

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott

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ever did you get such a notion?" "Skip it," cried Katharine gayly. "I was just talking . . ."

"I think you're grand," said the man soberly.

"Oh, Michael, do you really?"

The moment hung, poised, precious and fragile as a drop of summer dew.

But what Michael would have said she was not to know.

There was the angry bray of a French horn behind. Katharine, obedient to its challenge, averted her car to the right.

In the narrow road, and a long, low chariot gleaming with cream-colored paint and bright swept past, Sally Moon was at the wheel.

She pulled up abreast of the man on the black horse. "Oh, Michael, don't forget about tonight!"

"I won't." His voice was expressionless.

"If you're a minute now I want to talk to you about those trotters," said Sally languishingly.

"Goodbye then," Katharine said coolly. She slid her car into gear and was off like a streak before he could detain her.

Was there a gleam of triumph in Sally's opaque dark eyes as she passed?

"I hate her—how I hate her," Katharine cried to herself, taking the curves at a dizzy rate of speed.

"Don't forget about tonight, Nasty little thing. Her cuddly ways, too. I've heard about Sally Moon. Probably he tells everyone he thinks they're 'grand.'"

Katharine drove her foot viciously down upon the gas-feed and the little car leaped madly ahead.

What a fool she was, to be losing her head about a pleasant young man who had a way with horses!

What, after all, did she know about him? Precisely nothing!

Bertine was very cool because Katharine was late for lunch. "Dr. John telephoned," Bertine said as they rose from the table.

"He's coming out for a swim."

"That's nice," Katharine was politely disinterested. As if it mattered whether John Kaye stayed or went . . .

"I do think you might show a little interest in our guests," said Bertine bitterly. "Since you met that woman—that Mrs. Merser—you don't seem to have time for anyone . . ."

Katharine did not answer. Everything was horrid today. Heat had descended on the village like a blanket.

Bertine made home unendurable, with her scoldings and complaints. Nothing was as you thought it would be . . .

She went to her own room and brushed her hair and changed her frock for a brief bathing suit of leaf green. In it she looked like a dryad.

There was a little cove on their beach where an old maple tree threw pleasant shadows at this time of day. There she would be secure from everyone. In an hour or two she would go in swimming by herself.

Let John Kaye find her if he could! Katharine settled herself in the curve of the rock wall with her plaid beach robe and a book, but her eyes kept roving from the printed page as she reviewed the brief encounter of the morning.

"I think you're grand," Michael had said. Probably that didn't mean a thing . . .

Presently she fell asleep. There were voices behind her when she awoke. A man and a girl. They must be below the convent hedge.

Probably one of the maids who had slipped down to talk to her beau. Katharine felt heavy and drowsy. The heat was intense. She had no inclination to move.

Those voices sounded familiar, although neither was lifted above a whisper. "I've fixed it," said the man easily. "We drive up to Greenwich about 10. We meet Howe and the minister at 10:30. Howe has fixed up the license business. Then we send the folks a wire. How does that strike you?"

"Marvelous!" a girl's voice said. Zoe's voice. Katharine stirred uneasily from her lethargy. She ought to make some sound—cry out that she had overheard.

There was the sound of a kiss. The sound of half-hysterical laughter. Katharine sat up, rubbing her eyes. Had she dreamed it all?

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Cheap at Any Price

By HAROLD GRAY

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



YOUR EXCELLENCY, I HAVE SEEN THIS EONITE—I HAVE SEEN IT TESTED AND PROVEN—IT'S QUALITIES ARE BEYOND BELIEF—IT IS SUCH A MATERIAL AS MEN HAVE SOUGHT FOR CENTURIES—



HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH YOUR EXCELLENCY—THIS EONITE WILL RENDER ALL KNOWN ENGINES OF WAR QUITE OBSOLETE—AN INCH OF EONITE IS EQUAL TO THREE FEET OF ARMOR PLATE—



WE MUST HAVE THIS MATERIAL—GO AT ONCE—LEST OTHERS ARE THERE BEFORE YOU—



QUITE SO, YOUR EXCELLENCY—BUT THE PRICE—HOW HIGH ARE WE AUTHORIZED TO PAY—

VERY GOOD, SIRE—WE GO AT ONCE—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG



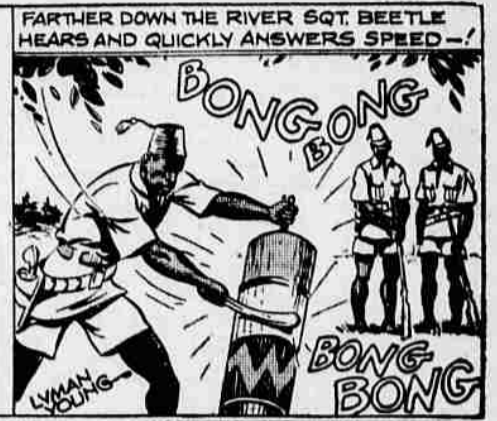
DO YOU THINK CAPT. PETTIEE MIGHT BE IN THAT VILLAGE, SPEED?



WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT HOLLOW LOG?



DOWN TOWARD THE RIVER! FOLLOW ME AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR LAGOONA SAVAGES!



SPEED RAPS OUT A MESSAGE— BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Good Intentions, But—

By MARTIN



I DON'T BLAME TH' PROFESSOR MUCH FOR BURVIN' UP! I HAVE BEEN GOIN' AT A DIZZY PACE, LATELY! GEE, AFTER ALL HE'S DONE FOR ME, TH' LEAST I CAN DO FOR HIM IS T' SLOW DOWN, SO HE CAN GET SOME PEACE N'REST



OPAL, LISSEN—CALL UP EACH OF TH' FELLAS N'TELL 'EM I'M SCRATCHED! ALL DATES ARE OFF THIS EVENIN'! I'M GOIN' T' BED EARLY



N'I THOUGHT I WAS DOIN' 'IM A FAUOR

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS



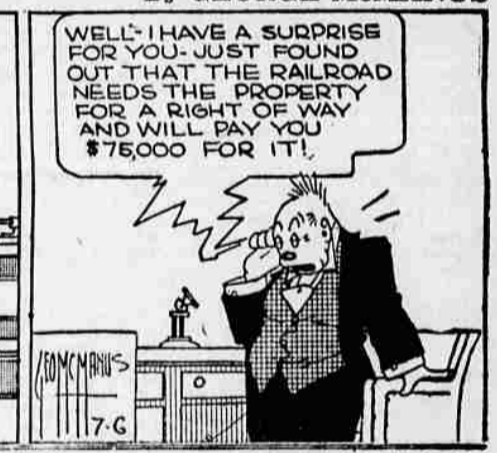
OH, ME—OH, MY—TO THINK I PICK OUT THAT PROPERTY THAT WUZ WORTHLESS, THIN'KIN' I COULD BUY IT AN' LOSE A LOT OF MONEY. ONLY TO FIND OUT I OWN IT!



I WONDER WHO THIS IS—MAYBE SOME ONE HAS A SCHEME TO HELP ME LOSE MY MONEY. I HOPE SO—



HELLO—MR. JIGGS, THIS IS YOUR REAL ESTATE BROKER—WELL, YOU KNOW THAT PROPERTY OF YOURS THAT IS WORTHLESS—



WELL—I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU—JUST FOUND OUT THAT THE RAILROAD NEEDS THE PROPERTY FOR A RIGHT OF WAY AND WILL PAY YOU \$75,000 FOR IT!

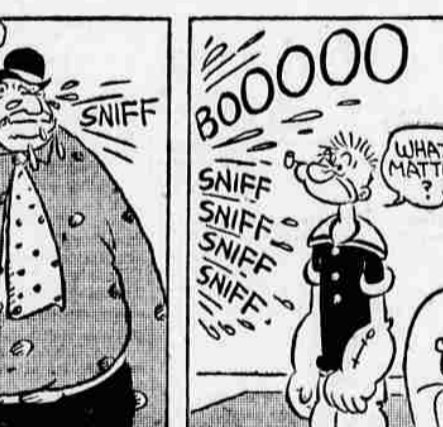
THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"THERE HE BLOWS"

MONDAY—"THE OLE SEA HORSE"

By E. C. SEGAR



WE FINALLY SAVED ALL THE MEN YA THREW OVERBOARD, BUT LEMME TELL YA SUMPIN' YER THE MOST DUMBEST AN' BRAINLESTEST FATHEAD ON EART'—YA BIG PUNK



