

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS S. WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Apparently, Luella Pell thinks the New York venture of the Henry Pells is just not working out. For Henry, it is, he fears, neglecting his good real estate job in an attempt to get into radio, and she is sure he is neglecting her for Marie Mason, the radio singer from their home town who has taken such an interest in Henry's career. But Luella does not know what she can do, and does nothing.

Chapter 16

Tip From The Boss

MARIE MASON had been right when she said she felt that there were going to be some definite developments before long regarding the radio program. Maybe it was Marie's intuition, and maybe it was just plain old garden-variety, while as Henry had expressed it, but whatever it was, Rector got in touch with Marie the next week.

"We're going to have a very important conference," Rector said. "We're planning to get things in shape for a sort of dress rehearsal."

"Oh, that's marvelous!" Marie exclaimed. "I'm delighted Malcolm."

"We'll want to use some of Pell's songs, a comedy sketch of Alma Latham's, and perhaps some other material," Rector continued. "Anyway, I'd like for you to get in touch with Pell, and tell him we're to gather at my office tomorrow evening."

"Of course!" said Marie. "I'll telephone him at once. But when is the rehearsal?"

"We'll discuss that at the conference," Rector said.

"And how about an audience, Malcolm? After all, we ought to get the reaction of someone besides ourselves."

"Yes, I know," Rector said. "We'll handle all that later. Don't worry."

And Marie hadn't worried. Nor had she lost any time in getting in touch with Henry. She got him at his office, while he was having a visit from the manager of the reality concern.

"And I think, Henry dear," she said, when she had explained about the conference and the rehearsal, "that we should do some rehearsals ourselves. I mean, the songs. We want to be perfect if we have to do them before an audience."

"Fine!" Henry said. "Thanks a lot for calling me about it all, Marie."

"Why not come up to my place this evening? Marie suggested. "The sooner we get started, the better."

"Right, I'll be there Eight-thirty all right with you!"

"Splendid, I'll be looking for you."

Henry hung up the receiver, and turned to see the manager's gaze upon him. It was a gaze that made him feel uncomfortable.

"Sorry we were interrupted, Mr. Smithers," he said. "But it was about a little side-line I'm interested in."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Smithers. "I understand that you're becoming—er—more or less involved with—"

"I beg your pardon," Henry cut in, on the defensive.

"—with radio songs, or something of the sort," Mr. Smithers finished.

"Yes, sir, that's right," Henry said, smiling. "I wrote some verses down home, and they may be sung over the air."

"I see," Mr. Smithers turned to go. "We like our employees to have hobbies, Pell," he said as he reached the office door and turned.

"But we prefer them to work at them after hours. You can understand that, I'm sure."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, feeling like a small boy, and hating himself for feeling that way. "But my songs hardly come under the heading of hobbies. I hope to make some money out of them, and—"

"Very commendable, I'm sure," Mr. Smithers said coldly. "But the money we are paying you is for your time while in your office. Please keep that in mind. And don't forget about that property in Chicago. We may have to send out someone to handle it for us."

"Very well," said Henry, this time leaving off the "Sir."

He frowned at the door which closed behind Mr. Smithers' stiff and dignified back. "Old crab!" he said under his breath. But he went to work with a sort of grim determination—though he wanted to show the Old Crab that Henry Pell could even though he was being paid, and still make something on the side.

Disappointment
HE WENT UP to Marie's apartment, as she had suggested. It was but a sort of prologue to many other trips there—for Marie insisted they must rehearse alone until they were letter perfect. They did, and they were! And now everything was all set.

Once more Henry Pell was on his way home from the reality office, and he was trying not to feel too elated. He had some news to break to Luella, and he wanted to do it calmly. He didn't want a scene. There had been far too many of them of late; and they got a fellow down. Luella, desperately silent, depressing on the verge of tears, hurt, forlorn. It was awful. It did no one any good, and everyone a lot of harm. Well, after tonight—

He hurried up the two flights of stairs. He opened the door of the apartment and went in.

"Luella!" he called. "Are you home?"

kitchenette, remembering with a little ache in her heart how Henry used to barge in, calling out, "Hi, there, where's my woman?" Evidently she wasn't this woman any longer. Maybe he thought her a millstone about his neck, or something like that. "I'm mixing your favorite salad, darling," she added. "Thanks," Henry said. "But I've got to eat in a hurry. I haven't much time."

"Are you going to work again tonight?" Luella asked. She came into the living-room, wearing an apron, and stirring the contents of a salad bowl with a large wooden spoon. "I was hoping we could do something together tonight. It's been days since we—"

"I've got to get into my evening things," Henry interrupted. "We are going—"

"Your evening things?"

