

# DARLING FOOL

CHAPTER XLVI

Charles stood up, not liking any of this. "I'm not at all sure she did," he interrupted. "My impression always has been that the affair was about fifty-fifty."

"Aren't you quaint?" trilled Sandra. "It wasn't at all. I know them both so I have the straight of it."

"But what," demanded Charles with some impatience, "has all this to do with me?" He looked rather ostentatiously at the watch he had been fingering for a moment.

"I thought I'd like you to know how matters stood," the girl told him glibly. "I didn't want you to believe I'd done any poaching. Someone told me you'd said—"

"I never talk about women," Eustace said, a note of harshness coming into his voice. "I leave that to their own sex. You must excuse me now. I'm overdue at my uncle's."

He was fuming as he took his hat and coat from the maid at the front door. The girl was a fool. There were no two ways about it. What did she expect to gain by talking about Monnie to him? Was she really, as Kay believed, such an enemy to Monnie that she would deliberately try to undermine her with Charles after having stolen Dan from under her nose? Or was it a bit more complex—was Sandra such an egoist that she wished everyone, even Charles Eustace who knew her so casually, to think well of her? However it was, she was a nasty little cat and he sincerely disliked her.

He walked off into the autumn night, frowning. Why hadn't he told her exactly what he thought of her, he asked himself. She hated Monnie—that much was plain. How had she dared to speak of her in that tone to him? Charles acknowledged, with a pang, that Monnie's absence cost him a great deal. He was missing her more than he would have believed possible a year ago. She was so sweet. That was it—so sweetly sweet and clean and desirable! She made all these other girls with their poses and affections and meanness look drab and uninteresting.

Monnie—he admitted it to himself at last—had come to be the core and the center of his life. He loved her—and she was in love with another man. There was nothing he could do about it. Unconsciously he groaned to himself. Nothing he could do, he repeated, except to stand by and be her friend if she needed one. He rather thought she would.

The party of which Sandra had spoken was a barn dance at the summer place of the Bliss, some 15 miles out on the river road. The great studio barn was heaped, for the occasion, with sheaves and decorated with pumpkins, cornstalks, russet leaves and gourds. Charles, bored with the idea of assembling a special costume for the affair, knotted a bandana over his crackling shirt front and lounged on the sidelines, watching the movement. Geraldine Cardigan, looking rather prettier than usual in a fresh blue gingham, whirled by in the arms of one of the Payne boys and waved to him. He saw Dan dancing with Sandra and looked away. There was no doubt about it, the girl was attractive in a feline sort of way. Dan, he observed, was rather the worse for wear. He had been stopping at the punch bowl in the corner a bit too often and his step was slightly unsteady. Sandra seemed to be in her element. She didn't, Charles thought, drink at all but she was warty on those who did. Her trilling laughter sounded often. Her full-skirted frock of yellow stuff, billowing about her, was the merest burlesque of a milkmaid's costume.

(To Be Continued)

