

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTERED LV



"Why, say, Mr. Frank, I'm real sorry we can't give you a room. You know how 'tis."

He indicated his bedding roll. "Well, now, you can set that in the hall. It's real clean. Dossy does some of the carpentering there, but it's nice. I'll give you some supper."

"Oh, don't bother." But the smell of frying steak that presently drifted from the open window was too much for him. Frank was hesitating to be ignored. He shouldered his way into the kitchen he found there a stray pilot who had taken his way and brought his plane down at Claymore instead of at the field toward which he had headed. Frank glowered at him and roughly turned away.

"Oh, Millard," Michael said in a friendly tone. "I wanted to talk to you—thank you for looking for Katharine." Frank stared past the offered hand. "No thanks in order. It's a matter of my care. Still, in, as a matter of fact, I'm staying to see she's O. K." Mrs. Darragh, bustling past with a steaming platter, said cheerily, "Boys, boys, no fighting in here!" "All right then," grated Frank, "I'm for action, and not caring what form it took. 'Come on out—"

Michael stalked after him. Katharine was struggling out of a dress. It was not a pleasant one. Michael was in danger—horrible danger—and she was calling to him. calling to her.

When she awoke there was a lamp burning in the room and beside the window bed a nurse set, her shadow cast against the far wall.

"Well, hello, you're better dear!" the nurse said. Katharine felt her brow; it was cool. She was in one of her own thin gowns. Her hair had been brushed. There was a thick tumbler, half-filled with water, on the table beside the bed. She closed her eyes, remembering with a shudder the blank sky and the desert sand under her feet and a hot wheeling...

"Now, my dear, you're safe and sound, and the young man clean out of his head about you," said the nurse in a gentle murmur. "It isn't every day a young lady is rescued from death in that way. I think it's so remarkable, my dear. But you must rest now and not talk, and tomorrow you'll be fine."

"What young man?" Katharine's eyes were cracked and parched, but she could form the words. Frank Millard, probably. It would be hard to remind to Frank Millard if he had not heard her from the jaws of death. She was thinking this, when the nurse said in a sprightly tone, "Why, Mr. Heathcote, of course. Your husband, my dear."

Katharine thought the dream must be going on and on and that the nurse's conversation were part of it. But she felt of the course, clean that was real. Her gown was real, too, and so was the nurse's broad, kindly face. "Mr.—Mr. Heathcote?" Katharine said dimly.

"Way yes, dear, your husband—come on from the east to see you, and finding an airplane and all, and swooping down from the sky to rescue you. I declare, if it isn't just like the talkies!" bubbled the nurse who enjoyed the films and had her favorite stars and cut their pictures out of the magazines.

Michael was here, then. Katharine had dreams of him, as she almost always did, and he was here somehow—close enough so that she might reach out her hand and touch him.

But she was tired suddenly and closed her eyes again. There was so much that Michael had to explain before things could be straight. She couldn't bear to think of it now. Once more she slept...

Behind the ranch house two young men faced each other angrily. Michael said, "So I'm a liar, eh?" "You are," said Frank, almost affably. Now that there was immediate prospect of a conflict, he was enjoying himself. Fighting—and physical activity—was what he loved most. And he was furiously angry at this man.

There was the slap of sole-leather on the hard packed ground. Three men faced each other angrily. Michael flinched. Frank drove a terrific blow to his adversary's chin. Blood began to trickle in a little stream from the cut.

Mrs. Darragh came to the kitchen door and watched them a little fearfully. She was used to fighting. All the "boys" around here fought, early and often. But this was a little different. She sensed that.

"Dad, maybe you and Dossy better go and stop them," she said anxiously. Hobe Darragh grunted, packing the tobacco down into his pipe. "Do 'em good," he grunted. "Get 'em out of their systems. Never saw woman a trouble yet but could be settled that way."

Dad was smart, thought his wife proudly. He knew, straight off, this fight meant woman trouble. Nobody told him; still he knew. It was one of the things you felt in your bones. That young girl in the bedroom was sure a pretty piece of goods. Quality, all through. Mrs. Darragh had seen the pinkish case, packed with tortoise buckled toilet things, that the Millards had brought in their car. It must have cost a small fortune. Still and all, even a high-toned girl like this had love troubles. Two fighting over her, eh? Well, Mr. Darragh had known the thrill of that, too, in her own tempestuous youth. She was gray now, and fat and shapeless, but she hadn't forgotten.

She went back to the table with the blue and white checked cloth and sat down and tried to eat, but she couldn't stomach. "Would be a pity if that young fellow who looked like Gary Cooper got all mussed up, and his wife just coming to, like, maybe she'd better do something about it..." She looked up and put her hand over her mouth to stifle an instinctive scream. Because the young lady who'd been lost in the desert was standing in the doorway. She had a blue robe over her night things, and her feet were bare. She was staring out of the open door in a frightened way. In the light of the yard lanterns you could see the two wary figures moving to and fro.

