

Married Flirts

By MABEL McELLIOTT
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CHAPTER XXII

GYPSY, assembling towels, soap, powder, and olive oil, scolded her maid. "It's a bad mother," she said. "I'm a bad mother. What a lot of fussing for a baby! She's never realized it before. Quite calmly she had criticized young mothers for not doing this, doing that. 'Keeping up,' she was generally called. And yet how could you expect them to play bridge, to read the latest books, to be bright and interesting when they faced such mountainous tasks day after day?"

David was naughty that morning. Perhaps he missed the expert ministrations of the absent Mrs. Burly. Perhaps he sensed the nervousness of his young mother. At any rate he cried. He cried and cried and cried. Gypsy was shaking with nervousness and fatigue when the ordeal of the morning bath was finished. A cold perspiration led her upper lip and her knees sagged as she laid the now dumpy, immaculate infant in his crib. Could she possibly go at the rest of the disorder now? And where was Tom? He hadn't even telephoned. She was ready to cry with weakness and discouragement.

A key grated in the lock and Tom entered in a big, blond, clean-skinned young woman wearing a long unfashionable coat. "This is Elsa, darling," Tom announced. "She's going to do whatever you want her to."

Elsa worked part-time. Three days a week she came at eight and stayed until one. The other four days she came at one and stayed until seven, leaving dinner prepared. She was slow, tireless, clean.

After that things went more smoothly. Elsa was a treasure, Tom and Gypsy told each other. She was a jewel.

"How can we afford it I simply don't know," Gypsy would say, frowning over the bills. But there was now no question in her mind about letting Elsa go. It was simply not to be thought of, Tom said, and she agreed. Until she was strong, at least.

The baby grew—flourished. The days rushed by, punctuated only by half-time, nap-time, feeding-time. Sometimes the imperturbable Elsa stayed in the evening and the young Wagners dashed out to a movie. But this was not often. The budget was strained too tight to allow much entertainment.

taught the silent Elsa to bathe the baby and cream. She walked to the chain stove, pushing the rosy baby in his dark blue carriage, to buy the things listed in the day's advertisement as "specials." There was nothing she did not know these days about balancing the food budget. Was this the same Gypsy who had danced far into the morning hours 18 months ago, who had spent the whole week's wages on a silly little hat with a feather? It was—and yet it was not. Gypsy's high color was dimmed. Her laugh rose less readily to her lips. Her step was not so light. And yet there were moments—as witness New Year's eve when she wore her old red crepe with a new sheer frill—when one caught a glimpse of the old gaiety and wildness.

Tom held her close, dancing in the Canavan hallway, hung with looped crepe paper. "You're perfectly beautiful tonight, darling!"

She could see herself in the old-fashioned mirror. Bright eyes, dark hair above them. She felt tonight as though she really was. Why didn't they do this more, she and Tommy? They were getting old before their time.

Hunt Gibson, uncommonly handsome in the black and white of dinner clothes, came up and claimed her for a dance and Tom went off with one of the Blake girls who was pretty and amusing.

"Haven't seen you for years," Hunt grinned down at her with that three-cornered, tantalizing grin of his. "You look grand!"

He danced superbly, Gypsy told herself. He was one of those irritating men who did everything well. Too self-satisfied, she decided, once and for all. "May I come and see you all some time?"

She was just lifting her eyes to his to reply when Sue touched her arm—shook hurriedly. "Gypsy, they've phoned from home to say the baby's ill."

Gypsy staggered against Hunt's black-coated shoulder.

(To Be Continued)

News of Marcola

MARCOLA, Feb. 28.—(Special).—Mrs. Minnie Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Lee and Mrs. Cleo Hill and Mrs. Carrie Hill of Yarnell attended the grange meeting at Irving Saturday.

J. E. Jones and son Loren of Rydewood, Wash., spent the week-end visiting friends in Marcola.

A card party will be given by the Rebekah lodge in the I. O. O. F. hall Friday evening, March 2. Bridge and five hundred will be played.

