

"I can't go up," I've told
him," Gypsy began. The ring of the
bell interrupted. Mrs. Fowler
opened. Then she opened the door.
A young woman in a blue suit, car-
rying a small suitcase, came in. She
said, "Hello. How is the child?"
"The nurse asked,"
"When I left him?" Mrs. Fowler
said. "He was quieter, but I don't
know how long it will last. Will you
be upstairs?"
Mrs. Fowler appeared and Gypsy sat
down. It must be now or never,
she felt. Mrs. Fowler would have to
be here. Twice she heard the door
opening. It must be the nurse. She
was alone. The young woman returned.
"The child is all right," she said.
"The unknown, inspiration had
come to Gypsy. It was not what she
intended to say. It was intuition—
born in that brief instant. Mrs. Fowler
had passed the child's threshold.
It was time to consider.
"Gypsy stood up. Her voice was
low. "I've come to tell you that
I know," she whispered dramatically.
"What do you mean?"
"I came from the trial—Nina
Gypsy's trial." Gypsy went on
unhappily. "I've come to tell you
now she didn't do it. They've
settled the whole story. Everything!"
Mrs. Fowler's eyes were glassy.
She was staring at the girl. Gypsy,
she was right, went on relentlessly.
"I'm married to my husband and tell him the
whole story," she whispered. "Only hurry!
I'll help you. They'll be easier on
you if you confess. Tell them he was
the one! You've got a chance if you
confess. No one will ever know
I'm here! I promise you I'll
never know!"
Mrs. Fowler had buried her face
in her hands. Her shoulders rocked.
The words came they were in-
stantaneous.
"I threatened to kill Bobby!" she
said. "I—I had to do it!"
Gypsy put her hand on the other
woman's arm. "Tell them that," she
said. "They'll be easy with you. Did
you?"
Mrs. Fowler shook her head. Her
face was still muffled. "He hit
me," she said. "I was jealous
of him. And now Bobby's going to
be punished for me. I've been near-
ly dead. But I'm not. I'm here. I
want to live. I've come to die because I've
been wicked woman. I didn't mean

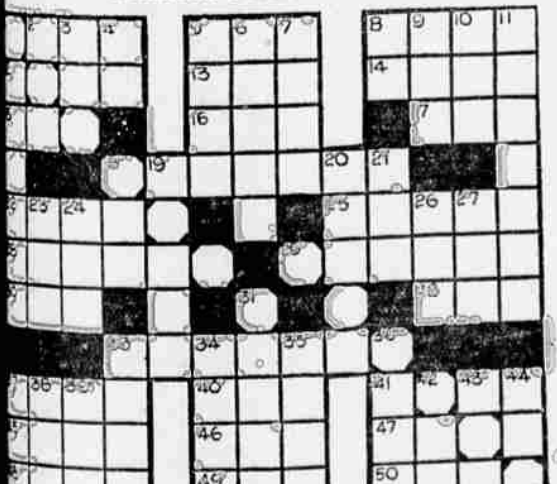
Gypsy shook her head. "They may
be willing to let me off," she said. "But
I'm going to make them see that I
know what I did. I'm going to tell
what's the first thing I put into this
boy's?"
"For a half-hour she stirred an
unmixed dough and rolled it into thin
sheets to be cut in discs. Matilda was
at her elbow, prompting, suggesting,
but Gypsy required assistance. When
the first tin of cookies went into the
oven the girl stepped back with a
sigh.
"What time is it?" she asked.
"It was 11:20. Time enough for Jim
to have telephoned if there were any
news. Surely there should have been
word by this time. Gypsy went to the
door and propped it open so the
phone rang more clearly if the electric
phone rang.
There was another tray of cookies
to be filled. Presently the air was
filled with the pungent, spicy odor.
"Want me to help you?" Matilda
asked. "Cookies burn awful easy."
Gypsy drew down the oven door.
The cookies had puffed up and some
of them had risen to the top. She turned
the blaze lower and returned to the
mixing bowl. Soon the first tin was
out and the second baking.
As soon as the last tin of cookies
was out the oven she left the
kitchen.
Gypsy went into the living room
and gazed dejectedly out at the street.
Suddenly she heard a faint tapping
noise. She ran to the front door and
opened on the porch. Far in the distance
she heard a boy shouting. "Extra—
Extra—"
She could not see the newsboy but
the voice came from the right. Gypsy
started down the steps, but then the
telephone rang shrilly. She turned back
to find the house Matilda was calling.
"Telephone, Miss Wallace!"
(To Be Continued)

Last of Inhabitants To Quit Lonely Isle

PHILLIPPEL, Wales.—(AP)—The
little island of Bardsey, at the tip of
the South Gwyneddshire coast, is
soon to be empty.

