

The DARK BLOND

by CARLETON KENDRICK
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CHAPTER XLIII

"You mean they'll keep on hunting me?" she asked.

He changed the subject abruptly, saying, "Let's quit wondering about this and concentrate on the matter at hand. It isn't very far from the house. We can make it in less than 10 minutes."

He drove with a set, tight-lipped concentration which convinced Millicent more than any words would have done that they were working against time—that there had been some message to the effect that the sergeant Mahoney had received from Sergeant Mahoney that he was going to disclose.

The address on Harrison avenue turned out to be an apartment house. Millicent felt a strange thrill as she stepped across the intersection and went toward the right-hand curb.

"This is the place," Norman said. "It won't be long now until we know whether or not this woman in the black ermine coat."

He jerked back the door catch, flung the door open. "Come on," he said. "Slide across. We haven't time to stand on formality."

With a low, nervous laugh she slid her feet along the seat, wormed under the steering wheel, and felt her hands under her elbows as he slid her from the car. He slammed the door shut and, together, they ascended the three steps which led to the foyer where the names of the tenants were displayed in a long row of separate cell buttons.

"Here we are," he said triumphantly. "Patience Fancione, 309."

Before she could step in he had jabbed the button opposite the card. "Oh," she cried in dismay, "you wouldn't have done that, Norman."

"Why not?"

"Because we don't want her to know we're investigating her. We should make inquiries and find out what she looks like."

"We'll know what she looks like," Norman said grimly, "when we had a look at her."

He jabbed the button a second time, impatiently, as he spoke.

"But suppose it should turn out to be the woman in the black ermine coat and suppose she should be a stranger to us?"

"Well, grab her anyway," he said. "We're sure enough on that woman to justify calling in the police."

He rang the bell for the third time. There was no answer.

"Not at home," Norman said, disappointed showing in his voice. He went to the door of the apartment house, turned away from it.

"Looked," he told Millicent. "You can't get in unless the occupant of one of the apartments presses an electric buzzer and releases the door."

"Then if this Fancione woman let in, we can't even get into the building we can't..."

There was no answer and Calise had apparently expected none. It was as though the knocks had been some signal that had been agreed upon. He took a key from his pocket and fitted it in the lock and went in.

Norman said grimly, "That settles it. Bob is mixed up in this thing and I'm going to pull him out of there by the collar and drag him down to the police station..."

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT BIRD? HE HADN'T DONE A TAP OF WORK SINCE I'VE BEEN WATCHING HIM—WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT? BRING HIM HERE—

HE'S ONE OF THE MEN WE HIRED AS A LABORER—HE SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO START TROUBLE AMONG THE MEN—

I'M PAYING EXCELLENT WAGES FOR WORKERS, NOT FOR SLACKERS OR ORATORS—YOU DON'T WANT WORK—YOU WANT TROUBLE—O.K.—GIVE HIM ALL HE WANTS BOYS, AND PITCH HIM OUT—

YOU BET—

GEE, 'DADDY'—AREN'T YOU AFRAID THAT GUY WILL TRY TO MAKE TROUBLE—

NO—HIS KIND ARE TOO YELLOW TO FIGHT OPENLY—AND NO REAL WORKER WHO IS WORTH HIS SALT WILL LISTEN TO HIM, WHEN THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE—

ALL RIGHT, BOYS—SEE TO INSTALLING THE FLOOD LIGHTS AND HIRING THE EXTRA CREWS FOR NIGHT WORK—WE'RE WORKING 24 HOURS A DAY TILL THE PLANT IS FINISHED—IS THE MESS HALL READY?

WE'LL BE READY TO SERVE DINNER THERE TO-NIGHT, SIR; AND THE BUNK HOUSES ARE COMPLETED—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

SCOUNDREL! YOU DARE STRIKE ME, COUNT RELLOS, DOWN—!

STOP—I COMMAND—

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, HIGHNESS! WHY?

THE TIME IS NOT RIPE TO TELL, SPEED MARTIN

AND YOU WILL NOT DEMAND THE PRINCESS MARRY COUNT RELLOS? AND YOU WILL GIVE MY YOUNG FRIENDS THEIR FREEDOM?

