

SERIAL STORY

SUMMER THEATER

BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

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YESTERDAY, Molly has gone driving with Masters when Johnny gets up, so he spends the day with Jean. Jean says that Molly may be using the money to get Masters' help. Molly returns with a signed contract. When Johnny demands the money, she remembers that she left it in the dressing room.

CHAPTER XI

JOHNNY REGAN could hardly believe what Molly Travers was saying. "You just remembered that you left the money in the dressing room!" he repeated after her. "How could you forget it if it meant as much to you as you said it did?"

Molly reached over and put her hand on his arm as if trying to quiet him. "Don't be cross, Johnny. I've been afraid to tell you. That's why I went off to Dennis. I guess..."

Johnny lifted her hand away. He didn't want to be confused by any contact with her. He wanted to think clearly.

"Am I to take that as meaning you were just putting on an act? You've known for some time that the money was lost?" He was almost shouting.

Molly began to weep softly. "Oh, Johnny, you make me feel perfectly terrible. I'll buy another one, or pay her for it. I'll have a job, and I'll work awfully hard."

She came to him, put her arms around him in a gesture he knew so well. He threw her away from him, and buried his face in his hands.

"And Jean had decided to give it to us for a wedding gift," he said to himself rather than to her. "Why, Johnny, why didn't you say so?" Molly exclaimed happily. "Then it was mine all the time. That makes it all right, can't you see?"

That was Molly's reasoning, all right. She was so damnably logical when it came to seeing things her way.

"She need never know it's lost. I'll thank her for it, and she won't see it any more. Why, nobody ever complains when you lose something that's your own..." she hurried on, trying to make him understand.

"It wasn't yours when you lost it, and I'd planned to give it back anyway. You were supposed to be marrying me, not the money. And now that the marriage is postponed, you'll have to tell Jean Reynolds right away that you've lost the most valuable piece of jewelry you ever laid your hands on."

Molly drew herself up to her full height. She was ice, hard and frozen ice. Her voice chilled Johnny.

"I said our marriage was postponed. If I explain everything to Jean Reynolds it's indefinitely postponed. Do you understand?"

"You'll explain. I'm not going to get you out of this jam." He spoke evenly as he always did when really angry. "As for our marriage. Something tells me that was about as empty a promise as all the rest of your pretenses."

He turned away from her and went down the walk. He had to think. He must tell Jean the truth. He knew Molly didn't intend to.

Molly called after him, but he didn't answer. He heard her laugh softly, as if to say, "He'll be back." The screen door slammed after her.

HALFWAY up Rutherford street toward the Meltons', another idea struck Johnny. Why not go down to the theater and look around? The cameo might be repaired, if he could find it.

Johnny threaded his way carefully through the ruins until he found the charred skeleton of a staircase. The acrid smell of wet, burned timber stung his nostrils. He jumped down into the basement.

He recognized Molly Travers' dressing room without difficulty. Mrs. Lyons' gray muslin, scorched a little, lay under two fallen beams. He knelt down and examined the dress carefully. Even the black jet buttons were intact, he noticed exultantly.

But the cameo was not there. His hands trembled as he searched the neck of the dress. Suppose someone had taken it! Perhaps Molly was mistaken when she said the cameo was on the dress.

Johnny found the dressing table, overturned and half hidden by charred piles. He opened one of the drawers. A make-up kit was there, the sticks unemptied, the little plaits of hair untinged. But there was no cameo. He found Molly's purse, with 80 cents in small change. If anybody had robbed the dressing room, money would have disappeared first.

Had Molly lied to him?

HE must know before he told Jean. He stuffed her pocket-book in his blouse, and for the third time that day found himself at 43 Cottage street asking for Miss Travers.

"I thought you'd come back and apologize," Molly said when she saw him. "I'm terribly hurt that you'd think so badly of me."

"How about your conscience? Was it hurt enough to call Jean?" "Oh, darling," Molly was exasperated, "you're still mad, aren't you? I don't think it's necessary to tell her since she'd given the brooch to us. If you think she has to know, you ought to tell her yourself."

"That's your story and you're sticking to it," Johnny said calmly. "But I've been down to the theater..."

Molly interrupted with laughter. "Which theater? Ours burned last night!"

"Ever hear of a fire sale?" Johnny asked. "Salvaged goods?" "What are you talking about

now, Johnny Regan?" Johnny thought he detected alarm in her tone. "You didn't have a monopoly on any salvaging, you know, if any was done. Those Portuguese..."

But Johnny was ready for her. "They'd have taken this first, don't you think?" He threw the purse in her lap.

Johnny waited for her to reply, but silence hung between them like a screen. "If you haven't anything to say, I'm going to Jean Reynolds and tell her what has happened. Unless you tell the truth, I'll believe you gave the cameo to Masters in exchange for that contract."

