

Folly and Farewell

By MARIE BLIZARD
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
LINDA BOUNCE, 26, pretty, is left almost motionless by the sudden death of her father.
PETER GARDNER, newspaper reporter, helps her get a job writing society news. Linda is in love with DIX CARTER, but he goes ahead to study singing. When Peter asks Linda to marry him she agrees, but postpones the wedding.
HONEY HARMON, film star, comes to Newport, making a "personal appearance" tour, and buys a scenario written by Linda. Later Linda goes to Hollywood and, by expressing ideas that are really Peter's, acquires a reputation for being able to discover new stars. Soon she is a celebrity.
Dix Carter comes to Hollywood to get into films as an actor. Linda tries to help him. To please Dix, she invites BASIL THORNE, director, to her home though she dislikes and distrusts Thorne.
Peter Gardner writes a successful play and comes to Hollywood.
Thorne drives Linda to a mountain resort where the company is to begin work next day. The others fail to arrive. There is trouble with the car and Linda and Thorne are obliged to stay through the night.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXI

"I'm entirely serious," Basil Thorne said.
"So am I," Linda answered shortly. She might play to a role by candle-light or at a civilized hour of the day, but it was too much to expect of her at this hour of the morning.

Her thoughts just then concerned nothing more romantic than the hot tub and fresh clothing. Whatever visions floated in her mind's eye were those of steaming, fragrant food and heavenly coffee. And Basil Thorne expected her to be romantic! At least, she thought he did, since he had proposed to her.

The big white car sped over the lonely road, and the sky brightened and broke into a flame of color with the rising sun and wakening world. Still the two rode, huddled in their great coats, silent and fatigued, quiet with their separate thoughts.

Why had she ever been afraid of him, Linda wondered. He had been nice last night and now he was meek as a lamb. And he had proposed to her. It had surprised her because Basil wasn't what she'd call a marrying man. It hadn't surprised her in the least that he had offered her marriage instead of a less respectable proposition. Linda was the kind of girl that men propose to.

THAT was precisely what Basil Thorne was thinking in his glum silence. The idea of marriage appalled him, but he grudgingly admitted that marriage to a girl like Linda was the only acceptable way. The more he thought about it, the more real it became to him. He pictured the smooth continuity of life with this well-bred girl. His mental pictures of their home life were drawn from a composite series of

photographs and movie sequences. It was a conglomerate range of portraits; Linda in a flowing gown, pouring tea; Linda with flaxen-haired children in faultless English clothes about her knee; Linda as the hostess at a modest dinner party of some 300 guests. He went up several degrees in his own estimation. If thinking of it could do that much to him, he needed her! She must marry him. He reviewed what he frankly called his method of attack. Linda was not like the other girls he had known in Hollywood; he couldn't dangle fame before her eyes. He must be gentle, charming and persuasive. And, failing that, he had a powerful weapon. He was not above using it. Meanwhile he would content himself with a trial of his first method.

"Linda," he broke the silence. "I didn't ask you to marry me because I thought it was the gallant thing to do. I've been wanting to ask you since the first day we met. I'm not going to pretend to you that there have been no other women in my life, but I'm going to ask you to believe that you are the first woman who has ever made me feel that I would want to live up to her ideals."

"Thank you, Basil," Linda didn't think that was a very enthusiastic response, but if the man would persist it was just too bad.

"I haven't very much to offer you"—so he was still proposing?—"I don't mean money, of course." His expansive gesture of sweeping hand indicated millions of dollars. "I am thinking of myself. I'm only an old duffer; clumsy, but I've got a heart, Linda."

LINDA was very much bored and entirely tired of this speech. "I haven't ever had advantages. My background wasn't the sort that polishes the edges, but I have character and I have gotten somewhere in the world. A girl like yourself would be making no bad bargain."

He looked out of the corner of his eye to see how that was going over. It wasn't, so he tried a new line. "I suppose it will sound funny to you, my dear, but I've always wanted a woman to mother me. My own dear mother died when I was a little chap. A man can grow up starved for that kind of love, and few women ever appeal to him that way."

"I'm sorry you think I am that one woman, Basil," Linda replied finally. "I hope you are mistaken. Because there just isn't anything I can do about it. I don't love you and I can't marry you."

