

Lovable

CHAPTER XXXIX

She led her admiring charges off to bed, tucked them in, and then returned to the hall. Allan Vincent was sitting by a reading light. He held his book on the table.

"Good night," Ann said.

"Turning in so soon?"

"Yes, I'm a little tired."

"Won't you come into the living room with me while I smoke a couple of cigarettes. Or better, will you smoke with me?"

"I don't smoke."

"Well, come in for a moment any way."

They sat down on a comfortable sofa before the fire.

"The little beggars will be bothering you to death now," he said.

"You're the first person to pay any attention to them, Miss Jones. What's your other name?"

"Ann."

"I like that better. I shall call you Ann."

She smiled a little. He was extremely cocksure, almost arrogant. She liked him in spite of it. Perhaps, she thought, it is because he is only and unapologetically, too.

"I suspect," he said, "you've picked up a job for life—until you get ready to marry. That won't be any time soon."

After a moment, Ann answered, "No."

He leaned over, knocking the ashes from his cigarette.

"That's good news," he said. "You should have to see you leave. The children need you and it's damned serious here sometimes."

"Why don't you live in town?" he queried.

"It would be lonelier there," he answered moodily. After a moment he burst out impatiently, "My sister probably dramatized me to you. But I'm only a picture. The truth is I'm a very sketchy. The only thing I know is woman's work, like getting home in time—curtains, rugs, mirrors."

Ann said, "The way you do it, it is a work of art."

"You really think so?" His voice was a wistful note.

"I know it."

"Isn't that what I want to do?"

"No. And you make it hard for yourself because you won't accept a challenge."

"You don't know anything about it," she said.

"There's some other place you'd like to be—now?"

Ann got to her feet. She swayed a little and put out a hand to the man. The long day, the strange surroundings, fighting the sick despair that was there some other place—would rather be? He had asked that!

"I've upset you!"

"It's only that I'm tired. I'm sorry, but I must go—my stumbler broke and she slipped to the floor."

When she regained consciousness she was lying on the divan and Allan Vincent stood looking anxiously down at her. Her hair against her cheeks was wet. A wet cloth was on her forehead.

"What happened?"

"You fainted. Here, drink this. It's a tonic, but you need it."

Ann drank from the glass. After a moment she sat up.

"Thank you, I'm feeling better. It is silly of me to faint."

"Take it easy. Not too fast. You've been hurt recently?"

"How did you know?"

"I saw the scar—a fresh one under your hair when I put the cloth on your head."

"I had a fall."

He was studying her gravely. "It must have been a bad one. Sure no one cracked you over the head? Some of the jealous brutes?"

"Sure," Ann said faintly, smiling a little, remembering Peter's arms close about her.

Milliecent was first to leave. When the door had closed behind her, Leslie said, "The Kendall! Aren't they funny? So passionately loyal, if you know what I mean. Daring people to discuss their affairs. As if they could stop tongues wagging when Peter goes out and marries some girl he scarcely knew and Carol elopes with the chauffeur."

"Well, of course, he wasn't a real chauffeur but a terribly good-looking college boy," Sue said.

"It would have been the same to Carol. That girl gets what she wants and doesn't care what anyone thinks."

"When you are as rich as Carol you can get by with anything," Sue said.

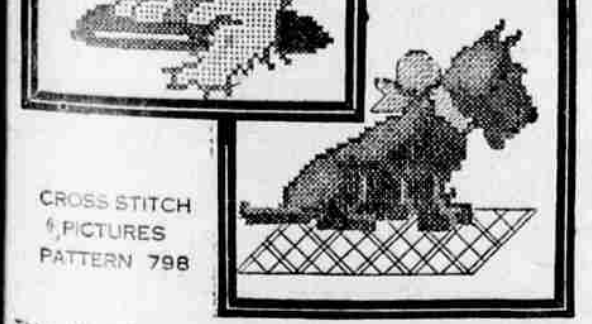
"Everybody knows Peter's new wife has pulled out." This from Leslie.

"Although nobody—except you, perhaps, Valerie—knows why."

"Why should I know?" Valerie lit a cigarette coolly.

"(To Be Continued)"

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A Disarming Thought

BY HAROLD GRAY

THEY CERTAINLY PUT OUT A NICE HAMBURGER IN THAT LUNCH CAR—EH, ANNIE?

YOU BET—AND THAT APPLE PIE WAS GREAT.

