

Married Flirts

CHAPTER XXI

THE summer waned all too swiftly. Blue days, golden days there were in August, when Gypsy flung her arms about for sheer joy in living; when there was not a cloud in the sky; when the borders and lanes with phlox and daisies and lilies; when the nights were drenched with dew and you walked to cool, scented, blowy mornings.

There never was such a summer. The Morells came over from Blue Hills in the shabby car and there were picnic on the grass under the laden apple trees. Steaks were broiled over the crude outdoor oven. Tom rushed home early, exulting in the luxury of his own vine and fig tree, and there were two wonderful weeks when he was home together. "Of course, it isn't a real vacation," Gypsy sighed, "but it's fun, anyway."

The corn ripened under the sun along the highway. The fruit hung heavy on the trees. Hay was stacked in golden tents in the fields. And on one gorgeous day in late September Gypsy's child was born. She had been taken to the city hospital the night before. For ten long hours she had writhed in pain, digging her nails into her flesh, trying to stifle the cries that were wrung from her. At 8 o'clock the baby's wail sounded and the watching young husband, pacing the corridor outside, sagged against the distempered walls in an agony of relief.

"It's over, it's over," he whispered. When they allowed him in to see her an hour later she was lying white and seemingly broken in the narrow bed. Only her eyes were alive, moving dully in her tanned young face.

"Tommy...oh, darling!" Tears of weakness ran down her cheeks and his own eyes watered in sympathy.

"Was it so terrible, dearest?" He had her hands in his. His eyes were roving anxiously over her dear, familiar features.

"Isn't he the darlings...?"

It was a week later and the baby, a bundle of pink blanket and muslin, with only the top of a rosy head showing, lay on Gypsy's arm. Her curls were freshly brushed, her eyes had the peculiar deep, lambent glow that comes to young mothers just out of the shadowy valley. Tom had eyes only for her.

"Isn't he the sweetest, most adorable...?" Tom Weaver, you're not paying attention to your son! You're not listening to a word I say."

He grinned at her. "He's a wonder. But honestly, Gypsy, do you think he's much to look at right now? I was admiring you. Do you mind?"

The McKinnons had returned from Missouri during the early part of Gypsy's hospital sojourn, so it was to the apartment instead of to the little house that the young Weavers brought David Morell.

They arrived there one bleak October morning, squired by a slow, plump, talkative individual who had been recommended by Doctor McGuire as a practical nurse. And immediately the tempo of life changed. The hospital had been dull—Gypsy had looked forward to coming home—but at least the routine had been precise and orderly. The baby had gone back to his nurses after every feeding and the young mother had known nothing of the routine of baths, diapers and air-lips.

Now everything was different. Mrs. Burby was inefficient though amiable. Gypsy's own room was a welter of powder cans, safety pins, folded small garments and a hassletote which seemed to overshadow everything else. There was always a boiling container on the stove. There were potatoes, half of them peeled, in the sink. There were rag towels, soiled dishes everywhere. At the end of the second week of

By MABEL McELLIOTT
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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

OF ALL THE CRAZY SAPS! FIFTY THOUSAND A YEAR, AND YOU TURN THE JOB DOWN FLAT—

AW, WHAT DO I WANT WITH A JOB?

FIFTY GRAND A YEAR IS HEAVY SUGAR—

SURE—BUT WHY WORK FOR IT? WITH A SOFT TOUCH LIKE WARBUCKS, I'D BE A SAP TO WORK—

FUTHERMORE— I WISH HE'D KEEP HIS INFERNAL BILL OUT OF MY BUSINESS, AND QUIT TRYING TO RUN ME— AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO—

O.K. WISE GUY— GO BACK TO SLEEP—

NATURALLY, BLEEK MUST FEEL HE'S TAKEN SO MUCH FROM ME, HE HESITATES TO ACCEPT A JOB, TOO— I WONDER IF HE REALLY HAS SOMETHING ELSE LINED UP— I'LL HAVE TO BE TACTFUL—

WENDLING, Feb. 27.—(Special).—Mrs. Norman Emery entertained with a Washington's birthday party for her Sunday school class Thursday afternoon. Those attending the party were Edith Worth, Joy Worth, Joan Cox, Colleen Cox, Virginia McHenry, Eldon Patten, Deloris Mix, Ellen Patten, Margaret Mix, Roger Hall, Norman Hall, Marjorie Haines, Edgar Emery and Alice Emery. Assisting the hostess was Mrs. Edward Cox and Mrs. Geary Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brewer and son George of Fall Creek were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Brewer's mother, Mrs. Elsie Stoberg.

J. T. Sumner and Mrs. S. Coleman of Eugene were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Sumner.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Abrams and Mrs. Charley Chandler returned Thursday from a three weeks visit in California. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ashby and daughter Jessie of Eugene spent the weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Abell.

Mrs. Louis Estes returned home Monday from the Eugene hospital where she was under medical care. Among the Wendling people attending the Elks dance in Eugene Saturday evening were Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Nielsen, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watt, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Charley Chandler.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Abrams returned Sunday evening from a few days visit with relatives in Tillamook.

Henry Ford set an unofficial world auto speed record in the early 1900's, driving one mile in 39.2 seconds on ice.

