

Married Flirts

by MABEL McELLIOTT
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CHAPTER XLVI

IN after years Tom Weaver thought with grim horror of that night. He was the most healthy-minded man imaginable. He would have scoffed at the suggestion that there was anything in the idea of premonition, in telegraphy, but now, try as he might, he could not throw off the cloud of foreboding that hovered over him.

They talked little, the two men in the plunging small car. After the frequent small villages, were past and they were in deep country they passed a few other motors. In scattered farm houses the lights of lamps shone. Tom remembered he had had no dinner.

There were occasional high gates and evergreen hedges and "habitant" fences as they rushed past the acreage of large estates. Once a dog ran into the glare of their headlights and Tom swerved suddenly, missing him. Hunt cupped the light of a cigarette in the hollow of his hand and put it in Tom's mouth and the driver grunted his thanks. If Gypsy weren't at the cabin, why then... why then... But he refused to think of that.

They could smell the salt marshes now. Occasionally, as the road wound, the twinkling light of some small craft was visible. Otherwise they were alone in the stillness of the night.

Suddenly, without warning, the car bumped horribly over the road. Tom tried to convince himself they'd struck a snag—a fallen branch, perhaps—but he knew the worst—they had a flat tire. He halted and together the two men struggled with a rusty rim, with tools too seldom used.

"Rotten luck!" Tom groaned. "What time is it? My watch has stopped."

The other man peered at his in the light shed by the dashboard. "Half past ten."

Tom Weaver cursed softly under his breath.

They had ten miles to go... they had five. Abruptly he averted into the familiar lane, little more than a path, leading to the scattered houses at the shore. It was hard going. They were jounced unmercifully here.

"I don't want to scare her," Tom muttered. "If she's there, better stop the car close to the house. If she hears the motor she'll probably recognize it."

But as he shut off the ignition a sound came that split the darkness. Gypsy's scream.

Tom had the door open; he was running, the other man close on his heels.

"My God! What's up?"

Hunt had the flashlight. It danced a dervish dance upon the hard packed earth. Tom's breath was a knife in his lungs. Once he stumbled and caught himself.

The front door of the house was flung wide. He groped through it. "Gypsy! Dearest, where are you?"

The flashlight circled, touched tables and chairs, touched nothingness. Tom felt the hair on his head rise and prickles as a dog's does in fear. His fingers touched an electric light button. Gypsy lay across the threshold, between living room and bedroom, in a dead faint.

The window opening on the small veranda was open. They could hear the sound of running steps on the sand.

"Get him!"

Tom lifted Gypsy to the couch and Hunt raced after the intruder. Tom brought water, dipped a cloth in it, laid it on her forehead. "Darling, speak to me... tell me what happened."

She opened her eyes, terror darkening them. "It was a dream, then... it wasn't. I came out—I'd heard someone at the latch. The door opened. He was staring at me."

"Who?"

"The man who drove me up from the station. I screamed. He didn't touch me... just stood staring. Then I heard the sound of a car. I tried to call but I don't think I made any sound. Anyhow, it didn't seem as if my voice reached him."

"It did, though," Tom's mouth was grim.

"We heard," she said faintly, "that's all I remember. And then you were holding me and I could breathe again..."

The chief of police at the Hollow,

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

BUT LISTEN, ZEBADIAH—THIS CROWD WANTS TO INCREASE MY CAPITAL AND SELL MILLIONS IN STOCK TO THE PUBLIC—I WOULD BE GIVEN STOCK FOR MY INTEREST—I COULD SELL THIS STOCK FOR A BILLION AND RETIRE—

YES—

BUT THE BUSINESS IS UNSOUND—IT'S LOSING MONEY—HENCE THE STOCK WOULD BE NO GOOD—IT WOULD BE THE SAME AS ROBBING THE PUBLIC WOULDN'T IT?

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, OLIVER—STILL, YOU'D MAKE A BILLION—

OF COURSE, AT LAW I'D BE IN THE CLEAR—I'D SELL OUT TO THIS FINANCIAL SYNDICATE—IT WOULD BE THEY WHO WOULD STICK THE PUBLIC—

YES—NO ONE COULD TOUCH YOU—

HARE MEANS WELL AND HE'S LOYAL—IF HE WASN'T QUITE SO LOYAL MAYBE HE'D SAY SOMETHING BESIDE "YES," TO EVERYTHING I SUGGEST—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

BY LYMAN YOUNG

THE BOY TIM, BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE WITH THE MAGIC LIGHT RAYS, TILLICUS?

YES—AFTER THESE MANY YEARS I STAND AGAIN BEFORE YOU, BUT EVEN YET MY HATE FOR YOU IS AS DEEP AS EVER—

—LOANNA TORE FROM ME MY BELOVED MARGARET, AND WHEN I REFUSED HER HAND IN MARRIAGE, A DAGGER WAS PLUNGED INTO MY HEART—FOR THIS CRIME SHE FEARED TO RETURN ME TO LIFE WITH THE MAGIC LIGHT—IN YOUR CRYPT SHE PLACED ME TO BE EVER NEAR HER—AND NOW YOU, REX RADFORD, HAVE COME TO SUFFER MY FATE—BUT IT SHALL NEVER BE SO FOR I SHALL DESTROY THE SOURCE OF HER UNWORLDLY POWER FOREVER—

CRASH! HEY!

A FLASH OF STEEL AND THE MAGIC LIGHT IS EXTINGUISHED—

—WITHOUT ANOTHER GLANCE AT THE SPEECHLESS TRIO, THE TALL, ERECT AND GHOSTLIKE FIGURE OF TILLICUS SLOWLY VANISHED DOWN THE CAVE PASSAGE—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

No More Hands, Please!

