but let herself sway and lean against her father's breast as he reached out and put his arms around her.

"Come on, now, and set down. How we going to fix it up, you reckon?" She shook her head. She was

not able to speak.

They sat in silence for a time.

Then Mr. Monaghan spoke.

"Now you listen to me, daugh-

I asked you a while ago, how we going to fix this up?"
"I guess I know what you mean.

I'm going to marry Drake."
"Is that the way you want to

enough of this foolishness."
"You ought to let Mitchell know, I think."

Randy dressed again and went

out. It was horribly cold, but she scarcely noticed it. She was ex-cited, and terrified, too. How Drake could be managed was the

real question. He'd be mad, no

by sheep. 24 Numbness

"All right."

PARRIS OUGHT TO KNOW

CHAPTER XXIV DR. GORDON sat in his living DR. GORDON sat in his living room with a tray before him. He ate alowly, almost absently. The door opened so slowly and so silently that he did not notice Louise's entrance.

"Father!" Louise spoke in a curious flat, colorless voice.

"What's the matter?"

"I—I heard about Drake Mc-Rugh."

"Um." The doctor turned his

Hugh."
"I'm." The doctor turned his attention to his food.
"I stood it as long as I could, then I went down to the—rail-road."
"That will do, Louise. It was most unbecoming of you to go about parading your feelings—whatever they happen to be." whatever they happen to be."
"Father!" Louise stared stonyfaced at Dr. Gordon.

The girl shook now so violently she could scarcely stand. "You monster!"

"Louise!"
"You fiendi"
Dr. Gordon arose, laid his napkin on the table, and with the utmost deliberation struck her.
"I'll let the world know what
you are, if it's the only thing I
ever do in this world. Tomorrow
—tomorrow—I'll tell everyone. I
know what you are. I know all
about you—and your operations."
Dr. Gordon took her by both
arms. "You are going to bed—at
once."

once."
"I will tell. I will tell. I will tell.—" Louise began a sort of singsong chant that rose suddeny to a shrick.
Dr. Gordon struck her again, a

sharp, stinging slap that cut her screams short. "Louise—this is enough of your

willful tantrum now. If you persist, there is one thing I shall have to do-" He waited. She stared at him,

He watted. She stared at him, half listening, then suddenly alert. "What?" she whispered.
"If you utter one more word of the kind of nonsense I've heard from you I shall—commit you to the insane asylum."

Louise backed away. "You wouldn't dare!"

wouldn't dare!"

wouldn't dare!"
"I have only to call Dr. Nolan on that telephone there in the hall, and have you in a cell—behind bars—in one hour. Now, can you get that through your head?"
Louise swallowed hard.
"I—I'll go," she said.
"That's better. And stay in your room until I say you can come out."
Louise nodded her head like a

Louise nodded her head like a small child who only half under-stands what is being said. She backed toward the door.

FOR three days Randy scarcely slept. She felt that she dared not leave Drake. She knew that she had to be with him when he found out what had happened.

Randy set her foot on the first step, and paused. She stood for several minutes leaning her head against the door frame. It was then that the dreadful sound came

from that upper room. She tore up the narrow staircase and flung the door open. "Drake!"

Drake's eyes were rolling and his face worked violently as if the very bone structure had been ahattered. Randy saw with a sick-horror that his hands were groping frantically under the blankets.

She almost leapt across the room and seized his hands. "Drake!

"Randy — where — where's the rest of me?" His voice rose to a sharp wail.

"Hush, Drake. I'm here with you. You'll get well, now." He held hard to her shoulders. Little by little he quieted.

"It was that accident?" "Yes, Drake. But don't try to talk about it yet. You'll get well

His grasp loosened. She looked fearfully at him. He was quieter now. Very slowly he turned his face to the wall.

RANDY turned away from the RANDY turned away from the window where she had been standing. The frost-rimmed squares of glass gave a distorted vision of the still cold day. She felt that her mind was like that wavy glass. She had no true pictures of anything.

She went into the kitchen. Her father had come in and had taken

father had come in and had taken

rather had come in and had taken off his shoes to warm his feet at the oven door.

"Going somewhere, Randy?"

"Yes, I've got to get out for a white."

while."
"Is Drake asleep?"

"I don't know. The nurse is up there."
"How long is she going to stay?"
"Dr. Gordon said Drake wouldn't have to have her after next Monday."
"How's he going to make out then?"

then?"

The sound of her father's words cleared something in Randy's brain. Her face cleared, too. The quivering uncertainty disappeared. A simple resolution replaced it. "What's the matter, Randy? Change your mind?"

"Yes. I don't need to go out now."

"Mat's that?"

"I said I don't need to go now. I know now." She spoke the last phrase half to herself.

"What is it, daughter? What's on your mind?"

