

BARGAIN BRIDE

CHAPTER LI

Gerald, with Elinor's help, was making a fish net from some bits of string. Just as with human relations, the string would tangle disastrously now and then.

"Sexton and I are going fishing tomorrow," Gerald told him, "and Aunt Elinor's helping me make this net." He was struggling over it and his speech slowed with the struggle.

Barrett looked down at the work Bargain Bride. . . .

From down the hill Sexton whistled a bob-white call—the boys' secret signal which half the neighborhood understood perfectly.

Gerald was up in an instant. "It's Sexton," he said eagerly. "May I go, Aunt Elinor? We have to dig bait!"

"Of course, dear," she answered, "but be back in time to make yourself tidy for dinner."

He kissed her, made a pugnacious, boyish pass at Barrett and was off, whooping down the hillside.

The strain settled that always appeared when Gerald left them alone together.

"May I sit down?" Barrett asked. "I want to talk to you about something."

"Do," she said, head bent above the net.

"I wondered if you wouldn't like to ask Bob Telford out for some weekend—or perhaps longer," he suggested. It wasn't easy but he had done it! Thank God, he'd managed to get the words out.

"Bob's a good friend," Elinor answered levelly. "I'd like to have him come but not unless you care to have him—"

"Your home is the place for your friends," Barrett said.

"It's your home, too."

"Let's have him next Sunday if he'll come."

"If you like," she agreed. He could not help but warm to the fact that she seemed to care so little. "I'm still rottenly jealous," he thought remorsefully.

"Did you see Marcia when you were in town yesterday?" Elinor asked. She had hardly seen Barrett since his return. She and the Thropes had had a moonlight picnic on the beach the night before and when they had returned Barrett had been working.

Elinor had learned, seeing the door of his study closed, that her whole day had been lived through with the thought of a moment's talk with him. The closed door had made her feel like a child for whom there is no convincingly close tomorrow. She had gone to bed to lie there wakefully thinking, "He may be at work again before I get down in the morning—unless I'm up early."

Barrett preferred to avoid encountering her unless it was necessary. Seeing her made everything so much more difficult. A hundred times he had been close to blurring out the truth of Marcia's secret. He wanted to tell her, to say, "What do I care about a promise? What do I care for honor? Nothing matters to me but you and your love!"

But he could not allow himself to do that. He had made his vow to Marcia.

Now he said in answer to Elinor's question about Marcia, "I ran in to see her for a few minutes."

"How are things?"

"Bad," he told her.

She caught her breath. Fright darkened the blue eyes. "Poor Marcia!" Elinor whispered.

Barrett studied Elinor then with a deep concern. He had noticed before how deeply distressed she seemed over Marcia's tragedy and it troubled him. (To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

Such a Business By HAROLD GRAY

8-25-33

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

THE RESCUE PLANE WITH ITS TWO STRICKEN PASSENGERS ARRIVES AT THE FLYING FIELD OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION AT FORT BELCOR.

Just Another Victim! By MARTIN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

OH, PROFESSOR—HAVE YOU SEEN BILLY?

WHY, YES—THAT IS, HE WAS HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO, HATTIE.

PLEASE HELP ME FIND HIM—I FEEL SO SAFE WITH A BIG HE MAN LIKE YOU NEAR ME.

BUT, I'M GOING FISHING—BESIDES, MY WORD—I CAN'T SEE WHAT THERE IS HERE TO BE SAFE FROM.

MEN! THEY PURSUE ME WHEREVER I GO! I'M SIMPLY PESTERED TO DEATH! OH, WHY CAN'T ALL MEN BE LIKE YOU—SERIOUS-MINDED, GALLANT, STRONG AND RUGGED.

OH, COME NOW—

WITH YOU? WHY, YOU DARLING—I SIMPLY ADORE FISHING.

BRINGING UP FATHER By GEORGE McMANUS

MAKE THESE HOUSEHOLD PETS

A CUDDLY DOG AND CAT IN CALICO



DOG PATTERN 520
CAT PATTERN 497

Calico dogs make excellent playmates for calico cats, as they seem to agree. What is more, the youngsters have a hard time deciding which is their favorite, and invariably compromise by holding one under each arm. Though the calico dog may look scary, he offers no difficulties in the making, for he is simple to construct, and measures 12 inches when completed. Though he favors himself in calico, he is equally popular in terry cloth, saten, velveteen, or any cotton print. Pattern 520 contains the pattern pieces for the dog, full directions for making it, as well as yardages. The cat, 12 1/2 inches long when completed, Pattern 497 contains the pattern for the cat, full directions for making it, and yardages. Send 50c for each pattern (20c for both) to the Eugene Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

IN STEP WITH THE NATION

OUT OUR WAY

AT'S AWRIGHT, MAY BE WATER DROPPIN' ON ONE SPOT WILL FINALLY MAKE A HOLE IN EVEN A STONE, BUT I'M ON'Y GONNA BE HERE A MINUTE ER SO.

'ATS LONG ENOUGH FER A HEAD LIKE YOURS! GIT OUTA THERE, RIGHT NOW!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EGAD, GRIDLEY, WHILE THE WIFE IS AWAY, I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME OF THE BOYS OF THE OWLS CLUB OVER ONE NIGHT, FOR A DINNER OF YOUR FAMOUS HOT DOGS AND HAMBURGERS! HM—M—A HALF KEG OF LAGER-MIRTH AND MELODY—BUT NO ROISTERING—JUST SIX OF US—SNUFFY—MCFADDLE—HICKY-LEAD-FOOT LARRY, YOU AND I!

THAT'LL BE SWELL—BUT SNUFFY AN' MCFADDLE ARE IN TH' TANNERY FOR TEN DAYS! THEY WERE COMIN' HOME FROM A HOUSE-WARMIN' TH' OTHER MORNIN' AN' THEY COME TO A STREET WHAT WAS TORN UP, AN' STARTED TO GATHER ARMFULS OF TH' RED LANTERNS, THINKIN' THEY WERE GERANIUMS, THEN A COP PUT TH' COLLAR-THUMB ON 'EM!

WHILE THE CAT IS AWAY