

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

SYNOPSIS: While Hope Ross Dale paces her room, where she is a prisoner, her newly acquired husband faces her angry father's demands. She and Dickey are sworn to help them and have come with Dickey, but Mr. Ross disapproves of Hickey. Hickey, he knows Dickey down.

Chapter 15

"CALL AN AMBULANCE"

A arm stole around Papa Ross's shoulder. A vivid, living arm, and a voice sharp with fear called into his ear.

"Dad—what's happened?" He uncovered his face slowly and gazed down at Goody. Gradually his distorted features quieted.

"You'd better call an ambulance," he said tonelessly. "I've hurt him. I—thank God, I didn't have a gun."

"Dad—oh, Dad!" They both stiffened as the sounds behind the closed door of the billiard room reached their ears.

Instinctively they moved aside as the knob was grasped and a voice spoke a short, hardened command.

The door swung open, and Hickey stood purple to the collar around his neck. Dohson, obedient, but panting, was growling at their feet.

Barely did Hickey glance at them. Turned, with a mountainous dignity

tasted her orange juice, and wondered why a single taste should drain the glass. Merely for curiosity's sake she lifted the cover from one dish and closed her eyes faintly at the sight of hot bran muffins, and two pats of fresh sweet butter. The tang of coffee teased her.

She and Sassy scraped the tray clean between them, and once more Hope lifted tray and dishes and flung them out her window into the rocky brook below, on the theory that nobody could really tell whether or not she had eaten!

Slowly and thoughtfully she dressed. Quite carefully she explained the dire necessity of peculiar proceedings to Sassy, begging the cat not to worry and to please put up with a few hardships just for an hour or so.

Then with infinite patience, she knitted together her sheets, and vigorously pushing her bed over to the window, fastened one end of her rope to the bedfoot. The long end she tossed out the window.

Next Sassy was tenderly picked in a tiny overnight bag, padded with hound's collar to protect his pedregreed pillows.

Out the window, flung as far as possible, so that it might miss the brook, went her own full-sized valise. Next, with prayers and



Hickey marched with dignity past the two in the corridor.

and marched to a ladder-back chair where slumped a bridegroom of less than two rounds of the clock. Carefully Hickey plucked up his son. And marched, silent and with supreme dignity, past the two in the corridor.

"Is he badly hurt?" called Papa Ross sharply.

At the foot of the staircase Hickey turned.

"Shall I—shall we call an ambulance?" put in Goody huskily.

Hickey's arms sagged from the sheer weight of his muscular burden. One fleeting glimpse of the boy's bleeding face, eyes closed in grateful unconsciousness, struck the vision of the two who stood half cowering in the light of the billiard room.

"I will take care of my son," said Hickey with labored breath. "You take care of your daughter!"

Tightly he gathered his burden, and spoke to the dog at his heels.

Goody at Papa Ross watched the procession up the broad staircase. Heard the voices in the upper hall. Heard the slam of the front door. Heard the sound of Hickey's car. And then—heard no more.

The following day, Mr. Ross did not go to his office. He himself unlocked Hope's door in the morning, and once more marshalled the cook in and out with a breakfast tray of food. The room was empty save for the hungry kitten cuddled in the taffeta bedspread that had been tossed on the floor. From behind Hope's bathroom door came sounds of a running shower, gasps and gurgles of grateful shock in the bride's pliant treble.

When Hope, wrapped in a hand crocheted bathrobe of orange, green, and lavender silken threads, swung open her bathroom door and gazed about, her bright blue eyes lighted on the breakfast tray set in the sunshine so that the painted cherries and peaches and grapes stood out on the gay yellow china like living fruit. Her nose crinkled, and her small bare foot tapped thoughtfully. A particularly rasping mew from Sassy made up her mind.

Kitten in her lap, Hope sat down and fed it cream and bits of parsley from her omelette. Dedicately she

mumbled pleas, the overnight bag containing Sassy.

Then with urgent speed, Hope climbed up on her bed and began to edge over to the window, grasping the sheet mightily, and testing its strength.

No doubt the servants had reported the various accumulations of cast outs from her window. At any rate, before Hope had one foot out on her perilous journey sheetwards, her bedroom door was suddenly unlocked and Papa Ross entered.

"Hope! Come in out of there, at once!" Pale but sharp-eyed, Hope stared at him.

"Not unless you're going to act human!" she called back sharply. "Come in here at once, I say."

