

I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

SYNOPSIS: Nicholas and Jimmy Fox, the latter a pugilist, are the protagonists of this story. The former is a man of letters, the latter a man of letters. The former is a man of letters, the latter a man of letters. The former is a man of letters, the latter a man of letters.

Chapter III ANCHORS AWEIGH

"All ready!" Jerry heaved overboard the tin can which marked our moorings, and catching hold of the halyard hauled up the peak. As though revelling in her newfound freedom the Seagull heeled over to the strong westerly breeze. I steadied her with the tiller, and bowing a farewell to the other small craft which were tossing about at their anchors, she plunged forward down the bay.

It was barely four o'clock, and the broad expanse of the Thames Estuary was still shrouded in darkness. Ahead of us on the left the mile-long lights of Southend pier stabbed their way out into the river. The green eye of a steamer, slipping up on the half-flood, moved slowly across our bows, while far in the distance, like a false dawn, a faint gleam from Sheerness Dockyard mounted up into the starless sky. The atmosphere was distinctly chilly.

I buttoned up my coat and peered ahead under the swaying boom. Forward in the bows Jerry was busy stowing the anchor and coiling up loose ends of rope. He had the true sailor's horror of untidiness, and for ten minutes or so he continued his labors until everything on deck was in apple-pie order. Then with a satisfied air he sauntered aft and dropped down beside me into the little open well.

"Going along like a daisy," he observed. "If this wind only holds we shall have a topping sail." I nodded. "You're quite a good weather prophet. I will say that for you, Jerry. I'm glad now that we didn't start yesterday." "We shouldn't have got in," was the reply: "at least, it would have been a near thing. One can only scrape over the bar an hour each side of high water."

"Inconvenient sort of place to choose for a factory," I remarked. "Isn't there any other way of getting at it?"

"There's an entrance from the Crouch farther up, but we should have to go right round outside the Mazing for that. As it is we can sneak up inshore. That's the best of these contra-board boats; they can sail practically wherever it's wat'."

I looked back at the lamps along Westcliff Parade, which were already fading into the distance. "I'd give something to know whether we've been followed from London," I said.

Jerry shrugged his shoulders. "Probably; and, if so, no doubt they've seen us pushing off. All the same I'm not worrying. Skunks like Orloff and Dimitri are dangerous enough ashore, I grant you that, but when it comes to this sort of thing they're a bit out of their element. I don't suppose they could tell one end of a barge from the other."

"What about that Russian ship that's lying in the river," I suggested. "The one they were going to take Molly to? If she's any sort of a size there must be at least half a dozen men on board, and I expect some of them know how to handle a boat."

I paused. "By the way," I added, "now I come to think of it, I wouldn't mind betting that that big fout I clipped on the jaw was one of the crew. He looked like a sailor, anyhow. He'd rings in his ears and his arms were tattooed to the shoulder."

JERRY yawned. "Well, you never know. Funny things can happen, but I can't exactly picture a boat load of Bolsheviks bumping about in an Essex creek."

He leaned across and relieved me of the tiller. "Perhaps I'd better take her over now. It's rather tricky work juggling in and out of these steamers, especially in the dark."

I slid forward along the seat, and at the same moment Molly's head appeared through the hatch. She was wearing a blue knitted jersey which she had bought at Westcliff the previous day, and with her short curly hair blowing about in the wind she looked like some mischievous and attractive boy.

"Hello!" she exclaimed reproachfully: "you might have wakened me." "We hadn't the heart," explained

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—There is excellent stimulant for the mind in popping quickly out of the rut and varying the metropolitan monotony.

Coney Island is a monument to well ordered people who want to do something crazy. The happiest journeys are for those who grab the duffel bag and suddenly away.

Roosevelt thought habit was life's greatest stranger. Most men go on jamborees in sheer ennui over humanity's incessant tick-tock. I believe much of Noel Coward's timbleness mentally results from dropping an idea that is hitting all cylinders and dashing around the world.

No one ever thought of a journey without immediately rearing a dozen insurmountable hurdles. Not many can beat the last host of the gang-plank for some outer rim of the world. Yet there is scarcely one of us who cannot in a lesser way hop-skip out of the groove.

I was up at 2 a. m. the other night because I imagined hearing a strange noise. Unable to sleep, I aroused my wife, patient soul, and we dressed and caught one of those hourly trains to Philadelphia. We got home at 11 a. m. after breakfasting in the Broad street station. It jostled us out of a

several day funk. Joyana Howland, in that ecstasy of enthusiasm that made her stage capers so memorable, wires from Beverly Hills an eloquent citation for Toyra Samler Winslow's dog story in a recent Harper's Bazaar. I had already shed a tear over it, as will posterity. Toyra once lost a dog tragically and in sending condolences I suggested immediately acquiring another dog. It shocked her, but she followed the advice and was glad. It's the only way to soften such blows.

Greenwich in Connecticut is one of the more excited faubourgs. Poets have lusted its de luxe commutation trains as excursions into Arcadia. The passengers wear the gold chevrons of suburbia, and are the highly civilized owners of moated castles landscaped far back from traveled highways. Glistening limousines with chauffeurs holding rich fur robes stand at attention at the station. Yet the splendor of its artifice to me razors the delightful bucolic touches that should be pronounced at every suburb. One rather wished Pontaine Fox's Toonerville Trolley was somewhere about.

The machine age, too, has lost for us the village hackman—usually a Niagara mustached Lem or Tom. He was the official greeter, a cheery, soiled veteran of irregular hours. He asked no tips or expected them. One would as well think of tipping the banker. As a historian, he could tell you the happenings of the town since you went away. He was there when I was up at 2 a. m. the other night, until recently, was there when we came back failures or successes. Either eventually made no difference. He was a gossip but a kindly one, telling in a mannerly fashion about those who had fallen from grace. A true patriot, his town, his people were perfect.

