

SERIAL STORY

SUMMER THEATER

BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

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YESTERDAY, Molly's introduction to the Cape crowd is successful, mainly through Jean's efforts. Jean promised to leave Capeview when she knows Molly loves Johnny. She asks Molly to date her, and Molly agrees. Jean is leaving.

CHAPTER VI

JOHNNY bustled himself picking up the bits of broken pottery bowl. Jean was leaving for Boston. She said she would leave when she found out Molly loved him. Was she sure of that?

"Did Molly tell you that, is she in love with me?"

Jean laughed unhappily. "You're bawdy, Johnny. She thinks you're cute as a bug's ear. Johnny cursed himself for letting Jean see his heart. He'd spread it out before her and she was sneering.

"Why go home, then? Why not stay here and heckle? Think I can't take it?"

She looked at him, almost with pity. "Oh, Johnny, what's the use? I've tried to like the girl, honestly I have. She's so smooth and beautiful she frightens me to death. And she's a grand actress. But she's ambitious, Johnny."

Johnny snorted. "Ambition isn't any crime. Let me tell you something, my sweet—poisoning my mind isn't going to help. I'd marry Molly tomorrow, if she'd have me."

"I won't be here tomorrow to see that, thank heaven," Jean answered.

She sat down on the sea chest and swung her feet. She was still a little girl, Johnny thought. Brown legs and socks, cardigan buttoned once at the neck, silly little ribbons tucked into her brown curls. Nothing alluring or mysterious about Jean. Just a little girl, hurt and angry because somebody had broken her favorite doll.

"Jean," he said. "I'm sorry, truly I am. Don't think I haven't missed our Cape Cod, the one of our summers. Sometimes I wish I'd never laid eyes on Molly. I'd be happier, I suppose, digging quahags and snailing with you, not being in love."

"Is it love?" Jean asked with a glimmer of wisdom that hardly belonged to a little girl. "I wonder."

They were silent for a minute, so still that they could hear the clock ticking. It's the perfect moment for me to say, "Let's be friends," thought Johnny. But he said nothing, busy with himself swishing imaginary dust from pine cone parrots.

"What I really came to say," Jean was speaking steadily, as if she had taken a deep breath and it was safe to continue, "is that I've lent my cameo to Molly for her part in the play, and since I won't be here to retrieve it, I want you to send it to me."

"Why, Jean," Johnny gasped, "that's a foolish thing for you to do. The Reynolds cameo is a museum piece! You know that."

He sounded like the stern parent. What was Jean thinking of? The Metropolitan was still negotiating for the Reynolds cameo. It had been made especially in Italy for Jean's grandmother. There were certain peculiarities about its design which made it invaluable.

Jean looked at him intently. "Sure you're not thinking of the legend? It's unlucky if anyone but a Reynolds wears it, you know."

"That old legend is pure fiction. I was thinking of the value of the brooch, and what your father would say if he knew you lent it to Molly."

"Oh, she'll take care of it," Jean assured him. "I was wearing it the afternoon she came to tea. She said, 'What a lovely old cameo. I had imagined Mrs. Lyons wearing one just like it at her throat.' Mrs. Lyons, that's who she is in the play."

"And so you took it right off and put it in her hand," Johnny was exasperated. Jean jumped from the chest and came over to where he stood, straightening his desk to hide his annoyance.

"A friend of yours is a friend of mine," she told him, "and I'm not going to embarrass myself by asking her to give it back before the play. Now get over your mad, and kiss me goodby for old times' sake."

Jean was in his arms kissing him as she had never kissed him before. Somewhere in his heart a dormant flurry stirred. He pushed her away from him.

"Johnny, I love you so, and I'll go on loving you forever. I haven't any pride to say it. That's why I can't stay here. When I go where we used to go, walk where we used to walk, it's like stamping on a grave, Johnny."

She was crying softly in his arms. "Stop, doonest," he said, patting her shoulders. He hated himself for what had happened to them, but his feeling for Molly was the same. He couldn't deny that, even with Jean so near to him.

They didn't know that Molly had come in until she spoke. "Am I interrupting? I thought the bell jangled, but I can go back and knock."

