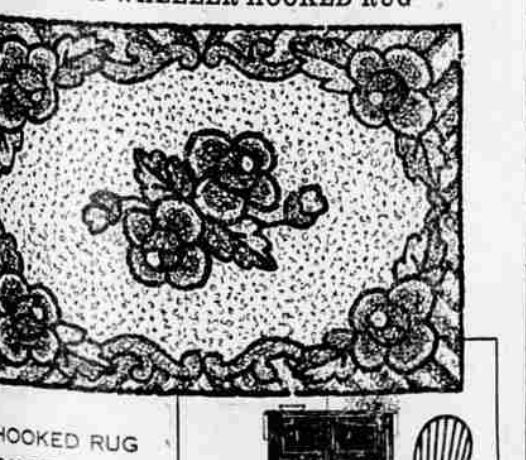


Summer Sweethearts
By Mabel McElliot
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CHAPTER XLVI

Michael went back to the village and called the Strykhurst home a pay station. An Irish voice answered him that Miss Katharine was in the west. Did the gentleman want to speak to Mrs. Strykhurst? Michael's lady agents. "This is Michael Heathorne," he said. "Who is it calling?" "It could be the steel coldness of Katharine's stepmother," he said. "Is it business?" "The voice was harsh with tension," he said. "Is it personal?" "I cannot give out my address as casually," he said. "Before he realized what was happening she had hung up on him. It was not in the least wondered that Michael had been so casual. Doubtless Katharine had heard that he was to be married to Sally Moon. He went back to the Moon's, loathing his scandal, but bound to see the girl through. Sally's father, a long time ago, had dumped between his teeth, and at him. "Well, well, young man. What's up? The girl upstairs having hysterics. Don't you run out on her. A fine way to behave," fumed the older man. "I'm sorry, sir. He plunged into the story. Married weeks ago. The day of the accident. The whole thing had been in his brain by that blow on the head. "I mean to tell me—you mean and there and tell me calmly—" said Mr. Moon. His face was scarlet. At a moment Michael thought that he was going to have a stroke. "But you were engaged to my daughter at the time. You certainly were!" "I was," Michael told him wearily. "I have no excuse. Only the fact, I am in love with Katharine. Sally and I—well, it was a mistake, sir. The very start." "Joseph Moon stared. Sally had indeed been in this many a situation. This, he told himself, was the worst yet. He groped for a chair and dropped into it heavily. "It is outrageous," he stormed. "After the law—I'll have to see a attorney—" "Michael had to listen to a good deal of this, and he did so patiently. He was very sorry for the old man. It was all his fault. He felt a end and a bit. "My I see Sally, sir?" "She? Of course you'll see her! Don't tell her myself for a million dollars. Joseph Moon rang a bell and the living room. "Michael passed through the French doors and made a round "o" of her back at sight of Michael. He could see Sally's step on the stairs, her hand clattering. She flung her in the room, rage stamping her shoes. "What's wrong with you? What do you mean running off like that? Making a laughing stock—" "Michael took her hands. She beat him in her fury as though she had hurt him grievously. It was the first time that he had ever been hit. He must remember. "Michael made her understand. "I'm sorry. Sorry as I can be, it's too late now." "You fool you fool! I'll sue you—sue you! I'll drag your names through every court in the land—" "Michael's knuckles whitened. He did not mind it. It wouldn't matter to him. But Katharine—he couldn't let her think of Katharine. "Sally's terrible voice screamed on. "You remember I told you from the start it was a mistake," Michael quietly. "That's right—that's right. Say I'm opposed to you!" the girl taunted him. "I released her, shrugging his shoulders. His imperturbability rose to a fresh torrent of abuse. "A father appeared in the doorway. "Listen, kid," he began pacific.

USE YOUR SCRAPS TO MAKE THIS LAURA WHEELER HOOKED RUG



HOOKED RUG PATTERN 451

Colonial days, the hooked rug was made of the bits of material over. And what delightful rugs resulted. You can do the same. You make this lovely rug—so simple in its design yet so effective. The roses can be done in shades of any desired color; they are made by the green of the leaves. The background can be one or mixed colors. You can adjust the rug to any size simply by moving the ends out as far as you like.

