

SERIAL STORY

JOAN OF ARKANSAS

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Rocco reports reason negotiations are well under way. A football fan, he has lost \$1000 on Tech to win Saturday. He tells his pals that Webber is the power in Tech's office, but his enthusiasm fades when he discovers Dan is his prisoner. He wants to turn Webber loose.

CHAPTER XXV

DAN'S heart leaped. It was a wild hope at best, but he had Rocco pretty well sized up. Rocco was a big-time football gambler. And having the winner meant just as much as pocketing the money with him.

Joan sensed what Dan was thinking. "Maybe..." she whispered.

But Big Ed, his eyes closing narrowly, started in to spike their chances.

"Rocco, sometimes you ain't as smart as you'd have folks believe. Now, for instance. You want for us to spring this kid clear just so he can go out and kick a little ball around."

Big Ed's lip curled. "We ain't fiddling around with your lousy one grand when we've got 50 at stake. We can't take any chances... so just forget it."

"But, Ed... what can we lose?"

"He can't..."

But Rocco took another look at Big Ed. What he saw made him shut up. He shrugged, then walked over to Dan, hands in his pockets.

"Think your guys got a chance without you?"

Dan looked him squarely in the face. "Sure, they have a chance, but that's about all. They'd have to shake Rhodes loose once or twice."

"Rhodes! Aaaah! And who's gonna do that? As far as I'm concerned that guy can't run from here to there without you or Gallagher cleaning 'em out."

Dan threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Forgive my mirth," he replied, a grin decorating his face, "but honest, I could almost enjoy this."

"Sure... you're enjoying it and I'm saying goodbye to a thousand smackeroos."

Rocco turned to Ed. "I'm gonna see if Alex can cover my dough when I call again tomorrow."

Ed grunted. "Hedge your head off if you wanna, but you ain't springing this kid."

He and Sam resumed their casino game after supper, playing steadily. Rocco sat hunched in a chair and glanced idly through a magazine. Every once in a while one of them would take a look at Joan and Dan.

Dan nudged her. "Say, what was your idea in getting so chummy before. Helping with the supper, I mean?"

"Might as well be friendly," she whispered. "That'll keep 'em relaxed. Never can tell when we might get our chance. They are giving us a lot of freedom, you know."

They looked Joan in her room that night and ordered Dan upstairs into the garret. Its single window also was boarded securely. Escape for either of them seemed impossible.

AFTER breakfast next morning Big Ed gave Rocco careful instructions. "Sam'll take you to the city limits only. Take a cab in from there. Meet him at the same spot at 4. Call Alex, but don't go near that campus... can't tell who might have taken a good gander at us down there."

Rocco nodded briefly and he and Sam went out.

"You kids stay in your rooms until Sam gets back," Ed growled. They were crestfallen. For a brief moment they thought this might be their opportunity with both Sam and Rocco gone. Ed released them an hour later when Sam returned.

"Maybe when he goes back to again for Rocco..." Joan whispered. But again they were disappointed.

Sam and Rocco returned just before 4. "What's up?" Big Ed inquired.

"They're still runnin' around like a bunch of headless chickens," Rocco reported. "They're actually bumpin' into each other. Here, take a look at this." He tossed a paper to Big Ed. "Th' old man's in town... he's puttin' up a \$10,000 reward and raisin' all kinds of hell in general."

"Let 'im raise," Ed grunted. "What did Alex have to say?"

"Alex thinks the old man will come through... figures he'll hold out to the last minute and phone New York for his guys to leave the dough. Whaddya think, Ed? Alex usually figures things out okay, don't he?"

"We ain't missed yet."

He turned to Joan. "Maybe you want to play cook again, sister?"

Joan managed to smile. "Sure," she offered brightly. "Got any

arsenic handy. I like a lot of seasoning."

SHE busied herself for the next half hour, helping Sam once again with the meal.

"Ever peel potatoes?" he asked her, showing a bagful at her. "You can try it now, if you ain't."

He watched her in apparent disgust for a couple of minutes as she sliced off thick shells. "That ain't no way to peel potatoes," he said. "Here... open these beans."

