

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

SYNOPSIS: Twenty-four hours after her runaway marriage with Dickey Dale, Hope Ross Dale finds herself separated from her husband. Her father, furious at the marriage, sends her to her room where she returns with Dickey while he and Dickey quarrel. She is 17, but is determined to stick by Dickey.

Chapter 15 INSANE AND MEDIEVAL IDEAS

With a shriek Hope rushed past her father to the window. Tearing back the curtains to see what she couldn't believe was true—to see the unholy, lovable, outrageous roadster disappearing around the bend of the driveway—off down the road!

"Dickey!" she screamed. "Dickey!" Slowly, Hope turned back to face her father. Blood of the same blood; each with the same granite will and imperious pride, they faced each other. Both were pale, with eyes that seemed to have forgotten love in this, their greatest moment of conflict.

"What did you do with him?" she demanded throatily. "Where did he go? What did you do to him?" Strangely still stood John Howard Ross, his thin pale lips twitching, his eyes unblinking and almost glittering as he stared steadily at her.

A slight groan escaped his lips, and his right hand went up swiftly to the limp arm.

"Dad! You're hurt. Daddie, what is it? You're hurt!"

All softness and sympathy she had turned toward him. But his right hand went up as a barrier.

"Go to your room!" he repeated as if forcing each word through his teeth.

So noisy was Hope's refuge in weeping when at last she reached her own be-tufted and canopied bed, that she didn't hear a key turn in her door. For centuries she lay, face downward, a fanciful wreck of a bride; finding only one warm and living comfort. Sassy eventually snuggled close to her hot cheeks, moving intermittently, his white fur becoming entangled in her yellow curls, as she clasped him to her grubby face and told him over and over that it wasn't fair, and it couldn't go on. Dickey would return soon, and probably bring Hickey, and surely her father would come to talk to her and then she'd explain just how it had happened.

But dusk crept over the hills of Westchester, and it did go on, and Dickey didn't appear, nor did her father come to talk to her. Eventually Hope bathed and dressed afresh, marveling at so much headache as she gazed into

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Lure of Other Men's Riches



'SMATTER POP—A Wise Father Will Not Disturb an Inactive Child

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By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Gets a Nomination

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



"Dad! You're hurt, Daddie, what is it?" Hope cried.

her own bewildered, reddened eyes in the mirror. At length she gained courage and with a quiet determination she walked to her door. But the door of her bedroom was locked!

A wave of fury swept through Hope. And with the fury came the end of tears and repentance! If only there were a telephone in her room! So often she had thought of asking for one. And now—if only she could hear Dickey's voice! If only she could know where he was, and what he was doing...

At eight o'clock that night, the key turned in her lock and her door was flung open. On the threshold stood her father. Silent. Never glancing at her. Past him came Dill, the cook, bearing a tray which she deposited on the end table beside Hope's pet armchair.

"Good evening, Miss Hope," mumbled Cook from sheer necessity to greet the forlorn figure standing at the window. Hope started. Her eyes had been on her father's unapproachable countenance. Now her little jaw grew square and her lips curled.

"I'm Mrs. Dale, Cook," she said quite nastily. Oh, very nastily indeed. "I'm Mrs. Dale, Cook."

"That will do, Dill," said Mr. Ross sharply. "Yes, sir. Good night, Mrs. Dale!" Hope smiled with sour triumph as the cook clacked sedately through the doorway. But the smile faded as her father followed the servant swiftly, closed the door and turned the key once more in the lock.

"Dad!" she called, and flew to the door, beating it viciously with her small fists. "I won't bave it! You can't treat me like that! I won't have it, you hear? I'm not a baby any longer. Listen to me!"

But if Papa Ross was listening on the other side, no sound or murmur came through the door to quiet her anger.

"Treat me like a prisoner!" Hope cried. "I never heard of such insane, medieval, outlandish, downright cruel ideas in all my whole life!"

But a worse situation follows tomorrow, when an important scene is staged by Dickey, Ross and Hickey—with Hope absent.

The Catholic ladies will sponsor a cooked food sale at Weeks & Orr's furniture store Saturday a. m. March 19th. Miss Kelleher and Mrs. Weston will have charge.

Picture frames made to order. The Penneys, opp. Holly theater.

Still the unchained expression stared stonily down on her, lips twitching. Still the silence, despite the fact that in her earnestness she had caught at the lapels of his coat, tugging to emphasize each swollen half-strangled word.

She flung herself, breathless, into a huge high-back needle-point chair. In echoing silence she cried until her sobs expended themselves in her anger and fear.

A sharp, stern voice cut in on her quivering breathlessness. "Go to your room," said Papa Ross.

She waited until she could see him plainly. See the grim, taut face that had spoken those unfeeling words.

Slowly she got to her feet. "Listen, Dad," she managed huskily. "You're not fair. Not to listen or even speak to me. I didn't mean any harm. We haven't done any harm, except to—"

"Go to your room!" Without another word, Hope started past him. Because she wouldn't quite clearly see, and because she expected him to step aside for her to reach the staircase, she bumped awkwardly against him.

NEW YORK, March 17—(AP)—Ely Culbertson, bridge expert, has placed special guards over his two children because of letters threatening to kidnap them. The children are Piff, 3, and Bruce, 2, who is called "Jump Bug" by his parents.

Their governess wears a police whistle so she can give an alarm if kidnapers appear.

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Divorcees were granted to two Jackson county residents Tuesday in circuit court at Grants Pass by Judge H. D. Norton.

N. C. Berry of Foothills creek was granted a divorce from Josephine M. Berry of Medford, charging her with cruel and inhuman treatment.

Mrs. Beryl E. Green of Medford was granted a divorce from Fred D. Green, on the same charge.

Attorney Niel B. Allen of Grants Pass represented both Mr. Berry and Mrs. Green.

The office of Firey Insurance Service and Chauncey Finney U. S. Commission, now located on the 4th floor of the Liberty Bldg.