

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot
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CHAPTER XXXV

Mist' Michael's. Tips offered hesitantly. "Letters and such."

Clarence grinned, an old man's wide smile. His lips were stretched inconspicuously wide. "She did, huh?"

"Yes, sub!" The stable boy was emphatic. "Looks like Mist' Michael run away from her while the running was good. What you think about it?"

His father lifted his shoulders in an eloquent shrug. "Boy, I ain't mindin' nobody's business."

"You think we better stay on a while?" Tips said.

"Where'd we go, anyways?" Clarence demanded. "You talk crazy, sonny boy! Course we're stayin'. And, case that girl comes back here lookin' some more, we goin' to lock up this here place."

He turned the key in the lock and went back to his leisurely pattering among the kettles. Tips wandered out into the stableyard, fed the horses and idly swept up some scattered hay. In the kitchen, behind the red checked curtains, an old man took out an official-looking paper and chuckled over it.

"Here's somethin' that big-talkin' young lady ain't goin' to find," Clarence said to himself. "Cause I got it first. An' it's Mist' Michael's private business."

It was the marriage certificate of Michael Heather and Katharine Strickland.

Sally rushed to her room and opened the letters she had found in Michael's bureau. They were not very interesting letters. There were several notes from the bank about the mortgage. There was a bill for sale of a mare. There were one or two brief and badly written personal letters from a man in Montana—a man who signed himself quite simply "Bill." Nothing incriminating, nothing to point the way Michael had gone.

Sally stood staring at the letters in bafflement and anger. Her temperament demanded that she expend energy on someone. So she dressed herself in plain dark silk and boarded a train for the city. The clipping about Michael's inheritance lay in the smart dark blue handbag.

She went straight to Mr. Downrigg's hotel and that gentleman came down to the foyer to meet her. He was a lean elderly Englishman with a stoop and a courteous, tired voice. No, he hadn't had any communication from Mr. Heather as yet. And that was odd because Messrs. Malley and Gerhardt had assured him Michael was easily to be found. All his telephone calls on the day before had been fruitless, Mr. Heather, the servants said, was away and it was not known when he would return.

"Something's happened then," Sally announced firmly. "Something happened to Michael the night he came into New York." She saw it all now. She had been stupid to be so frightened and angry. Of course Michael had been hurt. He had no reason on earth to run away on the eve of his triumph.

Her manner softened perceptibly. She had met Mr. Downrigg with an air of challenge, thinking he knew something about the absent Michael, thinking, perhaps, he had aided and abetted him in his escape.

"(To Be Continued)"

Clarence had shuffled out into the kitchen. You could hear him rattling pots and pans and setting down the cups with angry gusto. Sally paid no attention to all this. She had come with a determination to go through Michael's belongings, to see if she could find any clue to his disappearance. She flounced into the living room after a busy five minutes, a tall bundle in her hand.

Tips watched her go, open-mouthed. A father came out of the kitchen to him. "That her car goin' away?"

"That's it," Tips sniffed, going into Michael's room and picking up a cushion. Sally had dropped in her haste. She sure made a mess of this here place. She sure is a big-talking young gal, Mas Moon."

"Her?" Clarence uttered contemptuously. "Ain't no Moon ever goin' to no big-tonin' me. I know 'em."

"She taken away a lot of stuff of

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AND MY SALVATION

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

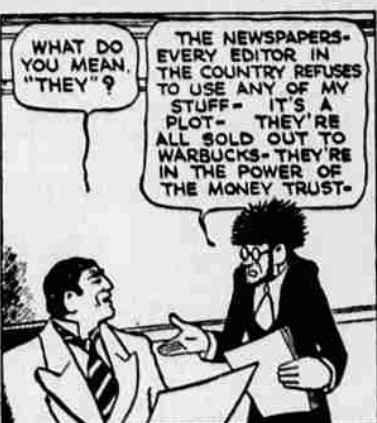
The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily



ARTICLES—BROADSIDES—CARTOONS—EDITORIALS—NEWS STORIES—SMASH WARBUCKS, SAYS THE HONORABLE CLAUDE CLAPTRAP.