Life in the island is dull and the
inhabitants have tired of their soli-
tary existence. And the young people
wouldn't remain on the island; they
wanted to go to the mainland.

The four farmers probably will
move to the mainland. The pastor
and his wife will leave in April.



HORIZONTAL 1 Tagon. 2 Primrose. 3 Common 4 Small nail. 5 Branch of the Mississip- pi river. 6 Snaky fish. 7 Edge of a roof. 8 Cry of a sheep. 9 Vestment. 10 Affirmative. 11 To dillicate Amie's blouse. 12 To get up. 13 Street over water. 14 Hamlet. 15 Perched. 16 Social in- vest. 17 One who has 18 wearers.	19 To caution. 20 Twenty-four hours. 21 Volcano in Sicily. 22 53 Chili. 23 46 Part of the mouth. 24 Demonstrative word. 25 Accomplished. 26 Before. 27 50 Groups of	matching articles. VERTICAL 1 Spillers' homes. 2 Exclamation of surprise. 3 Inlet. 4 Toward. 5 To close with wax. 6 Spiral form.	7 German river. 8 To exist. 9 Beam. 10 Farewell! 11 Sweet course at dinner. 12 Scarlet. 13 African vol- canic peak. 14 Cost. 15 Before. 16 Correlation. 17 To perch. 18 Bugle plant. 19 Measure. 20 One step of flight. 21 Leg joint. 22 Unoccupied. 23 Emblem. 24 Soaks flax. 25 Soft mass. 26 Since. 27 To hasten. 28 Artillery. 29 Insect's egg. 30 Beast of burden.
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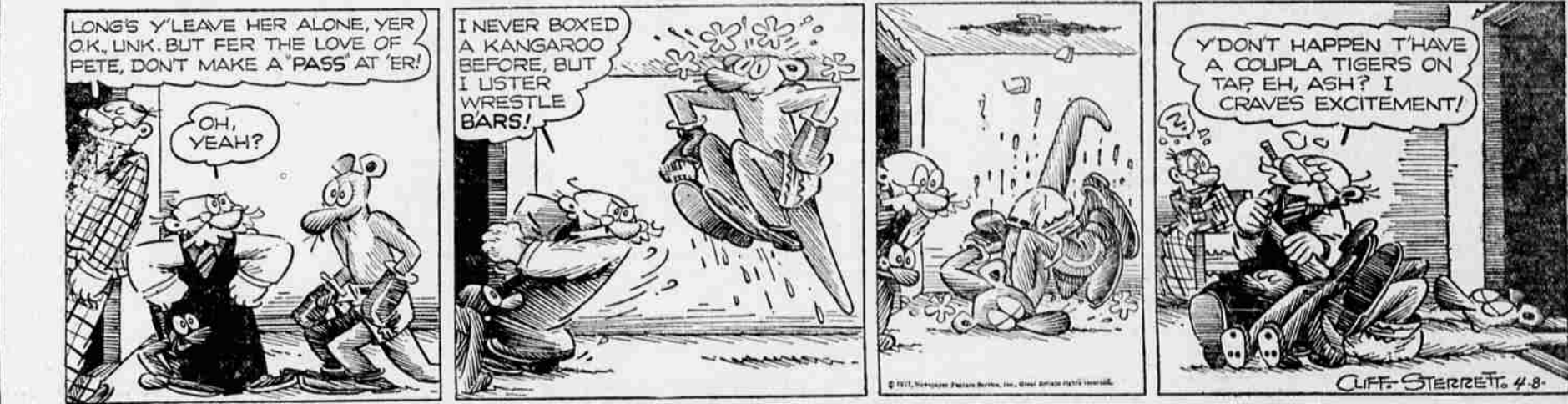
By HAROLD GRAY



By LYNN YOUNG



By CLIFF STERRETT



By MARTIN



By GEORGE McMANUS



By WALT DISNEY