"Yes. And for heaven's sake, Luella, don't look so horrified! I'm not going out philandering. If that's what you're thinking about."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"We're having a rehearsal of the radio program tonight," Henry said. "It's being given before an invited audience in one of the radio broadcasting studios, just as though it was actually on the air, only—"

"Isn't it terribly sudden—the idea of a rehearsal?"

"In a way, yes," said Henry. "Although we've been planning for it for several days. That's why I've had to work so hard—on the songs, I mean. But today Rector telephoned and said there were some big shots here from Hollywood—men who know radio values, so far as the entertainment angle is concerned, and so he wants to put on a show for them tonight."

"But why the formal attire?"

"We want to be impressive," Henry grinned. "elegant, you know, and all that."

"I see. Then that means I'll have to wear my most formal gown."

"No, Luella, I—I—that is, you're not going."

"I'm sorry, but—"

"I thought you said there was to be an invited audience."

"I did," Henry took a deep breath. "The rehearsal is being put on before about fifty people, but only those interested in entertainment values. Some Broadway producers, the men from Hollywood, and some men who are interested in a business way. We want to get the reaction of people like that. Understand?"

Luella nodded. "Yes," she said. Just that and nothing more.

Henry saw her stricken look and felt a pang of sympathy mingled with one of annoyance.

"Don't stand there looking like a hurt child, honey," he said. "Wait until the program actually goes on the air, and then I'll take you to a broadcast."

Luella Has A Plan
THAT LITTLE girl was terribly sweet of you, I'm sure," said Luella. "And don't forget to buy me a lollipop."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Treat a child as a child—that's what I mean," said Luella. "I have ceased to be a woman in your opinion." She turned and went back to the kitchenette.

But she had lost interest in preparing Henry's favorite salad.

In fact she had lost interest in just about everything. She was low. She was resentful. She was angry. Henry was going to a rehearsal, and he was getting into his formal clothes. That probably meant that Marie would be all alone with Mr. Astor's horse. It probably meant that there was going to be a gay evening for Henry—if not for his wife.

It was right at that moment that a voice spoke to Luella: a voice that might have come from another Luella.

It said: "Listen, you, why don't you give that husband something to think about?"

"What?" asked Luella. "What, for instance?"

"Tommy McIntyre, and the Planetarium," said the voice, with emphasis.

"Oh, but I couldn't do that. . . ."

"Nonsense! . . . Maybe if that husband of yours knew that Tommy McIntyre had poured out his love for you while the two of you stood beneath a lot of make-believe stars and planets and things he would stop thinking about himself all the time."

"Maybe so, but I—"

"Listen, Luella Brown Pell, are you in love with Tommy—or on the verge of falling?"

"Of course not! . . . The very idea!"

"Then stop stalling. If your conscience is clear, that's all that matters. You should march right in there and tell that husband of yours all about it—tell him anything. I'll do him good—the self-centered, radio-singing Son of a Gun!"

Luella stared at the salad bowl. She picked up the big wooden spoon and began to use it savagely; not gently as the recipe had said. Yes, Tommy—a lot of stars in a manufactured heaven—and talk of love.

"I've felt myself being drawn to you ever since that first night," Tommy had said. "I thought at first it was because you were understanding, and because it was comforting to have someone to talk to about Marie. But now I no longer want to talk about Marie. I want to talk about us, Luella."

Heaven alone knew what else Tommy would have said if the lecturer hadn't begun explaining a lot of planets.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640 Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJL, 1000, Seattle; KJL, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630 San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Forecast, KEX, KOIN, KSL, Dr. I. Q. Jim McLean, KPO, KGW, KOMO; String Ensemble, KGO, KJR; Summer Serenade, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Floyd Wright, KPO; Stars of Today, KOW.

6:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo's Orch., KEX, KOIN, KSL; Gordon Jenkins, KJR; Rose Hertz, KGO; Shal We Waltz, KEX.

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

7:30 p. m.—World's Best, KEX.

KJR: Gay Nineties Revue, KEX; KSL: Harry James' Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW.

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

8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; McFarland Twins, KJR, KSL, KOIN; Milt Herth Trio, KGO, KEX; Buy Washington, KJR; Park Concert, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Melodies by Miller, KGO, KJR; Hawthorne House, KGO, 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., KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music Society, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

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

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGO; Streamline Journal, KGO.

KJR, KEX: Styles in Music, KPO; Second Husband, KEX, KOIN; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hap Hazard Show, KPO, KOMO; Lewisham Stadium Concert, KEX, KOIN.

