

Week-end MURDER

CHAPTER XLVIII
Linda frowned. "I wish I'd been there! I always seem left out of the excitement."
"Child, you've had plenty!" observed her husband severely.
"Tom! You didn't let them know we suspected them?"
"Didn't I? With full particulars—every man had it coming to him. Shughnessy fessed up like a sport and the rest had to take it and like it."
"Marvin?"
"Well, I sort of weakened there. I held out on the book. Later I did speak about it when I was alone a moment with him and I was darned glad I'd had the sense to keep quiet before the rest. He nearly died even then—being accused of committing murder was nothing to the agony of being reminded of that early error. Remember I spoke of his acting embarrassed when we met—how he sort of backed up against the bookcase and fended me off? He'd just caught sight of his Literary Lapse, the skeleton in the closet, or rather in the drawing room."
"Some day when I have more time," said Linda dreamily, "I must look up Marvin's little opus."
"Not if Marvin knows it. He confided it—with my permission—and you'll have to bind and gag him and search his luggage to get at it."
"But how did Cousin Amos—?"
"Hadden't he a genius for trouble-making? Well, when I came downstairs Marvin was just about to snake it out and of course he was caught at it. Later he got back and was about to make off with it as nonchalantly as he could when he saw Cousin Amos' eye on him. So Marvin—still trying to be offhand and probably putting up as poor a bluff as possible—shoves the book under those garden magazines on the center table. Of course he didn't fool the old man for a minute and the next time he came to look for it, it was gone."
"Don't gloat; it isn't becoming," said his wife loftily. "Then of course Cousin Amos held Marvin up on his way out—when he pretended to say that he was going to read those stuffy old essays or whatever."
"The late Emperor of Rome would appreciate your estimate of his deathless prose," Tom returned the snub with interest. "Yes—Marcus Aurelius was a blind, old right, but Cousin Amos must have already assimilated considerable Asiatic folklore for I gather his comments when he stopped Marvin were—well, Biblical in an Old-Testament-prophet-calling-down-fire-and-brimstone sort of way, if you know what I mean."
"Contamination of his presence," murmured Linda reminiscently.
"Oh, yes. Said he wasn't fit to associate with us—or rather with you, darling—the sweet young wife, hardly more than a child—"
"Coming now to Mr. Statlander," declared her husband oratorically.
"First place, he's leaving Valeska. Going with Rosemary Lynn, our bitter rival in the beauty business, you know. Didn't think he should tell me before he told Valeska herself, but he's been simply twittering about winding up his affairs and at the same time trying to hold the tidings back. Wish he'd choked on 'em."
"And there's more to come. Lean on this, Binks. He has a wife and five daughters."
"But what has this to do with me?" inquired Linda dumfoundedly. "He hasn't shown signs of a guilty passion for me, if that's what you're hinting. Consider me as useless and exasperating a person as he ever knew."
"You wrong him. His passion isn't guilty—but he confesses shyly to a 'warm affection'—that's the exact term—for your charming self."
"What? He can't bear me!"
"I'd like to see him look at someone he really did detest," remarked Linda emphatically. "When I think of the gloomy, disappearing looks I have been getting—Can you prove it?"
"Absolutely. The way he behaved when you questioned him. He thought you thought Cousin Amos committed suicide. That was why he kept ducking the subject, while you of course, thought that he saw you were hinting at murder. He tried to set your mind at rest, to make you believe it was simply an accident. I gather that none of the six Statlander females would question anything he asserted."
"Then he straightened the railings

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

By HAROLD GRAY

HELLO, ANNIE—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
OH, I STOPPED IN TO SEE MR. AGATE AT THE "COURIER" AND ORDERED SOME HANDBILLS AND A BIG AD. TELLIN' ALL ABOUT OUR JANUARY SALE—
WOW! THERE'S SURE PLENTY O' WORK MAKIN' A BIG SIGN LIKE THIS—HOPE I GET IT SPILLED RIGHT—
THERE—I GUESS FOLKS WILL SEE THAT—AS LONG AS WE'RE HAVIN' A SALE THERE'S NO USE KEEPIN' IT A SECRET—
NOW WE'LL PUT A SIGN HERE—EVERY-THING ON THIS COUNTER AT COST—TOMORROW, BUT WE'LL MARK THE PRICE ON EVERY-THING—THAT'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU, SEE?
YES, ANNIE—THAT'S A VERY GOOD PLAN—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

OUTRUN AND OUTWITTED, THE APES WATCH THE FLEETFOOTED "FANG" MAKE HIS GETAWAY!
BUT WE CAN'T STOP YET, FANG! STOP ON IT!
SEE—YOUR PAW IS BLEEDING AGAIN! I'LL FIX IT AND THEN WE'LL GET SOME SLEEP! IT OUGHT TO BE SAFE HERE!
CUDDLED CLOSE TO HIS PROTECTOR, TIM DREAMS OF HIS PALS!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN

WELL, KID—HAVE YOU MADE ANY REAL SNAPPY RESOLUTIONS FOR TH' NEW YEAR?
YEP—AN 'ONE OF 'EM WAS NEVER TO TAKE ANY MAN SERIOUSLY AGAIN
NOT EVEN ME?
WELL—LILLLL
I'VE KNOWN YOU A LONG TIME, BOOTS—AND, WELL—I GUESS YOU KNOW ABOUT HOW I FEEL
SURE I DO, JIMMY! YOU'RE JUST ABOUT TH' BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD—AN—AN I'D BELIEVE YOU—OH!!!!
I MEAN—BACK UP, FELLA—RELAX! I HEARD YUH TALKIN', BUT Y'DIDNT SAY A THING

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

WELL—I BROADCASTED LAST NIGHT AN' I TOLD ME LISTENERS TO WRITE TO ME IF THEY WANT ME TO BROADCAST AGIN'. THE MAIL SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW.
JUST ONE LETTER.
ONLY ONE? WELL, OPEN IT AN' READ IT. I HAVEN'T GOT ME GLASSES—
DEAR MR. JIGGS—IN REGARD TO YOUR BROADCAST—I WISH YOU WOULD BROADCAST AGAIN—
WELL—THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE IT—
ALL MY FRIENDS SAY YOU WERE ROTTEN AND AS I DIDNT HEAR YOU—I WISH YOU WOULD BROADCAST AGAIN SO THAT I WILL KNOW IF YOU ARE AS BAD AS THEY SAY!
I THINK YOU KIN THROW THAT LETTER AWAY—

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"NAZALIAN HOLIDAY"
TOMORROW—"THE IDLE RICH"

YA TOOK MY ADVICE AN' GAVE 'ER BODY IN NAZALIA A LUMP OF GOLD—MAKES YA FEEL GOOD, EH?
YES, I FEEL FINE INSIDE. IT WAS A DANDY IDEA.
I AM HAPPY BECAUSE MY SHEEP ARE HAPPY. HEAVEN BLESS THE COMMON HORDE.
THEY ARE SALTS OF THE EARTH!
LISTEN AT 'EM CHEERIN' YA! HOW YA LIKE MY IDEARS?
I KNOW IT WAS YOUR IDEA BUT DONT LET IT GET AROUND I WANT CREDIT FOR IT MYSELF.
YOUR MAJESTY—ALL STORES AND SHOPS ARE CLOSED—THE FACTORIES ARE CLOSED AND THE FARMERS HAVE ALL MOVED TO TOWN.
THEY SAY—"WE'VE GOT WEALTH, SO WHY SHOULD WE WORK?" YOUR NATION HAS RETIRED.
GOT ANY MORE SWELL IDEARS? YOU LAMEBRAINED CLAM-HEADED HALF-BAKED NITWIT!
I YAM WHAT I YAM!

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —

NEW ZEALAND
CHATHAM ISLANDS
IN THE CHATHAM ISLANDS, 400 MILES SOUTHEAST OF NEW ZEALAND, THE NEW YEAR ARRIVES WHILE MILKMAEN IN NEW YORK CITY ARE MAKING THEIR EARLY ROUNDS ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 31ST.
THE STARFISH IS A SEA ANIMAL, NOT A FISH.
IN FRANCE SHAIL HUNTING IS A SPORT!
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OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

YOU'LL PUNCH ME ON TH' NOSE, WHEN YOU AGREED NOT TO HIT MY NOSE, WILL YOU?
Y—MOOL PUNCH ME IN TH' STOMACH, AFTER AGREEING NOT TO HIT THERE, WILL YOU?
GRAB HIM, MA! HOLD HIM FOR ME!
TURN AT KEY, MA—I CANT, WITH GLOVES ON—ER TAKE 'EM OFF FER ME—ER HOLD TH' DOOR TILL I CAN GIT OUTA HERE! FER GOSH SAKES DO SUMPIN TO HELP A GUY—SHE RUNS RIGHT INTO PUNCHES NEN SEZ I HIT 'ER
IF I HELP HIM, I'LL HAVE A BIG FUSS ON MY HANDS—AND IF I HELP HER, I'LL STILL HAVE A FUSS—AND IF I STAY NEUTRAL, I'LL STILL HAVE A FUSS—OH, WHAT TO DO!
WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY
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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

HAA—I THOUGHT YOU QUIT SMOKING FOR 1933! THE NOTED BENTLEY WILL POWER CAN DISCOLOR QUICKER THAN HALF AN APPLE!—IT'S A FAMILY TRAIT—A BENTLEY 'PLEDGE HOLDS UP ABOUT AS LONG AS A POST OFFICE PEN!
TOSSING TH' CAN BACK—YOU COME FROM A SWELL LINE OF PLEDGE MAKERS—YEH! YOUR UNCLE BEN, FRINSTANCE—S'POSED TO HAVE BEEN ON TH' WAGON FOR NINE YEARS—HE AN' TH' TOWER OF PISA WERE TH' ONLY THINGS ON A CONTINUOUS SLANT!
I GOT IT, NOW!—BEEN TRYING TO THINK WHERE I SAW THEM BEFORE—in VAUDEVILLE, ONCE—A KNIFE THROWING ACT!
WV WISHING YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR—
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