Molly stared at him incredulously. Then she began to sob. "Oh, Johnny, you make me sound like a thief. And I didn't mean to be, really I didn't. I knew Jean would give you the cameo and that it was ours. Masters is nuts about old jewelry, and it seemed so simple..."

And now that I have the contract, I can pay her for it, really I can." Johnny looked at her. She wasn't acting now; she was scared. She clung to him, sobbing. "What will they do to me, Johnny? What will they do? Please don't leave me! I didn't realize what I was doing, can't you see I didn't?"

Johnny believed her. He felt sorry for her, but beyond that, he had no desire to help her. What love he had felt for her had been stripped from him. He was no longer under her spell.

"I'm going back to Jean," Johnny said quietly. "If you don't tell her the truth, I'm going to. What happens to you is entirely up to her. Personally, I don't care."

He ran up the street to the Meltons'. As he rushed into the house, he collided with Andre Masters. "What are you doing here?" Johnny demanded. But Masters didn't answer. Johnny saw him go toward Cottage street. Was he going to have it out with Molly, too? (To Be Concluded)

On Trail of Reds



Martin Dies, who heads a congressional committee investigating un-American activities, arrives in Los Angeles to hold hearings on alleged subversive activities in Southern California.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS. A cartoon showing a man in a hat and coat walking down a street. A dog is barking. A sign says 'WATER ME NOW!'. A speech bubble says 'WAIT TILL HE GETS WAY UP TO THE OTHER END-- THEN I'LL TELL FER HIM!'. Another speech bubble says 'GOSH! I WAS JUST UP THERE!'. The man says 'BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON'.

RED RYDER. A cartoon showing a man in a cowboy hat talking to a man in a suit. The cowboy says 'IT'S A FIGHT WITH ACE HANLON, A CROOKED GAMBLER AND OLD ENEMY. RED RYDER WAS SHOT BY HANLON'S PAL'. The man in the suit says 'I WAS AFRAID OF SOMETHING LIKE THAT'. The cowboy says 'RECKON MY CONCUSSION DRESSIN' ON YOUR EYE HERE, RED? I'M NOT A BRAIN SURGEON AND I CAN'T DO MUCH FOR YOU-- MAYBE IT WILL PASS'.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. The man says 'GEE, I SURE THOUGHT LITTLE BRILLY WAS JUST HAVIN' A PIPE DREAM WHEN HE SAID PETER LA PLATA, THE BIG BAND LEADER AM RADIO STAR, IS HIS PAPA'. The woman says 'HIS REAL NAME IS BILL SLAGG-- BUT FEW PEOPLE KNOW THAT'. The man says 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE GUY? IS HE SHAMED OF HIS REAL NAME OR IS HE A CROOK? CROOKS USE PHONY NAMES, O COURSE'. The woman says 'NO-- HE IS NOT A CROOK-- I GUESS HE FELT PETER LA PLATA SOUNDS MORE ROMANTIC THAN BILL SLAGG'. The man says 'YEAH? MAYBE-- BUT IF HE ISN'T A CROOK, WHY DOESN'T HE SPEND SOME OF TH THOUSANDS HIS MAKIN' TO HELP HIS FOLKS? I SAY HE'S A DIRTY...'. The woman says 'DONT SAY IT, ANNIE-- WE MUST NOT TRY TO JUDGE OTHERS'. The man says 'WELL, HE'S LEFT HIS WIFE, YOU TOLD ME-- AND HE NEVER COMES TO SEE HIS LITTLE BOY OR EVEN SENDS A DIME THERL CARE FOR HIM-- ISN'T THAT BAD?'. The woman says 'WELL, IT'S NOT GOOD, ANNIE-- BUT IT IS NOT OUR BUSINESS--'.

