

ESCAPE

By Royal Brown

When Jonesey arose on the eighth morning after her marriage she tried to persuade herself that Tony wouldn't, or at least couldn't, harm Bing. Just the same it was not yet seven when she stood on a street corner and breathlessly reviewed the headlines of the newspaper as she had just purchased. The morning news was innocuous so far as she was concerned. She told herself that she had been silly to let Maggie send that preposterous telegram to Bing. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if she would have pulled it back if she could. It occurred to her that she might telephone Tony's place of business. Perhaps he was already back. If she could just talk to him she would stop all this senseless worrying. She phoned from a public booth, and was assured that Mr. Sorrenson was not in Boston. "No, I don't know when he'll be back," she was informed. The question of Tony was not to be settled yet; the question of a job remained. She emerged from the booth and turned to the classified ads. Almost every ad wound up as if it were a racket, and Jonesey swiftly skipped them. The rest were winnowed out for one reason or another. Jonesey folded the paper. The next thing to do was to go to the employment agency and register for a job. She did so and was told there was nothing for a waitress at the moment. Would she care for housework? Jonesey wavered. It seemed as if she must take anything. Still Mr. Larkin would be back on Monday and he, Maggie had asserted, would surely take her back. So she went until Monday, anyway, she decided. At three she went to Larkin's

Man "Old" at 50

New Face Normally Poppy, Younger than he is, says Jonesey, met Maggie...

Maggie sat down at the table opposite Jonesey - Larkin's was almost deserted save for the help. "Gosh, but I'm glad tomorrow is Sunday," she remarked. Jonesey knew how Maggie felt. Larkin's was closed on Sunday. But the thought of Sunday filled her with dismay. What would she do with herself? "Will I see you tomorrow?" she asked Maggie. Maggie grinned. "You're going to see a lot of me—all there is to be seen in public. We're going down to Revere, you and me, and put on our bathing suits and lie on the sand and soak in violet rays. How's that sound to you?" "I love it, but I can't afford it." "It's my party," retorted Maggie. "Come party! The sun and the ocean are free and the rest won't break me. Hot dogs served at noon—a la carte. Now don't talk back, it'll settle."

"I don't see why you're so good to me," Jonesey said. "Maggie gave her a swift look. "Oh, it's just my kind heart," she retorted ironically. Sunday dawned fair and still blazing hot. Jonesey met Maggie at the ferry and they went on together to the beach where they lay on the sand, a part of the crowd, apart from it. Now and then the predatory male looked them over sprawlily and made the usual overtures toward better acquaintance. Maggie disposed of them brutally. "They've got their nerves!" she remarked. "They think they could make me but they ought to know you're not that sort. Yet it's you they're after. Things—like Tony, for instance—are bound to trouble you to a girl like you. The trouble with you is that you're too darn trusting, but you'll get over that. One of these days some man is going to be awfully good to you—as good as you deserve." Jonesey swayed up her lone lashes and looked at Maggie. "What makes you think I deserve anything?" "Well, I've got eyes, haven't I? I'm a shining dish all my life but I'll be a shining dish for you. You wouldn't be doing it now if you hadn't got in some sort of jam." Jonesey gave her a startled glance. "What makes you think that?" "Good gosh, do you suppose I'm

BINGO at THE SPORTING CLUB WEDNESDAY NIGHT In Aid Of KINSMEN CHARITY BENEVOLENCE. 8:30 Admission 30 Cents

BINGO Holy Redeemer Hall TO-NIGHT 8:30 The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city. Freezout For Charitable Purposes

Contract Bridge By Josephine Culbertson A QUESTION OF POSITION In sacrificing bidding, particularly the position of the player is of paramount importance. Observe today's deal: West dealer. East-West vulnerable. ♠ Q 10 2 ♠ Q J 6 5 2 ♠ 10 5 ♠ A K 7 5 ♠ J 8 8 6 3 ♠ A J 10 7 ♠ 10 3 ♠ A 8 7 3 ♠ K 6 2 ♠ K 9 8 7 4 ♠ K 8 6 5 3 ♠ Q 9 4

