

Happiness, E. O. D.

By OREN ARNOLD

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CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE
MR. MERRIFIELD, Jeremy, Bill and Gayle dined together this evening. Mr. Weems had gone to visit a friend across town. But the cheerless secretary's absence made no particular difference because the dinner was funereal anyway.

The three young folk responded very politely to Mr. Merrifield's conversational efforts, but they initiated nothing and they showed none of their accustomed gaiety. The old gentleman, of course, perceived it; quietly he studied their faces, but learned nothing definite. When dessert was done he smacked his lips in audible satisfaction at the meal, wiped his face and dropped the napkin onto his plate.

"Something is disturbing my young guests," he announced. "You'd better!" Bill growled. "Oh, I say—of course!" Jeremy was pleased. "I—well, I owe a great deal to you two. But for you I would not have—"

"Skip that, Jeremy," Bill roared at him playfully. "You're a swell egg, really. But you keep it sort of hidden. I'm talking frankly."

"I—ah, do not dance, Gayle, but—"

"I'm no witch," Bill protested, following them in.

Graham, the butler, helped them clear off a rug or two in the big room near the piano, but then they remembered that only Gayle could play.

"There's not even a radio or a phonograph!" Gayle lamented.

"I—shall purchase one, both tomorrow!" Jeremy declared. "I have some funds. I have done some figuring today, anyway, and I was quite astounded. If I allotted myself \$100 per week, which is far more than I use, I'd have money enough to live for more than 150 years! I had no idea! My parents had set aside a trust fund, and then I inherited some, and there have been dividends on investments made for me, so that I find myself in a position of some financial responsibility when I had not thought of it at all. It is really most disturbing!"

Poor Jeremy was quite sincere, so that in spite of her inclination to laugh at the odd situation, Gayle controlled herself. Bill just couldn't help being a trifle sarcastic, though.

"I do believe," said he, "that you might afford some sort of music box, then. Say a second-hand one, maybe?"

"No," Jeremy gave a serious thought to that. "That would not be satisfactory, I am sure. I shall want—wouldn't you both go with me tomorrow to choose what is needed. You—you are my only friends!"

Gayle squeezed Bill's arm quickly, furtively. "Certainly, Jeremy, any time you say," she spoke earnestly. "It will be a pleasure to help you. And Bill will help you select the saddle

grateful. He was glad to have the talk kept to horseback riding and other assorted things.

"I have given some thought to—ah—that which you suggested, Gayle," Jeremy ventured. "I refer to the riding party."

"Oh, of course, Jeremy! You'll love it. You could even do it at night now, there's such a tremendous moon on duty."

"That would be pleasant. Should I—would you say that I just telephone the others? I feel as if—"

"Surely. Just telephone anybody you liked at the party here, Jeremy, and invite them to be your guest on a riding party," Gayle spoke, as if she were a dutiful sister. "Say that you will provide the horses and that you will start from here. I hope you invite Bill and me."

"You'd better!" Bill growled. "Oh, I say—of course!" Jeremy was pleased. "I—well, I owe a great deal to you two. But for you I would not have—"

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horses we discussed, too. Remember?"

"Yes! Yes, surely. Will you, Bill?"

Bill nodded, and Gayle stepped to Jeremy's side.

"Dancing is largely a matter of moving in march time rhythm, Jeremy," she began. "We don't really need much music tonight. Instead of walking, you just slide. On the balls of your feet, like this. Come on . . . slide, slide, slide . . . that's right! One, two; one, two; one, two . . ."

For a half hour she taught him, and Bill found himself an unnecessary adjunct there. He drifted back onto the porch, but he was near a window where he could see them under the lights within.

The longer he watched, the less enthusiasm he had for watching. There is simply not much pleasure watching another eligible man dance with the girl you love; and in the process of teaching Gayle naturally had to hold Jeremy quite close, had to be more intimate with him than might have been required in an actual dance.

It was plain, too, or at least Bill thought it was, that Jeremy enjoyed the session immensely. The flush of excitement on his face proved that, and the bright anxiousness in his eyes. He wanted so to please Gayle, to learn, to be a part of things. Jeremy had talked less and less of bookish things lately. He was definitely responding to the treatment Mr. Merrifield had arranged for him.

"It's only natural that they should get married," Bill told himself, there in the darkness. "Christopher, \$100 a week for 150 years! Not counting what the old girl is sure to win him. And me—I've got about \$16 in my jeans, expense money."

