

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTER XLVIII



Why should her thoughts go harking back to one man, out of all the world, who had flouted her?

Frank drove on the homeward drive and the three insisted that she sit beside him in the front seat. Hilda was heavily taciturn about this; Katharine didn't mind. They were nice people and they liked her and showed it. She showed in the atmosphere of admiration and easy laughter. Frank didn't talk much—he wasn't given to idle chatter—but every now and then he gave her an eloquent look.

He had to give most of his attention to the driving, however. There were traitorous dips in this canon road. Sometimes a sheer drop appeared on their left without an instant's warning. But Frank had a sure hand on the wheel. Katharine wasn't afraid. They took the journey in leisurely fashion. It was the way, Hilda explained, they liked to travel. That night they camped on the edge of the desert under the stars. Frank had his guitar with him—he'd been in a college orchestra—and he played "Parlez moi d'amour" with a good deal of feeling. The stars and the music and the camp fire all made an unforgettable scene.

Life would be so simple, Katharine argued with herself, if one could follow the line of least resistance. She might, for example, marry Frank Millard and bear him fine children and love him quite unconditionally and make a sort of picnic of existence. But she had muddled up her life before she met him. She liked him a lot—he was as likable as a big Newfoundland or a friendly child. But love? Well, she had known that once; it hadn't been exactly pleasant. It had been all dizzy heights and awful depths. She would try to steer clear of it in the future.

All of this she thought as Frank strummed the plaintive music and the smoke of Dirk's and Hilda's cigarettes curled toward the red glow of the campfire. Evelyn Vincent was a shrew, pruned rather uncomfortably against the seat cushions of the car. Presently they all untied their bedding rolls and said yawning good nights. The women had the tent, Dirk and Frank arranged their beds by the fire.

Katharine did not sleep for a long time. A mood of wretchedness was upon her, and, for the life of her, sleep would not come. She could see one great, uninking blue star through the tent flap. Miss Vincent snored, and Hilda stirred uneasily in her sleep. The music crept in Katharine's brain.

"Speak - to - me - of - love..." After a long time her eyes closed and she breathed easily and quietly. There were tears on her cheeks. No one was moving about when she awoke. Dressing hastily, running her ivory comb through her flyaway curls, she glanced out to see that Frank and his brother lay in the relaxed and rather touching abandon of persons deeply asleep.

Restless, Katharine strolled about. She needed exercise, she told herself. Before the sun came up she would have a brief walk. Just as far as that mesquite bush in the middle distance. She walked along, absorbed in her thoughts. Tomorrow she would be back at Silencia; the pleasant, easy life would begin again, with sun-drenched days filled with sketching and music and health and the best library in the library of the adobe house. It was not a bad life, but for a young, restless, eager girl it was not everything.

She glanced over her shoulder. Perhaps she had better be turning back. Someone would waken and miss her, perhaps be alarmed. But when she looked in the direction from which she had come she could see nothing of the car or the peaked tent or the sleeping men. Her heart beating a little faster, she whirled, increasing her pace. Her feet, in their recent boots, squeaked in the sand, slipping with every step. Oh, but she'd see them all in a minute. She would hear Frank's hearty laugh and smell the smoke of the breakfast fire and the good scent of boiling coffee...

(To Be Continued)

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

After the Hurricane

SO YOU FAILED! YOU LET THEM KILL ELI EON— ALL HIS PAPERS AND RECORDS WERE BURNED.

CHEE, CHIEF, WE DIDN'T HAVE NO CHANCE—

DAT MOB WENT HAY-WIRE—

SOMETHIN' HIT ME AND I BET A THOUSAND GUYS TRAPPED ON ME—

I MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED IT— A STUPID MOB ALLOWED TO GET OUT OF HAND— WELL, IF I FAILED TO GET EONITE, AT LEAST I SMASHED IT FOR OLD BALDY WARBUCKS—

WHILE IN THE BLACKENED RUINS OF THE PLANT—

KILL TH' COSSACKS!

THERE'S ONLY A FEW OF THEM TUN SOLDIERS— COME ON— LET'S GIVE 'EM WHAT WE GAVE EON—

THERE'S A LITTLE SPORADIC FIGHTING— A FEW WILD-EYED REMNANTS OF THE MOB STILL INSIST ON HAVING THEIR SKULLS CRACKED— BUT EVERYTHING IS WELL IN HAND—

By HAROLD GRAY



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

ROSS! YOU'RE LEAVING ME? HERE, ALONE WITH MY SICK FATHER?

