

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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YESTERDAY: Rosy asks and gets permission to go home for a weekend. He stops at the ball diamond, recalls the game in which his father was killed. How the pitcher threw a bean ball, how they left the stadium. How the crowd chased Doc Tolliver. Later, in Rosy's home, Steve Hogg tells him a strange story.

CHAPTER VI

"I'm going to give you the straight of all that day's mess, Rosy," Steve Hogg said emphatically. "As I live, as I hope to be struck dead if this ain't the truth, I'll tell you. To begin with, Rosy, this here Tolliver what's the head of the school you're going to, is the same feller that killed your pappy."

"How do you know, Cousin Steve?" Rosy demanded, his anger rising. "Doc Tolliver's been mighty white to me—" "I know, I know!" Hogg hastened to say. "That's the point. How come he's giving you a party room, and a good bed, and a job, and keeping you just about it, here from Christmas on, when the ball-playing season won't open till spring?"

"Don't you have to hire a man before somebody else snatches him?" "Yes, and when you've beamed a boy's pappy, you might could buy him off with a bone with a little gristle on it for him to chew in place of meat. It don't take much when the pup ain't never had no meat to speak of."

"Well, I think I'm fixing to cook up a mess of lea. I'd thank you just to shut up."

HOGG glowered. "Okay, if that's the way you feel about it, then here it is. I happen to know that just before that fatal ball game this here Tolliver boy come back in these parts when his pappy, Ham Tolliver, come home from Texas to die with lung disease. Ham had left out after Mark McAfee was ambushed. That was years ago but I can recollect it, just barely."

"Well, the day before, or maybe a couple evenings before the game, there was a meeting at old Ham Tolliver's house. The Tollivers was all there. It was about the trouble your pappy and Dink Tolliver had about that hog getting into Dink's corn beyond the ridge."

"You mean where paw's land—I mean the land you have now—line-fenced the Dink Tolliver place?" "That's right. That's the place. Line fence fight. Stock busting in somebody else's crop. Dink was sick and tired of it, and like it or no, the Tollivers always did think your pappy was tied up with the ambushing of them two Tolliver boys the past Christmas, even after the big camp meeting. So there was this here meeting to draw lots who would take care of your pappy in case trouble started."

"You mean somebody that was at this meeting actually told you that this was the way of it? That they drew lots to kill my father?" "Hogg's eroded face lighted up with a hard grin. "Bub, you finally get wit enough to sigger out what I'm telling you? That's exactly what I'm trying to ram down your throat. I ain't at liberty to name no names. But I'd swear to the truth of this on a stack of Bibles a mile high. They drew lots that night who was to kill your pappy, and this Sock Tolliver was right there, and he drew the name, and the game come along and he beamed your daddy!"

"My—my heaven!" Rosy said, his eyes narrow. The firelight played into the depths of them. "Now you see how it was? Of course, Sock Tolliver done it that way so's to make it seem an accident. Now and then somebody does get his brains busted out in a ball game. So, to kiver things up from the start, he pretended to be wild. They always said of him he was a great pitcher when he could find the plate. But when he was off, he was wild as a fool. That day he was wild. But when he wanted to kill your daddy, he knew where to put that ball!" He stopped, panting with a wrath and hatred that startled Rosy, who was used to passion among his people.

Rosy banged his fist on the table. "Don't believe a word of it." "Hogg partly raised himself from the chair. "You calling me a liar?" "I'm calling the feller that told you that a liar!"

HOGG shook his head sadly. "They sure got you roped in. Dr. Tolliver and that sliken wench of his sure have you tied to a tree. They give you a soft bed and soft soap to lather your gills with, and now you gone back on your kin-folks. Gone back on all you ever had, all the name of McAfee ever stood for. You air ruind, that's all."

"I'm civilized. Or trying to get that way." "Yah—civilized. From the way you talked to Hanner Shriver you shore are civilized!" He got up saddy and made ready to go. At the door he turned. Rosy just sat there looking at him in the firelight. "You don't have so much choice after all, I reckon, because if you believed Doc Tolliver was the one who killed your own pappy, you would have to get your eye for eye and tooth for tooth, like you vowed; and you'd rather have your soft soap and soft bed."

"Get out!" Rosy said, and if his cousin had not slammed the door, Rosy would have slammed him with a stick of firewood.

the half gloom toward him. He breathed: "Hannah! What on earth! What are you doing here?" (To Be Continued)



EYEFUL—That calculating look means that Harold Newhouser, 19, Detroit southpaw, is plotting bad news for somebody. He's shown the oldsters some hurling tricks. He recently held the Red Sox to seven hits, all of them singles.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



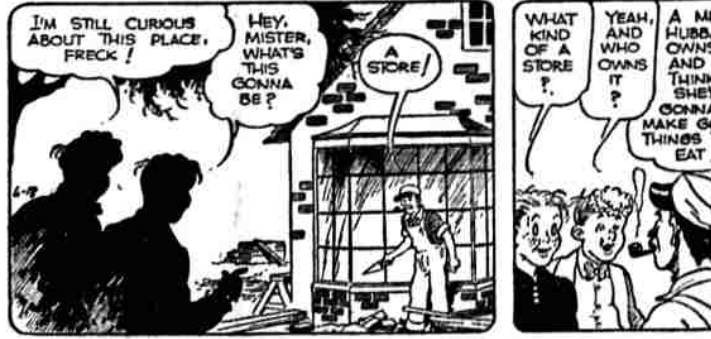
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



EARLY EXPLORER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers. Clues include: 1 The Genesee who discovered America in 1492. 8 He was seeking a new route to the East. 13 Owl's cry. 14 Console. 18 Unoccupied. 17 Mature. 18 To set upright. 19 Orderly. 20 Part of Roman month. 21 Baking dish. 22 Eighth of a circle. 24 Lawyer's charge. 25 Eggs of fishes. 28 Sum. 30 Toady. 34 To make a speech. Answers include: SPHINX, CRATE, MAT, AVER, OPE, DOTS, INN, R, ROUT, EPIC, STACY, LOVER, ARENA, W, RAM, AN, TIE, TIN, STORAGE, RECITED, OLM, GREED, NOW, ERTE, LINED, ALES, STIDDLES, FAULTURE.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers in some cells. Numbers include: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60.