

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot

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CHAPTER XI



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Dr. Kaye answered quietly, "I was just taking a stroll."

"Hello John!" Her laugh was nervous. Was Zoe out of sight? Not that John would tell—he could be trusted—but it was just as well not to complicate this intrigue to anyone.

He stood, leaning on the wall, smoking. His silence made her nervous volubly increase. Surely he had seen John slip away—at least he had seen a man—but John was a grand sport; he wouldn't say a word.

"I loved your place today, Johnny!"

"I'm glad."

She had, quite suddenly, the conviction that he was disappointed in her. John Kaye, who held old-fashioned views of womanly conduct, thought of her as slipping out clandestinely to meet some man. It must be desperate or else the suitor, whoever he might be, would present himself openly at her father's house.

Oh, well, if he thought THAT of her!

She couldn't let Zoe down. That much was certain.

"Turning in now, John. Goodnight."

"I'll walk back with you," he said quietly. In silence they traversed the gravel path. Zoe could get safely back in the house now. It would be all right. And what did it matter if John Kaye thought she was the sort of girl who met mysterious strangers hurriedly, by night? She would survive this, as she had survived other disappointments. She had thought of John as her sturdy friend. She had felt that always John would take her to his faith. Perhaps she had been wrong.

An animated game of bridge progressed in the library. The long windows shed light as they passed, on the terrace. Bertine and Katharine's father, Grace Melville and Mr. Corrine, the Englishman, sat around the table.

"Oh, very good, partner," Katharine heard Grace say brightly. But her eyes were roving. She knew Dr. Kaye was somewhere about.

"I think I'll go up," Katharine said. He looked, in the half-light shed from the inner room, like some dread fight. The delicate outline of her body figure was etched through the transparency of her filmy gown. Her hair caught gleams of light and her eyes were dark, wistful, shadowed, in spite of the determined coldness of her voice.

"Well, I'm moving in tomorrow. Won't see you then for some time."

Dr. Kaye said. He threw away his cigarette, the reddened tip describing a brief arc, then spluttering away to solace in a hydrangea bush.

"It's been nice to have you here," the girl said softly.

"Thanks. I—this place always seems like home to me."

He had her hand in his now for farewell. There was something almost electric in his clasp. Katharine felt the ice about her heart dissolve a little.

"You're so nice, Johnny."

His grip tightened. "Don't say pretty things to me. I'm not used to it."

She could smell the good scent of Russian leather, of tobacco, or crisply laundered linen, mingled with the faint but unmistakable odor of disinfectant that always clung to John Kaye's doctor's hands.

"Johnny, are you honestly for me?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"I mean are you on my side. Bertine..."

He laughed softly. "Don't be a sap. Bertine's bark is worse than her bite. Why expect her to understand anyone so complex as yourself?"

"Am I complex?"

He patted her shoulder. "You are, my dear. I've known you since you were in middle blouses. A stormy little

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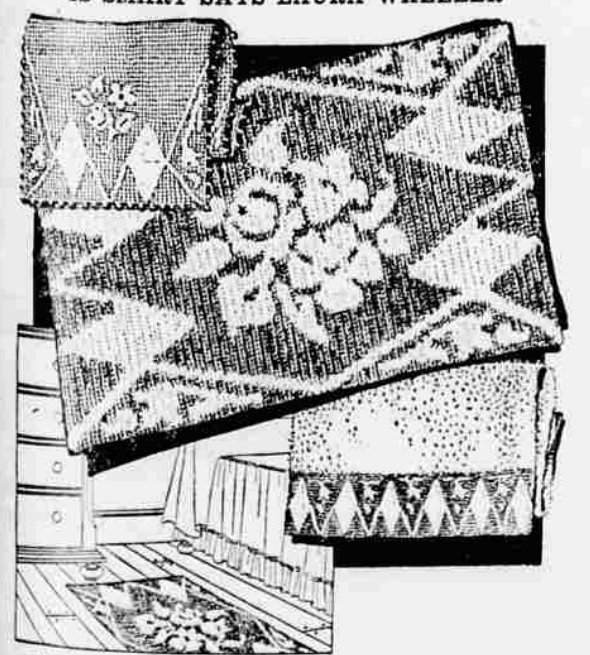
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CROCHET FOR BEDROOM OR BATHROOM IS SMART SAYS LAURA WHEELER



