● SERIAL STORY

SUMMER THEATER

BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

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YESTERDAY: Johnny searches the dressing room, finds money but no cameo. Angrily, he confronts Molly, accuses her of trading the cameo for a contract. She admits it, but offers to pay Jean. Love dies for Johnny, as he rushes back to Jean. He meets Masters coming from the Meltons', watches him go to Molly's house.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT had Andre Masters told Jean Reynolds about the cameo? Had he told her that Molly had given it to him in exchange for a theatrical contract? Had Jean informed him the cameo wasn't Molly's to give?

Johnny watched Masters turn into Cottage Street, the questions tumbling through his mind. He dashed up the steps at the Meltons', two at a time.

"Jean . . . Jean, where are you?" he called.

"I'm on the terrace, Johnny. Come out and have some iced tea. Sue just made some."

"What was Andre Masters doing here?" Johnny asked.

"He came to say he was sorry about the fire, and my burns. All very suave and social." She was watching Johnny through her lowered lids.

"What did he say about the cameo?"

Jean laughed softly, "He didn't tell me. He just showed me my own cameo, and said, 'Look what I just bought from Miss Travers.'"

Johnny put his glass firmly on the table, "I hope you snatched the thing out of his hand, and told him Miss Travers hadn't any right to sell it. That cameo still belongs to you."

"You can get more het up about that brooch than you can about Molly," Jean told him. "What's on your mind now? I don't care what Molly does with the darn thing. I hope she got enough out of Masters to set you two up to housekeeping."

"Oh, Jean what a fool I've been. What an utter fool." He dropped to his knees beside her.

Jean stroked Johnny's hair, "Don't say that, Johnny. What happened? Now that Molly has her contract, is the marriage all off?"

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JOHNNY looked down the slope of lawn toward the creek. He thought how pleasant everything was here, just as the Cape should be. A haven where one was safe from hatred and greed and malice. He thought of Jean, going back and forth through the flames rescuing the properties she'd borrowed. He thought of their friends who had lent those properties, without hesitancy.

And then his mind went back to Molly, planning her life so cleverly with tricks; denying her real emotions, ignoring the voice of conscience until her sense of values was hopelessly confused. Molly and Jean.

"I don't know what to make of you, Johnny," Jean was saying, "I ask you a question and you just stare off into space."

And Johnny told her. He didn't leave out anything, and Jean listened with a serene little smile.

"Come along now. You and I have work to do. We're going to find Masters and get your cameo —tonight."

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THEY walked down Cottage Street.

"He's at Molly's. I saw him go that way."

"Oh, Johnny, please don't make me go in. You know how I hate a row. If you must do this horrible thing, don't drag me into it."

"We're both going. I'm intending to show Molly there's a limit to what she can do and get away with."

Carter Earl came to the door. "Hello, there, you two," he said, "I've been wanting to thank you for everything you did last night. Come on in. Miss Travers was just saying she hadn't seen you since the fire. . . ."

"We didn't come to be polite," Johnny said, "Mr. Earl, this concerns Miss Travers and Mr. Masters. You can do whatever you like about staying."

"Oh, Johnny, you don't mean. . . . Not now. . . . Please!" Molly's hand was on his arm.

"If it's about the Theater, I'll stay."

Johnny pushed Molly aside and went over to Andre Masters.

"May I see the cameo you bought from Miss Travers. I'm interested in old jewelry."

Masters frowned slightly. He reached in his vest and handed Johnny the pin. It was the Reynolds cameo, all right.

"Jean, is this your cameo?" he asked, "the one you lent Miss Travers for her part in the play?"

Jean looked at Molly, then at Johnny. "Johnny," she whispered, "let's not, please."

"Molly," he said sternly, "is this the cameo you borrowed from Jean?"

"Oh, what's the use," she said, desperately, "it's Jean's cameo, and all of you know it. You know it yourself, don't you Andre? In spite of this exquisite pretense. I hadn't any right to sell it. But I wanted that contract so terribly. I didn't realize what I was doing."

Carter Earl was coming to life. He stopped twirling his watch chain. "What contract?" he demanded.

"Andre and I went over to Dennis this morning," Molly explained, tearfully. "He got Babbitt to give me a try-out for the new fall show. I got the contract for the part. But what good will a contract do me—in jail?"