James Martin is reported to be quite sick at his home here.

A house dance was given Saturday evening, Feb. 24, at the Russell Ernest home. The following were among those who attended: Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Polley, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred McCornack, Mrs. Reun McCornack, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Alice Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Comer, Cecil Evans, Sisco Evans, Walter Girardin, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Casterline, Clyde Stair, Mr. and Mrs. Stillman Pratt, Babe Green, Carl Platt, Leo Paschke, June Pratt, Mary McCornack, Mr. Finney, Loren Finney, Charles Riggs, Mrs. Mrs. Dolmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Garrison, Lewis Polley, Cries Jaques.

Dave Wilson has moved into one of Mr. Tribble's houses.

Mrs. Nell Price is confined to her home with a severe cold.

Walter Mays and daughter Elma and Clyde Miller were in Eugene on Monday afternoon.

Dave Wilson was in Eugene Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ritchey of Cloverdale spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Phil Riggs.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS
S. Thos. Watson et ux to R A Booth—10 A to 15 5 W \$1.
H. A. Carter et ux to Beall B. Carter et ux—tract tp 19 1 E \$10.
Herbert E. Walker admr. to W. E. Gumm et ux—lots 1-2-3-4-5-12 Meadow add Lowell \$700.
Ralph C. Crenshaw to David W. Lamb—28 A tp 17 5 W \$10.
Joaquin Development Co. to O M Foster et ux—1 A tp 17 9 W—\$10.
George P. Stonfield et al to H C Bergman—1 A sec 27 tp 15 12 W \$10.
Ralph C. Crenshaw to David W. Lamb—67.03 A tp 17 5 W \$10.
C. V. Brattain et ux to Joshua F. Hill et ux—SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 sec 27 tp 20 4 W \$10.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

I'M ALL SET NOW—THE BIG DEAL I MENTIONED IS GOING THROUGH—IT'S SORT OF POLITICAL AND I CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT—IT'S A NICE THING FINANCIALLY THOUGH—

SAY—THAT'S GREAT—I'M SURE GLAD TO HEAR IT—

NICE WORK, WISE GUY—NOW HE'LL FIGURE WE WON'T NEED ANY MORE DOUGH—DID THAT ENTER YOUR NUMB SKULL?

OH, PIPE DOWN—CAN'T I NEED A HUNDRED GRAND OR SO TO PUT THIS FAKE DEAL OVER? YOU'RE NOT SO SMART—

I KNEW IT—HE'S A REAL GO-GETTER—WOULDN'T TAKE THE JOB I OFFERED HIM—WANTED TO SHOW ME HE COULD MAKE THE GRADE ON HIS OWN POWER—

INDEPENDENT—THAT'S WHAT HE IS—THIS PROVES IT—ANNIE IS THE SAME WAY—SHE COMES BY IT HONESTLY, APPARENTLY—IT'S HER INHERITANCE—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

SURELY, QUEEN LOANA, YOU WILL EASE OUR MINDS ABOUT THE LAD, SPUD? WHERE IS HE? IS HE UNHURT?

IT IS ON ANOTHER SUBJECT THAT I WISH TO SPEAK, HALFORED, DEXTER!

I COMMAND THAT YOU, AS REY RADFORD'S CLOSEST FRIEND, DEMAND THAT HE FORGET FOREVER ANY SISTER LORELLA!

IRIDICULOUS! IMPOSSIBLE! YOUR HIGHNESS I FLATLY REFUSE TO OBEY YOUR COMMAND!

WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME?

SILENCE! FOLLOW ME!

HELP!

GEE—THAT'S UNCLE HAL'S VOICE!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

MISS BOOTS, DAT YOUNG FELLA WHUT WAS HEAH YESTERDAY HAS DITTOED BACK AGIN

OKAY! BOUNCE 'IM IN

SAY, WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

HOPWOOD X. SMITH

WELL, NOW TH QUESTION IS, WHO IS HOPWOOD X. SMITH?