YOU HURT FEELINGS BAD—

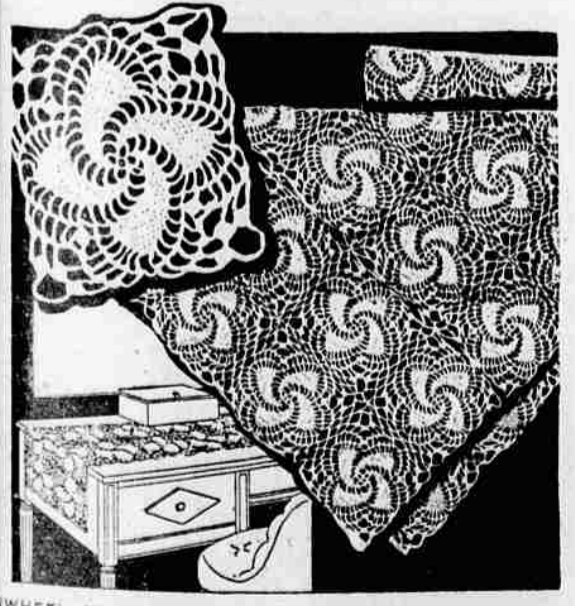


MY GORSH! I YAM SO SYMPHANTHETIC I KIN NOT STAN T' HEAR THE POOR SWAB CRY



THERE NOW, DON'T CRY—WERE PALS—LEMME DRY YER EYES—YER OKAY—HERE—BLOW HARD—OKAY, OL' BOY, YER ME FREN

CROCHET THIS PINWHEEL SQUARE IN STRING SUGGESTS LAURA WHEELER



WHEEL MEDALLION PATTERN 889

You will have much pride in the articles that you make of this pinwheel square. A popular motif with the crocheter of long ago, it is much in favor today. Simple to crochet, it lends itself to towels, bedspreads and many other accessories. It is especially effective in string though it could be made in other cottons. Pattern 889 comes to you with detailed directions for making the medallion; 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.

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



I GUESS I'LL NEVER MAKE A BIG SUCCESS IN TH' WORLD, BECAUSE I JUST CAN'T RESIST WASTIN' A LOT OF TIME ON SUCH MINOR THINGS AS WAITIN' TO SEE TH' EXPRESSION ON THAT GUY'S FACE WHEN, AFTER TH' JUICY PART HAS ALL SQUEEZED DOWN TO TH' BACK END FOR THAT LAST DELICIOUS BITE, IT SUDDENLY GOES PLOP, ON TH' FLOOR. I'M HOPELESS, I GUESS.



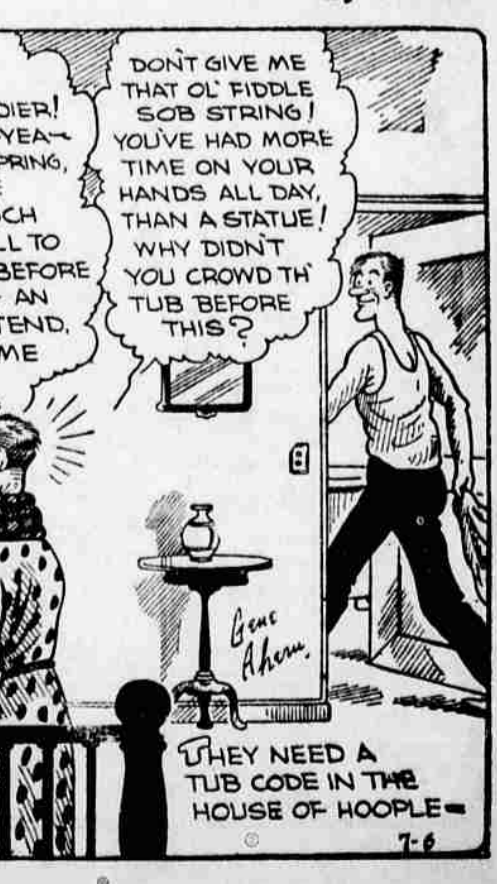
I GUESS YOU ARE, BECAUSE TH' MAN WITH TH' TRAINED MIND WOULD WATCH TO SEE IF THAT GUY WAS EATIN' ON TH' CORNER'S TIME, OR WORKIN' ON HIS OWN LUNCH TIME, HE WOULDN'T THINK TO LOOK AT HIS WATCH.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



WAIT, M'LAD—EGAD, YOU HAVE THE IMPETUOSITY OF YOUTH—I AM AN OLD SOLDIER! YOU HAVE LIFE BEFORE YOU—YEA—YOU ARE IN THE SEASON OF SPRING, WHILE MY YEARS FEEL THE WITHERING AND BLEAK TOUCH OF AUTUMN!—HEARK WELL TO THE OLD ADAGE, LAD, AGE BEFORE YOUTH!—LISTEN—I HAVE AN IMPORTANT MEETING TO ATTEND, AND I'M LATE, NOW—LET ME ENGAGE THE TUB FIRST!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT OL' FIDDLE SOB STRING! YOU'VE HAD MORE TIME ON YOUR HANDS ALL DAY, THAN A STATUE! WHY DIDN'T YOU CROWD TH' TUB BEFORE THIS?

THEY NEED A TUB CODE IN THE HOUSE OF HOOPLE