

# A NICE GIRL COMES TO TOWN

By Maysie Greig

## Chapter 12 TROUBLED THOUGHTS

Clarice unwillingly disentangled herself from Brynmor's arms. "Who on earth can it be?" "Did you ask any other fellow to meet you here tonight?" Brynmor asked suspiciously.

She shook her head. "Of course I didn't." "We'll go together and see who it is," he said decisively. "And I tell you frankly, whoever it is, I'm going to give him to understand that you're my property from now on."

Arm in arm they walked across the floor.

Lorna Grey whispered to Clarice. "I don't know who the fellow is. I left him in the dining room."

The visitor rose as they entered the room. Clarice knew at a glance that she never had seen him before. He was a short, squat man, with a penetrating gaze under his bushy eyebrows.

"Pardon me for troubling you like this, Miss Day," he began. "I wouldn't expect that the matter is urgent. Mr. Riccardi of the Emerald Dragon told me I should find you here."

"Yes?" Clarice raised her daintily plucked eyebrows.

"There was a robbery at the club tonight. You may have heard of it."

"I hadn't heard. How dreadful!" Clarice exclaimed. "Tell me about it."

The man cleared his throat.

"Well, the safe in Mr. Riccardi's private office was broken into. It must have occurred when he was introducing a new dancing troupe for the cabaret. That's the only time he was out of his office. This, we feel, rather indicates the thief had inside information. Besides the money, which was considerable, some valuable jewelry belonging to his wife was stolen."

"That's terrible," Clarice said. "But what can I do about it?"

"As soon as the theft was discovered, Mr. Riccardi called the police, the man resumed in unemotional tones. "I'm a plain clothes man and they put me on the job. Now I was wondering, Miss Day, if you noticed any strangers hanging about the club tonight?"

"I don't remember seeing any one," Clarice replied. "You see, officer," she flashed him a smile, "I didn't pay much attention to any one new at the club tonight. I was eager to get away so I might come on to the party."

"Quite understandable, Miss Day. I'm sorry to have troubled you. He was about to depart when Brynmor interposed.

"Can I get you a drink before you go, officer?"

The man smiled. "Well, picking up information is thirty work. Thanks, sir, I don't mind if I do."

While he sipped a whiskey and soda, Brynmor talked with him.

"I don't suppose you may have any theories as to whom may have turned the trick? I frequently go to the Emerald Dragon myself."

"Well, sir, we always have our pet theories. Judging by the way this little show was carried out, it looks as if a West End crook, now on parole, one we called 'Gentleman Freddy,' may have had something to do with it. His specialty used to be night clubs."

The mention of the name "Gentleman Freddy" stirred a singular response in Brynmor's mind. He had a vision of Freddy Mason whom he had met in Clarice's flat the night of the raid. Instinctively he had disliked the fellow. It was annoying that the chap was Clarice's cousin—especially in view of his engagement to her.

"I'd like to meet this 'Gentleman Freddy,'" Clarice laughed after the detective had gone. "He sounds a romantic sort of crook. I don't feel

like shedding tears because someone has helped themselves to the contents of Riccardi's safe. He's as much of a robber as any of 'em. Look at the prices he charges for champagne!"

As the party continued, Brynmor was conscious of a certain depression. This night should have been the happiest of his life. Wasn't he engaged to Clarice—Clarice, the idol of London night life?

Yet when Lorna Grey, climbing onto some man's shoulder, announced their engagement, the thrill he had anticipated was curiously absent. He thanked them, of course, acknowledged the cheer that greeted the news, but he did so in platitudes from which he hadn't the wit to escape.

Clarice raised herself on tip-toe to whisper, "Embarrassed, darling? I'll dance. That should quiet them."

Wild enthusiasm greeted her suggestion. A floor space was cleared and Clarice danced. Her black satin sandals seemed scarcely to touch the floor.

Brynmor watched, but he didn't see her clearly. He saw, instead, the long white face of Freddy Mason. And in the back of his mind, sounded those last words he had overheard the fellow saying to Clarice: "Remember what I told you, Clary. You've no alternative. You've got to consent."

