

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS & WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Henry Pell is going places in two directions. He has a big job in real estate, and he is hoping to crash radio with some songs he is writing. The difficulty, so his young wife, is that Henry has no time for her, and besides, he has to spend a lot of his time with Marie Mason, who is a glamorous personality in radio. Now Luella is having dinner with Tommy McIntyre, who is in love with Marie, and getting along rather badly with it.

Chapter Ten

Facts About Marie

"COCKTAIL!" Tommy said, offering her a glass.

"Thanks," Luella turned and smiled at Tommy. She tasted the drink. "I like it. What is it called?"

"A sidecar," Tommy replied. Luella laughed. "Sounds like a motorcycle, or something," she said.

"But not possessed of quite as much of a kick," said Tommy. And then: "How're things with the husband of yours?" he asked. "Going places rapidly, I suppose."

"Yes," said Luella, "going places. That is it working at it means anything."

"Well, it usually does, so they say."

"Between working at the office and working on those negro verses," said Luella, "I get very little of Henry's time." She laughed. "Not that I'm complaining. I took the bitter with the better!"

Tommy chuckled. "Another office widow, I take it," he said. "Probably, or just what is an office widow, Tommy?"

"There are lots of them—women whose husbands are more married to work than to them. There are office widows—gold widows—poker widows."

"I see," said Luella thoughtfully. "But how are things going with you, Tommy?"

"Moving."

"Will bet you're going places again."

"I think I am, Luella," said Tommy. "Anyway, I'm booked for a promotion shortly. If it goes through, I may go down to Florida for awhile. I've got a small cottage down there—once an uncle left me. I've been hoping to make some use of it." He drained his glass, and a serious expression came into his eyes. "I'd hoped to take Marie along with me, you know, honeymooning along the Florida coast."

"That would be lovely!" said Luella. "Can Marie get away?"

"Evidently not."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"My trouble," said Tommy, "seems to be chiefly with my personal life. In business way, move—in a sentimental way I stand still."

"You mean—with Marie?"

"Exactly."

"I think it's a darn shame!" Luella said with feeling. "Marie ought to love marrying you, and having a honeymoon down in your little cottage."

"Marie, alas, feels otherwise," said Tommy. "Being in love with a career woman isn't easy, Luella."

Luella was silent for a moment. "Do you know what I think?" she asked suddenly.

Tommy shook his head. "I've long since given up trying to read folks' minds," he said.

"Well, what I think is this," Luella explained. "I think that all women have a streak of romance and sentiment in them, and that under certain circumstances that streak will predominate."

"I hope you're right," said Tommy. "But, go on—tell me more."

"And I also think that Marie's no exception," said Luella. "She's a smalltown girl, just as I am, and most small town girls always carry with them a lot of sentimental and romantic leanings. Don't think I'm trying to be a Lucy Loneyhearts or a Beatrice Fairfax, but I am going to give you some advice, Tommy."

"That's darned swell of you, Luella," said Tommy. "Go on from there, I'm all ears."

"It's about Marie."

"Yes? So I gathered."

"Advice To Tommy"

WHEN we are taking that cruise with Mr. Rector," said Luella, "you must manage to get Marie alone on the moonlight deck. Find the most romantic spot possible, and propose to her in the good old-fashioned way."

"You mean down on my knees—impromptu?"

"That's it, Tommy."

"But suppose there's no moon?"

"We'll not go on the cruise unless there is one."

Tommy laughed. "Maybe I'll work at that," he said. "Who knows?"

"It's worth trying, isn't it?"

"You bet it is. After I get down on my knees and propose, Luella—what next?"

"Good heavens, Tommy, use your imagination!"

Tommy did not argue the point. And at a little before eleven o'clock he was bringing his roadster to a standstill in front of the house in which the Pells lived.

"It's been a marvelous afternoon and evening, Tommy," Luella said, holding out her hand. "I'm ever so grateful to you."

"I'm the one to be grateful," said Tommy. "Not going to let me come in?"

