

# Tomorrow is a lovely word

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

by **Marie-Blizard**

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

JIM HAD eight days' leave before leaving to report to his base in the Hawaiian Islands, and he was spending them in Washington, Andrea, with no conscience at all, told Beth she had blithely lied to her boss, saying she was married, and asked for the week off to spend with her soldier husband, and was given it. Beth, counselled against this, but Andrea said she might not ever see Jim again. When she said things like that, Beth felt something inside her chest become a heavy little lump.

Andrea had recovered from the blow of hearing that Jim was going away, and blossomed, as if the leave were a merry holiday, buying herself new dresses—and Beth had come to the conclusion that Andrea was changing her many purchases, but dared not discuss it with her—and planning all sorts of goings-on for the eight days.

Elaine Secombe, whom Beth had come to know in a casual way, said she would chop-axe them as she had before, and Jim could stay at her apartment. The Blakes, Marion and Bert, gave two parties for the engaged couple. Vernon took them, with Beth, of course, to El Patio, which didn't seem quite as fabulously interesting to Beth as it had when she was with Dennis, and the girls at the boarding house rallied their friends around on Sunday afternoon and had a tea, and served sherry and sandwiches and tea and cake with equal impartiality.

It seemed to Beth that Jim had never been more handsome, or Andrea more gloriously beautiful than when she saw them together then. And she thought, "If Jim were mine, would I be beautiful, too?"

Her thoughts were with them always, but she kept out of their way as often as she could. Jim came to take her to lunch twice during that week, and each time she repeated that she was counting on her to take care of Andrea. Each time she assured him gravely that she would.

The day before he went, she bought a handsome leather frame and had a rather good snapshot of Andrea enlarged to put in it.

Jim said there was only one thing the matter with it; it should have been one of those mouldy affairs so that he could have her picture too. She was, he repeated, his second-best girl and she wanted to forget it.

Beth's face felt as if it was made of stone that day because she knew it was the last time she would see him for a very long time, and there was nothing she could do about the ache inside her. She couldn't tell anyone about it. It wouldn't be decent to cry about a man another girl was engaged to, even if it was a very old friend. The truth, as

Beth well knew, was that she could never regard her Jim as an old friend.

She shook hands with him when he left, stood marble-like when he planted a brotherly kiss on her lips, and shut her eyes when she saw him sweep Andrea into his arms and hold her closely, preciously, with not a word.

She did not go to the railroad station with them. She stayed home and sang the "St. Louis Blues" to keep her mouth from crumpling, and planned stories, speeches and witty sayings, as the phrase goes, with which to cheer Andrea when she came back to the boarding house.

But Andrea was in no need of cheering. She was blithesome, expectant and full of secret thoughts which Beth came to know in the days that followed.

Andrea took to pouring over the smart fashion magazines that were showing clothes for tropical climates, and said she thought she might write and ask Peg Woodruff to send down a box of her summer clothes she'd left at the apartment.

Beth told her not to be deceived by Washington weather. It would probably turn cold.

When the first letters came back from Jim, Andrea began to show an extraordinary interest in geography, and went so far as to read two books about Hawaii.

"It's wonderful out there," she told the girls. "Nobody ever does any work. You don't do anything but swim on a heavenly sea, and sun-ban, and live in beautiful bungalows, and sleep and go to parties. If ever there were a place designed for paradise on earth, it's Hawaii. And there are millions of men."

Elaine laughed that off. "There are millions of them in Washington, too, but what to do about it?"

"We're lucky, having ours," Andrea said, and then remembering Beth's presence, "I meant it would be heavenly for a girl like Beth."

"I will easily in tropical climes," Beth said.

She was beginning to see writing on the wall. Andrea's interest in warm weather clothes, in literature about Honolulu all added up to one thing. Andrea was thinking of going there. And that could only mean that she was going to marry Jim.

Beth felt a growing concern. She was prepared for their marriage. It was not that. News got around Washington and news had come to her. Things added up to a sum total that was disquieting. The Japanese diplomatic office in Washington was very busy. Peace conferences were already under way. Aler in the Navy, stationed at Pearl Harbor, were sending their wives back to the mainland. Two and two added together.

One day Beth went up to Andrea's room to find her lying on her back on a bedspread with travel booklets, and she said directly, "What's up, Andy?"

"I'm going to join Jim," Andrea said with sparkling eyes. "Look, let me show you what I've bought." She opened the closet door and began taking things from her hangers. Cotton dresses, a pale pink crepe, a white polo coat. They took Beth's breath away.

