

The DARK BLOND

CARLETON KENDRICK

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CHAPTER LIII

"MILICENT JONES," she said. "Millicent Jones," the voice said.

"Yes, Millicent."

"I don't seem to place you."

"Oh, open the door," Millicent said impatiently.

There was a moment of silence and then the buzzer on the door made a sharp sound. Millicent pushed the door open, crossed the lobby of the apartment house with quick, nervous steps.

She pressed the button which summoned the automatic elevator and waited impatiently while it rattled and rattled. She entered it, pushed the button for the third floor, and when the cage came to a stop, she ran down the corridor toward the door of Apartment 309.

She had no definite plan in mind. She knew, of course, that if Norman had encountered danger, she, too, would doubtless encounter that same danger, but she had undergone such mental agony waiting in the taxicab that so danger could be half as terrible.

She pounded frantically on the door of the apartment and received no answer. She tried the knob of the door in a desperate attempt to secure entrance.

To her surprise the door was unlocked, the spring lock being adjusted so that the knob turned freely and unaided.

Without thinking of any possible danger to herself, she pushed open the door of the room, rushed into the unlighted interior of the apartment.

"Norman!" Millicent called. "Where are you, Norman?"

There was no answer.

Millicent groped for a light switch, found it, snapped on the lights.

The apartment was in the greatest disorder. Chairs were overturned. The table had been tipped on its side, a leg smashed, and Millicent was horrified to discover several ugly spots on the carpet, on the furniture, and even on the wall itself. Evidently there had been a terrific struggle. She flung open the door of the closet and looked inside, hoping yet dreading to discover some trace of the man she loved.

The closet was empty.

She rushed to the kitchen and, lo! again, the result was the same. There was no trace of Norman Happ.

She stood undecided, wondering what could be done, hardly knowing what way to turn.

As she stood there she heard a sharp knock at the door.

Millicent stood perfectly still. Then, aware that Norman could not be in the apartment, and hoping that the person at the door might provide a clue to his whereabouts, she ran to the door and opened it.

A man stood in the doorway—a thick-set, beefy individual with a very red face, who gave every evidence of being dressed hastily. His coat was open, showing the upper part of a pair of silk pajamas. The lower part of the pajamas protruded. Millicent noticed, beneath the bottom of his trousers, she noticed that he wore shoes such as she understood policemen usually wore.

"What's going on up here?" he demanded.

"Who are you?"

"The man who lives in the apartment down underneath you."

"What do you want?"

"I want to know what's happening up here. There's been a hell of a commotion. You can't put on a party like that in a respectable apartment house. My wife is sick and I was taking a bath. I had to get out of my bath, throw on the first clothes that came to hand and come up here."

"How long ago was it you heard this noise?" Millicent asked.

"You ought to know," he said. "You live here, don't you?"

Millicent hesitated for a moment and then, deciding not to admit or deny anything, said, "Well, you kindly tell me what right you have to ask questions?"

"Don't get high hat with me, sister. It won't work. You know what's been going on here."

He tried to push the door open and enter the apartment, but Millicent held it firmly, so that he could not see into the place.

"Don't you dare come in here," she said.

"Listen, lady, what kind of a party has been going on here? You seem quiet enough now, but you certainly made a hell of a commotion a few minutes ago."

"I'm sorry," she told him. "If your wife is ill. There won't be any more disturbance."

"Everyone gone home?" he inquired.

"I'm the only one here, and there will be no more disturbance."

He looked at her suspiciously.

"I'm on the force," he said. "It sounded to me as though there was a fight going on up here. Are you hurt?"

"No."

"Anyone hurt?"

"I tell you I'm the only one here."

"Okay," he said grudgingly. "You don't look as though you'd been bent up, but it certainly sounded to me as though someone had popped you a couple on the jaw. You're sure you ain't been in a fight?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, don't try any more stuff like that because you can't get away with it—not with me downstairs, you can't. I'm telling you now my wife is sick and I don't want to have to come back. What you do up here isn't any of my business as long as you're quiet about it, but when you start making a racket like you did ten minutes ago you're going to have some explaining to do. Do you understand?"

"I think," she told him, "I understand entirely the purpose of your visit."

She tried to bang the door shut, but he thrust forward the thick sole of his broad shoe and kept her from closing the door.

"Now, wait a minute, sister," he said. "There's nothing to get in a panic about. Why are you so anxious to get rid of me? What have you got in that apartment?"

"Nothing."

"Don't tell me that; you're frightened. As soon as I said I was on the force all the color went out of your face. You're so nervous you're shivering like a leaf. Now you ain't got anything to be afraid of. If some bird got rough with you I'll telephone the boys; have him taken in. But it was a big fight going on up here a few minutes ago and you're not fooling me any by telling me the gang has gone home. I'm coming in."

"(To Be Continued)

THIS LAURA WHEELER KNITTED BLOUSE HAS SLENDERIZING LINES



KNITTED BLOUSE PATTERN 992

To be slim—slimmer than what she is—that is woman's eternal ambition. And if she can't always be it, she at least wants to look it. This knitted blouse will add to the illusion, for its lines are very flattering. This very fact has induced Laura Wheeler to offer it not only in the regulation sizes 34-36 but in large sizes, too. Its lacy design with the very lacy surplice collar is unusually lovely. It is a pattern that is easily made. It contains directions for both a long and short sleeve.

Pattern 992 comes to you with detailed directions for making the blouse shown in sizes 34-36, 38-40, and 42-44; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

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

ENJOY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

QUALITY GUM

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

YESTERDAY WARBUCKS REFUSED SLUGGS OFFER OF \$100,000,000 FOR THE SECRET—SLUGG LEFT, SHOUTING THREATS—

DID HE DRAW A GUN ON YOU, DADDY?