GUARD, REMOVE HIM TO THE DUNGEON!!

GEE—WHAT'S THAT, SPUD?

A DAGGER! SOMEONE JUST TOSSED IT THROUGH OUR CELL WINDOW!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Off Again

By MARTIN

YES, I REMEMBER—I SOLD THE RING, YOU SPEAK OF TO A GOOD CUSTOMER OF MINE—AND MIGHTY PLEASED HE WAS WITH IT, TOO.

WOT'S HIS NAME?

AND SO ANOTHER FLYING TRIP ACROSS TOWN, UP TO THE SIXTIETH FLOOR OF AN OFFICE BUILDING! LUOLLOO! QUINTUS BUSBY SPEAKING

OH, I'M SORRY—BUT I DON'T HAVE THE RING AT PRESENT! MY VALET TOOK QUITE A FANCY TO IT—AND WHEN I REFUSED TO PART WITH IT, HE TOOK IT, ANYWAY

OK! COMON, STAY WITH ME! I'M GONNA FIND THAT RING, IF I HAVE TO TURN THIS TOWN INSIDE OUT

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! DARN IT, I HAD NO BUSINESS SELLIN' MY RING IN TH' FIRST PLACE

OH, TH' FIRST PLACE WAS ALL RIGHT—IT'S ALL THESE OTHER PLACES THAT ARE GETTIN' US DOWN

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

WELL, EVERYTHING IS O.K. AROUND HERE—NOTHING TO DISTURB ME

BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR

WHAT IS IT, DEMIJOHN?

A TELEGRAM, SIR

OPEN IT AND READ IT

IT'S FROM THE CHIEF OF POLICE UPSTATE. YOUR WIFE'S BROTHER WON \$2,000 PLAYING CROQUET AND WAS ARRESTED FOR CHEATING

THESE LAURA WHEELER COLLARS IN CROCHET ARE FLATTERING



CROCHETED NECKWEAR PATTERN 929

What is softer and more flattering than a lacy crocheted collar? Take your choice: for here are three very different styles. The frilly one with a cascading jabot is lovely in cotton. The round one is very smart in petit boucle, though it also looks lovely in colored string. The third can be worn as shown or around the other way, when it becomes a sailor collar. This, too, is lovely in cotton. So make last fall's dress look like new with this neckwear!

Pattern 929 comes to you with detailed directions for making the collars shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to the Eugene Register-Guard.

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"IN THE ROUGH" TOMORROW—"STARTING FROM SCRATCH" By E. C. SEGAR

TOAD'S OKAY NOW, MISTER SPHINK, SO WE KIN SAIL IN ME ARK JUS AS SOON'S THE PASSENGERS GET EXAMINED—MY DOCTOR IS EXAMINING THEM NOW

DO A GOOD JOB—WE DON'T WANT NO WEAKLINS

SAY, "AH"

AW

I'VE EXAMINED NINE HUNDRED MEN AND LOOK AT THE GANG WAITING. WHEN AM I GOING TO GET IN MY GOLF TO-DAY?

LOOK AND SEE IF THERE ARE ANY WAITING OUTSIDE—POPEYE—WHEN AM I GOING TO GET IN MY GOLF?

YA AIN'T GONER GET IN YER GOLF!

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

NOW, LISTEN! DON'T YOU GO TO MAKING REMARKS ABOUT MY DRIVING.

I WON'T, IF YOU DON'T GO TO MAKING REMARKS ABOUT THIS IS NO WAY FOR A GIRL TO BE SITTING.

EGAD—I MUST BORROW A FEW EGGS FROM THE MADAM'S LARDER, TO PUT IN THE NESTS OF MY HENS UNTIL THEY BECOME ACCLIMATED TO THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT—THEN, IN A FEW HOURS, I CAN GO OUT AND COLLECT THE EGGS, AS IF THEY REALLY HAD BEEN LAID!—A MILD FORM OF DECEPTION, BUT IT WILL SAVE ME FROM RIBALD RIDICULE!

THE HENS ARE LAYING BY PROXY, FOR THE PRESENT—