"I expect to get slapped down for this," she said out of experience, "but you're getting in pretty steep. How's Jim going to pay for these things?"

"They're all paid for," Andrea said. "I told you I had a little money. . . . Well, what do you think of my going out there? It'll be like a dream."

"I hope so," Beth said slowly. "But, assuming that you can get there—do you plan to swim?—I'm not sure that it's going to be the safest place in the world."

Andrea sighed and looked to heaven for patience. "If you aren't the darndest kid-joy, Beth Kimm, first you want me to make sure I'm in love with Jim. Then I make sure you and you don't want me to marry him."

"Of course I want you to. We're talking about two different things." "So you're worried about how I'm going to get there? Well, I'll tell you. Jim will take care of everything. He'll . . . well, next month he'll have the money. I expect to leave in time to see Christmas with him. What do you think of that?"

"I think spending Christmas on a honeymoon with Jim is just what you should be doing in this paradise you talk about, as you ought to know, but I'm wondering if you'll be able to."

Andrea sat down hard. "Why not?"

"Don't you read the papers, Andy? Don't you know that we're at sword's point with Japan? And that Pearl Harbor is a great naval base on which our little brown brothers have their greedy eyes?"

Andrea laughed. "Is that all? Why, honey, the Japs are so scared of us they wouldn't even dare light a piece of punk, let alone a firecracker. Of course I read the papers."

"Did you know that instead of sending for their wives to come out there, many of the Army and Navy men are sending them home?"

"Maybe they're tired of them," Andrea said scornfully. "Anyway, why would the Japs want anything in Hawaii? They'd never dream of trying to invade this continent."

"Did Jim tell you that?" Beth asked quietly.

"No, not exactly. Anyway, I'm not scared of them. My mind is made up and nothing is going to stop me now. Honolulu, here I come!"

(To Be Continued)

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

IT WAS Sunday, the first in November, and the church bells were ringing and echoing all through the frosty air above the great city of Washington, which lies like a flat bowl between two rolling hills, split by a band of silver that is the Potomac.

It's the first sign of winter this year," Marion Blake said, coming to the door of her bedroom where Andy and Beth were sitting or more correctly, Beth was working and Andrea was dreaming. "I never gets really cold here, but still Bert says it can't compare with California."

"California, pooh!" Andrea ejaculated when Marion had gone back to the kitchen from whence came aromatic odors. "Hawaii has it acres and spades over her old California."

"It's not hers," Beth said, removing pins from the hem of a checked taffeta skirt that was six yards wide. "She's a Washington girl, but I suppose, now she's married to Bert, it's the old 'Whither thou goest' stuff. That's the way you've got to be with Jim."

"With Jim and me, home will be where we hang our hats. He hasn't any family, any more than I have. I don't know what we'd do for relatives if we didn't have you, Bethie. Jim hasn't even a fifth cousin living. We're just a couple of orphans."

"Trying to make me feel sorry for you? Come away from that window and let me try this skirt on you."

Andrea ducked her dark head as Beth slipped the skirt over it. Its folds fell to the floor in a wide sweep. "I can wear it with a red silk jersey blouse, or a tailored white crepe, or something very transparent in black," she said, looking at herself in the long door mirror. "I expect we shall dress for dinner a lot out there."

"This will make three dinner dresses," Beth said, kneeling to put pins in the hem again. "You're pretty well fixed."

"Speaking of fixing," Vernon had come to the bedroom door. "I got a lock for that trunk of yours, Andrea. I can fix it up so that it will last until you get off the boat, anyway."

Bert Blake joined the party, mixing martinis in a shaker. "When you going, beautiful?"

"Next month. I haven't passage yet. I'm waiting for money. I won't be going for five weeks yet."

"Five weeks of this will make me a nervous wreck," Beth put in. "This is the first and last time I ever try to make a tresseau."

"Are you sure?" Vernon asked quietly, drawing her eyes to his.

"Well, almost," Beth said.

"Good girl," Andrea murmured under her breath so that only Beth

could hear. "Never close any doors on opportunity."

"This girl," Beth indicated Andrea with the point of her scissors, "is doing all right. She's got one of the girls at the boarding house doing monograms for her, and old Mrs. Bauner is knitting a sweater. I'm making dresses on Marion's machine. Vernon is fixing her trunk. What's your contribution, Bert?"

Bert said he was supplying morale, and they'd better call their sewing off and come and have a cocktail.

