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CHAPTER XXIV

an effort she controlled her voice, "Heally!"

Bertine turned to Dr. Kaye as if for understanding and sympathy. "You wouldn't believe how silly the girls are nowadays about the first decent-looking male creature in breeches. Why, I heard today that Sally Moon is going to marry the fellow."

"Marry whom?" the doctor asked.

"Why, that young man who runs the riding place," cried Bertine, in triumph.

"That chap who calls himself Heathcroe."

John Kaye, glancing at Katharine,

"Why, there's something here," he said to himself, in surprise. "This means something to her."

Victor Strykhurst persisted, "I don't get any, Daddy."

Victor Strykhurst frowned. "I don't know what gets into you girls now,adays," he complained. "Zoe Parker has to be dragged all over Europe and even when she gets home she's not satisfied; why you've got everything in the world you want—"

Katharine listened patiently. Stubbornly she went back to her argument. "There's nothing for me to do here. Frankly, I'm bored. I'd like a job."

"What would you do? You're a girl. What could you do? You're a girl!"

"What could you do? No, it's no sense; I won't have it. People'd say Bertine hadn't been good to you. And she has been good, hasn't she?"

It was almost pathetic, his desire for approval of Bertine, Katharine thought. Dryly she said, "Of course not, Daddy, couldn't I have some of my own money now—the money Mother left in trust for me? It will be mine anyhow next year."

The merest shadow crossed his face. "Eh? No, I think that would be irregular. The bank probably wouldn't hear of it."

"I thought you had it in charge?" His high color deepened.

"Little girls shouldn't bother their heads about business. Your money will be paid over in due time."

He rose terminating the interview. "Buy yourself a new hat and forget

But how could she bear him? She knew now. Bertine's words of the day before rang in her mind. Was it true? Could it be true that Michael Heatherston

Incredible! Katharine's mind—be heart—rejected it.

Bertine had said coolly, "Of course the Moons are up in arms. But what can they do? The girl's always been a wild one. And undoubtedly the man's a fortune hunter. Sally Moon will have a very tidy little fortune of her own some day."

She had dismissed the whole matter. Somehow Katharine had got out

She mad e the day pass somehow how ever she could. Struggle how empty hours could be when you had nothing to do when forward to. Swimming, tennis, French lessons—sitting at the wheel of your boat with an attentive, bronzed young man beside you. It was all a dream in which you moved and like a dream automatically.

And he fell—desperately in love with the bundle of feminine flutter and curls that was Sally Moon?

The town buzzed with the sensation for several days. Have you heard? That crazy Sally Moon's gone and got herself engaged to the man who runs the riding club. Of course he's a nobody, my dear, but quite good manners, and so good-looking! Oh, well, the Moons are really outsiders, anyway. Her mother was a girl in a shop

some place. . . . And so on and so on. Small town gossip. Picked up avidly by the lunching, bridge-playing women at the country club, tossed from mouth to mouth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

By HAROLD GRAY

BUT, AS I SEE IT A FEW MEN HAVE TO WORK HARD AND TAKE CHANCES AND BATTLE HEAVY ODDS AND WORRY NIGHTS, SO THAT MILLIONS MAY HAVE THAT FULLER LIFE YOU MENTION, INSTEAD OF EVERY DAY OFF WITHOUT PAY.

WALDO LLOYD

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Published by the Chicago Tribune Syndicate, Inc.

By LYMAN YOUNG

TIM, FEARING FOR HIS FRIEND'S SAFETY, SQUEEZES THROUGH THE STOCKADE WALL AGAINST SPEED'S ORDER -

By MARTIN

I'D WITH ED SUN-

SK SK

BUT, I DONT UNDERSTAND! I TOLDYA THIS A.M. I WAS GOIN' WITH HIM! WOESA IDEA IN ASKIN ME AGAIN ---- JUS' GUESSWORK ?

NAH! BRAIN-WORK. BABY!!! BRAIN-WORK

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By **GEORGE McMANUS**

I WANT MY CHECK!

SORRY, SIR - BUT THE MAN YOU WERE JUST TALKING TO INSISTED ON PAYING IT.

TOM MARTIN

By E. C. SEGAR

By AHERN

THERE!~THAT'LL FIX FATHEAD HOOPLE
AND HIS BEES!~HA-AA-THE BAXTER
STINKO-BEE-SMOKER OF SMOULDERING
OLD SHOES AND PIECES OF INNER TUBES
WILL KEEP HIS PESKY BEES OUT OF
MY FLOWER BEDS!~THE NEIGHBORS
WILL SQUAWK TO ME ABOUT THE SMELL~
~I EXPLAIN WHY I HAVE TO DO IT~
A PROTEST COMMITTEE CALLS ON
HIM, AND HE HAS TO GET RID OF
THE BEES!~
HA-AA-
PERFECT!

Gross Moore

**BAXTER'S
BEE BOUNCER™**

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