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

YOUR BUSINESS IS RUINED, OLIVER—EVERYTHING IS WIPED OUT—WHY DON'T YOU QUIT YOUR ETERNAL FIGURING?

I CAN'T QUIT JUST YET, HENRY—GOT TO CLEAN UP THE ODDS AND ENDS—

HUH—WHAT IS THERE LEFT TO CLEAN UP?

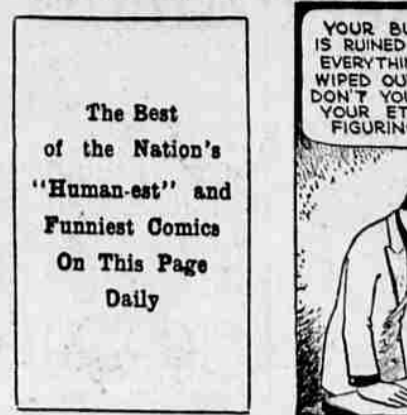
OH—I TOOK IN SEVERAL MILLIONS—GOT TO FILL OUT MY RECEIPTS—MY GR LOSSE

YES—THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO PAY PLENTY TAXES—IT'S THE LAW—WHAT BURNS ME UP IS THAT THERE SEEMS TO BE NO LAW TO PUNISH MAN LIKE SLUGG—

FOR SUCH AS SLUGG THERE ARE OTHER PUNISHMENTS FAR MORE SUITABLE THAN ANY DREAMED OF BY THE MAKERS OF LAWS—

WELL, DON'T YOU GO STARTING ANYTHING, PUNJAB—

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

YOU'RE GOING TO SEND THE STRANGER AWAY, SPEED?

YES, TIM, I'LL SHIP HIM ON TO THE COAST WITH BARTEL'S CARAVAN WHEN IT ARRIVES HERE TOMORROW—



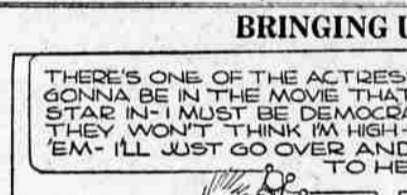
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Y'SEEM T' THINK IT'S SO TERRIBLE TH' WAY I WORK—DON'T YOU EVER WORK NONE WHEN YER HOME

WHY—YES, OH SURE, I'VE BEEN AWFULLY BUSY—THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING A VACATION, BUT I'VE NEVER DONE ANY HARD WORK LIKE YOU DO

LAN SAKES! WHAT DO Y' DO WITH YER TIME? TELL ME SOME MORE ABOUT THEM DANCES, AN' SECH, Y' GO TO! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED T' SEE ONE O' 'EM

OH—WE DANCE—AN' SOME-TIMES WE GO TO A MOVIE—



Beyond the Law



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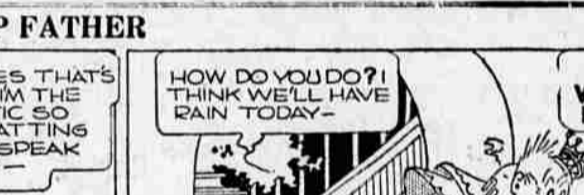
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By HAROLD GRAY



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By LYMAN YOUNG

WE'LL REACH THE LASOOTA MILITARY POST EARLY IN THE MORNING



By MARTIN

MOVIE? WHAT'S THAT?

WHY, YOU KNOW—A MOVING PICTURE—A TALKIE—A SHOW—AND, OF COURSE, WE PLAY BRIDGE

LONDON BRIDGE? I'VE PLAYED THAT

NO NO! WELL—O.K.—SEE, HATTIE, I SUPPOSE THE THINGS GIRLS BACK HOME DO SEEM VERY SILLY TO YOU—BUT GOSH, I SHOULD THINK EVERYTHING WOULD SEEM KINDA SILLY TO YOU, BY NOW



By GEORGE McMANUS

THERE'S ONE OF THE ACTRESSES THAT'S GONNA BE IN THE MOVIE THAT I'M THE STAR IN—I MUST BE DEMOCRATIC SO THEY WON'T THINK I'M HIGH-TALKING 'EM—I'LL JUST GO OVER AND SPEAK TO HER—

HOW DO YOU DO? I THINK WE'LL HAVE RAIN TODAY—

WHAT DO YOU MEAN—WE'LL HAVE RAIN? I'LL HAVE RAIN—

I'M THE STAR, BUT SHE MUST BE THE QUEEN OF THE UNIVERSE—



By E. C. SEGAR

Starring POPEYE

I YAMA SAD DICTATOR—ME SHEEPS AINT GOT NO SENSE—I YAM KING OF TEN THOUSING FATHEADS

POPEYE TO POPEYE! WE WANT WIVES!