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

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

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

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

8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KEX, 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 Stars, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hal Grayson's Orch., KSL; Hollywood Showtime, KEX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Don Kay's Orch., KGO, KJR.

Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Comedy, KOMO; Saltair Orch., KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KEX, KOIN; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KGW, KOMO; Jimmy Dorsey's Orch., KPO; News, KJR, KSL.

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

10:30 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Army Band, KGO, KJR; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the

Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KEX.

11:00 p. m.—News, KGO, KGO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KEX.

Algers, July 14.—(P)—The execution of two persons convicted as spies by a military court was disclosed today by Vichy Algerian authorities. They were shot July 8 at Fort Hussein Dey.

Slugs for Defense

Columbus, O. (UPI)—The Ohio State Tobacco association is going to drop its bid into the national defense collection plate. Secretary Samuel L. Abrams of the association's cigaret vendors' division said the group would contribute an estimated ton or more of slugs collected in vending machines during the past two years.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

JEAN HUDSON-16 HAS BEEN A LICENSED RADIO OPERATOR FOR 8 YEARS!
Perth Amboy, N. J.

BIRDS, LIKE PLANES, SOMETIMES BECOME COATED WITH ICE, AND ARE FORCED DOWN!
A HUGE FLOCK OF SWANS WAS THIS GROUNDED OVER 4 PENNSYLVANIA COUNTIES IN 1879...

A SOAP BUBBLE WILL FREEZE IF PLACED OVER LIQUID AIR!

HENRY B. JOY, JR.
DETROIT SKEET-SHOOTER WHO LOST HIS RIGHT EYE BY A STRAY SHOT, LEARNED TO SHOOT LEFT HANDED—THEN WON THE NAT'L ALL-GAUGE SKEET CHAMPIONSHIP WITH A PERFECT 250 SCORE!
THE SCORE HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED!

CHANGE OVER
In 1932 Henry B. Joy, Jr. lost the sight of his right eye and was not allowed to shoot for four months. During this time he practiced pointing left handed. Three days after he was permitted to shoot again he broke 25 straight without a miss!

YOUNG HAM
Jean Hudson, Perth Amboy, N. J., has no amateur station of her own, but uses either her brother's, her father's or her older sister's outfit!

Tomorrow: Blind Golfer!

THE LAST BITE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

EM'S DESSERT USING COOKIE FOR A PUSHER

ALSO NIBBLES COOKIE FROM TIME TO TIME

THIS COMES TO LAST BITE OF DESSERT WITH NOTHING LEFT FOR A PUSHER

STARTS TO USE FINGERS BUT SEES MOTHER EYING HIM STERNLY

SIGNS AND STARTS CHASING ELUSIVE BITE AROUND PLATE BUT CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT UP WITH SPOON ALONE

ELICITS WARNING CRY FROM MOTHER AS HE ALMOST PUSHES IT OFF PLATE

AT LAST SUCCEEDS IN SCOOPING IT UP BY TIPPING PLATE

HEARS SHRIEK FROM MOTHER AS CREAM TRANSFERS ITSELF FROM PLATE TO TABLECLOTH

WITH A SIGH GETS READY FOR USUAL LECTURE, FIRST POPPING LAST BITE INTO HIS MOUTH

L.L. ABNER—Riva, Stay 'Way From My Door!

YA CAN'T T-TURN US OVERT TH POLICE! I'LL MEAN LIFE FOR US!!

THEN YOU'LL BE BETTER MEN WHEN YOU GET OUT! AH IS TH FLYIN AVENGER! AH IS IRRESISTIBLE!!—GIVE UP, CRIMMALS!—OR AH WILL RISE TTH CEILIN—AIM MAMSELF AT YO—AN—ZOOM!!

WOE IS ME!!—THE GREAT SWAMI RIVA, MASTER OF LEVITATION—OR THE POWER TO PRODUCE THE ABILITY TO FLY—FORCED TO LIVE ON A ROOF TOP!!—BUT MY DAY WILL COME AGAIN—AND I MUST KEEP IN TRIM!!—ONE GIVES THE POWER TO FLY—THUS!!—

(—AND—THUS—ONE TAKES IT AWAY!!—)

HYAR AH COME! AH IS IRRESISTIBLE!!

HE'S LOST HIS POWER!!—HE'S AT OUR MOICY!!

OOPS! FLOP!

I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT BETWEEN TH EYES!!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ynez Has Dread Suspicion!

YNEZ SURPRISED A MAN IN TOMMY AND SKEETS' ROOM, AT CASMETTO HACIENDA, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING SHE WAS STARTLED TO DISCOVER THAT THE INTRUDER WAS HER BROTHER, ERNESTO, WHO, AS A RESULT OF VICES, HAD BEEN DISOWNED BY HIS FATHER BUT...NOW...

