

Happiness, E. C. D.

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

SYNOPSIS
THE CHARACTERS:
 BENJAMIN MERRIFIELD, aged capitalist, hires GAYLE DIXON to make love to his grandson, JEREMY TUCKER, a shy student of archeology.

YESTERDAY: Jeremy is embarrassed when he comes up on Gayle in the arms of Bill, in the reception room.

CHAPTER NINE
 Mr. Jeremy Tucker, grandson of Benjamin W. Merrifield of the Merrifield copper mill, was a man who had reached the maturity of 23 years. He himself knew it to be mature because under all legal and moral concepts age 21 makes a man grown, and he was two years past that. Time was when he used to do frivolous things, youthful things. One is to be excused for such lapses, due to one's youth. A mature man, of course, must give himself to serious endeavor.

Jeremy had learned to be serious away back in high school. A relatively slender physique which kept him out of most sports, one eye which tended to drift slantwise and required heavy spectacles, and parents who were determined to make him a "man of brains" had all been responsible. Books, whole libraries of them, had been placed in Jeremy's path since before he could remember. That there is a world apart in books, everybody knows. Jeremy discovered it early. He moved from the sheer entertainment value of books as a high school freshman, discovering their more meaty worth, and by the time he was a freshman in college he was a kind of walking savant that belied his actual years.

For instance, Jeremy knew more about such things as philosophy than he did about—well, about girls. "The transcendentalism of Kant tends to affirm the existence of a priori principles of cognition," Jeremy had said only last evening, in a happen-so discussion during the otherwise gay party. Several of the girls heard him, but they didn't answer, except for little Tempe Hyde.

"Oooooo!" she sounded off, impressed. Jeremy had looked at her then, conscious of her appreciation. It is good to be appreciated. Before the evening was over he had told her quite a bit about transcendentalism, and he had told Gayle Dixon quite a bit more about archeology. Gayle was really more responsive than the smaller girl, he had found. Gayle had—well, poise, and intellectuality. Tempe seemed to think that "Oooooo" was sufficient contribution to almost any discussion, which of course was erroneous.

Gayle had come right out and said, "Jeremy, exactly what is archeology, and why does it fascinate an intelligent man such as you?" Now that was all right. Jeremy set in to answer her. It took him about half an hour to do so. It was the most talking he had done to a pretty girl since—well, let's see—probably ever. Of course he didn't classify that as "talking to a girl"; it was a discussion of his work intelligently when opportunity presents.

That's what scholars are for. Scholarliness defeats its own high purpose unless it is shared with humanity; any true scholar is inherently unselfish with his knowledge. It is a code of the intelligentsia everywhere, Jeremy reminded himself that night in bed. He wished he had explained transcendentalism to Gayle, too.

This morning, after the party, it occurred to him that he must find time to be agreeable to the Miss Dixon and Mr. Bailey whom his

grandfather had hired to manage a new Little Theater project for this city. Sponsorship of the drama was a noble enterprise, of course, even though not directly related to archeology or philosophy. "It might even be said," Jeremy had mentioned in discussing it with Mr. Weems at breakfast, "that the drama represents the highest form of art, because the ideal drama re-creates human lives. Shakespearean analysts will agree to that. Music, of course, has infinite esthetic power, but I would rate the drama even higher, would you not, Mr. Weems?"

"Oh, of course, sir," Mr. Weems nodded. The elderly secretary stood somewhat in awe of this bookish young man. The two had been served breakfast together frequently since Jeremy's arrival in the Merrifield mansion a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Weems feeling it essential that someone act as host for the young man, Mr. Merrifield himself was a little more cold about it.

Study into the vast and no doubt fascinating field of pre-history in Yucatan was to have occupied Jeremy all of this morning. He had been unable to concentrate, though, and so had come downstairs abruptly and come bang onto Bill Bailey holding pretty Gayle in his arms and kissing her.

His shock had been no greater than theirs. But Bill's recovery was quickest. He moved away from Gayle rather hastily.

"Ha, ha—hi, there, Jeremy—ha, ha!" He sounded rather silly, he knew, and he saw that Gayle was crimson. He went on, with elaborate casualness. "Rehearsing a part, Jeremy, for the new play. Been at it all morning. Gayle's trying out for the feminine lead. Yeah."