She wished she could tell him that she loved Dix, was going to marry him, but she was afraid that if she did, he would deny Dix his chance, the thing that she had been working toward so hopefully.

"Is there someone else?" he asked

with his voice pitched at the lowest dramatic level.

She didn't answer because she didn't want to lie; she smiled and said quickly, "Please let's turn off the main road here. At all costs we must avoid meeting the others. And, once more please, Basil, will you please never to breathe a word about this?"

If Hollywood heard about it, Lin

dia knew that she was through. There was only one way that they might be discovered, and that was if either she or Basil Thorne themselves were to tell about it. There was no simulated intensity in her plea to him.

Thorne hugged her with his free arm, giving her a brotherly squeeze. "You worry too much," he said.

THAT wasn't exactly reassuring, and later that day Linda remembered little things about Thorne's eyes, a quirk at the corner of his mouth when he had said it. She felt the beginning of a disquieting cloud of doubt that was to grow with time.

As she had expected, one of the telephone messages she had ignored the day before told her that there was a change of plans and the company was postponing the trip to San Jacinto until the next week. If only she had seen it, she might have avoided that trip and would not now be worrying lest it become known and destroy her. Because destroy her it would. She was too important to be able to stand a breath of scandal.

It was too much for Linda to keep to herself. She didn't intend to tell Dix, but when he told her he had been telephoning her the night before, she told him the whole story, hoping and knowing that he would believe her.

"But why be so upset about it?" Dix asked in his lazy way.

"If you must know, Dix, I don't trust Thorne. He isn't exactly a gentleman, and I have reason to believe that he isn't to be trusted." There were several things Linda hadn't told Dix, yet she expected and wanted him to share her feeling about Thorne.

Dix grasped her by her elbow and looked into her eyes. "Did he make love to you last night?" he demanded.

Linda loved that. He was jealous.

"No, he only proposed to me." He let her go. "Then that's all right. I think you've got him all wrong. Just forget it, Linda."

The unpleasant thought occurred to her that Dix really didn't care whether Thorne had made love to her or not, that his anxiety was only that she might have spoiled things for him. She dismissed the thought as unfair and untrue.

(To Be Continued)

The native population of Australia has declined from about 300,000 in 1788 to 62,000 in 1930, or 80,000 in half-castes are included.

National forests have been named in honor of four presidents of the United States—Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Cleveland.

Warns Londoners of Traffic Peril



In a campaign to reduce the traffic death toll, London police are erecting signs like these where ever deaths and injuries have given the intersection a black reputation. A warning to pedestrians and motorists is emblazoned below a grim, circular "black spot."

Flapper Fannie Says



The nuptial tie is a beau knot.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.



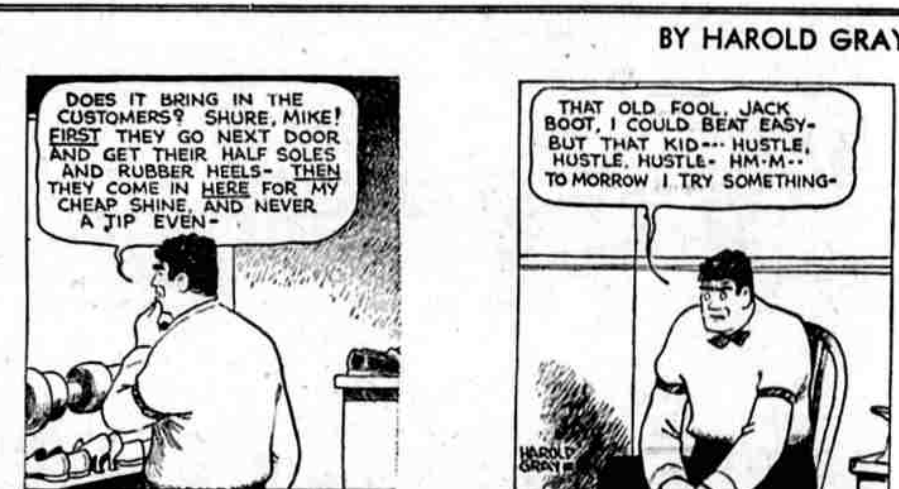
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