HA! HA! NO—NOT EXACTLY, ANNIE—HE STARTED TO, BUT I GUESS HE CHANGED HIS MIND—

ELI SAYS WHEN SLUGG REACHED FOR HIS GUN YOUR PISTOL WAS POINTIN' AT HIS STOMACH—IF YOU HADN'T BEEN QUICKER THAN SLUGG HE'D HAVE SHOT YOU—

WELL, I'D HATE TO SAY THAT, ANNIE—PROBABLY HE SIMPLY CHANGED HIS MIND—

HE'HE'HE! I'LL SAY HE CHANGED HIS MIND—LOOKIN' DOWN THAT GUN BARREL COOLED HIM OFF A LOT—I KNOW THAT OLD DRAGON—HE CAME HERE TO KILL YOU—

MAYBE—WITH US OUT OF HIS WAY AND THE SECRET IN HIS HANDS, NO ONE COULD PUNISH HIM—

BUT HE'LL NOT GET THAT SECRET—HE'S UNSCRUPULOUS AND DANGEROUS—BUT HIS KIND CAN'T FRIGHTEN HONEST MEN—HE WANTS WAR OVER THIS THING—THAT'S PLAIN—O.K.—I'LL GIVE HIM ALL THE WAR HE WANTS—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

LEAVING TIM AND SPUD TO GUARD PRINCESS ARETA IN A SECRET HIDING-PLACE, MARCEL AND HIS REBELS OPEN THEIR ATTACK ON THE QUEEN'S GUARDS

ONCE WE'VE CUT OUR WAY THROUGH THE PALACE GUARD WE CAN EASILY TAKE QUEEN ANTONIA PRISONER, MARCEL—

FORWARD, COMRADES! IT IS A BATTLE TO THE DEATH—FORWARD—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BOOTS AND HER RUSH BACK TO THE STORE TO FIND THAT THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN GOING SO WELL DURING THEIR ABSENCE

BUT—I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TH' SALES?

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY TO SPEAK OF! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE—REALLY, I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT

WHY—THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY BUSINESS AT ALL—N'THINGS WERE GOIN' SO SWELL

BRINGING UP FATHER

MR. JIGGS, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR ME PLAY "SO LONG AS I'M WITH YOU"?

YOU'LL BE BY YOURSELF IN A MINUTE

I AM THE COMPOSER OF THIS

I'M GLAD IT WASN'T ME

WHEN I WAS IN ROTTERDAM I COMPOSED A VERY FINE COMPOSITION

SO?

THEY MAKE MOST OF THE CHEESE OVER THERE

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE

WE SAIL TO-DAY, MR. SPHINK—MY DREAM IS COMIN' TRUE, THANKS TO YER MONEY

POPEYE IS GETTING READY TO SAIL IN HIS ARK—I MUST HURRY TO THE BEACH AND LAUNCH MY STURDY SHIP

THE TRACK IS WELL GREASED AND SHE IS SLIPPING NICELY INTO THE SEA

SPLASH

OH!!!!!! GOOD HEAVENS!! IT LEAKS!

OUT OUR WAY

OH, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BEAUTIFUL COLORED ROCKS—THEY CERTAINLY WOULD MAKE YOUR ROCK GARDEN BEAUTIFUL, WOULDN'T THEY?

GORGEOUS! AND THEY'RE JUST LYING THERE, DOING NO ONE ANY GOOD—I SHOULDN'T THINK THE FARMER WOULD OBJECT, IF WE TOOK SOME OF THEM, WOULD YOU?

NO—NO—NOT A TALL! IF HE CAUGHT JUST YOU LADIES TAKIN' EM—BUT A KID, IN THERE, WOULD GIT HIS PANTS KICKED, RIGHT NOW! KIDS TAKIN' THINGS, IS STEALIN'—BUT LADIES, IT AIN'T—SO, GO AHEAD! WE'LL PROBABLY HELP YOU LOAD 'EM!

THE ARTFUL DODGER

So It's to Be War

By HAROLD GRAY

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By LYMAN YOUNG

HORSEMEN DASH TOWARD THE PALACE—

MARCEL AND MARTIN RACE UP HARBOR STAIRS TO ANTONIA'S QUARTERS—ONE LONE GUARD NOW CONFRONTS THEM—

By MARTIN

JUG'S LOOK! TH' STORE IS DESERTED

TH' RING!!!!!!

By GEORGE McMANUS

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I'M GLAD IT WASN'T ME

WHEN I WAS IN ROTTERDAM I COMPOSED A VERY FINE COMPOSITION

SO?

THEY MAKE MOST OF THE CHEESE OVER THERE

NOW SHOWING—"WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE." TOMORROW—"ALL IN THE SAME BOAT"

OH!!!!!! GOOD HEAVENS!! IT LEAKS!

By WILLIAMS

GA MORNIN' MRS. HOOPLE! IS TH' MAJOR UP, YET? UH—I MEAN, IS HE IN, HAVIN' HIS BREAKFAST? WE'RE GOIN' FISHIN', AN' HE TOLD ME TO BE HERE EARLY!—I GOT IT FIXED FOR A BOAT TO TAKE US OUT TO TH' PUMPKIN STATION, WHERE THEY BITE LIKE WOLF FLEAS!

THE BIG THUMB TO WAIT AT THE OWLS CLUB—

WELL, SQUINTY—YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ALONE! HIS ROYAL NIBS HAS A BUSY DAY AHEAD, WITH AFFAIRS OF STATE! HE'S GOING TO PAINT THE WINDOW SCREENS!

WHAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR SLEEPING LATE, MAJOR!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN