

Summer Sweethearts
By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTER XXII



made a mistake, dear. That was all. We all do that. And you're only 20. Do you suppose there is a single person of 40 today who can't look back on an early mistake?"

"I'm through," Zoe said with finality. "Life—it's done for me, Kay. You don't know—ah, you don't know. What wouldn't I give to be like you! Nothing seems to hurt you."

Katharine said nothing to this. There was nothing one could say. Zoe was like a deaf woman, a blind woman. She was aware of nothing but her own raw wound.

There were steps on the stairs, and Katharine, distracted by the responsibility of her charge, was relieved to see Dr. Kaye at the door.

"Johnny, can't you give her something to make her sleep?"

Zoe overheard. She rose, awaying giddily.

"Dr. Kaye, you can't do anything for me. Katharine should not have bothered you. I'm sorry. Just go away and leave me alone." There was a kind of desperate dignity about the small figure.

"Zoe, dear, your mother and father will be home soon. They won't know what's happened. Do you want to frighten them?" Katharine asked her gently.

"That's true. That's true," Zoe seemed suddenly tractable. "You give me something to sleep on, doctor, and I'll be better tomorrow, perhaps."

John Kaye had his finger on her pulse now; his quiet eyes were examining her.

"I have something in my kit," he said. "It's right there on the chair, Katharine."

...

The tall, slender girl in white, with the fair hair brushed like a golden cascade on her head, found the leather case and gave it to him in one quiet movement. John Kaye smiled at her; she was so cool and sure of herself, so aloof, apparently, from earthly troubles. Katharine recognized the quality of his smile and answered it in kind. John was gone! Whenever he was around you felt safe.

"This will do the trick. Two of these now. You'll sleep like a log."

"All right," Zoe said docilely. "I want to bathe my face, I think. Back in a minute."

Katharine and Dr. Kaye waited as she disappeared into the glittering, tiled bathroom. They could hear the rushing of water. Then a thud.

John Kaye rushed for the door. It was locked.

"The balcony!" gasped Katharine. "You can get in through the bathroom window."

The doctor hooked his leg over the sill. He was out of sight. Katharine waited, her heart thudding painfully. Zoe—how awful! What would they find?

The key grated in the lock. Dr. Kaye stood in the doorway, Zoe's body in his arms. A strangely limp Zoe, her face stained by a brownish liquid.

"White of egg, quickly," gasped the doctor. Katharine never knew how they got through the confusion that followed. Bells ringing—people hurrying to and fro through the corridors. Mrs. Parker was there, her face strained and white. And there was a nurse with dark hair under a flyaway cap.

"However did it happen?" wailed Zoe's mother. Katharine said something nervous and rather garbled about desperate headache—John Kaye's prescription.

"She must get the wrong medicine, that's all," Katharine said, trying to make the lie sound reasonable.

"Oh, Katharine, do you think so?" Terror looked out of the older woman's eyes. "Katharine, it wasn't anything else? She WAS happy lately, wasn't she? It wasn't—wasn't the other?"

"How could it be?" You had to lie to mothers, Katharine reflected. Zoe's mother couldn't have borne to know what her child had gone through that summer night. Life was sometimes too black and pitted with terror...

All through the night they fought for Zoe's life. Katharine went through the halls softly; once she met John in the doorway and he smiled at her wearily, gently.

"John, is she—are you going to be able to—?"

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

First Things First

By HAROLD GRAY

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

7-13-35

WHAT ABOUT LABOR?

