

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot

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CHAPTER XXI



showed now, around the corners of his eyes.

A waiter hovered at Sally's elbow. A sleek, oily, fox-faced waiter with a cast in one eye.

"Oh, I'll have a Martini, waiter," Sally said airily. "Bring some caviar with it. Caviar and anchovy paste and things like that. And have you got some of those little sausages?"

The waiter said yes, they had some of the little sausages.

"Then that's fine," Sally nodded. "Oh, Michael, I forgot—what are you going to have?"

"I'll have some ginger ale—plain," Michael said dryly.

"Oh, you big stick! You'll have a Martini with me and like it," pouted Sally, tossing her head and making her opaque brown eyes very large and winning.

"No, thanks," "Spoil-sport!" "I'm sorry," said Michael very quietly.

She caught at his hand. "Oh, now don't be a donkey. I was only teasing. You mustn't mind that. I tease everybody. Everybody knows that," cried Sally, warning to her subject. "I'm just a kid—I guess I'll never grow up."

"I reckon maybe not," he drawled. She clasped her hands and one or two people at adjacent tables turned to stare at her in some curiosity. A pretty girl with big eyes and a round face in a pink lace frock.

"Michael, when you say that you sound exactly like Gary Cooper. That's the way they all talk out in God's country, isn't it? Oh, I adore the west. I've always said I'd love to live there some day. It's my dream—my ideal."

She was enjoying the little stir she had made, enjoying the glances of the curious. Maybe that fat man in the linen suit was a theatrical producer, looking for "types." Maybe he would notice her verve and animation and send a note over to their table, asking her if she had ever thought of going on the stage. She had heard that the Blue Sky club was absolutely dripping with celebrities, but nobody here looked particularly exciting.

"Who's that girl over there by the door?" she demanded of Michael suddenly. "The one talking to the captain. I've seen her picture some place."

Michael turned and glanced at the newcomer. She was a tall girl with a sinuous, beautiful body draped in transparent black. Her magnificent bosom was bare and there were glittering bangles on both her arms. Her black hair grew in a widow's peak on her white forehead.

"She's a stunner," Michael conceded, after a brief survey.

"Yes, but who is she?" Sally repeated. "Oh, I'll have her name in a minute—it's on the tip of my tongue. I saw her in that show last winter."

The drinks and dainty little tidbits of toast and fish paste were set down before them. Sally took a bite of caviar with a child's greediness and sipped the burning liquid.

"Good," she murmured. "You don't know what you're missing."

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Can't Stick Eli

By HAROLD GRAY

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

IF EONITE IS SO GOOD FOR MAKIN' BUILDINGS FOR OTHER FOLKS, WHY IS TH' PLANT ALL MADE OUT O' ORDINARY BRICKS?

HA! HA! YOU'VE PUT YOUR FINGER ON SOMETHING THERE, ANNIE—

WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY SELLING THE STUFF WE'VE NOT GOT AROUND TO USING ANY OF IT OURSELVES AS YET—

THE WHOLE PLANT SHOULD BE MADE OF EONITE—

RIGHT— AND WE'LL START WITH A NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT ONCE—

BUT SAY— HOW ABOUT ALTERATIONS? EONITE IS INDESTRUCTIBLE— SUPPOSE WE WANT TO MAKE SOME CHANGES LATER ON—

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, HENRY— OLD ELI MADE EONITE— WELL, HE CAN UN-MAKE IT, TOO— HE KNOWS HOW TO REDUCE IT TO ITS ELEMENTS IF NECESSARY— TRUST ELI—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

BERGANT BEETLE AND HIS FRENCH HOUSSE TROOPERS CAPTURE SLAVE-TRADER EL HASSIM AND HIS CAMEL CARAVAN!



BUT GEE, SPEED, AFTER YOU GET INSIDE THE STOCK-ADDE AND FIND THE WITCH-DOCTOR WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO THEN?



A BLACK, SILENT FIGURE STEALTHILY STALKS TOWARD CHIEF OKOOSA'S HUT ---



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Something to Worry About

By MARTIN



BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS



THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!"

TOMORROW—"FEATHERING HIS NEST"

