

SERIAL STORY GHOST DETOUR BY OREN ARNOLD

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Yesterday's Quail, disguised, visits the entrance to Goldcrest, learns who is running the place. Then he prepares to return for his money. Meanwhile, he steals a gun from the Kingman hotel.

CHAPTER XIV

FRANKLIN LARRAWAY, under protest, was standing on a rock by the highway turnout, singing in a genuinely good baritone: "Ho-o-o-o-o, for the days on the range! Rolling days, Frolicking days, Out on the open range! Hear you the snick of the lariat's loop. The throb! The catch! The jubilant whoop— Of the cowboys whose daring and generous sharing Of work and of pleasure bring joy to the range. Ho-o-o-o-o, for the western range!"

He finished with a dramatic flourish on a high note and the applause was enthusiastic. A dozen or so travelers waited with Roselee, Christine, Dick and the three old-time cow hands whom they had hired as part of the "atmosphere" for Goldcrest. As were the others, Franklin was attired this morning in cowboy costume. He had borrowed a guitar from one of the cowboys to accompany himself singing and Christine Palmer had gazed happily at him while he sang. It was her idea that he help entertain the waiting crowd, and it had proved to be an excellent idea.

A coupe slowed down and stopped. Roselee greeted the two women who were in it.

"Good morning. Were you interested in seeing Goldcrest?"

"Yes. Can we go right on over?"

"No ma'am. But if you will please wait for a few minutes—we are having a lot of fun—and we will all go in together. You see, we have all our guides here this morning to greet a special bus party at 10 o'clock. They're due any time. We're having songs."

Roselee smiled at them, and her elusive left dimple flashed, and the two women in the car smiled back and said they'd wait.

"More than a hundred college students and some faculty members from a New York university are coming," Roselee went on. "Buses of them, on a coast-to-coast tour."

"How lovely! I'll bet they read about you in the papers. We saw your write-up several places, my dear. I think it's marvelous. We can hardly wait to see your ghost town."

"Thank you," Roselee smiled again at them. "Mr. Larraway here is our advertising man. He's the one who was singing when you drove up. He worked on college publications, and sent a lot of material in to the newspapers and all."

"Did you have to pay to get it published? I should think—"

"Oh no. We did buy some advertising, and it helped a lot. But then the news writers and the picture magazines seemed to discover us and they gave us far more attention than we ever expected, really."

"I'm sure you deserved it," Christine called out then. "Here come the buses, Roselee!"

"The five large buses took 20 minutes in arriving because they had been separated on the highway. Two or three more private cars pulled up during that interval. Too. Dick Bancroft greeted them. Franklin and the two girls were busy with the college crowd, but when the last bus came Dick and Roselee, riding in their light service truck, led the caravan over the rough two miles to the ghost town. Franklin and Christine rode with the visitors, trying to show as much hospitality as they could. For one thing they enjoyed the hospitality, especially since this was a group of collegians approximately their own age, but aside from that was the salient fact that this morning's callers represented a money "take" which would approach \$200 all told.

When they had all alighted again at the edge of Goldcrest, to walk slowly through the now routine routing worked out by Dick and Christine, and Roselee and Christine, the crowd was made up like a picnic assembly or a crowd before a football game. Youth dominated the guests this morning. Boys and girls were making the inevitable wisecracks and asking upward of a million questions. More sedate adults could only follow and look on, but the good spirits there were contagious.

They saw the old abandoned residences. The corals and blacksmith shops. The feed stores—one with a bell which they rang and heard echo powerfully in the great rocky canyon there—the interesting old graveyard, the bank and barbershops and other business places were all visited.

When the four owner-managers had escorted the guests at last to Mrs. Hogan's place in the Ace Hotel for lunch, ordered in advance, one elderly member of the New York college faculty approached Roselee and shook her hand.

"I must say, Miss Dale," he smiled, "that we may find some places to disappoint us on this western tour, but your ghost town surely lives up to the publicity."

CHRISTINE and Franklin, alert, took that as a cue to show some courteous attention to the other faculty members and older folk present. Quite by chance they were near a bearded gentleman with an umbrella.

"Are you in the faculty, too, sir?" Christine asked him.