He sighed heavily. Life has a peculiar way of mixing up the people on this earth, creating the extremes and the heart aches and the good luck and all. Now take this business about Lola—no, skip that, he didn't want to think about that any more tonight. But the day had been pretty well scrambled. Even Mr. Merrifield had detected that, at dinner time.

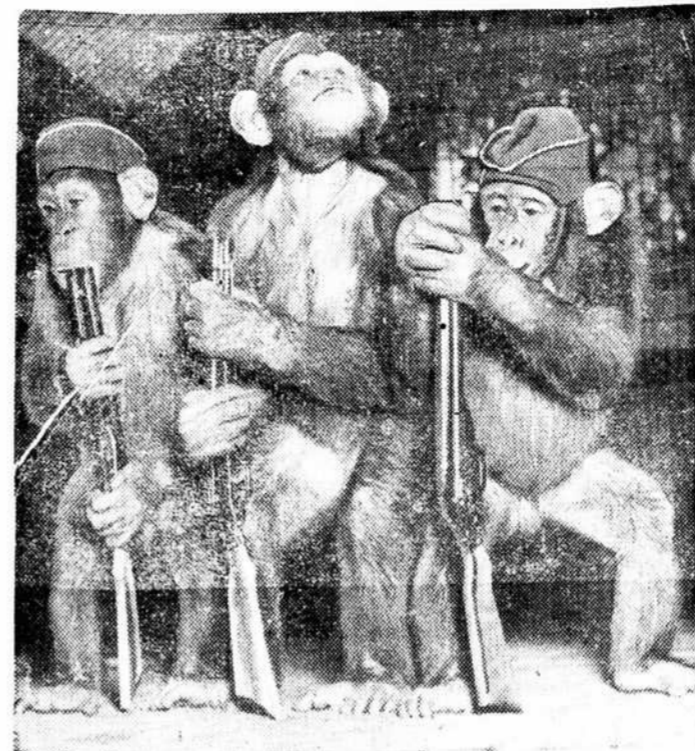
"Tomorrow I've got to get things going," Bill mused now. "These girls have got to be kept busy, some way."

It was a way of saying that he must not let his mind dwell on personal things. And yet the girl he loved was just through the window dancing and laughing with a millionaire who obviously worshipped her, too. This very day that millionaire had completely disarmed Bill as a love rival by declaring his friendship, by offering Bill all his fortune, if needed, to help Bill out of trouble. Besides which, Bill was already obligated morally not to interfere with any romance between Jeremy and Gayle.

"Lordy!" he almost groaned in despair now. But that didn't help. Here was a situation, and he couldn't do a thing to change it. As far down the decades as he could prophesy for himself, Bill Bailey saw Bill Bailey as a single man made miserable by unrequited love. Utterly depressed, he went upstairs to an early bed.

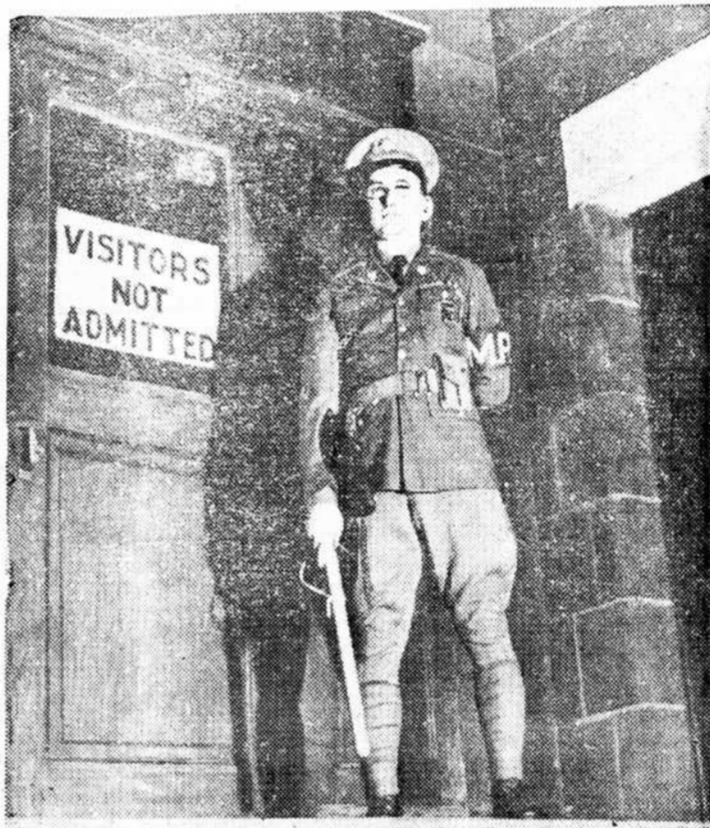
(To Be Continued)

"5th Columnists! Where?"