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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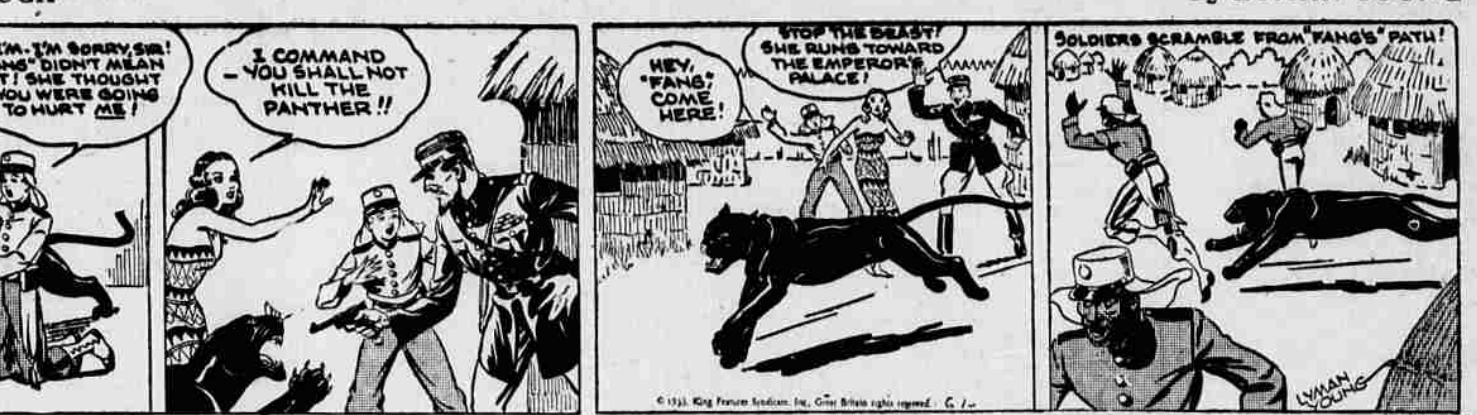


## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

"I'LL KILL THE BEAST! I'LL KILL—"

"I'M, I'M SORRY, SHE! 'FANGS' DON'T MEAN IT! SHE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO HURT ME!"

"I COMMAND—YOU SHALL NOT KILL THE PANTHER!!"



## BRINGING UP FATHER

THEY SAY BATHIN'S GOOD FER INSOMNIA. IT MUST BE, IT DON'T SEEM TO DO ME ANY GOOD. THE MORE I BATHE, THE LESS I SLEEP.

WELL! AT LEAST THE NEIGHBORS WILL SEE THAT I'M UP AN OUT EARLY IN THE MORNIN'. IT'S JUST SIX O'CLOCK.

HELLO, JIGGS—OLD PAL—

JUST GITTIN' HOME?



## NELL BRINKLEY CARRIAGE SET



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Brinkley is world-renowned for the lovely, fluffy girls she makes. No less charming, well-known, and inimitable are her baby clothes—dainty, winsome, angelic babies that simply must be had. For the first time a collection of some of her lovely baby clothes is offered for embroidery. They have been grouped on a carriage cover and a pillow to make a bouquet of dainty and flower-like motifs. The carriage cover is regulation size, the motif 17 1/2 x 19 inches, while the corner motif for the pillow is 12 1/2 x 12 inches. The motif can be used on a crib cover or the same heads can be cut from the motif and used on a variety of accessories. The transfer pattern includes color suggestions, and needed and directions for making a carriage cover and pillow. Write for this pattern to the Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept., 32 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

## THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE

CHIEF GENERAL WIMPY, GET SOME CITIZEN TO TELL THE RADIO LISTENERS WHAT A SWELL COUNTRY WE GOT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—MR. JONES, ONE OF OUR SATISFIED CITIZENS, IS HERE TO TELL YOU WHY YOU SHOULD MOVE TO POPILANIA

