

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

Chapter 30
INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

"Oh, how rich!" gasped Judy. "Come on into our place and we'll tell Tom, and have a drink. But later! One good-goo eye out of you in Tom's direction and all is over between us."

"Except in public," coaxed Hope. "I must good-goo to my husband in public."

"Yeah? Well, control yourself!" Hope dressed with high concern that night, blessing her wisdom in her hasty packing, cursing the lack of a maid and the small quarters shared with Millie Seabrook.

But when at last she emerged, gowned in pale pink lace, assured by the ecstatic Millie that "you-all look divine!", she and Tom went arm and arm into the dining-salo, and were seated at a rail table on the balcony of the dining-room. Hardly had she made her effective entrance, and coyly permitted Tom to order her wine and light her cigarette, than Hope realized that Dickey and his father were seated directly opposite her on the other side of the balcony.

Dickey was looking at her. Aghast! His eyes unbelieving—as she gazed steadily straight back at him.

A voice in her ear startled. Tom trying to talk to her. But she could not tear her eyes away.

Until she saw Dickey turn to his father and say something. Put down his napkin and push back his chair. A second later Dickey had left the dining-salon!

She turned then, in spite of Hickey's troubled gaze. Turned to Tom, who was irritably pointing out Judy, who, according to their plan, was seated at a single table a few feet away.

She gave a bit-witted smile to Tom, and nodded stupidly. Heard herself inviting Judy over to join them.

She picked her way through the meal, conscious of Hickey's eyes fixed on her throughout the endless dinner.

"It worked!" she mumbled excitedly to the bride and groom. "It worked. I won't need Tom as my husband much longer. He got up and left the room, Judy. Surely that means he's jealous—he cares!" "Pipe the way his father is watching you," Judy admonished. "Maybe that doesn't mean anything!"

"Say, couldn't we talk about our romance?" suggested Tom over the soup. "You know—just a few words, here and there!"

Hope lifted her wine glass. "May I propose a toast?" she said solemnly. "To the dearest kids in the world who let me butt in on their honeymoon. And I'd do as much for you two, God forbid!"

Not once again that evening, however, did Hope catch a glimpse of the Dales. Not at the dance, nor in the bar, nor out on deck, nor in any of the salons. Discouraged, she relinquished a fatigued Tom to Judy around eleven o'clock and went to her own cabin. Only to receive a radio at midnight that made her bluer than the sea.

HOPE FAIRFIELD ROSS

S. S. PARIS
CARE OF FRENCH LINE
GRIEVED AND SHOCKED BEYOND EXPRESSION AT YOUR BEHAVIOR STOP HAVE LEARNED FROM RUSTY YOUR OUTRAGEOUS INTENTION STOP IF YOU DO NOT COME TO YOUR SENSES REGARDING DALE YOU MAY CONSIDER YOURSELF FREER THAN YOU SUPPOSE

JOHN HOWARD ROSS

To which Hope sent a scrawled answer via her stewardess. YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO PUT ON THE SAME SHOW TWICE STOP DON'T BE SILLY YOU ARE AS BADLY OFF WITHOUT A DAUGHTER AS I AM WITHOUT A FATHER STOP MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING HOPE

The radio messages she received thereafter, as a counter-distractor to her main interest in life, burned up the ether between the old home in Westchester and the ship that was ploughing farther and farther toward the old country. Papa Ross had plenty to say.

Mama Ross, too, sent frantic radioes every time she thought of it, protesting against Hope's behavior; asking where Hope had left her car, whether Hope had worn clothing with her, and finally threaten-

ing to follow Hope across on the next boat. But Goody didn't follow up her parents' outbursts with a single word, and in one way Hope felt comforted.

Goody and she had grown closer in the last few years. It was a triumph when Goody sent her own primy little wire telling Hope that she wished her luck, and would be happy if Hope really won her love at last.

But what was more to the point, never once did Hope hear from Rusty.

Meantime three days more on ship-board had brought things to a most distressing pitch.

Dickey had shown up with a girl. A very startling, vivid, husky-voiced Jane with whom Dickey played deck tennis, shuffleboard, bid at the ship's auction during the evenings, and had at his table with Hickey and himself practically every meal. The girl, so Hope instantly made her business to learn, was the leading ingenue of one of Hickey's late musicals.

