

SERIAL STORY

HAYWIRE HOUSE

BY EDWIN RUTT

CHAPTER VI

Wilton Ames stared at his advertising campaign. The sign, a white affair blazing with red letters, had been finished. The copy read:

1/2 Mile to
THE PENNINGTON-PARKER RESTAURANT
Unequaled Cuisine
Comfortable Rooms
Reasonable Rates
A Place for Rest and Relaxation

And at the top of the board a little red arrow would point the way to the home of the late Mrs. Martha Preston when the sign was finally set up.

Kinks was very proud of it. He thought that it ought to arouse the curiosity of the reader. So enthusiastic did he become that he persuaded the gentleman who had painted it to drive him to the point where the dirt road forked from the state highway and led to the Preston place.

Without difficulty they found the man who owned the land just off the junction of the roads. He was a farmer and, though convinced that a raving maniac confronted him, he finally gave Kinks permission to place the sign on his property. After it had been set up and duly admired, Kinks refused the sign-painter's offer of a lift to the Preston home, took the suitcase he had brought from New York and walked the half-mile along the river.

He arrived to find a great peace brooding over the abode of his late Aunt Martha. Birds chirped in the trees. The sun was warm on the green lawn. In the back the river lapped peacefully. And in a steamer-chair near the front steps reclined Mr. Harkness, wearing the air of a man whose work has been well done.

"Hello," said Kinks pleasantly. "Taking it easy?"

Mr. Harkness nodded. "Just relaxing. But I have not been idle today, young man. Go up and try that front doorbell."

Kinks mounted the steps and pressed the bell gingerly. The next instant he jumped back and almost dropped his suitcase. An uproar reminiscent of a police siren in full cry had sounded through the house.

"Good night," Kinks called to Mr. Harkness. "What is it?"

The electrical genius waved Wilton Ames through with

negligently from the steamer-chair.

"Nothing to marvel at, young man," he replied. "Just an improvement upon ancient methods. The world must progress."

A small, but extremely alluring, portion of it was. Sally Pennington came flying through the hallway inside and jerked the door open. Her hands were covered with flour and there was a tiny dab of it on the end of her charmingly tip-tilted nose.

"Oh, it's you," she said. "Did you really have to ring that thing?"

"Hello," Kinks said. "What are you doing? Playing you're the Great White Chief?"

"I'm making a cake if you must know," said Sally. "I've been working while you were off gallivanting."

"Mr. Harkness tells me he has, too," Kinks said, stepping inside. She shot him a pained look. "I'll say he has. Did you ever hear such a terrible racket as that bell makes now? And... oh, well, come into the kitchen and see for yourself."

On the kitchen table a queer kind of thingumbob was rattling away inside a china bowl. Mrs. Clipstack stood with arms folded, regarding it sourly.

"What the devil is it?" asked Kinks, approaching with caution, as one sneaks up on an unexploded shell.

Sally shrugged. "Another of his gadgets. He calls it an electric egg-beater. And he insists that we use it."

At this point Mrs. Clipstack gave tongue.

"New-fangled contraption," muttered Mrs. Clipstack, with dark bitterness.

"All this leads me to suppose," said Kinks, "that Mr. Harkness has been putting."

Sally nodded. "The entire morning and half the afternoon. And the worst of it is, he's not through yet. He swears he's going to put batteries in those stuffed animal heads so they'll light up at night."

"But that's a swell idea," said Kinks. "We ought to get some good out of the fauna around here."

"Oh, you think it's swell, do you? Well, Mr. Parker, it falls to your unhappy lot to prevent Mr. Harkness from executing just as many of his swell ideas as possible. If you don't, he'll have us all wired for sound inside of a week."

"Now, now," said Kinks soothingly. "You just calm down and bake your cake. And after dinner tonight, we'll climb in your car and dig up some place to dance."

For the fraction of a second a wistful look came into Sally's blue eyes. Then it vanished and she shook her head.

"We can't," she said.

"Can't? Why not? We're free, white and 21."

"Because," said Sally, "Wilton Ames rang me up this afternoon."

"Wilton Ames? You mean that stuffed shirt you thought you were going to marry before I came along? Well, what if he did? You gave him the air, I hope."

"I did no such thing."

"You didn't? Hey, listen, beautiful! I thought I told you that from now on this beetle Wilton was finished."

"No matter what you told me," said Sally patiently, "Wilton is coming. In fact, he's coming for dinner."

"Dinner? You've got the nerve, Sarah Pennington, to stand here and tell me that you're going to shower our good food all over a nitwit with no chin?"

"Oh, Kinks," said Sally, "do keep quiet. I thought it best to ask Wilton over here tonight. He said that he has something very important to tell me."

(To Be Continued)

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

Don't sit close to anybody we know. I only brought two sandwiches apiece and we're goin' to need every bite we've got."

SIDE GLANCES

Stories in STAMPS

Rolling Down To Rio

BREATHES there the man who has not wished that he might some day go "rolling down to Rio." For this cosmopolitan, magnificent capital of Brazil intensifies somehow the romantic urge of all.

And the world does come to Rio de Janeiro, sailing up the spacious bay of Guanabara and on past Sugar Loaf Mountain, the city's most distinguished landmark. And what does it find?

It finds a city of colorful gardens, of broad promenades, sidewalk cafes, of men and women dressed in clothes from Paris but with a manner all their own. It finds a city whose buildings are for the most part simple but resplendent in vivid coloring. Many of the new homes cling to the hillside below the street and are entered from the roof.

Here vendors lend an Oriental touch, the sacred ox of India is the beast of burden, and modern automobiles slip along the newer pavements. And here in the National Library and other beautiful public buildings is preserved the historic heritage of Brazil and of all South America. In recent years, scientific public health work has materially raised the standard of living in this city of 1,000,000. A view of the harbor and city is shown here on a current Brazilian stamp.

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Farmer in the Dell By HAROLD GRAY

POPEYE

Now Showing—"Smoke Gets Out of Wimpy's Eyes." Monday—"The Wimpy Express F. O. B."

SECRET AGENT X-9

The G-Man Does His Duty By ROBERT STORM

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

A New Experience By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS

A Tough One to Explain By CRANE

ALLEY OOP

Relapse By V. T. HAMLIN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with MAJOR HOOPLE