"Gulp them, kids," Marion advised. "We're having a kind of pre-Thanksgiving dinner today and I don't want it to spoil."

Andrea whirled from the window. "But that's bad luck, Marion!"

"The boys advised her not to be superstitious, but Andrea went into the dining room with her fingers crossed."

There were turnips and cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and a noble bird, before which Bert stood with poised knife, and five people drew in rapturous breaths before the appetizing odors which rose from the table.

"Temptation is stronger than superstition," Andrea admitted. "I'll have only one more dinner like this before I go away. Do you suppose we'll be eating coconuts and poi on Christmas Day?"

"You won't know what you're eating, if memory of my honeymoon serves me," Marion said with a fond glance at her husband.

"This is wonderful," Beth observed, swallowing her first mouthful. "You Blakes don't give what a touch of home life you give us. I used to be a pretty good cook myself and I miss getting up meals."

Across the table, Vernon said, "You belong in your own home, Beth. An office is no place for a girl like you."

Under cover of conversation, Andrea whispered, "Prepare yourself, sister. I sent an invitation to prepale over Junior's dream house."

Beth had a feeling that Andrea was not far wrong.

It was not much later that she was sure of it. Andrea had said there was only one catch in going to Honolulu. It was so far away from Beth.

"California is not far away, Andrea," Vernon said, but he was looking at Beth while he said it. "It's just a nice holiday away. If Beth lived in California, you could visit each other."

Beth said hastily she couldn't abide turkey stuffed with chestnuts or oysters; just give her Marion's dressing any day.

Bert brought the conversation back, saying he wasn't sure there would be much going back and forth to the islands; things were getting pretty hot and he wouldn't

be surprised if war popped in the Pacific any day.

Determined that nothing should spoil Andrea's happiness, since she was determined to go, Beth changed the subject again, and it wasn't mentioned the rest of that day.

She was in complete accord with Andrea's determination. If she were in Andrea's shoes—oh, happy girl to be marrying Jim—she'd go to Siberia, defying the whole German Army to get to him. She could understand Andrea's finding a little thing like a possible war no deterrent.

The girls went back to their sewing while the daylight lasted. Then they listened to symphony music on the radio and later they had sandwiches and coffee, and it was time to go.

"I'll walk home with you," Vernon said, going to get his coat.

"A dime gets you a quarter that," Vernon proposed tonight. Andrea whispered to Beth, thereby getting Beth into a state of panic.

"Why don't you and Bert come along, too," Beth invited urgently. "It's such a divine night! The air would do you good."

Marion thought that was a splendid idea. It was obvious that Vernon didn't, that he had something to tell her. He had to tell her when they were walking two by three, since Andrea had abandoned her to walk with the other Blakes on the narrow sidewalk.

"I'm going back to California, Beth."

Beth stopped in her tracks. "No, Bert! I'll miss you. Why do you go back?"

"My efforts to get into something useful here have come to nothing. I've a good business back home. My kid brother's carrying on, but he wants to get into the Army."

"Washington won't be the same without you," she said honestly. "You don't know what it's meant to me to have you for my friend."

She saw his face wrinkle unhappily into a very smile.

"I guess that's what I am, Beth. Your friend."

"I thought you'd known all along."

"Somebody else?"

"Yes, I guess that's it. . . . only I can't have him, Vernon." He held her arm a little closer in his. "I'm sorry," he said.

"I know you are. And I'm sorry, sorry it isn't you, Vernon." "I don't give up easily, Beth. I'll come back. Don't . . . don't sit under the apple tree with anybody else, will you?"

"There isn't anyone else."

Then she thought of Dennis, but only, of course, because Dennis would take her out again. She wouldn't be quite dateless when Vernon was gone.

(To Be Continued)

## Fight on Tuberculosis

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

CERTAIN WARS go on quietly year after year and no one sees any prospect of a time when post-war planning will be possible.

Dr. Clendenning will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

These are the wars on disease. Some of them are ended quite dramatically. Such was the case with typhoid fever.

When a combination of public supervision of the water supply and universal private vaccination came along this world-old scourge which had been killing its thousands every year since the time of the beginning of written history suddenly disappeared for all practical purposes. To have a case of typhoid fever in a person today is an indictment of the community where it is found that puts it down as hopelessly uncivilized.

