

SERIAL STORY NEW YORK JUNGLE

WRAY WADE SEVERN

CHAPTER XX
Mrs. Langdon with stone.

bad boy. I think he like to hit Mrs. Langdon with stone. Again the stories checked. This was the quarrel and threat of which Adam, himself, had told Marta. "What happened then, Togi?" Sidney led on. "Mr. Langdon act strange after that. Lock self in Jungle. I go out into garden and look through window to see how he is. I worried. I see him standing on same block beside new lioness as when he die. He have tiny gun in his hand. He lift and aim at porcupine. It make small noise like pop. Then he lower gun. He match point of elbow with button on vest. Then he aim again but not fire. He get range, I think. Then he put little gun back on rack."

Sidney had gone white. "Go on," he said tensely. "When time come to go for drive to Country Club Mrs. Langdon send me to call Mr. Langdon," the Japanese continued. "Mr. Langdon swear at me. Say, 'Go way.' Miss Nella always his favorite. She go down to coax him. He act like crazy. He open door and strike her head." Nella had told him of her struggle with Adam, adding that when Adam had realized what he had done, he had cried like a child. Then, getting control of himself, he had joined them in the drive. "And then, Togi?" Sidney prompted, wiping perspiration from his face. "I think first he strike Miss Hempfield like strike Miss Nella. It not so bad to shoot when hit first. I think if I tell it help Miss Hempfield."

"Such testimony would help had he really shot Langdon. Have you told anyone else of this?" "Not anyone. Lawyer know best. I tell you." "Keep it to yourself until I tell you what to do about it. What happened to that electric percolator which used to be used for coffee?" "No could find. You want?" Togi asked in surprise. "No, not now," Sidney said. He spent the next half hour examining the Jungle. He found the porcupine at which Togi said Adam had aimed; noted its position, just behind the end of the coffee table and its relation to the block on which the new lioness stood. A line could have been

drawn from window to lioness to porcupine.

He strolled out into the garden. No human being was in sight, but it seemed to Sidney that the quiet dusk was alive with eyes. Another trooper had replaced Murphy, a man with a gift for keeping out of sight, and yet he seemed to be everywhere.

Keeping a safe distance behind, he moved toward the thicket. It was quiet. He could hear the distant voice of the brook and an occasional stirring in the grove at his left, where some small animal moved in darkness. He listened for the crunch of leaves under stealthy feet ahead.

With no more than a dozen yards between them, stalker and stalked came to the edge of the thicket, where a narrow trail led through tall trees to the summit of Langdon Knoll. If a cloud had not obliterated an appearing moon, Braitwood might have recognized the man as he turned to enter the trail, but in the darkness he lost sight of him altogether. He knew that the man must be just ahead, and he followed.

Presently the trail led into an open patch shaded by a huge oak. From the scrape, scrape of shin against bark and the agitation in the upper branches of the tree, he guessed that the fellow must be climbing. But why?

In that blackness nothing could be seen. Or did the man know he was being followed? Did he hope to elude his pursuer in that way? Perhaps the fellow was not a trooper, but someone who had hid a bundle to hide. The leafy screen offered a far safer haven than a tall-tale grave.

Concealing himself behind a bush, Sidney waited.

Plowman had suspected Henry Brakes. If Brakes came down out of that tree, did it mean that the trooper captain had reasoned correctly? It would seem so and yet, deep within his mind, Sidney held stubbornly to another theory of the crime.

A shower of leaves rained down as the moon slid from behind the cloud. A leg appeared. The fellow dropped to the ground.

(To Be Continued)

