

# Lovable

By William F. Sauter

(Continued From Page One)

It all out. I'm going to sell the house. I won't hear to that. "The house is yours. No one can touch it." "I couldn't keep it. Surely you understand." The judge sighed heavily. "Ann, don't let anyone make you believe your father was dishonest. He had every confidence in the security he offered." "Thank you," Ann's voice was trembling. "Of course I knew that. How much will the house bring?" "It might bring \$10,000. These are dull days." "Would \$10,000 cover all the debts father made?" "Practically all." "All, you mean, except the amount he owed you. You must tell me the truth. How much was it, Judge Wilson?" "Ann dear—it was so little—I was happy to help. Did no one ever tell you, Ann, that your mother was the only woman I ever loved?" "Yes, I've known always. Father said instead of hating him you became his best friend." "Then don't you understand how happy it made me?" "Please." "It was about \$3,000. On my next case I'll charge a double fee." His smile and the twinkle in his blue eyes did not deceive Ann. Financial difficulties were written in the tired, anxious lines of his face. "I'll have a sale. All the wealthy people at Crystal Beach will come over for it." "Ann, you can't be earnest!" She nodded her bright head. "You know that silver coffee urn—the one that was used for the banquet La-fayette attended—and the Hepplewhite chest of drawers and that ancient china—" "And the blue cloisonne vase your mother kept near in?" Ann, my child, I don't see how you could sell such things." "My mother would have valued them less than father's good name," Ann said in a low voice. Her old friend got to his feet, crossed the room and grasped the girl's hands. "I'm more than scandalized at your daring. But I'm proud of you. It's exactly what your mother would have done. God bless her!"

ANN had gone bravely about removing the desolate atmosphere from her home, making it a gay and gallant place. Shining surfaces were restored. Bowls and vases of flowers were placed about the rooms where the "sale" would be held. Old Mollie, who had served two generations of Hollisters, had come to "help." The announcement that "Miss Ann Hollister would conduct a sale of her family possessions from 2 until 6" had brought gasps of amazement from Greenfield's elite and virtual retirement for the time of all Ann's relatives. "If you dare to desecrate my poor brother's home I'll wash my hands of you," Aunt Hattie told Ann. "Dad would have died before he let money for any one but me," Ann retorted. "I owe it to him to 'take up those notes and I shall.'" "You won't be so high-minded when you haven't a nickel and no place to go," her aunt said darkly. Ann's bravery had been assumed. She was feeling sick now and frightened. Old Mrs. Sykes, with her sunken eyes, who always arrived first when there were bargains to be had, would make straight for the beautiful secretary inlaid with ebony and tortoise shell. Alene Carson, who had married rich old Mr. Williamson, would motor in from her new home in the country and buy recklessly and gleefully. "You look tired, honey," Mollie said, her dark face softened by sympathy. "I don't blame you for feelin' bad. All these pretty things goin' to folks they don't belong to." "Please, Mollie," Ann said faintly. Sympathy was the one thing she could not endure. "Now, time for 'em to be comin'." Look like some of 'em would be here before. Leastways, Miss Sykes' car is here." "Yes," said Ann from the window. Then, breathlessly, "Somebody is coming, Mollie, be ready to open the door." "Miss Sykes?" "No, it's a man—a young man—I've never seen him before."

(To Be Continued)

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



**\$90,000**  
WAS FOUND IN  
LETTERS, OPENED  
AT THE  
DEAD LETTER  
OFFICE,  
IN ONE YEAR.  
(1932)

**A MEMORIAL AVENUE**  
OF TREES, 24 MILES LONG, WAS PLANTED  
ALONG THE ROAD TO THE TOMB OF IYASU,  
JAPANESE LEADER, 18,308 OF THE TREES  
STILL STAND, ALTHOUGH PLANTED IN 1651.

**IN ARGENTINA,**  
THE RIGHT HEAD-  
LIGHTS OF MOTOR  
CARS ARE GREEN.

THE greatest memorial avenue in the world is the avenue planted at Nikko, Japan, leading to the tomb of Iyasu, father of the second Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty. It took twenty years to complete the planting.

NEXT — The shop of what President still stands in Greenville, Tenn.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



JES TO TIP YOU OFF, MAJOR. SOME OF TH' NEIGHBORS HAVE BEEN BLOWIN' TH' SOUR HORN ON YOU, AT QUARTERS, AGIN YOU KEEPIN' A HARSE IN YOUR GARAGE!—FAIR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU CAN PUT A RUDDER ON YOUR GARAGE AN' TURN IT INTO A NOAH'S ARK—BUT TH' NEIGHBORS HAVE TH' TRIGGER—THEY'S A RESIDENCE LAW AGIN STABLIN' A HARSE HERE!