Pattern 451 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a motif by numbers on four corners 8x11 1/2 inches with the colors in shades for making a hooked rug; material requirements; and 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern.

Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
Cataclysm
By HAROLD GRAY

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



THE MAIN GATE HAS GONE DOWN—THE FIRE HOSES HAVE STOPPED THEM. FOR THE MOMENT, BUT THEY'RE MASSING FOR A NEW ATTACK—

THEY'VE GOT GUNS—HUNDREDS OF THEM ARE ARMED—CAN'T WE FIRE INTO THEM IF WE HAVE TO?

NO—I'LL NOT ALLOW ONE INNOCENT PERSON TO BE SHOT DOWN—

INNOCENT? THEY'RE CRAZY WILD MEN—THEY'LL BURN THE PLANT IF THEY EVER GET INSIDE—

LET THEM BURN IT—WE CAN REBUILD A PLANT, BUT NO ONE CAN RESTORE A HUMAN LIFE—

FOR THE TIME BEING THEY'RE SAVAGES DRIVEN TO OUTRAGEOUS AND SENSELESS VIOLENCE BY MOUNTAIN BANKS AND SELF-SEEKING DEMAGOGUES—BUT AT HEART THEY'RE OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—NO! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I'LL NOT ALLOW ONE OF THAT MOB TO BE HARMED—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK
By LYMAN YOUNG



—SO YOU SENT ONE OF MY PIGEONS TO THE FRENCH MILITARY OUTPOST AT LAGOOTA FOR MEDICINE—EH?

Y-YESIR, AND THEY SENT A BIRD BACK WITH THE SERUM TO CURE YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW

ROSS WILL INJURE THE BOY—HE'S SHAKING HIM SO HARD—

ROSS / LET HIM GO! WHAT HAS HE DONE TO YOU?

I'LL WRING HIS NECK FOR MEDDLING WITH MY BUSINESS, LYDA—

THE PISTOL ISN'T LOADED AND YOU KNOW IT—DROP IT!

LET GO THIS GUN! LET GO!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES
A Homespun Variety
By MARTIN



I SAW YA LAND IN THET FLYIN' THINGAMABOB! HOW'D YE'VER HAPPEN T'COME HERE?

WELL, Y-SEE—IT WAS LIKE THIS

AND SO, BOOTS EXPLAINED ABOUT THE IDEA SHE HAD FOR SPENDING HER VACATION

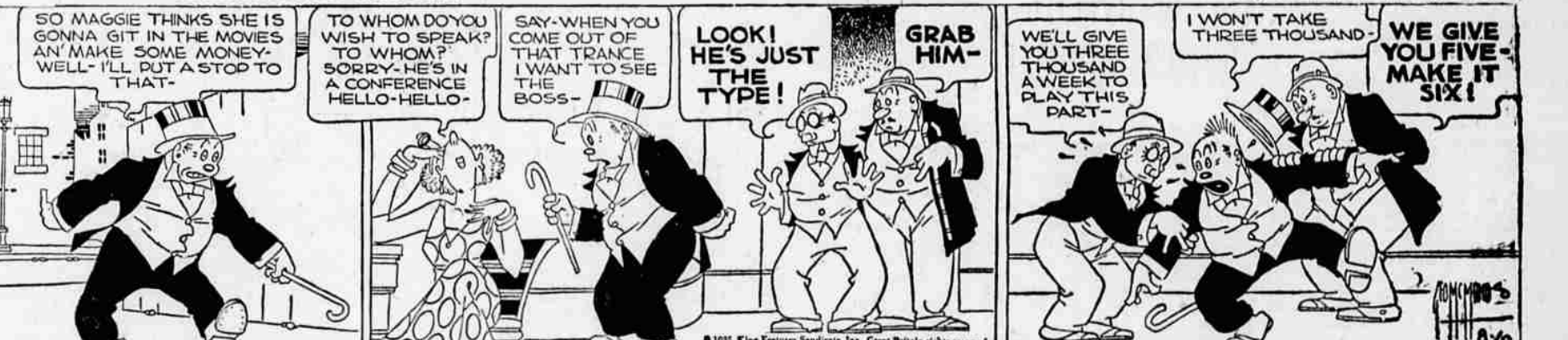
WELL, NOW—HAW HAW! THET AINT SECH A BAD IDEA—