LODGES MEET
COBURG, Nov. 20—(Special)—Diamond Rebekah lodge and West Point Order of Odd Fellows held their annual home coming celebration in the I. O. O. F. building, recently. A potluck dinner was served, followed by a musical program and cards. The program consisted of: selections by the Chula Vista trio; song, Mickey Simmons; Piano solo, Mrs. William Bond; and a talk, by A. B. Johns. Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Reese Jarnagin, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Pirtle and daughter, Ila, Mr. and Mrs. Claude McKibben and daughter, Kathleen, Mr. and Mrs. John Knott, Mr. and Mrs. John McNabb, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McNabb, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Whitaker, Mrs. Irwin Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vogel and daughter, Charlene, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Campbell and son, Colin, Mrs. John Hurd, Mrs. Gilbert Simmons and daughter, Mickey, Mrs. Homer Payne, Mrs. William Hood, Mrs. Daisy Pirtle, Mrs. Nora Smith, Mrs. Addie Wolfe, Mrs. Eva Feulner, Mrs. Minnie Drury, Mrs. Arthur Roach, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Dionne, and son, Jimmy, Mr. and Mrs. Dewain Johns and daughter, Pamela Sue, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice, Van Macy, Carl Hopkins, Alvy Beebe, Pete Stolski, and Dwight Feulner.

CLUB MEETS
WILLAKENZIE, Nov. 20—(Special)—The Willakenzie Thimble club met recently with Mrs. Sam Smith, Mrs. Ray Brown, co-hostess. The club sewed for the Rose Marie Home all afternoon, after which refreshments were served by the hostesses. Mrs. Earl Spencer was taken in as a new member. Other members present were: Mrs. Anna Carstedt, Mrs. Gyneth Olsen, Mrs. Robert J. Hughes, Mrs. Arthur Dillingham, Mrs. Clarence Hoyer, Mrs. Lula Hoare, Mrs. Roy Brabham, Mrs. Charles Cornelius, Mrs. Frank B. Harlow, Mrs. Chris Jensen, Mrs. Alan MacMaster, Mrs. Alma Shick, Mrs. Mary Porter, Mrs. Glenn McCall, and Mrs. Bart Nevers.

The next meeting will be held in two weeks with Mrs. Lula Hoare, Mrs. Robert J. Hughes assisting.

NORKENZIE NOTES
NORKENZIE, Nov. 20—(Special)—Teddy Gibson a first grader in the Norkenzie school, received a fractured leg, while playing at school.

Clarence Hoyer, Jr., fire controlman third class and son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hoyer, has been granted a ten day leave over the Thanksgiving holidays, from the U. S. S. West Virginia, which is dry docked at the Bremerton shipyards, for repairs.

The new Grumman "Widgeon" is a four-place amphibian powered by two engines. The plane has a cruising speed of 150 miles an hour, a cruising range of 750 miles and 100-gallon fuel capacity.

Three types of gasoline engines serve the entire German air force—the 1000 horsepower B. M. W. 132, the 1200 horsepower Junkers Jumbo 211, and the 1200 horsepower Mercedes-Benz DB 601.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Now It Can Be Told

WHAT DO I WANT HERE? I LIKE THAT-GOT A RIGHT IN MY PARENTS' HOME. I BELIEVE-MAY I ASK WHAT RIGHT YOU HAVE HERE?

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT. HAVE YOU, PETE?

YOU-- YOU KNOW EACH OTHER?

HA! HA! I'LL SAY WE DO-- AND HOW!

YES-- WE KNOW EACH OTHER-- OR WE DID ONCE--

AH! MYRNA MARY! I HEARD YOU HAD "COVERED" PEG-- QUITE A FIND! I MUST SAY--

BUT, SON-- PEG-- MRS. MARY-- IT'S ALL SO MIXED UP-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND--

WHY DON'T YOU TELL THEM, PEG?

POPEYE

Now Showing--"Double-Header!"

CASTOR, WHY DIDJA SAY I DON'T DIDA KNOW OFF THIS SPY'S BLOCK?

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THIS SPY AROUND THE WORLD FOR THREE YEARS AND ONLY YESTERDAY I LEARNED HIS TRUE IDENTITY

WHO THE HECK IS HE?

YOU'D BE SURPRISED!

HE'S AN OLD ENEMY OF YOURS

PROP HIM UP POPEYE, AND I'LL SHOW YOU

AT'S FUNNY, HE DON'T LOOK LIKE NO OL' ENEMY O' MINE

BLOW ME DOWN! HE'S JUST A SKINNY GUY!

SECRET AGENT X-9

By Robert Storm

NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THESE CRATES-- HERE'S MY CHANCE!

BANGWAY, OAF!

OOP! LOOK OUT!

YI!

GUNS!

