

SHOW BOAT GIRL

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

Chapter 22 Tried By Honey

DROWSY, but unable to sleep because the power of her lurching thoughts was greater than that of the sedative, Melissa lay listening to the sounds on the boat—sounds that spoke of the quickening of life: the first cars arriving with dinner-guests; later those who came to gamble upstairs, or to drink and watch the floor-show would arrive.

There was a sudden sound of quick, high-heeled, purposeful steps along the corridor, and a voice said, "In here?" Another voice, one of the show boat attendants, answered, "In there."

The door was thrust open without the preliminary of a knock and a slim, blonde girl in black came swiftly into the room and shut the door hard behind her. For a moment, Melissa, sitting up in her bunk, did not recognize the girl. And then the blonde swept back the sheer, dark scarf that had been draped about her golden head, partially veiling her pallid face, and Melissa recognized her as Honoria Stevens, the Honey who had been in love with Jimmy.

Melissa's heart contracted with a sharp stab of pity as she saw the girl's pallid face, the great blue eyes that had been burned by tears until they had an empty, desolate look.

"Miss Stevens," she said, and sat up in bed, reaching for her little blue robe. "I'm terribly sorry."

"You needn't be," said Honey through her teeth. "Because what happened had nothing to do with you. I couldn't bear it that you should think yourself important enough to Jimmy to make him lift a little finger about you—let alone drive his car straight into a concrete post because you were going to marry somebody else."

Melissa felt as though the weight of Gibraltar had been lifted from her spirit. Her face lifted, her eyes widening.

"Then—then—it wasn't because of me—?" she stammered.

"Because of you?" Honey sneered, her savage young mouth a straight, thin line of hatred. "Jimmy laughed at you for a silly little fool. He wouldn't have married you if you had crawled to him on your knees, begging him to. It was me that he loved—we were going to be married. But we quarrelled—we were always quarrelling—and he'd been drinking a little—just enough to make him wild and reckless. I know he shouldn't have driven home—I ought to have driven him—but I was angry—and I wouldn't offer—and now—?" Her voice caught on a ragged sob and for a moment she hid her pallid face in her hands.

"But Mrs. Marston said—" began Melissa haltingly.

Honey fung up her head with a little gesture of disdain. "Mrs. Marston thinks he did it because he was hurt about you—she won't believe anything else. I've tried to tell her that it was an accident—that he'd been drinking—that he and I had quarrelled—but she won't believe me. It seems to make it a little easier for her if she can find somebody besides Jimmy to blame. But I couldn't bear it that you should think yourself important enough for Jimmy to kill himself over you! Because you were not—you couldn't be—not to Jimmy. Men like Jimmy play around with girls like you, but you're never really important to them."

Melissa stood beside the bed now, wrapped in her blue crepe robe, her feet thrust into silken little satin bedroom slippers. And her young face, framed by the tumbled ruddy brown curls, was radiant.

"It was pretty wonderful of you, Miss Stevens, to come and tell me this," she said simply, heartfelt gratitude in her voice. "I was almost crazy believing I'd had something to do with Jimmy—with his dying—"

"I don't want your thanks," snapped Honey out of her heart-break and tragedy. "I'm not concerned with anything you think or feel—except that I couldn't bear for you to think you were anything at all to Jimmy—except just a girl out of whom he got a lot of laughs."

She whirled, her voice shaking. Jerked open the door and was gone, running, stumbling a little like one gone suddenly blind.

Shopping Trip
A FEW days later, on a sparkling spring morning that might have been flched from a Northern June, Melissa was awakened early by a brisk rapping at her door. Wrapped in her blue crepe robe, her hair tumbled in lovely disorder about her sleep-flushed face, she opened the door to find Randy there.

His eyes lighted at the sight of her dewy, exquisite loveliness, and she heard the little deep caught breath he drew before he could stably his voice enough to say, "I've often wondered what you looked like when you first waked up. I couldn't believe you'd

be even more beautiful than in the middle of the day, but you are!"

Melissa laughed, a soft little caressing laugh deep in her throat, and asked saucily, "Was that the reason you disturbed my slumbers?"

"No," said Randy, "though it's a perfectly swell excuse, come to think of it. But it just occurred to me all of a sudden that it's a perfectly swell day for a shopping trip to New Orleans—and we might take a look at the geesees this afternoon before we come back."

"A shopping trip?" Melissa repeated, puzzled.

Randy's eyes laughed at her, a laugh that caressed her and brought the warm, soft color to her cheeks.

"Well, believe it's customary for a bride to have a wedding ring," he said mildly. "And it's even legal if a bride-to-be has an engagement ring. And I thought it might be nice if you had a hand in picking them out. And there are a couple of good horses running at the track this afternoon. Ever see a horse race, darling?"

"No," answered Melissa, eyes shining.

