

SERIAL STORY

CALIBAN FROM CALEB

BY NORMAN KAHL

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YESTERDAY: Miss Margate turns out to be Adoreen Nickle-bridge, who has changed her name after getting a job as night club singer. She has softened toward Angus, because the publicity his arrest gave her was responsible for her getting the job. She gets him out of jail but is too busy to see him because of dates with her new boss, Garvin Fitzwater. Angus drifts into a tavern to drink ginger ale, where Spike Madge offers him a job "protecting" broccoli dealers. Angus is dumbfounded to learn the salary is \$125 a week.

ADDIE MUST BE SAVED

CHAPTER VI

By the time Angus buys a shirt, a tie and a new suit for \$18.75, and finds himself a room on West 23rd street for \$4.50 a week, it is after dark and he decides the best way to tell Adoreen about his job is to go to the place where she works and surprise her.

Angus doesn't exactly like to admit it, but he is a little curious about this place where Adoreen works—curious about Adoreen's singing and this Mr. Garvin Fitzwater, who has got so much business to talk over with Adoreen at lunch every day.

It is 7:30 on the dot when Angus reaches the Purple Pelican. He is surprised to find the place practically deserted. A dimly hat-check blond, wearing something that looks like a bathing suit with red ruffles, steps toward Angus with a store-bought smile. She takes one look at the cap in his hand, drops the smile and says, "Fiddlers around the kitchen entrance."

"But I'm not a peddler, Ma'am," says Angus, blushing furiously and refusing to look at the wide expanse of powdered flesh which the girl makes no attempt to conceal. "I'm a customer. I make good money and I came to enjoy myself."

The girl sniffs. Then, sensing trouble, she puts two dainty fingers between her teeth and whistles. A gent who is busting out of a monkey suit comes running. "All right," says the bouncer to Angus. "Just go quietly and there won't be no trouble."

"I don't want to go. I came here to see things, and I'm staying in. Where's everybody? Don't look like much business."

The bouncer is patient. A little diversion is always welcome. "Things don't start around here until 11. And anyway, you can't come in with those clothes. You gotta be dressed."

Angus bristles. "I don't like you to talk that way about me. This is a new suit. I wanta go in and wait until 11, if that's when things begin, although it seems pretty late to me. Seems most decent folks are in bed by then."

The bouncer moves menacingly in on Angus, but Angus just stuffs his cap in his pocket, clenches his fists and waits. So the bouncer decides on safer tactics and says, "Now look, Buddy, I can't let you in. The boss wouldn't like it."

"I wanta see Miss Nickle-bridge—that is, Miss Margate. She's a friend of mine. She sings here and I wanta see her. And I'm gonna wait."

There is no further doubt about Angus' intentions, so the bouncer says, "That's different. Why didn't ya say so. I'll find a table in the corner for you."

ANGUS doesn't like the looks of the joint—purple rugs, drapes, fancy gold trimmings. People drift in after couples of hours and he keeps his eyes open for Adoreen. He doesn't like the way people look at him. All of the men look alike, except that some are middle-aged and fat and some are young and thin. But they are all wearing monkey suits with tails.

The girls wear dresses that are racy dangerously with the law of gravity because there is too much of them near the floor and too little at the top, with no straps to hold them up. Angus drinks ginger ale and nibbles on strange food until 11:30 when the lights go out and a spotlight shines on the floor where people have been dancing.

A gang of chorus girls comes out into the bright light and Angus closes his eyes and reflects on what is a confusing world it is—how more people get rich in New York selling expensive clothes to girls who apparently don't want any. He is glad Adoreen is a sensible little mouse, and then he gets cold with a new kind of fear. He can hardly wait until Adoreen comes out to sing.

When she does, Angus doesn't dare to look at first. He hears someone yell her name and then there is lots of clapping, and finally when he looks into the splash of light, he sees Adoreen sitting on top of a piano.

He freezes to his chair. He wants to run out and hide, but he can't move. There she is, sitting with her legs crossed and with her skirt slit from the bottom almost to her hips so that her lovely legs are extremely visible to all these stiff-shirted cookies. The top of her dress is as low as any he has seen. Her lips are painted a fiery, sinful red.

ANGUS doesn't listen to her song. He is boiling inside, and when all the lights go on again and people are still clapping, he calls the waiter over and tells him to bring Adoreen to his table.

