

Simp Odill



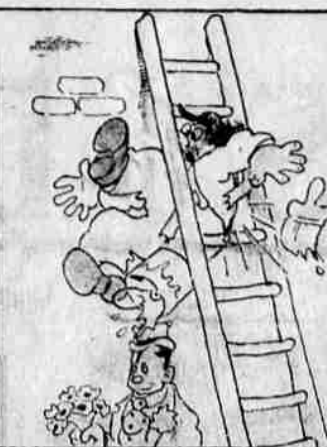
GEE, I LOOK SWELL, I DO



I'M ALL DRESSED UP 'CAUSE I'M GOIN' TO SEE MY GIRL. I AM



THEY SAY IT'S UNLUCKY TO WALK UNDER A LADDER. I WONDER IS IT?



YEP. IT IS

THE NEBB'S

Outwitting Rudy

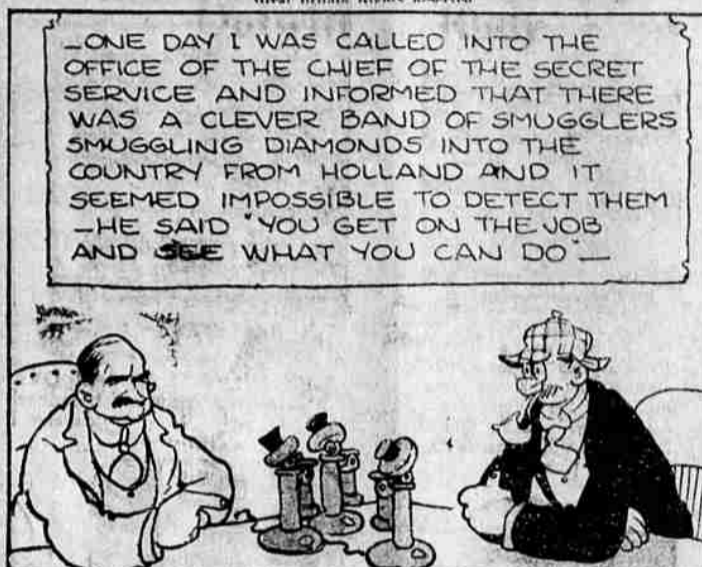
By SOL HESS

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DADDY, TELL ME SOME MORE DETECTIVE STORIES

WELL, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I WAS IN THE GOVERNMENT SECRET SERVICE?



ONE DAY I WAS CALLED INTO THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE AND INFORMED THAT THERE WAS A CLEVER BAND OF SMUGGLERS SMUGGLING DIAMONDS INTO THE COUNTRY FROM HOLLAND AND IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT THEM — HE SAID "YOU GET ON THE JOB AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO" —



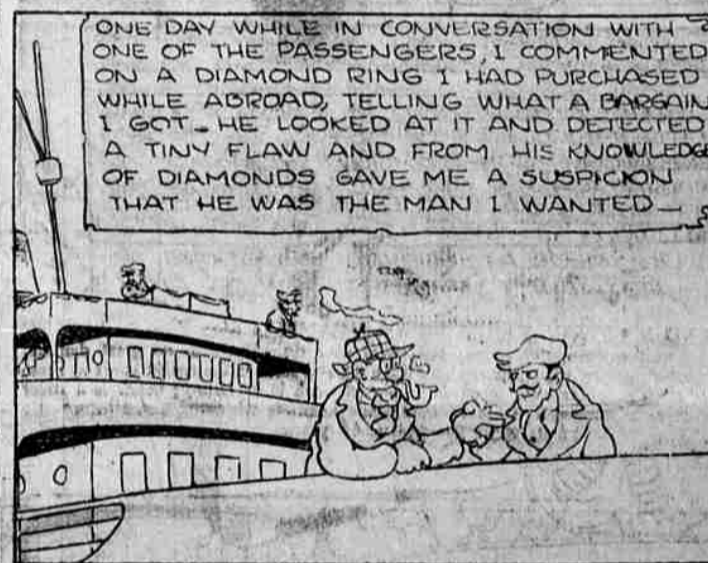
SO I DECIDED TO GO TO AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DIAMOND MARKET, AND SEE IF I COULD GET SOME CLUE AT THE SOURCE —



WHEN I ARRIVED, ONE OF OUR OPERATORS TOLD ME OF A PURCHASE OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF DIAMONDS WHICH HE KNEW THE PURCHASER HAD PASSED ON TO AN UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE, WHO, HE WAS SURE, WAS SAILING ON THE NEXT STEAMER —



SO GOING BACK, I MADE IT MY BUSINESS TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH EVERYBODY ON BOARD, ACTING LIKE A GREEN-HORN SO THAT NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT I WAS A SECRET SERVICE MAN —



ONE DAY WHILE IN CONVERSATION WITH ONE OF THE PASSENGERS, I COMMENTED ON A DIAMOND RING I HAD PURCHASED WHILE ABROAD, TELLING WHAT A BARGAIN I GOT. HE LOOKED AT IT AND DETECTED A TINY FLAW AND FROM HIS KNOWLEDGE OF DIAMONDS GAVE ME A SUSPICION THAT HE WAS THE MAN I WANTED —



I SHADOWED HIM CAREFULLY — HE WAS ALWAYS MUNCHING ON AN APPLE. NOT THAT THIS MEANT ANYTHING TO THE AVERAGE PERSON, BUT TO MY UNCANNY MIND I COULD SEE IT HAD A BEARING ON THIS CASE —



FROM THE MOMENT I STARTED TO SUSPECT HIM, THERE WASN'T A MOVE HE MADE THAT ESCAPED MY WATCHFUL EYE. —



FINALLY MY SUSPICION WAS JUSTIFIED — LATE THE NIGHT BEFORE WE LANDED, I PEEKED THROUGH A PORT HOLE IN HIS STATE ROOM AND SAW HIM FILL A HOLLOWED APPLE WITH PRECIOUS DIAMONDS. AFTER FILLING THE APPLE HE REPLACED THE CORE MAKING AS PERFECT LOOKING AN APPLE AS YOU EVER SAW.



I MANAGED TO BE RIGHT BEHIND HIM AS WE REACHED THE CUSTOMS INSPECTOR — HE WAS MUNCHING ON AN APPLE AS USUAL BUT NOT BITING VERY DEEP.



WHILE THE CUSTOMS OFFICER WAS EXAMINING HIS LUGGAGE, I KNOCKED THE APPLE FROM HIS HAND AS IF BY ACCIDENT — IT FELL TO THE PIER AND BROKE INTO PIECES, BUT LO AND BEHOLD, THERE WERE NO DIAMONDS HEH HEH HEH IN IT!



DIDN'T YOU CATCH HIM, DADDY?

THAT'S ANOTHER STORY, SON. I'LL HAVE TO TELL THAT TOO BUT IT'S LATE TONIGHT — SKIP OFF TO BED LIKE A GOOD BOY

TO BE CONTINUED

