

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTER XXXVII



happened. This Katharine had done. And NOTHING had happened. Not a thing to reassure her. Not one message had come through from the man whose hand she had taken that day in a sleepy Connecticut town. Her ring she had given to him. She had not a shadow of proof. Not, she reminded herself hotly and proudly, that she wanted any. Oh, but it had been a wanton joke to play on her! She who had kept herself so cool and remote all these years at last had "given her heart to the hawk."

She writhed at the thought. Violet watched her through the days with a growing anxiety. There was a savage pity in the eyes she turned to the fair-haired girl. Long ago Violet, too, had suffered just such a hurt and it had embittered her earlier years. It was a grievous shame, thought the older woman.

There was such a thing as amnesia, Katharine mused dully one sunny afternoon.

"Of course, I wondered when you'd think of that," said Violet, consolingly. She had not dared to mention the word herself.

"But the publicity!" Katharine, groaning, buried her face in her hands. To think that her defeat, her folly should be dragged into the open for all the world to see!

Violet suggested that these things were often handled discreetly so that no least word was printed in the newspapers. She had known once of such a case.

The girl, listening, lifted a haggard face.

"Why don't you go to New Mexico, as Evelyn asked you to?" Violet asked reasonably. "Put the thing into the hands of some lawyer who can be trusted and go away and think no more of it."

It was, however, more easily said than done. Victor Stryker himself, Katharine reminded her friend, was a lawyer. To whom could they go? No one, assuredly, in their group of acquaintances. "I'm afraid to trust anyone," Katharine said in a tone of bitterness that startled her hearer.

"Leave it to me," Violet said.

Evelyn Vincent was going to New Mexico to stay with some friends who kept an informal sort of inn there. She had suggested weeks before that Katharine accompany her. At the time the plan had seemed far away and nebulous to the girl. Now it seemed a God-given way out of her difficulties. She could bring her painting things, Evelyn said. The colors and shapes of things on the desert were truly divine.

Bertine vetoed the plan at once. Katharine, sick with fury and despair, turned to her father.

"Bertine doesn't want you to go off God-knows-where with this woman," he fumed. "We've never heard of her. Something in the white haggardness of the girl's face altered him. He said suddenly, 'You're not ill, are you?'"

"No, no," she clasped and unclasped her hands. "But I feel I need and want a change. Miss Vincent is a friend of the Merseys."

His face altered. "Whose?"

"That nice woman in whose house I stayed when I..."

"Yes, yes, I remember," he said the words hastily. "You've made friends with them?"

Katharine's darkening eyes roved to the window. The interview was exhausting all her feeble strength. She seldom slept these nights. The hours from dark to daylight were her particular scourge, so difficult to be got through.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

I HAVE A GREAT MISSION FOR YOU BOYS— THEY ARE TAKING ON WORKERS AT THE EONITE PLANT— THOUSANDS OF NEW MEN—



YOU WILL APPLY AT THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE WITH THE OTHERS— IN THE CROWD YOU EASILY WILL GAIN ADMISSION— AFTER THAT YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO—



MINGLE WITH THE WORKERS— TALK TO THEM— SHOW THEM WHAT SLAVES AND VASSALS THEY HAVE BECOME— PROVE TO THEM WHAT FOOLS THEY ARE TO SWEAT FOR A MONSTER, WHEN EONITE SHOULD BELONG TO THEM—



I AND MY COLLEAGUES SHALL REDOUBT OUR EFFORTS FROM WITHOUT— YOU BRAVE FELLOWS SHALL BORE FROM WITHIN— AND REDUCE ALL RESISTANCE— THUS SHALL WE ATTAIN COMPLETE VICTORY AND TEAR DOWN THIS MONSTER WARBUCKS—



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

I DON'T BELIEVE LYDA GARRET'S FATHER HAS THE REAL SLEEPING-SICKNESS, TIM— HE'S PROBABLY BEING SLOWLY POISONED BY SOMEONE



AND YOU DON'T THINK THEY'LL SUSPECT YOU SENT ME THERE TO INVESTIGATE, SPEED?



YOU'RE SURE YOU CAN FIND GARRET'S SHACK?



I CAN'T GO WRONG WITH YOUR MAP



THAT MUST BE THEIR PLACE JUST AHEAD—



WHO'S THAT, LYDA?



PUT BACK YOUR RIFLE, ROSS— IT'S JUST A BOY—



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

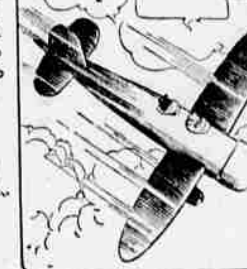
OH, DEAR! I DO HOPE BOOTS AND BABE ARE ALL RIGHT



NOW CORA— OF COURSE, THEY ARE! IT'S SILLY TO FRET, YOU KNOW



ALL THE FIRST DAY— THROUGH THE NIGHT— AND UNTIL THE MORNING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, BOOTS AND BABE FLEW BLINDLY THROUGH THE SKY! THEN



Down They Go!