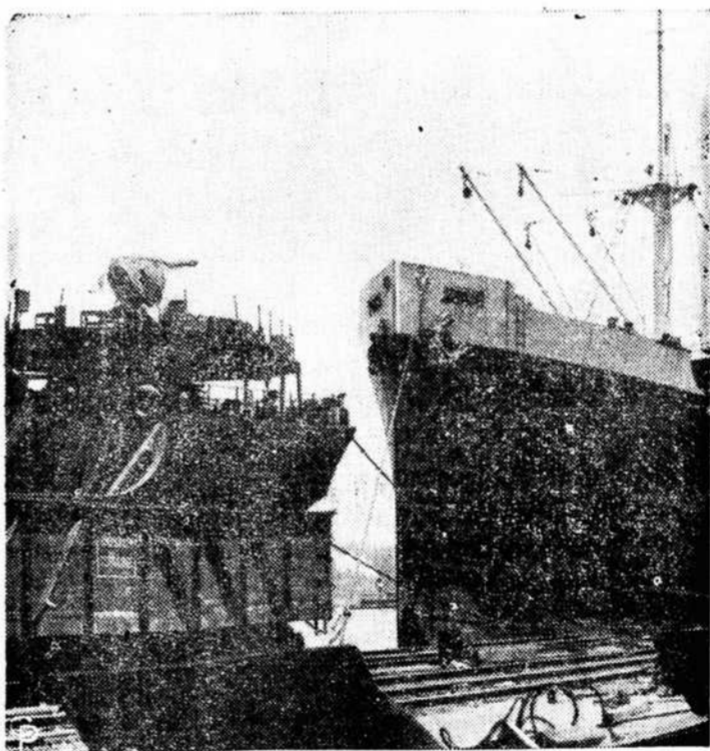
"Fifth columnists? They're our meat!" declared these three chimp residents of the Philadelphia zoo when informed of the subversive activities of the Trojan Horse workers. Unwilling to trust defense of the country to mere humans they have organized their own defense unit. That's Colonel Jo Jo in the center, flanked by his alert subordinates, Annie (left) and Snookie.

War's Echo in New York



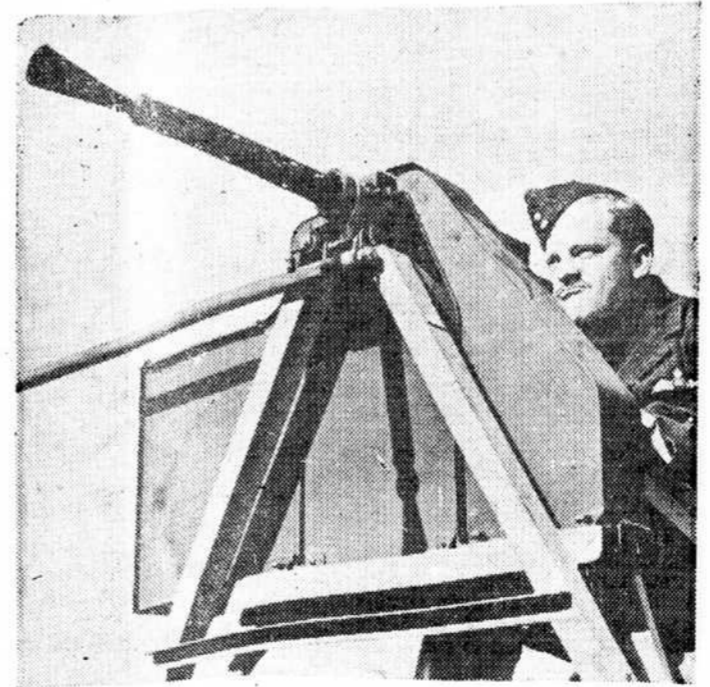
Every armory in New York State was put under military guard following order of Gov. Herbert H. Lehman closing the buildings to the public to prevent possible sabotage. Here, military policemen guard an armory in New York City. (Central Press)

Picture of Things to Come?



