plea. The rhythm of the music caught at the senses. The song reached its climax, ended on a high note.

Dan looked at his watch. "Why, it's almost midnight!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea it was so late. Cherry will be sure I've been murdered."

"But this isn't late!"

"It is for Wellington," Dan told her with a grin. "Anyhow, I'll have to dash along. Are we going to be able to work tomorrow?"

PHILLIPS smiled. He looked very boyish and very attractive when he smiled.

"I'm sorry, but honestly the only thing I've been thinking of for a week is this play. Do you really understand what this means for me, Brenda? Do you?"

"Why, I'd begun to think I was sunk in this place forever!" thought I never was to have a chance. It was the greatest piece of luck in the world for me when you came here!"

She was pleased. "And I think it was lucky for me, too," she said. "Tell me—what are you planning to do if our play is a great success?"

A BOOK A DAY

SUMMER time seems to be ripe time, as far as the reading public is concerned.

Not that all books published at this time of year are ripe. But a fifth rate bit of work seems to stand a better chance of getting published now than at any other time.

Why? Well, the people who sit on the porches of summer hotels have to have something to do, don't they?

Anyhow, we come today to "Strange Women," by an anonymous author. This book tells about the love life of a United States marine, and while I would be the last to deny that such a subject might have its points, I found this book practically insufferable.

The leatherneck in question bounces from one pair of arms to another, according to the historic traditions of the corps, but his amorous adventures are told with such a prurient high-mindedness—if you can imagine such a thing—that you wind up with a faint feeling of nausea.

This book is issued by the Mook Press, and if you must have it, it will cost you \$2.

Then there is "The Sportsman on the Sofa," by Frank Durfee. This one tells about a male clothing model who roves about Europe, chiseling a living out of sundry women. While it is far more decently written, and contains a good bit of humor, it eventually becomes quite boring. However, if you have a lot of idle days on your hands—"The Sportsman on the Sofa" is published by Covick-Friede, and sells for \$2.

STICKERS

REOTOIRNIRIN  
WHS DVDEGNOA

By switching six letters in the top line with six letters directly below them, in the second line, you will spell out the name of a state and its flower.

Yesterday's Answer

APR. VT.  
PROF. IN.

The abbreviations for a state, a month, a title and a measure, that were picked out of the letters AFINOPRRIV are shown above.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

Komodoforesal, prince of the Ant Men, had gone two miles outside the city to take command of the cavalry that was to make the first determined stand against the oncoming foe. In the increasing light of early morning Tarzan watched the methodical preparations for defense with growing admiration for the tiny Minutians. Now the pounding of the hoofs of the advancing Veltorisian horde had ceased. Evidently their scouts had discovered that the intended surprise had failed.

"I'm not sure," Miss Vail told him. "You can telephone me at noon."

She always spoke as though anything another person did for her was a favor to themselves.

Somewhat, Dan admired her for it. It made her seem very sophisticated, very much a part of that outer world.

"I'll call you about 1 o'clock," he promised. "And I hope you'll feel better in the morning."

The door closed after him. Brenda Vail crossed the room with a determined stride. She took another

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

"HE'S GOT A COUPLE OF GUYS THERE—LOOK LIKE BODYGUARDS—BOTH OF 'EM CARRYING A RUD! WE'LL HAVE TO PULL A RUSH ACT ON 'EM SOME WAY, SO THEY WON'T GET A CHANCE TO USE TH' GATS ON US!—IF WE CAN GET 'EM OFF GUARD WE CAN CHILL 'EM WITH A BILLY!"

"WE DON'T WANT TO GET THEIR EARS UP, OR THEY'LL BE LAVIN' FOR US!—NICK SAID TO WORK SMOOTH AN' FAST!—MAYBE WE'D BETTER TRY TH' GAS INSPECTOR GAG; TO GET IN TH' HOUSE!"

HAVE A CARE MAJOR & JASON!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

NOW, WHILE I'M READING THIS LETTER FROM CASABA, ARIZONA, YOU KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED FOR DITMAR'S CAR.

WELL, I'M WATCHIN'—GO ON AN' READ IT—I'M ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHO IT'S FROM!

THERE'S TH' CAR! POODLE'S IN THE BACK SEAT!!

WHERE TAG?

RIGHT THERE! COMIN' UP IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE!!

LET'S GO OUT AND GET HER!! OH BOY!!

GREAT GUNS! I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS THE BIGGEST NUISANCE—THE DOG OR THE BOYS!!

