

The DARK BLOND

by CARLETON KENDRICK
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CHAPTER LXII

He led them down a corridor filled with scale air, jerked open a door, and they saw Cynthia Happ sitting in a chair. Bob Caise, white, and worried; Vera Duchene, dressed and looking nonchalantly haughty and falling lamentably.

"Thank God," Mrs. Happ said. "I give me pleasure to tell you your husband has been discovered and well."

"Thank God," Mrs. Happ said. "I give me pleasure to tell you your husband has been discovered and well."

Sergeant Mahoney turned to one of his men. "Did you get the suitcase of books from the hotel?"

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Mahoney. "Here are the notes."

"I'll prove it," he said. "I'll prove that you and Dick Gentry bought the flask of whisky before you sent Vera Duchene out to decoy Millicent. You took it with you into Felding's room, used the liquor to nerve yourself to kill him when he returned. You afterwards left the flask in Felding's room, yet Felding never drank. Therefore..."

A door opened. The man to whom Sergeant Mahoney had nodded stood on the threshold with the proprietor of the liquor store. The man's eyes sought Millicent. He nodded, smiled, turned to look at Vera Duchene and said, "That's Phyllis Faulconer." His eyes went on to Cynthia Happ.

"That," he said, "is the woman in the black ermine coat who bought the whisky."

Cynthia Happ got to her feet, her lips bloodless, her eyes wide with panic. All of the surface complacency fled from her. She gave one wild scream, then pitched forward in a faint.

Norman Happ's arm circled Millicent's waist. "Come, Sweetheart," he said. "Silently he led her from the room. 'Let's get out of here,' he said. 'This has made me sick—to think that Cynthia would have...' He broke off, shrugging his shoulders, and said, 'Oh well, she's made her bed, let her lie in it. Come on. Dear, you're going with me to the hospital. I want to be there when Father regains consciousness. I want him to see his new daughter-in-law.'"

He caught her to him. His lips pressed hers. With a sigh, she yielded herself to him, and suddenly the atmosphere ceased to be oppressive. The world seemed filled with a rosy glow.

THE END

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Second Thought

By HAROLD GRAY

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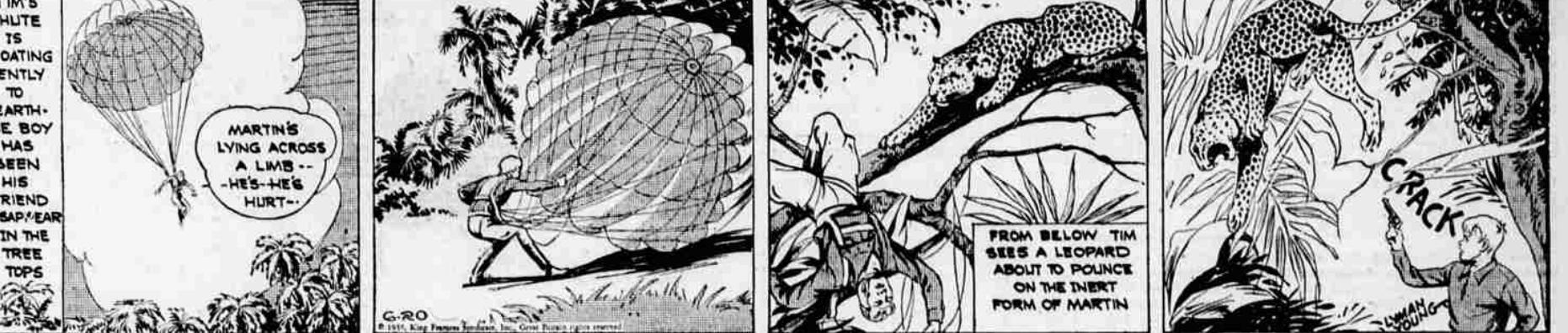
GEE, I'D SURE LIKE TO GO FOR A WALK IN THE WOODS—I'M GETTIN' AWFUL TIRED O' STAYIN' INSIDE THIS HIGH WALL—I DIDN'T PROMISE 'DADDY' I WOULDN'T GO OUTSIDE—

OH, WELL—I GUESS I WON'T GO OUT NOW—IT'S TOO NEAR DINNER TIME, ANYWAY—

HUMPH! OH, WELL—I DON'T MIND FIRING A FEW SHOTS—IT WILL BE BETTER TO HAVE WARBUCKS REMOVED PERMANENTLY, ANYWAY—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG



TIM'S CHUTE IS FLOATING GENTLY TO EARTH—THE BOY HAS SEEN HIS FRIEND DISAPPEAR IN THE TREE TOPS

MARTIN'S LYING ACROSS A LIMB—HE'S BEEN HURT—

FROM BELOW TIM SEES A LEOPARD ABOUT TO POUNCE ON THE INERT FORM OF MARTIN

CRACK

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Finis

By MARTIN



WELL—THAT'S THAT

YEAH! IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED

HOW'D WE COME OUT AT TH' AUCTION SALE?