"I didn't know what to do. I

"I didn't know what to do. I know now what I'm going to do."
Mr. Monaghan kept his eyes down. He didn't want her to see how much he pitied her.
Mr. Monaghan stood up. His gaunt, bony figure towered above her. His shaggy white hair almost touched the low kitchen ceiling.

doubt, about letting Parris know, but she was certain that she

She wrote carefully, crossing out words, and finally rewrote the whole message. It was a succinct but full account of the loss of Drake's money, and the accident. She bit the eraser in the pencil for a moment or two, and added: "I must keep him with me somehow."

(To Be Continued)

New Seattle Mayor



William F. Devin, above, former police judge, is the mayor-elect of Seattle, Wash. He defeated Incumbent Earl Millikin in the recent gen-eral election.

**500	LARGE FLOWER	
HORIZONTAL	Answer to Previous Puzzle	1:
1 Pictured	CAROLELOMBIARD	1
flower.	CAR OMMREARS	1
	ROSTAGEBETHEME	18
Te Greek Rod	INCELIBERALIBOA	_
OT MUTT	PEASECANALECLAN	1
	ERREDINUNICRUST	2
16 Fired upon.	BRANDMEBEAR	2
	ERI AMGABLEMSTOA	
19 Street (abbr.).	TUNIC SAHEBS	2
	NNEEDO CAROLE TRIDOP	2
	AITMICU LOMBARD RESIDES	3
of Robert	NOR GABLE ECTOL	3
Owen.	FORT WAYNE	
23 Sound made		3

22 Social theory of Robert Owen. 23 Sound made 40 Tumbler 42 United States

(comb. form). 26 Study of birds' eggs. 28 Great Lake. Senate (abbr.) 43 Moral. 47 Observe. 49 Weight allowance. 50 Attar.

(abbr.). 31 Pronoun 32 Cutting side of blade. 35 Sea eagle. Columbia (abbr.). 9 You and L. 53 City in Alaska 10 Solitary.

13 Remains. 5 Distant. 17 Tellurium (symbol). 8 Three-toed sloth. 19 Wise. 1 Edges. 3 Up-to-date

persons. 25 Gives up. 27 Not as high. 32 Even. 33 Small parti-54 Flower. 56 Foolishly.

VERTICAL 2 High School

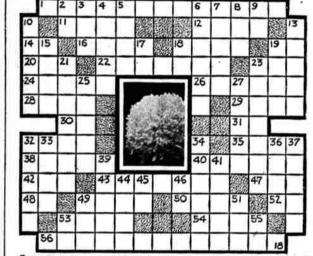
6 Carriage

form). 8 Joined.

cles of dirt. 4 Stationary. 36 Require. 37 Build. horses. 41 Extreme

3 Things in law 4 Lout. 5 Retard. 44 Woody plant. 45 Pronoun. 46 Cobalt (symbol). 49 2000 pound: 51 Lubricant. 7 Lenely (comb

53 Negative 55 South latitud (abbr.).



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



NEXT: These youngsters, the Rocky mountains.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



WAIT A MINUTE, SON! I SAW THAT FRACAS IN THE SALOON WHEN YOU TRIED TO RAISE MONEY!

THAT! OH, I'VE



MAYBE YOU HAVE, BUT DILLY BOSTON AIN'T!
HE NEVER FORGETS---YOU BETTER PULL UP GTAKES AND LEAVE PRONTO! LEAVE ? I'M STAYIN

FORGOTTEN IT



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

AS DEFENSE WARDEN,

PARLOR AVIATORS AS

MEGSENGERG! MAYBE

I'M PAINTING THE LILY,

BUT I FIGURE YOUR

COMBINED BRAIN POWER EQUALS THAT

OF A 15-YEAR-OLD

BOY!

DRAFTING YOU TWO

LET AMOS BE,

PAUL REVERE!

I'D TRIP OVER A

FIREPLUG IN THE

DARK, BUT HE

KNOWS THE

ALLEYS LIKE A

COMIN' HOME IN

TOTAL BLACKOUTS

OH D

FROM THE OWLS

CLUB FER YEARS!

By Harold Gray.

INE'S THINKING FAST=

By Fred Harman

BUT, TWIGGS ---

AWPF-SPUTT-TT!

MY TALENTS

DEMAND SOME

LOFTY POST IN

SERVICE !-- EVEN

DOW MY MIND

IS BUBBLING

WITH A PLAN TO NAB JAP SPIES

BY THE

THOUSANDS!

THE INTELLIGENCE



MIDNIGHT? BUT HIS OFFICE HOURS ARE EIGHT TO TEN--I SAW IT ON HIS SIGN---

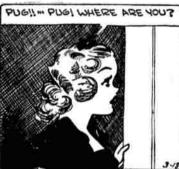






By Martin

By Crane











WASH TUBS

ALLEY OOP



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



OLD AND YOUNG,
POOR AND RICH
EVERYBODY GET IN
AND PITCH
BUY A BOND, SEW A
STITCH
EVERYBODY GET N
AND PITCH!













By V. T. Hamlin



