

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

CHAPTER XXVII

At daybreak Con stumbled into the little office of the hotel. The stark tragedy written in his haggard face and sunken eyes robbed his appearance in circus costume — of its bizarre effect.

The clerk was asleep under a green-shaded hanging lamp, his feet resting on the desk, his chair tilted against the wall. He started up sleepily when Con asked for his key. "Oh, say — you're Mr. David, ain't you? There's been a man hanging around here waiting to see you. Mr. —" he consulted a card on the desk. "Mr. Renfro. He stayed until two o'clock. Then he left and said you was to get in touch with him at the St. Charles as soon as you came in."

"Yes!" Con took the key and started towards the stairway.

"You better phone him," the other continued, his eyes wide with curiosity as they took in the details of yellow trousers and purple coat. "He seemed upset when he didn't find you here. There's a telephone booth over there."

"Thanks." Lurching as one under the influence of liquor, Con moved towards the booth. At the door he fumbled in his pocket and produced a coin. He was unable to focus his eye on the telephone directory, and asked the operator to get the number for him. After several seconds he heard Renfro's voice over the wire. "Where've you been?" the circus owner demanded when he understood that it was Con who was talking. "This is a nice howdy — walking out and leaving everything for me to attend to."

"Sorry," Con said thickly. "Guess I went haywire. Well?"

"The doctor got an undertaker and Madeline has been sent to the funeral parlors but the rest is up to you. What are you going to do?"

"Send her to her grandfather's, I suppose," Con answered. "Thanks for doing what you did."

"Someone had to," Renfro answered brusquely and hung up the receiver.

But later, in a quieter frame of mind, Con decided against sending Madeline's body back to her home. And so little Madeline Siddal, whose greatest sin had been her great love for him, was lowered into a grave in an old cemetery in New Orleans while members of the circus (though few had really cared for her) went about and then went back to the grounds to thrill the spectators with their daring stunts.

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Morbid curiosity to see the place where a woman had met her death drew huge crowds, but Con was not to be seen. His beads were put in their winter quarters and, taking Renfro at his word, Con quit the show. It was almost a week later before he sent word to the farm that Madeline was dead. Then he addressed the envelope to "Mrs. William Siddal" and enclosed a clipping from one of the newspapers describing the tragedy in graphic fashion. There was not even a line to inform Donna of Con's whereabouts nor a word about his frame of mind — whether it mattered to him that the girl had died or not.

It was a raw, cold day, a foretaste of winter in October, when the postman on his rural round brought the letter to Donna. Thinking it some kind of circular, she tore the address was typed, she tossed it on the dining room table and continued her work of polishing the silverware.

Later she noticed it again and opened it. The clipping, with a picture of Madeline beneath the headline, was like a blow in the face. Donna stared at the printed words. Physical nausea swept over her. The floor seemed to rise and undulate and then drop with a sickening suddenness.

To think that Madeline was dead — loved, reckless Madeline! And to have died in such a horrible manner! In all the glory of her youth and beauty, facing an admiring multitude; the next moment mangled and lifeless —

Donna shuddered and covered her face with her hands in a vain effort to shut out the picture that was all too clear because she had witnessed the tragedy of her own father's death. She wrote Con, offering her deep-

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

Objection Overruled

BY HAROLD GRAY

BUT I TELL YOU THERE WAS NOTHING IN THAT PACKAGE THAT I HAD ANNIE TAKE DOWN TO RHINESTONE.

OF COURSE NOT! I KNOW THAT! DO YOU THINK I'M A FOOL? I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND A LOT OF THINGS NOW.

YOUR PAL, RHINESTONE, IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST CROOKS IN THE COUNTRY — A DEALER IN STOLEN AND SMUGGLED JEWELS — JUST BECAUSE HE'S NEVER BEEN SUSPECTED AND RUNS A SWANKY SHOP DOESN'T MAKE HIM ANY LESS A CROOK.

YOU'VE TIED UP WITH THE OLD MOB AND FIGURE ON USING ANNIE TO PASS THE STOLEN JEWELS.

YEAH? IF YOU'RE SO SMART WHAT DO YOU FIGURE ON DOING ABOUT IT?

BUT WHY DRAG THE KID INTO IT?

WHAT DO YOU CARE? THE BRAT WILL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE — THAT'S WHY SHE FITS INTO OUR PLANS SO PERFECTLY.

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

KEEP FULL SPEED AHEAD, CLYMER, TILL WE'RE OUT OF THE RANGE OF THEIR GUNS.

CRACK

THE "SPIDERS" RIFLE SPITS FIRE AS THE BOAT CHUGS RAPIDLY DOWN THE STREAM.

FOLLOWED BY A STEADY RAIN OF BULLETS FROM THE TROOP PATROL SQUAD.

CRACK

WHO FIRED THOSE SHOTS THAT SCARED 'EM OFF, BRADY?