SORRY, CAPTAIN!

I WAS TREPPEE! EET WAS DELIBERATE, CAPTAIN!

SO!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

A Big Problem

YOU MEAN "GOSH" ACTUALLY SLEPT AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRWAY LAST NIGHT?

WE DID, AND SINCE BOOTS HAS COME DOWN THIS MORNING, HE HANGS LET HER OUT OF HIS SIGHT!

IT LOOKS LIKE FOM NOW ON, SHE'S GONNA BE A THEY!

MY GRACIOUS! SUCH LOVELY IS CERTAINLY TOUCHING-- BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

I'M REALLY A BIT WORRIED ABOUT WHAT HE HASTENED TO DO WITH US!

By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS

Stymied

MY SIDE OF THE STORY IS RATHER BRIEF, MY SECRETARY, MISS ZAVISH, CALLED ONE EVENING WITH SOME DOCUMENTS AND LEFT, SAYING SHE WAS GOING TO A MOVIE. AS TO HER MURDER, I KNOW NOTHING

YOUR BUTLER TESTIFIED HE HEARD YOU AND MISS ZAVISH QUARRELING, MR. DRINK-WATER

HE'S A LIAR! THAT'S WHY I FIRED HIM

HMM! AND HOW DID YOU EXPLAIN TO THE POLICE THE BLOODSTAINS ON YOUR CAR AND CLOTHES?

I DIDN'T! THERE IS NO EXPLANATION FOR SOMETHING ONE KNOWS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ABOUT

THE SAME IS TRUE OF MY PISTOL-- IT JUST DISAPPEARED, & I KNOW NOT WHERE, OR HOW, AND I CANNOT EXPLAIN

By CRANE

ALLEY OOP

All Set

HEY, BOOM, GET ME A C.R. UNIT! C'MON, MOVE ON IT-- GET A STEP ON!

SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE WORK BEGAN ON THE TASK OF REPAIRING THE TIME MACHINE

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON-- CAN'T YOU SEE I'M WORKING DOWN TO A NUB, RUNNING ERRANDS FOR YOU DUBS?

WELL, YOU'VE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT YOURSELF-- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CAUSED ALL THIS TROUBLE

YEH, I KNOW, SKIP IT!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT, BOYS-- IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT THE TIME-MACHINE ABOUT READY TO WORK?

THAT'S RIGHT, OSCAR IF THIS TEST SHOWS UP IT'LL BE READY TO OPERATE AGAIN

OKAY, DOC-- SHE'S HOT!

EUREKA! I CHECKED TO A HAIR!

By V. T. HAMLIN

THIS GERMAN ARTILLERYMAN thinks it's great sport chalk sarcastic wisecracks on huge shells before firing across the English channel. He's writing "Greetings Tommy."

SIDE GLANCES



Remember, Doctor--don't spend the evening asking people "How's that leg of yours coming along?" or "Doing anything for that cough?"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE .. with .. MAJOR HOOPLE

AND SHORTLY AFTER SELLING ME THE SHARE OF STOCK, HE SCRAMMED -- TO USE AN EXPRESSION -- WITHOUT PAYING HIS BOARD BILL! EGAD, SERGEANT, I HAVE BEEN SWINDLED! WHAT ARE WE COMING TO WHEN A LEADING CITIZEN CAN BE TAKEN IN THIS MANNER RIGHT UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF THE POLICE!

NO CRACKS ABOUT THE FORCE, HOOPLE -- IT'S A WONDER YOU DIDN'T SMELL IT OUT YOURSELF WITH THAT BIG AIRPLANE BEACON YOU PUSH AROUND! I'M NOT MENTIONING ANY NAMES, BUT IF YOU GET A PLUG HAT ON TOP OF A GWIGG CHEESE YOU'D GET A FAIR IDEA OF THE MENTALITY OF SOME LEADING CITIZENS I KNOW!

HE'S SORRY HE BROUGHT IT UP

OUT OUR WAY

TOMORROW WE'LL START DRILL ON AN EXTENSIVE TRENCH AND DUGOUT SYSTEM-- SO I WANT ALL OF YOU TO BRING SHOVELS FOR THE DRILL

By WILLIAMS