

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTER XLII



cent talking in a pleasant monotone, passed them again.

Katharine drew a long breath. "I don't know how to say this..."

"There's somebody else?"

She nodded, struggling with an impulse toward tears.

"I was afraid of that," the man said. Two men in dinner clothes, flushed and exuberant, came striding along the platform, glancing at the couple with obvious interest. Dr. Kaye stood aside to let them pass through the door of the train, but his eyes never left the girl's downcast face.

"It's—it's nothing," began Katharine, thickly and painfully, "just a crazy fancy I had. I'll get over it all right."

"That's why you're going away," "Partly."

"I'll get over it," Katharine repeated, smiling and blinking in the silence. "And when I do..."

"You'll let me know," said John Kaye almost gruffly. "Promise me that."

"Oh, I will!" In her relief at this turn of the interview she looked almost happy. People did get over things like that; every day you read about them in the newspapers. Just now the pain was like a sword in her side. But later—later perhaps everything would be changed. She would forget Michael Heather, be whole again.

Somewhere a bell began to clang in a long, dolorous peal. Her father and Miss Vincent were at her elbow.

"Well, well, I suppose we've got to be leaving you."

A hand truck loaded with luggage rattled along the concrete. The man with the improvised magazine stand began to put his wares out of sight. A boy with a telegraph company's insignia on his cap strolled along, asking for last minute telegrams.

"All 'board," said the porter mellifluously.

Katharine felt her father's lips, cool and parental, on her cheek. Now he was shaking hands with Miss Vincent and Katharine was crowded into the little corridor with Dr. Kaye.

"Johnny, write to me."

"If you want me to..."

His eyes were dark with some unnamed emotion. His square, strong surgeon's hands gripped hers. Katharine, looking down, could see the whitened knuckles.

Evelyn Vincent crowded into the vestibule now, her bulk filling it.

"You'll be carried to Harmon, Doctor, before you know it."

He put his lips to her hands—the palms of them. Then he was gone, all in an instant. The train moved slowly along the platform, gathering impetus as it went.

Evelyn Vincent stepped off her gloves. "Well, that's that, my dear."

Katharine did not hear her. She was staring out of the window at the stanchions flying past. What a mess it all was! John in love with her and she bound to someone who despised her.

...

Violet Mercer was weeding her rosebed when she saw Michael ride by. It was the first time she had caught a glimpse of him since his accident and since Katharine's amazing disclosure. Katharine had been gone two days now. Stanley Mercer was taking steps toward the end the girl was now so anxious to attain—the annulment of that astonishing marriage ceremony a few weeks before.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

WHERE WE HAVE OUR TARRED AND FEATHERED FRIENDS—EJECTED BY THE ENRAGED WORKERS, THESE AGITATORS HAVE RETURNED TO CLAPNET AND SLUGS—



Our Feathered Friends

YOU'LL KEEP THAT COAT OF TAR AND FEATHERS TILL IT WEARS OFF—



COME ON BOYS—THE CROWD IS WAITING—WE'RE DUE AT FIVE MINUTES—



GAZE UPON YOUR BROTHERS—SEE WHAT THE SLAVES AND HIRELINGS OF THIS ARCH ENEMY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE HAVE DONE—AND WHAT WAS THE CRIME OF THESE POOR SOULS?



By HAROLD GRAY

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

LIEUT. SPEED MARTIN RECEIVES A NOTE FROM TIM, SENT BY CARRIER PIGEON—



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE GARRET'S HUMBLE HOME—STEAD, THE ITINERANT DOCTOR, PREPARES TO DEPART



ONLY A SERUM CAN SAVE HIM, MRS. GARRET AND IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET IT HERE IN TIME FROM FRENCH MILITARY HEADQUARTERS—



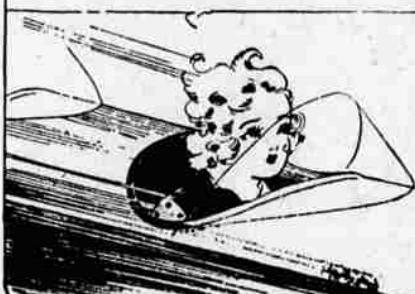
WHY, YES, LAD, I'D STAY HERE TO ADMINISTER THE SERUM, IF IT ARRIVED WITHIN A FEW DAYS, BUT—



