

Week-end MURDER

CHAPTER XXVII
THERE was no mistaking Rosie's words. "An extra towel?" she said. "Certainly, sir, I'm sorry."

"Just the bath." That was Pratt making. "I have plenty of the extra kind."
Rosie's voice seemed to come from further down the hall. Before the door closed, probably, "I must have slipped you, sir. I can't think how. You should have had enough. I always allow for the beach. Will this do you, sir?"
"More than enough. Thank you." That's that! thought Tom. "But that's not the towel I want. I want a towel that's been used by a person who has been in the bath with DeVos. I want a towel that's been used by a person who has been in the bath with DeVos. I want a towel that's been used by a person who has been in the bath with DeVos."

But his urgent desire to see the freshly laundered shirt seemed now unattainable. Linda apparently had been unable to detain the guest long enough to give him a free hand, but perhaps he himself could prevent Shaughnessy from going upstairs. Then there always would be the chance that he could slip over again, unseen, and complete his investigation.

"Hello, Shaughnessy!" he called cheerfully and thought that as an actor he was improving. Not all the laurels could go to the artful Linda. "Are you coming to tell me there's a telephone call?"
The other, not unnaturally, looked startled.

"No—there's none that I know of," he said. "I was going upstairs." As Tom offered his cigarette case he neatly blocked the narrow door.
"Thought Boyle might have been heard from," he explained. "I'm afraid we're in for the evening. Shaughnessy. That fellow's a bad egg and if he can make things uncomfortable for us he will. Has Mrs. Averill said anything about staying over?"

"No. I spoke to her just a moment ago."
"Oh, Linda!" Tom raised his voice in a rather hoarse shout and thought he observed a flicker of surprise in the other's eyes. Somehow he had to keep this man downstairs and occupied until he could get back. To his delight Linda appeared at once at the door and Tom dropped his arm familiarly over the Irishman's shoulder.

"Come on back a moment," he said. "Linda—I was just telling Mr. Shaughnessy that Boyle was likely to be late."
She caught her cue instantly. "Isn't it exasperating?" she asked with every evidence of annoyance. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Shaughnessy! I've just spoken to the others and I want to ask you too—won't you stay over tonight? We should love to have you and then his being so late will make no difference."

As she repeated her invitation of a few moments before Tom managed to direct them all slowly but definitely toward the house. The effort of doing so and preserving his ordinary outward calm brought beads of perspiration to his forehead. Now they were at the door. Linda had caught on that he wanted her to shoo Shaughnessy inside—would they succeed? He hardly noticed whether the Irishman was agreeing to her request or not, so desperately was he concentrated on getting the men inside and keeping him there.

Just then Rosie, like an angel of rescue, appeared at the screen door. "Dinner is served, ma'am," she said and retired into the shadow. With hospitable heartiness, Tom flung back the door.

"Fine! I'm hungry. In spite of tea. Go ahead, Linda. Step in, Shaughnessy. Want to wash your hands?" He flung open the door of the little hall lavatory. "Right in here," and he hurried ahead to join his wife.

"Where, what an escape!" he whispered. "Hurry up—did I act all right?"
"You're positively pale," Linda answered hastily, hearing steps on the floor above. "But you did all right otherwise. Straighten your tie." Tom mopped his brow. The steps were coming down the stairs.

"I'll tell you later. Keep him here after dinner, Binks. I didn't quite—Hello, there—here we all are! Shall we go in, Linda?" She smiled mechanically but walked forward as in a dream. Things were happening with a vengeance! How much longer would it be? (To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's Humanest and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

Can Such Things Be?

WHEE—C'MON SANDY—LET'S PRETEND I'M A TRAPPER IN THE NORTH WOODS AND THIS IS A BLIZZARD—GEE, WE'VE NEVER BEEN UP ON THIS HILL BEFORE—WE'RE OVER A MILE FROM TOWN—

OH, LOOKIE, SANDY—THERE'S A LITTLE HOUSE DOWN THERE—I NEVER KNEW ANYBODY LIVED UP IN THESE WOODS—AWFUL POOR LOOKIN' PLACE—WONDER WHO LIVES HERE—

NOW, I TELL YE, SELINA, I'M AGOIN' FER TH' DOCTOR—YOU'VE BEEN LAID UP FER A WEEK AND YOU AINT GETTIN' A BIT BETTER—

BUT, ZEKE! WE AINT GOT A CENT TO PAY NO DOCTOR—AND IF WE HAD, TH' CHILDREN NEED FOOD—

LET ME GO FOR TH' DOCTOR, PAW—I KNOW TH' WAY—

AW, YOU AINT GOT SHOES—

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHY, I DIDN'T SPOSE THERE WAS ANYBODY SO POOR AS THOSE FOLKS—THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING—TH' KIDS ARE BAREFOOT AND IN THIS WEATHER—AND THEY'VE GOT SICKNESS—GEE—

