

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot © 1935, NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
 Katharine Stryker, 20 and outful, allows her emotions to when she marries Michael, a young riding instructor who comes into a title and fortune. Katharine's father is rich and her mother is snobbish.
 The night following his marriage Michael is injured in a traffic accident and when he regains consciousness his memory is im-

paired. He forgets the marriage, and a doctor is summoned. Frank Millard, new friend of Katharine's, refuses to believe Michael is her husband. The two men fight. Back home Dr. John Kaye, in love with Katharine, learns of her marriage from Zoe Parker, who tries to comfort him.
 Now Go on With the Story
 CHAPTER XLVI
 Katharine was struggling out of

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS—By Blosser

YOU SAY YOU KNOW WHERE THE MAP IS? YES RUF...TAG TOOK IT TO SCHOOL! HANDED IT IN FOR ONE OF HIS ASSIGNMENTS... UNDER THE HEADING OF 'HOMEWORK'!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET IT BEFORE TOO MANY PEOPLE SEE IT! HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS VALUABLE... THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A MAP!

HEY, TAXI!! IF THE JANITOR'S STILL AT THE SCHOOL, HE MAY KNOW IF TASS' TEACHER LEFT ANY PAPERS IN HER DESK. YES, MISS WILLIAMS TOOK ALL OF HER PAPERS HOME. I UNDERSTAND SHE'S LEAVIN' ON THE FOUR TEN, FOR ROCK CREEK, TO VISIT HER MOTHER.

NO TELLING WHO'LL SEE THAT MAP IF SHE TOOK IT WITH HER!! WE'LL GET DANNY TO FLY US, AND OVERTAKE THAT TRAIN! HOW TO GO CRAZY IN THREE EASY LESSONS!!

Rich Mate Bars Door to Beauty



was dreadfully upset, she said. To think that her patient... and she had only stepped out for a minute. You never knew where you were...
 Michael and Katharine ignored the nurse. Michael was kneeling by the bed now. Katharine's head was resting on his arm.
 "Darling, your poor face! Did he hurt you?"
 He laughed at her.
 "Darling," Katharine went on, "we seem to have such violent things happen to us. Do you think our lives will always be like this? Thunder and accidents and now fist fights..."
 "Our lives!" She had actually said that. Without asking explanations or demanding excuses, she had admitted him to the inner court of her existence.
 "I hope not, Katharine dear." His deep, strong, well-remembered voice.
 "The gentleman will have to go now," trembled the nurse. "I have to take your temperature. Doctor will scold when he hears of this."
 "You're so beautiful, Katharine," Michael said, humbly. It was as if the nurse did not exist. She stood there, scolding at them softly, and they did not hear her. Katharine, exhausted after her effort, was content to sit still, braced against Michael's arm.
 "An!" It was heaven to be like this, together after all the heartbreak and exhaustion and the troubled dreaming. Later Michael could tell her why it had taken him so long to find her; he could explain the whole wretched weeks. For the present it was enough to lie there, her eyes on his lean face with its undeniable look of race about it, his lean brown hand gripping her own slim one.
 The nurse, recovering herself at long last, spoke in tones of firmness not to be denied, and Michael went reluctantly away. He would see her in the morning...
 Frank came up to him in the passage.
 "Im sorry," he said. "Didn't know how it was."
 Michael wrung his hand, not seeing anything or hearing anything clearly. Katharine was all right — she belonged to him! There was no other reality in the world.
 (To Be Continued)



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HOTEL ADOLPHUS

"OUT OUR WAY" — By Williams

DOGGONE TH' THING, ANYWAY! IT'S GOIN' OVER THERE, IF I HAFTA STICK HERE TH' REST O' TH' DAY.

WAIT, WAIT—I'LL PUT IT OVER THE LAWN MOWER! TH' POOR THING HAS BEEN ABUSED SO MUCH THAT IT CAN'T MOVE BY ITSELF, ANYMORE.

