Out of the Fog

By GREGORY JONAS Associated Newsparers-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 ficated 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 readynot yet. His memories of her mingled so enticingly with the night 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 lonesome road so long after teatime. 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 Harry son-

"Harey you any?" she demanded. night and three a. m.?"

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

"Of course," agreed Barry. "In another six months they'll probably think she's their mother-they're un-

feeling little brutes, at best." "Mine are not! They know methey cry when I leave them!" Silence enveloped them, when suddealy 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-" He turned and caught the appeal in her upturned face.

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

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

"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 that he was startled, as his car 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," re-

marked 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, handling 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

The young man, with his arms ry; but with a wave of his hand Barry was gone, not foward Moorestown, but in the other dieyes and lovely hair must be sitting somewhere behind chlongs of yellow light-waiting!

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Squirrel Is Killed

By Golfer's Shot VANCOUVER, WASH .- "That's s 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 37foot ketch Igdrasil, 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 nome 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 fa-

mous Spray of Si Clocum. 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, about his wife, tried to thank Bar- where they spent the winter, and finally to Berkeley to say good-by

to the roving days. The name Igdrasil, they explain, rection where the girl with the blue is that of the tree of life in Norse

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 SASKATOON, BASK. - Herb watches at the wheel throughout the Buckle, local jeweler, remarked re-cently: "I wish there were more man-a feat that even sea captains

My bubbes are adsrable!" she thing I can't explain. That is, why press-Courier next week on the occa-"They must be unusual, then," he stopped between the hours of mid-

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