

*One I Love*by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
JANET HILL AND ROLF CARLYLE
have been engaged almost a year. They
have put off their marriage because
Janet's father would have \$500 in a
savings account first.

Rolf enjoys spending money and the
girl's father is not pleased. "This
amount is distasteful to him," Janet
works as secretary to BRUCE HAMIL-
TON, managing editor of the "777"
Home Magazine, and Rolf is employed at
an advertising agency.

Janet's love is not suspicious
when Rolf begins to make excuses for
not coming to see her. One night he
breaks even more with her.

MOLLIE LAMBERT, who lives across
the street, is engaged to another girl
entering a theater with another girl.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SIX (Continued)

It wasn't easy for Janet to begin.
Rolf's presence, after that miserable
day, was so comforting she
wanted to forget everything else.
She wanted to, but she couldn't.

A moment of hesitation and then
she made a brave start. Her voice
didn't sound just right. Muffled,
sort of. She noticed this and tried
to correct it.

"I-I guess it will sound silly,
Rolf, but it's something—somebody said.
I had to ask you about it. Last night—you know you said
you were going to a wrestling
match. Somebody told me they saw
you with the Liberty."

"It was—Mollie."

"Mollie? You mean that girl at
the house where you live?"

Janet nodded. She never had
been more miserable in her life.
Trembling she went on. "She said
you were with—a girl."

"Oh! And because some dumb-
bell wants to carry tales—!"

The girl interrupted. She had
stopped and was standing motionless.
"Then it's true," she said, her
lips scarcely moving. "You—were
there?"

Carlyle's voice rose angrily. "What
if I was!" he demanded. "Is that
any crime? We might as well settle
this thing right now, Janet. You
know as well as I do our engagement
doesn't mean anything?"

CHAPTER SEVEN

JANET did not seem to hear what
he was saying. "Then it's true!"
she repeated. "Oh, Rolf—you were
there!"

"Well, I'm not denying it. I don't
see that it's anything to make such
a fuss about, though. Is there anything
wrong in going to see a show
once in a while? For Lord sake, Janet,
what's the use of pretending?"

"No," she agreed. "They can't go
on this way."

He looked at her, surprised at the
quiet tone. Rolf hated scenes, as do
all men. Was Janet really going to
be sensible about this?

"Listen," he said more kindly, "I
know I said I was going to the
wrestling match. Shouldn't have
said that, I suppose. But I didn't
want to—well, to hurt your feelings."

"Don't you see, Janet? You know
as well as I do that our engagement
doesn't mean anything. You don't
want to get married. If you did,
we'd have been married months ago.
You think more of that job of yours
than you do of me."

She was listening now. He saw
that her eyes had filled with tears.
"How can you say that?" she
interrupted. There was hysteria mingled
with the protest in her voice. "It
isn't true, Rolf! Oh, you know it
isn't!"

So there was to be a scene, after
all. The young man frowned.
"I don't know anything of the
sort," he said shortly. "But I guess
you were right about it. I can see
now we'd never have made a go of
it. You and I are different, Janet.
We don't even like the same
things."

The girl started to speak, but
whatever she meant to say was lost
in a half-escaping sob.

"You never care if you're having
a good time or not," Rolf went on.
"Well, I do. I like to get out and
go places, see things and know
what's going on. Sitting around
home evenings gives me the creeps!"

"Work all day and save your
money—that's all you think about.
Well, what's the use? We've tried it
for almost a year now and it
doesn't work. It never will!"

HI-HO
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

REACHING for peanuts, is
this hungry elephant. And
there's another just like him in
the rectangle below. Cut out the
seven pieces and put them to
gether in such a way as to form
Jumbo's silhouette.

She must get away from Rolf!
This hideous quarrel couldn't go on.

She wanted to get away, yet with
her whole soul, she wanted to stay,
too. Not with the cold-eyed, un-
smiling Rolf who was looking at
her, but with that other Rolf who
had been affectionate and adoring.

Couldn't he see she hadn't meant
those terrible things she had said?
Wouldn't he understand this was
all a mistake?

He was speaking again. "Then
I'll leave you," he said. It might
have been a stranger using that
clipped, formal tone.

For just the fraction of a second,
the young man paused. For just
the fraction of a second Janet's
eyes raised hopefully.

Then with a quick gesture Rolf
threw his hat brim. "Good-night,"
he said, and was gone.

She stood where he had left her
for several moments. She put
one hand to her face and brushed
away the tears. She did the same
thing again without realizing that
she had done it.

A man and a girl were coming
toward her and Janet saw that the
girl looked at her curiously. Why
not? People didn't stand in the
middle of the sidewalk on Lombard
street wiping tears from their eyes.

People who were sensible didn't
do such things. No wonder that girl
was staring at her.

Pressing her lips together tightly,
Janet turned and entered the res-
taurant. She found a seat at the
side of the room.

A waitress, short and stout and
with very pink cheeks, handed her
a menu card.

"Would you like the special din-
ner?" the waitress asked glibly.
"Veal steak with hashed brown
potatoes, string beans, combination
salad and choice of dessert."