"Then your education, as I felt it had been seriously neglected," said Randy firmly. "Hop into your very best bib and tucker, while I have Cookie scramble up an egg or two and burn some toast. We've got a right busy day ahead of us, my sweet. And I do mean—sweet!"

He added the last words in a voice that was husky and none too steady as he cupped her chin between a thumb and forefinger, tilted her lovely head back and printed an ardent kiss upon her soft mouth, before he went away.

She dressed with her heart singing in her breast. It was surely the most glorious of worlds; and she was surely the most fortunate girl alive—to be young, to be lovely, to be loved by the one man in all her life who had ever so much as laid the shadow of his personality against her young, trembling heart!

Red Fox Fur
RANDY, waiting for her in the dining-room, looked at her, a little awed, and said straight from his full heart, "I don't believe it—you couldn't possibly be in love with me. No girl who looks as you do could possibly love a mug like me!"

"Want to bet on it?" asked Melissa, her voice shaken a little for all her effort at gaiety. "And who are you calling a mug? I'd have you know, sir, that that 'mug,' as you call him, is my favorite boyfriend!"

He held her close and hard against him and his voice, shaken and ardent and husky, said "My darling sweet—I'll try like the dickens to deserve you!"

The waiter came then with their breakfast and Randy let her go reluctantly. The waiter's dark face was split with a wide, white-toothed grin as he served them and departed.

Randy said, ignoring his orange juice to toast his eyes upon her, "I still don't believe you were ever a Mississippi lamplighter. You're too beautiful, too smartly dressed—"

Melissa laughed radiantly. "It's a trick," she told him cheerfully, "the looking beautiful. It's done with mirrors or something."

"I suspected as much," answered Randy, entering into the spirit of her gaiety. "Behind the—or—disguise, I suppose you're simply an old hag—a likely thought!"

They ate their breakfast, not knowing whether it was sawdust or something more palatable and nourishing; and under a glorious blue sky, lit to gold by a radiant sun, they set out for the thirty-mile drive.

"It's the most perfect morning that was ever made," said Melissa happily.

"Glad you like it—I ordered it made specially for you," Randy assured her handsomely.

Reaching New Orleans, they left the car in a parking lot and started down Canal Street. Before a small fur shop they paused a moment. Only one object decorated the window. A red fox fur, of opulent beauty, so stunning that anything else the furrier could have offered would have suffered by comparison with its soft, shimmering, ruddy gold beauty.

Randy snapped his fingers and said, "I've been wondering what it was that you lacked—the thing necessary to make that costume complete. And now I know! Come along."

He turned toward the shop door, but Melissa put a swift, restraining hand on his arm.

"Oh, no, Randy—it's terribly expensive—Randy, you mustn't!" she protested sharply.

Randy stared at her, frowning, resentful, almost a little angry. "Expensive? Certainly it's expensive, because it's something really fine. So what? You're not going to deny me the pleasure of buying it for you, are you?"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliations and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KGW (NBC-Blue) 630, Portland.
KJH (NBC-Blue) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOIN (NBC-Red) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Flying Patrol, KGO, KJR, Stars of Today, KGW, Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO, Death Valley Days, KSL, Adventures in Toyland, KEX, Eyes of the World, KOIN, Dance Orch., KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—People's Platform, KSL, KOIN; Star Spangled Melodies, KPO; Afternoon Dances, KNX; Streamlined Fairy Tales, KOMO.

6:00 p. m.—Bing Crosby, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Voice of Victory, KGO; Old Times, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Big Town, KNO, KSL, KOIN; Music by Bovero, KGO, KEX; Armchair Cruises, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO.

7:30 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:50 p. m.—Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; Frank Fay, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSI, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dorothy Thompson, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Cadets Quartet, KGO, KJR; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; Paddy Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Your Blind Date, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—News, KOIN, KNX; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

9:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KEX, KGO, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Stan Kenton's Orch., KSL; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; War Time Women, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Swing Your Partner, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN; News, KNX, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

Friday

8:00 p. m.—Flying Patrol, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Kate Smith Hour, KSL; Ed Stofer's Music, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Bill Sabransky, KOMO; Children's Playhouse, KGW; Leon F.

Draws, KOIN; News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Plannery, KNX.

8:50 p. m.—Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Paul Carson, KEX; What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Voice of Victory, KGO; On With the Dance, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—March of Time, KEX, KGO, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00 p. m.—Ella Maxwell's Party, Mne. KGO, KEX, KJR; Glenn Miller's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Bob Hawk, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Meet Your Navy, KGO; Golden Gate Quartet, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Herbert Marshall, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

