

Summer Sweethearts
By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTER LI

ment by rising on his hind legs rather in the manner of an offended tabby, and growling deep in his throat. A shepherd dog was bounding over Mrs. Parker's delphinium beds, casually planting his enormous feet all over the carefully-tended plant roots. Zoe said disgustedly, "That's Gracia's. She must be somewhere about. Now Jack's in it. Come back, come back, boy, do you hear me?"

She made a flying leap for him. Dr. Kaye at her heels.

"He'll kill him—Prince will kill Jack," Zoe went on. "He nearly tore him to bits last year. I told Gracia not to let him come in here, except on leash."

Franklin they sought to part the two dogs. Gracia, very elegant in a walking costume of gray, giving an impersonation of the sportswoman at her most brilliant moment, strolled into sight.

Zoe had a willow switch which was proving quite ineffectual. Finally Dr. Kaye managed to grip Jack's collar and drag him away. Zoe, almost sobbing, received the battered little terrier into her arms.

"You naughty puppy! You deserve to be whipped. Why don't you obey me?"

John Kaye, following her, picked up the folded paper she had dropped. A brass sun wheeled across a motionless sky. Here and there were clumps of mesquite and sagebrush. But there was not one single living thing in sight save the tall, slim girl in riding things who stumbled across that dreary desert.

It seemed to Katharine she had been walking for hours. The wrist strap strapped to her slender wrist told her it was half-past 11. Any moment now, she told herself gallantly, she might see the car and the tent and the little group of civilized human beings she had left behind. Any moment... meantime she must keep on going. To stop meant madness.

If she only had a single drink of water! Just half a glass... quarter of a glass to quench the thirst that already tortured her. She thought of the mountain stream in which she had carelessly bathed yesterday morning, thinking nothing of the large flowing over the golden rocks. She thought of mounds of sherbet, pale green, lemon yellow served at dinner parties. She thought of ice, tinkling in a tall glass...

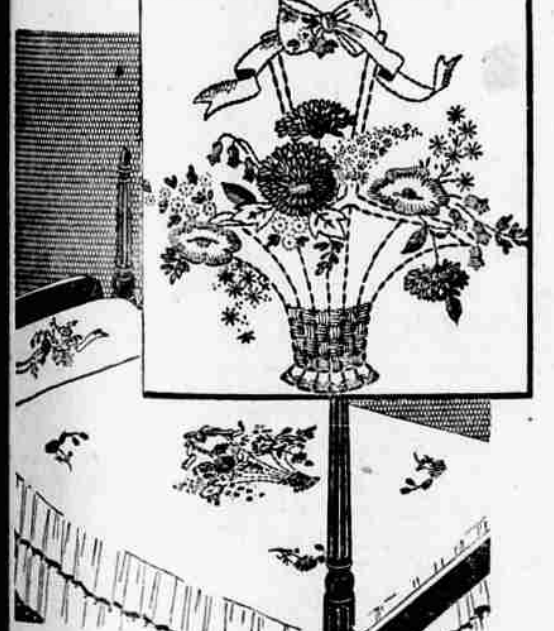
Your head whirled, dwelling on these things. Better to think of something else.

She sang songs, lightly, until her cracked throat rebelled. She was deadly tired now but still she stumbled on, the harsh sand drifting about the tops of her jodhpur boots. Once she tore at the top button of her pongee shirt and released it as if better to breathe.

Frank Millard would find her; or Dirk. They both knew this country like a book. They would laugh at this adventure later on. Or would they? She remembered reading the story of a man and woman lost in the desert. They had been middle-aged lovers. The man had left his heart medicine at home so as not to appear handicapped to his bride; the woman had not worn her spectacles for the same reason. And so both had perished, one because of his seizure, the other because she could not see to lead them out of their trouble.

(To Be Continued)

LAURA WHEELER SUGGESTS FLOWER BASKET FOR COLOR IN BEDROOM



FLOWER BASKET AND SPRAYS PATTERN 948

The provident needlewoman is planning ahead now for fall days when she will brighten up her home with new pieces of needlework. The handsome basket is just the thing for the bedroom. Used on a bedspread it will add charm to the entire room. The graceful flower sprays are as interesting to do as they are decorative—they're formed of French knots and other such simple stitches. The long sprays are lovely on the bolster end of the spread while the small sprays and decorations in the corners or can be used on scarfs or a vanity set.

Pattern 948 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a basket 14 1/2 inches, a long spray 8 1/2 x 15 inches, and four sprays 4 x 4 1/2 inches; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all pieces needed.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Needle-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

SATISFYING WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
AFTER EVERY MEAL

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

MY HUSBAND KNOCKED YOU UNCONSCIOUS AND THEN THREW YOU INTO THE WELL, DR. CROW?

YES, MRS. GARRET, BUT THE WATER REVIVED ME AND I CLUNG TO THE ROUGH SIDE, UNTIL YOU AND TIM RESCUED ME.

IT'S THE SLEEPING-SICKNESS SERUM, DOC, IT CAME TO ME BY CARRIER-PIGEON FROM THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION AT FT. BELGOR.

