

Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

A new benedict would accept the fact that a mother and daughter relationship cannot be disrupted by a few words spoken at the altar, and perhaps look ahead to the time when he'd be darn glad to have grandma in to baby-sit, the trials and tribulations of in-law difficulties would vanish like a breeze.

Instead, the trouble begins on the wedding day, if not before, with sonny's mother hating her new daughter-in-law, and convinced that the girl's only object in life is to keep her husband away from his mother. The wife's mother is equally convinced that her daughter's life will be wrecked by the improvident wretch she has chosen to marry. The wife knows beyond all question of doubt that her mother-in-law is out to ruin the marriage as quickly as possible and the husband sees his in-laws parked on him as permanent spongers.

Trying to talk anyone of them into a different attitude would be a harder task than cleaning the Augean stable. If each one would just confront the situation wisely, and see it in its true light, the problems would disappear and young marriages would get off to better starts.

Of course there are in-law situations that are well-nigh insoluble, but these are not too common, and if the "bears" of marriage—"bear" and "forbear" would be remembered, mother-in-law jokes would soon be outmoded.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: How can a boy acquire the art of keeping a conversation going with a girl who has almost no conversation when he is not so talkative himself? Is talking a gift, or is there a way to learn such a thing? Should one prepare a conversation before going out? If so, how? And if not, what do you suggest?

ANSWER: The gift of gab is something that comes by nature and I doubt if it can be acquired. It is impossible to prepare a conversation in advance because you cannot possibly know what trend the talk is going to take, and the charm of all conversation lies in its spontaneity and freshness. The only thing for you to do is to pick your company and associate with people who like to do all the talking and who would be perfectly fascinated with you as a listener.

EASY Spiralator
SPIN-RINSE WASHER



264.50

Wash with the exclusive new Easy Spiralator that flushes out even the most stubborn dirt with powerful spiral water currents... yet will not harm the most delicate fabrics. Then... rinse with exclusive Easy Spin-Rinse, the most thorough rinsing action known, and "Spindry" your clothes... ready to hang out or iron all in less than one hour a week! Let us demonstrate for you.

SEE IT TODAY AT
Palmer Electric
96 Fitzroy St.

BUSY POET

Gabriel Derzhavin, great Russian poet who died in 1916, produced his best poetry at the busiest time of his government career.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Taylor who passed away May 19th, 1950 and June 18th, 1957.

Gone dear Father and Mother, gone forever,
How we miss your smiling faces,
But you left us to remember,
None on earth can take your places.

Lovingly Remembered by Son and Daughter, Orville and Velda.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear Husband and Father,
JAMES R. GREENAN
who passed away May 19th, 1947.

Lovingly Remembered by His Wife and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear Husband William MacKay, who departed this life May 20th, 1950.

As long as I live, I will cherish his name.
In memory I see him ever the same.
Still in my heart he is living yet,
For I loved him too dearly to ever forget.

Lovingly Remembered by His Wife Christina MacKay.

IN MEMORIAM

Artemas I. Godkin
who passed on, one year ago today,
May 20th, 1950.

Lovingly Remembered by Wife and Family.

THE THINKING MAN SAVES THROUGH LIFE ASSURANCE AND THE SUN LIFE OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

Charlottetown — J. ARTHUR CAMPBELL
W. D. YOUNG, SUMMERSIDE
R. C. Shea, Kinkora; H. M. Chisholm, Tryon;
H. C. BOHAKER — Unit Supervisor
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Happenings Of The Week

Continued from page 2

J. C. W. Griffin, the former Marjorie Thacker, at a miscellaneous shower held at the home of Mrs. J. Wells, Wellington Avenue. The gifts were concealed in a treasure chest and the guest of honor also received a corsage bouquet of pale pink carnations. Games were played and a buffet supper served. The guests who included associates of the bride in the Provincial Library and Archives, were Mrs. George Wilson, Mrs. M. Brown, Mrs. Leslie Fox, Mrs. C. Ellis, Mrs. J. Wells and Misses Martha Meiserheimer, May Heslop, Helen Kerr, Betty Montefield, Ida Casillo, Jackie Gray, Floss Pike, Betty Morris, Kerslake, Dorothy Wells and Florence Donald.

Miss Frances Lecky of Summerside, who has returned from Acadia University, has as her guest a classmate, Miss Norma Mather of Moncton, N.B.

Mrs. Frank A. MacNeill and Mrs. W. P. Callaghan of Summerside were joint hostesses on Monday evening at the home of the former, when bridge was in play.

The Summerside members of the Island Telephone Company honored two of their staff, the Misses Muriel MacKay and Fernie Oulton, who will be June brides, with a supper in the Rest Room of their building on Wednesday evening. A beautiful gift was presented to each of the girls by Miss Clara Mountain.

The sincere sympathy of the community is extended to the family of the late Mrs. George Pope.

Mrs. Fred Wright, Summerside, was hostess at bridge at her apartment on Monday evening.

Mrs. Leslie Simmons and Mrs. James A. Hill of Summerside spent the week-end in Moncton, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilfred Lecky entertained at mixed bridge at their home in Summerside on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stavert of North Bedouque were guests of honor last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Stavert, when neighbors and friends gathered to extend congratulations and best wishes on the completion of fifty years of married life.

Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Tanton, Summerside, had as their weekend guest, their son-in-law, Mr. Fred Rutherford, of Toronto, Ontario.

Mrs. J. Garth Toombs of Summerside accompanied by Mrs. Austin Seales of Freetown, motored to Wolfville, N.S. to attend the graduation exercises of Horton Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bernard, with their daughters, Joyce and Marjorie, of Moncton, N.B. were weekend guests in Summerside.