"I'm going to Dickey!" "There's no Dickey to go to! Come in here!"

Hope jumped to the floor, gasping. "What do you mean—there's no Dickey?"

"Come down here, and I'll tell you. I want to talk to you, Hope."

She glanced fretfully toward the window. "But my kitty—it will die—"

"The cook has your cat. Come here, I say, child. I have news for you. Bad news, I suppose, but I expect you to be thoroughbred enough—"

"Has anything happened to Dickey?"

Only the sternest sense of duty, only the deepest faith in his sense of right, prevented Papa Ross from melting at that wall.

"No. Nothing has happened," he said slowly. "Except that he's come to his senses, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" "I don't know anything about him," Papa Ross shrugged. "I wondered why he could not meet the child's eyes. He hasn't been near me since he brought you home yesterday, and lost his temper to such an extent that he threw me against the door and very nearly broke my arm."

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When Hope refuses to believe him, Mr. Ross produces proof. Hope investigates on Monday.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Magic—And Grim Reality



TOMMY AND GIKETER ARE HAVING A GRAND TIME AT THE FORMAL BALL WHICH THE MAHARAJAH IS GIVING IN THEIR HONOR. AMONG THE GUESTS ARE MANY BRITISH OFFICERS AND THEIR WIVES. AS A NOVELTY FEATURE IN THE GREAT ENTERTAINMENT THE PRINCE HAS JUST INTRODUCED A MAGICIAN.

AS YOU SEE, I HAVE JUST BORROWED A CIGARETTE FROM THIS GENTLEMAN, WHO? I HAVE NEVER BEEN BEFORE! BY SMOKING IT I SHALL PRODUCE THE FRAGRANCE OF ANY PERFUME ANY OF YOU CAN NAME.

SWEET PEA'S MY FAVORITE!

MEANWHILE CONTRASTING THE GAIETY OF THE PARTY IN THE PALACE—SINISTER FORCES ARE AT WORK IN THE TEMPLE OF OUDORE.

'SMATTER POP—A Boy Can Be Cold Even If The Weather Isn't

By C. M. PAYNE



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU HUGGING THAT FIRE FOR? THE WEATHER IS NOT COLD.

OH-H-H, YA GOT THE WRONG IDEA, POP!

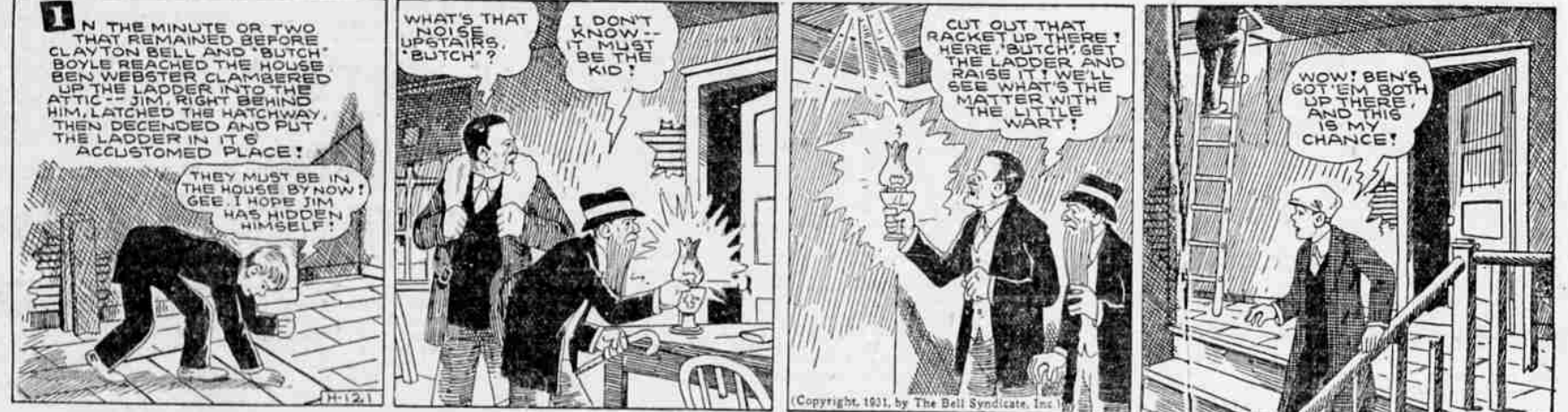
I-AINT WARMIN THE WEATHER, IM WARMIN ME!