WASH TUBS. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'THREE CANS OF GASOLINE WE SPRINKLED ON THE FLOOR, HERMAN, THEN SET OFF A BOMB'. The man in the uniform says 'HAI! NOW LET US SLIP AWAY QUIETLY OR WE SHALL SUFFER THE FATE OF THOSE ACCUSED G-MEN IN THE NEXT ROOM'. The man in the suit says 'STRANGE! THE DOOR IS LOCKED! BUT THIS DOOR IS NEVER LOCKED'. The man in the uniform says 'THERE IS NO TIME TO QUIBBLE, FOOLS!'. The man in the suit says 'THEN ALTOGETHER! HEAVE!!'. The man in the uniform says 'IT IS NO USE. THEN OUT THE WINDOW, HERMAN! HURRY!'. The man in the suit says 'HELP! OW! I'M STUCK!'.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'EVERYWHERE WE TURN IN ALASKA, SOMETHING HAPPENS-- FIRST A WHALE LOOKS LIKE A SUBMARINE-- THEN THE SUN STAYS UP AT NIGHT!'. The man in the uniform says 'THEN WE FIGHT WITH OUR PROSPECTIVE BOSS AND HE SENDS US TO MIND A LOT OF BRICKS! AND NOW I GET A BAG OF MONEY--'. The man in the suit says '... AND IT TURNS OUT TO BE A BUNCH OF LITTLE ROCKS! PHOOEY!'. The man in the uniform says 'WHAT FOR? WHAT CAN YOU GET FROM A LITTLE ROCK?'. The man in the suit says 'SOMETIMES YOU CAN GET GOLD!'.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'WHY? WHAT'S A MATTER WITH YOUR BOOTS? PLANE? I MEAN WITHIN SHE'S HAVIN' SOME TROUBLE?'. The man in the uniform says 'Mebbe! WATCH 'ER YEE AROUND HERE. JUS' WIDEN LIKE WIDEN-- EVER EITHER OF US HAVE DIPPED OUR WINGS, THAT'S BEEN A SIGNAL TO COME ON-- OR, FOLLOW ME, I'AN THAT'S WHAT SHE'S DOIN' NOW...???'.

ALLEY OOP. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'I DUNNO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT I SURE IS ONE SWELL BRAWL!'. The man in the uniform says 'PRIVATE GUY-- IS THAT ANY BODY GIT IN ON IT?'.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'WELL, GENTS, WHAT'LL IT BE? WHY, IT'S MAJOR HOOPLE! FAWNCA BEING YOU IN A PUB, WHAT? WHOA THERE, EASY DOES IT, MAJOR-- EASY! I'VE BEEN STRONG MEN PASS RIGHT OUT IN A FIT WHEN THEIR NECKS GET RED LIKE YOURS!'. The man in the uniform says 'WHY, YOU SPUTT-TT! YOU-- YOU WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING!'. The man in the suit says 'FOR HIM AND A LEMONADE FOR ME, SIR CECIL!'. The man in the uniform says 'TWIGGS NEVER GETS OFF STRIDE'.

BY FRED HARMAN. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'LEAD ME TO MY HOSS, LITTLE BEAVER? WE MIGHT AS WELL START BACK TO THE RANGE!'. The man in the uniform says 'ME BE YOUR EYES TELL YOU BEGUM AGAIN, RED RYDER?'. The man in the suit says 'WHAT A TERRIBLE PLACE THAT FEELS GITTIN' MY MONEY BACK FER ME?'.

BY HAROLD GRAY. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'GEE, I SURE THOUGHT LITTLE BRILLY WAS JUST HAVIN' A PIPE DREAM WHEN HE SAID PETER LA PLATA, THE BIG BAND LEADER AM RADIO STAR, IS HIS PAPA'. The man in the uniform says 'HIS REAL NAME IS BILL SLAGG-- BUT FEW PEOPLE KNOW THAT'. The man in the suit says 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE GUY? IS HE SHAMED OF HIS REAL NAME OR IS HE A CROOK? CROOKS USE PHONY NAMES, O COURSE'. The man in the uniform says 'NO-- HE IS NOT A CROOK-- I GUESS HE FELT PETER LA PLATA SOUNDS MORE ROMANTIC THAN BILL SLAGG'. The man in the suit says 'YEAH? MAYBE-- BUT IF HE ISN'T A CROOK, WHY DOESN'T HE SPEND SOME OF TH THOUSANDS HIS MAKIN' TO HELP HIS FOLKS? I SAY HE'S A DIRTY...'. The man in the uniform says 'DONT SAY IT, ANNIE-- WE MUST NOT TRY TO JUDGE OTHERS'. The man in the suit says 'WELL, HE'S LEFT HIS WIFE, YOU TOLD ME-- AND HE NEVER COMES TO SEE HIS LITTLE BOY OR EVEN SENDS A DIME THERL CARE FOR HIM-- ISN'T THAT BAD?'. The man in the uniform says 'WELL, IT'S NOT GOOD, ANNIE-- BUT IT IS NOT OUR BUSINESS--'.

BY CRANE. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'THREE CANS OF GASOLINE WE SPRINKLED ON THE FLOOR, HERMAN, THEN SET OFF A BOMB'. The man in the uniform says 'HAI! NOW LET US SLIP AWAY QUIETLY OR WE SHALL SUFFER THE FATE OF THOSE ACCUSED G-MEN IN THE NEXT ROOM'. The man in the suit says 'STRANGE! THE DOOR IS LOCKED! BUT THIS DOOR IS NEVER LOCKED'. The man in the uniform says 'THERE IS NO TIME TO QUIBBLE, FOOLS!'. The man in the suit says 'THEN ALTOGETHER! HEAVE!!'. The man in the uniform says 'IT IS NO USE. THEN OUT THE WINDOW, HERMAN! HURRY!'. The man in the suit says 'HELP! OW! I'M STUCK!'.