What the devil had he meant? Clarice herself mentioned his name as they drove home in a taxi.

"I must write and tell Freddy, you know Freddy Mason, my cousin, about our engagement," she said. "He will be so pleased. He liked you tremendously that night you met. I had a letter from his today."

"Isn't he in town?" Brynmor asked quickly.

"Didn't you know? I thought I'd told you. He's over in Paris, having no end of a gay time. He said in his letter that he's going to Brussels tomorrow. He should be home in a week or so."

That was a relief. Brynmor reprimanded himself for his suspicions. "What's his job?" he asked.

"He hasn't one. Private money, you know."

Upon hearing that information, Brynmor determined to dismiss all thoughts of the fellow.

He was marrying Clarice, not her relatives. All the same, as he walked homeward, a nasty little doubt still gnawed in the back of his mind.

(To be continued)

## LITTLE FOLKS ENJOY OUTING ALONG CREEK

Kingwood—A group of the younger set hiked out to Glenn creek Thursday afternoon. The children were members of the intermediate Epworth League of the Ford Memorial church and their leader, Mrs. A. C. Henningsen, and this occasion marked the end of this year's work. The next year's work will begin in the fall at the time when the schools reopen.

Those enjoying the outing in the country were Kenneth Godkin, Margaret Green, Muriel Kaster, Marvin Kelo, Maizie Radkey, Roy Ramsey, Fred Warren, Lloyd Godkin, Margaret Kaster, Velma Kelo, Theresa Greene, Richard Kelo, Bill Thomas, Eliza Godkin, Dorothy Kaster and Mrs. A. C. Henningsen, superintendent.

## MOVING TO FALLS CITY

Kingwood—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Page, who have lived on the Peter P. Toews place on the Glenn creek road for almost a year, coming here from Saskatchewan, Canada, have bought a house and several lots in Falls City, and will make this place their home.

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Full Speed Ahead



By Harold Gray

## REG'LAR FELLERS

All Wool Except Buttons



By Gene Byrnes

## TAILSPIN TOMMY

In Danger



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## DUMB DORA

Convalescing



By Paul Fung

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## MUTT AND JEFF

A Half A Loafer Is Better Than None

By Bud Fisher



**ACROSS**

1. Vestment
2. Masculine nickname
3. Grains dress
4. Destruction
5. If
6. Single thing
7. And Latin
8. Tied out of shape
9. Symbol for sodium
10. Non-religious ending
11. Cox
12. Inset
13. Swoy
14. Woody plant
15. Game
16. Arabian shrub
17. Ground grain
18. Merit
19. Very thin
20. Piece of furniture
21. Contained
22. Brother of Jacob
23. Exist
24. Bird of prey
25. Nin
26. Sun god
27. Straddle

**Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**

LENA SEPIA BEST  
ODOR ALONG ALOE  
TAM SPA HEATERS  
SMITES CENT MET  
NOW DART WE  
STEP SALE LINED  
THE CHIC MANTLE  
AL MEASURING ON  
BLEARY LONE OPS  
SLATE RAVE FREE  
RE METE BAD  
TIANEASE DINERS  
ELEATIC PUN RAT  
LESS LURIO LENE  
LETS GREATS ADIT

**Hard-shelled Inset**

1. Forward
2. Chief seat
3. Asserts
4. Pronoun
5. Concerning
6. Tread under foot
7. Sandy
8. Cornered
9. Concise
10. Article
11. Crafty
12. At any time
13. Feminine name
14. Lighthouse
15. Charge with
16. Egg
17. Most tenous
18. Gun tower
19. Fiscal ending
20. In the summit
21. Slate color
22. Italian coin
23. Short for a man's name
24. Part of a play
25. Old measure of length
26. At home
27. Whitening of the face
28. Islands

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13				14			
15		16	17				18			19
20		21	22				23			
24		25					26			
27			28	29	30	31				
		32				33				
34	35					36			37	38
39									40	
41									42	
43		44	45	46					47	
48		49							50	51
52	53		54						55	56
57			58						59	