"Janet nodded. "Yes," she said.
"That will be all right."

"Coffee to drink?"

"Yes. Coffee."

The waitress disappeared and re-
turned with the food. Fifteen min-
utes later she was back again. "Is
there anything wrong with the
steak?" she asked. "Don't you like
it?"

Janet looked down at her plate.
She had not eaten so much as a
morsel. "There's nothing wrong
with it," she said. "I'm—I'm just
not hungry."

(To Be Continued)

WRIGLEY'S

P.K.
comes
to you
fresh

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



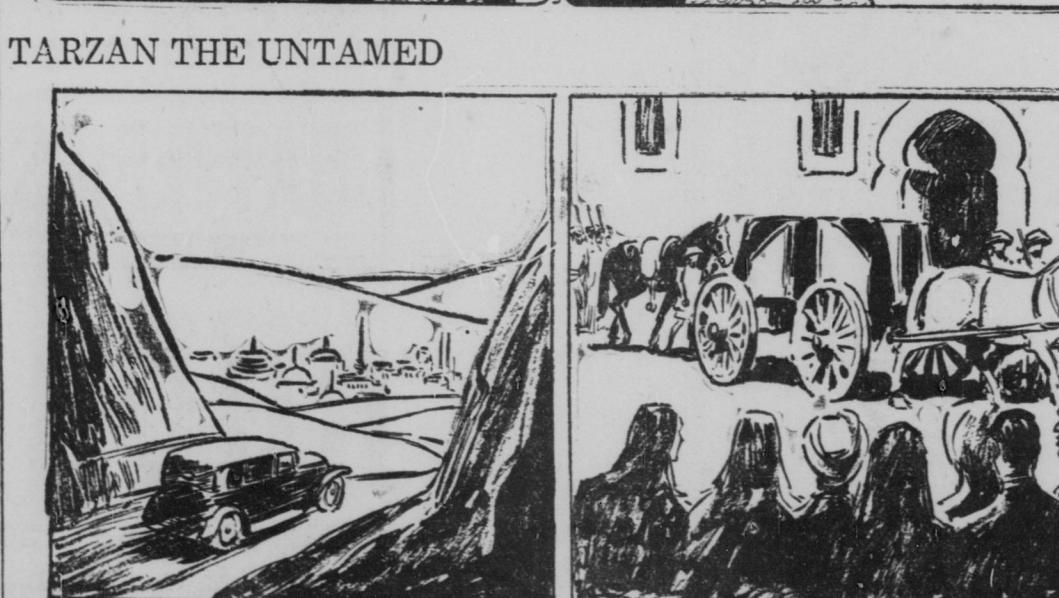
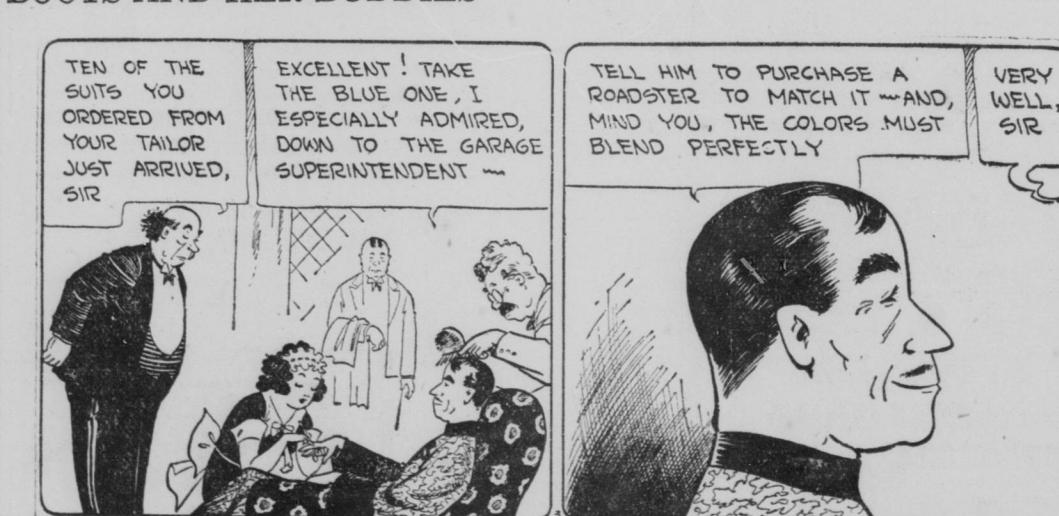
WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Grief stricken, he found that the brave officer
was to be buried this day with full military honors,
befitting a hero who had given his life in His
Majesty's service. He learned of the troops' suc-
cesses on the frontier.

The British were steadily pushing back the
fanatic natives to the gates of the Maharanah's
own city. Roger had strong suspicions that, somehow,
the Maharanah was responsible for the mys-
terious disappearance of the girl he loved.

He determined to find out. When nineteen, in
England, he had learned to pilot his own airplane.
Now his head and influence obtained him a
commission with the "Crimson Squadron"—those
daring aviators fighting on the battle front.