Every morning and every evening Hickey bowed distantly to Hope. But never once was there a glance of recognition in Dickey's eyes.

The officials and attendants on the ship had been most kind, attentive and lenient. Certainly Hope had caused them plenty of difficulties and much speculation. In fact, the purser had personally wired her father to get an identification upon the captain's request.

But a new difficulty presented itself in the shape of Judy and her fairly ruined honeymoon.

"Look, Hope," protested Judy, close to tears. "I wish you'd quit totting Tom around like you do. After all some people on this ship know us and know you. It looks as if you're cutting me out on my own honeymoon!"

"But, Judy, you said—"

"Now, please don't try to get around me. I'm fed up, Hope. And Tom's fed up. He's terribly fed up."

"Thanks for the compliment!" "Listen, we don't mind being sports and helping you pull a stunt. But it isn't right. Anyone can see that. You're never going to get a rise out of Dickey. You're making a fool of yourself, and it's high time you stopped. It was a clever idea. Oh, no end. But damned uncomfortable for me. If you don't mind my saying so."

"I can imagine. I guess I'm no go anyway you look at it." "Oh, forget it, Hope! You should have forgotten it years ago. The man is clean gone on that actress. Misty-eyed, Hope turned toward the port-hole of her stateroom, her back to Judy.

"Listen, Hope darling," Judy's voice softened. "I'll go through with helping you. Honest I will! If you'll only let me have my husband for this one afternoon!"

Still Hope didn't turn. "He's so rotten sick of playing bridge," added Judy with a pathetic wail.

"He's a rotten player," mumbled Hope crossly. "Go ahead! Go to your sappy old husband! I wouldn't have a crooner for a booby prize!"

"Is that so?" flared Judy angrily. "Well, I'd hate to tell you what I think of your big tanned and scarred hero!"

And Judy left Hope's cabin, and banged the door to punctuate her statement.

So Hope only sat against the port-hole weeping herself red-eyed, with Sassy pawing her hair as comfort.

It was impossible to sleep. Impossible to stay in that stateroom. Out on one of the farthest edges of the uppermost see-sawing deck, Hope wrapped herself in blankets like a cocoon, and let the salt sea spray and the salt tears fight it out between them.

It was nearly three a. m. when at last she stiffly got to her feet and headed against the wind to the shelter of her cabin.

Millie, as might be expected, was awake when she entered.

"Something too grand for words happened to you tonight," murmured the schoolteacher. "You won the auction!"

"I did? Honest?"

"I was just right there, when they called it out. Only it was under the name of Mrs. Thomas Post, and your friend Judy explained that you had asked her to play for you just to turn your luck."

Hope scowled. So Judy had rebelled and had announced widespread that even a bride has her pride, yes? Well, who could blame her? And who cared?

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Fate and the captain throw Hope and Dickey together—Monday. An electric situation results.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Time To Gas Up!



S'MATTER POP—The Dual Personality Departs

By C. M. PAYNE



BOUND TO WIN—Help At Hand!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Yes - - Yes

By SOL HESS



MUTT AND JEFF—It's About Fifty-Fifty

By BUD FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



JUNIOR BASEBALL ACTIVITIES OPEN

The Junior League baseball activities of the Medford post, American Legion, have opened with Earle Davis appointed chairman of this year's series by Post Commander Wilson F. Wait.

The first meeting to start off another successful season of the favorite American sport will be held at the Armory this evening at 8 o'clock. Leaders from Eagle Point, Jacksonville, Phoenix, Talent, Central Point and all other interested sections are expected to attend.

Jackson County's junior teams produced some real baseball material last year and an even better line-up is expected for the 1932 season.

PRISON OFFICERS STABBED BY 'CON'

SALEM, Ore., April 4. — (AP) — Attacked by a convict who developed a sudden maniacal rage, Warden James L. Lewis of Oregon state prison, and Ivan McClain, a guard, suffered knife wounds Saturday at the man's hands. At the hospital it was said neither was seriously hurt.

The prisoner, Dave Van Houten, 32, was immediately taken to the state insane hospital in which he once before had been confined.

Van Houten stabbed Lewis twice in the back after he had approached him to inquire about mail delivery. McClain was stabbed near the heart when he went to the warden's rescue. Other guards finally overpowered the prisoner.