

One I Love

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NEA SERVICE, INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
JANET HILL and CARLYLE have not been married a year, but they have put off their marriage because Janet insists they must have \$500 in a savings account first.
Rolf enjoys spending money and the rigid economy necessary to save this amount is distasteful to him. Janet works as secretary for BRUCE HAMILTON, advertising manager of Every Home Magazine, and Rolf is employed as an advertising agency.
Janet, deeply in love, is not suspicious when Rolf begins to make excuses for not coming to see her. One night he breaks an engagement with her.
MOLLIE LAMBERT, who lives across the hall, tells Janet she has seen Rolf entering a theater with another girl.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"We could go on this way for years and we'd never be any nearer getting married than we are today. It's because you don't really want to marry me."

JANET had found her voice. The words sounded a little queer, not quite natural, but she said quickly, "I didn't know you felt this way, Rolf. Why didn't you tell me? I thought we were having good times."

"Good times? Sitting through movies every one else in town has seen six months ago, dancing in cheap chop suey joints, bus rides—well that's not my idea of a good time!"

"What does it get you? Nothing! All the pennies and nickels you and I save will never make us rich. I tell you, Janet, it's no use!"

"But you used to say you liked all those things!"
The tears were welling up in her eyes again. Perhaps it was because Carlyle felt a tinge of guilt, perhaps it was because he knew he was not blameless, yet refused to admit it, that he answered harshly.

"If I said that, I didn't mean it. I'm telling you the truth now."
They had been walking along a quiet cross street. At the intersection, not a dozen yards ahead, the street led into a brightly lighted avenue.

Janet could not bear the thought of those lights. She halted. The sudden anger that flared in her voice was almost as much of a surprise to the girl herself as it was to Rolf.

"So you're telling me the truth!" she exclaimed. "Then why don't you tell me about that girl you were with last night? I supposed when you were so busy Sunday you were with her, too."

"Oh, you needn't go on explaining! I understand. You liked to spend your evenings with her before you met her. She's the one who's changed your mind about—about everything!"

"That's not true, I mean—"

"Don't try to tell me what you mean! And don't go on trying to explain, either. I wouldn't believe you no matter what you said. Why should I? After the lies you've told me—"

"Aren't you making yourself rather ridiculous? Do you want the whole street to hear you?"

"I DON'T care who hears what I'm saying!" White-faced, chin raised defiantly, Janet met his eyes. "I don't care if the whole world knows. I wouldn't marry you now—not for anything. Not after the things you've said, after the things you've done. I—oh, I never want to see you again. Never. As long as I live."

As suddenly as her anger had come, it spent itself. Tenderness swept over her face. "Oh, Rolf!" she cried in a voice that was low-pitched, frightened. "Oh, Rolf!"

The young man's tone was frigid. "If that's the way you feel about it," he said with exaggerated politeness, "I guess I'd better say good-night. You can get your car at the corner here."

Janet made her voice as cold as his. "I'm not going home," she said. "I'm—I'm going to have dinner downtown. Here. Here in this restaurant."

They were in front of an eating place. It was a restaurant Janet never had entered, quite an ordinary looking place. Food was the last thing in the world that she wanted then, but the pretext would serve as well as any other to get away.

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, unsmiling 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 any 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 touched 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 restaurant. 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 dinner?" 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 returned with the food. Fifteen minutes 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 mouthful. "There's nothing wrong with it," she said. "I'm—I'm just not hungry."

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN THE UNTAMED



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



LETTING GOOD ENOUGH ALONE



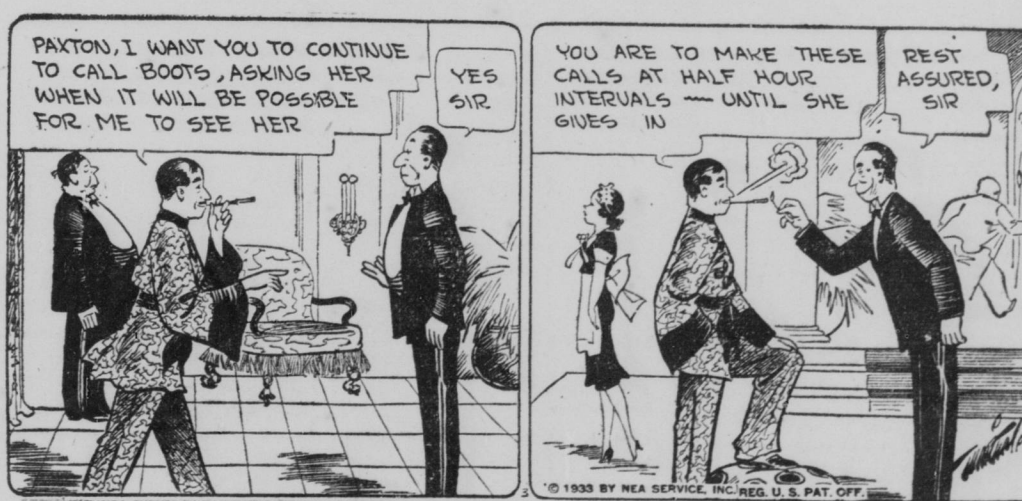
—By Blosser



—By Small



—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



HI-HO

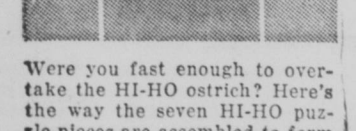
REACHING for peanuts, is this hungry elephant. And there's another just like him in the rectangle below. Cut out the seven pieces and put them together in such a way as to form Jumbo's silhouette.



Were you fast enough to overtake the HI-HO ostrich? Here's the way the seven HI-HO puzzle pieces are assembled to form his silhouette.



WRIGLEY'S



comes to you fresh



WRIGLEY'S



comes to you fresh

After the kidnaping of Pat from Roger Cecil's motor car, the young Englishman and his mother raced hour after hour until they arrived at India's capital. Here, after attending to the nerve-shattered Lady Cecil, Roger sought news of Pat's father.

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' successes on the frontier.

The British were steadily pushing back the fanatic natives to the gates of the Maharajah's own city. Roger had strong suspicions that, somehow, the Maharajah was responsible for the mysterious 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 pleadings and influence obtained him a commission with the "Crimson Squadron"—those daring aviators fighting on the battle front.