

HOLDUP HONEYMOON

BY EDWIN RUTT Copyright 1938, NEA Service Inc.

CHAPTER XII
The police officer in charge came forward shepherding the black-eyed girl of the refreshment stand.

"Sorry to interrupt, folks," he said. "But we've got a bit more business." To the girl he said: "Do you identify this young man as the one who gave you the box of candy, Miss Martin?"

"Sure," the girl pointed at Joe. "That's him, all right. The note I gave you was just inside the box. And I've raised the police sooner only I didn't open the candy till this afternoon."

"Well," said the police officer, "that's all, then. Come on, boys." The constabulary faded. The black-eyed girl faded with them. She was a sucker for a uniform. The Archers, Joe and Gilbert, stood alone.

Mr. Sandham," said Kelly, suddenly remembering the social amenities. "My father and mother. And Mr. Mallow."

Mother and father acknowledged the introduction properly. Mr. Mallow did not. Mr. Mallow mumbled something.

"And now," said Kelly, "what's all this about a note?"

"I wrote one," Joe told her, "on an order blank of the Chandler & Sandham Confectionery company and shoved it in that candy box. You saw me give the box to the girl."

Kelly looked at him in surprise. "I don't believe it. How could you have written it?"

"I did, all right," Joe pulled an oblong book of order blanks from his pocket. "And if you don't believe it, here's the carbon. At least, it ought to be here. I haven't had a chance to look."

It was there on a pink sheet smeary from carbon paper. It read:

Notify police, Caroline Archer in Chandler & Sandham Ford delivery truck license No. N. Y. 121857 being taken south near St. Catharines, Ont., by North Collington, Conn., bank robber, J. H. Sandham.

Kelly's sea-blue eyes widened. "But all that stuff about kidnapping..." she began.

"Just hooey," said Joe. "I had to get the Wessell's confidence enough to find out where he was taking us. And you may have noticed that the Wessell isn't very bright. He fell for it when I mentioned a hundred thousand dollar ransom. He greed got the better of his judgment."

"You see," Mr. Archer explained to the company at large, "that note made it easy. The police weren't able to catch up with you until you'd crossed the border. But there was a record of the car there and the St. Catharines authorities were notified. They were on the watch and spotted you as you went through the town. They thought it best to follow along to this hangout and take you in the whole gang, if any. And I want to thank you, Mr. Sandham, for—er—for taking care of my daughter. I know how you met her. Found it out from the caretaker of my brother's house. And... well, you seem to be an intelligent young man. That's rare nowadays."

"Kiss him on both cheeks, father," Kelly advised. "Like the French do to heroes."

"My daughter," said Mr. Archer, "is somewhat flippant. No doubt you found that out." He looked more closely at Joe. "Are you anything to my friend Charlie Sandham, by chance?"

Joe grinned. "To him I'm just a bum salesman for the New England territory. To me, he's Uncle Charlie."

"Small world," Mr. Archer commented. "Well, come on, all of you. We're driving back to Buffalo to spend the night." He took Mrs. Archer's arm and went out.

Joe followed. He supposed thatologist Gilbert were just behind him. He was wrong. When he arrived at the road, he discovered that they had not left the house as yet.

The police were waiting about to close the place. Mr. Archer got into his hired car.

"You'll be my guest at the hotel

in Buffalo?" he asked Joe. Joe shook his head. He'd better, he thought, be on his way. His services seemed to be no longer required. No doubt Kelly and Gilbert were inside locked in each other's arms. Lovers' reunion. Tears of joy, perhaps. Sandham, Kluska. And for him, the little idyl was over. He bit his lip.

"Thanks all the same," he said to Mr. Archer. "But I'd better drive along as far as I can tonight. Got to get back on the job as soon as I can."

Mr. Archer held out his hand. "Well, suit yourself. But come and see us in New York. We're immensely grateful to you." Then he became aware of Kelly's absence and began to fume, loudly. "Caroline! Gilbert! Where the devil is that darn girl?"

Joe wandered off down the dark road. He was dead for a moment, but he thought he'd wait until they'd all gone and then go to a hotel in St. Catharines. He was feeling pretty sunk. Kelly Archer? Gilbert? Gee, it would be his luck to go gaga about a girl who was engaged to somebody else.

Joe approached his Ford in the roadway. He climbed in, turned it around and started back for St. Catharines.

"And I was the guy," he murmured audibly, "who talked about Kismet. Gee, what a dope."

"Kismet's pretty darned uncomfortable back here," said a voice like silver and raindrops just behind his left ear. "How about missing a few of those bumps?"

Joe jumped, then slammed on the brakes so suddenly that they shrieked in protest.

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"Kelly," he shouted. "Sssh!" said Kelly Archer. "You might wake up the Premier of Ontario. Can I come up in front?"

