

Folly and Farewell

By MARIE BLIZARD
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
LINDA BOURNE, 20 years old, pretty and socially prominent in the little town of Klamath Falls, is left almost penniless after the sudden death of her father.

She becomes friendly with FRED HUNTER, a political reporter, and shows him a scenario she has written. Peter gets Linda a job as society reporter.

DIX CARTER, with whom Linda is in love, tells her he is going abroad for a year to study singing. He says, "Will you wait for me?" and she answers, "I'll wait forever."

Linda never before spent a summer like that one. She was a working girl now, and there was no more traveling east to spend weeks house-partying on Long Island or the Cape with school friends.

Linda was a working-girl with limited time and limited money. The invitations came from the east, and Wilda Jennings begged, pleaded and coaxed Linda to "quit that foolish job and come and have a good time."

But Linda was having a good time. And she didn't think her job foolish. She pored over the columns of news she turned out daily, worked anxiously with the paper's photographer and learned the thrill of a good job well done.

And she had fun. Fun with Pete Gardner. One time they went to a carnival, and Pete proudly presented her with his trophies—a horrible wriggling doll, a cotton navajo blanket, two canes and a huge box of inedible candy.

Pete learned to play tennis. There was no servant to keep the Bourne courts in order, but Pete and Linda made a game of it. Pete taught Linda to swim and, laughing, spluttering, choking, she clung to him, not knowing that to touch her was a form of sweet agony for him.

HE didn't know about Dix, but he did know about Linda, and he told himself he "wasn't getting to first base." Lots of girls had made it clear to Pete how they felt about it and Linda showed none of the symptoms. But she spent almost all her free time with him.

There was the time that they went to a state fair and judged the hogs and jellies with impartial if inept judgment. There was the time they spent a day beside a small stream talking, talking all day of books and plays and Pete told her tales of newspaper tradition, but never that his heart beat faster at the sound of her footfall or that a shadow on her face was like a cloud passing over him.

Did Linda know? What woman wouldn't have known? She tried to pretend that it was not so, that Pete was her friend, that their association was to him what it was to her—a pleasant companionship. It was only when she spent those quiet, comforting evenings at home with Pete and his mother that conscience smote her and she felt she was being unfair to him. But she had so little, she depended on him for so much that she could not let him go. And, since he did not tell her that he loved her, she couldn't say anything to let him know how she felt.

FOR she had only Pete and her letters from Dix. The letters were few and like water one dreams one is drinking when one is thirsty, it did not quench the thirst. Dix loved Rome. He was studying with Gaetano. He thought he would try for a singing role in a London production. Opera took too long. He had met some amusing Russians. He hoped she was "having a good time." That was all. No more of caring for her. No mention of that last night. No word of the future.

And yet Linda wrote her heart out to him and then tore up the letters. But finally her loneliness and love for him came to dominate her letters and on a cold bleak day, one of those October days that haunt the coming death of the season, there came a letter from Dix in answer to hers.

"We didn't know what we were talking about," he said. "It was only a few months ago, but it seems like years, Linda, and I think that we were caught up in an emotional wave with my leaving and all that. I suppose you feel the same way. We've been apart now for a long time. You have a job you like, and I'm in this music thing pretty deep. It isn't fair to either of us to be bound to anything as vague as my future."

It didn't matter what else he said. He didn't intend to come back to Linda.

The letter Linda burned, but not before she knew every phrase by heart and every phrase weighed on her heart like stones that pressed into her and surged up into her throat, bringing the tears to her eyes.

She couldn't work. She had to work it out for herself, but she couldn't do it and keep her mind on her job. She asked for a vacation and got it. Then she got out her party clothes, like countless girls before her, and, with a new wave, a determined smile and a heavy heart, set out to join Wilda at the Jennings' camp.

THERE were boys on the party and music and gaiety. It was like the good times that Linda used to have before Calvin Bourne killed himself, and that part of her life came to an end. Once more Linda had breakfast in bed and sat up far into the night, listening to gossip with Wilda.

The fortnight came to an end and she faced the future with no more hope than she had had when she ran away from herself and her job.

And, when she had decided that, she packed away her party clothes and sent a wire to Pete Gardner telling him the hour her train was arriving.

Pete was at the train.

"Glad to see me? Miss me?" she asked, sincerely not meaning to be coquettish.

"Terribly," he said to both questions. "Are you glad to be back?"

"Terribly," she said, and for some reason tears glistened in her dark eyes.

The tears did it. "Linda, will you marry me?" Pete said, meaning it but not meaning to say it.

Suddenly Linda saw so many things. She saw how polished were his boots, how smartly pressed his old tweed suit. She saw the florist's box in his hand and his heart in his eyes. She saw the mirror of herself as Dix must have seen her.

"If I could be sure you meant it, I think I'd say 'yes,'" she told him.

(To Be Continued)

Bond of \$200,000 for Karpis' 'Host'



His bond set at \$200,000 on a charge of harboring Alvin Karpis, imprisoned gang leader, Fred Hunter is shown above, handcuffed, handkerchief at his face, after his arraignment in New Orleans. Hunter, alleged former minor Ohio gangster, and a woman were taken into custody by G-men when Karpis was captured.

Sixteen Years in Same Role



For 16 years, Frank McGlynn has attached whiskers and applied a characteristic mole to his face, whenever he has been called upon to assume the role of Abraham Lincoln. Otherwise, his features and his stature are so Lincolnlike that he has become Hollywood's leading portrayer of the famous president.

Flapper Fannie Says



The catch more often is in the fish story than the coral.

OUT OUR WAY



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OUR BOARDING HOUSE



LUTHER BURBANK HOOPLE © 1936 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. U. S. PAT. OFF. 5-13

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



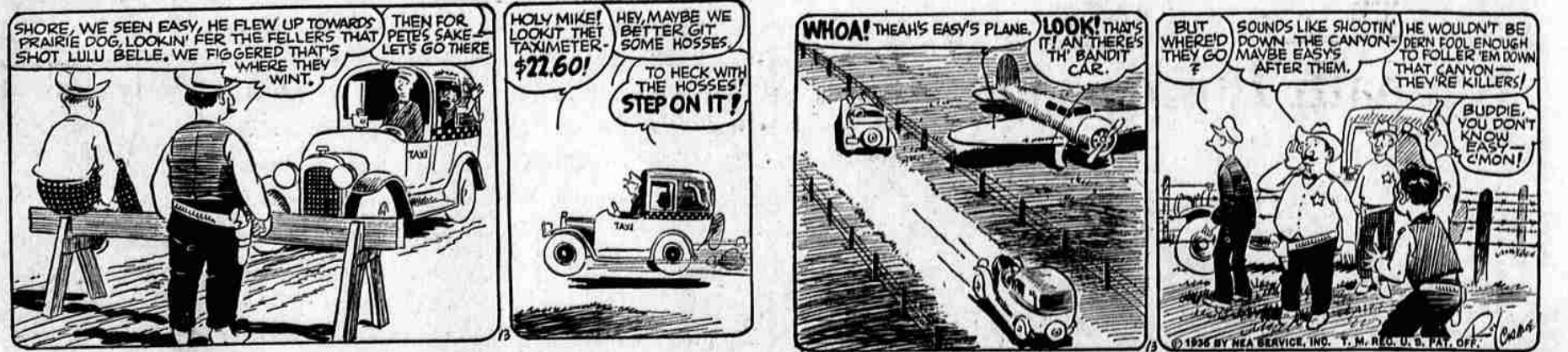
BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN