

**BURNED FINGERS**

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

**CHAPTER 22**  
Another winter had gone by and it was spring when Betty stepped forth with the announcement that she and Cliff had arranged to be remarried. Cliff, bashfully reappearing in his family circle, seemed to Jennifer to be quite a changed person. He was gray and mild and oddly shrunken; his manner was apologetic and conciliatory. The small girls instantly took him back to their hearts, and Betty was suddenly five years younger and filled with a certain coquetry and bloom.

All this was oddly satisfying to Jennifer. Cliff was making good money; Betty's money trouble was temporarily over. For Jennifer there was new freedom. It was with a deep feeling of relief that she left the old life behind her.

Betty had tried to make some arrangements by which they could all live together. In the end all agreed that there was really no room in the flat for the enlarged family, and Jennifer had asked Mary Flood what she would advise.

"You'll come straight to us," she had said, warming the very fibers of Jennifer's heart with the quiet glances she gave her as she said, "My Mother's never speak to me again if you went anywhere else."

There were about sixteen in the Evans party; they came out of the warm bright church into the cold, staid winter night together, and said a subdued but happy "Merry Christmas" to one another. Then Joe and Jim walked home with Mary Flood and her mother, and Jennifer and Cliff went to the club and stayed in the rooming house.

Jim was a doctor, had just graduated. He was an intern at the City and County Hospital. He was a tall, lean, broad-shouldered man of perhaps thirty; his cheekbones were long, his mouth large, his deep-set eyes gray. He had a mass of lanky, straight hair, somewhat surly, and a deep, kind voice. He was hard-working, serious, amusing in a dry sort of way, and had the quality of making every woman who saw him fall in love with him.

"Of course he did not pay any serious attention to her. A doctor person with better rights was always taking possession of him, and for another he was working hard and did not come often to parties nor stay late when he did come. Jennifer was convinced that Mollie's sister-in-law, pretty Myra Moore, was made in love with him, and there was a young and lovely widow, Helena MacIntyre, who made no secret—or so Jennifer imagined—of her feeling for the doctor.

They were ten or a dozen of them who were together constantly that spring. They would dine downtown at some Italian or French restaurant and sing. They would go to Mollie's house or the Evans' house and play games, laughing, doing a great deal of joyous stumbling against each other and blundering when the time came for scrambled eggs and coffee.

Nobody was rich but there was always enough food and light and firewood, always enough money for movies and carfare. It was a new world to Jennifer, a world without show, without strain, without pretense, without worry. If they played games for money it was but a few cents; a sportsman; and when Jim announced to each member of a party his share of expenses, the girls as well as the boys paid on the spot. Mary Flood and her mother took as keen an interest in Jennifer's clothes on these occasions, her experiences, her triumphs, as any of her own flesh and blood could have done.

As spring warmed and bloomed about them they went on trips. Jennifer, silent with ecstacy, had her first look at the great town of Mendocino County. She went with them to somebody's cabin at Aptos, and on an April Sunday morning they walked on curves of beach and stretches of great umbrated boulders; they stood on the points of the cliffs, and Jennifer felt the sweet salty wind ruffling her soft hair. They came back under the warm blanket of the fog and cooked hamburgers and toasted buns, and Jennifer felt that there had never been so happy a day and such wonderful people!

She had her own special place among them; she was their cap and bells. She pretended that she did not know it; her characteristic expression was one of innocent gravity. But she could amuse them; she looked to her for it. She would answer "That O'Connor with the trembling meekness of a browbeaten little wife; she could sink her voice to a rich chorus and burst into a choice type of Billingsgate that always wrung an amazed, half shocked laugh even from Jim, in character or in impromptu theatricals she looked whatever part they gave her with tremendous vim and enthusiasm. On one occasion, when old Mrs. Evans was in bed with a cold, Jennifer lay long awake, thinking about Jim and wondering.

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(To Be Continued)

**STEVE ROYER**



**POGO**



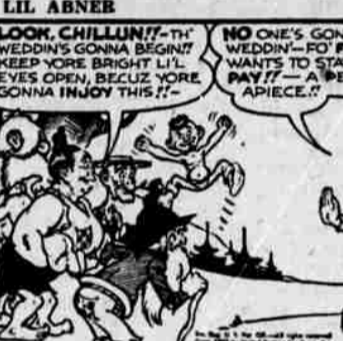
**ORPHAN ANNIE**



**LIL ABNER**



**MUTT & JEFF**



**DONALD DUCK**



**IF 'SO HI' IS A KOREAN ORPHAN, MR. JUNG, HOW DID HE WIND UP LOOZING MILES FROM KOREA IN THE TRUNK OF MY CAR? IF 'SO HI' IS A KOREAN ORPHAN, MR. JUNG, HOW DID HE WIND UP LOOZING MILES FROM KOREA IN THE TRUNK OF MY CAR? IF 'SO HI' IS A KOREAN ORPHAN, MR. JUNG, HOW DID HE WIND UP LOOZING MILES FROM KOREA IN THE TRUNK OF MY CAR?**

**I TOLE POGO HERE 'BOUT YOU HAD A SINGIN' TRIO—FLIM, FLAM AN' FLO—**

**LOOK, CHILLUN!—THE WEDDING'S GONNA BEGIN! KEEP YORE BRIGHT LIL' EYES OPEN! BECAUSE YORE GONNA INJOY THIS!—**

**HELLO, JEFF? MY CAR IS STUCK ON IN THE COUNTRY! I NEED TEN BUCKS FOR A TOW HOME!**

**LOOK, JUNE! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF YOU AS A FINE NURSE—I THINK IT WAS A SWEATER!**

**HE SAID WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO WANT FOR YOUR SOCKS?**

**THAT WAS ALL HE SAID—JUST THAT HIS FATHER'S ILLNESS WOULD PREVENT HIM FROM SEEING YOU... FOR SOME TIME!**

**I'M SORRY, MAAM!—MR. BARNBY DEXTER IS NOT AT HOME... TO YOU!**

**RADIO PROGRAMS**

Table of radio programs for Saturday and Sunday. Columns include station call letters and program titles. Dates range from 12:00 to 12:00 PM.

Trader Louie Does It Again. Once again Trader Louie is going out on the deep end to help everyone get a beautiful Raytheon TV. NO MONEY DOWN. 1870 Lana Ave. Phone 38558.

Table of radio programs for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Columns include station call letters and program titles. Dates range from 6:00 to 12:00 PM.

**Crossword Puzzle**

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words. Includes solutions for previous puzzles and a solution for the crossword puzzle.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Sweeten breath, too. Chews Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Enjoy its lively, delicious flavor. Cools mouth—freshens teeth. Small to chew—anytime! Refreshing! Delicious!

Room & Board advertisement. You guys who've been boarding here a long time must have calluses inside your ears from listening to that big windbag bragging Judge Puffley—how do you throttle him down without pulling a slipknot around his neck? Includes cartoon illustration of a man.