"Why—uh—yes, I am. Professor York—that's my name." He

stuck out his hand and Christine took it in mild surprise. His voice and manner were hardly in keeping with his looks. For one thing, a professor almost never calls himself "Professor." Christine knew, having been in college only recently herself. He had surprised her, and she caught Franklin Larraway's eye appraising the man curiously too. But then, college faculty men sometimes are eccentric. Christine made a point of being especially cordial to him, then passed on.

She forgot the incident until most of the group were sitting down to eat. Then, in her hurried survey of the crowd just to be sure no guest was being neglected, Christine saw Professor York quietly walking away from the hotel.

Also she noted that Franklin—looking strangely serious of face—had edged over toward the door of the hotel lobby and was peering out at Professor York too. Doubtless Franklin would call him, she told herself.

But Franklin didn't call, and in spite of the bustle and the laughter and the constant happy hum of voices around her, something made Christine glance out again to check up on eccentric Professor York. Maybe she ought to go bring him in, the old dear, she thought, kindly. Roselee and Dick were very busy with the younger folk in the big dining hall, she noted.

She saw Professor York unobtrusively head down the street just gaining here and there, then suddenly cross over. Moreover, he was going directly toward the Goldcrest bank!

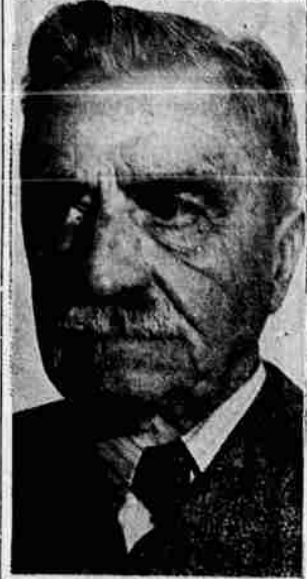
That itself needn't have been alarming. And yet—something froze Christine Palmer to attention there. Some nameless inner fear.

The fear was heightened when she saw Professor York look hurriedly around, then disappear inside the bank door. She glanced at Franklin Larraway, caught the awed look of recognition now on that young man's countenance. She started to walk through the crowd to join Franklin, but in that moment he left the hotel and himself ran hurriedly across and down the street to enter the Goldcrest bank.

(To Be Continued)

The praying mantis is the only insect in the world that can turn its head about like a man.

Denies Love Suit



Dr. Bryon W. Haines, retired San Francisco dentist, target of a \$200,000 allegation of affections suit filed by Captain James B. Willey, who charges Haines induced his 37-year-old wife, Lillian, to leave him. Dr. Haines is 84.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



THE FUNNY PART OF IT IS HE DID LEAVE HIS TICKET AT HOME!

RED RYDER



IF PEDRO KNOWS YAQUI JOE, THEN I RECKON HE'S A BANDIT SPY!

BY FRED HARMAN



WHY YOU NOT DRIVE WITHIN STAGE TODAY, JOSE?

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia

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"They're engaged? She told him 'no' a couple of times."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WHAT? AXEL IS STILL ALIVE? HE STARTED THAT SLIDE I SAW? YOU WERE THAT CLOSE TO HIM?

BY HAROLD GRAY



DRAGONS OF DEATH! THAT PLANE AGAIN—IN SOME WAY MY COURSE IS KNOWN—

HUGE FOREST BEAST

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THAT'S A SMART IDEA FOR GETTING ACQUAINTED!

BY BLOSSER



HE SPIT YOUR ARROW, LARD! HE KNOCKED IT CLEAR OUT!

WASH TUBBS



THE NAME, SIR? BUBBY! FRANCIS RUBY!

BY CRANE



UGH! I MIGHT AVE A SISSY WIFE, BUT I'D ATE TO MEET 'EM ON A DARK NIGHT.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



CALL YOU MAKE IT, HENRI?

BY MARTIN



OH! WINE FROM OUR OWN GRAPES! THAT WITH PUT LIFE INTO HIM

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

ALLEY OOP



ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR... NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND BUILDING UP YOU FEEL?

BY V. T. HAMLIN



MY STARS! HE'S GONE! WHERE'D HE GO?