CROCHETED RUG AND ACCESSORIES PATTERN 938

This lovely rug can be done in rags, candlewick (that heavy cotton threads or rug wool). It is to be crocheted in white or black with a color or in two colors. It is a piece of crocheted that is well worth making; besides being so lovely in design, it makes a rug that will wear endlessly. If you use it in the bedroom, there is a matching flannel heart of course, done just in one color that will make a charming set. If it's the bathroom that you've decided to dress up, a towel with a band in two colors, in harmonizing design will smarten up your room.

Pattern 938 comes to you with detailed directions for making the rug, shown illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements, and color suggestions.

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

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

CAPTAIN PETTEE, THE FRENCH MILITARY COMMISSIONER DOES NOT KNOW IT WAS TIM AND SPEED MARTIN WHO RESCUED HIM

ONLY MASHEWA COULD HAVE PULLED ME ASHORE AFTER THE HIPPO UPSET MY CANOE? BUT WHERE IS THE BLACK FELLOW?

HE'S DECIDED TO GO ON TO HIS DESTINATION ALONE—QUIT NOW, TIM—



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

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BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, I GUESS I'LL GO HOME

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT

I'M LAWYER BRIEF, I REPRESENT DENTEN AND CO. THEY ARE ENTERING SUIT AGAINST YOU FOR \$20,000 FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT

I'LL SETTLE FOR \$15,000 RIGHT NOW

NO—WE WILL FIGHT IT OUT IN COURT! WE WANT \$20,000 OR NOTHING

THAT SUITS ME! IT'S THE FIRST BREAK I'VE HAD TO GET RID OF SOME MONEY



THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE

OOOOOH! WE'RE SINKING! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

THE STORM'S GETTIN' WORSE! AN' ME PASSENGERS IS GETTIN' SEASICKER

US PASSENGERS OBJECT TO THE MOTION OF THIS BOAT

STOP THE SHIP!

OBJECTION OVER- RULED! GWAN-BEAT IT!

BLOW ME DOWN! THIS IS KIND OF A BAD STORM AT THAT

TAKE HEART—MY GOOD SHIP WILL YET WEATHER THIS STORM



OUT OUR WAY

GOOD GOSH! THAT'S TERRIBLE! I'D HAVE TO ANSWER THAT THING, IF NOT OUT OF CURIOSITY, TO AT LEAST, SHUT IT UP! I DON'T SEE HOW HE CAN SHUT HIMSELF OFF FROM THE WORLD, LIKE THAT.

THERE'S ONLY TWO KINDS WHO CAN DO THAT—TH' REAL BRIGHT GUY AN' TH' REAL DUMB ONE! NEITHER KIND SHOULD HAVE TO TAKE EITHER FOR A OPERATION.

SELF-ETHERED



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BUT, SIR, ISN'T IT CUSTOMARY, WHEN A BALL IS HIT OVER THE FENCE, THE PERSON WHO RETURNS THE BALL IS REWARDED FOR HIS HONESTY WITH FREE ADMISSION TO WATCH THE GAME? I JUST RETRIEVED THAT BALL, AS IT CAME OVER THE CENTER FIELD WALL!

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, DOC—A BALL OVER TH' CENTER FIELD WALL IS A HOME RUN, BUT THERE AIN'T NONE BEEN HIT TODAY!—AN' THIS APPLE SAYS ON IT, "OFFICIAL FEDERAL LEAGUE, AN' THAT CIRCUIT FOLDED UP ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO!—SO THAT PUTS THREE STRIKES ON YOU, DOC!"

SO HE WENT TO THE BEACH

By HAROLD GRAY

By LYMAN YOUNG

By MARTIN

By GEORGE McMANUS

By E. C. SEGAR

By WILLIAMS

By AHERN