

**SERIAL STORY**

**TAMBAY GOLD**

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

**CHAPTER II**  
 "WHAT do I owe you?" I asked her.  
 "Nothing." She set down a nice string of mottled perch.  
 "That isn't business," I told her.  
 "I'm a business woman and this is a business call," she said.  
 "What kind of business?" She said it more to show polite interest than because she cared.  
 "Vittles."  
 She drew down her brows at me in a funny, cute, puzzled way she had.  
 I handed her my business card, a small copy of the road-canvas I hung out wherever I settled in for trade.

**Stop & Eat**  
 at  
**THE FEDERIA**  
 Everything of the Best.  
 Sandwiches with a Soul.  
 Coffee with Character.  
 Yum-yum Pancakes and Succulent Sausages.  
 Hoppin' John from Befo' de Wah.  
 Biscuits like Grandma Used to Bake.  
 Short Orders to Suit One and All.  
 Mrs. Verbena (Mom) Baumer, Cook & Prop'r.

"Ouch!" she said. "Federal!"  
 "Feed-ER-in," I said. "Spanish accent but good, American cooking. Come over and look at the grubwagon."  
 Over the years, I've put a lot of thought and work into my layout. I don't believe there's anything better on wheels. Jane Ann took it all in—table with benches to hold 12 at a pinch, stove with a collapsible tin chimney at one end and a washboiler underneath, the plates and cups racked along the walls, and an overhead trolley, my own invention, for carrying filled orders.

"It's the neatest thing I ever saw in my life," she said.  
 "All it needs is standing room for its four wheels," I said. "What do you say to a dollar a day?"  
 "You mean you want to start in business here?"  
 "Start?" I said. "Listen, gal, I've spread my smoke and wove the feeders in every state in the Union this 10 years and better, and now I'm about ready to be a violet by a mossy stone for a spell. What's that stretch of ground producing for you? Sparkleberry and ragweed. Could you use the money or not?"  
 She grinned at me. "You're a dangerous character, Mrs. Baumer."  
 "Skip the factory," I said. "I'm dangerous only when roused."  
 "But this is a side road," she said. "Nothing much comes through here."  
 "I'll be coming."  
 "How do you know?"

"It's my business to know about roads and what runs on 'em. There's a short cut booked through here to hook up with the main route 50 miles south." I got out my road map. "Look. Here's Tambay. Two hoots and a holler down-creek the new bridge goes in. There'll be a detour set within a couple of weeks that'll begin to divert the traffic to us. And will we be sitting pretty! Here's Brandon, four miles west. What's the hotel there? A dump. Lever-ton's 20 miles east with a two-by-four inn that's dying on its feet from trying to put over big-town prices. Beyond that is Welliver U. We ought to be able to cut in for a piece of the college trade. Competition? Not a decent feed-joint at a reasonable price for 50 miles either way. The gaseries have nothing but Bar-B-Q stuff, take it or leave it, and I'd advise leaving it. Start a classy feederia here and you're set. It may not be a sight draft on the U. S. Treasury, but it ain't hay, either. By the way, who's the Hairy Ainu and why do you keep him in a stockade?"

"Oh," she said, "he won't bother you. He's an Indian-digger."  
 "You don't mean a Digger Indian, do you?"  
 "He's a professor or something at Welliver University."  
 "Did he just happen in and build that picket fence around him?"  
 "No, there's some sort of ancient lease that gives the university a right to dig holes in my property."  
 "What say we go over and investigate him?"  
 She shook her head. "Not interested. I don't like whiskers. You talk to him."  
 A signed work of art by Welliver University, warmly inviting me and everybody else to keep out, stared me in the face.

"Well, I was prepared for whiskers, but this bird looked like the players' bench of the House of David. Above the waist he wore a pair of sun-glasses.  
 "Good afternoon, Prof." I said.  
 He leaned on his pick. "How do you do?" he said. "Didn't you see the sign?"  
 "Sure, I saw the sign," I said.  
 "But Welliver University needn't stand on formality with a neighbor. I just dropped in to tell you that lunch will be served in the dining car at 12 noon."  
 "Thank you," he said. "I brought my own. No sale."  
 "In that case," I said, "hail and farewell."  
 He took off his glasses to blink

at me. Nice eyes, I noticed. "You aren't by any chance one of my dear little pupils masquerading for an initiation stunt, are you?"  
 "Old Mom Baumer, as advertised," I said, and handed out my card.  
 "Thank you," he said.  
 "Come over and try the menu," I said. "It's on the house this time."  
 Well, I could see that he didn't want to, but he couldn't figure how to get out of it. I put up a first-class feed for him and he liked it. As a conversationalist he was hard going. But I dredged out of him that he was Assistant Professor of Amerind Ethnology over at Welliver, on a special assignment to excavate for relics. It was delicate work; nobody but an expert could be trusted with it. He was all wrapped up in it; you could see he'd much rather have been left alone to think about it while he ate, than have to talk to me. So I handed him one.  
 "There must be a reason for whiskers like yours, Professor," "Gnats," he said. I expect I looked startled for he went on kind of hurriedly. "Insects, you know. It keeps them off."  
 "Are you going to be here right along?" I asked.  
 "No," he said. "My month is up in a few days. Then I go back to my classwork. But I expect to be working here weekends. Those are very fine batter cakes, Mrs. Baumer."

I figured that I'd maybe won me a boarder.  
 The hour after lunch I put in looking around the plantation.

The grand old place was all gone to seed. There had been a gale of wind the week before and the broad lawn in front was all cluttered. The garden was a jungle, barn a shell, smokehouse a wreck, and half the stables had fallen in. The house wasn't any better. A person with a busted glass eye could see that the whole show was headed for the junkpile. It didn't seem right for anything as young and fresh and vivid as Jane Ann Judson to be buried in the landslide. One of the things I had to find out was why she was there all by herself. So I invited her to supper.

Federal airways experts believe there will be almost one hundred thousand civilian pilots in the United States by the end of 1941.

**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson  
  
 BEFORE ANNEXATION BY THE UNITED STATES, WAS A COMBINATION OF THE BRITISH UNION JACK AND THE AMERICAN STARS AND STRIPES.

ANSWER: Heaven . . . not in Scotland as sometimes believed.  
 NEXT: What does the name Hongkong mean?

**ACTOR AND DIPLOMAT**

- HORIZONTAL**
- Actor who recently was asst. naval attaché at U. S. embassy in London, Robert.
  - He escaped from France.
  - Corrode.
  - Hops' kilns.
  - Shift.
  - Internal.
  - Be carried.
  - A prayer.
  - Surface ship which attacks convoys.
  - Canvas shelters.
  - Station (abbr.).
  - Lance.
  - Steamship (abbr.).
  - Turkish coins.
  - Fruit of a palm.
  - Lone Scout (abbr.).
  - Eyrie.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- VERTICAL**
- American composer.
  - Type of railroad bridge.
  - Depart.
  - Norse deity.
  - Males.
  - A hind.
  - Common spurry.
  - Different-colored strips.
  - 10 Apart.
  - 13 Pithy sayings.
  - 14 Mineral rocks.
  - 16 Egyptian goddess.
  - 18 Bargain.
  - 19 Sins.
  - 21 Pertaining to Osiris (Egypt).
  - 23 Genus of plants.
  - 25 Percolates slowly.
  - 26 Increases.
  - 30 Edge.
  - 32 Exist.
  - 34 Restless cavy (pl.).
  - 36 Surefit.
  - 37 Mimics.
  - 38 Quicksand.
  - 42 Betel leaf (pl.).
  - 43 Metal containers.
  - 46 Name.
  - 47 Request.
  - 50 Runner.
  - 54 Cuckoo.

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**FRIENDLY CREDIT**  
 ON ALL PURCHASES OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

**OREGON WOOLEN STORE**  
 8TH AND MAIN

**OUT OUR WAY** By J. R. Williams

**THE DEAD SPOT**

**RED RYDER**

**LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**

**BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES**

**WASH TUBBS**

**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS**

**ALLEY OOP**

**PING**

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople**

**TRAINING HINT**

**By Fred Harman**

**By Harold Gray**

**By Martin**

**By Crang**

**By Blosser**

**By V. T. Hamlin**