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

I JUST TALKED WITH LOANA, HALFORD, BUT SHE BLUNTLY REFUSED TO TELL ME WHERE SPUD IS OR WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM—

THE QUEEN IS IN AN ANGRY MOOD, REX, WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS—

—BECAUSE I REFUSED TO MARRY HER AT HER COMMAND SHE TAKES VENGEANCE ON US ALL— ONE BY ONE— FIRST, SHE LOCKS UP LORELLA IN A GUARDED CELL, THEN SPUD MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS— WHO GOES NEXT, YOU, TIM OR I?

SH—LISTEN!

BONG

CUR GRACIOUS QUEEN COMMANDS THAT I TAKE HALFORD DEXTER TO HER, AT ONCE!

DON'T GO HAL, I FEAR FOR YOUR LIFE!

NONSENSE, REX, LET ME PASS—!

News of Wendling

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

The Very Idea!

HELLO

WLO

HERE I AM

NO! Y'WOULDN'T FOOL ME WOULD'YA?

NO INDEED! WELL, LET'S GO

WHERE?

WHY, YOU AN' I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED

OH, SWEET! I'LL GET MY HAT N' COAT—

TH' DIZZY DOOO

BAM

IS THE BOY DAFFY?

BRINGING UP FATHER

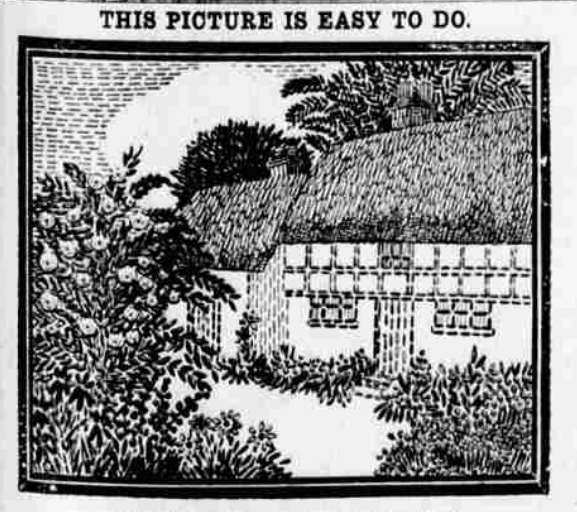
I THOUGHT IT WUZ ALL RIGHT TO COOK SOME CORNED BEEF, BUT I TAKE THAT CABBAGE FER MESELF.

I'LL HAVE YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I DON'T WANT SUCH STUFF IN THIS HOUSE NOW, YOU TAKE THAT RIGHT OUT AND GIVE IT TO THE DOG—

THAT'S CRIME!

WELL, ALL I KIN SAY IS— THAT WOMAN MUST HAVE LOST HER APPETITE—

AH!



GARDEN SCENE PATTERN 639

This quaint garden scene is as decorative as it is fun to do. The cottage surrounded by flowers is set off when these are done in gay wools in all the simple stitches. And the work goes so quickly for French knots and lazy-daisy stitches form the flowers. This lovely picture measures 9 1/2 x 12 inches and is a companion piece to the garden scene, Pattern 565.

Pattern 639 comes to you with a transfer pattern of the picture; a color key showing exactly where each color is to be put, and directions for making the picture.

Send 10c for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

A FAMOUS FLAVOR

5c EVERYWHERE

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THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"HIS NATIVE TONGUE"

TOMORROW—"CODFISH ARISTOCRACY"

YEAH, ROUGH HOUSE, I GUESS I JUS' DONT UNDERSTAN WOMEN I YAM ALL BUSTED UP ON ACCOUNT OF I KIN NOT GET ALONG WITH OLIVE OYL

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BIG BOY, CAN'T YOU TAKE IT? YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH TO STAND PLENTY

BUT IT DONT MAKE NO DIFFERENCE HOW STRONG YOU ARE— LOVE MAKES SAPS OUT OF 'EM ALL

IF YER SYMPATHNETIC MAYBE WE KIN BE FRENS ON ACCOUNT OF I NEEDS SYMPATHY— ARE YA A OKAY GAL OR JUSA DUMB PUNK?

I AM WHAT I AM AND THAT'S ALL I AM!

SHAKE, PAL— WE'RE BROTHERS AT HEART ON ACCOUNT OF— I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THAS ALL I YAM ALSO

OUT OUR WAY

BY WILLIAMS

MA— OH, MOM! HERE'S SUMPN THAT LOOKS LIKE A SUIT OF UNDERWEAR! IS IT ANY GOOD, ER WILL I BURN IT UP, ER KIN YOU USE IT FER STOVE RAGS, ER SUMPN?

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

YES—MY LARYNGITIS HAS CLEARED UP, BUSTER—BUT, SPEAKING OF AMAZING MALADIES, I ONCE WAS BITTEN BY A RARE INSECT, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, AND IT GAVE ME REVERSED EYESIGHT FOR A MONTH! THINK OF IT!—I SAW PRINTED WORDS BACKWARDS—OBJECTS COMING TOWARD ME APPEARED TO BE GOING AWAY—RAINFALL WENT UP—BIRDS FLEW BACKWARDS—EGAD, OF A TRUTH, I WENT TO SHOOT A LION AND THE BULLET WENT THROUGH MY RIGHT SHOULDER!

ANOTHER GLASS OF THAT WALNUT STAIN AN' YOU'LL BE STRINGING YOURSELF FOR A KITE FLIGHT!

AN, SAY— YOU'D BETTER PAD YOUR SHINS! YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH MRS. HOOPLE TO A CARD PARTY TONIGHT!

WE STILL THINKS BACKWARDS, AT TIMES—