

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTER IX



had to pretend interest, smile, eat mouthfuls of the rich dessert.

At last lunch was over and she was allowed to escape.

"No tennis?" Her mother took out her needlepoint. She was working a ball-pull this time, an intricate affair of small bright blossoms on a black background.

"I don't think so. I'll swim later. Going to stretch out in a deck chair now with my book."

"Well, take forty winks if you feel like it. You do look tired."

Zoe went out on the terrace, well within range of the library telephone and the driveway, up which any errand boy might tool his bicycle. She fixed her eye on the printed page, but her mind was elsewhere. One-thirty now, and the wire must have been delivered about 11. Well, but Gibbs might be out for a day's sailing, fishing—anything. It was absurd to expect an instant reply.

The long day dragged past. Edith Williams came in for tea; Zoe could hear her mother chattering about the welfare society and milk for the Italian babies in the Hollow. And still no call, no telegram!

So this was what it was to have your heart actually breaking. Zoe had read about it, had often heard of it, but somehow she had never realized what an agonized process it might be.

She telephoned the Strykerhouse. Ellen's agreeable voice, with its touch of brogue, informed her that Miss Katharine had gone to the city.

"She'll be back for dinner, Miss Zoe. Do you want her to call?"

"Yes, please!" Zoe had to tell someone. Katharine might not understand, but she would be sympathetic enough.

There were just three of them for dinner. The fog still held and it was close and warm indoors, so they dined on the terrace.

"Broke 100 this morning," her father said genially. He was a spare, florid man of 55, very proud of his waistline and his red setters. One of these amiable dogs now ambled up to the table and was discouraged, not too strongly, by his master.

"Get away, Laurie. Down, sir. No manners."

"Tell Gerda to take him to the kitchen," said Mrs. Parker plaintively. "He acts as though Waters hadn't fed him."

"Oh, he's been fed, all right. He just likes his family, don't you, Laurie. Eh, boy?"

There was a good deal more of this. Mrs. Parker objecting strenuously to the dog's presence on the terrace, her husband agreeing but keeping Laurie at his side. Zoe thought she would have to scream if she were compelled to stay there much longer. Older people were terrible! They filled their days with the most stupid things—mothers' meetings and needlework and ordering food. Raising dogs and playing golf and sitting at stuffy desks in stuffy offices. They didn't know what it was like to be really alive, or, if they did, they had long since forgotten it.

To suffer, as she was now suffering, thinking of Gibbs, with his hard, handsome face, too lined, too knowing, staring down intently at some amusing, horrid little girl who went to the Vincent Club dances and lived on Beacon Hill and went to Swampscott in the summertime—oh, it was unbearable.

Twilight deepened; the candle flames burned straight and steady in the dimness. There was no breeze anywhere. The foghorn began again—a monotonous, eerie note.

"I declare, that gets on my nerves," Lisa Parker said, placidly, after an interval.

Zoe pushed back her chair. "I hate it," she said explosively. "I can't stand it a single other minute."

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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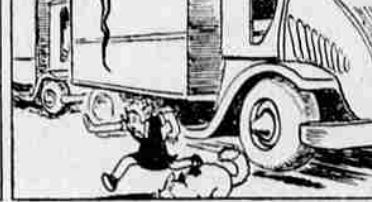
HM-M-M- I SAW A GUY FALL INTO THESE BUSHES- AND HE WAS ALL SHOT UP- BUT TH' BUSH HAS BEEN PRUNED- CAN'T EVEN FIND A BUSTED TWIG- AND TH' GROUND HAS ALL BEEN RAKED NICE AND SMOOTH-



AND THERE WERE BULLET HOLES IN THIS WALL- I SAW 'EM GET MADE- BUT YUH COULDN'T FIND 'EM NOW WITH A MAGNIFYIN' GLASS- GEE- YUH'D NEVER GUESS IT'D EVER BEEN ANYTHING AROUND HERE BUT PEACE AN' SAFETY---



OW!



LEAPIN' LIZARDS! PEACE AN' SAFETY- NOT WITH THOSE TRUCKS AROUND- WELL, ANYWAY, EVERYBODY'S BUSY WORKIN', AS IF THERE'D NEVER BEEN EVEN A THOUGHT O' TROUBLE-



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

YOU UNDERSTAND MY INSTRUCTIONS, SGT. BEETLEY? IF YOU FAIL TO OBEY THEM THREE LIVES MAY BE LOST, INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN'S

I DO WHAT YOU ASK, MASSAH MARTIN

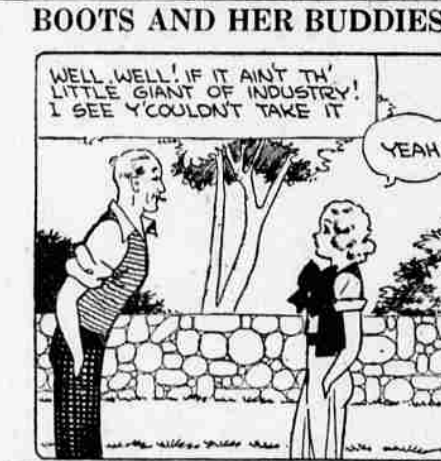
THE CANOE'S READY FOR US

IF WE KEEP UP THIS PACE WE'LL SOON CATCH UP TO HIM, SPEED

WE'LL FOLLOW RIGHT BEHIND HIM, BUT OUT OF HIS SIGHT, TIM

CAPTAIN PETTEE PRESSES ONWARD INTO THE WILD INTERIOR ON HIS MYSTERIOUS TRIP TO LAGOON-LAND

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, MASHEWA, I THINK THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD FOR US



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T TH' LITTLE GIANT OF INDUSTRY! I SEE Y'COULDN'T TAKE IT

YEAH?