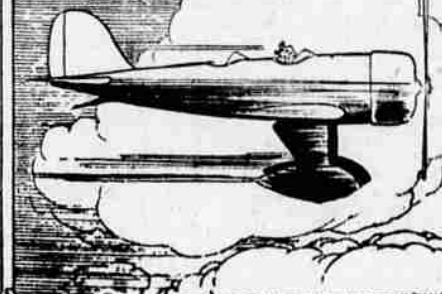
By LYMAN YOUNG

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

GEE! MEBBE BABE WAS RIGHT—MEBBE I SHOULD TURN BACK. BUT—NO, DARNED IF I WILL—N' HAVE EVERYONE LAUGH AT ME



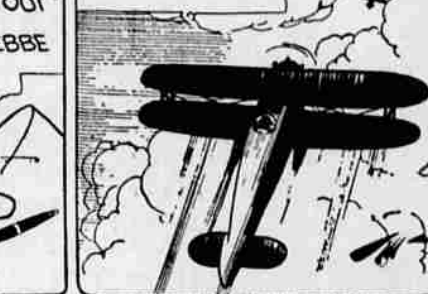
SHE'LL BE SORRY WHEN I GET BACK, N'TELL 'ER WOTTA SWELL TIME I HAD, I BET



A FEW MINUTES AFTER BOOTS LEFT, A SECOND PLANE TOOK OFF FROM THE HOME FLYING FIELD AND FOLLOWED—AT QUITE A DISTANCE, HOWEVER, SO AS NOT TO BE NOTICED



THAT IDEA OF BOOTS' ABOUT SPENDIN' HER VACATION WHEREVER SHE HAPPENS T'BE WHEN SHE RUNS OUT OF GAS, MAY BE OK—N' AGAIN, MEBBE IT AINT SO HOT



Good Ol' Willie!

By MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT—MAGGIE'S BROTHER SURE KNOWS HOW TO PICK WINNERS AT THE RACES—THIS MAKES TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS HE HAS WON FOR ME—



WELL—KNOWIN' MAGGIE'S BROTHER AS I DO—HE WON'T PAY ME—SO I KIN FIGURE IT A LOSS—I HOPE I GIT BROKE SOON—



WELL—ISN'T IT GRAND? BROTHER JUST DROPPED BY AND LEFT OUR WINNINGS—ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?



AND I HAVE ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU—HE LEFT AN EXTRA THOUSAND DOLLARS WHICH HE SAID HE OWES YOU—



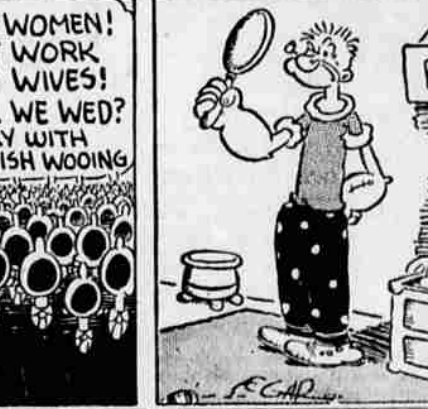
By GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

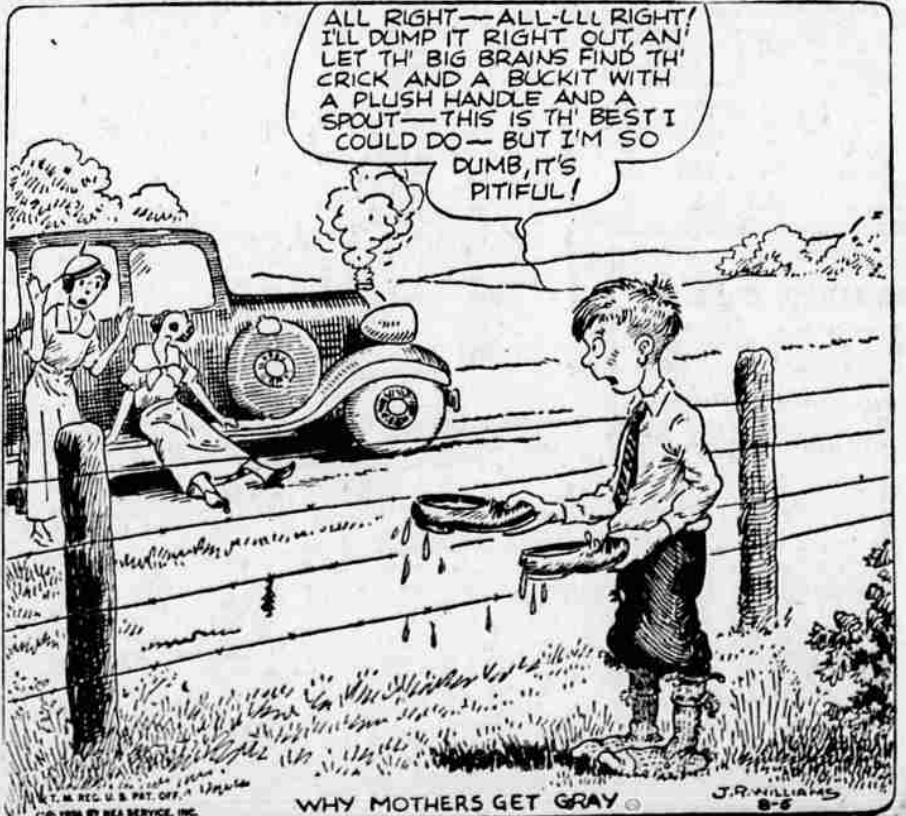
NOW SHOWING—"A RAG, A BONE AND A HANK OF HAIR" TOMORROW—"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