"So that's it, Masters," Carter Earl was almost shouting. "What a low trick to play on the girl. That contract was settled when Babbitt saw Molly opening night. You were there when we discussed the matter. My dear," he said to Molly, "I was waiting until the show was over to tell you. Good luck and an offer like that so often upsets a novice."

Molly jumped from the sofa. Her eyes blazed. She came toward Andre Masters with her long fingers outstretched like claws. He cowered and backed toward the door. Then Molly's arms dropped limply.

"What a complete idiot I've been," she said hopelessly. "I'm sorry, Jean. Take your cameo. I didn't get any money from Andre Masters. It was a gentleman's agreement, he said. I'm guilty of any charge you want to make against me."

"Don't be foolish," Jean said, "I'm not going to make any charge. Good night everybody, and thanks for my cameo."

• • •

JEAN was too good for all of them. Johnny was proud of her. She was so splendid and fine that dishonesty never occurred to her. He ran after her and caught her arm as she started down the steps.

"Jean," he said, "can you forgive me for being such a fool? I realize now you were right. What I felt for Molly wasn't love. What I feel for you is. Do you think you could ever care about me again?"

"Don't apologize, Johnny. I told you love wasn't something I turned on and off like a water faucet. Love with me comes in like the tide, and when the tide goes out I go along with it. I'd have gone on loving you, my darling, till I got to be an old maid like Miss Bessie Carstairs."

In the east the moon was rising. It lighted up the horizon like a spotlight, revealing turrets of clouds. Then suddenly a gray wave of a fog dropped over it, like a curtain. The play was ended. Jean read his thoughts.

"Look, Johnny," she said, pointing toward the sky, "it's exactly like a stage at the Summer Theater. It's over, but you and I have just begun."

"Yes," said Johnny and kissed her.

(THE END)

Lava streams seldom move down a mountainside faster than two miles an hour.

New Legion Head

Willam J. Farrell of Petaluma named commander of the California Department of the American Legion at the state convention in San Diego.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: Right. Tree frogs can climb, due to sticky pads on their toes.

MAMMOTH FALLS

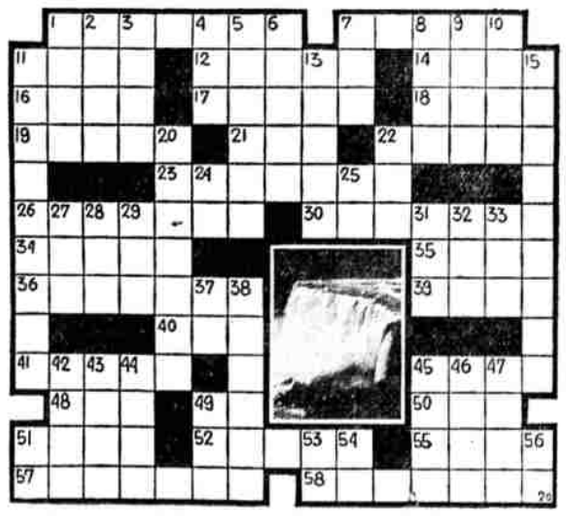
HORIZONTAL

1, 7 Huge Canadian and U. S. A. waterfalls.
11 Feather barb.
12 Ointment.
14 Organs of sight.
16 Egg-shaped.
17 Examined secretly.
18 Region.
19 To renovate.
21 Wayside hotel.
22 Phlegmatic.
23 Trying experiences.
26 Sovereigns' dominions.
30 Thin leaf.
34 Spirits.
35 Tidy.
36 Longs.
39 Spore clusters.
40 Wood nymph.
41 Ejects.
45 Brief time.
48 Farewell!
49 Type measure.
50 Uncle.
51 To scrutinize.
52 Harvests.
55 Pretense.
57 It forms the outlet for the four —— Great Lakes.
58 Its volume is unaffected by the ——.