HEADACHE? TAKE MILD ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE. Nature's Remedy

DAILY CROSSWORD ACROSS: 1. Concluding passage (mus.) 5. River (Eur.) 9. French capital 10. Eyelashes 12. Ireland 13. Comfort (syn.) 14. Finnish seaport 15. Part of a camera 16. Erbium (syn.) 17. Slip up 18. Use worm 20. Type measure 21. Keel-billed cuckoo 22. A stocking 23. Swaggers 25. Praise 27. Belonging to us 28. Music note 30. Often (poet.) 31. Heavy hammers 33. Conjunction 34. Take care 35. Substance 36. Shellfish 37. Feels sympathy with 38. Edible rootstock (slay) 39. Burn with water 40. Cap 41. Absent 42. Feet DOWN: 1. Constellation 3. Clamor 4. Like 5. Scotch tea-cake 6. Troubles 7. Wing 8. Instruments for ricing potatoes 9. Freedom 10. Kind of scarf 11. Eagle's nest 13. Indians of Florida 15. Moon-goddess (Rom. Relig.) 18. Variety of chalcid 19. Goddesses of dawn 22. Flock 23. Place 24. Prompted 25. Bends in thread 26. A continent 28. Dreaded 29. Kind of scarf 31. Shabby 32. Bright, steady light 34. Nuclei of a starch grain 37. Elevation (geol.) 38. Bank draft (abbr.)

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation T D A J P K V S T A L P W V V. E P J W P W V S C D S P J A L B X D A J T E V — R C W Z P J.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS. THE BOTTOM RUNS

Girl Guides Annual Report (Continued from Page 8) realize the value of Guide Training. After the Tea at Government House for Lady B.P. which was attended by members of the Provincial and Local Association and Badge Examiners, the Chief Guide said to me quite sincerely "I think you have a splendid lot of women in both the Provincial and Local units—the best of all the provinces." In Lord Rowallan's very fine talk one or two things stand out particularly. He said "A Guide (or Scout) should be able to leave her company or Pack meeting occasionally to enjoy a social evening or movie, etc., provided she has a Lieut. or Patrol Leader to carry on." His other thought was very penetrating. "Guiding or Scouting should not be a full time job for a few, it should be a part time job for many. There must be a discrepancy somewhere, we find it extremely hard to get Guides and the ones we have are over worked. We have a good lay organization, what are we doing with them? If they are interested and they must be or they would not be on the Association, let them in on the work and at the same time on the fun of

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople COUNT TEN BEFORE YOU CLEANER, MARTHA! HIS NIBS HAD TIPPED ME OFF HE PLANS TO SHARE THE WEALTH WITH YOU AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT. LET HIM DO IT HIS WAY AND HE'LL BE AS HAPPY AS A BUTCHER'S CAT. ALL RIGHT, TINGGS! BUT TIP HIM RIGHT BACK THAT I PREFER CASH—I DON'T NEED ANY KID MODEL ASTRAKHAN KNEE-WARMERS—A COLLAPSIBLE MOTHER-OF-PEARL HALLTREE!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople. WORD TO THE WISE GIVES A TAP ON THE WIG

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED. WOLVES OR NO WOLVES WE MUST MAKE A RUN FOR THE CABIN. THAT UNCONSCIOUS MAN IS AT THE MERCY OF MOOWEEN, THE BEAR. WE CAN'T BEAT THEM TO THE DOOR. OH! WHAT CAN WE DO? AT THIS MOMENT A HUGE BATTLE-SCARRED BEAST APPEARS ON THE RIDGE!

JOE PALOOKA. JOE HAS SEARCHED FOR THE WORKS FOR HOURS. GOOD HEAVENS... THE SUPPLIES ARE GONE... I NEVER NOTICED IT AT FIRST... I WAS ROBBED DURING THE NIGHT. I DON'T CARE FOR MYSELF... IT'S HER... WHAT A TERRIBLE MESS... I CAN NEVER MAKE THE SEARCH ON FOOT... OH, WHAT'LL I DO, WHAT'LL I DO, WHAT'LL I DO, WHAT'LL I DO. ANN, ANN... IT'S JOE... ANN, ANN!!

