

SERIAL STORY

SUMMER THEATER

BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

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YESTERDAY: Johnny and Jean... the burning theater. Jean's hands are burned. When Johnny asks help in returning the props to their owners the theater folk say it is not their responsibility.

CHAPTER X THE FACT THAT Jean Reynolds had given him the cameo for Molly made little difference to Johnny that night of the Capetown fire.

It was noon when he awoke. He went to the mirror and looked at himself. His face was still smudged with soot and his eyebrows were singed.

Jean had given him the cameo. He must find Molly and tell her the good news. He tried to imagine the thrill of Molly's kisses in gratitude, but he could only remember Molly and Masters silhouetted against the red glow of the smouldering theater.

At the Blue Whale he ordered breakfast. Then he telephoned the Meltons' to ask about Jean.

"Jean's a lot better, and you two are heroes. I'm tired of answering the phone and hearing people praise you, too, Johnny Regan, when I know Jean did most of it."

"Still love me to death, don't you, Sue? Well, tell Jean I'm glad she's better."

Johnny bolted his breakfast and went around to 43 Cottage street.

"What's the big idea?" Johnny wanted to say. Then he remembered that Molly couldn't have found him if she had wanted to.

"She and Masters have gone to Dennis. I just got up," he finished, hoping to close the subject. He wished she wouldn't talk about Molly.

"Masters could help her a lot in the theater. He knows everybody."

"She calls him a wedge," Johnny said, chewing a blade of grass. "He's not ashipped on the theater as she is. I mean he can at least talk about something else. He's crazy about antiques. He was wild about every old piece I got for the set."

"Molly says he's particularly fond of old jewelry," Johnny said idly.

"Johnny," Jean said, "you don't suppose Molly plans to use my cameo to get something out of Masters?"

"Of course not, silly. Been reading a melodrama?"

She laughed, too, then, and put one hand, bandaged to elephantine size, on his. "I'll miss you, Johnny, after you and Molly are married."

Johnny took the hand in his. He held it tenderly. "I'm going to get your cameo back for you, Jean. I haven't seen Molly yet, that's why I haven't it with me now."

He had a pleasant afternoon, lying on the lawn beside Jean's deck chair. It was nearly twilight when he decided to go home.

"Miss Travers isn't back yet," he was told at Molly's boarding house. He decided to wait.

He sat in the porch swing and began a crossword puzzle. How long ago it was that he had first sat here waiting for Molly? He remembered the feverish excitement and enthusiasm with which he anticipated that first date. Love was a fever. "Love was... he had caught himself thinking. Was it possible that the fever was over? How easily he had slipped back into his relationship with Jean.

His pencil was making little squares on the paper. He was initialing the squares. JRR, he wrote and under that, Jean Reynolds Regan.

Molly said accusingly. "Where were you?"

"I went home and went to bed. Slept till noon. Why didn't you tell me you were going?"

Molly shrugged. "Didn't want to interrupt your dreaming. All business."

Masters took a cigaret from a tooled leather case and said: "Beautiful scenery up the Cape. Quint little town, Dennis. I'm to play there week after next."

"Must be going, my dear," Masters interrupted. "Nice day."

He leaned over to start the motor and Johnny opened the door for Molly to get out. But in that brief moment Johnny understood something, Masters and Molly. They might not love each other, but their worlds were the same.

"Did you meet any big producers?" Johnny asked Molly. "I assume that's what you meant by business."

"Not only that, but I have a contract," She dug in her handbag and Johnny looked at it. It was signed by Harry Babbitt, an ingenu part for the fall show.

"I'm glad," Johnny said. "And now that all that is settled, I'd like to give the cameo back to Jean."

Molly sat down in the swing and didn't answer.

"I thought it was to be some sort of wedding present for us. And I want to tell you, Johnny, with the contract all signed, maybe we'd better postpone the wedding."

"Just as you like," said Johnny firmly, "but I want to give the cameo back now. I told you last night Jean wouldn't sell it..."

Molly looked at him. She seemed to be thinking of something. "I'll go get it," she said, and then her hand flew to her throat. "Why, Johnny, Johnny, darling, I can't get it. I left it in the dressing room. I just remembered. It was on Mrs. Lyons' dress, hanging on the rack ready for me to put on."