EGAD, CASSIDY, THANKS! ONE THING MY RACE HORSE HAS, THAT NONE OF THE NEIGHBORS CAN BOAST OF, IS A THOROUGHbred PEDIGREE! I HAVE GIVEN UP THE THOUGHT OF STABLIN' HIM IN THIS VICINITY—YAS—THE ENVIRONMENT WOULDN'T BE GOOD FOR HIM!

YES, THE HORSE WOULD OBJECT

## OUT OUR WAY

—By William



SAY, UP THERE! WHO LEFT THE BARN AND THE OUTSIDE CELLAR DOORS OPEN?

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



FOR THE MOMENT, WE'LL TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE HOME OF PROFESSOR BENSON...

IT'S TOO BAD, YOUR COLD KEPT YOU FROM SEEING THE BIG GAME, HERBERT!!

CONFOUND THESE SNIFFLERS! BETTER GET ME A HANDKERCHIEF FROM DODO'S DRAWER, MOTHER

HERBERT, WHAT'S THIS EXAMINATION PAPER DOING IN DODO'S DRAWER? I FOUND IT UNDER SOME OF HIS THINGS!

WHAT PAPER? LET ME SEE IT!

GREAT SCOT! FRECKLES MCGOOSEY'S TEST PAPER! MOTHER, IT LOOKS AS IF SOMETHING FUNNY HAS BEEN GOING ON!

WHY EVERY ONE OF THESE ANSWERS IS CORRECT! AND THAT POOR BOY HAS BEEN KEPT OUT OF THE GAME BECAUSE WE THOUGHT HE'D FAILED! SOMEONE SWITCHED PAPERS ON HIM!!

HERBERT, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GOING OUT AND SCORE A TOUCHDOWN FOR SHADYSIDE!!

## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



Y' BETTER RUN, HERE COMES PERSONALITY.

I'M SO UNHAPPY-WAPPY, EASY-WEEZIE. HOLD ME TO YOUR THROBBING CHESTY-WESTY.

RATS!

I GOT A WIFE AND SIX KIDS.

OO, YOU FUNNY-WUNNY MAN, YOU CAN'T KIDDY-WIDDY ME. YOU'RE GOING TO SITT-Y-WITT BESIDE ME.

EASY IS WONDERING HOW ON EARTH TO GET RID OF THE DUCHESS, WHEN THEY ARE STARTLED BY THE THUNDERING ROLL OF DRUMS

## ALLEY OOP

—By Hamlin



HEY, ALLEY OOP! FOOZY!! I KNOW WHO GRABBED WOOTIE TOOT!

YA DO? WELL, WHO?

YEAH, GIVE US TH' LOWDOWN!

I HAVE ASCERTAINED THAT TH' PRINCESS WAS CARRIED OFF BY A BAND OF WANDERING RENEGADES!

WANDERING RENEGADES ???

UM-HEY, ALLEY, I SAY—

NOW WHAT HAVE YOU FELLERS GOT TO ADD TO MY DISCOVERIES IN SOLVING THIS MYSTERY?

DOOTSY BOBO AN' HIS MOB!

THEY'RE TH' ONES WHO DID TH' JOB?

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



BY GOSH, I'M NOT GETTIN' ANYWHERE AT ALL! OF ALL TH' DUMB, COCK-EYED, DIZZY PICTURES I EVER SAW...

BILLY IS SO HONEST, SO DARNED DECENT—AN' MONA IS SO DIFFERENT FROM ANYONE HE'S EVER KNOWN, THAT HE THINKS SHE'S SWELL—IMAGINE

I'VE DONE EVERYTHING I CAN THINK OF T'SHOW 'IM SHE'S ONLY TAKIN' 'IM FOR A RIDE—AN' HE STILL THINKS SHE'S WOT THEY SAY ABOUT ANGELS—TH' SAP

BUT, I'M NOT LICKED YET! SHE CAN'T HAVE 'IM—I WON'T LET 'ER

## TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



In the City of Gold it was death to any woman thought to be more beautiful than the Queen. So when she heard of the beautiful Doria, Nemone's jealousy was aroused. "Who says she is beautiful?" she again demanded of the conspiring councilor, Tomos.

"Erot tells me she is indeed beautiful," replied Tomos. "There are others who think so too." "What others?" she asked. "One who has been drawn into the conspiracy against you with Gemmon and Thudos, the girl's father," he replied, pretending it pained him to say this.

"Speak out!" she cried. "I know you have something unpleasant in your mind that you are glad to tell me, hoping it will make me unhappy." "Oh Majesty, you wrong me," began Tomos, but the Queen silenced him: "Get to the point; I have other matters waiting."

"I but hesitated to name the other for fear of wounding your Majesty," said Tomos, oily; "but if you insist, it is the stranger called Tarzan." Nemone sat up very straight at the mention of the ape-man, her eyes blazing. "What fabric of lies is this?" she demanded.

## Shop in the "Buy-Way"—Downstairs at Ayres—Where You SAVE on Everything for Home and Family!

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