DOTTY DRIPPLE. PEPPER IT WON'T COME OFF—WAIT TILL I GET THE HAMMER. MORICE!! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY VASE??? OH, ER... PEPPER DID IT... MORICE DRIPPLE—I'M SURPRISED AT YOU... ACCUSING A POOR LITTLE DEFENSELESS DOG!!! PEPPER I'LL HAVE TO ADD A ROOM TO YOUR HOUSE FOR OCCASIONS LIKE THIS!

BRINGING UP FATHER. THERE IT IS AGAIN—I WONDER WHERE HE HASN'T BEEN! THAT'S CLANCY—WHAT'S HE DOIN' WITH A POT OF PAINT AN' A PAINTERBRUSH? SO-YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE GUY'S THAT'S GON' AROUND PUTTIN' THEM WORDS-KILROY WUZ HERE—ALL OVER? NOT ME! I GOT THE JOB GON' AROUND-KILROY WAS HERE!

HENRY. EVEN THIS LOSS COULD NOT BE FAIRLY ASSESSED AGAINST SOUTH FOR HIS DECISION TO OVERBID SIX SPADES, IF HIS POSITION AT THE TABLE HAD BEEN DIFFERENT. BY THAT I MEAN, IF SOUTH HAD BEEN THE LAST TO SPEAK FOR HIS SIDE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN QUITE REASONABLE FOR HIM TO REASON THAT THE POSSIBLE LOSS FROM LETTING THE SIX-SPADE BID STAND WAS GREATER THAN THE LOSS THAT WOULD BE SUFFERED AT SEVEN HEARTS. THIS, HOWEVER, WAS NOT THE ISSUE, SO FAR AS SOUTH WAS CONCERNED. THE SALIENT FACT WAS THAT NORTH WAS STILL TO BE HEARD FROM! IT WAS BY NO MEANS INCONCEIVABLE THAT ONE OR BOTH OF THE SPADENETS HAD OVERBID (EAST HAD) AND BESIDES, SOUTH'S VOID IN SPADES SUGGESTED THAT NORTH MIGHT TURN UP WITH AN UNEXPECTED TRICK IN THAT SUIT.

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS. NOW YOU SIT RIGHT DOWN AT THAT PIANO—AN. AW, GEE—PLEE-EZE—LEMMIE GUIT TAKIN' PIANO LESSONS... I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY NOT IF YOU DON'T SEE CHARLOTTE EVER LETTIN' ANYTHING INTERFERE WITH HER PRACTISIN'. I'VE NEVER GOT ANY TIME TO PRACTISE—AN. AW, JUST 'CUZ COUSIN MILLIE SAYS I OUGHTTA TAKE LESSONS—I WHY DOESN'T SHE MIND HER OWN BUSINESS—I OH, LOOK! THERE GOES CHARLOTTE NOW! OH, CHARLOTTE—CHARLOTTE—CAP STUBBS—C'M BACK HERE—I OH, MY LAND!

NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY. HERE THAT'LL STOP YOU FROM EXERCISING ALL YOUR WEIGHT OFF. I'LL SELL YOU THATS A LOT MISS TRINKS DIARY FOR 500 BUCKS. IF I CAN DELAY THIS RAT TILL MAC COMES, WE CAN CALL A COP. I WOULDN'T ASK YOU A CENT MORE'N IT'S WORTH SQUARE SHOOTIN' MY POLICY.

TILLIE THE TOILER. I'D HATE TO BE YOU WOULDN'T YOU IF YOUR DIARY WANTED TO ABOUT YOUR UNCLE'S BE HIM MADE PUBLIC. I'LL SELL YOU THATS A LOT MISS TRINKS DIARY FOR 500 BUCKS. IF I CAN DELAY THIS RAT TILL MAC COMES, WE CAN CALL A COP. I WOULDN'T ASK YOU A CENT MORE'N IT'S WORTH SQUARE SHOOTIN' MY POLICY.