

# BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

**SYNOPSIS:** Once a young social leader—now a business woman—young Hope Ross tries to forget the unhappy ending of her marriage to Dickey D. V. Her father told her, when he had the marriage annulled, that Dickey did not attempt to see her. She does not know her father kept him from seeing her.

Chapter 27

## WEARING A RING

ALL that winter Hope toiled with a ceaseless energy. For only six weeks did she run away during the summer for a rest on the old ranch with Mrs. Crandall and the back again she tramped to relieve Judy and carry on the shop single-handed. The double work was more exciting and sweet than her own vacation.

For Judy went to Chicago on her time off, only to find, to her utter, thunderstruck amazement, that Tom was making good—not as a saxophone player but as a singer. A singer! A crooner they called him, as they handed him three hundred a week with an option at a bulkier sum! Tom, who had never lifted his voice in Judy's presence, never even dreamed himself that he could sing, was billed in lights that big as a crooner! Judy wept as she sat at a table to watch and listen to her Tom. Judy spattered tears on the telegram forms as she sent daily, almost hourly, messages of joy to Hope. Judy choked with tears over the long-distance phone.

And when Judy came home (telling nobody but Hope of her successful crooner, who looked so precious standing under the spotlight in the grandest tuxedo), she pitched into work with a new inspiring vigor. And why not, when for the first time in four years, she saw a hope of material success for herself and her erstwhile saxophone player?

Not one of the townfolk's prophecies came true. Hope did not tire and give it up as a whim. So little did she lose interest, that in the fall she announced the decision to open a shop on Madison Avenue, New York. Delighted that she had found some serious interest, Papa Ross gladly offered to supply the money; and perhaps Hope never felt a keener thrill than when she refused it, and announced that she and Judy could run the business without extra help.

The shops were fun! They were successful, and success brings a vital and heavy thrill. Hope realized, she did enjoy the work, and she did relish the knowledge of her ability. She and Judy were making money. Judy was on the verge of throwing Frisky into the arms of the chorus girl he really wanted. And best of all, Hope would soon be twenty-one, and come into her grandmother's inheritance of five hundred a week until she was thirty-five, and then one half-million dollars outright. Life was gradually meaning something—Independence!

The fact that her New York shop and Dickey Dale's musical comedy opened on the same date that autumn, seemed like a good omen to her. Terribly she wanted to send a telegram of congratulation to Dickey! Terribly she wondered if he had heard of her business—or know of her doings.

Quite calm and radiant, she attended Dickey's opening that night with Rusty Crandall by her side. Attended it and dusted out the last obscure corners of the theater with her keenest glances for some sight of Dickey—or Hickey! Went home and cried herself to sleep because she hadn't seen eight of them, because the show was so beautiful, and because it meant Dickey would have a brilliant start with his career. (Oh, please do write a play, Dickey, because they make so much money. . . .)

But shortly after Christmas came the crash to all her hard-earned gains. Just one little item in a newspaper! Just a paragraph no bigger than Snazy's forehead—just a few black words—announcing the engagement of one Eileen Argyle to Richard J. Hickson Dale!

One clipping that was not torn out of the newspaper, slobbered with paste, and placed into a fine blue-leather scrapbook! One clipping that meant the end of all that had already been ended years ago. . . .

No need of keeping the clipping, for every word was turned into her thoughts, to haunt her waking or sleeping.

But Hope didn't cry. She didn't even feel like crying. She went down to her New York shop and sent out bloomers without dresses, eight-ounce bottles instead of bottles, and confused the entire day's sales with calm and thoughtful inaccuracy.

All the long spring months she plodded through her work and her play. Conscious of only one cease-

less undercurrent of thought. Dickey was not only gone—but lost! Dickey loved someone else, and held her close, and kissed her. . . . A good girl no doubt, who didn't get into scandals, who wasn't an outrageous flirt. And who was she? Did she have lots of money, or didn't Dickey care so much these days about inheritances?

If only she could let him know about her inheritance that was soon to come and set her free. She would have no pride about it.

But maybe with a hit show he didn't care about money now. . . . probably he didn't have to care so much. And did he ever tell Eileen about her? How did he explain it—that queer marriage—and what did he say in describing Hope?

Quiet, calm, subdued, Hope absorbed all that went on about her. Judy's happy engagement to the boy she truly loved: Tom Post come into his own at last—a hit on the radio as a crooner at seven hundred a week. And Frisky really relieved that he was through. Betty married in May. And Flora Flordana in June. . . . Everyone falling in love, getting engaged, planning for marriage. . . .

And so, merely because of the vacuous pain in her lonely heart, and because of the realization of one true and remaining devotion that should not lightly be discarded, Hope herself said "yes" one night in June. Yes, she promised Rusty Crandall, and felt like crying at the all-embracing fever of joy and stammering plans of his faithful, dog-like devotion. Sat beside Rusty and watched his face light up as he talked so tenderly, remembering how she had watched him grow from knee pants into manhood, and wondering why she could not care for him any more than she did.