"Interesting," Jeremy nodded, thawing a little, and being polite. "Yeah, sure is. Whew! Warm in here." It wasn't warm in here, or

at least Jeremy couldn't feel it, but no doubt Bill had been working hard. Jeremy saw that Gayle was suddenly concerned with reading her script.

"What is the play you expect to present first, Mr. Bailey?" "Oh, just call me Bill! Everybody else does. The play is a honey, really. A springtime comedy called 'Maid to Measure.' Three acts. Brilliantly written. 'Maid to Measure.' Regret to say I am not familiar with it," Jeremy said. "But then, I know relatively little of contemporary drama. You will act in it, then, as well as direct?"

"Yeah. We're short of male characters—SAY!" Bill suddenly snapped his fingers, seemed to discover that Jeremy was standing there. "Listen to me, Jeremy, didn't you know you were supposed to be in this play yourself?"

"Why—why, no!" Gayle looked up. Nobody else had thought of that until now, really; but the idea was sound.

"Sure you are! Come right up here, young man. I'll put you through that same part and see what sort of actor you'll make. Now look, the script reads that you and the heroine are—"

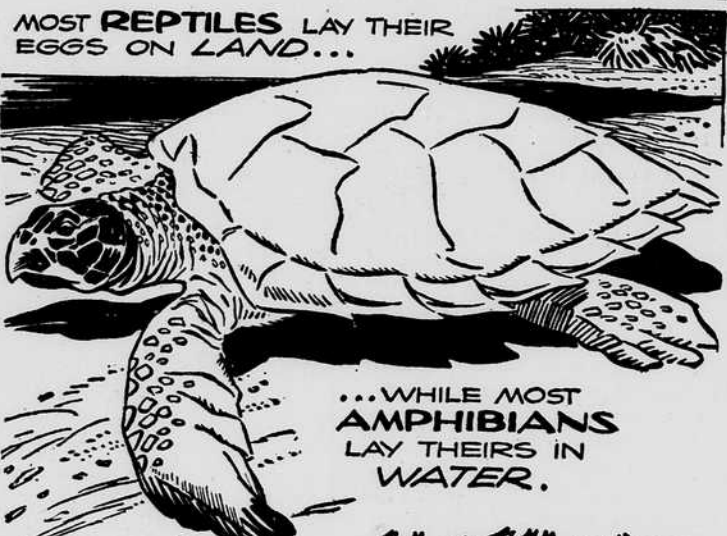
The explanation was rapid, and so forceful that Jeremy could get in no protest at all. Nobody could escape Bill Bailey, as a matter of fact, when that ebullient young man's verve was going. He was quite irresistible, and his enthusiasm was contagious to a degree. Jeremy found himself actually up on the stage, however astonishing that fact was to him. Jeremy cleared his throat and spoke positively. "It is imperative that I say I have never acted in any sort of dramatic presentation. Even though this is, as I understand, to be a so-called amateur production, it would seem that some experience—"

"Goody, you can start from

(Continued on Page Eleven)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



MOST REPTILES LAY THEIR EGGS ON LAND...

...WHILE MOST AMPHIBIANS LAY THEIRS IN WATER.

NUMEROUS ARCTIC INSECTS CONTINUE ACTIVE LIVING AT TEMPERATURES WELL BELOW THE FREEZING POINT.

IN WHOSE HONOR WAS ROOSEVELT DAM NAMED, AND WHERE IS IT?

ANSWER: Theodore Roosevelt, and it is located on the Salt River in Arizona.

BELA LANAN—COURT REPORTER

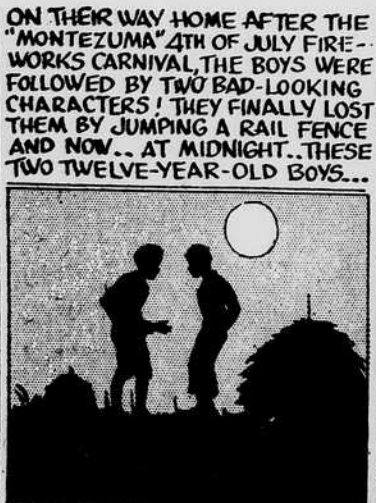
By L. Allen Heine

Founded on Actual Court Reco rds and You Can Be the Judge

The Strange Case Where MONTEZUMA TAKES A HAND

IN SIX EPISODES

No. 4



ON THEIR WAY HOME AFTER THE "MONTEZUMA" 4TH OF JULY FIREWORKS CARNIVAL, THE BOYS WERE FOLLOWED BY TWO BAD-LOOKING CHARACTERS! THEY FINALLY LOST THEM BY JUMPING A RAIL FENCE AND NOW... AT MIDNIGHT... THESE TWO TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOYS...