VERTICAL

1 Wheel hub.
2 Persia.
3 Genus of auks.
4 Onager.
5 Its famous Whirlpool ——.
6 To place in line.
7 Grazed.
8 Thin.
9 Instrument.
10 Prophet.
11 One of its famous falls.
13 Mercenary.
15 Satiety.
20 Impairs.
22 Distinctive theory.
24 Of the matter.
25 Musical note.
27 Ratite bird.
28 Play on words
29 Kind.
31 Being.
32 Constellation, Lion.
33 Gibbon.
37 Sun god.
38 Filament.
42 Heavy staff.
43 Bugle plants.
44 Wigwam.
45 Soaks up.
46 Game on horseback.
47 To sanction.
49 To do wrong.
51 Southwest (abbr.).
53 Postscript (abbr.).
54 Compass point (abbr.).
56 While.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

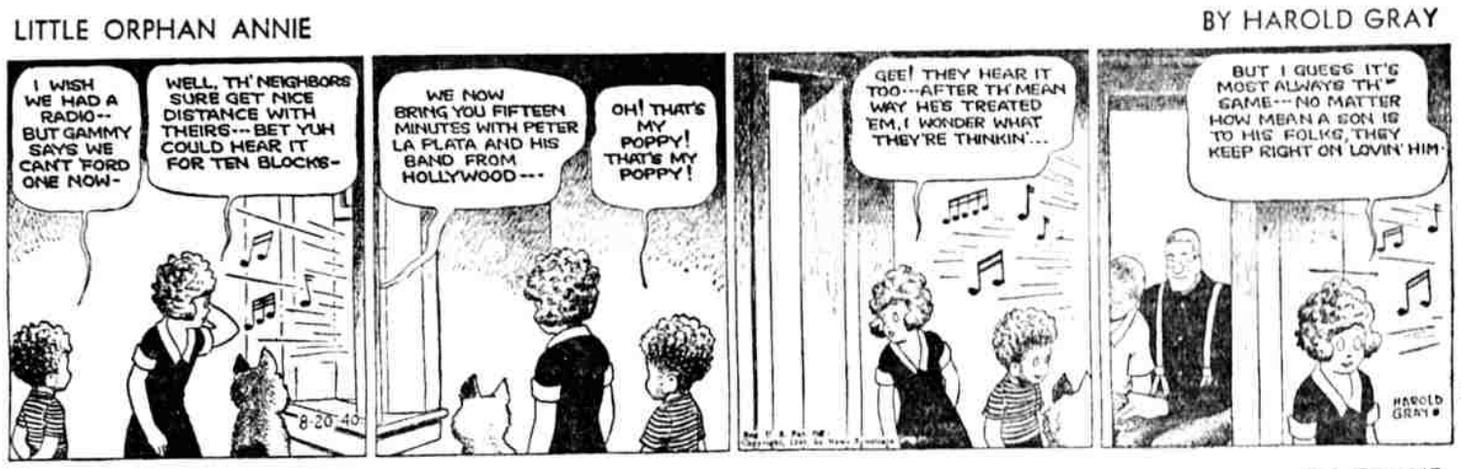


OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE

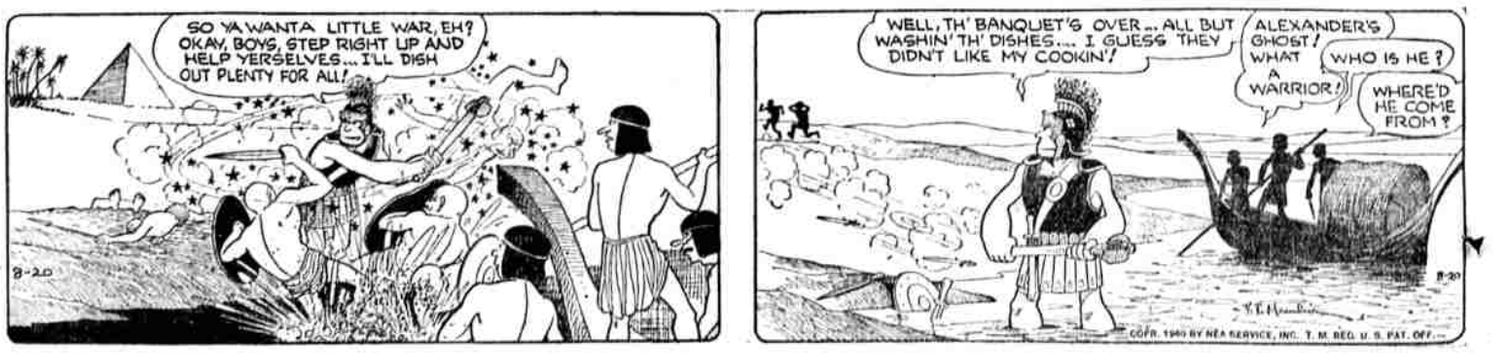
RED RYDER — BY FRED HARMAN

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