

Out of the Fog

By GREGORY JONAS
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

BARRY STUART, bachelor, was driving his high-powered roadster over the country roads at a pace quite inconsistent with its ability for speed. Barry was drinking in the beauties of the moon-flooded night. A fog rose from the river and floated lightly above the lowlands, wandering clouds touched by the magic of the moon. Like a huge, disgorged feather-bed the bank of white awaited Barry's dip into the valley only to disappear upon his advent.

"Like all my troubles," mused Barry. Now and then oblongs of yellow light showed through the blur of white and Barry knew there was a home—and he wished vaguely that there were a yellow light beckoning him. With these vague wishes was mixed the shadowy dream of a girl's face, her blue eyes and her bright hair as soft and intangible as the feathers of fog about him.

Barry had been unable to forget this particular girl for one moment after meeting her; and now he was running away from her; she threatened to crystallize his vague dreams into reality; she imperiled his celibacy, and he wasn't ready—not yet. His memories of her mingled so enticingly with the night that he was startled, as his car rose to the hilltop, to see a slight figure hurrying along ahead of him.

"Won't you ride?" asked Barry, sensing that there must be some reason for a girl's treading this lone road so long after bedtime. Her voice sounded sharp and there was recklessness in her acceptance of his invitation.

"Yes, I'll ride," she answered, and slumped down into the seat beside him.

"On your way to Moorestown?" he asked.

"As well as anywhere," she replied, and Barry was silent. His dreams were lost in the fog as he puzzled about the girl beside him. They drove along quietly, dipping into the valleys and rising to the hilltops with a swift, clean motion that was worthy of his car. When they had gone another ten miles the girl spoke suddenly:

"I'm leaving my husband!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Barry, and added: "How old are you?"

"Twenty-four and I'm tired of drudgery and tending babies and having nothing!"

"I see," commented Barry softly. "Husbands and babies aren't much compensation unless they're nice," he added tentatively.

"My babies are adorable!" she flashed.

"They must be unusual, then," he observed. "Most babies are pests!"

"Have you any?" she demanded.

"Good Lord, no—I'm a bachelor." "Then you don't know a thing about it. They're so soft and adorable and—cute! Twin girls. But his mother is always there—making trouble. She'll take care of them."

"Of course," agreed Barry. "In another six months they'll probably think she's their mother—they're unfeeling little brutes, at best."

"Mine are not! They know me—they cry when I leave them!" Silence enveloped them, when suddenly the girl's voice broke it.

"I've got to go back! Take me to the next bus stop—you'll think I'm crazy!"

"What difference does it make what I think? I don't even know your name. But you're foolish to go back. We could go to the show and have a good time—"

"I've turned and caught the appeal in her upturned face.

"Honestly, I didn't mean that!" he said contritely, turning the car about. "I'm going to take you home." The car flew like a live thing.

"Tell me the house," said Barry. "I will." He could feel her tenseness; once she put out a small hand and laid it over his on the wheel.

"I don't know how to thank you—" "Your husband won't—abuse you?" he inquired.

"Phil? Good heavens, no!" "Men do—"

"Not mine—it's just that his mother bosses me so—"

"I know—I have a boss myself and some day I'm going to wax independent and fire myself—but not till I see that it won't ruin my own happiness," he told her.

She touched his arm when at last two rectangles of light gleamed through the lifting fog.

"Atmosphere has cleared," remarked Barry, drawing up to the house and sounding his horn. The door opened and a frenzied young man stood outlined—behind him a woman twisting her apron.

"I've brought back your wife," he announced, handing her out of the car. "Wives are hard to get," he observed, "and harder to keep, I'm told. When I find one I'm going to make it my business to keep her!"

The young man, with his arms about his wife, tried to thank Barry; but with a wave of his hand Barry was gone, not toward Moorestown, but in the other direction where the girl with the blue eyes and lovely hair must be sitting somewhere behind oblongs of yellow light—waiting!

Thunder Stops Watches
SASKATOON, SASK.—Herb Buckle, local jeweler, remarked recently: "I wish there were more thunderstorms, for my business seems to pick up immediately after a thunderstorm. But there is one thing I can't explain. That is, why is it that one-third of the watches brought to me for repairs have stopped between the hours of midnight and three a. m.?"

Squirrel Is Killed

By Golfer's Shot

VANCOUVER, WASH.—"That's a squirrelly shot if there ever was one!" cried Golfer George Wells as his tee shot smacked into a tree. Neither Wells nor his golfing partners realized just how "squirrelly" the shot was until they approached the tree and found his ball and a large dead red squirrel.

Couple Completes Long Dream Trip

Visit Most of the World on 5-Year Cruise.

BERKELEY, CALIF.—Terminating a five-year cruise in their 37-foot ketch Igrasil, in which they sailed five of the seven seas, Roger Strout, 38 years old, and his wife Edith have made their last mooring in the Berkeley yacht harbor and will reintegrate themselves into a landlubber's life.

Both university graduates, the couple decided on their vagabond roving in 1934 merely to realize that dream which almost everyone at some time in life has of sailing away to some far distant place in leisurely fashion.

Strout, whose former name was at Portland, Maine, is a graduate of Bowdoin college. He won a master's degree in physics at the University of Chicago and was assistant professor of physics at Georgia Tech when he finally decided to quit his job and carry out his idea.

He modeled his boat after the famous Spray of St. Clochem.

Mr. and Mrs. Strout started first on a three-year jaunt which took them to New Zealand, the Indian ocean, Cape of Good Hope, and to anchorage in New York in 1937.

After that they sailed on and on. They went to the Arctic and Antarctic circles, from the east coast to Hawaii, through the Panama canal, and finally to Alaska.

Then they came down to Seattle, where they spent the winter, and finally to Berkeley to say good-bye to the roving days.

The name Igrasil, they explain, is that of the tree of life in Norse mythology.

Mrs. Strout, who was a student at the University of Denver, became the wife of the university professor in 1925. She is especially proud of the fact that she stood her night watches at the wheel throughout the cruises the same as an able seaman—a feat that even sea captains regard as notable.

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