Wondering why she couldn't feel stirred at the thoughts of a home for herself as she planned it—at the fact that someone was elaborately scheming for her happiness, even though he knew she didn't love him! Yes, he knew—he knew Dickey was still a husky ghost in her mind—but it didn't matter. He would win her love. . . .

Home, they told of their engagement to their parents and a few of their friends, but Hope insisted that they should not announce it publicly for a while. She preferred, she explained, to be married in the late fall and go to Venice for their honeymoon. With Christmas in Rome, and New Year's in Paris.

Rusty bowed to her wishes as long as she would wear his ring—at least on a thin chain, with the ring under her gown. And wide-eyed in bed, she wondered why she didn't want to announce her engagement publicly. Rusty was the salt of the earth and a man one could safely trust one's lifetime to.

Why did she want a marriage in the autumn—with Venice, and Christmas in Rome—why? Was she waiting for her grandmother's inheritance that would come so soon now? No. What difference did the money make? Was she still unable to give up Dickey? Still unable to forget him, when obviously he had forgotten her—completely? Or did she just want time to get over the final hurt? That was it. The ache in her heart. The dull sense of futility. She needed time. . . .

How could Hope know as she stared out her window till the stars faded, and the sky became a dull, despairing gray, that hazy heavy over the earth until the soft colors of early morning sifted through to cheer the world—how could she know that another girl, only two miles from her, on the other side of the track, was soaking her pillow with heavy tears, and tossing fitfully as she beat the mattress with crumpled fists—all because she had heard of Rusty's engagement?

Rusty's father had told Angel in the office that afternoon, his eyes lighted, a complacent smile on his lips as he asked her not to tell anyone yet. How she had hated the Senior Crandall at that moment! Oh yes, she was his secretary now—the secretary to the boss of the whole works—secretary to God—for seventy-five a week. That's how she had made good in business. Unlucky in love. . . . If only she and her mother didn't need the money, and she could resign. Rusty to go away, and let Rusty kiss Hope and waste his love on her. . . .

No, Hope couldn't know that. She never thought of Angel any more—except to be sweet when they met, which was seldom. How could she know that her own heartache was agonizing another?

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Swift surprise, bewilderment, and Hope's a whirlwind of secret preparations and—well, those racing divas.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Maharajah Muses!



## S'MATTER POP—When He Gets Mad You'll Know

By C. M. PAYNE



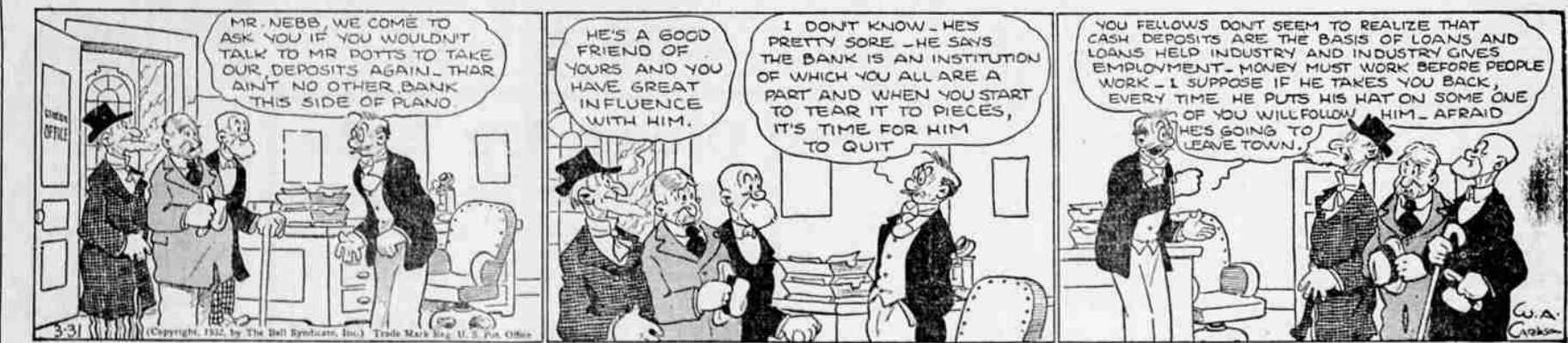
## BOUND TO WIN—Bell Senses Danger!

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—The Go-Between

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—Scandal Is Narrowly Averted

By BUD FISHER



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## RUM RAIDERS TO ALSO TAKE CASH

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—(AP)—District federal prohibition officials announced today that cash as well as fixtures would be seized henceforth in raids on bootlegging establishments.

## FARM PRODUCTS IN SLIGHT RISE

WASHINGTON, March 31.—(AP)—Farm prices advanced last month for the first time since October.

Edgar R. Bonnal, attorney for the prohibition district of California and Nevada, also said liquor seized hereafter would be subject to a commodity tax of \$1.10 per proof gallon on spirituous liquors and a \$5.00 revenue penalty for diversion of alcohol.

Finger wave or marcel. 7c. with shampoo. \$1.00. Bot-man's Beauty Shop. Phone 87.

Hose! Holland barber Shop. J. M. Dunn, 31 N. Fir St