HEY, BABE! HOLD EVERYTHING— I'M GONNA LAND! WE'RE OUTTA GAS



WHERE DO YA THINK WE ARE?



GEE, I DUNNO— BUT, ISN'T IT FUN? LET'S GUESS! I SAY WE'RE WAY OFF IN SOME GORGEOUS COUNTRY, WITH FASCINATING LITTLE HAMLETS, N' STREAMS—



HUH! I BETCHA THERE ISN'T A SILLY THING DOWN THERE, BUT WOODS AN' ROCKS— AN' MEBBE AN' OCEAN



BRINGING UP FATHER

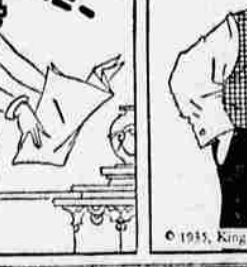
HONEY— MAYBE YOU'LL LET ME BE YOUR BEE.



SO THIS IS THE WAY MAGGIE IS GOIN' TO SPEND THE MONEY I GAVE HER— AN' ME NEARLY BROKE—



BUT, DADDY— MOTHER AND MR. LOWDEN NOSEY WROTE THAT SONG THEY ARE SINGIN'— THEY EXPECT TO WRITE A LOT OF SONGS AND HELP YOU OUT FINANCIALLY—



WELL, I'LL NOT ONLY BE DOIN' MESELF A FAVOR— BUT I'LL BE HELPIN' THE PUBLIC IF I PUT HIM IN THE HOSPITAL—



THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE



OUT OUR WAY

THERE— THERE! YOU'RE GETTIN' IT! IT'S MUCH BETTER, BUT IT STILL SHOWS A LITTLE.



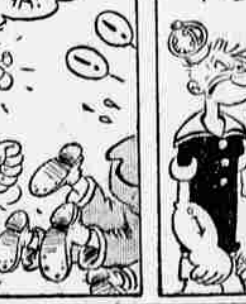
By WILLIAMS

SAY, CAN'T YOU MAKE IT A LITTLE LESS DRAMATIC? YOU'LL HAVE A BIGGER CROWD HERE, THAN BY RAISING A CIRCUS TENT.



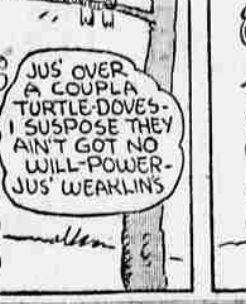
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

NOW THEN, LADS— MAKE AS MUCH DIN AS POSSIBLE, SO MY BEES WILL VACATE THAT TREE! I'LL REWARD EACH OF YOU WITH A SHINY DIME! —READY, GO!



By AHERN

HI-YI-YI— YIP-EE— YI YI!



CRASH

YOW— EE— YOW!



BONG

YOU MAY HAVE TO LEAVE, TOO, MAJOR!

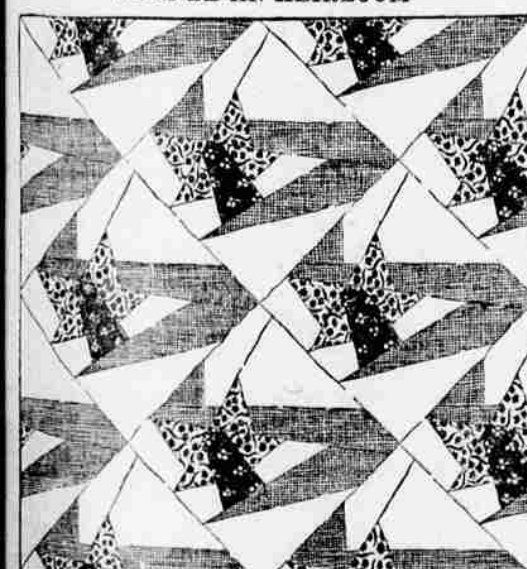


WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

J.R. WILLIAMS



THIS LAURA WHEELER DAFFODIL QUILT WILL BE AN HEIRLOOM



DAFFODIL PATTERN 1030

Spring has come and gone and with it the daffodils—those lovely yellow flowers that poets have immortalized. But you can still capture their beauty in this choice quilt, for, in it, the flower has been faithfully reproduced. The block is an easy one to piece. It may look like a crazy quilt at first but you will soon find that the simple groups of patches take the form of the daffodil. One block alone would make a handsome pillow.

Pattern 1030 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

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