I GET SO MAD I LIKE TO KICK 'EM IN OCEAN! AN' I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO!

I YAM SO SAD I FEELS ROTTEN—I YAM IRKED! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU THAT WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH

I YAM SO SAD I WILL NEVER LAUGH NO MORE

YESTERDAY TOAR WENT TO THE WINDOW TO BAUL YOUR PEOPLE OUT—HERE'S WHAT HE SAID—"POPEYE TO YOU FROM ME YOU DUMBHEADS!" GEE, HE WAS MAD AND EXCITED

HE SAID—"ALL YOU CRAZY PEOPLE GO KISS A PIG—AN' I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO"

WHAT I DO GOOFY NOW? OH, YOU BIG FATHEAD ME!

OH—MY GORSH! ARE! ARE! ARE! ARE!



By WILLIAMS

THAT SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU GOT TO LEARN—EXPECTIN' A WORM TO GET CAUGHT ON TH' HOOK, HISSSELF! THEY GOT NO BRAINS, SO THEY AINT GONNA DO NOTHIN' SILLY! YOU GOT A LITTLE BRAINS, AN' YOU'RE DOIN' SOMETHIN' SILLY! NOW, IF A WORM HAD YOUR BRAINS, HED GIT CAUGHT ON TH' HOOK, BECAUSE HED BE SILLY, YOU SEE?

OH!



By AHERN

SAY, THIS IS A SWELL HUNK OF LEISURE, UP HERE!

CUT IN?—UM— I DON'T UNDERSTAND! EGAD, I TOLD YOU THIS IS THE SUMMER LODGE OF MY OLD FRIEND, JOSEPH SEFTON, AND HE HAS TURNED IT OVER TO ME, WHILE HE IS IN HAWAII!

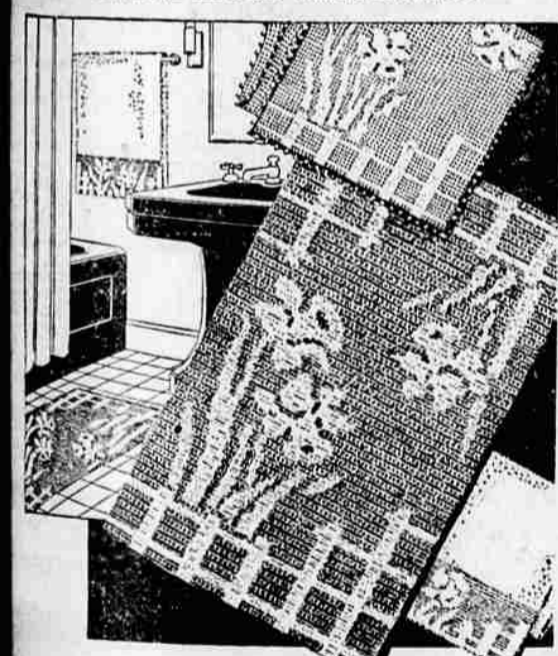
MY WORD, YOU TALK AS IF I BROUGHT YOU UP HERE ON A SQUATTERS CLAIM!

YOU MEAN TH' CARETAKER IS AN OLD PAL OF YOURS?—HE TOLD ME!—IF MR. SEFTON SUDDENLY RETURNS FROM HAWAII, HELL RIDE US LIKE SURF BOARDS, ACROSS THIS LAKE!

SH—H—THE MAJOR GOT IN ON AN INTERMISSION STUB, AS IT WERE—



CANDLEWICK, WOOL OR RAGS MAKE DURABLE LAURA WHEELER RUG



CROCHETED RUG AND ACCESSORIES PATTERN 997
That much abused household article, the tiny "throw rug," finds a durable, new medium in this lovely crocheted design of daffodils. Suitable for bedroom or bath, you may crochet it of candlewick (that heavy cotton thread), rug wool, or otherwise useless rags. It's made in white and a color or two colors; the background could be in mixed colors so long as they contrast with the white. If the rug's for your bedroom, use the same pattern for the borders of the dresser scarf. If made of string, white or colored in regular file crochets. Bathroom towels may be made to complete a matching set, for a border design to be done in string in two colors is included.
Pattern 997 comes to you with directions and charts for making several articles shown; an illustration of them and of all stitches needed; material requirements; color suggestions.
Send 19 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern. The Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum
THE PERFECT GUM
AFTER EVERY MEAL

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