

# Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot

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CHAPTER XIX

IBBS hurried forward.

"You'll settle with me here and

restlessly, whirling their glasses on

stems. The girl in black net gave

him almost unobscured signal to wait.

It all happened so quickly that

Katharine could scarcely credit it

when the two girls were again on the

verandah outside, with the doctor

beside them.

"You knocked him down, Johnny?"

"I only brushed him aside," said

Dr. Kaye. "He slipped and fell."

"He's not hurt?"

"I'm sure he isn't. Let's get along."

"I don't want you girls mixed up in

anything."

They were in the car; unbelievably

fast were whirling down the Post

road again. Zoe slumped between

them, limp and unresponsive.

"We'll drop you at home, Johnny."

Katharine said. "I'll stop with Zoe

at her house. Tell Bertine she's not

going well."

"I don't need anyone," Zoe pro-

claimed. She was deadly pale.

"Don't let Bertine telephone her

either," Katharine went on swiftly.

She's quite likely to unless you stop

it."

"I'll fix it," Dr. Kaye looked grim.

He helped them out at the Parker

garage. He waved his hand and

they went, to walk the few hundred

yards of roadway that separated them

from the Strickland's. A clock in the

garage tower boomed the half hour.

"It's just in time for dinner,"

Katharine said, on a note of hysterical

laughter. She was terribly shaken.

She, like a doll on strings, like an

automatic figure, allowed herself to

be led to the house. The maid, Gerda,

came to the door leading to the ter-

race, which was locked.

"Oh, Miss Zoe! I thought you said

you weren't to be here for dinner."

"She wasn't. Gerda, but I think

she's changed her plans. Will you

bring some tea up to her room?"

"I don't want anything," Zoe said

fleesly.

The broad halls were in twilight

and the two girls ascended the stairs.

Here and there a bar of late sunshine

rose through the iron grilles appear-

ing at intervals in the walls. Zoe's

room was shuttered and cool. Silver

curtains hid a glimmering

back here. In one swift glance Kath-

arine saw the overnight bag at the

foot of the bed. Zoe thrust it aside

and flung herself across the tattered

pillow, sobbing.

"I wish I were dead!"

"No, you don't. What a silly thing

to say!" But Katharine felt the hope-

fulness, the utter futility of any

argument.

Zoe set up, rubbing her eyes with

childish gesture. "But I do! Oh,

you don't know!"

She burst into loud weeping again,

and downward on the coverlet.

"I was going to marry him," she

sobbed. "He said he hadn't seen her

for months!"

"That girl in Swampscott?"

Zoe raised a streaked and distorted

face. "No, no, of course not! She

didn't really matter. She was just

nothing at all. But the girl we saw

last night—" Zoe clenched her hands

into fists. "I hate her," she grated.

"I'd like to tear her into bits!"

"Do you know who she is?"

Zoe fairly snorted in contempt. "Of

course I do. D'you mean to say you

don't? What a little white lily you

are!"

Katharine flushed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Zoe said hurriedly.

"I didn't mean to be so nasty. But

if you knew what I've been

through, I don't care what happens

to me now."

She ground her fists into her eyes.

"She's a singer," she went on after



a moment. "Cissy Malotte. Surely

you've heard of her."

Katharine remembered now. The

girl who was supposed to have had a

gangster lover, the girl Gibbs had

known last year.

"Yes, I remember now."

"Well, I knew about her," Zoe said

between sobs. "I thought it was—

just one of those things. I thought

she was an older woman—wicked, fad-

ing, all that. But now I've seen her!

Why, she's young! She's beautiful in

a horrible way. And did you see the

way he looked at her? Ahh—Zoe's

sob rose almost to a shriek.

"Hush, hush! You don't want the

maids to hear you," said Katharine,

distracted at this exhibition of undis-

guised suffering.

"I don't care who hears," Zoe cried

fiercely. "It's all right for you. You're

so calm and cool; you've never known

what it is to feel this way—to hate

anyone. You've never been in love."

"Ah, haven't I?" thought Kay bit-

terly. Aloud she said nothing.

Zoe flung herself about wildly.

"I know what I'll do," she shrieked.

"I'll kill myself! That will make him

sorry for the way he's treated me."

Michael Heathered went down into

the paddock. Prince Charlie was sad-

dled. Michael had on his gray tweed

—the suit he had worn the night

Katharine had seen him at Mrs. Mer-

cer's house. He patted Prince Charlie

and led him into the stable where the

other horses neighed in recognition.

Fury, in her stall, stamped and neigh-

ed and pawed the straw under her

feet. But Michael disappointed the

nervous little horse by giving no sign

of noticing. Usually he spent a good

deal of time with the animals after

dinner. Fury rolled her eyes so that

only the whites were visible, if you

stood at the stable door. But Michael

paid no attention to her—only gave

Prince Charlie a lump of sugar, said

a word to Tips, who was reading a

week-old comic section, and was on

his way.

