

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot

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CHAPTER IV

Katharine dreaded these inevitable "conversations." But meantime she could enjoy the peace of the untouched beach. Below she could see the beach roof of Michael's stables. She thought of him, moving and working so busily in that peaceful place. A little glow of contentment came to her heart. He was nice; she did love him. But it would spoil everything if Zoe—and the rest of the world—would think she'd fallen in love with him.

"He hasn't asked me, but he will," said the younger girl with a note of soft triumph.

"I've simply got to get back," Katharine said suddenly. Of course she loved Zoe as a sister, but this morning there was something peculiarly irritating in Zoe's assumption that she could bend a fullgrown man to her will. Maybe Gibbs wanted to marry her and maybe he didn't. Katharine didn't know. But Zoe was sure of her powers. Katharine, from her chilly heights of superiority to feminine wiles, felt annoyed. She was remembering with lightning clearness, the way Michael had stared at her the other day; so angrily, almost as though he had, for an instant, hated her. Zoe would have known what to do in such a situation.

The little car whirled about, began the down grade. At the lane leading into the riding club Zoe obediently stopped.

"Look, I'll call you up later," she began importantly.

Katharine nodded. Then her heart plunged a sickeningly. Something strange happened to her pulse; it was pounding in her throat. She was conscious of a swift surge of rage.

Riding together, heedless of others along the path, came a man and a girl.

Michael—and Sally Moon!

Zoe glanced at them—Michael and Sally Moon—and said carelessly, "So she's got her hooks into him!"

Katharine felt the hot color burn her cheeks. She pretended not to hear. Her heart had plunged—now righted itself. She steadied her hand against the door of the car so that Zoe should not see how it was trembling.

Ahead of them, under the high arch of trees, Michael and Sally rode on. The sound of horses' feet was strangely loud in the stillness. Katharine could see a flash of sunlight on the red crest of Michael's head. Sally drooped toward him and his attitude toward her, even at this distance, seemed protective, solicitous.

It was all absurd; it was not Katharine's affair, certainly. If Michael rode with Sally Moon.

"So I'll count on you then, Kay," she heard Zoe say, in the silence.

"What? I didn't hear you?" Katharine's tone was confused, her cheeks flaming.

"Be a darling and think over what I said about taking a trip to Maine," Zoe coaxed. "Mother wouldn't mind a bit if you suggested it. She wouldn't even suspect."

"Oh, really?" Katharine was unaccountably nettled by the suggestion that she, at 20, was so staid and reliable that a willful, pretty child like Zoe might be trusted with her anywhere. What did people think she was made of, anyhow? She had feelings like the rest of them. Anger swept her, swift and unreasoning. She wanted, recklessly, to strike out, to hurt someone. She felt savage—she who was usually so cool and judicious.

Zoe was in no hurry to get on. She lit a cigarette now, from the little silver case she always carried, and offered Katharine one. The other girl refused.

Zoe nodded in the direction of Sally Moon's departing figure. The absurd yellow cap could be seen, bobbing in tune with the mare's jouncing trotting movements. "Hear she's refused Howe Mackenzie?"

"Oh, I don't believe it," Katharine said sharply.

Zoe giggled. "Why, Kay, I believe you don't like that girl."

(To Be Continued)

"No, I can't possibly do it!"

"Oh, Kay, darling, think about it, won't you?" Zoe looked as if she might burst into tears again.

"I don't really like Gibbs," Katharine began, doubtfully. "Why should I foster this affair? I think it would be the worst thing you could do, to marry him..."

"Oh, marry!" Zoe opened her eyes. "Well, isn't that what you're after?"

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(To Be Continued)

"I just dropped around to say hello—and to tell you that, uh—I know all about your recent attempt to restore the Lee dynasty! I think you were simply splendid!"

"Did the little bird tell you we lost the store and everything in it?"

"Yes! I know the whole story!"

"Okay! Say, I'm getting an awful wallop out of seeing you up n' around again, Mr. Lee! Now, I have a surprise for you!"

"-AND I'M CAPT. PETTEE, MILITARY COMMISSIONER OF LAGOON-LAND!"