"Can you?" roared Joe. "Whoops!" He swung around and practically dragged her over the back of the seat. "Now what is this? How the devil did you get here? Where's the oilcan with the toothbrushes under his nose? Where, how, when..."

"Hold it, Horace," said Kelly. "If you mean Gilbert, that's washed up."

Joe's heart did an outside loop and made a three-point landing in the back of his throat.

"Woman," he said recklessly, "you've got just one minute to explain this. Then I'm going to kiss you within an inch of your life."

"Joe," said Kelly softly, "do you love me?"

"Do I love you?" barked Joe. "Are there Chinks in China? The British, Gilbert? What happened to it? Quick!"

"It," said Kelly, "is out. The family found out from my uncle's caretaker that we'd stayed at Uncle Tyler's place that night and Gilbert chose to make an issue of it. He would hardly believe that we'd had an automobile crash. He hardly believes that we were forced to come to Canada. Said it was all fantastic. And he practically accused me of—of... well, promiscuousness. And he was just so nasty and rotten and impossible, that I got sore. So I told him it was all off. He's sulking back to Buffalo with the family."

"Swell," said Joe. "It's a great night for sulking. And anyhow, you didn't want to marry a guy who lives underground like a mole, did you? But tell me! How come your father let you..."

Kelly grinned and interrupted. "I can twist Father around my finger. I just told him I was riding back with you. He fussed, of course. Much good it did him."

Joe slid an arm around her.

"Just in the interest of science," he said, "when did you decide to fade out on the prospective archeologist and go for me?"

"Do you really want to know? I sort of began to toy with the idea when you woke up in Uncle Tyler's bed with your hair all rumpled and that funny look on your face. And then, what with one little thing and another, it just seemed to grow and grow. Great odds, you know."

"Great odds, indeed," said Joe derisively. "Next question. When and where will you marry me?"

"That's a cinch. Any time you want. In Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Schenectady, Albany, Yonkers, New York and all points north, south, east and west."

"Buffalo," Joe bellowed. "Why not?"

"Why not, in right. Except—he had one fleeting moment of doubt—except that you're a big this and that in society and I'm a candy salesman earning 50 bucks a week and..."

Kelly's lips, dangerously close, silenced him.

"We're in the chips, darling," said Kelly.

Joe started the car. His arm tightened around her. Then, suddenly, he began to whistle.

The tune was "Shuffle Off to Buffalo."

THE END

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County administrator of the estate of David Greenleaf Clark deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby required to present the same to me, properly verified as required by law, at the office of the County Assessor in the court house in the City of Roseburg, Oregon, within six months from this date.

Dated June 16, 1938.
BARTON HELLAWELL,
Administrator of the estate of David Greenleaf Clark, deceased.

8 ARABS KILLED BY BRITISH TROOPS

JERUSALEM, July 6.—(AP)—Eight Arabs were killed and a British soldier was wounded in a fight last night on the plain of Esdraelon, scene in Biblical times of the liberator Gideon's defeat of the Midianites.

Troops and Jewish constables engaged the Arabs near the oil-punctured Iraq pipeline.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Howard E. Wilson, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Douglas County, State of Oregon, his final account as such administrator of said estate, and that Friday, the 20th day of July, 1938, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. has been fixed by said court as the time for hearing objections to said report, and the settlement thereof.

Dated June 26th, 1938.
CHARLES KYES,
Administrator of the estate of Howard E. Wilson, deceased.

The Dallas Seminary Male Quartet, First Presbyterian church, Friday night at 8. A musical treat. Every one an artist. No admission charge.—Adv.

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PRICES EFFECTIVE JULY 8, 9 and 11

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Wesson Oil 1/2 Gal. can **67c**

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Preserves Assorted Berry, 2-lb. jar **35c**

Olives No. 1 Can **10c**

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Roast Beef Libby 12-oz. can **21c**

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Large slicing 3 For **10c**

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Large bunches, each **13c**

GRAPEFRUIT
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21c LB. 2 LBS. 40c
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GRAPEFRUIT No. 2 can **10c**

PEACHES No. 1 can Great Value **10c**

PORK & BEANS Newport, No. 2 1/2 can 3 Cans **25c**

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PALMOLIVE The Ideal toilet soap 3 Med. Bars **17c**

SOAP Crystal White, Medium Bars 10 Bars **30c**

NUBORA 5-Lb. Giant package **49c**

CRYSTAL WHITE Toilet Soap 4 Bars **17c**

SPECIAL CANNED FOOD SALE

PEAS Big No. 2 can Sugar Peas 2 Cans **25c**

CORN No. 2 can Golden Rod Sugar Corn 2 Cans **25c**

ORANGE JUICE No. 1 can **10c**

BEANS No. 2 can cut stringless 3 Cans **25c**

TOMATO JUICE No. 1 can Del Monte 4 Cans **25c**