

LIL ABNER

The Prince, and
The Pauper —

BY AL CAPP



THE BLEARY HABITUÉS OF NEW YORK'S SEEDIEST NIGHT CLUB ARE ELECTRIFIED BY THE SAVAGE, DANCING BEAUTY OF BAGMAR!!



BUT—ONE FACE IN THAT LOW CROWD HAS A CERTAIN CRAAGY NOBILITY. THAT GRANITE CHIN. THAT CLARET-COLORED NOSE. THAT CIGAR—



YES!!— IT'S A TWO-DOLLAR CIGAR!!

THIS IS A MAN TO BE RECKONED WITH!!



THE PERFORMANCE OVER—TWO NOBLE FIGURES DEPART—BAGMAR TO HER DRESSING ROOM, AND—

GOT A NICKEL, MISTER?

OF COURSE, I'VE GOT A NICKEL!!



GENERAL BULLMOOSE, SIR!!—THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE RETURNED, SAFELY FROM YOUR SLUMMING TRIP!!

(—BY CHARLIE WILSON!! THAT BAGMAR HAUNTS ME!! WHAT SPLENDID CONDITION SHE'S IN!!—WHAT A PROFOUND STUDENT OF THE DANCE!!)



(—I'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT YOUNG LADY BETTER!!—BUT, FOR GENERAL BULLMOOSE TO PUBLICLY CALL UPON A PERFORMER IN SUCH A JOINT—WOULD CAUSE A PANIC ON WALL STREET!!—)



(—I COULD SEE HER SECRETLY— BUT, HOW THEN COULD I TELL IF IT WAS MY MILLIONS SHE ADMIRERD—INSTEAD OF SIMPLE, ROMANTIC ME!!—)



(—BY JOHN BRICKER!!—I HAVE IT!!—) SQUIRMINGHAM!!— FIND ME THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAKE-UP EXPERT, AND ANY CHEAP CHARACTER ACTOR MY SIZE!!

YES, SIR!!



CAN YOU MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE ME—AND ME LIKE HIM?—

GIVE ME AN HOUR—



ONE HOUR LATER— BY CONRAD HILTON!!— YOU LOOK HANDSOME!!— COMMANDING!!—DEBONAIR!!— IN OTHER WORDS—YOU LOOK LIKE ME!!—MY OWN BODYGUARDS WOULD TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU—

ER— DO YOU THINK THEY WOULD, SIR?

TO BE CONTINUED.



Prince Valiant IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR BY HAROLD R. TAYLOR

Our Story: PRINCE VALIANT AND HIS OPPONENT SHATTER THREE LANCES, AND BY THE RULES OF TOURNAMENT, HAVE FOUGHT TO A DRAW. BUT THE CROWD IS SHOUTING VAL'S NAME AS VICTOR.



THEN HE WHEELS HIS HORSE AND SEES WILLIAM OF LYDNEY WRITHING ON THE GROUND, A SPLINTER FROM THE BROKEN SPEAR PIERCING HIS NECK.



VAL TURNS TO THE GRAND MARSHAL: "THIS IS NO VICTORY, SIR, BUT AN ACCIDENT. I ACCEPT ONLY A DRAW!"



WITH HIS SHIELD ARM HURT IN THE FIRST JOUST, VAL IS SOON ELIMINATED FROM THE TOURNAMENT. THEREAFTER HE GOES TO THE TENT OF WILLIAM TO SEE HOW SERIOUSLY THAT HARDY YOUNG MAN IS INJURED.



AS HE LEAVES A YOUNG MAID STOPS HIM. "OH, SIR, IS WILLIAM SERIOUSLY HURT? WILL HE RECOVER?" SHE QUAVERS. THEN, MORE MODESTLY, ADDS: "HE IS OUR NEIGHBOR AND MY FAMILY IS ANXIOUS ABOUT HIM!" BUT HER TEAR-WET LASHES BETRAY WHO IS MOST ANXIOUS OF ALL.



WHILE VAL IS ASSURING HER THAT THE WOUND WILL SOON MEND, SIR LANCELOT ENTERS THE TENT TO VISIT THE YOUNG WARRIOR WHO FOUGHT SO GALLANTLY ON HIS SIDE IN THE MELEE.



AND ON HIS HEELS COMES GAWAIN, HIS EYES BRIGHT WITH THE ARDOR OF COMBAT. FOR THE VERY AIR IS STILL CHARGED WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF THE TOURNAMENT.



VAL HEARS THE LAUGHING INSOLENCE OF GAWAIN'S GREETING TO LANCELOT AND SHUDDERS! WILL THE ENMITY BETWEEN THESE TWO BREAK OUT AT LAST AND ENDANGER THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROUND TABLE?

HAL FOSTER NEXT WEEK—The Gentle Touch.