IT'S TOO LATE TO GO HOME! I'M COLD! LET'S SLEEP IN THIS HAYSTACK!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING!



LET'S GO BACK TO THE FAIRGROUNDS FORE WE GO HOME!

OHEN! C'MON!

COME ON OVER! THIS IS WHERE THEY SHOT THE FIREWORKS LAST NIGHT!

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE WINGS OF SONG JR. WILLIAMS 7-3

OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . Major Hoople



THE WINGS OF SONG JR. WILLIAMS 7-3

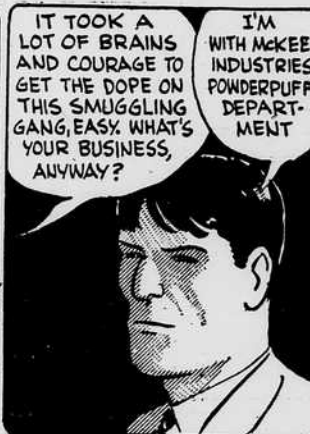
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS

Grab It, Easy

By Roy Crane



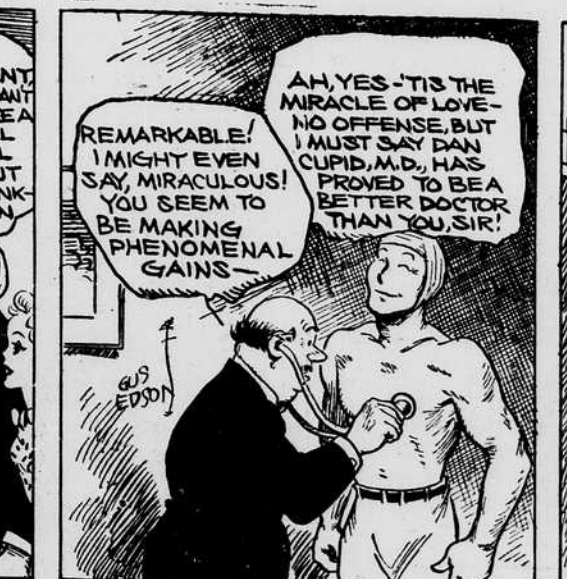
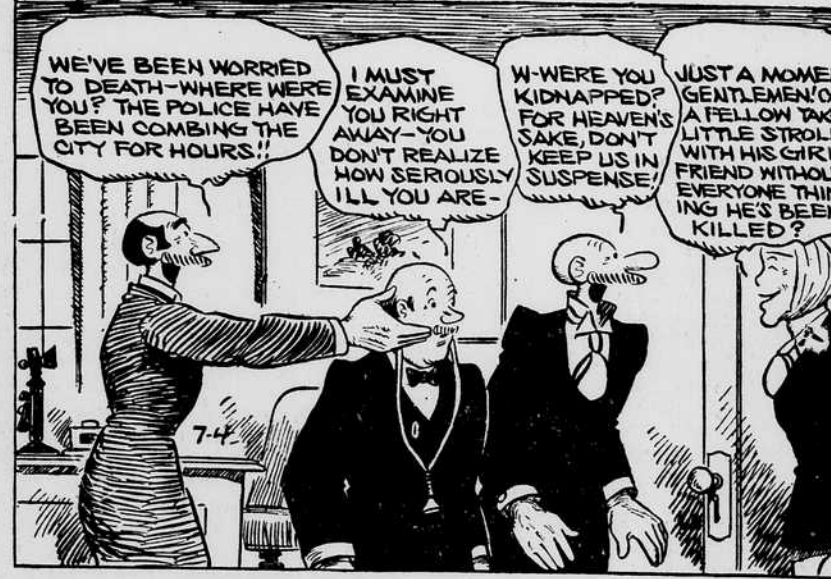
GASOLINE ALLEY

The Poor Fish



THE GUMPS

Land Of The Free



BRICK BRADFORD—Seeks the Diamond Doll

By William Ritt and Clarence Gray