Card of Thanks
We wish to express our sincere appreciation to the many friends for the acts of kindness and sympathy extended us during our recent bereavement; also for the beautiful floral offerings. R. H. Seegmiller and family.

BY NOW the first glimmer of dawn was already making its appearance. Grey down in the east the sombre gray of the sky had given place to a sticky yellow, while little by little the vague outline of the opposite shore was beginning to separate itself more distinctly from the dun-colored water.

It was a cheerless dawn, as dawns at sea usually are. The mystery and beauty of the night appeared to be changing gradually into a dreary expanse of tumbling waves and inhospitable-looking mud flats.

The arrival of cocoa, however, followed by a welcome cigar let round, soon dispelled our depression. As though scenting the approach of the sun, George, who up till then had remained in the fore-cabin, condescended to join our company.

For the first minute or so he stood up in the well on his hind legs sniffing the breeze and glancing suspiciously round the horizon; then, having apparently decided that there was nothing wrong with the navigation, he gave a short bark of approval and stretched himself out contentedly at Molly's feet.

"Don't altogether like the look of it," remarked Jerry, jerking his head towards a bank of black cloud which had crept up behind us. "Shouldn't be surprised if we were in for a spell of rain."

"Hambridge must be a gay place on a really wet day," I observed. "Still, as far as that goes, we shall have plenty to do."

"How long do you think we shall have to stop there?" asked Molly. "All depends," Jerry let out the mainsheet a trifle and the Seagull buried her nose joyously in the white-crested water. "We don't know anything about this farmer and his wife at present. People who settle themselves in these out-of-the-way places are generally inclined to be a bit grumpy and suspicious. No use trying to rush 'em, or they shut up like an oyster."

"It's the woman I want to see," I said. "If she was looking after Osborne and getting his meals and all that sort of thing..."

"I wonder whether she's pretty," broke in Molly. "If she is I've no doubt he talked to her quite a lot. He was always running after some woman or other when he was with us; it was the one thing father used to object to."

Jerry shook his head. "I shouldn't build on that."

Monday, the Seagull arrives at its Desolate Destination.

Profiling in the hush of Scribner's sales, I stood for a time near a jet-bonneted woman whose further old-fashionedness was expressed in black half-fingered gloves. It interests me what people read. I cannot refrain from peeping in library reading room observation cars or deck walking. On the Aquatuna one time I waited like a burglar at a window for a distinguished gentleman several chains away to close his volume. That's how I learned Charles Schwab was reading "The Mystery of the Folded Paper." So I watched the jet-bonneted woman. She fingered Edith Sitwell's "Life of Alexander Pope," left it, returned to it again and finally walked away with Caroline Miller's "Lamb in His Bosom." Another customer watered between a chance Oppenheim and Swinerton's "The Georgian Scene" and sensibly chose the latter. I nudged home a shocker "Outward Bound" from Liverpool."

M. I. Phillips, the newspaper paragrapher, has turned out the most hilarious revue skit idea of the season. The locale was a mountain cabin in the Carolinas with the last family of hill-billies trying to hold out against the invading theatrical, movie and radio agents. All the 17 children, not including the one who was snake bit, have been lured away by fancy city offers. Only pappy, mammy and pipe smoking granny are left as notes are tossed through the short-guarded windows. Finally pappy and mammy are about to succumb to a Shubert offer but granny forestalls them with buckshot and goes herself.

While Wilfred is having fire directis mildred to look around upstairs for an old newspaper and bring it down.

Says to wife he hasn't got a match and he can't find any in usual place on mantel piece and bring it down.

Reminds Wilfred he has forgotten the kindling, he'll find some in the corner by the coal bin.

Gets newspaper to story fire with but finds he hasn't read editorial page yet, puts it aside.

Warms himself before fire, remarking amiably it really wasn't any trouble for him to build it.

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THE FAMILY ALBUM—THE EXECUTIVE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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8 MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Shot Down!

By Hal Forrest



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—It Works!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Sick Mrs. Heit

By Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



THE GRANGE

On Friday evening, January 4, a very interesting and pleasant meeting of the Grange was enjoyed by a large attendance of Roxie Ann Grange and visitors from Central Point, Bellview and Rogue River Granges. After a short business session the officers of Central Point Grange took the chairs and gave the initiation of third and fourth degrees to a class of 14 candidates. The work was put on in such an impressive manner it was enjoyed by all. The new members are: Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kelson, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ronkko, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Robinson, William Robinson, Mary Connors, Virginia Connors, John Connors, Edith Meum, Margaret Norvell, Claude Hoover, J. W. Cook. We are very pleased to have them in our Grange. Mr. Morton Tompkins, state overseer, was a visitor and gave an interesting, instructive talk on the work being done by the Grange in the state legislature and cooperative marketing association. He discussed problems of first importance to all farmers and grangers. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting. The New Year's eve dance of Roxie Ann Grange was well attended and indications are that it was greatly enjoyed. The attendance from outside is appreciated, as funds raised from the dance are to be used to lift the debt from the new grange. The Home Economics club will meet with Mrs. C. G. Hoover on January 16. All are urged to attend as curtains for the new hall are to be finished at this meeting. CALL FOR WARRANTS School District No. 21 Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of warrants No. 440 to 447 inclusive, 1933 and 1934 series. Interest ceases on this, 6th day of January, 1935. J. S. SMITH, Clerk. School Dist. No. 21. Suite Falls, Ore.