

By HAROLD GRAY

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"Maybe I'm too hard to be in love," he answered, but she knew that there was too much strength in his stubborn jaw, too much power in the long, lean body for him to step aside because an obstacle had to be vanquished. An obstacle—whether it were a mountain to be tunneled, or a count with a military uniform to be sent back to

His embassy.

It was a warm, bright day, so they got a car and went out to Versailles. They strolled through the Petite Trianon, up and down and all around the story-book house which had belonged to Marie Antoinette, her tutor, and her minister. Suddenly Phil was talking about the Pampas again, and she was letting the park of the Petit Trianon become something vaster, higher, more majestic than a queen's home had ever been. It was new, vital, life in the making. Half-laughing, they climbed into the car again and went down the road to Versailles. They did not enter the palace, but watched the fountains play. It was nearly dusk when they came again to see the Continentale.

"It was a beautiful day," Marcia said.

"Thank you for coming," Phil answered. "Let's do it again before I sail."

"I won't let you forget," Marcia answered, not thinking at all of her answer, but wondering already if Bob had left a message. Surely by now he had. Half-afraid she asked again for her mail and telephone card. Bob, it appeared, had tried to reach her three times.

* * *

Camilla meantime, was having tea in a garden overlooking the water at the Bois. Jimmy was sitting across from her and she could see his uniform shimmering in the mirrored surface when she glanced down. The Count Von Wormstedt had proposed just as Camilla had expected him to do. He was handsome. He wooed with flattering charm. He bowed over her hand. And he wore a uniform well. He had offered Camilla his heart, his title, and his castle by the Danube. The mansion did not boast steam heat, furnished plumbing, or a tiled floor. It did gray stone along the river. Of course it might exchange its candles and oil lamps for electricity, its small stoves for a great furnace—if she bought them, Camilla mused. She wondered if Jimmy had thought of that. She wondered, too, if polo ponies might not be waging a scrimmage in his mind even as he asked her to marry him. Jimmy rode

well. His pictures appeared on sports pages and in rotogravure sections. Women had been looking at him for a while—before the names of several women had been linked with his, but gradually he had focused his interest on Camilla. She had known, at first, that it was because she had a great deal of money. Later she wondered if he might not like her for herself.

Now, facing him across the small table, in a nook that was isolated from the thought of a public showing, she felt Bob's reason for choosing Marcia, she had heard. If Bob would do that, why not the countess? It was a cockeyed world in which love didn't seem to matter—just something which went on the gold standard. Unless, of course, one considered Phil—he had never been able to accept or reject Phil.

She brought her errant thoughts back to Count Von Wormstedt. "Sorry, Jimmy, but I'd net be much good as a countess. I'd have the cook skin me at Monopoly if I liked her."

"Monopoly?" Jimmy asked. "What sort of a pun is that?"

"No pun. It was a gambler that gave you how wicked capitalists are, getting possession of everybody's property and setting their own terms. It's my father's one. So is Marcella's."

"This Kinky fellow in on the game, too?" the young count asked.

"Phil? No, he's an old friend. He's not poor—but you wouldn't call him rich."

"Then what can he give you?"

The continental insistence didn't let up.

"Love, darling — and faithfulness. Intangible emotions that are nice to have around." She laughed softly.

"Not a crest and a title, of course? But we didn't need them in our country."

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"Se here, Camilla." The Austrian leaned forward and there was something hard and sharp in the thin outline of his face. "You and I get along well enough and titles do not hurt your side of the pond, say what you please. Your mother would like to grab one for the family album."

"Jimmy Von Woenstedt, you make

royal-blooded cheek!" She didn't, she sat studying him, amused and a little removed now.

Jimmy shrugged his well-talored shoulders. "Why not? As I was telling you, plenty of titles—some no nearly so old as mine—have made darned good marriages on your side of the Atlantic. Love matches, I mean. Our family is one of the oldest—"

"I can go to the library some day when it rains and read all about it," Camilla answered. "Most of my family got off the boat at Plymouth Rock and we came out here. No, Jimmy, you're aren't getting married!"

"It's because of this new chap—Bob Haskell, isn't it?" Count Von Wormstedt asked slowly.

"Stop!" The violence of her own reaction surprised Camilla. "You'd better go, Jimmy—in a hurry!"

He did, leaving the check behind him. Camilla, cheeks matching the crisp red of the linen frock she was wearing, sat a little while asking herself questions. "Why, just why, do you react so violently?" she asked.

"Don't you dare get into marriage—! Oh, the check!" She paid the check and left quickly.

(To Be Continued)

Hogs frequently are seen to bleed and eat snakes—even rattlesnakes! In some sections, more snakes are pastured than hogs, and the hogs will clean them out in a few hours.

During a recent three-month period the number of Englishmen with incomes of \$100,000 or more decreased from 1100 to 897.

By HAROLD GRAY

"RIVER BUM", EH?
THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL
HIM- BUT THEY'RE THE TOWN
LIGHT WEIGHTS- STILL, BETTER
NOT START ANY CHATTER
BY LETTIN' ON I KNOW
HIM. I S'POSE-

**HAROLD
GRAY**
The Old Man and the Sea
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F. Brown, New York, N.Y.

By E. C. SEGAR

By **EDDIE SULLIVAN** and **CHARLIE SCHMIDT**

OKAY-OKAY, IRISH! WATCH OUT! THERE'S A SKUNK HERE

WHAT THE -!

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6-23

By MARTIN

A cartoon illustration of a woman with dark, curly hair sitting at a table covered with a white cloth. She is holding a telephone receiver to her ear. On the table is a dark vase filled with a bouquet of flowers. To the right, a man in a plaid shirt is peeking out from behind a curtain. A pennant with the letters 'L.A.' is visible in the background. The scene is set indoors with a window showing a view of trees and a building.

By LYMAN YOUNG

THE LOANGO SECTOR IS UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE IVORY PATROL, BRENTS YOU'LL HAVE TO REGISTER HERE, BEFORE YOU'LL BE PERMITTED TO CONTINUE AS A TRADER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . Major Hoople

THE GOW MUST BE FILLED TO A BULGE! THIS PLACE IS AS DESERTED AS A SKI JUMP IN JULY!

THE WHOLE ROLL CALL IS ON THE HOOPLE SIEGE! WHEN THE BOYS, WHO HOLD THE MAJOR'S IOU's, GOT NEWS OF HIS \$500 REWARD, THEY SURROUNDED HIS BED AND BOARDERY LIKE THE G-MEN SWARMED ON PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1!

IF HE EVER POKES HIS BIG SNOOZLE OUT INTO THE OPEN, HE'LL HAVE TO CALL IN THE NAVY TO UNTANGLE THE KNOTS THEY'LL TWIST IN IT, IF HE DOESN'T START SHEDDING SOME FROG SKINS!

HE'S MISSED AT THE OWL'S CLUB!

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