"No, Tommy," Luella replied. "It's late, and Henry's probably working his head off. I'll have to shake him, and get him to bed."

"Lucky devil. Having a girl like you to look after him."

"Good night, Tommy, and thanks a lot."

Tommy looked at Luella somewhat searchingly.

"Maybe it's just as well for you not to turn modern and let men come up at all hours," he said.

"I should never turn that modern," Luella said quietly.

"Whether you realize it or not, Luella," Tommy went on, "you're a damned pretty and appealing woman. Some men are apt to lose their heads, and go—well—romantic."

"The ideal!" Luella laughed. "Go on home, Tommy, and get some sleep."

"I'm going home, but I'm not sure about the sleep," said Tommy. He hesitated a second. "Good-night, Luella. You're a swell person."

"Goodnight, Tommy. So are you."

Luella left herself into the apartment very quietly. Maybe Henry had already retired. If so, she didn't want to awaken him. He did work hard, poor boy. She tip-toed across the living-room, and switched on a light. One thing was certain, she discovered with relief, Henry hadn't been sitting up working on the verses. His desk was just as she had left it that morning and evening, and cleaning. She moved to the bedroom door, opened it softly, and peered in.

The bedroom was also empty. Fuzzled, Luella crossed the threshold, and switched on another light. The bed was just as she had left it that morning after dusting and cleaning. And then she saw the piece of paper. It was spread out upon her pillow—and upon it were some hurriedly-written words in Henry's unforgettable handwriting.

Luella caught up the paper, and moved closer to the light.

In case you get home before I do, honey, this is to say that I'm working over at Marie's place. She wanted me to try over some of the musical settings her composer friend has completed. We'll probably work together for an hour or so. Hope you had a swell time with Tommy.

So that was it, Luella thought angrily. So that was why Henry had been so willing for her to go out with Tommy McIntyre. It gave him an opportunity to spend the evening with Marie Mason.

She crumpled the piece of paper in her fist, and dropped down upon the side of the bed. She was sitting there when she heard Henry's key in the lock. She leaped up, threw off her hat and coat, and was unzipping her sport frock when Henry came in.

"Hello," she said brightly. "Hello, darling!" said Henry. He came over, leaned down and kissed her cheek. "I thought you'd be asleep."

"Asleep, and my husband out with a glamour girl!" said Luella, trying to sound very modern and gay and flippant. "Goodness, man, could I sleep under such circumstances?"

Henry looked at her. He wondered if he would ever get to understand women in the least. He couldn't tell to save him whether Luella was serious or kidding.

"I had to go some place," he said, "or go crazy sitting here waiting for you to come home."

"Really?" said Luella, widening her eyes. "You mean you didn't plan to go over—all along?"

"Gosh, no, honey! Such a thought never occurred to me. I was sitting here working my head off—that is, thinking my head off, since I hadn't so much as put pen to paper—and hoping that you and Tommy were having a good time, when Marie telephoned and said—"

"Henry Pell," said Luella, tremendously relieved, "come here this minute and kiss your wife—properly."

Henry Pell, a little puzzled, did so.

Salt Water

SEVERAL weeks of unsettled weather, and a slight fire on board Malcolm Rector's yacht made it necessary for him to delay the cruise he had planned. It was well into June before the weather cleared and the boat was finally docked at the foot of Seventy-ninth Street. Then as soon as he was certain everything was ship-shape, Mr. Rector telephoned the Pells. Marie, and Tommy McIntyre.

"At last we can have that weekend trip," he told them. "Next Saturday, I'll be looking for you at the yacht basin."

And now Henry and Luella Pell were making their preparations. No one was more delighted over the coming cruise than was Henry. He was rather like a boy scout about to start forth on a trek. Luella thought. And she wished with all her heart that she could feel as excited as her husband. But she couldn't.

"What bothers me," she said, "is what to take for such a trip. You know it is my first yachting experience, and I never felt so ignorant about anything before."