DEAR FRIENDS OF RADIO LAND—I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I AM HERE IN THIS NEW COUNTRY

POPILANIA'S CLIMATE IS MILD AND YET IT SATISFIES—

WORDS FAIL ME. AYE. SUCH INSIGNIFICANT VEHICLES CANNOT DESCRIBE TO YOU THIS FAIR LAND

NOT ONE CENT WAS PAID TO MR. JONES FOR HIS TESTIMONIAL



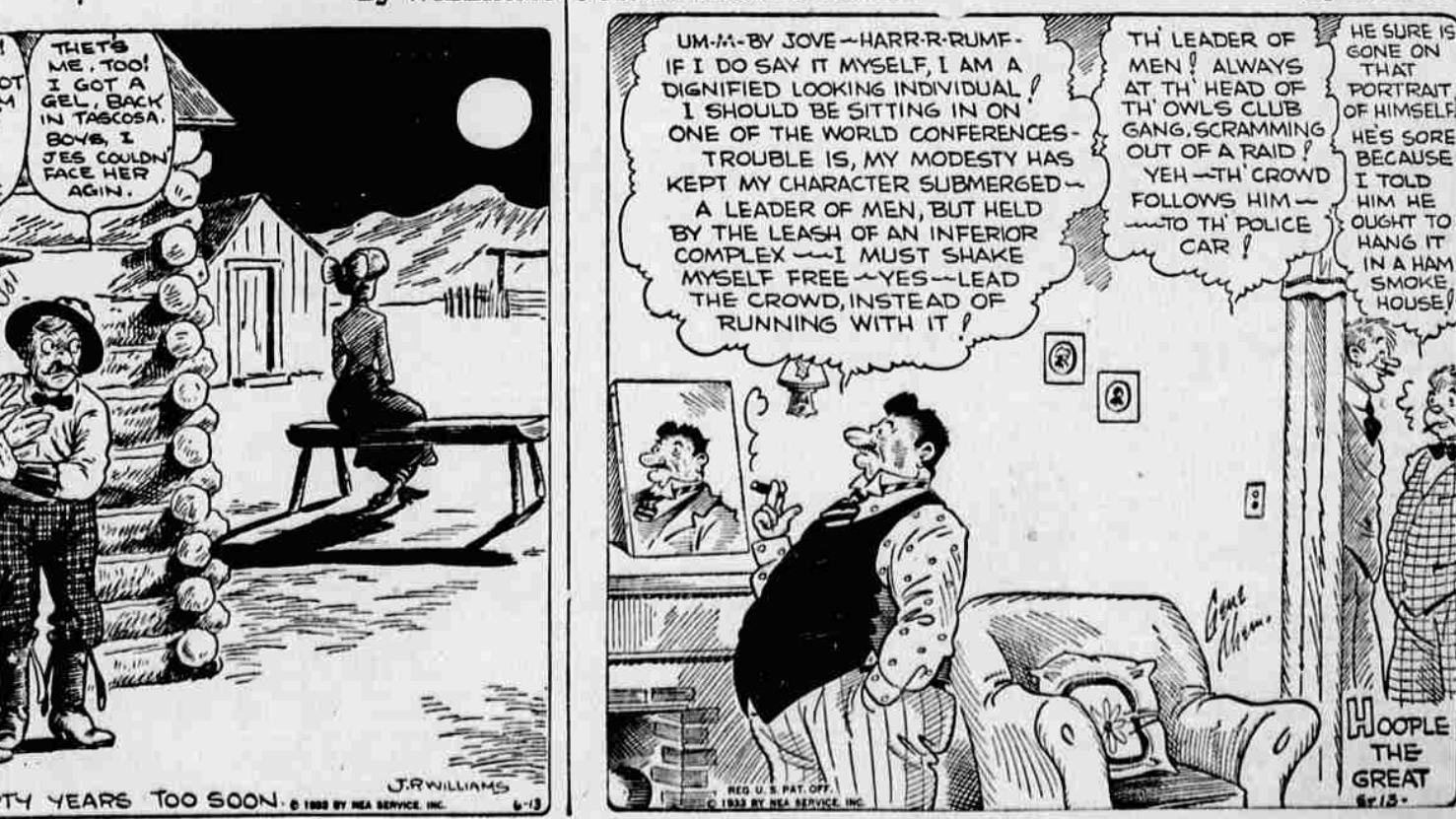
## OUT OUR WAY

GO AHAID, STIFFY! I CAINT—YUH KNOW I'M MARRIED.

NO, SUH! I CAINT DO IT—I GOT A GAL IM AWRITIN' TO IN DULUTH. BOYS, I DASSENT.

THEY'S ME, TOO! I GOT A GAL, BACK IN TASCOSA. BOYS, I JES COULDN' FACE HER AGIN.

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.



**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**

SWEETENS THE BREATH