

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

SYNOPSIS: Without her family's knowledge, Hope Ross goes to Harvorth college hoping to meet her former husband, Dickey Ross. The Dickey isn't there. The young couple has been separated by Mr. Ross, who disapproves of Dickey's social status. Dickey believes the other has fallen in love with another girl. Mr. Ross' intervention.

Chapter 23 NEW SCANDAL

YES, Twosome nodded glibly, and began whirling her round in idiotic circles. "You must have given him what for, all right." "Dale flunked all his mid-years this winter, and has been trying to buckle down and make up so he can graduate. Drinking like a fish, he is. So the fellows told me. They say he's about as easy to live with as a rattlesnake with a sore tummy..."

The music jangled into a finish. Hope was grateful that Tuck Hall suddenly caught her around the waist and yelled something about bringing her down to the locker room...

Only vaguely did she realize that Betty and Twosome were joining them, down into the lockers, through the gym, and out to the swimming-pool where they squatted on long, hard benches, and Twosome wrangled with the corks of high-sounding bottles...



Hope heard herself sing, with Twosome joining in.

Dimly she realized that Betty was nudging her. Protesting in faint whispers. Clearly, however, she did realize that she was the life of the party. Quite sharply she heard herself sing, with Twosome joining in.

Clearly she understood that Tuck was dragging them back to the dance, for fear that her behavior might cause an unpleasant riot. And then, madly, she felt herself dancing, laughing, kidding.

Yes, she knew all that. Quite clearly. She knew she was tight, and gloried in it. She knew she was scandalous and shocking, and reveled in the thought... She wanted terribly to get tighter—bunnet, really blotto, for what did she care? Who cares about anybody? What did anybody matter but a good time?

She lost Tuck in the crowd somehow, and was glad of it. She found other boys, and lost them or left them, and was gladder still. Irritably she faced Betty every quarter or half-hour and stamped her foot at Betty's stammering protests... Until finally, long after her little wrist watch had stopped at one a. m., Hope felt suddenly ill, ill, and old, and tired.

Across the room she sought Betty, and explained that she was going over to the fraternity house and turn in.

With remarkable dignity, but quite minus a wrap which seemed too difficult to trace, Hope made her way across the well-known and memory-laden campus toward the fraternity house. Two doors down from Dickey's fraternity—only two doors away...

Groping, unheeding to any sound or word, she pushed through the door and made for Tuck's room, entered—and found Tuck himself!

Tuck was seated squat on the floor, a fat trunk pulled from under his cot, contents strewn all over the floor. He looked up, abashed, well aware of the rule that kept boys out of the fraternity houses when girls visited.

With a most unadvisable, un-Rossy whoop of laughter, Hope slammed the door and threw herself headlong across the cot, her face dangling down toward Tuck as he knelt on the floor.

"Whatcha lookin' for, if I boy?" gurgled Hope in high amusement. Tuck grinned in appreciation. It suddenly dawned on him.

"You're plastered," he wagged an admonishing finger at her.

"Nobly," admitted Hope with a proud toss of her head. "Here! Don't put the things back into your trunk. What you looking for?"

"I got to get out of here. I'm not supposed to be in the house where the girls are," breathed Tuck anxiously as he worked to repack his trunk hastily.

"Aw, shucks! Balderdash and poppy seed!" protested Hope amiably. "No harm will come to you, if I feller. I don't bite. Look—I'll help you search!"

With one energetic scramble Hope got to her feet and snapped off the lights.

"There, it'll be lots simpler to find it in the dark," she giggled teasingly.

"Hey, you," shouted Tuck. "Put that light on! You darned little fool!"

In the darkness he made toward the electric switch, and bumped squarely into Hope. Their heads hit with a resounding crack.

Tuck heard one firm meaningful knock on the door, and before he could reach for the light, he saw the door swing open and a figure appear

silhouetted against the hall lamp's

A dread figure...

A dread voice—speaking...

Tuck's hand found the switch, and the sudden glow of light in the room made him blink, the stern and pained face of the chaplain standing, shocked and angry, at the threshold.

The light jerked Hope into action. Tears were in her eyes, streaming down her face, as she turned to the white-haired chaplain in the doorway.

"I wouldn't have acted that way if he didn't care, would he?" she cried hysterically, one hand outward in urgent appeal. "He wouldn't be drinking like a rattlesnake, and beat it like a shot just because I was coming, would he?"

Vaguely she realized the cold disdain of the chaplain's eyes, and her hand dropped with a gesture of utter futility. Then suddenly Tuck's voice cut in on her with shocking virility.

"What kind of line are you pulling?" shouted Tuck disgustedly. "Can't you shut up? Aren't things looking bad enough? Can't you see what's happened? I'm apt to be expelled now because of you!"

One short quick word from the chaplain. One arm whirling on Tuck's arm. And Hope, starting and uncomprehending in her heavy, half-sodden state, saw both leave the room, and stared around her with thick, unhappy puzzlement.

Would he head over stop pounding? What was it all about? Was she really in disgrace? And would she, perhaps, be sent home with a new scandal leaked to her name—and a new uproar to explain in Papa Ross?

And what of the gossip in the college about her, if such a thing was true? And what would Dickey think when he came back from his visit to Hickey and heard of her behavior? Oh, what would he think!

"Oh, Dickey!" she cried out suddenly. "Dickey, dear, where are you? Dickey—Dickey—I'm not bad!"

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Hope considers another, very different marriage, tomorrow. Romance provides at least distraction.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Heavy Demand!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

'SMATTER POP—Telling Jimmie From Jamie

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—The Army Assembles

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBES—The Crime Wave

By SOL HESS



DRIVE AGAINST PU-YI IS URGED

NANKING, China, March 26—(AP)—The Chinese nationalist (Kuomintang) organization in Heilungkiang province, Manchuria, has telegraphed the nationalist government to send a punitive expedition against the Manchurian state formed under Japanese auspices. The Heilungkiang Moumuitang said this was an opportune moment to launch a drive against Henry Pu-Yi's new government. They held that if the Japanese interfered, the inquiry commission of the League of Nations would have "indisputable evidence" that the Japanese were assisting the new Manchurian government.

BEAUTY PARLOR OPERATOR HOME

CENTRAL CITY, Neb., March 26—(AP)—Miss Laurel Morrison, 30-year-old Aurora beauty parlor operator, was back home with her parents here today, after being missing two days. She told authorities she had been kidnaped and held captive in Lincoln. George Gohde, operator of a Lincoln cosmetology school, told police there, however, that Miss Morrison had been attending classes at the school and that he recognized her from pictures published in Lincoln newspapers. Sheriff J. H. Mohr of Merrick county said he planned to question her later.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