"I thought we might get our parents to let us take a trip together," she began.

"But you've only just got back," Katharine said.

"I know, but we could say we wanted to do New England—the same shops and so on..."

"And slip up to Maine and see that 'It' that it?"

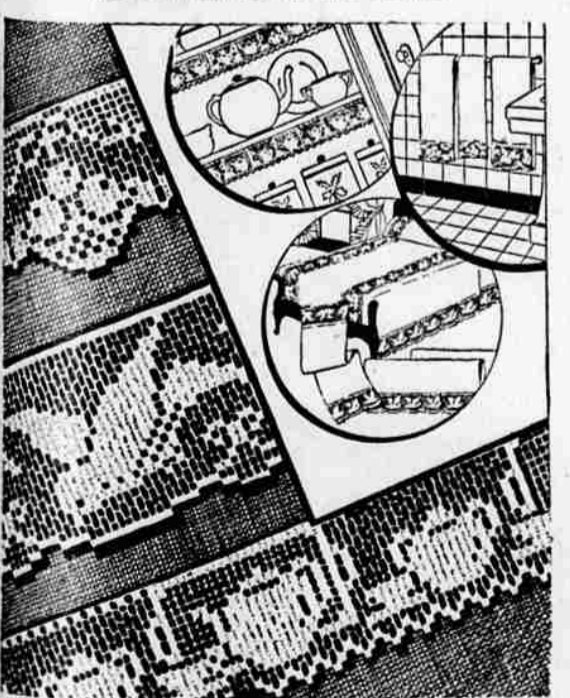
Zoe nodded.

Katharine frowned. "It's much too transparent. Bertine would be sure to see through it. She's much quicker than your mother about things like that."

"She'd never suspect you," said Bertine, "of deceit."

Katharine flushed. It was true. Bertine would think that she would look after Zoe properly. Well, and she would, too!

LAURA WHEELER FILET CROCHET EDGINGS WILL SMARTEN YOUR HOME



Do you want to open your kitchen closet with pride? You can if you have this teapot edging decorating your shelving. It's filet crochet done to a great part in the lace stitch, which so strikingly sets it off. It's the bedroom you're considering the bluebird edging or the bluebird basket is the thing to choose. All these edgings can be crocheted the usual way; if you want them in white and a color or in two colors you can make the filet foundation first and then weave in the color. It's most effective and really very easy to do. All the edgings would be lovely on towels; the bluebird and basket would be perfect on pillow cases and other household linens. Directions are given for doing them in regular filet crochet and with the two colors.

Pattern 996 comes to you with detailed directions and charts for making the edgings shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements, and color suggestions.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern. Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Watch Your Step

By HAROLD GRAY

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

THINGS SURE ARE GOING ALONG GREAT-FACTORY IS NEARLY FINISHED—NOT A WORD FROM OUR PAL, SLUGG—I'M INCLINED TO THINK HE WAS BLUFFING—

PERHAPS THIS IS ONLY THE CALM WHICH PRECEEDS THE STORM—

OH, YOU'RE A PESSIMIST, PUNJAB— IF SLUGG INTENDED TO GIVE US TROUBLE HE'D HAVE STARTED BEFORE THIS—HE'S LICKED AND HE KNOWS IT—

THIS PERSON, SLUGG, HAS THE VICIOUSNESS AND CUNNING OF A COBRA, SAHIB—

I DON'T SEE WHAT HE COULD DO TO STOP US, NOW—I'M QUIT WORRYING ABOUT HIM—

THE COBRA IS MOST DANGEROUS TO THOSE WHO ARE MOST INCAUTIOUS—

OH, 'DADDY'— I'VE BEEN COOPED UP INSIDE TH' WALL SO LONG— CAN SANDY AND I GO FOR A LITTLE WALK IN TH' WOODS?