I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU—OR HIM!

I'VE GOT WHAT I WANT FROM HIM IN THIS BOX— HIS BIG DIAMOND! I'VE FOUND IT—

ROSS, YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT! PLEASE—

By LYMAN YOUNG

MRS. GARRET, YOUR HUSBAND'S GOING AWAY— ON MY HORSE!—!

WHILE, AT THE MILITARY OUTPOST AT LAGOOTA MASSAH LIET, MARTIN, CARRIER-PIGEON COME FROM GARRET HOME, BUT HE CARRIES NO MESSAGE FROM TIM

NO MESSAGE, SGT. BEETLE? HM— THAT'S STRANGE. PROBABLY IT WAS LOST FROM THE BIRD DURING ITS FLIGHT HERE—

By LYMAN YOUNG



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

OOOH HO HUM! FOR SILLY SAKES— IT'S JUST FIVE O'CLOCK

OHH! H'LO, THERE

WE'VE ALL ET, AN' MA IS IN TH' FIELD! SHE SAYS, WHEN YER READY FER GRUB, TO HOLLER

Of All Things

MA— OH, MAAAA!!!

SHE SLEEPS IN A SHIRT— TH' BIG SISSY

By MARTIN



BRINGING UP FATHER

THERE'S NOT ONLY A LOT OF MONEY IN YOUR ACCEPTING THIS CONTRACT— BUT JUST THINK OF ALL THE PEOPLE THAT WILL BE SEEKING YOUR SOCIETY—

I TOLD YOU— I DON'T WANT TO BE A MOVIE ACTOR— I DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACT— AN' I KNOW ENOUGH PEOPLE—

MY GOODNESS— WHO IS THAT?

OH! THAT'S JUST ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED GIRLS THAT ARE IN THE PICTURE YOU WOULD BE THE STAR IN—

HAND ME A PEN— WHERE DO I SIGN?

HERE YOU ARE— FINE—

By GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"THE UGLY DUCKLING" TOMORROW—"HER SHIP COMES IN"

By GEORGE McMANUS



By E. C. SEGAR

AHOY, YA IJOT! DON'T YA DARE SWIM OVER TO SEV OLVIE OVL— THEY'S A LAW AGAINST IT

I'LL TAKE YER BLASTED SWIMMIN' SUIT— I'LL CONFISCATE IT

CUT IT OUT, SIR! LET ME BE! NO! NO!

NOW BY GOLLY— ARF! ARF!

I CAN SWIM WITHOUT A SWIMMING SUIT, SO POOEY TO YOU FROM ME

YEAH, BUT YA KIN NOT GET OUT OF THE WATER— SO POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

OH, MY GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

IS MY FACE RED?

By E. C. SEGAR



OUT OUR WAY

JOIN ME IN A LITTLE LUNCH, WES. I GENERALLY ALLERS CARRY A LITTLE JERKY— YOU KNOW, DRIED BEEF— IN MY CHAPS POCKIT, TO MUNCH ON. HERES A PIECE— NO, THAT'S MY DEHORNI' SAW— HERES A PIECE— NO— IT'S MY FENCE PLIERS— NO, IT'S JERKY, ALL RIGHT. WAIT'LL I MAKE SURE, BEFORE YOU TRY IT.

NO, THANKS! I'M HUNGRY, NOW— NOT TOMORROW! YOU HAVE TO START CHEWING THAT TODAY, TO GET IT CHEWED UP ENOUGH TO SWALLOW TOMORROW.

By WILLIAMS

EGAD, SNUFFY, I TELL YOU, THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL, IN CULINARY DELIGHT, AN HUMBLE WEEENIE ROAST ON THE BEACH!— AYE— EVEN THE GRIT OF SAND GIVES ADDED SAVOR!— I HAVE FEASTED IN THE BANQUET HALLS OF ROYALTY— BUT GIVE ME THE DUSK OF EVENING, THE SMOKE FROM A DRIFTWOOD FIRE, THE AROMA OF SIZZLING WEEENIES— AH, SNUFFY— THAT IS INCENSE OF MOUNT OLYMPUS!

THAT'S TH' SIXTH ONE YOU'RE PUTTIN' DOWN TH' HATCH, AIN'T IT?— WELL, YOU'VE BAGGED YOUR LIMIT!— NOW I GO TO WORK ON TH' LAST FOUR— AN' DON'T MUSCLE IN ON 'EM!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

THE LONG GRIND.

HOT-DOG HOOPLE

By AHERN

