

SERIAL STORY

SPORTING BLOOD

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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"You know, mysteries always charm and challenge me," Bella said. "I'll wager you that if I had a clue I could solve this deep dark mystery."

"Hullo, Red," Hunter said, eyeing her with disapproval. Bella Ballard wore a bright peasant dress, a milkmaid's dress. If she had ever milked a cow he had not seen her. But for her father's registered herd she might have supposed milk grew in bottles and was plucked from trees. Her gay parody on a working-girl's costume somehow outraged the young manager. She was just a little too lovely, her lips were just a bit too kissable. She hadn't any right to be so damned attractive. It would have been different if she still followed him around as she did as a teen-kid. Now she was grown up. She would be married at Christmas to Oliver Tisdale.

TRUE, all this was poor excuse for his contrary venom. "What are you doing here? Clear out," he told her. He supposed this was jealousy. But she got on his nerves.

"What's that you've got?" "The morning paper. It comes by the dawn cream truck. Since you seem to be illiterate I'd better read you the news which has crowded the war news off the front page." She shook the paper out.

"That's interesting," Hunter grunted. "Yes, it is. A bank messenger was shot last night and seventeen thousand—"

Hunter grabbed the paper, read furiously, hitting the high spots. The slugged bank messenger was near death. Unconscious and the police had been unable to question him. Identity of assailants unknown. The supposition was that a payroll, or secret movement of money in currency, had cleared through the First National on short notice, but bank authorities had not been contacted at the time of going to press. The job had all the earmarks of an inside stunt.

of Salt Lake City, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Trent. Gene Tonole, of Portland, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Tonole. Miss Adeline Parks of Klamath

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

When the American Expeditionary Force landed in Ireland recently newspapers reported the citizenry remarked at the similarity of the steel helmets worn by our boys with those worn by German troops. These steel hats are protection from shrapnel fragments and other light missiles. We need thousands of them for they are a regular issue to every American soldier.



A smart strap fastens under the chin and they are padded for comfort. One steel helmet costs \$5 so every time you fill a \$5 stamp book you are buying protection for an American soldier. Invest at least ten percent of your income in War Bonds every pay day. Help your community reach its War Bond Quota.

U. S. Treasury Department

YES! THE WHOLE TOWN IS BUZZING—AND THEY TELL ME THE COVE IS SWARMING WITH POLICE, COAST GUARD AND F. B. I. MEN—



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

X-9—IT MUST HAVE HURT YOU TERRIBLY TO HAVE TO GIVE A WOMAN CREDIT FOR TRACKING A SPY!



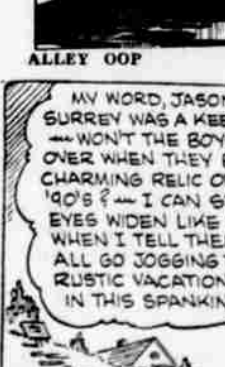
SECRET AGENT X-9

I NEEDS THIS SHIP—GO AFT THE CAPTAIN IF HE SURRENDERS—



POPEYE

OH-HO HO HO HO! THAT'S THE BEST GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IN A CLEAN, COMFORTABLE BED I'VE HAD IN MONTHS!



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

IM YOUNG TITO, CAPTAIN EASY. MY...MY FATHER IS DEAD, AND MY SWEETHEART HAS...HAS BEEN CARRIED AWAY, SINCE I WAS CHAINED AND HAD NO OPPORTUNITY TO FIGHT, SIR, I...I WONDERED IF...IF...

WASH TUBBS

HM-M-M—(M SURPRISED YOU TWO AREN'T DOWN THERE, TOO—HOW COME?)



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

I'VE GOT PRINCE CAESAR WHERE I WANT HIM, RIGHT NOW! I'LL LAND HIS WHOLE GANG OF AXIS TERMITES, SINGLE-HANDED!



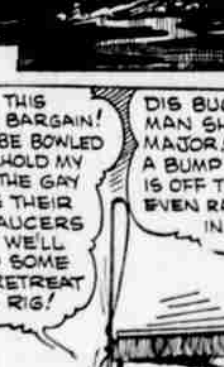
SECRET AGENT X-9

WELL, HOW ABOUT IT? BAH!



POPEYE

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WASH TUBBS

BY THE WAY—I HEAR YOU TWO WERE ON THE CREEK IN YOUR BOAT, EVEN BEFORE THE POLICE STARTED FOR THE COVE—



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

HOWEVER, IF YOU CARE TO TRAIL ALONG AND WATCH A REAL SLEUTH AT WORK, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME.



SECRET AGENT X-9

CAESAR'S PICKING ME UP IN AN HOUR. HE DIDN'T TELL ME WHERE WE WERE GOING, BUT I DOUBT IF I'D TELL YOU, IF HE DID!



POPEYE

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WASH TUBBS

WELL, YES—THEY CHASED US HOME—



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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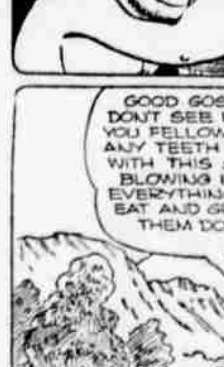
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WASH TUBBS

ER—IT COULDN'T BE YOU TWO WERE COMING BACK FROM THE COVE AT THE TIME, COULD IT?



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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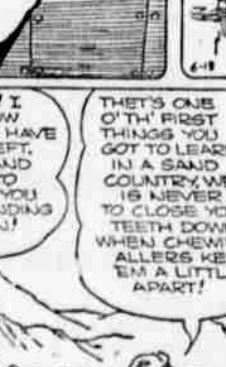
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WASH TUBBS

MY—MY! WHAT IDEAS YOU DO GET, DOCTOR—



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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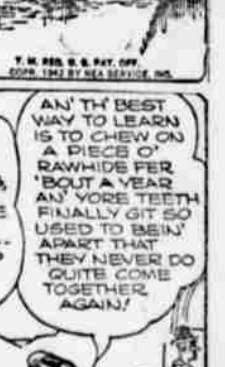
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WASH TUBBS

SIDE GLANCES



body should tell the War Department about Leland—he never loses a battle!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

RUSTY SPRING SONG

OUT OUR WAY

THE DAILY GRIND