ALL RIGHT, BUM—UP WITH 'EM—I WAS WATCHIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW O' THAT LUNCH CAR WHEN YOU PAID—YOU GOT DOUGH ON YUH, AND I'M TAKIN' IT—

HAH! YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN BEFORE YOU TAKE ANYTHING BUT ABUSE FROM ME—

---KEEP WALKING, ANNIE—I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU—

BUT "DADDY!" AREN'T YOU GOING TO TELL THE POLICE? HE WAS A STICK-UP GUY—

NIX—I LOOK MORE LIKE A THUG THAN HE DID—I DIDN'T NEED ANY COP TO KNOCK HIM COLD—SO WHY BOTHER THE POLICE NOW? NOPE—BE READY FOR TROUBLE BUT NEVER LOOK FOR IT, ANNIE—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

BY LYMAN YOUNG

TIM'S AND SPUD'S ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY DETRACTED FROM THE APES STOCKADE TO ANOTHER DIRECTION

OUR HORSE!!

IT'S OUR HORSE OKAY TIM, BUT LOOK WHAT'S CHASIN' HIM!!

YOU CAN'T TIE THAT SPUD! THE APES RIDING AWAY ON HIM!

ANY HE'S RIDIN' JUST LIKE A COWBOY!—FIGURE THAT ONE OUT!!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Tsk, Tsk, Steve!

BY MARTIN

WHAT'S ALL THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU, YOUNG LADY?

I DUNNO... WOTTA Y'HEAR?

THAT YOU'RE TAKING LIFE QUITE SERIOUSLY, WITH A DECIDED AMBITION TO EMULATE THE VERY COMMENDABLE TRAITS OF THE BUSY BEE...

WELL... I'LL TELL YUH, PROF... IT GOES LIKE THIS...

AM I'M NOT FOOLIN' I'M JUST TIRED OF DRIFTIN', THAT'S ALL! I WANNA TAKE MY PLACE IN THE WORLD... I WANNA STAND FOR SOMETHIN'

OH, COME, NOW...

I'D SAY, YOU STOOD FOR A LOT OF THINGS... FROM THE BOYS, FOR EXAMPLE... NOW, NOW, BOOTS... I WAS ONLY JOSHIN'... HONEST! NIK!!

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GEORGE McMANUS

SO YOU'RE GOING TO FLORIDA FOR THE WINTER, EH?

YES I'VE DECIDED TO DODGE THE COLD WEATHER

I'LL GO HOME AN' TELL MAGGIE

WELL, MAGGIE—PACK YOUR THINGS—WE'RE GOING TO GO SOUTH

YES?

HELLO—IS THIS SCHMALTZ? THE FURRIER? THIS IS MRS. JIGGS—SEND OVER MY FURS—WE'RE GOING TO LAKE PLACID

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring **POPEYE**

NOW SHOWING—"HE CAN'T TAKE IT—BUT HE WILL" TOMORROW—"A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE"

I APPRECIATE YOUR SERVICES, MR. OYL, AND I'M GOING TO PAY YOU FIVE—

FIVE ISN'T ENOUGH, MY EXPENSES ARE HEAVY—MAKE IT SIX

YOU'RE A BIT HOGGISH, AREN'T YOU, MR. OYL?

NOT AT ALL—MR. VANRIPPLE—IT'S A FAIR PRICE

ALL RIGHT, I'LL MAKE IT SIX—HERE'S MY CHECK

SIX MILLION DOLLARS!

WHAT'S MATTER, CASTOR?

I MEANT SIX—SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS

OUT OUR WAY

BY WILLIAMS

THIS IS AWFUL! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SEE OUT

THAT'S ALL THAT IS NECESSARY! FOR ONCE, I CAN DRIVE THIS CAR ALONE!

BACK SEAT SUPPRESSION

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

M'DEAR, WE ARE HONORED WITH A VISIT BY COLONEL WAGHORN, OF THE KENTUCKY WAGHORNS!—UM—M—THE COLONEL IS AN EQUESTRIAN AUTHORITY OF NOTE, AND I WAS TELLING HIM ABOUT MY "RACE HORSE"—SO I INVITED HIM TO AH—

A DELIGHTFUL HOME AND CHARMING HOSTESS! TELL ME, WHAT IS THAT CULINARY AROMA FROM OLYMPIUS THAT DELIGHTS MY NOSTRILS? H—M—M—CAN IT BE LIVER AND ONIONS? AH—H—SWEETER TO ME THAN THE INCENSE FROM THE BURNERS OF VESTAL MAIDS OF PAGAN ARCADIA!

WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF THE LIVER AND ONIONS WILL GET A BIG CROWDING, SO I'D BETTER SEND FOR A COUPLE MORE POUNDS!

PULL UP A CHAIR, COLONEL!