

By Sidney Smith

HOW MANY CARDS?

By ISABEL OSTRANDER

Author of "The Island of Intrigue," "Suspense," "Ashes to Ashes," etc. Copyright, 1921, by Robert M. McBride & Co.

SYNOPSIS A would-be thief enters the... Mr. Alexander, partner in business to the dead man, and uncle to his wife, appears acting like a man who has just been told that his wife is dead.

"I didn't say," McCarty smiled blandly at him. "You'll be sending the message as I gave it, please."

On the floor of a room lies a man in evening clothes, the front of whose neck is red with blood and within reach of his hand is a huge army revolver. The table is laid for two with champagne still in the glasses.

"You're from Mrs. Creveling," the latter demanded. "I've come straight from her house, Mr. Waverly, through it's questions I've brought you a message."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES IN THE breakfast room they came upon Hollins hastily removing the fabrics of the supper which had ended so tragically and as Mrs. Creveling paused to question him McCarty slipped away and rejoining the group in the hall led Inspector Deane aside.

"Who are you?" Mr. Waverly turned a shade more red. "What do you mean about my needing sleep? I don't believe you have come from Mrs. Creveling at all, you are an impostor."

"Gazes upon this charming nocturne; drink deeply of its peaceful influence; be lulled by its suggestion of perfume-laden night. Ah, an old old melody, but perchance fruitful of new possibilities — let's get goin' — shoot!"

"He turned up all right, sir; turned up his toes on the floor of his study, shot through the heart," McCarty watched the effect of his announcement carefully.

"At the Bolter Hotel," The reply came after a moment of evident hesitation. "I'll expect you in about half an hour and who are you, anyway? What happened to Mr. Creveling?"

"You surely did make yourself conspicuous to-night—spending the whole evening talking to that red-headed woman—"

"GOTTA DIME AN' IM GOIN' TO GIT CAKES WID IT BEIN' MEAN' YOUSSE FRENS LETS HELP YER. HUH, WILLIE?"

"GIT DOUGHNUTS WIDOUT DE HOLES AN' ASKFERA CAKE. NAW! GIT BUNS. DERE BIGGER'EM AND DEY LAST LONGER. HUH, WILLIE?"

THE GUMPS—Andy Can Be Independent

POOR GUMPS — STILL HOUSE HUNTING! IF THEY KEEP ON MAKING IT TOUGH FOR ANDY — HE'LL TAKE THAT \$20,000 UNCLE BIM GAVE HIM AND BUY A HOME OF HIS OWN — SIT ON HIS FRONT PORCH AND MAKE FACES AT LANDLORDS, AGENTS AND REAL ESTATE MEN.

I DON'T CARE — I'LL GET A PLACE — I'LL GET JUST AS GOOD A PLACE AS THIS AND I'LL GET IT FOR LESS DOUGH TOO — HE'LL BE AROUND HERE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS TRYING TO GET ME TO STAY — HE'S OFFERIN' THIS FLAT FOR LESS MONEY 'N YOU — YOU DON'T SEE ANY BODY RENTIN' IT DO YOU? WE'LL HAVE A PLACE TO LIVE — IF I CAN'T RENT ONE — I'LL BUILD ONE

WHEN IS THIS ALL GOING TO HAPPEN? IS SOME BODY GOING TO WHEEL UP A LOT OF HOUSES AND SHOW YOU SAMPLES? THEY'RE SO ANNOY TO RENT PLACES THIS YEAR — THEY'RE WALKIN' AROUND WITH BOOKS SHOWIN' YOU A PICTURE OF THE HOUSE AND THE PLANS

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START THIS BUILDING? I SUPPOSE YOU CAN PUT IT UP IN A COUPLE OF DAYS — I TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO — GO BUY YOURSELF A LOT — THEN GO OVER TO THE HARDWARE STORE AND GET A DOOR KNOB AND STAND THERE WITH IT IN YOUR HAND — MAY BE SOME BODY WILL BUILD A HOUSE ON IT — THEN JUST OPEN THE DOOR AND YOU'RE HOME

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—The Boss Is a Convert

YOU'D THINK THE BOSS WOULD HAVE A HEART — EE-MAGIN HIM BEIN' PEEVED BECAUSE I LOANED THAT POOR HORSE HIS UMBRELLA AND RAINCOAT YESTERDAY! I WISH I COULD GET HIM TO JOIN OUR HUMANE SOCIETY AND BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS. THE OLD CRAB!

ME-OW! OW-R!-PST! SSPIT! NOW-NOW

THIS POOR KITTY DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT. LET'S MAKE HIM A BED OVER IN THE CORNER.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she attended an informal affair once in a while, but gave up partisanship entirely during Lent.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA

MOTHER WOULD PROBABLY HAVE THROWN A DUCK FIT IF SHE COULD HAVE SEEN KATRINKA AND THE BABY GOING OVER TO THE ICE PLANT FIRE.

SCHOOL DAYS

I BELIEVE I'LL GO OUT AN' PLAY, MAMA. I GOT A LIL SUMM' I WANTA DO. DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR THE REST OF YOUR FORTUNE? SEEMS TO BE RIGHT GOOD FORT — HERE'S A JOURNEY FOR YOU —

PETEY—She Must Have Been a Bird

EVERY TIME YOU SEE A RED HEADED WOMAN YOU JUST THROW YOURSELF AT HER — SAY — LISTEN NOW — I HADDA BE POLITE DIDN'T I? — SHE ASKED ME WHY WAS THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK AND I HADDA TELL HER DIDN'T I — WELL — THEN SHE WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT WHO WON THE LAST ELECTION AN' SHE ASKED ME TO EXPLAIN JUST HOW PEOPLE BECAME SUCCESSFUL IN LIFE AND — WELL, YOU NEEDN'T HAVE SPENT THE WHOLE EVENING WITH HER — AW — EVERY TIME I TALK TO A WOMAN WHO KNOWS SOMETHING YOU GET SORE!

CLANCY'S KIDS

OOH! THE SCRUNGER!! YER BIG STIFF!!!

DAST YOUSE COME OUT ANY MORE DIS AFTER-NOON, WILLIE? NAW! I DASSN'T

CLANCY'S KIDS

WISH MY OLD MAN WAS A BAKER

By Percy L. Crosby

By C. A. Voight

By DWIG

CONTINUED MONDAY