Michael without one of his steeds

was like a king without a kingdom.

The little, shabby, rattling car was an

incongruous vehicle for the tall, rangy

young man with the western tan on

his brow and cheeks. He climbed into

it, threw it into gear and began

to slide down the incline away from

the shabby farmhouse. He could see

Tips' father's dark, seamed face, smil-

ing vacantly at the kitchen window.

The old man was washing dishes.

This was twilight. Not the Mon-

tana twilight Michael knew and loved,

but the sudden drop from full day to

dark, its almost dazzling, crystalline

coolness, but an eastern twilight,

warm and heavy and languid. The

day had been extremely hot. Michael

drove out of the lane and down the

road toward the village.

On the porch of the Mercer house

two small girls dressed in sleeveless

thin frocks were having their supper.

They both waved wildly to Michael

as he passed, and he waved back. Sybil

and Diana adored him already. They

had had three riding lessons.

Nine kids. Good kids. Their mother

was a nice woman, too, with fine

eyes. If Michael could get a few more

clients like them, the club would be

on its feet.

He frowned. The mortgage on the

place, the old Rogers' place that he

had bought so confidently last year,

would fall due in September. He had

not realized the taxes would be so

high. Hadn't known about that spe-

cial assessment either. He gritted his

teeth, remembering the figures as he

had gone over them last night. He

had pared expenses to the bone—yet

the place wasn't paying. All his sav-

ings had gone into the purchase of the

club. He simply had to make it go.

(To Be Continued)

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## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Millenium

By HAROLD GRAY

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

EONITE- WE MAY KEEP THE SECRET, BUT THE BENEFITS OF EONITE ALREADY HAVE SPREAD ACROSS THE NATION- ANYTHING WORTHY WHILE TAKES TIME BUT EVEN NOW THOUSANDS HAVE STARTED BACK TO WORK-

ALREADY WE HAVE TAKEN IN ENOUGH TO PAY ALL OUR OBLIGATIONS- EACH DAY WE WILL RECEIVE A FORTUNE TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN MORGAN, ELI AND MYSELF-

HM-M----- MORGAN CARES LITTLE FOR EXTREME WEALTH- ELI CARES NOTHING AT ALL FOR MONEY- I HOPE I AM NOT A HOG- HOW BEST CAN WE USE THIS TREMENDOUS FLOW OF GOLD?

OUR WORKERS IN THE PLANT- THEY SHOULD COME FIRST- WE'LL START BY GIVING SUBSTANTIAL RAISE TO EACH EMPLOYEE- THAT'S ONLY FAIR-

## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

YOU SELL FOR THE GOLD, CHIEF OKOOSA? ME SELL, EL HASSIM!

SPEED, THOSE SAVAGES ARE SELLING SLAVES TO THE ARABS! THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW, ISN'T IT? NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHY CAPTAIN PETTEE CAME HERE - AND DISAPPEARED!

PREPARE TO MOUNT- SGT. BEETLE HAS RECEIVED SPEED MARTIN'S SECRET SIGNALS AND SNAPS AN ORDER TO HIS DETAIL OF HOUSSA SOLDIERS!

THAT NIGHT EL HASSIM AND HIS CARAVAN START BACK TO HIS DESERT HAUNTS WITH THE SLAVES HE BOUGHT FROM CHIEF OKOOSA

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Everything Is Lovely

By MARTIN

OH, MR. LEE HAS OPENED UP HIS NEW STORE- GOODY! I'LL DROP IN N' SEE 'IM

H'LO, THERE! GEE, I JUST LOVE YOUR NEW PLACE, MR. LEE! IT'S DARLIN'! THANK YOU, BOOTS! I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT

IT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT- SMALL ENOUGH THAT I CAN HANDLE IT MYSELF, AND LARGE ENOUGH TO KEEP ME QUITE BUSY

BLESS YOUR HEART, I CAN'T FIND WORDS TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE! BUT, HOW ABOUT YOURSELF, BOOTS? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, NOW? I THINK I'M GONNA CRY

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

HOW AM I, GONNA GIT RID OF ME MONEY SO I KIN BE POOR AGIN?

I HAVE IT- I'LL BE LIBERAL TO MAGGIE. SHE'LL SPEND IT AS FAST AS I GIVE IT TO HER

MAGGIE, DARLIN'- HERE'S A CHECK FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS- I KNOW YOU CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF IT.

HELLO- I WANT TO PURCHASE A BOX AT THE OPERA FOR THE SEASON, YES- EVERY PERFORMANCE

## THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING- "INDIAN GIVER"

TOMORROW- "ME AND COLUMBUS"

LOOK AT WIMPY- HE'S JUST MILKING THAT POOR COW TO DEATH!

HERE IS A CUP OF MILK FOR THE EACH OF YOU