

I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

Chapter 46
RACE'S END

WITH both hands gripping the tiller, Jerry drove straight for the rap. A deluge of surf swept over us, half filling the well, but shaking herself like a drenched dog, the stout little ship struggled gallantly on.

Twice she bumped heavily, pitching me against the rail. Then another blinding torrent poured in over our bows, and with a final convulsive shudder we slithered forward into deep water.

"They've found it—look at 'em!" Jerry's voice rang out clear above the roar of the breakers, and opening my eyes I stared back over the dripping counter. I was just in time to witness the end.

Fifty yards behind us, in the very center of the fairway, the big cutter was slowing drunkenly round. I saw Orloff spring to his feet, and at the same instant the heavy boom swung over with a crash.

It caught him full on the side of the head, knocking him backwards into the sea. Then a huge wave broke against the stranded vessel, burying her from my sight beneath a cloud of spray.

are bound to come right in the long run. I expect they can't quite make up their minds what to do about Mrs. Gowland.

"How is she?" I asked. "You went to see her last night, didn't you?" Molly nodded. "She's still at the same house in charge of that policeman. They've been quite nice and all that sort of thing, but even now she doesn't know whether they're going to prosecute her.

"I wish they'd settle it one way or the other. I've taken a couple of furnished rooms for her at Bournemouth under another name, and if they'll only let her out she can go down there and get well. After that I mean to give her some money and send her to New Zealand. She's got an unmarried brother out there, who's devoted to her. She's going to live on his farm and look after him."

"YOU'RE a brick, Molly," I said, stroking her hair. "I wish all beautiful women were as kind as you are."

"She leaned over and kissed me. Don't be so foolish, Nick. There's nothing kind about helping Mrs. Gowland—why, I just feel I can't do too much for her. If she hadn't told us the truth, we'd never have found the formula."

"Talking of that," I said. "I won't

SMART RACKETEER PENS KIDNAP NOTE WITHIN THE LAW

BALTIMORE, Jan. 21.—(AP)—A letter, warning Mrs. Anne Preston McCormack Emerson, widow of Capt. Isaac E. Emerson, millionaire drug manufacturer, that she might be kidnaped, was made public Saturday by Charles D. Gaither, police commissioner of Baltimore.

Commissioner Gaither said Mrs. Emerson received a strange letter early this week, causing him to start a secret investigation under his personal supervision.

The commissioner emphasized that the letter did not contain kidnap or extortion threat.

"The letter informed Mrs. Emerson," Gaither said, "that she might be kidnaped and there might be men in Baltimore who would kidnap her. There is no threat in this."

The writer also said that he might be able to tell her about it if she would pay him a certain amount of money. This is not an extortion threat.

"The purpose of our investigation has been to find the writer so that we might question him and learn if he knows anything—if anything."

Commissioner Gaither declined to comment on the report here that the price asked by the writer was \$5,000.

STUDENTS ON PAR WITH GLADIATORS

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 21.—(AP) The committee on recruiting of the Association of American Colleges, on record as favoring the same treatment for athletes as ordinary students, pressed its campaign today against subsidizing of athletes.

The committee's stand was taken in a report to the association convention. After the college executives heard the committee say "all students should be treated alike as regards scholarships, grants in aid, loans and jobs."

President Charles J. Turck of Center College, Danville, Ky., chairman of the committee, said the group would continue its efforts to eliminate recruiting.

Dr. Turck said the campaign would center on certain competitive areas but he did not name them.

HORNSBY DICKERS FOR OUTFIELDERS

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 21.—(AP)—Manager Rogers Hornsby of the St. Louis Browns announced Saturday that Pitcher Irving ("Bumps") Hadley had been traded to the Washington Senators for Catcher Luke Sewell and cash, and that Sewell in turn had been sold to the Chicago White Sox.

Hornsby declined to say how much money was involved, but it probably approximates \$30,000. The proceeds will be used to purchase outfielders, sorely needed by the Browns.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

A turnip that weighed seven and a quarter pounds was grown by J. N. Smith of Wartace, Tenn.

MISSING MITTEN



JUNIOR COMES IN MINUS ONE MITTEN. FATHER GOES OUT WITH HIM TO HELP HIM FIND IT



CAREFULLY SEARCHES EVERY PART OF THE YARD WHERE JUNIOR REMEMBERS HAVING PLAYED



DISCOVERS THAT JUNIOR HAS GOT SIDE-TRACKED WORKING ON HIS SNOW MAN, AND SUMMONS HIM BACK TO THE SEARCH



SCOURS THE YARD NEXT DOOR UNTIL JUNIOR REMEMBERS IT WAS YESTERDAY HE PLAYED THERE, NOT TODAY



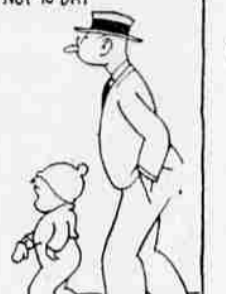
FINDS MITTEN AT LAST BY THE SNOW MAN



JUNIOR POINTS OUT IT'S THE OTHER ONE THAT'S MISSING, THIS IS THE ONE HE HAD AND MUST HAVE DROPPED BY THE SNOW MAN



CONTINUES SEARCH, MUTTERING AND SWINGING ARMS TO KEEP WARM



GOES IN FINDING OTHER MITTEN UNDER RADIATOR IN HALL, WHERE JUNIOR MUST HAVE DROPPED IT WHEN HE CAME IN

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I stared back over the dripping counter.