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

ALLEY OOP — By Hamlin

GENTLEMEN, WE NOW HEAD TH' REPUBLIC OF MOO! WHAT OFFICIAL ACT HAVE WE FIRST TO DO? COME OUT TO TH' ENTRANCE OF TH' PALACE AN' I'LL SHOW YOU!

WUG!

WE GOTTA CHANGE TH' WORD 'ROYAL' TO 'FEDERAL', AND 'KING GUZZLE' TO 'FOOZY'.

CORRECT— BUT, FIRST OF ALL, TO WHOM DOES THIS DUTY FALL?

ROYAL PALACE OF MOO KING GUZZLE PROP.

NOT TO CARDY - HE'S MINISTER OF WAR - NOR ME - I'M TH' MINISTER OF STATE! THAT'S RIGHT, TOO! NOW, WHAT'LL WE DO?

I HAVE IT, NOW - TH' PROBLEM'S SET! A MINISTER OF LABOR WELL HAFTA GET TH' QUESTION, NOW, IS, WHO'LL IT BE? MUST BE SOMEONE LOYAL TO ME!

WELL, HOYKAWOW! OOOLA, YA SAY? AS MINISTER OF LABOR SHE'LL BE OKAY!

HOW ABOUT OOOLA!

The Newfangles (Mom 'n' Pop) — By Cowen

JUST AS ENNY DISCOVERED THE LIP STICK ON WINDY'S MAP, THE PRISON SIREN SHRIEKED ITS WARNING OF A JAIL BREAK.

RECEPTION ROOM

RUN FER YOUR LIVES! TWO GUN LOVIE IS LOOSE!!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

GANGWAY! ONE SIDE!

LET ME OUTA HERE!

ON YOUR FEET, BIG BOY! I CAN USE YOU!

a dream. It was not a pleasant one. Michael was in danger—horrible danger—and she was calling to him, calling—
 When she awoke there was a lamp lit in the room and beside the narrow bed a nurse sat, her shadow silhouetted 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 bird wheeling...
 "Now, my dear, you're safe and sound, and the young can 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 romantic, my dear. But you must rest now and not talk, and tomorrow you'll be fine."
 "What young man?" Katharine's lips were cracked and parched, but she could form the words. Frank Millard, probably. It would be hard to be unkind to Frank Millard if he had saved her from the jaws of death.
 She was thinking this when the nurse said in a sprightly tone, "Why, Mr. Heatheroe, of course. Your husband."
 Katharine thought the dream must be going on and on and that the nurse and this conversation were part of it. But she felt of the coarse, clean sheet; that was real.
 Her gown was real, too, and so was the nurse's broad, kindly face.
 "Mr.—Mr. Heatheroe?" Katharine said dimly.
 "Why yes, my 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 dreamed of him, as she almost always did; and he was here somewhere—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—any 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. There were the sounds of blows. Michael feinted. Frank drove a terrific blow at 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, packed the tobacco down into his pipe.
 "Do 'em good," he grunted. "Get it out of their systems. Never saw woman 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'd 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 pigskin case, packed with tortoise backed 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 her love troubles. Two fighting over her, eh? Well, Ma 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, somehow. 'Twould be a pity if that young fellow who looked like Gary Cooper got all mused 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 on 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 warty figures moving to and fro.
 Where was that datted nurse, thought Mrs. Darragh angrily, moving as swiftly as her bulk would allow toward the slim figure. But the girl was quicker. For all her weakness, Katharine was at the door in an instant, and one of the battling men saw her. He turned and the other closed in, delivering a body blow, and the man who had looked at the girl went down like a stone.
 Mrs. Darragh ran after the girl, panting as she went. She was at her side as Katharine bent over the man, crying in the tone of a lost soul, "Oh, Michael, my darling, speak to me!"
 When he heard that the other man lifted his head and stared at the girl hungrily, and a look of shame blotted out all the fury his blond face had been distorted with. He made a move toward Katharine, but Mrs. Darragh was before him. Michael had struggled to his feet. The girl swayed against him.
 "He's not hurt a mite, dearie," crooned the old ranch woman pity-

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