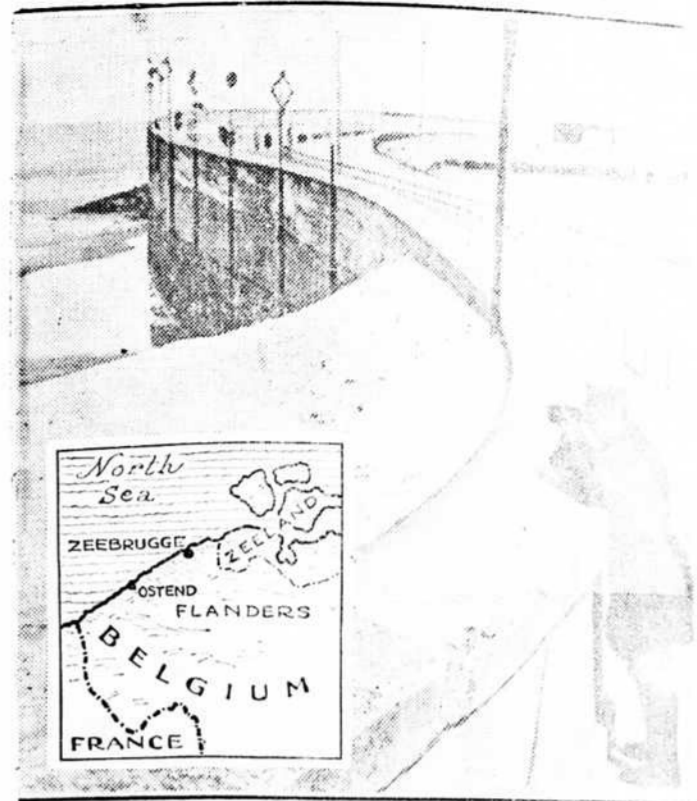
British freighter *Selwistan*, loading armor plate and scrap iron at Charlestown, Mass., is moored only ten yards from the Italian freighter *Dino*, also loading scrap iron. Two 6-inch stern guns of the *Selwistan* inadvertently point at the *Dino*. With Mussolini threatening to enter war at Hitler's side, they may someday point in earnest at Italian ships.

And He Isn't Foolin'



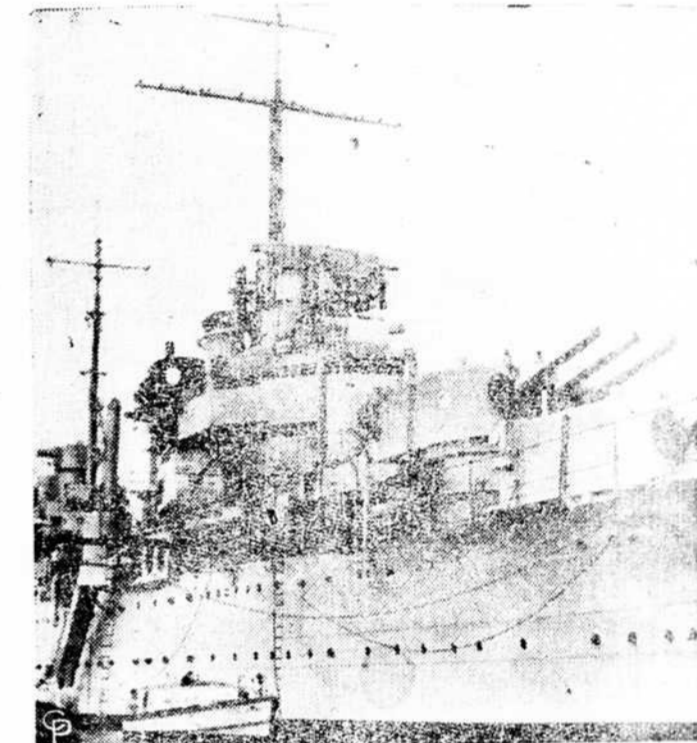
This sergeant pilot of the British Royal Air Force wears a determined expression as he engages in gunnery practice with a Browning machine gun, somewhere in England. Before a man in the R. A. F. gets his double wings, he must qualify as a gunner, bomber, navigator, radioman, pilot. (Central Press)

Blocked as U-Boat Base



Before evacuating the port of Zeebrugge (see map), in Belgium, British sank concrete-filled ships, blocking the port as a U-boat base for the German Navy. A Belgian soldier looks out over the sea wall where, it is reported, was almost completely destroyed by aerial bombardment.