By E. C. SEGAR



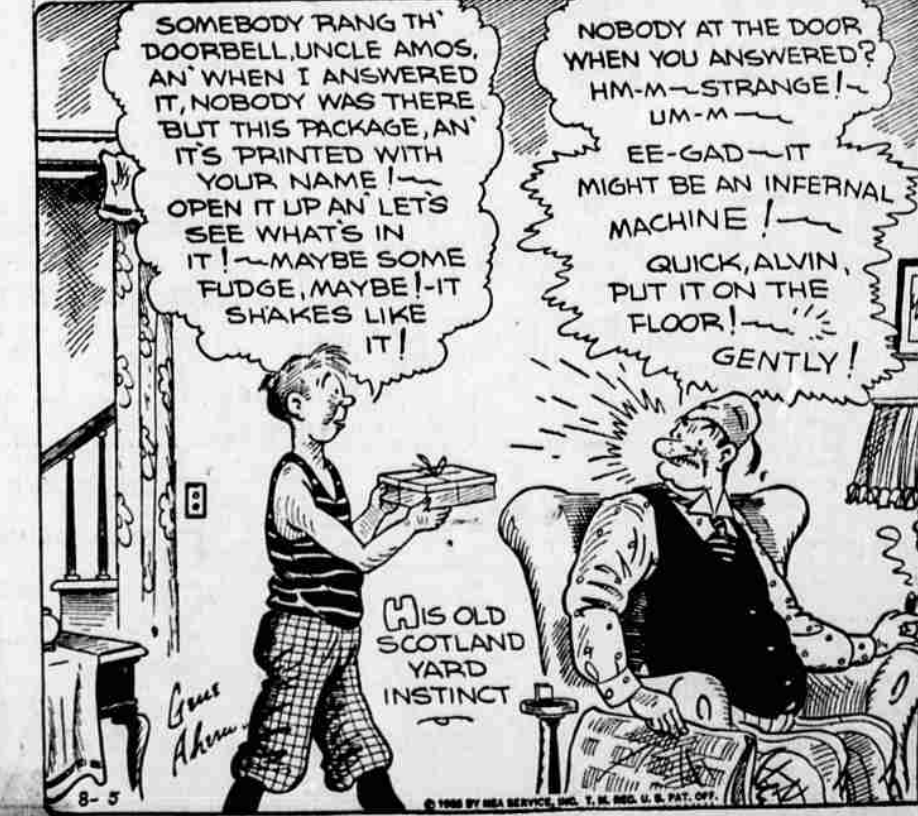
OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



LAURA WHEELER CROCHETED ACCESSORIES—SMART FOR SUMMER OR FALL



CROCHETED ACCESSORIES PATTERN 775

The latest—fashion's perennial favorite—has the knack of adding to our appearance. Its flattering line is what we seek continually. It has the grace and practicality of a delight. This one with its matchless. The pattern is offering us for late summer. The pattern can be made of string or yarn and so are as serviceable as for summer.

Pattern 775 comes to you with detailed directions for making the accessories. Illustrations of it and of all stitches needed; material requirements.