Jean jumped from Johnny's arms. They both looked like children caught robbing a cookie jar. Molly smiled superciliously. "If that's what you meant by kid stuff, I'm sorry you consider me grown up."

"I was simply telling him good-by," Jean explained. "I'm going back to Boston in the morning." Molly took a step toward Jean. Her voice was grim with authority.

Both our cottages were washed out to sea."

Molly wasn't listening. She was staring at the stage door of the theater, her blue eyes boring through its entrance. "Afraid you wouldn't have a chance to wear her cameo?" Johnny asked idly.

"What on earth do you mean by that?" Has Andre Masters seen her?" Molly demanded.

(To Be Continued)

Evokes Memories Of Glamor Star



Memories of one of the screen's most glamorous stars were evoked by Helen Dalzell, of Washington, pictured as she recently arrived in New York after 18 months in Rio de Janeiro. In Hollywood, she served as the "double" for the late Jean Harlow.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



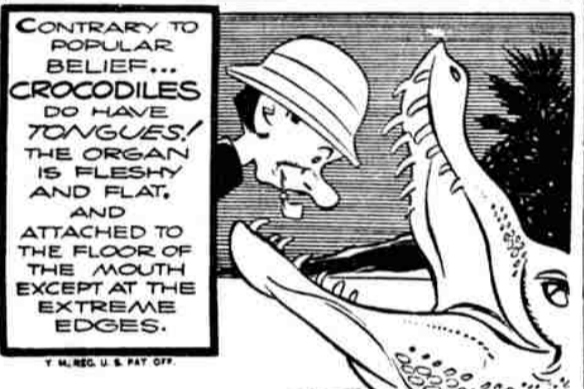
RED RYDER



BY HAROLD GRAY

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



SINGING STAR

Answer to Previous Puzzle
HORIZONTAL
1, 7 Young movie star.
11 Stream.
12 A giantess of fate.
15 Electrified particle.
16 Robin.
17 Mass of cast metal.
18 Pressed grape skins.
20 Substance.
22 Striped cotton fabric.
24 Whirlwind.
25 Overturns.
29 Opera scene.
33 Coronet.
34 Surfited.
35 Lodger.
37 Giraffe type beast.
38 To embroider.
39 Mysell.
40 Indian.
43 To deprive wrongfully.
48 Light brown.
50 Cuts off.
52 Less common.
53 Small flaps.
54 Falls over.
55 Start of a golf hole.
57 Auction.
58 She was a huge in her first picture.
59 She or portrays girls of her own age.
VERTICAL
2 Goddess of discord.
3 Melodies.
4 Knot.
5 Clergy's lined hood.
6 Unit of work.
7 Ana.
8 Fisure.
9 Vessel.
10 In reality.
13 Single thing.
14 To dress.
16 She has a singing voice.
19 She is a by nationality (pl.).
21 Took notes.
23 Flexible.
26 Brooch.
27 To soften leather.
28 Epochs.
30 Soap bar.
31 Greek letter.
32 Fiber knots.
36 Pitcher.
41 Balm.
42 Long poem.
43 Gressy substances.
45 Native metal.
46 Pastoral pipe.
47 Credit (abbr.).
48 Soft mineral.
49 To instigate.
51 Baglike part.
53 Japanese fish.
55 Musical note.
57 Spain (abbr.).



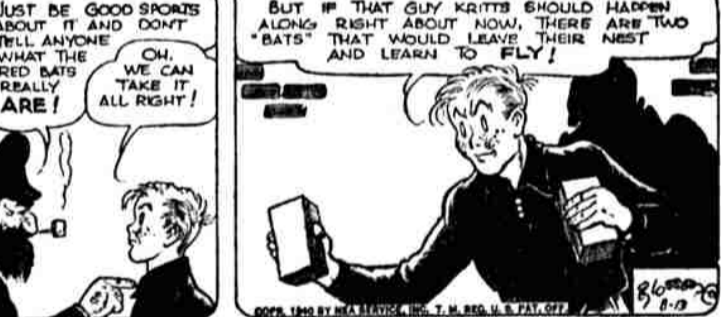
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY V. T. HAMLIN



ALLEY OOP