By E. C. SEGAR

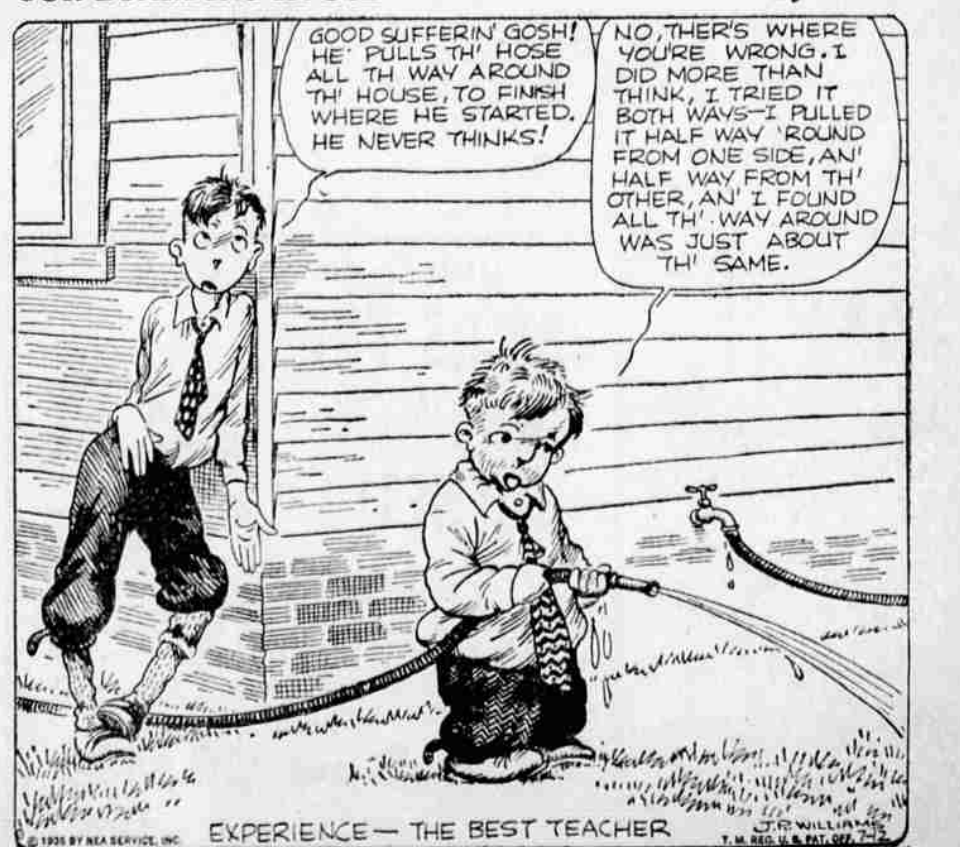
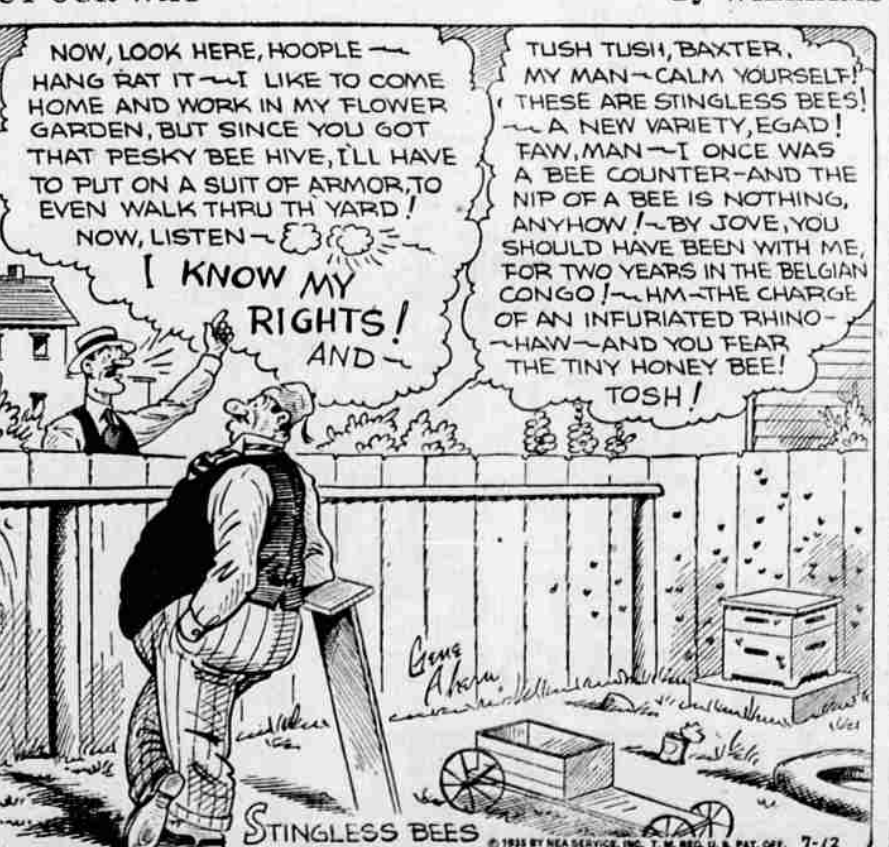


OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN CHOOSES THIS LAURA WHEELER JACKET



CROCHETED JACKET

PATTERN 941

This jacket with its flattering straight lines is yours for the making. It is a simple thing to make—yet it is a smart and a very attractive thing to do. It is an easy pattern to do; the collar is a simple thing to make and the jacket is a very attractive thing to make. The collar is a simple thing to make and the jacket is a very attractive thing to make.

Pattern 941 comes to you with detailed directions for making the jacket. It is a simple thing to make—yet it is a smart and a very attractive thing to do. It is an easy pattern to do; the collar is a simple thing to make and the jacket is a very attractive thing to make.

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WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

COOLING