AND SO, THE LETTER FROM CASABA, ARIZONA, STILL REMAINS UNREAD...

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

WASH LOOKS OVER THE SHIPPER WHOM PIERRE HIRED—AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN GIVES HIM THE CREEPS.

POST! DO YOU TRUST THIS GUY, PIERRE?

NO, BUT EES NOT GUY WAN, MY FRAM, WHO WILL RISK CARRYING CONNICTS.

THEY CLAMBER ABOARD.

GO BELOW. CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES, AND THROW THEES PRISON OUTFIT OVERBOARD.

THEY ARE SURPRISED TO FIND TWO OTHER ESCAPED CONNICTS BELOW. ONE IS A TOOTHLESS WRECK.

THE OTHER—YE GODS! THE OTHER IS WASH'S ENEMY, THE BULLY WHOSE SKULL HE CRACKED WHILE ABOARD THE CONNICT SHIP. WASH HAS NOT SEEN HIM SINCE.

SALESMAN SAM

SURE YA CAN HAVE ONE FER A NICKEL! YOU'RE JES A HALF-PINT, SO YOU GET HALF PRICE!

AN' TELL ALL YER FRIENDS KID, WHO WEAR SHORT PANTS, THAT GOOD OLD SALESMAN SAM'LL SELL 'EM BALLOONS FER A DIME!

I BRUNG MY FRIEN'S LIKE YA TOL ME TO!

HERE'S FIVE CENTS, MISTER—GIMME A RED ONE!

I GOTTA NICKEL TOO—A GREEN ONE!

AW, WOTS TH' DIFF? IT MADE 'EM ALL HAPPY, ANYWAY!

HE'S OKAYE, AIN'T HE?

YOU SED IT!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BOOTS AND PETE HAVE BEEN HAVING A SWEET VISIT—TALKING OVER OLD TIMES! PETE HAS BEEN AWAY FROM HOME SO LONG, HE IS HUNGRY FOR NEWS ABOUT EACH ONE OF THE OLD GANG! BUT, STILL, BOOTS HANST MENTIONED THE REAL PURPOSE OF HER VISIT! SHE HAS BEEN TURNING OVER IN HER MIND JUST WHAT SHE'D SAY—AND HOW SHE'D SAY IT.

PETE, ONE OF TH' LAST THINGS YOU SAID, WHEN YOU LEFT HOME, WAS THAT IF I EVER NEEDED HELP, T'COME TO YOU.

THAT STILL GOES, BOOTS! ANYTHING UNDER THE SHINING STARS.

WELL, HERE I AM, I'M UP AGAINST IT, AN' YOU'RE TH' ONE PERSON IN ALL TH' WORLD WHO CAN HELP ME.

THEN YOU JUST STOP WORRYING AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

WERE OLD PALS, BOOTS—AND Y'KNOW, WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.

YOU'RE STILL TH' SAME OL' SWEET KID, AREN'TCHA? LET'S GET DOWN SOMEWHERE—IT'S A LONG STORY.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

The king was resplendent in a leathern jerkin, a garment upon which small overlapping discs of gold were sewn. His weapons were of beautiful design and heavily inlaid with gold as was a close fitting casque upon his head. As Tarzan stood before him the tiny king greeted the ape-man pleasantly, thanking him for the timely warning Tarzan had given of the enemy's coming. "How can I repay you?" he asked. "Give me permission to join your son's forces," answered Tarzan.

CHERRY sat on her knees surveying the stretch of yellow cotton cloth. It was spread on the floor before her and laid on in curious fashion were oddly shaped pieces of yellow tissue paper.

There were lines in Cherry's forehead. "Now, I wonder," she said, aloud, "if that can be right?"

Since there was no one to answer, the question went without

OUT OUR WAY

WHY, THET'S FRANK TH' GOVERNMENT LION HUNTER—WHUT'S HE WHUT? OH—WHY, YUH DANG FOOL, HE TAKES TH' HOSS ALONG, SO HE KID GIT WHER A CAR CAIN'T GO.

OH—AH THAT HE WERE TAKIN' DE CAR ERLONG, SO HE COULD GIT DE HOSS TER WHAR A HOSS KIN GO.

—By Blosser

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sections of cloth did not seem to look like much, but when Cherry held them up, she thought she began to understand how they fitted together.

She was gathering up the last of the strips of yellow cloth when a key sounded in the lock. Cherry scrambled to her feet.

"Goodness, Dan, I didn't know it was so late!"

The young man looked down at the floor. "Say, what's going on here?" he demanded. "What in the world—?"

—By Ahern

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