Much more quietly and gradually, but still quite thoroughly, we are winning the war against tuberculosis. Only as long ago as when I was a medical student it was called in the text book I used the "Captain of the Men of Death". Now its incidence is greatly reduced. Among the students at the University of Minnesota it was found that 31% reacted positively to tuberculin in 1928, while in 1941-42 17% reacted positively. Here is a change that has occurred in only 14 years.

An Unrelenting Fight

What has brought this victory about? Nothing sudden, definite and dramatic like typhoid fever vaccination, but slow, hard unrelenting toil by a number of workers all over the world using a number of methods.

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(To Be Continued)

To accomplish our objective—to remove tuberculosis from the world—that hard, slow, tedious work must go on. That is why the sale of Christmas seals and support of the National Tuberculosis Association must be kept up.

What are the elements in this hard individual toil that have brought us so far on the road to victory? First, unquestionably, is better and earlier diagnosis. We can spot an active case earlier with more certainty than we used to and so begin treatment earlier.

And the earlier treatment is because the more blood we are able to have a good result. We used to be unwilling to make a diagnosis until the germs could be demonstrated in the sputum. Now we believe that if the germs can be found it is a late and possibly hopeless case.

Removing Infected Patient

More important than treatment of the infected individual, however, is that we remove him from contact with the rest of the family. For we know now beyond any doubt that tuberculosis is a contagious disease and is transmitted from one human being to another.

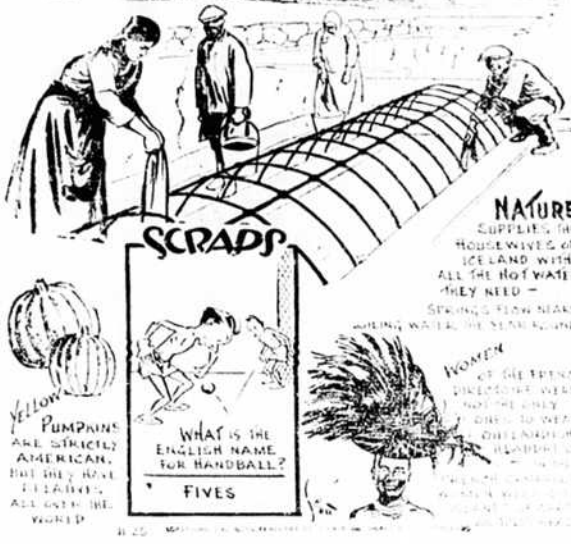
The only other method of infection is by milk from an infected cow and we have largely liquidated all our tuberculous infected cattle.

Another element in our control is that we have more sanitarium beds in which to place patients, thus accomplishing the removal from the family. We need more sanitarium beds that is part of the future battle.

Lastly, instead of waiting for cure to come to the doctor, we employ curative medicine and the doctor takes the initiative in labelling a case. This is the reason for the preliminary examination in factories, schools, the army, etc.

## SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



## THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

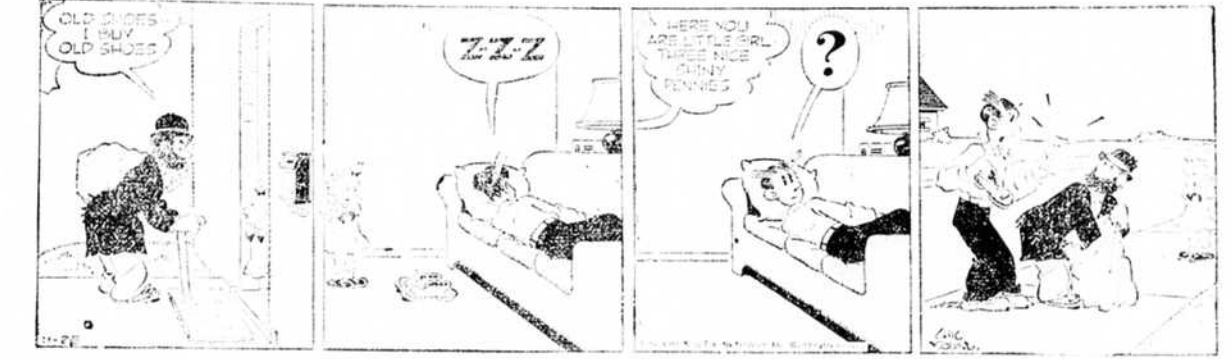
## "The Children's Hour"



## BLONDIE

## Bargain Day!

By Chic Young



## ETTA KEIT

By PAUL ROBINSON



## The Gumps

## Which One Is Expendable?