TOM-MIE! SKEET-FAIR! ARE YOU THERE?

IT'S FATHER!

HE HAS GONE! AND NOW, MY DEAR SISTER, I ALSO SHALL GO! NOT AS A CABALLERO, FROM MY SIRE'S HACIENDA...BUT LIKE A THIEF FROM THE WINDOW!

WAIT... ERNESTO!...WHAT WERE YOU SEARCHING FOR??

PERHAPS FOR A NECKTIE OR...CAMERAS FOR A CAMERA...QUIEN SABE?

A... A CAMERA? THEN YOU MUST BE...

YOU SEEM...ER...STARTLED. MY DEAR SISTER! AS THOUGH THE WORD "CAMERA" HAS REMINDED YOU OF SOMETHING OR SOMEONE...TELL ME...I AM CURIOUS...

THE NEBBES—I Want to Be Alone

WELL, I MANAGED TO SNEAK OUT OF THE HOTEL WITHOUT THAT KID SEEING ME

HE CERTAINLY IS MY SHADOW AND HE'S NOT SMART ENOUGH TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF IT JUST HAPPENED—IF I THOUGHT IT WAS ACCIDENTAL I PERHAPS WOULD NOT MIND IT SO MUCH

HE'S ALL RIGHT BUT I DON'T LIKE THOSE HOME-GROWN, MAMA-INFLUENCED KIDS—I LIKE THEM WHEN THEY HAVE A BIT OF THE WORLD IN THEM

HELLO! I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU—I GOT A DATE FOR US TWO FOR TENNIS, GOLF, HORSEBACK—WON'T IT BE FUN—JUST YOU AND I?

YNEZ SURPRISED A MAN IN TOMMY AND SKEETS' ROOM, AT CASMETTO HACIENDA, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING SHE WAS STARTLED TO DISCOVER THAT THE INTRUDER WAS HER BROTHER, ERNESTO, WHO, AS A RESULT OF VICES, HAD BEEN DISOWNED BY HIS FATHER BUT...NOW...

TOM-MIE! SKEET-FAIR! ARE YOU THERE?

IT'S FATHER!

HE HAS GONE! AND NOW, MY DEAR SISTER, I ALSO SHALL GO! NOT AS A CABALLERO, FROM MY SIRE'S HACIENDA...BUT LIKE A THIEF FROM THE WINDOW!

WAIT... ERNESTO!...WHAT WERE YOU SEARCHING FOR??

PERHAPS FOR A NECKTIE OR...CAMERAS FOR A CAMERA...QUIEN SABE?

A... A CAMERA? THEN YOU MUST BE...

YOU SEEM...ER...STARTLED. MY DEAR SISTER! AS THOUGH THE WORD "CAMERA" HAS REMINDED YOU OF SOMETHING OR SOMEONE...TELL ME...I AM CURIOUS...

YNEZ SURPRISED A MAN IN TOMMY AND SKEETS' ROOM, AT CASMETTO HACIENDA, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING SHE WAS STARTLED TO DISCOVER THAT THE INTRUDER WAS HER BROTHER, ERNESTO, WHO, AS A RESULT OF VICES, HAD BEEN DISOWNED BY HIS FATHER BUT...NOW...

TOM-MIE! SKEET-FAIR! ARE YOU THERE?

IT'S FATHER!

HE HAS GONE! AND NOW, MY DEAR SISTER, I ALSO SHALL GO! NOT AS A CABALLERO, FROM MY SIRE'S HACIENDA...BUT LIKE A THIEF FROM THE WINDOW!

WAIT... ERNESTO!...WHAT WERE YOU SEARCHING FOR??

PERHAPS FOR A NECKTIE OR...CAMERAS FOR A CAMERA...QUIEN SABE?

A... A CAMERA? THEN YOU MUST BE...

YOU SEEM...ER...STARTLED. MY DEAR SISTER! AS THOUGH THE WORD "CAMERA" HAS REMINDED YOU OF SOMETHING OR SOMEONE...TELL ME...I AM CURIOUS...

light, airy
Tropical Worsteds
all wool by Timely,
Kuppenheimer, and
Goodall
\$25.00 up
Barkers
store for men

SOCE SECOND SESSION WILL START ON JULY 21
Southern Oregon College of Education, Ashland, July 14.—(Sp.)—The second summer session at the Southern Oregon College of Education will begin Monday, July 21, with registration. Beginning classes for the new term will also be held at the regular hour on Monday. Final examinations for the first term will be held Thursday and Friday, July 17 and 18.