By HAROLD GRAY

12-8-32

By LYMAN YOUNG

12-8

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

ZEBRAS! GEE—NO WONDER BLACKIES BEEN ACTING UP SO—

12-8-32

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

YEP! ANY WAY Y'LOOK AT IT, I'VE BEEN JILTED, DITCHED, GIVEN TH' AIR, TURNED DOWN, THROWN OVER AN' LEFT HOLDIN' TH' BAG

KID—MEBEE YOU'RE SLIPPIN'

STEPHEN—I WOULDN'T TEASE BOOTS ANY MORE ABOUT PETE

YOU MEAN—? NONSENSE! IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN LOSING A FELLOW TO STOP THAT YOUNGSTER

SHE'S LIVELIER THAN EVER! ISN'T SHE HAVING THE WHOLE GANG IN THIS EVENING FOR A ROMP? IF SHE'S HURT, SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T SHOWING IT

THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M SURE THAT SHE IS

BRINGING UP FATHER

THAT SON OF MINE WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING—HE'S JUST DUMB—WELL, THERE HE IS—AN' GEE! LOOK AT THAT BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE WUZ OUT RIDIN' WITH

YEH! I'LL BE SEEING YOU TO-MORROW

FINE—BIG BOY—I'LL WAIT TO HEAR FROM YOU

MISS JONES—MISS BIMBO—MISS SMITH, AN' MISS WOOD PHONED—THE ELITE CLUB WANTS YOU TO SPEAK TO-NIGHT AT A DINNER—THE ZOBO GOLF CLUB PHONED AN' WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'LL ENTER A TOURNAMENT—AN—

YOUR COLLEGE CHUMS PHONED AND WANT TO GIVE YOU A DINNER NEXT WEEK—

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

IS THAT ALL?

By GEORGE McMANUS

12-8

By F. C. Segar

12-8

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring **POPEYE**

GENERAL SKITCH, YOU UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF SECRECY

YEP

I CAN DEPEND UPON YOU?

YEP

BY THE WAY, SKITCHIE, WHO WAS THE SECOND GREATEST GENERAL THAT EVER LIVED?

(NAPOLEON) AND WHO'S THE GREATEST?

ME

WRONG—THE CORRECT ANSWER IS "ME"—SEE? "ME"

I SAID "ME" DIDN'T I?

I'M A GREAT GENERAL, I CAN EXPAND MY CHEST MORE THAN YOU CAN

OH, YEAH?

LOOK AT THIS

THAT'S NOTHING—LOOK AT THIS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER—POPEYE? YOU DON'T SEEM TO LOVE ME ANYMORE—IS THERE SOMEONE ELSE?

OUT OUR WAY

IT'S QUITE A SUPPRIZE ON CHRISTMAS TO OPEN YOUR PRESENTS AN' FIND A SWEATER, A PAIR O' MITTENS AN' STOCKINGS—TH' YOU HATTA STAY IN EVENIN'S FER A MONTH TO HELP MAKE, WITH A ORANGE AN' A STICK O' BARBER POLE CANDY THROWN IN TO MAKE IT SEEM LIKE CHRISTMAS

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT NOW! THERE'S ONLY A FEW BANKERS IN TOWN AN' YOUR FATHER ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

By WILLIAMS

12-8

By AHERN

HERE, MY MAN—I WISH TO OPEN A SAVING'S ACCOUNT WITH THIS CHECK FOR \$500!—HARR-R-RUMF—MAJOR A. HOOPLE IS THE NAME—THE HOOPLES OF HOOPLESIRE, ENGLAND! IF I LIKE THE SERVICE HERE, I'LL TRANSFER MY BALANCES FROM OTHER COUNTING HOUSES—YAS—OH—AH—I'D LIKE TO SEE THE PRESIDENT!

YES SIR, MR. HOOPLE—GLAD TO HAVE YOUR ACCOUNT! WILL YOU FILL IN THESE CARDS, PLEASE?

HIS FIRST BANK ACCOUNT!

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —

WHEN LOST IN THE WOODS, A PERSON WALKS IN CIRCLES TO THE RIGHT!

THE FIRST CIRCLE IS LARGE, THE NEXT ONE A BIT SMALLER, AND EACH SUBSEQUENT CIRCLE A BIT SMALLER, THAN THE ONE PRECEDING IT.

THE BIBLE IS PRINTED IN 623 LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS.

GREEK WOMEN USED FACE POWDER 2500 YEARS AGO.

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

12-8