DO YA GIVE IN, POP?

MY ERROR!

BOUND TO WIN—Jim Escapes!

By EDWIN ALGER



IN THE MINUTE OR TWO THAT REMAINED BEFORE CLAYTON BELL AND "BUTCH" BOYLE REACHED THE HOUSE BEN WEBSTER CLAMBERED UP THE LADDER INTO THE ATTIC—JIM RIGHT BEHIND HIM, LATCHED THE HATCHWAY, THEN DECIDED AND FLIT THE LADDER IN IT'S ACCUSTOMED PLACE!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE UPSTAIRS, "BUTCH"? I DON'T KNOW--IT MUST BE THE KID!

CUT OUT THAT RACKET UP THERE! HERE "BUTCH" GET THE LADDER AND RAISE IT! WE'LL SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE LITTLE WART!

WOW! BEN'S GOT 'EM BOTH UP THERE, AND THIS IS MY CHANCE!

THE NEBBS—And, That's That

By SOL HESS



THE PEOPLE OF NORTHMULE AND VICINITY ARE STILL RUNNING POTTS BANK AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE POTTS CAN LAST MUCH LONGER.

SYLBY, WAS IT INTUITION OR DID YOU KNOW THAT POTTS WAS GOING BROKE WHEN YOU LEFT HIM?

MONEY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, MRS ZIPPER. I'D LIVE WITH A BEGGAR IF HE HAD SENTIMENT AND CULTURE AND BESIDES, MRS. ZIPPER, MY HUSBAND CAN BE BROKE AND STILL HAVE AS MUCH AS YOUR HUSBAND EVER HAD.

UNLESS SOMETHING UNFORESEEN HAPPENS, THE POTTS BANK WILL HAVE TO GO INTO REGENERATION—THESE ARE TRYING TIMES FOR POOR POTTS.

MUTT AND JEFF—Plenty Of Smoke But No Heat

By BUD FISHER



SINCE MUTT STARTED HIS GOSSIP COLUMN THE TOWN IS AS NERVOUS AS A HEN ON A CROCODILE'S EGG. NO SECRET IS SAFE.

HOW'S THIS, JEFF OLD KID? I WILL PRINT AN ITEM TOMORROW THAT WILL BREAK UP EVERY HOME IN THE TOWN—AND EVEN SHATTER THE GARAGES.

HOT DOG, MUTT.

EGG, THE WHOLE TOWN MUST BE ON FIRE!

WHAT WAS GOING ON IN CITY HALL? NOPE, CHIEF. FALSE ALARM! MUTT PRINTED A THREAT IN HIS COLUMN AND STARTED EVERYTHING.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



BY GOLLY—I CAN'T GET MY SHOE ON—MY OLD RHEUMATISM IS COMIN BACK.

I'LL CALL ON DOCTOR CURREN—I HOPE HE IS HOME.

OH YES—YES! YOU ARE MR. JIGGS—I REMEMBER YOU.

DOC! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IS GOOD FOR RHEUMATISM? NO? DO YOU? I'VE BEEN LAID UP FOR TWO WEEKS—I CAN'T GET OUT OF THE HOUSE.

EXPLORER PRISONER OF INDIANS, BELIEF

BUENOS AIRES, March 21.—(AP)—Hope that Colonel P. H. Fawcett, British explorer who has been missing in the Brazilian jungles for seven years and long ago given up for dead, might still be found alive, was further revived here today by Captain Luis Longobardi, Italian explorer who spent 8 years in the Brazilian Mato Grosso section. Captain Longobardi said he believed Col. Fawcett was a prisoner of the Bororo Indians, 200 miles east of the Madeira river.

JOBLESS MAY TAKE SMELT WITHOUT FEE

SALEM, March 21.—(AP)—The state game commission, if it is possible, will relieve unemployed persons from the payment of the usual license fee of 50 cents imposed for the taking of smelt on their annual run up the Sandy river. Hal E. Ross, secretary of state, announced today. The announcement was made following a conference between Ross and Harvey Moreland, director, and Matt Ryckman, superintendent of hatcheries, here yesterday.

A card addressed 518 E. Main St will bring "THE FULLER BRUSH MAN" to your door.

The office of Firey Insurance's Service and Chaucery Firey U S Commissioner, now located on the 4th floor of the Liberty bldg.