

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

SYNOPSIS: From a gay young girl, Hope Ross becomes bitter when her father had her marriage to Dickey Dale annulled. She thinks that Dickey did not stand by her, under her father's opposition. But she does not know that Mr. Ross attacked Dickey when Dickey tried to reach her.

Chapter 25
HOPE REBELS

WHAT Betty Preston said, even as she accepted the promised money for her nervous, bootlegging Twosome, hardly mattered; but certainly Hope had outgrown her queenly reign in the younger smart set. She was known in her own circle as a wild 'un, and was considered by the fond parents of fifty miles radius "an unwholesome influence." As a tomstone, deliberately raised, Hope refused pointblank to "come out." She laughed at the idea raucously. She came out! It was too idiotic! She, who had been a horrified whisper in Westchester, in Harmouth, and in Italy, protested triumphantly against Mama's mangled pride, and decided that society should never know her officially.

Again Hope found two steady and reliable reins in guiding the balky horse of her career, Rusty Crandall, now out of college himself, and confined from ten to four in the offices of his father's huge chocolate firm—

while Hope went horseback riding each morning, generally in the company of Rusty Crandall. More and more frequently Hope drove over to her sister's house in the afternoon, staying only when Goody was alone, and finding a strange solace in long talks with the puzzling stranger who had grown up with her. Often, Hope would sit for long spaces in silence, while Goody checked bills or made out weekly menus, or wrote invitations to dinner parties. Listening to Goody's quiet, low-voiced confidences with only occasional monosyllables for an answer.

It was a strange friendship between the sisters who had grown up despising each other. At sight of Hope, Goody would set about mixing a highball (which she never drank herself) and upon each visit Hope would drag a new piece of linen, a boudoir clock, an etching, or a fresh supply of liquor—and would frown upon Goody if she dared express gratitude. Yes, a strange companionship and understanding, especially when Goody was a bit frightened of her husband's criticism of Hope, and especially above all, when she longed to break faith with the Rosses Sr., and tell the thinning, mousy-eyed child of all that happened to Dickey in the hilliard room. But an exaggerated honor sealed Goody's lips, and an



Hope was sent out to a dude ranch in Wyoming.

where Angel had been given him as his personal secretary. (She succeeded in running Rusty's office so that he might go out and enjoy himself; Angel knew much more about the business than Rusty ever would.) And Judy Hunt, who had made a debut (and an exceedingly successful one, her parents' financial reverses notwithstanding) while Hope was abroad that fall.

Judy and Rusty. That was all that Hope's life held. With a generous sprinkling of Goody who wanted desperately to be kind in spite of the fact that Charlie vigorously disapproved of Hope. Hope wondered at Goody. Marriage seemed to have humanized her; love seemed to have softened her. It was her turn, now, to pity Hope. The tables were turned. But she did her pitying with magnificent kindness and ease. Hope marveled—and turned to her sister with mute appeal, half hating herself for doing it, and never really confiding, for somehow she knew that with all Goody's new but very natural sweetness, she would tell anything and everything to Charlie. And as a result Charlie would grant attener at the sight of his wife's young sister, and criticize her the more for her eternal refusal to drink.

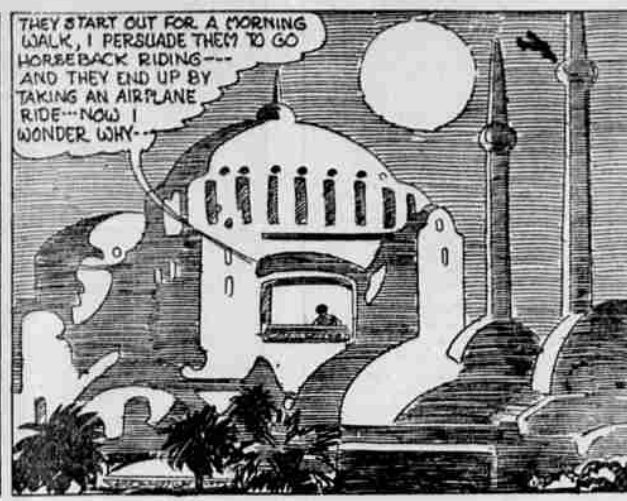
In the spring, Hope took a four weeks' trip with Judy to Bermuda, accepting without protest Papa's insistence upon a chaperon. This chaperon, one Mrs. Manly, was a forlorn remnant of the Ross family on Mama's side. A woman who had been too true to be good, and who, as a widow of a war hero, was starting with magnificent grace.

The trip to Bermuda, however, was cut short by a week because Sassy was taken ill. Back to New York rushed Hope, magnificently tanned and far more rested and staid than she dreamed. And in her trail came Mrs. Manly, slightly broken-hearted at having so abruptly to end her first vacation in seven years, and Judy who had quite tired of Bermuda anyway.

Sassy, given personal treatment and home visits by the best cat doctor in New York, recovered shortly, and Hope breathed with a relief that brought a puff of disgust from Mama Ross.

The spring dragged interminably

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Forced Flight—But The Prince Wonders!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

S'MATTER POP—Showing How Tight Loan Money Is

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Chief Dienhart Agrees

By EDWIN ALGER



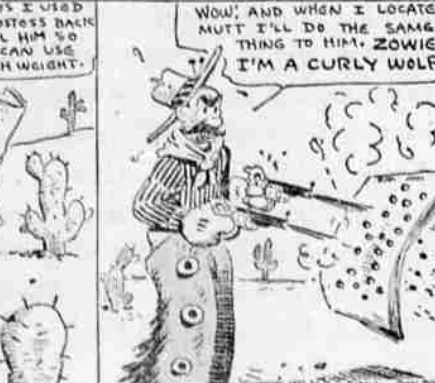
THE NEBBS—Good-bye Kid—You're Through

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—It Appeals To The Ladies

By BUD FISHER



CHERRY GROWERS JOIN ASSOCIATION

SIX-HOUR DAY FOR RAILROADS IS IDEA

PORTLAND, Ore., March 29.—(AP)—Organization of the Western Cherry Council, an association of growers of Oregon, Washington, California and Utah for the purpose of development of a market for white cherries in competition with foreign grown fruit, moved a step nearer completion here today as delegates from the several regions met in this city. Wallace S. Nelson, executive secretary of The Dailies chamber of commerce, is in charge of the preliminary stages of organization. Delegates from the four states attended the morning session. Election of officers was expected to be completed during the day.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—(AP)—The interstate commerce commission announced today that on May 11 it will open hearings on the six hour day as a means of relieving railroad unemployment. The investigation is being undertaken by order of congress under a resolution instructing the commission to ascertain the effect upon operation, service and expenses of applying the principle of a six hour day in the employment of railroad workers. The office of Florey Insurance Service and Chauncey Florey U. S. Commission, now located on the 4th floor of U. S. Liberty Bldg.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