Cruiser to South America



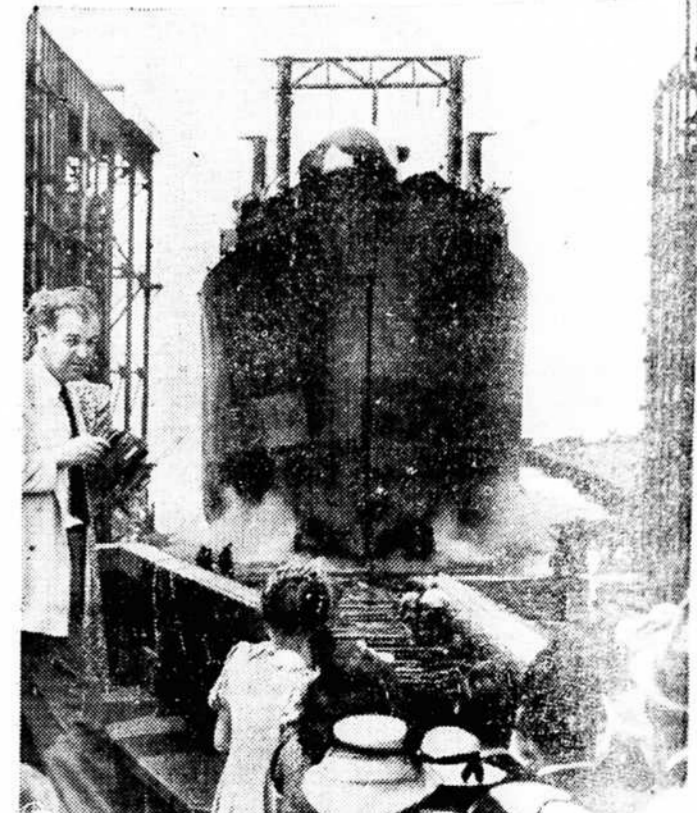
The U. S. cruiser *Wichita* (above) is second 10,000-ton warship ordered to South America on a "goodwill" tour. The *Wichita's* trip, and that of the *Quincy*, were described as routine, though it is admitted a show of the American flag might serve as a stabilizing influence at Latin American countries troubled by fifth column activities.

After the Bombing



Belgian refugees search debris of a bombed house in hope of salvaging clothing which they need for flight before the German army. The pile of stuff was abandoned by others who preceded them along the road to France and relative safety. (Central Press)

Newcomer to Merchant Fleet



The *President Jackson*, first of seven American President-class merchant passenger and cargo ships, slides down the ways at Newport News, Virginia. The ship, officials said, easily could be converted for naval use in case of any national emergency.

War Chariots Right Off the Assembly Line



Important arm of mechanized warfare is the tank corps. Greatly outnumbered in this weapon at beginning of the war, the Allies now are rushing thousands to the front to stem the Nazi blitzkrieg. Here is an imposing array of fast baby tanks as they came off the assembly line in a French factory. (Central Press)

NOAH NUMSKULL
SUN SPOTS! FRECKLES!

DEAR NOAH—BECAUSE OUR SON HAS SPOTS, COULD IT BE CHICKEN POX? MAE HAYS, MENLO PARK, CALIF.

DEAR NOAH—WOULD YOU BE AFRAID OF A POP GUN IF YOU KNEW WHOSE POP IT WAS? J. R. McDOWELL, BOWLING GREEN, O.

TODAY IS THE DAY TO MAIL YOUR LATEST NOTIONS TO NOAH

NOAH NUMSKULL
STAY AFTER SCHOOL!

DEAR NOAH—CAN YOU WEAR HIGH SHOES WHILE ATTENDING OXFORD COLLEGE? G. RIPLEY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR NOAH—IF A FELLOW WANTED TO SHAVE A PIG, WOULD HE HAVE TO USE A HOG RAISER? JUSTIN C. HOWARD, CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.

NOAH NUMSKULL
GET A TICKET FOR THAT!

DEAR NOAH—IF A CROSS STREET GOT SASSY, WOULD THE TRAFFIC LIGHT SOCKET? ADELAIDE LAW, DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR NOAH—WHEN A KING REIGNS DO THE PEOPLE HAVE TO CARRY UMBRELLAS? BARBARA GARVIN, SPRUCE PINE, N.C.

POSTCARD YOUR NOTIONS NOW MAIL THEM TO NOAH