

TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Kay Dunn, pretty airplane stewardess, falls in love with Ted Graham, veteran pilot who flies the trans-Pacific route. Ted has two interests in life—his job and Dickie, his adopted son, 7 years old. When Ted asks Kay to marry him, she fears it is merely to make a home for Dickie, but she agrees.

She does not agree, though, with Ted's theories that marriage, to be successful, must be planned scientifically, just as a plane flight. She is rebellious because he insists her housekeeping be carried on in the same way, with charts and budgets.

Kay goes with a crowd of friends to dance one night and though Ted's name is linked with that of Rosalind Kruger, a wealthy beauty who frequently travels Ted's route.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

BY DECK MORGAN
CHAPTER NINETEEN

KAY'S faith in Ted was not shaken by the gossip she had heard the night she danced with Monte. After the shock of the words had passed she realized that she would have to make readjustments, and face such things calmly.

For Ted lived an international life. On the trans-Pacific route, because of the very nature of his job, he met countless people whose names made news. In ports like Honolulu and Manila he came in closer contact with them, and the world was a whispering gallery. A celebrity in Honolulu might suffer a toothache one night and the next morning, over the coffee cups, it would be discussed on five continents.

On a smaller scale, Kay's life was now an international one. Because of her husband's fame, she, too, was known from San Francisco Bay to China. She sought sophistication as a refuge. She was seen more and more in the public, but she did nothing that could be regarded as indiscreet.

BUT struggling against her own nature made her restless. She wanted to be going places, doing something all the time. Ted met such moods with an air of indulgence that caused another quarrel between them, ending in tears and then reconciliation. But the recurrence of the conflict in their natures could be suspected again that Ted had married her only to provide a home for Dickie and to afford himself a well-ordered life ashore.

She didn't go to the landing to see him come in. His ship arrived next. She had heard that Illah was aboard and she didn't want to face her.

The Mariner alighted on the waters of Ship Harbor toward dusk. At that moment Kay was sitting at the telephone in her home, dialing one number after another. If Ted wanted a gay life in foreign ports she would give him one when he was ashore! He would play his game, too, and she would.

SHE invited to their home that night all of the hangers-on about the airport—people who had no part in the aviation, but lived in the excitement and glamour. It was a sort of aviation-country club crowd.

Since the party was impromptu and informal all the guests accepted the invitation in a similar manner. It was like an open house. Some of them even brought other friends without consulting Kay.

Many in the crowd had read about Ted Graham's exploits, but had never met him. They had read, too, about the notorious dancer, Illah, who had come in on the plane. They wondered if she'd be at the party that night, hoped so, and whispered about it eagerly.

They all came, and they were on time. Toward 10 o'clock the three rooms which had been thrown open to guests were filled, and people had begun to take possession of the porches and even the kitchen. Some of them invaded Dickie's nursery and woke him up. Some played piggy-back with him, long past his hour for sleep.

TED was a little bewildered at the sight. He had come home late for dinner and found that the guests had already begun to arrive. The members of the crowd were strangers to him. Nobody bothered to introduce him, but he supposed they were Kay's friends.

He was tired and sleepy and, at last, retired to his den, but some of the men had already taken possession of it. They were shooting craps on the floor and didn't even look up when Ted came in. A woman hurried after him and caught his arm.

"Ted Graham!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Tell me about that fascinating creature you brought in with you today on the plane. We read about her in the papers. Is she really a Eurasian?" Ted laughed. He felt certain that if Illah had been there the woman would have lifted her lorgnette and stared, as at a monster in the zoo.

"I've seen her dance," Ted said. "And she dances remarkably well."

"Then I'm sorry she didn't come to your party. I came all the way from San Francisco just to see her!" Pique was written on the wrinkled jowls of the dowager's face.

THE whole evening, to Ted, was as grotesque as this one incident. The gaiety of the crowd was exaggerated. Some of the guests, disappointed because Illah wasn't there to dance for them, soon departed. There was continuous talk about going on somewhere else. Ted sought refuge from the brittle chatter at Kay's side, but she was in the center of an admiring throng and he couldn't seem to get in a word. She was wearing a slinky little evening gown that he had never liked to see her wear. When he came close to her she was listening attentively to Monte Blaine and did not even see Ted.

He went upstairs again and, finding his den empty, locked the door and went to bed. He was tired—dead tired. He had important work to do next day and, in less than a minute he was sound asleep. Kay had seen him go upstairs

and she followed as soon as she was able to slip away. Finding the door locked, she knocked. There was no answer from within the room, which was dark, she knew. She tried the doorknob.

"LOCKED!" she thought angrily. "He's asleep. The idea—insulting me by going to sleep during my party. While there are guests in the house."