"IN A RINGING SPEECH TO-NIGHT THE HONORABLE CLAUDE CLAPTRAP DEMANDS THAT SONIT BE TAKEN FROM THE RAPACIOUS GRASP OF ONE MAN AND GIVEN TO THE PEOPLE— GREAT STUFF, HACK—"



YES, BUT THEY WON'T PRINT A WORD OF IT—



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "THEY"?—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



AND MAJOR LATOUR APPOINTED YOU TO BE MILITARY COMMISSIONER OF THIS DISTRICT TO TAKE CAPT. PETTEE'S PLACE, SPEED?



YES, TIM, BUT THE JOB IS TO BE TEMPORARY. THANK GOODNESS

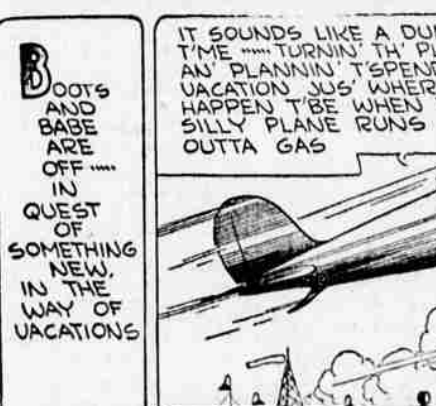


NOW THAT PETTEE'S BEEN JAILED AND THE LAGOONA SAVAGES PACIFIED, IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET AT THIS POST—

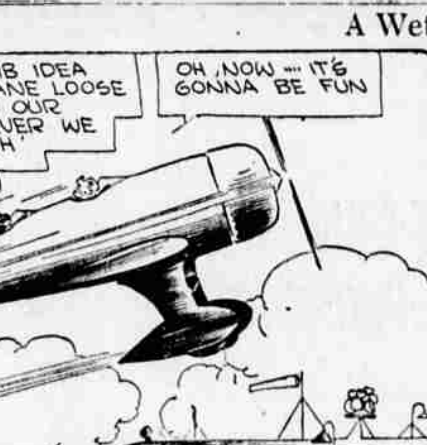


AW— ANYTHING'S LIABLY TO HAPPEN HERE OUT OF A CLEAR SKY.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



IT SOUNDS LIKE A DUMB IDEA T' ME TURNIN' TH' PLANE LOOSE AN' PLANNIN' T' SPEND OUR VACATION JUS' WHEREVER WE HAPPEN T' BE WHEN TH' SILLY PLANE RUNS OUTTA GAS



OH, NOW— IT'S GONNA BE FUN



YEAH? WOT IF WE SHOULD LAND IN TH' MIDDLE OF A LAKE— OR TH' OL' PINE TREE— OR A WINDMILL ???



TSK TSK! MEBBE YA CAN'T TAKE IT

BRINGING UP FATHER



I'LL JUST STROLL DOWN INTO THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD, AS I'LL SOON CONVINCE MAMMIE WE'VE GOT TO MOVE— GEE! IT'LL BE GREAT TO GIT BACK WITH REAL PEOPLE AGIN—



FOR HEAVENS SAKE! IS THAT MRS. MINNIE O'FLANAGAN? BY GOLLY, IT IS—



FIRST I WANT TO GO TO THE CHIN-LIFTING PARLOR— AND I MUSTN'T FORGET TO GET MY CIGARETTE-HOLDER FIXED—



AN' THAT REMINDS ME— I MUST CALL AT THE CLUB AN' SEE IF MY GOLF-STICKS ARE MENDED—

THIMBLE THEATRE



THEY'RE A PROTEST PARADE PASSIN' ME PALACE— I MAY AS WELL GO WATCH IT— IT COULDN'T MAKE ME FEEL NO MORE WORSEN I DO NOW!



DO YOU THINK WE'RE WOMEN-HATERS?



WE GOT TO PET, DON'T WE?



SURE WE DO!

