



BUT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED? THAT TOUGH WITCHES' GANG SAID THEY'D GET ME-- BUT NOW THEY'RE ALL PALSY WALSY!

YEAH! AND I BELTED CANDY. CAIN AND HE WAS OUT TO FIX ME GOOD--



ALWAYS ALMOST ANYBODY DO WHAT WE DID-- THEY'D GET BEAT TERRIBLE, SLASHED, MAYBE KILLED--



BUT CANDY SAYS HE ISN'T EVEN SORE AT ME-- THEY'VE BEEN SCARED OFF-- BUT WHO COULD--?

MAC, MAYBE?



NA! THOSE TOUGH KIDS-- THEY KNOW TH' COPS AREN'T ALLOWED TO TOUCH 'EM ANY MORE, THANKS TO A LOT O' REFORMERS!

IT SURE BEATS ME-- BUT IT'S NICE TO FEEL SAFE, FOR A CHANGE--



HUH! HUH! HUH! WAS GLAD T'SEE YOU AND JUNIOR TRY-SHAKE AN' MAKE UP-- HE'S A NICE KID--

HE'S A WISE PUNK, JOLLY, AN' YOU KNOW IT!



HUH! HUH! HUH! NOW I'D HAVE SAID JUNIOR APPEARS TO HAVE A REAL GOOD FUTURE AHEAD OF HIM-- FROM WHAT I HEAR--

YEAH? YOU'RE CRAZY!



MAYBE-- BUT I ALSO HEAR YOU, CANDY CAIN, COULD AWFUL EASY WIND UP WITH YOUR FUTURE BEHIND YUH! HUH-HUH-HUH! HAVE ANOTHER COLD-UP, BOYS-- ON TH' HOUSE--



THERE GOES NATCHEZ NELL NOW--

SHE DON'T LOOK SO DANGEROUS TO ME--

LET 'ER GO! WHO CARES?



HOW YOU SO SURE SHE'S SYNDICATE?

M'BROTHER-- HE DID SEVEN YEARS UP T'SING SING-- HE SAYS SO--



HE SAYS SHE'S IN TH' SYNDICATE?

NA-- HE JUST SAYS IF SHE TELLS YUH, DO IT!-- AN' DON'T AST NO FOOL QUESTIONS--



HEY, CANDY-- WHAT'S TH' MATTER? WHERE Y'GOIN'?

DROP DEAD, BOTH OF YUH! I'M GOIN' HOME AN' HIT TH' SACK-- I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

HAROLD GRAY



Maw Green

THAT UNCOUTH APE-- OI DON'T CARE HOW RICH HE IS, HE'S A--



NOW-NOW, MRS. GREEN-- REMEMBER TIMOTHY IS A SELF-MADE MAN--

SELF-MADE MAN, IS HE--



SURE AND WHAT A FOINE EXAMPLE OF UNSKILLED LABOR!

HAROLD GRAY