COME ON UP N'MEET TH' MISSUS! WE AINT GOT MUCH OF A SHACK, BUT STRANGERS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME! IF Y' SHOULD WANNA STAY OVER FER A SPELL, WE'D BE RIGHT GLAD T'HAVE YA

OH, THANK YOU! BUT, OF COURSE, I'D EXPECT T'PAY YOU

NAAAH! WOULDN'T BE WORTH NOTIN'! NOHOW! COURSE, IF YAD FEEL BETTER ABOUT IT, Y COULD SLIP TH' MISSUS A LITTLE—BUT, AHMM—FERGET IT! C MON

BRINGING UP FATHER
By GEORGE McMANUS



SO MAGGIE THINKS SHE IS GONNA GIT IN THE MOVIES AN' MAKE SOME MONEY—WELL, I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT—

TO WHOM DO YOU WISH TO SPEAK? TO WHOM? SORRY, HE'S IN A CONFERENCE HELLO-HELLO—

SAY—WHEN YOU COME OUT OF THAT TRANCE I WANT TO SEE THE BOSS—

LOOK! HE'S JUST THE TYPE!

GRAB HIM—

WE'LL GIVE YOU THREE THOUSAND A WEEK TO PLAY THIS PART—

I WON'T TAKE THREE THOUSAND—WE GIVE YOU FIVE—MAKE IT SIX!

THIMBLE THEATRE
Starring **POPEYE**
NOW SHOWING—"THE DANCE OF THE SIREN" MONDAY—"HANG YOUR CLOTHES ON A HICKORY"—"ICK" By E. C. SEGAR



POPEYE, A LOT OF OUR MEN ARE DOWN ON THE BEACH WATCHING THAT GAL OVER ON THE ISLAND DO A DANCE! THEY'VE GOT TELESCOPES

OH, MY GORSH! I BET THEY ALL WANT TO GO OVER TO HER COUNTRY

I YAM COMPLETELY DISGUSTED—I YAM FLABBERGASTED! POPEYE! FEELS LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS

I YAM TELLIN' YA THIS, MISTER SPINK, IF SHE MAKES ME SHEEPS GO OVER TO HER ISLAND IT'LL MEAN WAR! I'LL BLOW HER COUNTRY TO BLAZES!

ATT A BOY

VOO HOO! LOOK! SHE'S DOING THE DANCE OF SPRING!

YOOOOO-HOOO!

OUT OUR WAY
By WILLIAMS



WHY, YES—I'VE DECIDED TO GO FISHING WITH YOU. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

OW—OO—OOH—SHE'S GOIN' FISHIN' WITH ME—OH—OOH—OH—HOM!

I AIN'T SAYIN' A WORD—I WOULDN'T HURT YOUR FEELIN'S—OW—H—H—H—OW—SHE'S GOIN' FISHIN' WITH ME—BUT I WON'T SAY A WORD TO MAKE HER FEEL BAD. OW—GROAN—GROAN—OOOOOHH!

WE PREFER YOU TO SAY SOMETHING.

THE LOUD SILENCE.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE
By AHERN



HAW, EGAD—LOOK AT THAT—A DOUBLE RINGER! BY JOVE, BACK TO MY OLD FORM. WHEN I WAS CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA—YES, LAD, I COULD PITCH DOUBLE RINGERS ON A RUBBER STAKE, BLINDFOLDED!—FANCY! GO FETCH YOUR CAMERA AND SNAP ME WITH THIS REMARKABLE TOSS!

AW—THAT WAS ONLY DUMB LUCK!—I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT TO GO ON WITH TH' GAME, NOW—YOU'LL IMBED TH' DOUBLE RINGER IN CEMENT, FOR POSTERITY TO MARVEL AT!

GET THE NEWS-REEL MEN—