

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

By Gwen Davenport

XXXVI
 "SOPHIE!" Adam raised his head to gaze into her eyes. "May an old man ask an old lady the question a boy ought to have asked a girl a lifetime ago?"
 "Oh—Adam!"
 "Sophie, will you marry me?"
 Moved to tears, she gripped one of his hands in both hers. "How like you that is!" she cried. "To wish to make an honest woman of me! But I shall give you the answer the girl ought to have given the boy. No, Adam—but I thank you from the bottom of my heart."
 He leaned back, an expression of ineffable peace on his noble carved features. "You will never know the peace it has brought me to have asked you that question at last."
 "If I had only dreamed you were suffering such remorse!" she murmured. "What can I ever do to make it up to you?"
 "Let me be your friend for the few years remaining to us."
 "But of course!" She was struck with the perfect solution. "Adam—" she said, leaning toward him earnestly, "won't you come to New York with us for the winter? They will give you a corner room at the hotel. You can be quite comfortable."
 "Thank you very much," he said simply. "I should love to come. I shall look forward to it." They sat in contented silence, dreaming of the future and remembering the past. Sophie saw a restless girl, imprisoned by the round of farm life and the bitter Maine winters. She saw again the elegant young Adam Bagot who came to arrange the purchase of her father's farm, on the back reaches of the tidal Goose River, for the Codman Company. Generous to a fault even then, Sophie had given her whole heart.

and her whole self, although she was dimly aware that Adam belonged to another world. When she had realized the position in which she found herself, and when her father's death left her alone in the world, she had taken the money from the land sale and gone. What a long, long journey she had taken to come back at last, wealthy and famous, and find Adam Bagot waiting in the place he had never left!
 HER musings were interrupted by the sound of Marcel and Sir Charles on the staircase, bringing down the easel and some suitcases. She wondered what on earth they were doing, making all that commotion. Presently Marcel came into the room, muffled in his shawl and wearing the shabby, greenish Russian cape.
 "Sophie," he said sadly, "I go only because you think it is for the best."
 "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Hasn't anyone told you? You can't go now. We're all expected at Mrs. Bagot's for dinner tomorrow night. To celebrate the engagement!"
 "What?"
 "Engagement?" said Sir Charles, coming in. "Who expects to be married?"
 "Sally and Vicky, of course," said Adam Bagot.
 "Go and tell the rest of the boys," Sir Charles ordered. "Tell Basil and fetch Godfrey."
 "You mean we don't have to go away?" asked Marcel.
 "Certainly not."
 "But I packed, Sophie, I really packed."
 "And I have wonderful news for everyone," she went on happily. "Adam is joining us!"
 Marcel stood unbelieving. He advanced slowly upon Adam, who had risen courteously. "You are joining us?"
 THE END

Adam inclined his head. "When Madame moves to New York for the winter, I expect to accompany her."
 Marcel turned to Sophie. "Is all very well that Sophie be nice to Vicky's in-laws," he said jealously, "but we need not go so far as that! Basil and I, and even Godfrey, are all old friends of Sophie."
 "But, Marcel," interrupted Sophie, "Adam is the oldest friend of all." She moved across to stand between the two men, giving a hand to each.
 "You have not changed, Sophie," said Adam, "since you were a girl, and in spite of fame and fortune."
 SIR CHARLES and Basil came in from the hall.
 "Alas, but I have changed!" Sophie said. "As Harry of England said to Kate in the fifth act: 'My comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face—'"
 She was interrupted by Godfrey, coming to see what the excitement was all about. He stood in the doorway and surveyed the scene. "Sophie!" he warned. "Those are my lines!" He took them away from her, continuing the speech, "Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better—" He began pacing up and down in the center of the room, finishing the speech, but the others paid no attention to him. Marcel and Adam, seated back comfortably, smiling with an expression of fulfillment, and reached out a hand, Sophie patted it. Adam closed his eyes and went to sleep.
 THE END

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY
 America's Card Authority
 Chicago has a new Life Master, John F. Carlin of that city recently became Life Master No. 78. One of the admirable qualities of Carlin's game is that he never gives up, and today's hand is an example.
 If Carlin (South) had elected to bid three no trump instead of three spades, North would have had no trouble making that contract. But Carlin had a close de-

Tournament—Both vul.

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 N.T.	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
Opening—♦ 3 26			

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE with MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY —By J. R. WILLIAMS

TELL ME, MAJOR HOOPLE, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY JELLYFISH HUSBAND? HE DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT AND I KNOW YOUR REPUTATION AS LEADER OF THE TOWN'S SLEEPUTTS—I'LL FRACTURE EVERY HAIR ON HIS HEAD!