I'M HIT! — SOUPY, H-HE GOT ME — IN THE ARM — I —

YOU'VE GOT US CLARK, BUT THE SPIDER'S ESCAPED YOUR MEN.

— GET YOUR HAND AWAY FROM YOUR GUN OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME DOSE! LOOK OUT —

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

SEE!!! SHE ISN'T A BIT LIKE RONNIE

OH — YOU HAVE A BE-OOO-TIFUL GARDEN

YES! I'D BE GLAD TO SHOW IT TO YOU, THO I MUST SAY, YOU DON'T LOOK TO ME LIKE THE SORT WHO'D KNOW BEANS ABOUT SUCH THINGS

I SPOSE YOU MISS RONNIE DREADFULLY, WHEN HE'S OUT OF TOWN, DON'T YOU, MRS. ROSS?

INDEED I DO! I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF MY BOY

I DON'T BLAME YOU! I THINK HE'S AWFULLY NICE, TOO

HMPH, OF COURSE YOU DO!!! WHY WOULDN'T YOU?

BRINGING UP FATHER

NOW LISTEN, SON! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

THAT'S BETTER THAN HAVING TO HEAR MOTHER SING

AN' REMEMBER, SON — WHAT I'M TELLIN' YOU — TAKE YOUR FATHER'S ADVICE — ETC. ETC.

I'M LISTENIN', DAD.

AN' IN CONCLUSION — LET ME SAY — THAT IF YOU AVOID ALL THE TEMPTATIONS I'VE JUST TOLD YOU ABOUT YOU'LL BE A FINE MAN.

NO DOUBT.

BUT, DAD! HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THESE THINGS THAT YOU TELL ME NOT TO DO?

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING — "INSEPARABLE PALB." MONDAY — "NECESSITY'S THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."

BY E. C. SEGAR

WIMPY IS MY NAME, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY. I'M THE DIRECTOR OF THIS MOTION PICTURE COMPANY.

COULD I GET MY NEXT WEEK'S CHECK THIS WEEK?

I SUPPOSE SO — HOW MUCH IS YOUR SALARY?

TWENTY A WEEK, SIR.

HERE YOU ARE, MR. WIMPY. TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

WHAT! YOU GAVE HIM \$20,000? WHY HIS SALARY IS ONLY \$20 A WEEK.

I NEVER HEARD OF PAYING A DIRECTOR TWENTY A WEEK — WHEN HE SAID TWENTY, NATURALLY I THOUGHT IT WAS TWENTY THOUSAND.

YOO HOO!

I'LL GET YOU IF I HAVE TO RUN YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!

SCRAPS AND THREE PATTERN PIECES FORM LAURA WHEELER QUILT

ENDLESS CHAIN PATTERN 518

Get out your scrap bag and enjoy sewing the simple scraps that form Endless Chain. The block is made of but three pattern pieces and so goes together quickly. The blocks in joining form an endless chain, a design especially suited to a Friendship quilt.

Pattern 518 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

OUT OUR WAY

BY WILLIAMS

G'WAAN-GO WAAN! WHO SENT FER YOU, ANYWAY?

I YUST WAS SAY — AFF I BE DE BOSS, I KETCH ULL DESE LOAFINGS — I MAK DE LOAFERS COME FROM OUT IT! I DON'T SEE WOT IS WRUNG WID DE BOSS — HE DUNT SEE ULL DEES BUMMINGS.

THERE'S ALWAYS A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT BIRD IN TH' BUSH, THAT THINKS TH' BOSS AINT SO BRIGHT, BECAUSE HE DONT SEE WHAT OTHERS SEE.

HE'D HAVE A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A BOSS, IF HE DIDN'T HAVE SO MUCH OF WHAT IT DOESN'T TAKE TO BE A BOSS.

THE SEE LION

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

DIDN'T YOU GET ANY DISTRESS SIGNAL YET, FROM TH' MAJOR?

HE'S BEEN GONE THREE WEEKS, AN HE HASN'T LET US KNOW WHETHER HE'S DISCOVERED GOLD, OR A SHORT ROUTE HOME!

I'M EXPECTING A WIRE, COLLECT, ANY DAY NOW, TO SEND HIM BAIL, OR PAY HIS STORAGE CHARGES IN SOME COLORADO BOARDING HOUSE!

HE'S ALWAYS AN EXTRA EXPENSE TO ME, WHEN HE'S AWAY FROM HOME, BUT SINCE I DON'T GO TO ANY SHOWS, I CHARGE HIS ABSENCE UP AS PLEASURE AND RECREATION FOR MYSELF!

MAYBE HE HASN'T REACHED TH' GOLD MINE YET! — THAT FOUR-CYLINDER JERK HE WENT AWAY IN DIDN'T LOOK TO ME LIKE IT COULD MAKE MUCH TIME BETWEEN REPAIR SHOPS.

A CUT-BACK TO HOME