BY MARTIN

HOPWOOD CERTAINLY HAS HAD HIS TROUBLES SINCE HE WENT INTO THE CAVEMAN RACKET

IT JUST AIN'T IN MY LINE—ANYHOW, BOOTS IS DIFF'INT—SHE'S SENSIBLE

SAY, POP—IN TH' OL' DAYS, WHAT'D TH' BOYS DO FOR THEMSELVES IN TH' WAY OF ROMANCE?

WELL, MY BOY, WHEN WAKING HOOD WAS IN FLOWER, THEY USED TO FIGHT ONE ANOTHER!

NAH, I'M TIRED OF FIGHTIN'—BESIDES, I'M NOT MAD AT ANYBODY

OH, BUT THEY FOUGHT TO WIN THE HAND OF SOME LADY LOVE

DON'T MENTION HANDS TO ME—I'VE WON TOO MANY OF 'EM, ALREADY!

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GEORGE McMANUS

FATHER DEAR—THAT HORRID COUNT DECEIT IS IN THE PARLOR AND I JUST KNOW HE IS GOING TO STAY FOR DINNER WHEN MOTHER COMES HOME—SHE'LL ASK HIM TO STAY—

LEAVE IT TO ME—I'LL GET HIM OUT—I THINK HE'S A CROOK—

AH! MR. JIGGS!

WILL YOU PARDON ME WHILE I PHONE? I FORGOT TO DO IT THIS MORNIN'—

HELLO! IS THIS THE POLICE STATION? OH! HELLO—CHIEF—I'D LIKE YOU TO COME OUT AN HAVE DINNER TO-NIGHT—GOOD—COME RIGHT AWAY—

HE'S GONE—DAUGHTER!

POPEYE

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"IN THE BAG"

TOMORROW—"WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE"

BY E. C. SEGAR

POPEYE IS A GUEST AT THE VANDERBILT MANSION. HE'S SHORT OF UNDERGARMENTS AND MISTER UNRIPPLE SUGGESTED THAT POPEYE WEAR HIS DAUGHTER'S TEDDIES TO SAVE A TRIP TO TOWN—POPEYE REFUSED AND THEY HAD A HOT ARGUMENT. THE OLD MAN IS NOT ACCUSTOMED TO HAVING PEOPLE DISAGREE WITH HIM—HE SURE WANTS HIS OWN WAY NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS

HE'S STUBBORN AS A MULE YOU'RE NOT STUBBORN, ARE YOU, FATHER?

OF COURSE NOT! I WANT TO HAVE MY OWN WAY. THAT'S ALL—LAWY, I OFFERED HIM TWENTY THOUSAND TO LET ME WIN THE ARGUMENT

THIS IS AN EMERGENCY—YOU'RE MY GUEST—YOU'RE SHORT OF UNDERGARMENTS—NOW WHAT IN THE HECK IS WRONG ABOUT WEARING MY DAUGHTER'S TEDDIES? SHE HAS THOUSANDS OF 'EM—H-M-M—I THINK YOU'RE NARROW-MINDED

OH, YEAH?

MEN ALWAYS OBEY ME—AND YOU'LL DO AS I SAY—I'LL WIN THIS ARGUMENT IF IT TAKES MY LAST CENT—I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MILLION DOLLARS IF YOU'LL WEAR 'EM

NIX

A MILLION DOLLARS DON'T CHANGE 'EM FROM BEING FEMALE TEDDIES

THEY ARE MALE TEDDIES I TELL YOU! I KNEW THE SILKWORKS PERSONALLY—BIG HE SILKWORKS MADE THE MATERIAL

BULL—ON!

HOW'S THIS—I MADE ME A D-A-B OUTTA A FLOUR SACK YOU CAN'T WEAR FLOUR SACK UNDERWEAR IN MY HOME—I WON'T STAND FOR THAT!

FLOWER IN SCRAPS IS EASY TO MAKE

FLOWER OF AUTUMN PATTERN 598

This quilt—so colorful—so economical—such fun to make, is one of those charming ones that every quilter loves—a scrap quilt. It is ideal as a Friendship Quilt, in which each friend contributes her own patches for a block; each block can be of different scraps and still make a most effective quilt. The flower, somewhat the shape of a fan, is as easy to make as the popular Fan Quilt and is enhanced by the leaves and stems.

Pattern 598 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 contrasting materials.

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

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

YOU SEEM A BIT DEPRESSED TODAY, MYJOR—SOMETHING HAS YOU FOGGED! UM—QUITE POSSIBLE IT WAS TH' PICKLED PIGS FEET AND BEER YOU AD LAWST MIDNIGHT—QUITE HEADY, Y'KNOW!

FAW, BASIL—IT ISN'T THAT—I'M TRAVELS IN MANY CLIMES, HAVE GIVEN ME THE DIGESTION OF AN OSTRICH! IT'S ABOUT MY GOLD MINE—I'VE SENT A DRAFT FOR \$200 TO THE MINING CONTRACTORS, SO THEY'LL PROCEED WITH ERECTING A 75-FOOT TIMBER TUNNEL INTO THE MINE—AND I'M WORRIED ABOUT THEM DIGGING INTO A RICH VEIN OF GOLD—AND NOT INFORMING ME!—BANISH THE THOUGHT!

NOW, THAT'S SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT—

HEROES ARE MADE, NOT BORN.