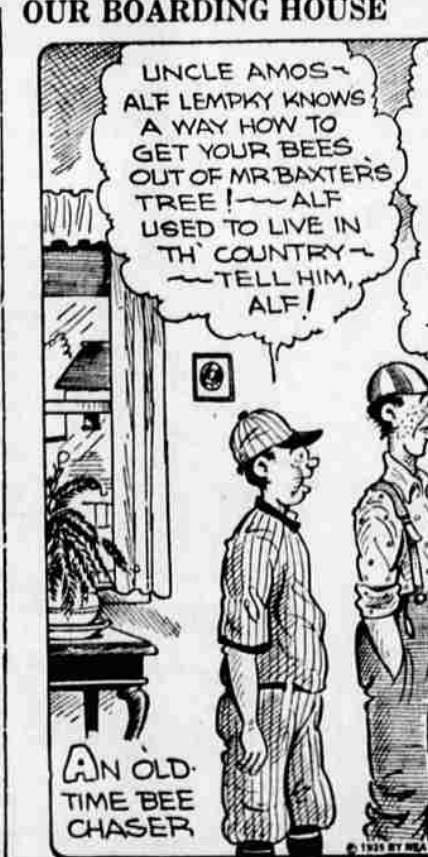
OUT OUR WAY



THAT'S YOUR SON, MOTHER! YOUR MANLY SON— THE BOY WITH FINE TABLE MANNERS. JUST LOOK AT HIM, AN' LISTEN TO HIM!



YOU BETCHA I GOT MANNERS! BUT, HAS SHE? YOU CAN JUDGE FER YERSELF, MAW! THEY WAS THREE PIECES OF CAKE ON THE PLATE! I'M EATIN' MINE SLOWLY, LIKE I SHOULD. AN' WHAT DOES SHE DO? SWALLER HER PIECE WHOLE, SO SHE KIN HAVE THE LAST PIECE. WHY, SHE STILL HAS HALFA PIECE— IN HER LAP. CRUMBS THAT SHE DROPPED, IN THE BIG RUSH. NOW, I'M ASKIN' YA, MAW, DO I GET HALFA THE LAST PIECE, ER DON'T I?



YOU DON'T! THE LAST PIECE IS MINE!



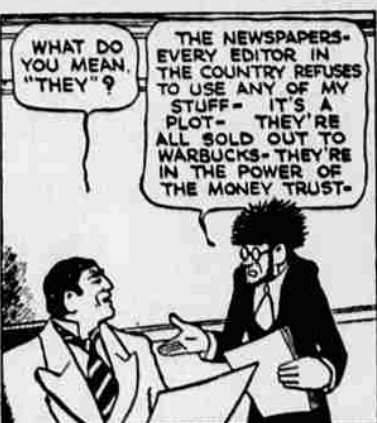
UNCLE AMOS— ALF LEMPKY KNOWS A WAY HOW TO GET YOUR BEES OUT OF MR. BAXTER'S TREE!— ALF USED TO LIVE IN TH' COUNTRY— TELL HIM, ALF!

Looking Forward

By HAROLD GRAY



THE NEWSPAPERS— EVERY EDITOR IN THE COUNTRY REFUSES TO USE ANY OF MY STUFF— IT'S A PLOT— THEY'RE ALL SOLD OUT TO WARBUCKS— THEY'RE IN THE POWER OF THE MONEY TRUST—



HM—M— SO THE PAPERS WON'T PRINT THIS STUFF, EH? WELL, JUST WAIT TILL WE FINISH SMASHING OLD BAWBUCKS AND GET SONIT— THEN THE PAPERS WILL PRINT WHAT I TELL 'EM TO PRINT AND LIKE IT—



By LYMAN YOUNG



UM CARRIER—PIGEON BRING UM MESSAGE, LIEUT. MARTIN



IT'S FROM A GIRL, LYDA GARRET— LIVES AT NOWANA TRADING-POST— SAYS HER FATHER HAS BEEN STRICKEN WITH SLEEPING SICKNESS, BUT IT CAN'T BE THAT, SGT. BEETLE, THERE ARE NO TSETSE FLIES IN THAT SECTOR



By MARTIN



YEAH? WOT IF WE SHOULD LAND IN TH' MIDDLE OF A LAKE— OR TH' OL' PINE TREE— OR A WINDMILL ???



TSK TSK! MEBBE YA CAN'T TAKE IT



HUH! TH' WHOLE PLAN HAS MORE FANCY VARIETIES OF IFS, ANDS, BUTS AN' MEBBES THAN A DICTIONARY

By GEORGE McMANUS



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By E. C. SEGAR



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WELL—AH—LOOK— Y'SEE— BEES DON'T LIKE NOISE, Y'SEE? BEES DON'T LIKE NOISE, LIKE I SAID— SO YOU GET A BUNCH OF KIDS, Y'SEE? AN' TH' KIDS START BANGIN' ON BIG CANS AN' WASH BOILERS— AN' TH' BEES GET SORE AN' LEAVE WHERE THEY WAS AT, Y'SEE?

By WILLIAMS



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