# THREE TO MAKE READY.

Dean Larson."

Paula flung herself out the door.

Half way across the campus she

found Tony, "I'm kind of wobbly yet," he

#### FOUND-A BLUE SCARF

CHAPTER X

IT was still drizzling next morn-IT was still drisning next morn-ing. Paula dressed hurriedly, trying to shut out the melancholy burble of the rain in the spouting. Several of the girls were having late breakfast and talking excit-edly of the stench bombing. Eag-erly they turned to Paula for in-formation, but she refused to be helpful.

"The less said about it the bet-

"The less said about it the bet-

Paula gulped her coffee and left.
Protected by a transparent green
rain cape, she walked to the hospital.

Tony was sitting up in bed. Except for pain shadows under his eyes, he looked fit. He greeted Paula a bit shyly.

"I was hoping you'd come, Paulie. I tried to talk them into letting me out today, but no go. I feel swell."
"I'm glad you're okay, Tony,"

I feel swell."

"I'm glad you're okay, Tony," she smiled.

"I—I guess I was a little out of my head last night. If I said anything I shouldn't.

"You needn't worry about that," Paula said, and changed the subject abruptly. "The weather's nasty."

Tony said, "Chris was here early. He seemed to want to talk about last night, yet he acted as if he were afraid to. Do you think he might be protecting someone."

Paula started, "Who, Tony!"
He shrugged. "The League crowd, maybe. Chris met some of the boys from the house in the hall. They almost gat into a scrap. I tried to cool them down. If they go after the League now they'll play right into Big Barney's hands.

You know, Paulie, I've been lying here thinking and I've got Jenks doped out. Ever wonder why that shot of Kilo was lightstruck? If Big Barney hasn't an interest in the scandal sheet Jenks works for, I'll eat it!"

"You think Bill was sent here to make trouble?"

"It's just another hunch. At any rate, we don't want him to get bold of this story."

"It's just another hunch. At any rate, we don't want him to get bold of this story."

Tony, tossing restlessly as he spoke, had disarranged his pillows. Paula moved to plump them back into shape. Tony protested, but she rolled him over and lifted the pillows. Beneath them was something that made her gasp—a bright blue scarf.

"Paulie, I didn't want you to see that," Tony said.

In one corner of the scarf were the initials C. E. W. "It belongs to Chris." Paula whispored. "Where did you get it, Tony?" "I'd rather not say. It might not be his."

be his."

"Chris's middle name is Edward." Paula said fiatly. "Tony, please tell me the truth."

"One of the fellows found it in the shrubbery beside the house."

"That means . ."

Tony shrugged. "Chris might have lost it days ago."

"He—he had it on the other efternoon," Paula was turning the scarf in numb fingers. Then she began to pluck at the silk. "Look here, Tony! These tiny strands of scarlet wool."

"What about them?"

"What about them?"

"Tony," Paula said, her harel eyes glowing, "auppose Chris loaned this to . . . someone?" "Could be," Tony admitted. "But why-?"
Paula tried to catch him off

Paula tried to catch him off guard: "Did you see a girl last night when you ran out?"
"Why?" Tony countered.
"Okay Tony be a gentleman.
But I know one person who wears a scarlet brushed wool sweater.
I'm going to see her!"

KILO SHERWOOD FOOT private home in Cardman Conter. She was in bed when Paula arrived, and came down-stairs attired in an expensive

stairs attired black negligee. "Nice of you to return my call so soon," she said coolly, "I sup-pose you've come to tell me it's bad for Chris to be out on rainy nights?"

nights?"
Paula bit her lip. "You'd like
me to think he was with you all

evening?"
"I can't see how it even con-

"I can't see how it even concerns you."

"But I don't think Chris was. I
think, the night being damp and
chilly, you borrowed his marf."

Paula had the satisfaction of
seeing Kilo stiffen, "You can't
prove that."

"Perhaps not," Paula admitted,
"but we both know it's true." She
bent forward, meeting Kilo's insolent gaze with her steady hazel
eyes, "Let's talk girl to girl, Kilo."

"You talk, Til listen," Kilo said,
"We're both terribly fond of
Chris," Paula said, "I'm pretty
sure you don't want to see him in
trouble. Some of the boys from
Tony's house know about the scarf,
If Dr. Van Horn finds out . . ."

"Van Horn won't do anything."
Kilo was contemptuous, "He's too
much afraid of losing his job to "Van Horn won't do anyning."
Kilo was contemptions. "He's too
much afraid of losing his job to
stir up any trouble."
"I think you're wrong about the
Doctor. But even if he doesn't do

anything, Tony's friends will. They might give Chris a beating or even run him out of school."

Kilo's face lost color. "You're ... only trying to frighten me. They wouldn't dare harm Chris."
"Iney wouldn't dare harm a girl," Paula said quietly. "Tell the truth, Kilo."

truth, Kilo."

Kilo arose abruptly. "It won't work" she said. "I just don't frighten that easily. Come again when you can stay longer."

appointment burned her eyes, Shoad looked up to Tony, admire

had isoled up to Touy, admired him, and now "Don't be sere." Tony begged. "I'm only doing what I think is best. Chris is bitter over the suspicion that's fallen on him. We've either got to clear him or "Oh!" Paula choked, then she calmed herself with an effort, "Tony, if you turn that scarf over to Dean Larson, i-I'll never speak to you again."

Tony said slowly, "I've got to do It, Paulie (To Be Continued)

JERSEYVILLE, III., (P)— Charles Terry didn't know his prize reaster was a rat killer when he sold it to Gordon Cary.

BACK at the Gamma Tau house Paula found a letter from her father. He had been called to New Cricans on important business and wouldn't be able to come to Cardman for Commencement, but he enclosed a check to compensate for his absence.

The following morning when Paula went to the hospital the receptionist told her that Tony had been discharged. "He left just a few minutes ago, Miss Jeffers. I think he has an appointment with Dean Larson." But when Cary informed him he found a dead rat in the cham-pion rooster's pen with its head picked full of holes. Terry decided the game bird was mighty valuable. So-he repurchase



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8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

formation we've got."

"And you call yourself Chris's friend!" A furious resentment boiled within Paula. Tears of dis-

By William Ferguson



## SEASONAL GAME =

HORIZONTAL I Pictured is

5 It is played on a course or 5 Dwelling. 13 Apish actions. 14 Antireptics. 15 Bird. 18 Reading room.

19 Apertures for coins. 21 Antitoxin, 23 Aquatic mammal, 25 To putrefy.

43 Greek letter. 44 Malefactor. 47 To fly. 48 Bow of light.

Answer to Previous Puzzle BOAMNK MAGA 49 Ireland. 50 The ball in

knocked into a hole on partially. 5 Limb. 22 Betrothed, 52 Bonker and 52 Bunker and 52 Bunker and 53 Horse fennel, 52 Bunker and 54 To beniege, 53 Half an em. 57 Kind of 57 Toward sen, 10 Heavy blow 10 an e 38 Exclamation, 56 Tremulous, 57 For fear that, 12 Electric unit, 50 Father, 17 Genus of 51 North A

VERTICAL

36 An effort. 37 Sedan. 38 Ties. 40 Musical 3 Cotton cloth. 4 To fuse 6 Small inland. 41 Shark. 42 Sec of silk. 43 Labels. 44 Turkish cap. 45 Pertaining

to an era. 46 Italian coins. 17 Genus of 51 North Amer-

the number of

- taken.

21 Black baws.

22 Golf club.

churches

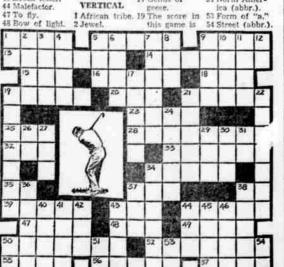
26 Alleged force 27 Device on

which golf bail is set.

Coterie.

31 EU 34 Part of a

24 Parts of



#### **OUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. Williams



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



#### RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

By Fred Harman

By Harold Gray







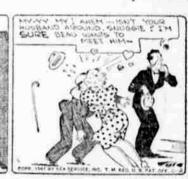
BUT, DOCTOR! THE INTERNES ARE WATCHING HIM AND THE HOUSE DOCTOR IS WITHIN CALL -- YOU'VE HAD NO SLEEP FOR DAYS ---THAT'S FINE-FLL JUST KEEP HIM COMPANY By Martin

**BOOTS** AND HER BUDDIES









WASH TUBBS

ALLEY OOP







By Crane NOT CACE DID I CLAIM TO BE EMANUEL CASTRO, THO MOU AND YOUR DUMB HODDLUMS ASSUMED THAT I WAS A YOU SPENT YOUR TIME BREAKING INTO HOTEL ROOMS AND BANGING ME OVER THE HEAD WHILE THE REAL AND ONLY CASTRO WAS ATTENDING IMPORTANT AFFAIRS OF STATE, RATHER STUPIO.

By Blosser

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS