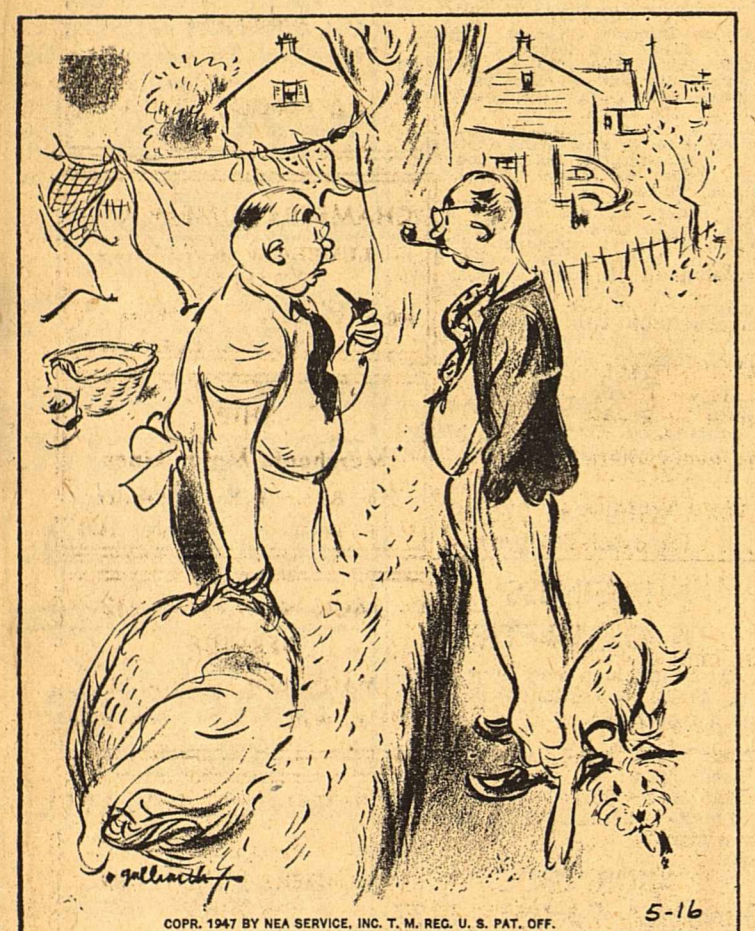
MY DEAR MRS. BRANNIGAN! YOU STAB ME TO THE VERY VITALS WITH SUCH INNUENDOS! I HAVEN'T LAID EYES ON AID FOR THREE DAYS!

EGAD! THIS IS WONDERFUL—IF ONLY SHE DOESN'T CRUSH THAT \$1,000 VASE TO TALCUM POWDER WHEN SHE THUMPS HIM!

I DON'T SEE HOW A GUY WHO WEARS GLASSES, A RING, A WRIST WATCH AND SMOKES CIGARETTES HAS ANY TIME TO LIVE!

GRAN'MA ONLY HAD GLASSES, AND A REPORTER ONCE SAID TO HER, "YOU MUST HAVE SEEN A LOT IN A HUNDRED YEARS!" "NOT MUCH," SHE SAID—"EVERYTHING WAS ALWAYS ALL OVER BY THE TIME I'D FINISHED MY SPECS."

SIDE GLANCES



"I tell you, Harvey, I didn't know how much I'd miss the office till I retired!"

MUCH IN LITTLE

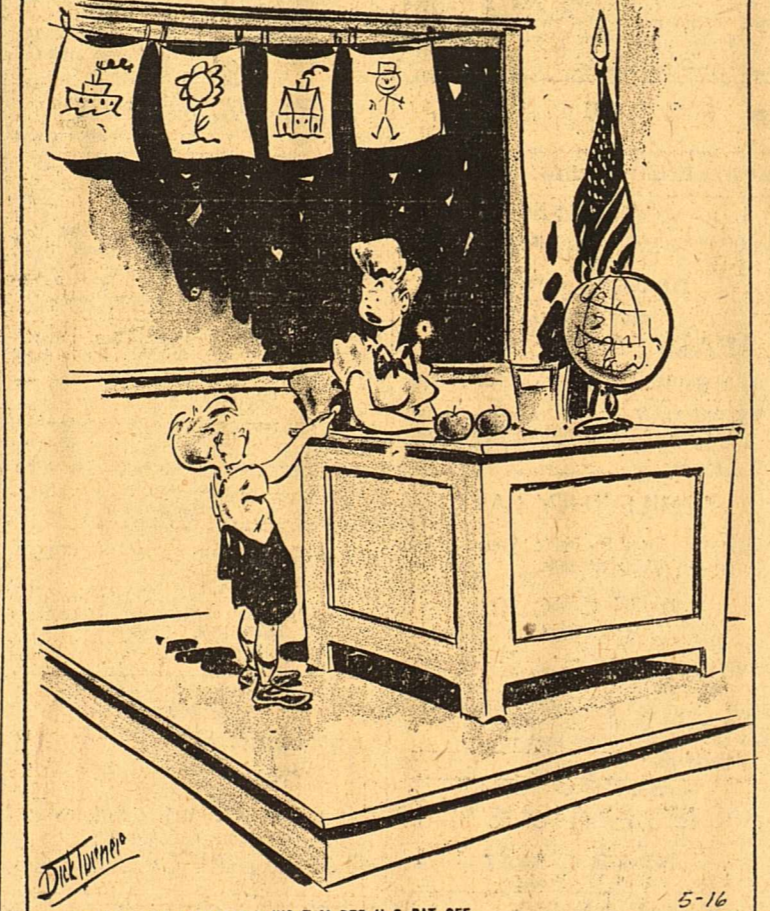
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CARNIVAL —By DICK TURNER



"With teachers' salaries what they are, I thought maybe you'd rather have the nickel than another apple, Murphy!"

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

I THINK IT WILL DO BEAUTIFULLY, PUG, AFTER I TURN UP A HEM!

YOU MEAN I CAN WEAR YOUR DRESS, BOOTS? OH, G-O-L-D-Y!

BUT THOSE SHOES OF MINE WILL NEVER DO!

YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE, PUG!

THANK YOU, MY DEAR!

OH-A, WILFRED, I DIDN'T... HOW ARE YOU, MY DEAR... OH, I MEAN... H-H-O!!!

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WASH TUBBS —By LESLIE TURNER

BLESS YOUR HEART, CLEO! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED AN ARMY NEAN AREA ALL RIGHT...BEST REACTION IS SOUTH, SOME DEGREES WEST OF CENTER!

HOW LONG HAVE YOU HIDDEN HERE WAITING FOR ME TO GET OUT?

BY THE WAY, EASY, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

SORRY...YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, HONEY, CAN'T RISK YOUR PRETTY NECK!

I'VE GOT TO TRAIL SNEED'S BOAT WITHOUT ATTRACTING HIS ATTENTION... AND IT MAY NOT BE SO EASY!

THAT MUST BE HIM IN THE BOAT YOU WERE TAMPERING WITH... BUT BE CAREFUL!

ALLEY OOP —By V. T. HAMLIN

OSCAR AND ALLEY ARE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AREA... A FEW TEN THOUSANDS!

CHECK! I'LL JUMP FROM A COIT, AND YOU WON'T FIND A BETTER HOSS, OR A BETTER MAN!

THAT'S BETTER, DOCTOR, BUT THE IMAGE LACKS BODY...JUMP IT ANOTHER NOTCH!

LET'S SEE...HUNTER RUN RED! COME ON—I'LL RACE YOU TO THE BANK!

LET'S SEE...HUNTER RUN RED! COME ON—I'LL RACE YOU TO THE BANK!

RED RYDER —By FRED HARMAN

YEP? TAKES A GOOD MAN TO FEEL A GOOD HOSS, MR. STOKER... NOW TAKE RED RYDER'S THUNDER, FOR EXAMPLE—

RED RAISED THUNDER FROM A COIT, AND YOU WON'T FIND A BETTER HOSS, OR A BETTER MAN!

HUMPH! I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS MAN... AND HIS HORSE!

THERE THEY ARE... TAKE A SQUINT FOR YOURSELF!

LET'S SEE...HUNTER RUN RED! COME ON—I'LL RACE YOU TO THE BANK!

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By MERRILL BLOSSER

YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME ABOUT WOMAN-HATING WEEK, HILDA?

WHY, LARD, DARLING, WHAT EVER GAVE YOU THAT SILLY IDEA?

NOTHING REALLY, I JUST THOUGHT MAYBE— THEN IT'S LIKE FOR A DATE?

OF COURSE, IF YOU REALLY WANT A DATE WITH POOR LITTLE ME!

VIC FLINT —By MICHAEL O'MALLEY and RALPH LANE

HELLO, BAT, I RECOGNIZED YOU. WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU?

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN TO EAT, HUH? WE'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOU.

WHY DID YOU SAY YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT MY FUTURE, CONNIE? I'M ALL SET.

JUST BECAUSE TAXI DRIVERS RECOGNIZE YOU? LOTS OF THINGS CAN HAPPEN TO A MAN IN THE FIGHT GAME.

LIKE WHAT, HONEY?

LIKE WHAT WE'LL TALK ABOUT WHEN WE GET HOME.

EDDIE? THIS IS NIFTY. TELL GANSON THE GIRL FRIEND IS STARTING TO WORK ON THE CHUMP TONIGHT.