I WOULDN'T FEEL SO BAD ABOUT IT, THO! YOU'VE MADE A FIZZLE OUTTA EVERYTHING ELSE YOU'VE EVER TRIED

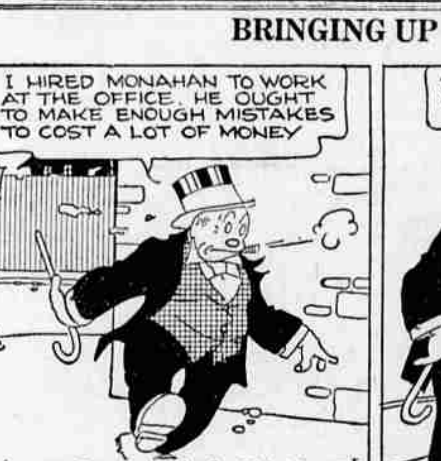
WELL-ONE OF TH' BIGGEST FAILURES HAS BEEN TRYIN' TO MAKE SOMETHING OUTTA YOU

YEAH I KNOW! YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A MUG OUTTA ME LIKE Y'DID THAT POOR LEE FELLA - BUT, I'M TOO SMART FER YUH

HUH! MAKIN' BIGGER SAPS OUTTA EITHER OF YUH WOULD BE JUS' LIKE TOUCHIN' UP SOME OF REMBRANDT'S STUFF

YOU - AN IMPORTER! HA - THAT'S A LAUGH

MY BIG MISTAKE WAS IN NOT GOIN' INTO TH' EXPORTIN' RACKET! YUH'D HAVE BEEN MY FIRST SHIPMENT



BRINGING UP FATHER

I HIRED MONAHAN TO WORK AT THE OFFICE. HE OUGHT TO MAKE ENOUGH MISTAKES TO COST A LOT OF MONEY

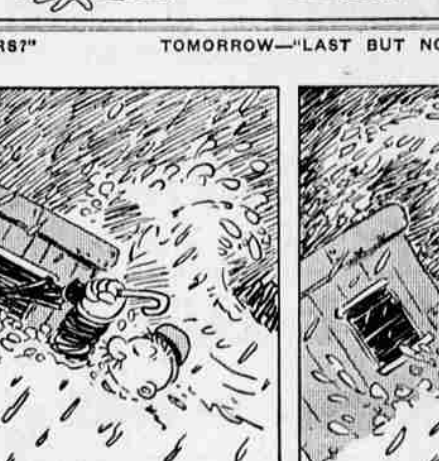
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

JUST A MINUTE... I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU- I'M ALL UPSET

WHAT IS IT?

I CAN'T DO A THING UNTIL I FIND IT- I WONDER WHERE I COULD HAVE PUT IT

A HALF-DOLLAR- BUT I'LL MAKE GOOD OUT OF MY OWN POCKET IF I DON'T FIND IT



OUT OUR WAY

LISTEN, NOW- YOU'RE GOING TO FINISH SPADING THAT LAWN! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT GRASS IN, SO THOSE FELLOWS NEEDN'T TRY COAXING YOU AWAY! UNDERSTAND?

WHY, NO, MA'AM- WE HAD NO IDEE OF TRYNA GIT HIM AWAY FROM HIS WORK- WE JUST THOT, AS LONG AS HE HADDA DIG, WE COULD PICK UP TH' WORMS, AS LONG AS HE CAN'T USE 'EM, HISSSELF.



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

WHY DID YOU PUT ON YOUR SPRINTING SHOES TH' OTHER NIGHT, AFTER YOU SHOT A CHUNK OUT OF TH' PLASTER? TH' WIFE CAME HOME AN' LIT UP A FIREWORKS DISPLAY, FOR A FEW MINUTES, AN' THEN COOLED DOWN TO JUST CALLIN' YOU DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF SAP AN' FATHEAD!- I STILL HAVE A CRICK IN MY BACK, FROM LOOKIN' UNDER BEDS FOR YOU THAT NIGHT!

WHAT? - EGAD, SIR, YOU THINK I RAN AWAY? - HAW! - WHO FEAR NOTHING THAT CRAWLS, RUNS, LEAPS OR FLIES, - FAP! - NEITHER TOOTH, CLAW NOR FANG! - IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE A COINCIDENCE THAT I WAS LEAVING, THAT NIGHT, FOR A REUNION, UPSTATE, OF BOER WAR VETERANS!

BUT WHY DID YOU GO OUT THE BACK DOOR, MASOR?



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

DO THIS LOVELY PICTURE IN WOOL SUGGESTS LAURA WHEELER

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD
I SHALL NOT WANT

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