BY BLOSSER. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'EVERYWHERE WE TURN IN ALASKA, SOMETHING HAPPENS-- FIRST A WHALE LOOKS LIKE A SUBMARINE-- THEN THE SUN STAYS UP AT NIGHT!'. The man in the uniform says 'THEN WE FIGHT WITH OUR PROSPECTIVE BOSS AND HE SENDS US TO MIND A LOT OF BRICKS! AND NOW I GET A BAG OF MONEY--'. The man in the suit says '... AND IT TURNS OUT TO BE A BUNCH OF LITTLE ROCKS! PHOOEY!'. The man in the uniform says 'WHAT FOR? WHAT CAN YOU GET FROM A LITTLE ROCK?'. The man in the suit says 'SOMETIMES YOU CAN GET GOLD!'.

BY MARTIN. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'WHY? WHAT'S A MATTER WITH YOUR BOOTS? PLANE? I MEAN WITHIN SHE'S HAVIN' SOME TROUBLE?'. The man in the uniform says 'Mebbe! WATCH 'ER YEE AROUND HERE. JUS' WIDEN LIKE WIDEN-- EVER EITHER OF US HAVE DIPPED OUR WINGS, THAT'S BEEN A SIGNAL TO COME ON-- OR, FOLLOW ME, I'AN THAT'S WHAT SHE'S DOIN' NOW...???'.

BY V. T. HAMLIN. A cartoon showing a man in a suit talking to a man in a uniform. The man in the suit says 'I DUNNO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT I SURE IS ONE SWELL BRAWL!'. The man in the uniform says 'PRIVATE GUY-- IS THAT ANY BODY GIT IN ON IT?'.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

IF YOU HAD A BILLION DOLLARS, AND YOU COUNTED IT AT THE RATE OF \$100 PER MINUTE, 48 HOURS PER WEEK, IT WOULD TAKE YOU MORE THAN 66 YEARS TO COMPLETE THE JOB. NAME ONE OF THE TWO STARS NEAREST THE EARTH. ANSWER: The sun, and Alpha Centaurus, whose distances are 93 million miles and 25 trillion miles, respectively.

FLYING EXPLORER

Answer to Previous Puzzle. HORIZONTAL: 1. Polar explorer of today. 2. Female deer. 3. Whirlwind. 4. Card game. 5. Astronomer's calendar. 6. Uttered by mouth. 7. Want. 8. Senior (abbr.). 9. To yield. 10. Husband or wife. 11. Reluctant. 12. Side by side. 13. Becomes dilapidated. 14. Goodby. 15. Mine shaft hut. 16. English coin. 17. Automobile. 18. To damage greatly. 19. Shrub yielding indigo. 20. Cake decorator. 21. Emfy. 22. He made an air-flight over the North Pole. 23. Acidity. 24. Caverns. 25. Land rights. 26. Female horse. 27. To card wool. 28. To employ. 29. Grovels. 30. His naval title, rear. 31. He is a well-known speaker (pl.). 32. Malicious burning. 33. Duet. 34. To emulate. 35. Uncommon. 36. Intention. 37. Ocean. 38. To lacerate. 39. Assigns. 40. Moving picture. 41. Expert war flyer. 42. Nimble. 43. Semi-diameters. 44. Elderly matron. 45. Egg-shaped. 46. God of sky. 47. Pool. 48. Olive shrub. 49. To observe. 50. Unit of electrical resistance. VERTICAL: 1. Gall. 2. Curcuit. 3. Isooner. 4. Code. 5. Opus. 6. Nasal. 7. Png. 8. Slate. 9. Erg. 10. So. 11. Du. 12. Reentrant. 13. Camps. 14. Issue. 15. Feature. 16. T. 17. Na. 18. Tenure. 19. Ha. 20. Ira. 21. My. 22. Ry. 23. Pai. 24. Cord. 25. Raven. 26. Deme. 27. Neap. 28. Lad. 29. Form. 30. Realist. 31. Derider. 32. Erse. 33. Coloratura. 34. Gall. 35. Curcuit. 36. Isooner. 37. Code. 38. Opus. 39. Nasal. 40. Png. 41. Slate. 42. Erg. 43. So. 44. Du. 45. Reentrant. 46. Camps. 47. Issue. 48. Feature. 49. T. 50. Na. 51. Tenure. 52. Ha. 53. Ira. 54. My. 55. Ry. 56. Pai. 57. Cord. 58. Raven. 59. Deme. 60. Neap. 61. Lad. 62. Form. 63. Realist. 64. Derider. 65. Erse. 66. Coloratura.

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