

# BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

SYNOPSIS: Marriage to Dicky Oswald seems dull to Hope Ross when she remembers her elopement with Dicky Dale. She never wanted her marriage to Dicky Oswald, but her father took advantage of her being under legal age and persuaded her that Dicky regretted the marriage.

## Chapter 23 "I HAVEN'T ANY PRIDE"

IN a desultory way Hope began to buy her own trousseau. Occasional pieces here and there. But the shopping lost all tang as Mama Ross and Goody began to take it over in an experienced manner, running all out of bounds with their ideas.

Yet Hope was happier as days went by. With a safe feeling. A quiet satisfaction in Rusty's tender possessiveness. A strange comfort in the thought that she was being owned and taken care of.

Her engagement was officially announced in September, just a few weeks before Judy's wedding was to be performed. And Hope went about with a flashlight on her finger at last, a new diamond brooch at her bosom, and a strange buzzing in her head.

And all would have been well. Very well indeed. Were it not for another newspaper announcement right alongside of her own in the Times. Another announcement that

No use trying to think things out. There wasn't any answer to all the endless questions—no use to do anything except what you want to do. What you had to do—regardless of the cost!

Quite cannily Hope made her plans. Quite calmly the next day she marched down the aisle behind Judy and Thomas Post as maid-of-honor. Without arousing the slightest suspicions, she slipped two of her own suitcases in with Judy's luggage. And in the evening with checks and passports in her purse, and Sassy under her arm, Hope got into her roadster and followed Tom Post's car into New York "to see Judy off on the boat!"

In her heart was only one wild desire. One thought that drowned out every shameful guilty feeling that beat in the back of her mind. If she could just see Dickey! And if by any chance she felt as she knew she would feel at the sight of him...

Then devil take all her sins! And might everyone forgive her for the wretched treatment she was giving them. Too unspookably bad if Rusty would be hurt, but sometimes people weren't responsible for what they do, or how they feel...

With a jerk, Hope stopped her car in a garage near the wharves and fled out to the curb to call a



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caused Hope to go weak with panic, with a painful flash of hot excitement through her blood.

Eileen Argye, her picture beside the announcement (a nice picture of a nice, paddy-cake face), admitted that her engagement to Richard J. Hickson Dale was postponed indefinitely.

Now what difference would that make to Hope? None at all! None whatsoever! What possible concern could it be of hers?

And yet...

There was a sharpness in Rusty's voice when he called up an hour later and asked Hope to luncheon. There was an unhappy questioning in Rusty's eyes as she sat opposite him and avoided his direct glance, smiling broadly and chatting continuously...

Desperately Hope forced herself to be in love. Earnestly she set out to prove to everyone how truly happy she was with Rusty. Until the worried light died down from the eyes all around her that had seen the two announcements side by side in the Times...

Nervously she refused to set a date for her own wedding with Rusty, begging him to wait until Judy's excitement was over and she had time to think. With boundless energy Hope threw herself into the madroom of Judy's wedding to the boy who had cast away his fabled saxophone and engaged a publicity expert.

And then, the night before Judy's wedding, Hope found one last item in the newspapers—merely a line in Winchell's delicious gossip column that Hickey Dale and son were "to mald-mef-on the Paris manzana."

It struck home, that simple statement, like a bolt of lightning into Hope's unrequirable soul! It was as if she had been waiting for something just like that! Dickey was to sail on the same boat that Judy would take! The same boat—going off with his father...

Further arguments were useless. Hope saw that herself before three highballs and thirty cigarettes were consumed as she paced her floor.

taxi. Down to the boat she went edging her way through the crowds inquiring where Judy's stateroom might be.

And suddenly, just when she least expected it, Hope caught sight of Dickey. Right in the center of the grand salon, which was crowded with excited voyagers and their friends, she caught sight of him and stopped short. Stared over at the tall, erect figure, the unmistakable broad shoulders, the sternly out profile of the tanned and handsome face, the smoothly combed shock of curly hair...

And caught swiftly at a chair beside her to steady the sweeping, glorious, dizzying feeling that came over her...

She did feel the same—only more so!

Still she stared, unable to move, until as if drawn by a magnet, Dickey glanced about and recognized her. She saw a jagged scar across his right cheek and jaw, and wondered if it were the result of a football accident...

There was surprise, and then a tightening of his lips and a calculated and determined indifference in Dickey's glance...

In a second he had turned away, and at the same moment Hope saw Hickey's back.

"He doesn't want to recognize me," she mumbled to herself excitedly. "But I won't mind. I won't let it matter. He's made up his mind not to recognize me. But he'll recognize me all right before the voyage is over!"

She turned swiftly and wended her way to the corridor of Judy's stateroom.

"I haven't any pride," she kept telling herself. "But I don't care. I have got pride. Too much pride not to make one big whale of a whack for love!"

With the last following blast of the ship's siren, Hope left Judy gave her one last hug of good-by blessing. But she didn't get off the boat. Small matter how her hair was blowing. She just wouldn't go off the boat.

Hope proposes an amazing plot to Judy tomorrow, and the same again is under way.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Diamond Thieves Play Sa



## S'MATTER POP—"Imitation Bark" Not Acceptable



## BOUND TO WIN—"Butch" Boyle Won't Leave!



## THE NEBBS—A Cruel World



## MUTT AND JEFF—Every Bit Of Gossip Has A Silver



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## 'MISSISSIPPI' MEANS GREAT RIVER, CLAIM

DULUTH, Minn. (AP)—The theory that Mississippi means "great father of waters" has been disputed by the records of the St. Louis County Historical society here. William E. Cullen, president of the society, explains that there is nothing concerning "father" in the name Mississippi, originally applied to the stream by the northern Chippewa Indians. "I simply mean 'great river,'" Cullen says. "Miss" means "great" and "ippi" means "river," he explains. Ray Hooper's Barber Shop now open. Next to city hall.

## FIELD MICE TRAVEL 20 MILES IN NIGHT

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (AP)—Roses, similar to squirrel cages, to which rats are attached, have shown at the University of Michigan museum here that an active field mouse will run 100,000 feet, or about 20 miles in a night. Dr. Lee R. Dow, curator, has assembled 5,000 deer mice, commonly known as field mice, to study their habits of social behavior. "Color, size, tail length and ear size are being studied with their relation to behavior and resistance to disease." Photo 545. We'll send away your orders. City Secretary's office.

By C. M. PAYNE

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By BUD FISHER

By George McManus