"Take along what I'm taking," said Henry. "Sport things."

"I'll take along that linen dress you always liked so much," she said.

"Ye gods, Luella, that's over a year old!" Henry exclaimed.

"That doesn't make any difference," said Luella. "Linen wears like iron. Besides, I shortened the skirt a little, and cut off the long sleeves. I look nice in it, even if I do say so as shouldn't."

He grinned. "You can keep your eyes open and see what folks who know are wearing. Now summer's here, we'll probably be asked to a number of places for week-ends. Several men at the office have mentioned having us out to their places later."

"You mean the husbands of those wives who were going to welcome me into their midst?" said Luella with a touch of sarcasm.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEL, 1190, Portland; KFL, 640, Los Angeles; KUA, 1310, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNL, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 850, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1190, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Dr. I. Q. McCloud, KPO, KGW, KOMO; String Ensemble, KJR; Summer Serenade, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; That Strange Mr. Pertwee, KOMO; Floyd Wright, KPO; Stars of Today, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNL, KOIN, KSL, London Jenkins, KGO, KEX; Contested Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Blondie, KNL, KSL, KOIN; National Radio Forum, KJR; Rose Reznick, KGO; Dance Orch., KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX.

7:30 p. m.—World's Best, KGO.

KEX, KJR; Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Harry James Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Neil Bondshu's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; True or False, KJR, KEX; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Amateur Hour, KGO.

8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Charlie Barnet's Orch., KNL, KOIN; Milt Herth Trio, KEX; Park Concert, KNX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Melodies by Miller, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hymn Service, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Pick a Tune, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Beautiful Music, KGO, KEX, News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Ray Noble's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KOIN; Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stocker and Music, KGW, KOMO; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; National Radio Forum, KGO; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Carl Ratzlaff's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Chuck Potter's Orch., KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGW; Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR, KEX; Styles in Music, KPO.

Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Map Hazard Show, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Lewishorn Stadium Concert, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—A Date With Judy, KPO, KOMO, KGW; New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—New American Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Juan Arriau, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KO, KEX, KJR; Court of Mising Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalaiah, KGO, KJR; Battle of the Bells, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dick Jurgens' Orch., KSL; Hollywood Showcase, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, KJR; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Mirem and Matchem, KOMO; Skatitair Orch., KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGW; Musical

Potpouri, KPO; Jimmy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, News, KJR, KSL; Old Times, KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Neil Bondshu's Orch., KO, KJR; Dick Jurgens' Orch., KNX; News, KGO, KOIN; Freddie Nagel's Orch.

10:30 p. m.—Chuck Potter's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Army Band, KGO, KJR; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX.

11:00 p. m.—News, KGO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; This Moving

World, KEX; News, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

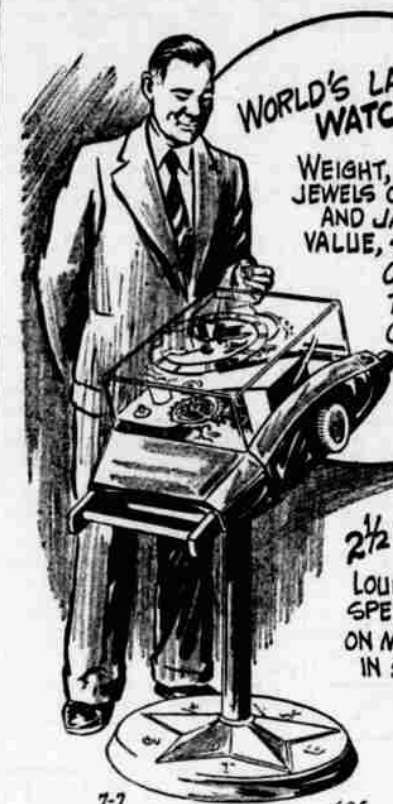
Tuna Fishing Starts

Astoria, Ore., July 7.—(P)—With a successful halibut season just concluded, Columbia river fishermen turned to tuna fishing today. The first albacore tuna of the season was landed Saturday 70 miles off Heceta head. Packers have posted a price of \$140 per ton for albacore, \$15 above last year's opening price.