Pretty soon, Adoreen comes down the room and the monkey-suits are blowing kisses at her and grabbing her hand and she is eating all of it up. She is disturbed to see Angus, but she sits down and orders Scotch and ginger ale and then whispers to the waiter to never mind the Scotch.

"Addie," says Angus firmly, "I've come to take you home."

"Don't be silly, Angus, my dear,"

Adoreen says, in a voice that goes with the cover change. "I'm getting along fine. Didn't you hear the applause?"

"They wasn't clapping at your singing."

"Angus!" Adoreen's eyes start flashing like the red lights at a railroad crossing. "You never have appreciated my talent. Well, other people do. I wish you'd go home and leave me alone."

Angus is mad now. He gets up and pulls his cap out of his pocket. "Put on some regular clothes, Addie. I'm gonna take you home."

"Kiddly leave me, Mr. Mac-Phillips," she says icily. "Mr. Fitzwater is going to take me home after I've finished working at 3 o'clock. Please do not annoy me."

For a minute Angus fights an impulse to grab her and carry her back to Caleb bodily. Then he kicks over a chair which slides into a dowager's snins and stomps toward the door.

ANGUS walks over to Eighth avenue and grabs a subway train. He gets off at Eighth street, not caring much where he is going. After the stifling, roaring ride in the subway, the cool air feels good. It makes him hungry. He sees a little white hamburger shop down the street and he goes in to order a bowl of chili and a steak sandwich.

Angus doesn't see the weary, harmless little man who slides onto the stool next to his. He is the sort of city-dweller who never gets in anybody's way—the sort you wouldn't notice if you passed him 100 times a day. He is holding open a hamburger sandwich and looking uncertainly at Angus. "Will you please pass the catsup?" he asks.

Angus takes one look at the tiny little brown mustache on the man's lip and springs from his

stool. With one arm he yanks the frozen little guy off the stool and lets loose with his other fist. The little fellow sails over the counter and drops loudly into a bin reserved for fresh buns.

(To Be Continued)

Tanks Roll Again



French have often used tanks, as above, in quelling Syrian uprisings. Now they use them against invading British.

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8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William
Ferguson

ONE STURGEON
MAY PRODUCE
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
WORTH OF
CAVIAR.

QUOTING ODDS

COPY, 1941 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.



A CANT HOOK CAN HOOK.
SAYS NANCY JENKINS,
MOUNTAIN CITY, TENN.

THERE ARE
NO SUCH THINGS
AS
GROWING PAINS.

ANCIENT ASTRONOMER

HORIZONTAL

1 Astronomer of ancient times.

7 He was a scientific student of the

12 To peruse.

13 Fern seed.

15 Gnawed.

16 To press.

17 Yields.

18 Regrets.

20 Fiber knots.

21 Regions.

22 Flat plate.

23 Mineral spring.

24 Possessions.

25 Exclamation.

28 You and I.

30 Artless.

31 To remark.

32 Form of "a."

33 Iris plant.

35 Right (abbr.).

36 To do wrong.

38 Animal pests.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

11 Golf devices.

14 Poem.

16 He was the

— of a

telescope (pl.).

19 He ranks as a

great

23 Cubic meter.

25 Capuchin

monkey.

26 Sesame.

27 Farewell!

28 Cereal grass.

29 Strife.

31 Brown

animals.

34 Speaker.

37 Harsh.

38 Cry of sorrow.

40 Balsam.

41 To percolate.

42 Weight

allowance.

44 To endure.

45 Knife.

46 Black.

47 Waiters' grativities.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



TWO POINTS OF VIEW

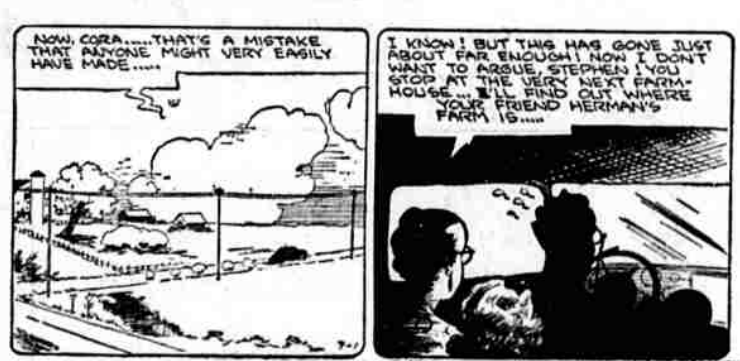
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