SAY, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ALREADY? I'M TH ONE YOU PROMISED TO MARRY... OR AT LEAST, YOU PRACTICALLY AGREED TO, I THOUGHT...

LISSEN, FELLA... IF YOU THINK THIS SORT OF THING IS FUNNY, YOU'D BETTER BRUSH UP ON YOUR HUMOR

Enough Is Enough!

BY MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GEORGE McMANUS

AW! THIS SOCIETY GAME GITS ME WEARY—I WISH I WUZ POOR AGIN.

THE INCOME TAX MAN PHONED—HE'LL BE HERE TOMORROW TO HELP YOU MAKE IT OUT—AND YOUR INSURANCE PREMIUMS ARE DUE—SIR—TOMORROW IS MY PAY DAY AND THE AUTO REPAIR-MAN IS HERE TO FIX THE CAR—THAT'S ALL.

I'D SAY, IT WUZ ALL.

DADDY—HERE ARE ALL THE BILLS TO BE PAID—SOME MORE WILL BE HERE TOMORROW—BUT THESE WILL KEEP YOU BUSY FOR AWHILE

HUH?

BY GOLLY! IT LOOKS AS IF I'M GONNA GIT ME WISH—

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"CODFISH ARISTOCRACY"

TOMORROW—"BLESSED BACHELORHOOD"

BY E. C. SEGAR

BUT WHO'S GOING TO DO THE SCRUBBING? THECK WITH THE SCRUBBIN. WE'RE GOIN TO A PITCHER SHOW AN' SEE A MINUTED CARTOON—I'LL GO TO MY ROOM AND FIX UP.

BLOW ME DOWN, AIN'T YA FIXED UP YET?

JUST A MINUTE

AWOY! YA BEEN FIXIN' UP FOR TWO HOURS, AIN'T YA READY YET?

SWELL—KID! YA LOOKS SWELL

HOT-CHA! HOT-CHA!

WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT OLIVE OYL? THEY'RE MORE AMCHOVIES IN THE OCEAN AS HAS EVER GOT CANNED

OUT OUR WAY

BY WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

GOOD GAWSH, ICK! WHEN YUH WASH YORE CLOES, WHY DON'T YUH WRING TH' PANTS AN' TH' SHIRT TH' SAME WAY? IT LOOKS FUNNY THETAWAY!

BOY, AH HAB TER WARSH MAH CLOES IN DE DARK.

ACH, ALFON—BRAVO! BRAVO!! A CHEENYUS! AFTER DREI JAHREN YUH HAF AT LAST BLAYED DER VALTZ UF DER BUMBLE BEES, FROM BEGINNING TO ENT, MIDOUT A MISTAKE! BRAVO! HA-A-BUILDING DER BANANAMA CANAL VOS NUDDING IN YOR, MIT TEACHING YOU DOT VALTZ?—ACH—I AM SO OVERCHOVED, I YODEL FOH-LAY-EE YOO

GOSH, PROFESSOR—WAS THAT TH' WALTZ OF TH' BUMBLE BEES?—I THOUGHT I WAS PLAYIN' TH' DEW DROP LULLABY! AN' WHILE I WAS PLAYIN' IT, I WAS MAKIN' BELIEVE I WAS SAVIN' MY WAY OUT OF A LION'S CAGE!

AT LAST HE HAS MASTERED IT!

STRIKING QUILT IN TWO TONE EFFECT



Carolina Favorite—and it undoubtedly is a favorite in many other places—is a most effective quilt in three materials. By inter-changing the dark and light material in the patch pieces that form the design, a striking effect is achieved. A simple quilt to do, it will add a decorative note to any bedroom.

Pattern 638 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests color combinations.

Read the for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.