IF EONITE NEVER WEARS OUT THERE'LL BE NO REBUILDING-

A FEW YEARS BUILDING EVERY THING OF EONITE AND THERE'LL BE NO MORE JOBS FOR LABOR-

TRUE- EONITE WILL NOT WEAR OUT- HENCE IN A FEW YEARS ALL SHACKS AND SLUMS WILL BE ELIMINATED- LIVING COSTS WILL FALL- NATIONAL WEALTH WILL INCREASE TREMENDOUSLY- THOSE WITH THE LEAST WILL LIVE BETTER THAN OUR RICH TO-DAY-

EVENTUALLY, AS YOU SAY, OUR NATIONAL NEEDS WILL BE SUPPLIED- BUT THE WORLD WILL REQUIRE EONITE- WE ALONE CAN SUPPLY IT- THEN THIS NATION WILL CONTROL WORLD TRADE- OUR PEOPLE WILL BE THE HAPPIEST AND MOST PROSPEROUS ON EARTH-

BUT WHAT ABOUT PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES?

YEAH- WHAT ABOUT THEM?

GENEROSITY TO ALL OTHER NATIONS IS NOBLE- BUT LET'S TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN COUNTRYMEN FIRST, EH? THEN WORRY ABOUT OTHERS-

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

IF I DON'T RETURN HERE BY DAWN, TIM, GO DOWN THE RIVER AND BRING BACK SGT BEETLE AND HIS HOUSSAS-

EVEN IF SPEED DOES NAB THE WITCH-DOCTOR AND THEN FINDS CAPTAIN PETTEE ALIVE, HOW'LL HE GET HIM OUT OF THE VILLAGE.

OKAY, SPEED-I'LL FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! GOOD LUCK-

SEE! IT IS FOR YOU! YOUR SHARE OF THE GOLD EL HASSIM, THE TRADER, GAVE TO ME FOR THE SLAVES

IT IS NOT ENOUGH, CHIEF OKOOSA-

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

At It Again!

By MARTIN

HEY BRAT-HOW 'BOUT A DATE THIS P.M.? I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE T'DO

O.K. I'M ALL OUT OF IDEAS, TOO

GOT ANY OUGHDAY? IF I HAD, I'LL TREAT YUH TO A MOVIE

SWELL! ANYTHING'D BE BETTER'N LISTENIN' TO YOU

WELL, Y'BETTER SCREAM HOME THEN, N'FIX UP SOME EATS! TH ANIMAL THAT'S IN TH BRUTE THAT'S IN ME HAS T'BE FED, Y'KNOW

OH, BY ALL MEANS-THEN WOULD'YA LET ME SING FOR YUH- N'HOW ABOUT MY READIN' YUH T'SLEEP?

NO- BUT, Y'MIGHT THINK UP SOME WAY T'KEEP ME AWAKE!!! I'M ALWAYS BORED T'FEARS WHEN I'M ALONE WITH YUH

YOU WON'T BE! THERE'LL BE A CROWD OF YUH- WHEN YEHOUT TH' SAP THAT'S IN TH' YAP THAT'S IN TH' MUGG THAT'S IN TH' SO-N-SO THAT'S IN TH' CLOWN THAT'S IN YUH

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

I'M GLAD I THREW THAT GUY OUT THAT HAD A PROPOSITION TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS FOR ME, WHEN I'M TRYIN' TO GIT RID OF ME DOUGH, I'M SO FAR IN SOCIETY ON ACCOUNT OF MAGGIE- THE ONLY WAY TO GIT OUT OF IT IS TO GO BROKE-

SAY, I HEARD ABOUT THE GUY YOU THREW OUT OF YOUR OFFICE, JIGGS-

YES- HE WANTED TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS FER ME-

YOU MEAN LOSE A MILLION FOR YOU- WHY- HE'S THE BIGGEST CROOK IN THE COUNTRY- BUT THE POLICE GOT HIM NOW, THANKS TO YOU-

HUH!

AN' YOU GIT THE TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE

MORE MONEY!

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring **POPEYE** NOW SHOWING—"FEATHERING HIS NEST" MONDAY—"WIMPY'S MORAL SUPPORT"

HOW THE HECK DID THEY GET HERE? AHOO, WIMPY! GET OFF'N ME NEW CONTINENT!

WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I WAS THE FIRST MAN TO SET FOOT HERE, SO THIS CONTINENT BELONGS TO ME TO I, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, ESQ.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, MY FRIEND, I'LL SELL YOU THIS CONTINENT FOR FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

ARE YOU CRAZY?!

FIVE HUNRED MILLING BUCKS, WHY YER OUT OF YER HEAD!

BUT, SIR, THIS IS A GOOD CONTINENT- BRAND NEW- THERE'S NEVER BEEN A DICTATOR ON IT

SAY, LISTEN, GET THIS- HOW'D YA LIKE TO HAVE YER BLASTED HEAD POPPED OFF?!

THE VERY BEST I CAN DO, MY FRIEND, IS TWO HAMBURGERS AND A DUCK DINNER FOR MY CONTINENT- YOU BRING THE DUCK

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

DON'T TELL ME THEM GUY'S ARE ENJOYIN' THAT GAME AN' THEM SMOKES, TOO. LOOK AT 'EM- JUST LIKE A DOG SCRATCHIN' WHILE HE'S EATIN'.

OUR FOREFATHERS ARE TO BLAME FOR MODERN MISERY. AN' THEY STARTED THAT SMOKIN' AN' PLAYIN' CARDS. NOW, MY KIDS DON'T ENJOY AN EVENING, UNLESS THEY'RE READING, EATING CANDY, CHEWING GUM, LISTENIN' TO TH' RADIO AND SMOWIN' A CIGARET, ALL AT TH' SAME TIME.

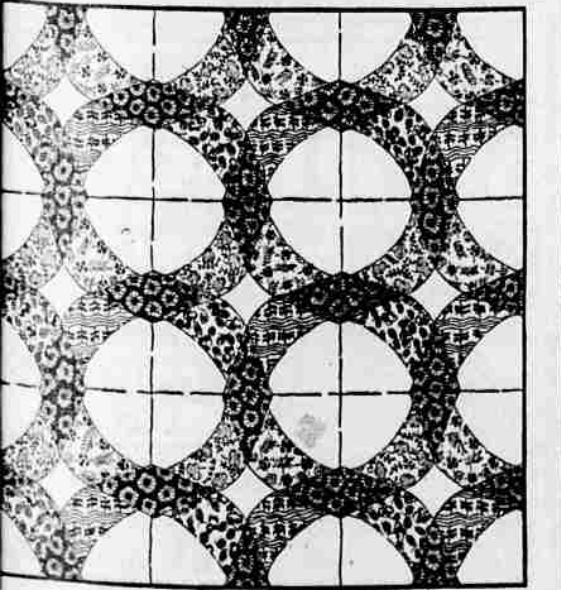
EGAD, ALVIN, LAD, MY APIARY WILL PRODUCE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT HONEY FOR MY HOT WAFFLES AND MUFFINS, SO I WILL PUT THE SURPLUS IN SMALL JARS, AND YOU CAN WORK UP A LIST OF CLIENTS TO BUY FRESH HONEY!- YOUR PROFIT WILL BE 15¢ OUT OF EACH DOLLAR!- OBSERVE HOW INDUSTRIOUS THE BUSY BEES ARE, LAD!- THE SHIRKERS ARE THRUST OUT!

HOW DO YOU GET TH' HONEY, UNCLE AMOS? - IS IT LIKE WITH COWS, AT NIGHT- DO YOU HAVE TO GET A STOOL AN' PAIL AN' MILK THEM?

YES, ALVIN, THEY'RE ALL WORKERS

FORCE OF HABIT.

THIS LAURA WHEELER SCRAP QUILT IS INTERESTING PATCHWORK



FRIENDSHIP CIRCLE PATTERN 1009

Put your scrap bag—select your pet pieces and then just add a bit of bias for this may scrap quilt. Friendship Circle. Its intricate rings make a lovely covered pattern. It is indeed a Friendship quilt for following the old-time custom, you can let your friends bring you the patches for one block or even let them piece it and then you have a very harmonious quilt.

Pattern 1009 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for piecing, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of the help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a list of contrasting materials.

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