PALM BEACH
WASHABLE
NECKTIES
\$1.00
Barkercs
Store for Men

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

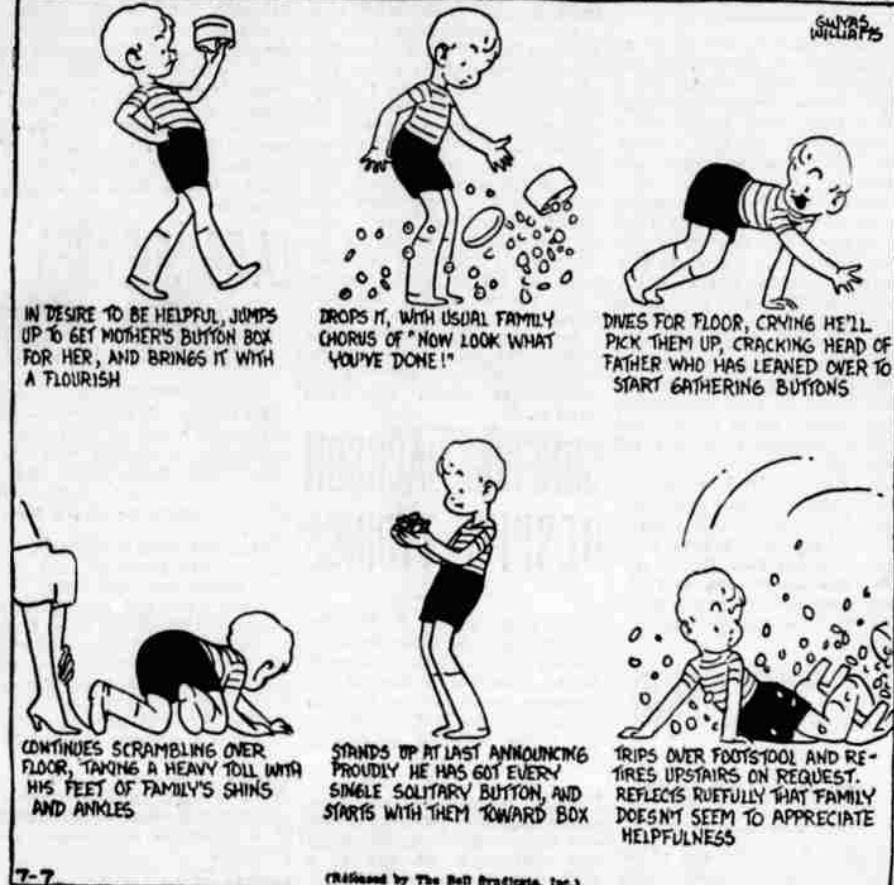


CHILDREN OF THE CHARTER OAK

In 1887 a new English governor attempted to take Connecticut's charter and during a conference the paper was stolen and hidden in an ancient oak nearby. This old tree, afterwards known as the "Charter Oak," blew down in 1856. But a thoughtful Hartford citizen had planted one of its acorns. The young tree was later removed to a Hartford park and each year the park department sends its acorns out to be planted. Many of these "grandchildren" honor famous men. One grows near the Lincoln memorial in Washington, D. C. Tomorrow: Telephone Teacher!

EAGER TO HELP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIL ABNER—Yokums Rush In—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Never Stops Worrying!



THE NEBBS—Diamonds in the Rough



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS



SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART WAITING AT THE GATE

Camp Robinson, Ark., July 7.—(P)—Miss Jean Morris drove 2,000 miles from Los Angeles to surprise her fiancé, Private Harlan T. Atwell, Los Angeles, on his 22nd birthday yesterday. At-

well, a member of the 214th general hospital cadre, was out of camp on a pass which will not expire until tomorrow night. She's waiting.

Glass—We sell glass, reglaze your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works