It was Jerry who was the first to speak. "Which of the swine was it, Nick?" he asked. "Not by any chance your pal Peter?"

I spat out a large mouthful of the North Sea. "I'm afraid so," I replied. "It's very annoying, because there were quite a lot of things I wanted to say to him."

"DON'T get up, Nick darling. I'll light it for you."

Molly struck a match and held it to the cigaret which I had just placed between my lips.

"What did the doctor think about you this morning?" she asked.

"He was most encouraging. Said that I'd mended up in great style, and that as far as he could see the shoulder would be as good as ever."

I settled myself back gingerly against the cushions. "I'll have these bandages off in another week," I added, "and then we can get married."

Molly gave a little contented laugh. "Better say a fortnight. You might hurt it again if you started hanging me too soon."

"All the best games," I objected, "have a certain element of danger. It's supposed to add to their attraction."

The door opened and Dawson advanced towards the sofa, carrying a tray.

"Your beef tea, sir."

I eyed him with some disfavor. "I'm sick of beef tea," I said. "Couldn't I have something else just for a change?"

"Not until lunch time, sir. The doctor was particularly firm on that point."

Molly patted my arm. "Be a good boy and drink it up, Nick. Jerry and Mr. Cresswell will be here in a few minutes, and they're sure to have some news for us."

"I hope so," I said, taking a reluctant sip. "I don't know exactly what the Home Office are playing at, but it's quite time they got a move on of some sort."

"They've been horribly slow," agreed Molly. "All the same, things

don't when we shall hear from Avon. He's had it for over a week now."

"Oh, I'm not worrying. Father never made mistakes, and besides, according to Mr. Cresswell, Sir William was absolutely convinced the moment he read it. They must test the thing, of course, and that's bound to take a little time."

"Well, I wish they'd hurry up," I said. "If it's all correct I shall have to buy some striped trousers and a morning coat. One can't marry a millionaire in a lounge suit."

There was a bang outside, followed by voices in the hall, and the next moment Jerry and Mr. Cresswell appeared in the doorway.

"I said they'd have some good news!" Molly jumped up and darted towards them. "Oh, do tell us what it is. I can see I'm right from your faces."

Jerry caught her two hands, and drawing her towards him, kissed her gently but firmly on the tip of the nose.

"Keep cool, my child," he said: "This Celtic impulsiveness is out of place in a sickroom." He turned to Mr. Cresswell. "What about it?" he inquired. "Shall I spill the glad tidings, or will they come more impressively from you?"

The lawyer smiled. "Go ahead with your report, Sir Jarrald. I am convinced that you will do full justice to it."

"Well, it's real dyed-in-the-wool hush-hush stuff," Jerry seated himself on the foot of the sofa. "You understand that, of course. When we got to Whitehall we were shown straight into old Beckenham's private sanctum."

"The Assistant Commissioner was there, too, and some other bloke who, I gather, is a bit of a noise at the P. O. Beckenham did most of the talking."

"He began by explaining that the reason he'd sent for us was because certain things had happened that both the police and the Government were particularly anxious to keep out of the newspapers."

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Nick and Molly get some good news, tomorrow.



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Receives His Instructions!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Zero Hour!



THE NEBBES—The Comedy



BRINGING UP FATHER



YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

1935 1934 '33 '32 '31

A A A WEAR BETTER CLOTHES Suits and O'coats to measure \$21.50 up Klein the Tailor, Upstairs.



By C. M. Payne



By Hal Forrest



By Edwin Alger

LAFFOON AWARDED SCORING TROPHY

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—(AP)—The phenomenal average of a fraction over 72 strokes for 77 eighteen hole rounds of golf during 1934 has won for Ky Laffoon of Denver the Radix trophy for the best professional medal scoring record during the year.

PARIS COOL; RUTH WEARIES OF TOUP

PARIS, Jan. 21.—(AP)—Babe Ruth is home! Now on the closing stages of a world tour, the great home run slugger is "stuck" at foreign airports, stuck in "foreign money" and "aching" to get back to New York.

It remained for Paris to hand him his biggest job. How to pass along the streets unaccompanied. The special attention that usually follows him, wherever he goes is unknown. The average Frenchman never heard of him nor baseball either.

He has done little or no sight seeing since he has been here. He dreamed one day of going to an American boys' school where he got out and to which he came while he waited out leaving time.

AN ME FINE LADY! REMEMBER HE'S A FINER LAD THAN THAT GUY YOU USE TO GO WIT' YEARS AGO WHO WUZ A DISH-WASHER IN A CHOP-SUEY JOINT—I'LL SPANK THE DAY LIGHT OUT OF YOU IF YOU DON'T COME OFF THAT HIGH HORSE OF YOURS—YOU OUGHT TO THANK YOUR STARS YOU HAVE A HUSBAN' LIKE JIGGS. SHUT UP! I'M DOIN' ALL THE TALKIN'—

THAT'S MUSIC TO ME EARS.

WELL!

BUT, SISTER—

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