WHY, I GUESS IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, ANNIE— JUST DON'T GO TOO FAR—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

THE WHITE STRANGER WHO KILLED THE LEOPARD AS IT SPRANG AT TIM AIDS THE BOY IN LOWERING THE UNFORTUNATE PARACHUTE-JUMPER TO THE GROUND—

LOWER HIM BY ONE ARM, SIR—

HE'S SPEED MARTIN AND I'M TIM TYLER, SIR—

-AND I'M CAPT. PETTEE, MILITARY COMMISSIONER OF LAGOON-LAND—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Surprise

By MARTIN

WELL, BOOTS— NOW THAT YOUR BUSINESS VENTURE HAS FOLDED UP—

IN A WAY, I'M GLAD THINGS TURNED OUT AS THEY DID! REALLY, DEAR—I THINK YOU WERE ATTEMPTING FAR TOO MUCH

HONEY— DEY'S A GENTLEMAN HEAH TO HELLO YO

WHY MR. LEE

YES, INDEED! THE DOCTOR SAYS I'M AS GOOD AS NEW

I JUST DROPPED AROUND TO SAY HELLO—AND TO TELL YOU THAT, UH—I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR RECENT ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THE LEE DYNASTY! I THINK YOU WERE SIMPLY SPLENDID

"DID TH' LITTLE BIRD TELL YOU WE LOST TH' STORE AN' EVERYTHING IN IT?"

YES! I KNOW THE WHOLE STORY!

OKAY! SAY, I'M GETTIN' AN AWFUL WALLOP OUT OF SEEN' YOU UP N' AROUND AGAIN, MR. LEE! NOW, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

JIGGS IS ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF HIS WEALTH SO HE CAN GO BACK TO HIS OLD NEIGHBORHOOD AND ENJOY THE COMPANY OF HIS OLD PALS. HE IS VERY TIRED OF SOCIETY.

BUT, MR. JIGGS! YOU SAY YOU WANT TO BUY THIS BUSINESS OF MINE, BUT I WANT TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, WE HAVEN'T MADE A DIME IN TWO YEARS.

HOW MUCH IS THE BUSINESS WORTH?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT ISN'T WORTH ANYTHING—I HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS INVESTED IN THE BUILDING AND THE MACHINERY AND IT'S MORTGAGED FOR FORTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME, I'LL BUY THE MORTGAGE.

BUT WE ARE INDEBTED FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND BY THIS TIME NEXT WEEK WE WILL OWE ONE HUNDRED AND TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

THEN I'LL WAIT UNTIL NEXT WEEK AN GIVE YOU ONE HUNDRED AN TEN THOUSAND FER IT.

Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"DAMES ARE SO SELFISH." TOMORROW—"A DROP IN THE BUCKET."

MY FRIENDS, LET US NOT GET EXCITED— WE MUST COMPOSE OURSELVES

H-M-M— BY THE WAY, DON'T YOU THINK THE STORM IS GETTING BETTER?

HELP! HELP!

COME NOW, MISS OYL, BRACE UP— WE'RE ALL RIGHT— JUST A LITTLE BREEZE— ONLY A ZEPHYR— WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO DANGER

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY LIFE-PRESERVER!!!

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

SO—YOU'RE GITTIN' SO LOW THAT YOU HAFTA SNEAK INTO SUMPUN YOU CAN GIT INTO FER NOTHIN'?

YOU'RE TH' CROOK— WALKIN' BOLDLY INTO A RELIGIOUS MEETIN'— I LET 'EM SEE WHUT KINDA FELLER I REALLY AM.

-AND HOW IS LITTLE ALVIN GETTING ON WITH HIS CHICKEN POX?—EH? FAVORABLY!—HAW—THAT IS EXCELLENT!—EH?— YOU SAY HE WILL BE FULLY RECOVERED IN A WEEK!— BUT, CAN'T I RETURN HOME, NOW?—WHAT?—ABSOLUTELY NOT!—AH, ME— BUT, TELL ALVIN, WHEN HE IS WELL I WILL BUY HIM A DASHING, PRANCING PONY, EGAD!

SAY, WHAT IS THIS? THE PHONE COMPANY DISCONNECTED OUR SERVICE A WEEK AGO!

BUT PENELOPE— YOU SEE— HE'S AH— WELL— AH— UM—

A LITTLE LOUDER, MAJOR

TRUE TO FORM.