(To Be Continued)

Whaddya Read?



This is a Paris—not a Berlin newsstand. German publications blanket the stands, with French papers relegated to rear.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



KEN WILHELM, YERMO, CALIFORNIA, SHOT AN ARROW 896 YARDS... BY LYING ON HIS BACK, WITH THE BOW STRAPPED TO HIS FEET, AND USING BOTH HANDS TO DRAW THE STRING. ...1939...



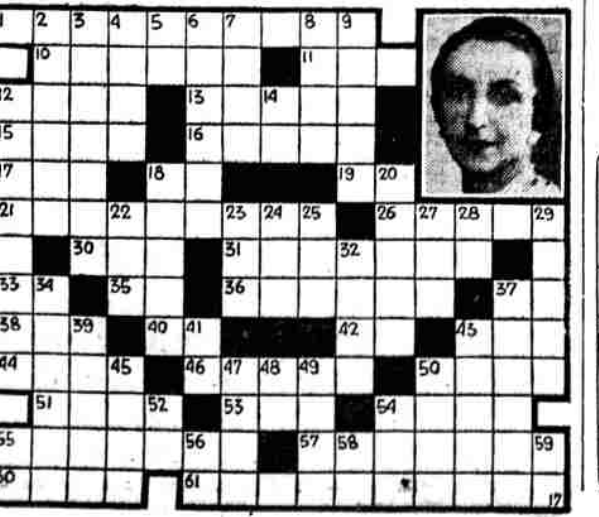
ALASKA HAD NO REINDEER FIFTY YEARS AGO.



KWIK KOPPER A TARPON IS A SPEAR FOR KILLING WHALES, A CAMMUS COVER, A FISH... ANSWER: A marine fish, and a noted fighter.

PRIMA DONNA

Answer to Previous Puzzle. HORIZONTAL: 1 Spanish; 2 Italian diva; 3 Early; 4 Poem; 5 Musical work; 6 Pertaining to the nose; 7 Half quart; 8 Roofing material; 9 Work unit; 10 Therefore; 11 Dutch (abbr.); 12 Directly; 13 Coarse hominy foods; 14 To woo; 15 Single part of face; 16 Note in scale; 17 North Africa (abbr.); 18 Right of holding; 19 Laughter sound; 20 Deity of war; 21 Mine; 22 Railway (abbr.); 23 To stroke gently; 24 Convent dweller; 25 Astern; 26 Born; 27 Light brown; 28 Form of "be"; 29 Myself; 30 She works and lives in the United States; 31 Revolution; 32 Mangle; 33 Pounding tool; 34 Regions; 35 41 Year (abbr.); 36 Lost to view; 37 Valley; 38 Singing voice; 39 Go on; 40 Tar root; 41 Outer garment; 42 Spent time coin; 43 52.3.1416; 44 Brother; 45 Musical note; 46 South Carolina (abbr.); 47 Visible vapor; 48 Noun ending the legal rate; 49 Sun god.



OUT OUR WAY

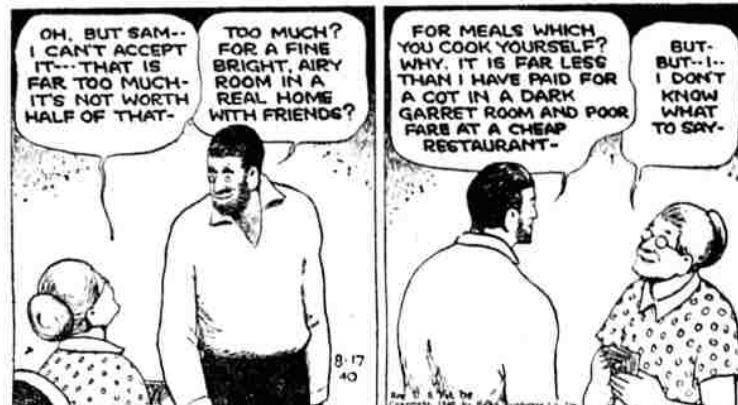
By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