IT MAY YET SAVE MRS. GARRET'S FATHER'S LIFE. IF WE ADMINISTER IT AT ONCE.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

OH LET ME CHURN! I CAN AT LEAST DO THAT—IF YOU'LL SHOW ME HOW

IN THAT DRESS? MY, NO! IT'D BE A DOWN-RIGHT SIN 'T SPOIL IT

I SAW SOME PRETTY ONES, KINDA LIKE THAT, ONCE—in A MAGAZINE SOME STRANGER LEFT IN TH' DEPOT

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL—SO I'M TO BE A MOVIE ACTOR—WELL I THINK I'LL GONNA LIKE IT—I WONDER WHAT MY FIRST PART WILL BE—

WELL—HERE I AM—

OH! YOU ARE NOT WANTED ON LOCATION TODAY—YOU HAD BETTER GO HOME AND REST UP FOR TOMORROW—WE'LL START SHOOTING YOU THEN—

SHOOTIN' ME?

YES—YOU SEE—YOUR WIFE THROWS YOU OFF A CLIFF—BUT YOU DON'T DIE IMMEDIATELY—YOU ARE KILLED LATER—

NO WONDER THEY ARE GONNA PAY ME SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK—I'LL ONLY LAST A WEEK—

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring **POPEYE**

NOW SHOWING—"A ROUND TRIP PASSAGE"

TOMORROW—"A BOY IN LOVE"

TO HECK WITH THE SHARKS! WE'RE GOING TO SWIM OVER AND SEE OLIVE OYL!

YOO-HOO! COME ON OVER-BOYS!

OH, MY GORSH!

SOME OF ME SHEEPS TRIED TO SWIM OVER TO OLIVE'S ISLAND.

IT MAKES ME FEEL ARFUL WHEN I THINKS ABOUT WHAT TURBIDLE WOTS ME SHEEPS IS!

CRAWL OUT, YA BLASTED LOVESICK SWABS

OUT OUR WAY

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AAAH—G-WAN, Y. YOU.

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

By HAROLD GRAY

WELL, IT WAS A GOOD THING THE PEE-PUL ACTED—NO ONE MAN SHOULD HAVE SO MUCH AS WARBUCKS—

WHAT?

WHO SAID THAT?

YEAH—IF THEY'D LET HIM ALONE ANOTHER COUPLE O' MONTHS, ANY GUY IN THE COUNTRY WHO WANTED TO WORK COULD HAVE HAD A JOB—

WELL, IT WAS A GOOD THING THE PEE-PUL ACTED—NO ONE MAN SHOULD HAVE SO MUCH AS WARBUCKS—

WHAT?

WHO SAID THAT?

SO YOU'RE ONE O' THOSE GUYS, EH? SPOILIN' JOBS FOR HONEST MEN—

LET ME GET A POKE AT THAT BIRD—

NO! NO! GIMME A CHANCE—I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'—OW! I TAKE IT BACK—

AND TAKE THIS FOR A CHASER—

A WEEK AGO THAT CHAP WOULD HAVE BEEN CHEERED FOR THAT REMARK—WELL, THAT SHOWS HOW QUICKLY PUBLIC SENTIMENT CAN CHANGE WHEN PEOPLE STOP DREAMING AND REALLY COME AWAKE—

By LYMAN YOUNG

LISTEN—! SOMEONE IS OPENING THE DOOR—

DROP THAT HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, DOC!

WHERE'S THE BIG DIAMOND YOU TOOK FROM MY BOX, KID?

By MARTIN

HATTIE, IT DOESN'T DO ONE BIT OF GOOD TO HELP YOU! YOU JUST START IN DOING SOMETHING ELSE! YOU SIMPLY WON'T REST

LAN! SAKES, WHEN WOULD I GET DONE, IF I DID?

DONE? SAY, YOU'LL NEVER GET DONE!

NO—BUT, I RECKON IT'S JES AS WELL! G.A. SAYS WOMEN-FOLKS GET QUEER IDEAS WHEN THEY AIN'T BUSY

By GEORGE McMANUS

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By E. C. SEGAR

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

GREAT CAESAR!—LOOK AT THAT RICE—A VERITABLE VOLCANO, IN A KETTLE, SENDING OUT LAVA STREAMS OF RICE! FAW!—IT APPEARS I PUT IN TOO MUCH—BUT IT WAS JUST A POUND!—DRAT THE LUCK, I WAS GOING TO MAKE YOU LADS A FAMOUS MANDARIN DISH OF SUNG TOO WEEONG!

—UM—IT LOOKS AS IF JOE'S LUNCH CAR PROFITS BY MY ERROR!

HURRY!—SHUT TH' GAS OFF, BEFORE YOU HAVE US GOING OUT OF TH' HOUSE ON SNOWSHOES!—AS A COOK, YOU'D BETTER STICK TO STEAMING OPEN ENVELOPES!

CHEF HOOPLE

By WILLIAMS

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