She looked up and saw Dan laughing at her, silently. She might have resented it a short while ago, but she grinned good-naturedly in reply.

When they were through eating they asked if they could see the paper.

Big Ed tossed it over. The story was splashed all over the front page and they read it together. Suddenly Dan looked up from the paper, regarding Joan queerly.

"What's all this...? Millionaire heiress... daughter of I. G. Johnson... powerful eastern utilities magnate..."

He shook his head, bewildered. "Is this... true? You mean you're an heiress to all this?"

"What difference does it make?" she asked softly.

He put the paper down and stared across the room.

She laid a hand on his arm. "I asked you a question," she repeated.

"What does it mean?" he echoed. "It... it doesn't really make any difference now," he replied slowly.

"Not a bit."

But she knew what he meant and there was a funny feeling in her throat. Everything came to

ner with a rush and she knew in an instant of panic that, somehow, she would have to make him change his mind. She knew then that she was in love with him. (To Be Continued)

Smiling Soviet



A big smile was just about all news reporters got out of Soviet Ambassador A. Oumansky when they cross-examined him on his return to the United States. He was "not prepared to discuss political questions."

Human freaks are more common in Hungary than anywhere else in Europe. That country supplies five for every one from the rest of the continent.

A new type of plane with a partially retractable wing to increase performance is nearing perfection.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Now, gang, a cheer for the visitin' team—an I want you to put some real phiff in those razzberries."

COMMON REPTILE

- HORIZONTAL:**
- 1 Pictured reptile.
 - 5 It has a very extended or body.
 - 12 Heart.
 - 13 Pronoun.
 - 15 To hoot.
 - 16 Self.
 - 17 Male cat.
 - 19 Wireless machine.
 - 21 Over.
 - 22 Turning a team of horses.
 - 23 Whole grain.
 - 26 Preposition.
 - 27 Deposition.
 - 29 Musical note.
 - 30 To soak flax.
 - 32 Half an em.
 - 33 Watery part of blood.
 - 35 Elk.
 - 36 Limb.
 - 38 Ketch.
 - 40 Sesame.
 - 42 Electrical unit.
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
- BOBBY RIGGS**
- ADORES NOON
DRAWNETS A
SINGE CLOPER
UTE CEM ERE
P Y EAP GLAD
RAG
PRUG DIES BEAR
RAIL FERRULES
INNOCENT TRATTLE
ST GRAY BOG PAT
ELLIAN CROS PADS
LESS NOW SAIL
YOUTHEFUL WINNER
- VERTICAL:**
- 14 Unit of work.
 - 18 Musical note.
 - 20 Procrastinate.
 - 21 Bishop's scarf.
 - 22 Most types of this reptile are.
 - 24 Particular.
 - 25 It is a legless or reptile.
 - 26 Onto.
 - 31 Label.
 - 34 Craft.
 - 35 Pattern block.
 - 37 Ditch side.
 - 39 Bowers.
 - 41 Blue dyestuff.
 - 44 Chip of stone.
 - 47 Native Indian nurse.
 - 48 Bivalve mollusk.
 - 49 Verb ending.
 - 50 Granted facts.
 - 61 Epoch.
 - 53 Jewel.
 - 58 Tone B.
 - 59 Northwest.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



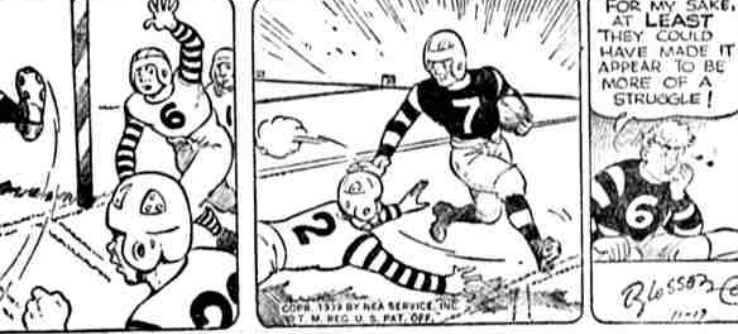
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