AT TH' LITTLE END OF TH' HORN OF PLENTY, IT WAS—OH, I DON'T WANNA TALK ABOUT IT

THEY JUS GAVE THINGS AWAY! I PAID ALL TH' BILLS N' SETTLED UP EVERYTHING—N'I HAVE EXACTLY TEN DOLLARS LEFT

I THOUGHT WE'D DO A LITTLE BETTER THAN THAT! OH, WELL—C'MON, I'LL TAKE YUH HOME

SO, Y' PARKED ON TH' WRONG SIDE OF TH' STREET, IN FRONT OF A FIRE PLUG, IN A SAFETY ZONE, EH? THAT'LL COST YUH JUS '10 BUCKS, SWEETHEART

THAT MAKES US EVEN

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS



JIGGS HAS MADE UP HIS MIND TO LOSE ALL HIS MONEY SO AS TO AVOID ALL OF MAGGIE'S SOCIAL AMBITIONS AND RETURN TO THE GOOD OLD NEIGHBORHOOD DOWN BY THE GAS-HOUSE WITH HIS OLD BUDDIES.

I'VE GOT TO LOSE ALL ME MONEY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO INVEST IT IN SOME POOR BUSINESS, THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY TO DO. I'LL CALL ON MR. HUGH KANTWIN. HE'S BEEN A FAILURE ALL HIS LIFE.

IS MR. HUGH KANTWIN IN?

HE'S ALL IN FINANCIALLY, BUT HE'S OUT RIGHT NOW.

HE WENT OUT TO LUNCH, BUT I DOUBT IF HE'LL GET ANY.

WELL! WHO'S NEXT TO HIM?

WE ALL ARE!!

THIMBLE THEATRE

POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF."

TOMORROW—"DAMES ARE SO SELFISH."



TAKE TO THE LIFE-BOATS, WE'RE SINKING!!

WOMEN FIRST! WOMEN FIRST!

DON'T BE SILLY! AM I NOT THE CAPTAIN?

WOMEN FIRST! IT'S ALWAYS BEEN WOMEN FIRST!

I CHANGED THOSE RULES TWO WEEKS AGO—CAPTAIN FIRST!

BUT LET US NOT SQUABBLE OVER THE LIFE-BOATS—I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK—WE HAVE NO LIFE-BOATS

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



I DEFY YOU TO FIND A SWIMMIN' HOLE SO ISOLATED, SO LONELY, THAT YOU WONT GIT YOUR CLOES TIED—IT'S UNCANNY.

IT AIN'T WEAR THAT'S HARD ON CLOES—IT'S THIS!

YOU CANT LET ON YOU AIN'T BEEN IN SWIMMIN' CUZ TH' WRINKLES WHERE TH' KNOTS HAS BEEN, GIVES YOU AWAY!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

IT COST ME \$24.50 TO FIX THAT PLASTER AND PAINT THE ROOM! HMF—WAIT UNTIL HE WALTZES BACK IN HERE—I'LL TREE HIM WITH THAT ELEPHANT GUN, AND WHEN I LET HIM COME DOWN, HE'LL HAVE RED HAIR AND BE ON AN ACORN DIET!

AW—IT WAS ONLY AN ACCIDENT!—YOU'LL SOFTEN UP IN YEARS TO COME, WHEN YOU GET A BOX FROM BORNEO CONTAINING HIS EARTHLY ESTATE AND NAMING YOU SOLE HEIR—TO HIS OL' PLUG HAT AN A BUNDLE OF DRIFT WOOD!

THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE!—SUPPOSING HE SHOT ONE OF US BOARDERS! ESPECIALLY TH' ONE WHO OWED YOU MOST!

DON'T SHOW UP YET, MAJOR!