● SERIAL STORY

SUMMER THEATER

BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

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YESTERDAY: Johnny searches Capetown for the actress, finally finds her. She is Molly Travers. He arranges a date, returns to the shop to discover Jean's car at the curb. Jean is in Capetown—now.

CHAPTER III

THE sight of Jean Reynolds' car parked before his shop brought Johnny back to reality with a lurch. In his hunt for Molly Travers he had forgotten all about the letter he meant to write to Jean, telling her their love affair was finished.

When she turned and faced him, he realized again how pretty she was. Her brown eyes clear with honesty, and her mouth soft with love and understanding. Her clothes were simple. The cameo at the throat of her white blouse was like a jewel in a satin box.

"Hi ya," she said in the exact tone she used when her cocker, Barky, returned from his airing. "You've certainly turned out a trusting soul in your old age. The door was wide open. I sold two of your silly snoods."

"Thanks," he answered mechanically.

Jean was standing before him, her arms around his neck, waiting for a kiss. Johnny took her face between his two hands, looked down into the depths of her trusting eyes and despised himself.

He kissed her, but she drew back from him as if she sensed the difference in that kiss.

"Johnny, what's happened?" she asked in a small, frightened voice.

Johnny sat down on the sea chest. He kept his eyes on the floor while he answered.

"Jean, I came down here to think it all over."

Jean sat down beside him. She put her arm around his shoulder.

The arm comforted him and gave him courage. "Think what over? Don't tell me the doctors have given you six months to live!"

"I'll live all right. It's a girl. . . ."

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HE was astounded at the relief with which Jean answered, "Naughty, naughty, Johnny. Remember you can't have any other gal. You're engaged to me. So tell her the truth."

"Sorry, Jean, it's not that easy for me." He turned and faced her for the first time. "It's all over between us, my dear, between you and me, I mean. I've met a girl who makes me see that. She's the kind of a girl dreams are made of."

Jean took the blow standing. Johnny saw her put her hand to her forehead, rumple her hair as she did when disturbed. She didn't speak for a minute. She picked up her purse and began to scramble through it.

"Here's a cigaret, Jean," he said, and lighted it for her. "Say something. Tell me I'm a fool. Tell me I'm a heel. But don't just stand there looking at me." He was angry, but he couldn't explain why.

"Shut up, Johnny," she said sternly, drawing long drags on her cigaret. "I can't think straight yet. Did you know her before you came down here?"

"No," Johnny told her. "I came down here to think. I didn't feel right about that job your dad offered me, and about us, maybe. I don't know."

She glossed over that point. "Oh, you were jagged because of exams and getting your degree. Things would have brightened in a week or so. But this girl, Johnny. Who is she? Does she love you, too?"

"She's an apprentice at the Theater. I don't know whether she loves me or not," he answered as if that were unimportant.

"Good heaven, it's not one of those things? I thought you gave up crushes the summer you were gaga about Sally Rand."

Her attitude annoyed Johnny. He retorted angrily, "So you're jealous? But then this is the old triangular situation. You might as well jump in your jalopy and git for home."

Jean laughed. "You flatter yourself, Don Juan. But give me credit of a little curiosity. I want to see this angel-puss who could sweep you up to the stars, sprinkle you with moonbeams, so that you don't even need Jeannie to pull up a cloud or two to tuck you in." Johnny didn't answer her, so she shrugged, picked up her hat and said, "G'by. I'm at the Meltons' if she wants to kill a few birds. Theater people always adore meeting everybody. Each one for the money; two for the show!"

"That's right. Get sarcastic. It's so becoming. Don't suppose you're going my way?"

• • •

SHE let him drive the car, just as she always did. But she kept interrupting his thoughts, with, "Look, the Arnolds have come," and, "There's Willis Mack, Johnny. I can't wait to see his new wife. Sue Melton says she's a 'knockout.'"

When he slammed the door after him, she slid under the wheel and held out her hand. She looked straight at him, but he saw that her chin was quivering. He hoped she wouldn't cry. That always undid him completely.

But Jean Reynolds didn't cry. She threw the car into gear, rushed the motor while her foot was still on the clutch.

"I hate her, Johnny Regan, truly I do. But I can't fight back. I'm so used to letting you have whatever you wanted, though a dream girl is a little out of my line. But if I find out she doesn't love you, Johnny, and you're wasting all that romance, there's going to be fur flying. You'd better warn her."

Johnny wasn't angry any longer. She was seeing it the logical way.

"That's right, Jean, be a sport. And you'll be in love again, yourself, pretty soon. Ours was just kid stuff."

Jean looked at him without mirth. "Don't be a half-wit. Love's not something I turn on and off like a water faucet. Ever since I was 5 years old I've been in love with you. I don't know about you, but I'm grown up."

• • •

JOHNNY went inside. He'd wasted a lot of time, easing things off with Jean. He took a quick shower, put on a clean bush-coat and combed his hair. He tried not to think about his talk with Jean.

Johnny rented two bicycles, bought four sandwiches and was on the doorstep of number 43 Cottage at 7 o'clock. He had plenty of time, then, to mull over the situation, for Molly kept him waiting.

They climbed upon their bicycles and pedaled along in silence. They rounded a curve and Capetown lay below them, a colored etching in white and blue.

"It's so beautiful," Molly said when they stopped there to rest a minute, "that I forget how I've cursed the whole place for these two foul weeks."

"Yes," said Johnny solemnly. "Each year when May comes to Boston, I find myself thinking of triangular views like this one, of the way the twisted pines look on the road from the beach, the salty smell of fishing boats in the bay." They climbed their wheels and coasted down hill.

Molly was watching the road carefully, but she answered, "And I imagine all the wealthy people here in summer make things hum."

Johnny frowned. He'd been so used to accepting the Cape and its summer folk, that he resented even Molly considering the money that bought the boats he sailed, the station wagons he drove casually around.

"They're all swell. They don't think about their money. You'll see that when you meet them."

"Are we going to the Meltons? They tell me a crowd is always there."

The Meltons. Of course, that was the logical place. But Jean.

"We can't go to the Meltons tonight. There's a girl . . ."

Molly braked her bicycle, turned to look at him suspiciously. "Have you had a regular girl all this time?" she asked incredulously.

(To Be Continued)

Jupiter's Satellites

The planet Jupiter has nine moons, and each one requires a different length of time to make its trip around the planet. Some travel more slowly than others, while their orbits vary greatly in size.

About Rainbows

Rainbows appear in a multitude of forms. They vary in width, and in number and order of colors. A sheet of water, as well as a sun which is reflected by such a surface, may give us a primary and secondary reflected rainbow in the sky, intersecting the real rainbow.

The 50,000 airplanes requested for the United States national defense would be almost equal to the air forces of all the belligerents combined.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: When used as a signal of distress.

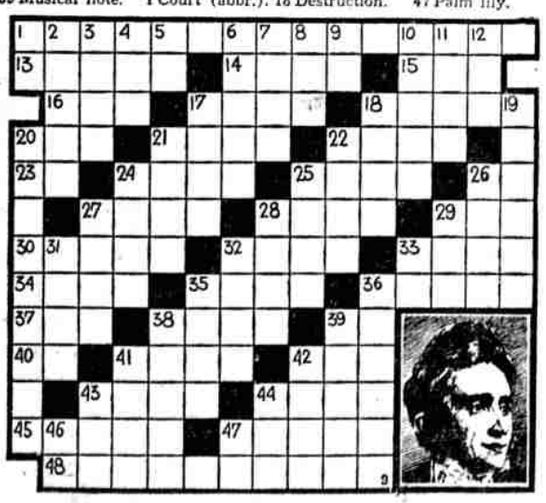
IMPORTANT INVENTOR

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured rubber process inventor.
13 To prohibit.
14 Burden.
15 To chew.
16 To soak flax.
17 Prayer.
18 Black bird.
20 Veteran.
21 Egyptian.
22 Confident.
23 Plural pronoun.
24 To diversify.
25 Piece of money.
26 Street (abbr.).
27 Clan unit.
28 Grant.
29 Cuckoo.
30 Doves' homes.
32 Sliding catch.
33 Slovak.
34 To avouch.
35 Swift.
36 To beset.
37 To clip.
38 Intellect.
39 Musical note.
40 Common verb.
41 Apple center.
42 It is (contr.).
43 Tract for growing crops.
44 Throng.
45 Arabian commanders.
47 Wigwam.
48 He made many ——s or tests to harden rubber.

VERTICAL
1 Court (abbr.).
2 Rabbits.
3 To connive at.
4 To decay.
5 Behold.
6 Resembling soup.
7 Small insect.
8 External.
9 Bone.
10 To long for.
11 Roof edge.
12 Devoured.
17 To classify.
18 Destruction.
19 United States was his —— land.
20 His invention is called ——d rubber.
21 Berets.
22 Dirt in smoke.
24 To change.
25 Young horse.
26 Stocking mar.
27 Stair.
28 Political leader.
29 Malt beverage
31 Genus of sheep.
32 To mitigate.
33 Musical note.
35 Solid.
36 Sextet.
38 Less good.
39 Ascended.
41 To cavil.
42 Soup-fin shark.
43 To repair.
44 Skirt edge.
46 Myself.
47 Palm lily.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

	A	M	E	L	I	A	E	A	R	H	A	R	T	
R	E	A	L	■	S	P	E	L	T	■	R	E	E	F
E	S	S	A	Y	■	I	L	L	■	S	T	E	A	L
C	■	S	T	E	T	S	■	Y	O	K	E	D	■	I
O	F	■	E	A	R	■	H	■	N	I	L	■	P	G
R	O	M	■	R	A	M	E	K	I	N	■	R	A	H
D	O	O	R	■	C	A	M	E	O	■	P	E	L	T
S	T	R	A	Y	E	R	■	A	N	L	A	C	E	S
■	L	O	V	E	■	A	■	■	■	■	R	U	T	■
L	E	N	E	■	N	U	■	A	M	E	L	I	A	■
A	S	■	L	A	I	D	■	E	A	R	H	A	R	T
M	■	C	I	R	C	E	■	P	U	T	N	A	M	■
P	I	O	N	E	E	R	■	■	■	■	E	N	■	O
■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	S	O	L	O



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

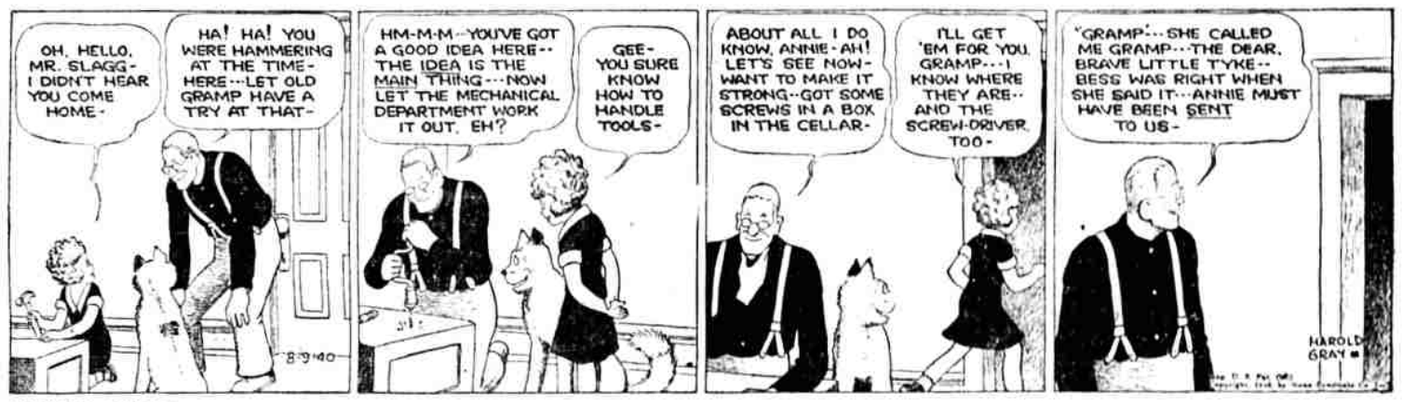
With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN

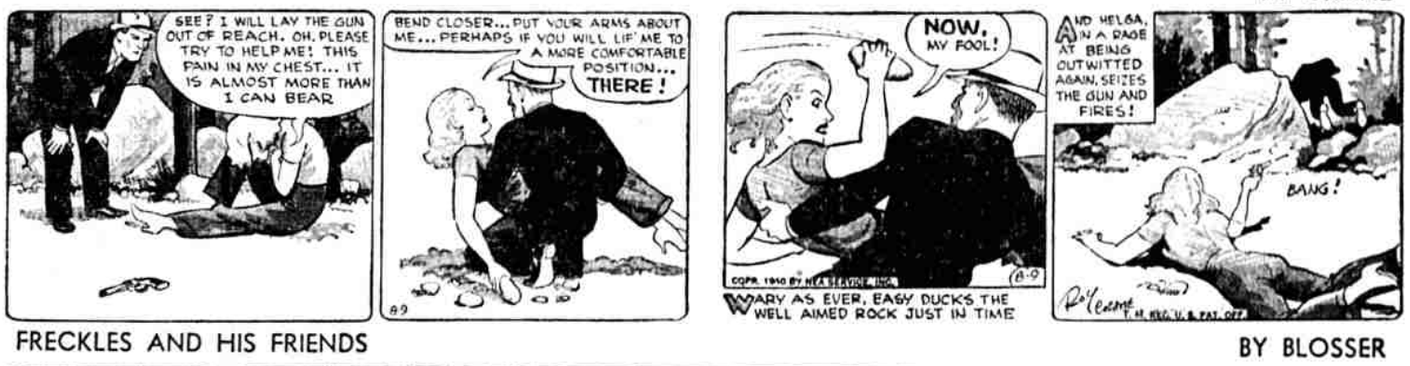
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE

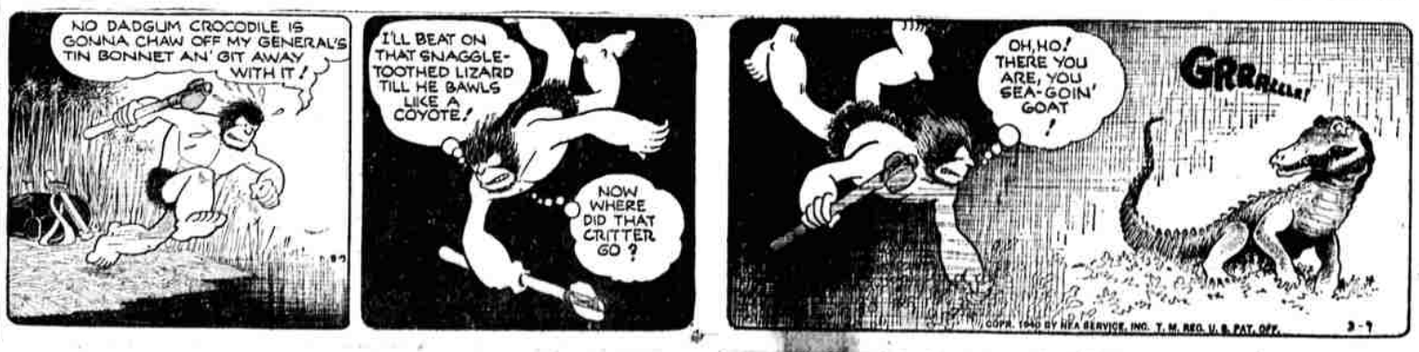


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN