

● SERIAL STORY

'I AM A MURDERER'

BY MORRIS MARKEY

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CAUSE FOR VENGEANCE

CHAPTER XXII

ON the fifth day, when it seemed likely that the next procedure would be to move calmly down to the Settlement and begin certain arrangements with the Land Office, Norman Tinker had a suggestion. He had spent many hours off by himself, walking along the water upstream and now he had this to say:

"I have an idea, John, that we had better find out what lies up the river. We're going to have the problem of bringing machinery in—maybe we can barge up the stream. I'd like for you to take one of the canoes and go as far as you can, and make some sketch maps—you're so much better at that sort of thing than I am."

"But I went up there," John Frye said. "The rapids begin about two miles above us."

"They extend only a little way," said Norman Tinker. "My point is this. See if you can get through them—and see if there is navigable water beyond."

Martha Frye said, "But John is not much of a hand with the canoe."

"Tush," said Norman Tinker. "Let him take the boy along. You can paddle, can't you, sonny?" And he looked at the boy for perhaps the first time in his life.

"Sure. I'll help," John Frye looked at his wife. "I think it will be all right, my dear."

"I think it's just foolish, and dangerous, too," Norman Tinker laughed. "Get going early tomorrow, will you, John?"

"You bet I will." And so John Frye and his son got the canoe into the water with the dawn, and paddled hard upstream. They struck into the rapids, and the exertion made John Frye cough furiously. The boy tried his best. But in a little while John Frye was exhausted, and there was blood in his coughing. The canoe swept against a boulder and began to roll in the wild water, over and over again.

IN some fashion the boy made his way to the bank, and ran along the bank, tearing his clothes and his face and his hands upon the bushes, and at last staggering into the little clearing beneath the fir trees.

"Daddy!" he cried. "My Daddy is up there in the water!" They got his body out. Norman Tinker said, "This is terrible, terrible, . . . But we must bury him here and not try to take him down to the Settlement." Martha Frye was too stunned with anguish to protest. She helped to dig the grave.

Then, early in the afternoon, life and consciousness of life flowed back into her, and she walked to the table where Norman Tinker was waiting, with bowed head, for her to bring his food. She said:

"You murdered him." The boy's eyes flew wide, and Norman Tinker looked up slowly. "You are upset," he said. "I decline to be offended because you don't know what you're saying."

"You tried to murder the boy, too." "This is very foolish of you, Martha." "I am not afraid of you. You have murdered him. And I am going to the Settlement and tell them so."

She started for the door, with her daughter in her arms and the boy walking beside her. The three of them got to the water's edge, and even into the canoe, before Norman Tinker came rushing from the house.

three days later. A few men were there, sitting along the jetty with their fishing lines in the water. They told him that a canoe had come in—one canoe. It was a long, brown canoe, paddled by a tired-looking man who had, of all absurd things, a baby wrapped in blankets in the bows. No woman at all.

The man had got hold of the only automobile round about, and gone off. Whereupon the boy, from exhaustion and from hunger and from fear, fell into delirious cries. A woman took him in and nursed him and listened to his muttered raving.

She almost believed him, and said to her dubious husband, "Well, tell me what a like like that is doing, wandering around the big woods, all by himself? There must be some reason for it."

The husband shook his head. If he had learned one lesson in his life, he told her, it was to keep hands off other folks' doings, especially if the other folks seemed to be in trouble.

"I never trouble trouble," he intoned gravely. "I'll trouble troubles me." But then he said, "I'll tell Sheriff Raven whenever I see him next."

But Sheriff Raven did not get around to the Settlement very often. The country was as big as many a state. There was no telephone in the Settlement, and no automobile save the one that Norman Tinker had hired to take him away. People who had horses had work of their own to do.

Then the man who owned the automobile came back. He came back very drunk, because he had come upon unexpected money. He fought with two men, and was hurt quite badly, so that he did not feel like driving for a while. But he did tell the boy, when both he and the boy were somewhat recovered, that Norman Tinker had taken the baby to Spokane, and had said something or another about a train down California way.

The boy started out to walk to California.

(To Be Continued)

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



METEORES
ALTHOUGH VISITORS FROM FAR OUT IN SPACE, HAVE ADDED TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR OWN EARTH'S INTERIOR!
THEIR COMPOSITION IS BELIEVED TO BE SIMILAR TO THE CORE OF THE EARTH.



NEWBORN BABIES
OF POISONOUS SNAKES ARE MINIATURES OF THEIR PARENTS, COMPLETE WITH FANGS AND POISON.

GOING OOPS
OH, YAH!
WHEN YOU GIVE YOUR WORD YOU USUALLY KEEP IT," SAID DOROTHY BRIER, Modesto, California.

NEXT: Is camouflage a modern idea?

U. S. ARMORED FORCE GENERAL

HORIZONTAL

1, 6 Pictured U. S. general.

11 Above.

12 Algebrin ruler.

14 Verbal.

15 Symbol for iridium.

16 Daily record.

18 Exists.

19 His machines need lots of.

21 Speck.

22 Period of time.

24 Summit.

27 Paid notice.

28 Therefore.

29 Limb.

31 District Attorney (abbr.).

32 He is an armored commander.

34 Retainer.

36 Either.

37 Negative.

38 Sword.

41 He aided invasion of.

45 Any.

46 Us.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

TERESA WRIGHT
ARRIVE EARNERS
DAMPENS STEAMER
SPIES SORT SWISS

VERTICAL

1 Proceed.

2 Wicked.

3 Over (poet).

4 Railroad (abbr.).

5 Revise.

6 Funeral pile.

7 Toward.

8 Three.

9 (prefix).

10 Hops kiln.

11 Night letter (abbr.).

13 Each (abbr.).

18 Perform.

17 Yellow of egg.

19 Doit.

20 Universal.

21 Female deer.

23 Born.

25 Lyric poem.

26 State of equality.

28 Twist.

30 Style of painting.

33 Plunder.

35 Hawaiian food.

38 Unhappy.

39 Some.

40 Corded fabric.

41 Qualified.

42 Nourished.

43 Dove's cry.

44 Astern.

50 Everyone.

52 Whether (abbr.).

53 Merriment.

54 Pertaining to the ear.

55 Pare.

57 Monkey.

59 Upward.

60 Office of Defense Transportation (abbr.).

61 Street (abbr.).

62 Compass point.

64 That one.

65 Myself.

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 61 62 63 64 65

66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85

DAN IS CHIEF OF THIS DEPARTMENT AND HELL SHOW YOU HOW TO OPERATE THIS COLD SAW-- OH, YOU REMEMBER ED-- DON'T YOU, AND ALEC-- ED'S CHIEF OF ASSEMBLY AND ALEC IS CHIEF OF MAINTENANCE... AND HERE COMES DICK

YEARS AGO HE SAID "BAH! ME LEARN TH' MACHINIST TRADE? ME BE A GREASE MONKEY? I'M GETTIN' INTO SOMETHIN' WITH A FUTURE-- THERE'S NO OPPORTUNITY IN A DIRTY SHOP? HE WENT INTO SOMETHIN' THEY DON'T NEED NOW, AND IT'S GOIN' TO BE HARD TO TAKE ALL THESE SCHOOL CHUM CHIEFS AROUND HERE!"

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

THE MEN OF THE HOUR

MISSY LOLITA SAY YOU WANT ME!

YEAH, LITTLE BEAVER, I THOUGHT YOU'D HELP ME GET READY FOR A TRIP TO TOWN!

YOU SEE, WE'RE LOW ON GRUB AND WITH YOUR FRIEND BLIND FROM BE STINGS, I THOUGHT--

ME STAY-LIM WITH RED RIDER!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MISS! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

BUT I'LL JUST TIDY UP YOUR BED! YOU'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE WHILE WE'RE GONE!

BUT LOLITA DROPS SOME BANKNOTES BENEATH THE MATTRESS

By Fred Harman

WE'RE DOIN' WHAT YOU SAID--STUDYIN' TH' MORSE CODE--PRACTICIN' DRILLIN--LEARNIN' TO SCOUT AN OBSERVE--PRACTICIN' SEEM AN HEARIN' BUT SAYIN' NOTHING--

IT'LL TAKE TIME TO GET GOOD AT ANY OF THOSE THINGS--

COURSE, IT'S ALL INTERESTIN', BUT WHEN WILL ANY OF US HERE EVER HAVE ANY USE FOR THAT STUFF?

NEVER CAN TELL-- BUT WHEN YOU DO NEED IT YOU'LL NEED IT IN A HURRY-- NO TIME THEN TO START LEARNIN'--

JUST GOT WORD, WALTER-- HE MIGHT DRIVE IN HERE-- STOLEN CAR-- GREEN 1941 MODEL-- LICENSE 44-782---

IT JUST WENT BY, MR. PUTTERBUDD AS YOU CAME IN HERE-- TWO MEN-- DRIVER HAD A BROWN HAT-- BLUE OVERCOAT--

GREAT SCOTT! OPERATOR! OPERATOR! GIVE ME TH' STATE POLICE!

SEE, ANNE! I SAW THAT CAR, BUT I NEVER NOTICED TH' NUMBER OR ANYTHING--

SURE-- THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT--

By Harold Gray

YOU WERE SO FUSSED, YOU PUT MY HAT ON AND WALKED OFF!

M-M-ME FUSSED? --- SHUCKS, I WAS ONLY WEARING IT FOR A GAG, SORT OF!

MR. SMITH, DO YOU TAKE MODERN HISTORY AT SHADYSIDE HIGH?

WELL, I'M EXPOSED TO IT!

THEN WE'LL MEET AGAIN TOMORROW IN TH' CLASSROOM, I IMAGINE!

GOSH-- W-WILL WE?

LARD, MY HAT!

By Blossom

AIDED BY SIGNAL LIGHTS FROM BELOW, THE GLIDERS LAND ONE AFTER ANOTHER AND ARE QUICKLY HIDDEN

Wash Tubbs

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY-- WHAT IS IT?

BUT I DON'T SEE-- OH, PARDON ME--

WELL?

I HAVE A BOTTLE HERE FOR PROF. TRAXLE

I AM PROF. TRAXLE

CATALYST J. TRAXLE-- THE WORLD'S MOST UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS

By Martin

BY GOLLY, FOR A LITTLE TYKE, YOU SURE PACK A WALLOP!

IF THAT LIL TAP MADE YOU SCALL, YOU SHOULD MIX IT WITH MY BROTHER PAUL!

BROTHER?? GADFREY! IS THERE TWO OF YOU?

TWO? WHASSA MATTER, CAN'T YOU SEE?? OUR COUNT OF NOSES TOTALS THREE

Alley Oop

By T. T. Hamlin