Ted's apparent indifference enraged her. "Asleep!" she stormed inwardly. "But he wasn't too tired to go out with Illah and that Rosalind Kruger in Honolulu. All right!" She shook a small fist at the door, trembling with rage and disappointment and defeat. "All right, I'll show you. I'll go out with that crowd downstairs and stay as late as I please!"

She went downstairs again, joined in the fun even more gayly. Kay's adventurous spirit had finally broken its bounds and Monte Blaine shared this mood. When it was proposed that they all go somewhere across the bay to continue the party, Kay was among the first to agree.

Then went to one night club and then another. Gradually the crowd grew smaller. Couples began to depart, murmuring about the lateness of the hour. Ralph Bangs, who had been Doris's escort, had gone long before, but Doris was still in the crowd. Ralph had to go to Honolulu on the Mariner at 9 in the morning and Monte had promised to give him a call and wake him in time to reach the airport promptly.

AT last there were only the three of them left—Kay and Doris and Monte. They decided to stop for breakfast at a beach hotel and they stood on the beach, watching the sea lions come to life on the island rocks. One grizzled old male thrust his nose to the skies and tried to enforce order on his tribe. His snort made Kay cry out with laughter.

But the young sea lions didn't

pay him any heed. One by one they waddled down to the edge of the rocks and plunged, bobbing up out of the water with weird snorts and grunts.

When they were tired of watching these antics, Kay, Doris and Monte went inside to order their toasted rolls, bacon and eggs and hot coffee. Where they sat, they could watch the sun rising up out of the blue Pacific.

Kay kept thinking about Ted, back there at home, sound asleep as though he didn't care what became of her or whether or not she was having a good time.

Suddenly the sun came up out of the Pacific like a great fiery ball. The gorgeous spectacle made Kay's spirits soar again. She felt exuberantly young.

"ALL this time," she said bitterly to Doris, "I've been sitting primly at home, trying to learn to keep house scientifically, working over budgets and planning balanced meals and seeing to it that Dickie ate his spinach and got to bed promptly and Ted's been having a good time! I was trying to build up a home, stone on stone, scientifically. But now I want to throw bricks!"

Monte arrived beside them to hear the last words. "Look out, gal!" he warned. "You'll take wings and fly if you don't watch out."

"I want to fly!" Kay said, almost tearfully. "I want to fly and fly—and fly—over the ocean!" She concluded rebelliously, "Away from Ted!"

"You don't mean that," Doris told her. "Hush."

"But I do mean it!" Kay insisted. "I'll tell you what—" She stopped and gazed through the gathering mist of her tears toward the Pacific. "I'm going to take the morning plane to Honolulu. That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to fly and fly and fly—"

"You're going home to bed," Doris said.

"No, no! I'm going to fly to Honolulu—with Monte!"

(To Be Continued)

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DEMONSTRATION

By Kathryn Loring
Daily Short Story

ANN stepped gingerly down the basement stairway. Two overalls men had just reached the bottom of the steps with their shining, white-enameled burden, and were awaiting directions from a tall, well-dressed young man who was exploring the washing facilities of the cold, cemented depths.

"Here are the clothes," said Ann, indicating the laundry bundle at the bottom of the stairs. "I suppose, here, I suppose, is the most satisfactory spot to connect the washer. It's a beautiful machine, isn't it? Wright's Wonder Washer! H-m-m! And there," she pointed out, "are lines to hang the clothes on. Perhaps I'll be back by the time you have finished."

"Be back!" thundered the young man. "I came to demonstrate an electric washing machine—if you want a laundress, you'd better call one!"

Ann stiffened. "Of all the impudence! I'll have you reported—I'll have you reported to Mr. Wright himself! My aunt knows him."

SHE looked squarely at the young man for the first time. His eyes were gray—steely now—he had a handsomely chiseled chin and curling brown hair. His age couldn't exceed her own twenty years by more than two.

Ann knew suddenly that she didn't care at all whether or not she went on the shopping tour for which she had dressed so meticulously. She didn't care at all whether or not she had new gold slippers or the ball tonight. Not even the ball seemed to matter.

"Sure," the young man smiled down at her wistfully. "Go ahead and make your report! And I'll make mine! I've heard of gold-brickers like you!"

"What, what, may I ask, is a gold-bricker?" Ann demanded icily.

"A gold-bricker is the sort of person who calls all the washing-machine dealers in town—one after another—gets a demonstration from each, and with the money saved on laundry bills, buys herself good-gals. And the salesmen whose time she steals are able to buy themselves fresh air! Usually," he added, "a gold-bricker gets away with it when she's as good looking as you are."

BLUE eyes squarely met the steely gray ones. Then, suddenly, there were infinitesimal crinkles at the corners of the blue eyes, as Ann smiled up at the young man.

"You win!" She perked up her hair.

"You mean?" he parried. His anger had crumpled entirely.

"That I'm staying for the demonstration!" she said.

"And I'm just the sort of fool who would demonstrate for you forever, even though I know you're taking me for a ride."

Ann ruefully studied the trim little toe of her oxford. "Well, I guess I have been pretty rotten—wasting your time and thinking myself pretty smart when I was really robbing you. Well, I'm sorry—and—and—oh, just skip it!" she ended abruptly.

She turned toward the stairway. He was at her side in one long stride.

"I can't skip it!" he said. "And my time's not being wasted—not here. You wait!"

IT was two hours later that they were sitting on the basement stairway proudly surveying a dampish array of hung laundry. The overalls men had departed long since.

"You've never demonstrated a washing machine before," Ann said pensively.

"Detective! I thought I was perfect! How in the world did you guess?"

"To begin with, you didn't know the first things about washing. You didn't even know enough to separate

the white clothes from the colored ones."

"Well, to be honest, I've just started on this job, and you are my first prospect. A-a-a-h-h-h-ker-choo!"

Ann jumped to her feet. "Get out of this damp basement this instant! Up the stairs you go before you catch your death of cold! Come on—we'll have tea."

"A-a-a-h-h-h-ker-choo!" he answered, and obediently followed her.

THEY had had tea, and were chatting cozily when, suddenly, Ann remembered the gold slippers that she hadn't purchased—and the reason that she was supposed to have them.

"Oh, dear! Aunt Lillian will be home any minute!" she wailed.

"Good," said the young man. "I'd like to meet her."

"But she's made a date for me. A blind date. And I'm not ready. I was supposed to go shopping for some slippers."

"That's easy! Break the date! I always break blind dates."

"But you don't have an aunt who makes 'em for you?"

"I've a mother who does that very thing," he confessed grimly.

"But Aunt Lillian sees to it that I keep them. She matches me out every season, and is simply heart-broken when nothing comes of it. And this date is the prize of them all. She's maneuvered for weeks. She'll slay me for not getting those gold slippers for this evening."

"WHO is the villain?"

"Oh, just a sap fresh out of college. I'm sure he's cross-eyed and nuts—but he's rolling in money. Bertrand Wright—oh, maybe you know him. He's the son of the president of Wright's Wonder Washers."

"He's cross-eyed and nuts?" queried the young man.

Just then, they heard the front door slam and an instant later, Aunt Lillian came bursting into the room.

"Ann, my dear, why haven't you started to dress? You must hurry. You know I've asked Bertrand for dinner before the ball!"

"But I'm not going!" said Ann defiantly.

Aunt Lillian, however, didn't hear her. She had suddenly caught sight of the young man behind Ann. She rushed toward him with outstretched hands.

"Why, Bertrand! This is delightful! Your mother told me that you father put you to work today—selling washing machines. Of all things—washing machines! And here you are instead! Ann, the naughty girl, didn't tell me that she'd met you."

"No," said the young man, with a mischievous smile. "You see, I've been killing two birds with one stone—investing my first washing-machine prospect and... other prospects as well."

Then, to Aunt Lillian's utter astonishment, he turned and deliberately crossed his eyes at Ann.

THE END

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Q—Is it necessary to be on relief to enroll in the Civilian Conservation Corps?
A—Yes.

Q—What civil rites correspond to baptism and christening?
A—Both are essentially rites in

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

LI'L ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



GRIN AND BEAR IT



By Lichty

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



ALL right, I'll drink it—but what made people big and strong before milk was discovered?

By Al Capp



By Blosser



By Hamlin



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. One of the better modern writers.

12 Small wild ox.

13 Word.

16 Back.

17 Mongrel.

18 Early settler.

20 Epoch.

21 Pair.

22 A former time.

23 To persecute.

25 Half an em.

26 Nocturnal animal.

28 Poem.

30 Small lakes.

32 Neuter pronoun.

33 Inclination.

35 Toward.

36 Annoys.

38 Inlet.

40 Alleged force.

41 Still.

43 Street.

44 Duet.

46 Child.

48 Molding.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

14 Engines.

15 Calm.

16 Nominal value.

17 Knock.

22 To place.

24 Period.

27 Musical note.

29 Circuitous roads.

31 Neither.

33 To scatter.

34 Arid.

36 Seed bag.

37 To harden.

39 Exists.

42 Male cat.

44 Accomplishes.

45 To exceed.

47 Also.

48 Trunk drawer.

49 Slovak.

55 Form of "a."

56 Toward.

57 Southwest.

59 Ell.

61 Point.

VERTICAL

1 Specimen.

2 To habituate.

3 Secured.

4 Sun god.

5 Platform.

6 Brooch.

7 One for whose use a thing is done.

8 Doctor.

9 To observe.

10 Aureolate.

11 Her books have been from the 59 Ell.

12 Specimen.

13 Norwegian.

14 Engines.

15 Calm.

16 Nominal value.

17 Knock.

22 To place.

24 Period.

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