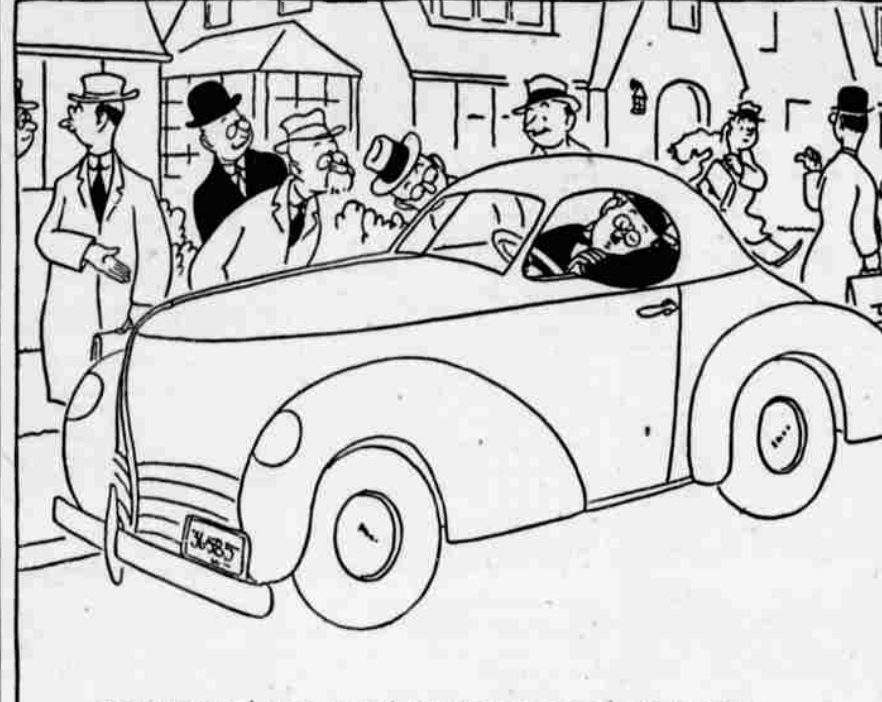
8:30 p. m.—Who Done It, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—News, KGO, KEX; Kate Smith Hour, KNX, KOIN; Meet Your Navy, KJR; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Claude Thornhill's Orch., KGO; Dark Fantasy, KGW; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Studio Party, KOMO; Floyd Wright, KPO.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY HAD A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO WHEN THE NEIGHBORS, HEADING FOR THE 3:15, FOUND HIM ASLEEP IN HIS CAR, IN HIS EVENING CLOTHES, SIX BLOCKS FROM HOME, BUT FRED MAINTAINS STOUTLY THAT HE MERELY RAN OUT OF GAS AND HAD TO STAY WITH THE CAR ON ACCOUNT OF THE TIRES

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

Out Cold



LIL ABNER—Daisy in a Daze



THE NEBBS—Who's Sick?



Dutch Jews Perish In Enforced Labor
London, April 2.—(P)—The Netherlands government in exile announced tonight that 740 of 1,200 Dutch Jews sent by the Germans to enforced labor in the salt and sulphur mines at Mauthausen, have all died and that the Germans had deliberately sent them without protection into the "poisonous vapors."

The protests of the civilized world, when informed by the Netherlands government were unavailing, the announcement, made on Radio Orange, said.

REDHEAD ROUNDUP OFF
Taft, Ore., April 2.—(P)—Add war casualties—the Taft Red-head Roundup, which has been cancelled for 1942 because of the army's requests to eliminate unnecessary crowds. The association hopes to resume the event in 1943.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



SKY RODEO
One of the most amazing aerial feats of World War I was that of Major McCudden, who captured a German plane in mid-air! McCudden, who in all accounted for 57 Bacha craft, was up over Cambrai one day when he sighted a group of cross-marked German planes. He hit one with bursts from his gun, and he said later, "flew east of the machine" and "turned him off west," forcing the aerial captive toward the British lines. McCudden, his own plane damaged, followed and crashed near where the other landed, intact. Unhurt, the Major went over and took his adversary prisoner.

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen



By Al Capp



By Hess



STOCK LOSSES HEAVY

Condon, Ore., April 2.—(P)—Gilliam and Wheeler county farmers today reported heavy stock losses due to the late spring and severe winter today. Losses among ewes during the lambing season was heavy and many Wheeler county localities reported heavy losses among young calves, due to the lack of sunshine.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too late to classify 10 p. m.

SHOP AT NIGHT

Barker's are open until 8 o'clock EVERY night.

Barker's
Store for Men

Torpedo Victims

Land at Norfolk

Norfolk, Va., April 2.—(P)—Weak and numb from exposure, 13 crewmen of a torpedoed Panamanian merchant ship were landed at Norfolk Saturday night by a rescue vessel which picked them up after 45 hours adrift on the stormy Atlantic ocean in one lifeboat and two rafts.

Two crew members were known dead and 38 were presumed lost, the fifth naval district said today in announcing the sinking of the medium sized ship, which occurred early Thursday night.

RETRIAL SET

Seattle, April 2.—(P)—May 25 has been set for the opening of the second murder trial of Edward L. Yager, who is charged with slaying three men in an attempted holdup of a Seattle speakeasy last August 3.