

SERIAL STORY

SUMMER THEATER

BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

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YESTERDAY Johnny told Jean that Molly will marry him. Instead of being heartbroken, Jean is angry. She requests that she sell or give the Cape to him only because she is a Cape.

CHAPTER IX

THE theater was on fire. The old lamp had turned over, the kerosene spilled. A spark from the switchboard had ignited the oil.

With half of his mind Johnny heard the garbled explanation of the blaze; with the other half he was trying to figure out the quickest way of helping Jean Reynolds save the valuable Cape antiques she had gathered for the set.

"Cover your face, Molly, and stay close to me. We're going up." He dragged Molly after him. The flames licked at his ankles dangerously. Johnny lifted Molly over the threshold of the stage door.

"Get over there on the lawn and don't come back again."

"What are you going to do?" Molly was hysterical.

"I'm going to help Jean get the props out!"

Johnny pushed his way through the screaming crowd of actresses. Choked with smoke, he reached the stage door again just as Jean threw out the Carstairs silver service.

"Thank heaven for somebody who's not an actor," Jean shouted when she saw him. "Get in here and help me, Johnny."

Johnny took her orders. He was amazed at her courage and efficiency.

Johnny had never been so tired in his life. He was drenched to the skin. Jean looked exhausted, but she squared her shoulders and went toward the building once more.

"Last trip, Johnny!"

He wanted to tell her how brave she was, but there wasn't time. She toppled against him weakly.

"You'll have to go in alone this time. The liqueur set. It's Bohemian glass and I promised Mrs. Wilson nothing would happen to it."

"Damn the liqueur set. I'm taking care of you. Get Dr. Warren, somebody. Jean's fainting." Jean's eyelids fluttered. "Go on. I'm all right."

In a daze Johnny found his way across the stage once more. He brought out the liqueur set; his coat pockets were full of tiny glasses.

"Where's Jean?" he asked Earl when the liqueur set was packed safely away.

"Dr. Warren took her home. Her hands were burned. Everything safe!"

"Jean wanted it taken back to the people who own it. Can you help me with it?"

"Sorry, old man. I'm busy." Earl strolled off without concern. Johnny stood and watched him. Whose responsibility was this, anyway? Certainly not Johnny Regan's, and only Jean Reynolds' by request. Carter Earl, as head of the theater, should have offered assistance.

"So it's up to me," Johnny told himself, "or the stuff spends the night on the lawn where the Portuguese lads can have a go at it."

Since he couldn't expect any help from the theater crowd, he'd have to find some Cape God cronies. With Rex Arnold's beach wagon . . .

"Hello, Johnny. Well, here I am, safe and sound." Molly, looking fresh and young again without her make-up, came up with Andre Masters. "I sat over there on the lawn and let the sparks fly upward."

"I hear Miss Reynolds burned her hands," Johnny nodded. Masters looked at the antiques piled on the lawn and whistled softly. "An antique dealer would give his eyes for that stuff. Careful of scavengers," he warned.

"I'm getting it back to the owners tonight," Johnny said, and shrilled out the gang's whistle for Rex.

"Oh, come along, sweet," Molly told him. "We're going to the Inn. All this stuff will be here when you get back." When Johnny shook his head, she continued, "Well, when you've finished your homework, look us up."

JOHNNY watched them go down the street. They were black silhouettes against the still smoldering theater. He felt detached from them as if they were characters in a movie. Rex Arnold, who came up at that moment, was more real and important to him.

"Could we pile all this stuff in your station wagon? Jean got it together for the set, and now that she's laid up, we'll have to get it back."

Rex helped him pile Hitchcock chairs on top of highboys and fatten silver sugar bowls to the knobs of tables.

"We've sure missed you and Jean this summer," he said. "You earning out a living as a shopkeeper and Jean hanging around the theater."

"I've missed you," Johnny told him. He had missed them. His Cape Codders. They were his folk, all right. He laughed bitterly.

"What about the apprentice? Jean said you were lovey-dovey." Johnny didn't answer. He wondered what Masters was saying to Molly at the Inn. They took the seats out of Rex's station wagon and piled in the furniture and valuables.

"Ready to go?" Rex asked, and they threw the car into gear.

DR. WARREN had just left the Meltons' and Jean was sup-

posed to be asleep. Sue told him. "Tell her Johnny's here," he said. "It's important."

And so he stood beside Jean's bed holding one of her bandaged hands.

"I came to tell you that everything is back where it belongs. But why on earth did you go clear to Chatham for a bell-pull?"

"It was on Mr. Earl's list," she said. "Darling, you look so tired." Johnny drew himself up with a jerk. He mustn't tell her he would like to put his head in her arms and cry. He mustn't tell her that all he wanted was a friend like Jean, not a sweetheart like Molly.

"Where's Molly?" Jean asked, oddly.

"She's with Masters at the Inn. I'm supposed to catch up with them, but I'm going home to bed."

Jean's eyes were tender when she looked at him. "Johnny, I've decided to give you the Cape. I think I meant to all the time; something just got into me at the theater tonight."

He sighed with relief. "The fight was part my fault. I was too bossy."

"No, you were right. You've always been my big brother and acted like it. I was the one who wanted it to be different. Even tonight when we were mad as two hornets, you came to help me when I needed you most. That was a real pal, Johnny," she continued slowly as if feeling out a right word. "So tell Molly the Cape is yours for a wedding present. I hope you'll both be very, very happy."

"I'm not going to take it, Jean."

British Decorate Sims' Grandson



Lance-Corporal Harold A. Sims, above, grandson of Admiral W. Soden Sims, who commanded U. S. Fleet in Europe during World War I, the first American serving with British army to be decorated in current war. A wireless operator and tank gunner with Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, he was awarded Military Medal for gallantry under fire at Dunkirk. His father, Commander George Sims, served U. S. in World War.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IN INDIA, 2,500,000 SNAKE-SKINS WERE EXPORTED IN 1932 FOR WOMEN'S ACCESSORIES.



IS THE BIG DIPPER SEEN IN A NORMAL POSITION, OR UPSIDE DOWN?

ANSWER: Since the Big Dipper makes a complete revolution in the sky every 24 hours, it may be seen in both positions.

EXPERT FISHERMAN

Word puzzle section with 'HORIZONTAL' and 'VERTICAL' lists of words and a crossword grid.

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man in the center.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Advertisement for Lipton tea with a portrait of a man and a box of tea.