

BURNED FINGERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Chapter 19
Synopsis
Jennifer Richie's love for Sid-Bey Borrows, TV, had been completely unrequited. Sid had money, social and family background, poise, sophistication—all that Jennifer was not. But Sid lost interest and drifted away.

Mollie Evans, a fellow-office worker, invited Jennifer to her engagement party where she met rightous Eugene Evans, the hostess's brother who fell in love with her, too. But she turned him down.

Jennifer lived with her stepmother, Betty Slade, and her two stepdaughters. Eugene kept up his visits, all the while repeating his hope to marry Jennifer, and one night during one of his visits, Sid reappeared unexpectedly. Jennifer ordered Sid to leave and never returned.

Eugene came again, demanding to know the meaning of Sid's flippant familiarity with Jennifer. Then Eugene was run down by a truck and died practically in Jennifer's arms.

Then she met Montgomery Smith, an artist and neighbor, who took a wholesome interest in her. He proceeded to broaden her limited education. Through a friend of Montgomery's, Jennifer got a job as a model. Then at his studio, she met Stan Lichtenstein, a noted concert violinist. He, too, took more than a casual interest in her and expressed his feelings in a letter he wrote her.

On the morning after the concert Jennifer was modeling a particularly impressive robe for an elderly woman when she planned about to see Stanlaus himself watching her from a near-by chair. He was sitting quietly, his hat on the table beside him, his hand with his gloves dangling from it resting on the head of his stick.

Jennifer gave him one shy half smile before remembering her instructions never to let her gaze wander from the immediate contemplation of the prospective customer; she was not supposed to volunteer a remark of any kind under these circumstances, but she could not resist a temptation to murmur to Miss Hudson, who was making the sale, that that man was Lichtenstein, the violinist.

A little stir ensued. Jennifer paid no attention to it, but a moment she had almost planned to make the sale, she felt a hand on her shoulder. "Hollister spoke to him; he says he's waiting for a friend."

Everyone on the floor was presently conscious of his presence. Jennifer felt only one who dared move her eyes in his direction. The dress was sold and she had turned to go back to the dressing room when she found herself face to face with him. His eyes were glowing and she felt his hands tremble as they grasped hers.

"You are so wonderful!" he breathed, drawing her to a somewhat secluded alcove. "Come here—come this way." And apparently unconscious of the fact that she was beaming down at her, Jennifer, in her candy-striped stiff taffeta gown, wanted to free her fingers, wanted to run away—run away anywhere that was safe from the eyes that were all about her.

"What are you afraid of?" the man said. "Nobody is looking at you! My beautiful wonderful angel," he added under his breath.

"I have to go take this off," Jennifer murmured, freeing her hands. She ran away upstairs, flustered, flattered, frightened by the encounter. He was crazy, of course, but what an exciting thing to have a man crave in that particular way! The other girls would be all agog. Jennifer would probably never see him again, but it was certainly thrilling!

On the other hand, she thought, cooling, probably most of the absent customer had not noticed the violinist at all, much less identified him. Perhaps she had just imagined that, while she kept her eyes so sedulously fixed upon the customer and the taffeta robe, everyone was conscious of Stanlaus Lichtenstein's presence. There would very likely be no comment upon it whatsoever, and all this panting and flushing and gasping were nonsense. Jennifer put on her clothing, pulled on a small hat, and went out to lunch.

Jennifer felt the languor of spring in her blood. "What a day to play hockey!" said a bold, joyous voice in her ear, and she laughed at the remark of the big boy who said it as he hurried past her in the friendliest way imaginable. She had never seen him before, but it was pleasant, still laughing when a hand went with sudden authoritative firmness under her elbow, and she looked up to see Stanlaus Lichtenstein smiling eagerly down at her.

"Who speaks to you?" he asked. The girl looked bewildered. "Then you didn't know him?" Stanlaus said.

"That man who went by? No, I'd never seen him before."

"Oh yes. He said, 'What a day to play hockey.'" Jennifer smiled, remembering. "Where are we going?" she asked, finding herself propelled briskly along as they talked.

"We are going to lunch," he answered joyfully. "Yes, I know—I know you have only a short time, but we will be quick. A chop—no, not a chop. They take too long with their chops! We'll see what's all ready. In here."

They went down the long arcade of the Palace Hotel; Jennifer had never lunched here before. She was enchanted with the open court, the flowers, the men and women waiting in the great chairs of the lobby, and the gay little tables, and surrounded by laughing and well-dressed lunchers. Tall palms drooped here and there, waiters went quickly to and fro, and—there was no mistaking it this time—Stanlaus was certainly recognized here, and to be the girl with him, to be watched by all eyes, gave Jennifer a sensation she has never had in her life before, a sensation of gaiety and confidence, of delight in flowers and spring perfume and admiration, a sheer joy in being herself and being alive.

They took a small table. Stanlaus set his watch beside his plate. What he ordered or what she ate Jennifer hardly knew; she knew that everything was managed very quickly and that a friend of Montgomery's, Jennifer promptly and was left in a completely bewildered condition to dream her way through the afternoon hours in the hot, crowded shop, remembering the ecstatic expression on Stan's face, his passionate attention to her every word, his complete absorption in her during the meal.

Well! A thing like this certainly took one's breath away. He had said to her: "You will lunch with me tomorrow night, and after? Tomorrow night I will play in Oakland, but you have had enough of me and my music. I will not ask you to do that. And then lunch on Saturday. I will call for you at one; you are free after that for the afternoon? What shall we do? As if it mattered what we did! And on Saturday night your mother and the sisters, shall we go to dinner? At the Fairmont? Which ever you like. That would please them, wouldn't it? At nine o'clock I must go to my train; we will dine early for the plane, and let's start!"

And then you will write to me, and I will try to come back to stay here a week with no concerts to bother us. I will be tired; I will want to go to the movies and rest and talk to you. Will you do that?"

She had laughed at some of it, had been oddly embarrassed by a little of it, had found herself puzzled at her own reaction to the hour of music and perfume and luxury and pleasure. Altogether, it was somewhat exhausting. Jennifer walked home through the languid sweetness of the dying day; even the shabbiness of the street was irradiated by the long soft light. Asparagus and strawberries were already in the markets, and apricots and figs and corn would follow, Jennifer thought. She felt a general relaxing and melting of spirit and flesh; spring was a heavenly time. Jennifer stopped and bought a bunch of freesias for fifteen cents.

That night she invited Paddy and Elina to go out for a walk, and they wandered up the hill past the park and sat on a stone coping looking down at the sea. The moon was slowly moving across the sky; there was still light in the west. The little girls were in high feather and chattered with increasing confidence and recklessness. There were boys at school, and—look, one of them said this, and another wrote that on the wall. Wasn't that awful! Jennifer, feeling old and wise and sad, agreed soothily that it was; they didn't really mean anything much, they were just—well, like that. Paddy said that she hated boys; Elina did not commit herself. Two or three times the small girls were moved to violent and joyous laughter at Jennifer's observations, and then she laughed too. They came back three abreast arms linked in affection and felicity.

"Your friend telephoned," Betty told her when they came in. "Monty?" Her eyes brightened. She had fancied him out of sympathy with her.

"He said to say, 'Stan,'" Betty answered dryly. "Oh, Stan, the crazy," Jennifer said lightly. Disapproval was in Betty's manner.

"He certainly sounds that way," Betty assured her. Nothing more was said on the subject.

Crazy he might be, but the world in which Stan moved was an enchanting world for Jennifer, and it was hard for her to resist its appeal. The intoxication of it was swift in taking hold of her, and for the next few days she lived in a dream. No girl alive but would be affected by this glimpse of money and luxuries and perfumes and the beauty of spacious great places; the big hotel lobbies, the restaurants, the magnificent operahouses were all new to her. The lunched together hurriedly for her time was limited. Betty would not consider her going off to dinner with Stan, giving in finally to the plan by which they should all dine together on Stan's last night.

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STEVE ROPER



FOGO



ORPHAN ANNIE



LIL ABNER



HOPALONG CASSIDY



MUTT & JEFF



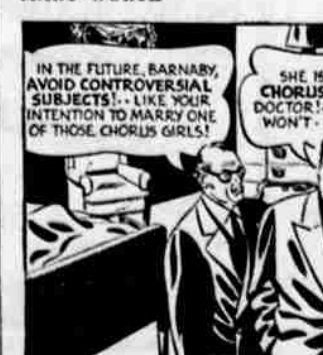
REX MORGAN, M. D.



DONALD DUCK



MARY WORTH



RADIO PROGRAMS

WEDNESDAY—P. M.					
KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KGAE	KOCO
12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00
12:00 Noon News	12:00 Noon News	12:00 Noon News	12:00 Noon News	12:00 Noon News	12:00 Noon News
12:15 Read Life	12:15 News Come Get It	12:15 News Come Get It	12:15 News Come Get It	12:15 News Come Get It	12:15 News Come Get It
12:30 Pop Young	12:30 News	12:30 News	12:30 News	12:30 News	12:30 News
12:45 Soapboxes	12:45 News	12:45 News	12:45 News	12:45 News	12:45 News
1:00 Stage Wife	1:00 News	1:00 News	1:00 News	1:00 News	1:00 News
1:15 Little Dishes	1:15 News	1:15 News	1:15 News	1:15 News	1:15 News
1:30 World News	1:30 News	1:30 News	1:30 News	1:30 News	1:30 News
1:45 Woman to Me	1:45 News	1:45 News	1:45 News	1:45 News	1:45 News
2:00 Plain Bill	2:00 News	2:00 News	2:00 News	2:00 News	2:00 News
2:15 Fr. Fr. Fr.	2:15 News	2:15 News	2:15 News	2:15 News	2:15 News
2:30 L. Jean	2:30 News	2:30 News	2:30 News	2:30 News	2:30 News
2:45 Doc's Wife	2:45 News	2:45 News	2:45 News	2:45 News	2:45 News
3:00 Welcome	3:00 News	3:00 News	3:00 News	3:00 News	3:00 News
3:15 Travelers	3:15 News	3:15 News	3:15 News	3:15 News	3:15 News
3:30 Dr. Paul	3:30 News	3:30 News	3:30 News	3:30 News	3:30 News
3:45 Date Curry	3:45 News	3:45 News	3:45 News	3:45 News	3:45 News
4:00 Life Beautiful	4:00 News	4:00 News	4:00 News	4:00 News	4:00 News
4:15 Go to Town	4:15 News	4:15 News	4:15 News	4:15 News	4:15 News
4:30 Music Box	4:30 News	4:30 News	4:30 News	4:30 News	4:30 News
4:45 Music Box	4:45 News	4:45 News	4:45 News	4:45 News	4:45 News
5:00 Bill Stern	5:00 News	5:00 News	5:00 News	5:00 News	5:00 News
5:15 News	5:15 News	5:15 News	5:15 News	5:15 News	5:15 News
5:30 K. Petersen	5:30 News	5:30 News	5:30 News	5:30 News	5:30 News
5:45 K. Petersen	5:45 News	5:45 News	5:45 News	5:45 News	5:45 News
6:00 Relax with	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News
6:15 Music	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News
6:30 L. Jean	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News
6:45 Jeep	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News
7:00 Scarlet	7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News
7:15 Pimpernel	7:15 News	7:15 News	7:15 News	7:15 News	7:15 News
7:30 White House	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News
7:45 Report	7:45 News	7:45 News	7:45 News	7:45 News	7:45 News
8:00 Man's Fun	8:00 News	8:00 News	8:00 News	8:00 News	8:00 News
8:15 News	8:15 News	8:15 News	8:15 News	8:15 News	8:15 News
8:30 Great	8:30 News	8:30 News	8:30 News	8:30 News	8:30 News
8:45 Goldenrule	8:45 News	8:45 News	8:45 News	8:45 News	8:45 News
9:00 Orwash	9:00 News	9:00 News	9:00 News	9:00 News	9:00 News
9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News
9:30 Name That	9:30 News	9:30 News	9:30 News	9:30 News	9:30 News
9:45 Tune	9:45 News	9:45 News	9:45 News	9:45 News	9:45 News
10:00 Reservoir	10:00 News	10:00 News	10:00 News	10:00 News	10:00 News
10:15 Sports Fun	10:15 News	10:15 News	10:15 News	10:15 News	10:15 News
10:30 Bob & Ray	10:30 News	10:30 News	10:30 News	10:30 News	10:30 News
11:00 News	11:00 News	11:00 News	11:00 News	11:00 News	11:00 News
11:15 T. L. McCall	11:15 News	11:15 News	11:15 News	11:15 News	11:15 News
11:30 City Council	11:30 News	11:30 News	11:30 News	11:30 News	11:30 News
11:45 City Council	11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News
12:00 View Off	12:00 News	12:00 News	12:00 News	12:00 News	12:00 News

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THURSDAY—6 A. M. TO 11:45 A. M.					
6:00 Dave West	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News
6:15 Dave West	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News
6:30 Dave West	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News
6:45 Dave West	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News
7:00 Country 80					