Miss Dorothy Ellis, student at Mount Allison University, returned this week to her home in Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Morrison, accompanied by Mrs. Katherine Lefurgey and Mrs. Norman Macdonald, have returned from Wolfville, N.S. to their homes in Summerside after attending the graduation exercises at Horton Academy.

Mrs. W. B. Howatt, Summerside, entertained the members of the Okto Club at her home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Richard Hinton, Summerside, was hostess at bridge this week.

Miss Doris Walker, Summerside, was hostess at bridge this week.

Special 40% Off

Tuss4 CRAMM DEODORANT

Large \$1.25 size jar 75¢

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY.

- Banishes perspiration odour
- Stops perspiration moisture
- Gives longer-lasting protection
- Gentle to skin and clothing
- Keeps you fragrantly dainty
- Stays creamy-smooth in the jar

REDDIN BROS.
L. M. Doucette - R. M. Smallman

Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART
(Continued)

She leaned back and sighed. "It was so beautiful, Bart. We looked at the paintings. Children were playing on the sidewalks, and there were so many people. You bought me a water color from one of the sidewalk vendors. Later, we went to..."

Her voice trailed off.

She did not finish, but simply sat there and stared at him. It gave him a disturbed feeling.

At the same time his mind leaped to the first thread that, so far, had been offered to him. Paintings... people along the sidewalks... Village.

Had she meant Greenwich Village, in New York, and the sidewalk sale of artists' paintings that takes place each spring?

"Yes," he said, tensely lighting a cigarette. "We had fun, didn't we? Let me see... where was it we went later?"

He waited, eager, watching her. And he saw her smooth, high forehead become rigid as she tried to concentrate. "She stared at him, and he suddenly realized that she was tense and trembling.

And when she sank back in the chair again a little moan escaped her lips. "I'm... so tired," she said in a faint voice.

Johnny Saxton came quickly to his feet, bent down and gently touched Irene Smith's shoulder. "Yes," he said with feeling, "you need rest... Marie. You've been ill, you know. Don't you think you'd better go to your room now?"

She nodded. "There was a trancelike manner about her again. He took her arm as they moved toward the library doorway. She walked somewhat stiffly and regally, and he wondered what it was that made her do this.

Inside the library he saw Kay Smith talking to burly Nick Walker and Nancy England. Irene's gaze passed over them as though they were complete strangers.

"I'm taking... ah... Marie to her room," said Johnny, motioning Kay to follow.

He saw Kay nod her head as he and Irene passed toward the hallway. Going up the stairs the woman did not speak. She moved with deliberate steps, turned right at the second floor and followed the hallway around to the right wing of the big house. Johnny was beginning to have the feeling of accompanying a sleepwalker.

But at least she knew the location of her room. It was at the end of the wing, facing on the same court on the opposite side of which was the investigator's own room.

Irene continued right into her bedroom not pausing to say anything, not bidding him good night. He thought perhaps she expected him to come in. Maybe she thought this guy "Bart" was her husband

side, entertained at her home on Wednesday evening at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Joyce MacKay who will be a June bride.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Mrs. E. R. Norton, Summerside, spent the past week-end with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hazel Court in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren Houserton have motored to Moncton where they will be guests at the Wright-Munro wedding which is taking place in St. Andrew's Church, Moncton.

Wood Islands — Caribou Ferry Service

"The Prince Nova" will be on Marine Slip at Picton on Monday and Tuesday, May 21st and 22nd, and on these dates the "Charles A. Dunning" will operate as follows:

Leave Wood Islands 7 a.m. 11 a.m. 3 p.m.
Leave Caribou 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.
(Standard Time)

Regular schedule sailings will be resumed by both boats as soon as the "Prince Nova" is available, which is expected to be not later than Wednesday, May 23rd.

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED

The connecting link between Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia.

Murray River and Vicinity

...Miss Barbara Matheson, teacher of White Sands School, was a week-end visitor to her home in Glen William.

Miss Muriel Pearson, teacher of Alma, Peters Road School, was a week-end visitor to the home of her parents in Montague.

Mr. Ivan MacKenzie, employee of the C. N. R., Montreal, is at present spending a few weeks in Dover, the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George MacKenzie.

Mr. Vernon Acorn has returned to his home in St. John, N. B., after spending a few weeks in Glen William, the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Acorn.

Miss Elva MacDonald, teacher of Dover School, spent the week-end in Caledonia, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacDonald.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

as it is the one to reset the plants that at length have a way of entwining tendrils in strange unfathomable ways in the depths of a housewife's heart, to teach her, we think, something of Heavenly Places. Because:

"Hearts that have known the strength of growing things. The tiny pulse of life in tree and flower, Have touched the borders of the Infinite. And sounded at the well-spring of all power, And through their fingers and the answering sod, Have worked a miracle along with God."

Until Monday — — Diary — Good-night...

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn't it?"

Johnny thought she was getting herself upset and tense. You could tell she was an emotional girl. He smiled and took her hand. "Look, Kay, it'd be better if you didn't worry too much about it. Time will straighten everything out, I promise you that. Your mother's going to be all right, please believe me."

(To be continued)

Johnny said thoughtfully, "Well... it wasn't much. Tell me, Kay, do you think of any intimate friends she might have had in Greenwich Village? Any favorite places she went there?"

"No," the girl said instantly. "She liked Long Island... the country and walking along the shore and through the rolling hills. She was never one to go night-clubbing or slumming in the Village."

"Was she interested in art... paintings?"

Again Kay shook her head. Her hand touched his arm quickly and impulsively. "Why, what did you learn?"

"Nothing... I guess. Except that she still thinks I'm Bart, and that we were in Greenwich Village once. Crazy, isn