

Serial Story

'Tambay Gold'

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

MONEY IS bad for my system. I'm not used to it in big gobs, and it goes to my head like liquor. Juddy is no better. Both of us were suffering from financial delusions of grandeur.

Besides what we were taking in, each of us had a little of our original capital. Nothing would do us but we make our dream of the big central dinery and dance floor come true.

Well, before we knew it, the place was full of high-priced carpentry noises.

"LET'S FACE IT, pal," I said. "I know it's worse than we thought it would be."

Juddy bit off the end of her pencil. "Well, say six thousand."

"You say it," I said. "I'd choke."

"What'll we do now?"

I had one of my brilliant flashes. "What's a bank?" I said. "We can take our books down to Old Man La Rue at the Leverton National, and after he's seen the profit figures, he'll lend us the buttons off his coat."

So we put it up to Maurie Sears. The bank didn't yearn for our business at all.

"It looks to me like Hollister Mowry is blocking it," he said.

"What's his idea?" I said. "You know he's got the gold fever, don't you? He'll be after those diggings as soon as old Welliver less is up."

WHEN WE were back in the car, Juddy said:

"Any other ideas, Mon?"

"The only thing I can think of is for you to marry a millionaire."

"I did," she said. "Look what it got me."

"There's others and maybe different," I said.

She took a long time before she answered. "I could always go back to Hendy."

"Well, what's the matter with that, after all?"

"I've been fighting against it."

That was a surprise. "Have you still got a yen for him?"

She shook her head. "No, but I never was cut out for being poor."

"ANGEL WOULDN'T be any help to the payroll," I said. "We've got to be practical. I'll bet the crew go as soon as the floor is done."

It was nearly a month before we saw Angel again. The first thing he said was:

"Where's Juddy?"

"Gone to bed."

"That's a devil of a note," he said.

He sat down and started ordering everything on the menu.

"Hey!" I said. "What's the answer? Have you broken training?"

"Just for once," he said.

After he'd eaten he said, "I want to see little Juddy."

"No, you don't. Not in your condition. You wouldn't do yourself a bit of good with her."

"Then let's pry Oliver out. I've got some things to settle with that rat."

"Listen, Angel," I said. "You beat it for Welliver."

He gave me the baby smile. "Good, Old Mom!" he said.

Sometimes I'm just a plain sucker. I thought I had him fixed. So I closed the shop and hit the hay.

A tattoo on my window woke me up. It was a thick, foggy night, but the dim figure in the yard couldn't be anybody but Angel; it was too big.

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TODAY'S ALMANAC ODDITY

ANDREW JACKSON, TWICE PRESIDENT, ACTUALLY RECEIVED THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF ELECTORAL VOTES THREE TIMES -- BUT THE FIRST TIME THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES CHOSE JOHNQUINCY ADAMS AS PRESIDENT.

See page 328, 1942 World Almanac.

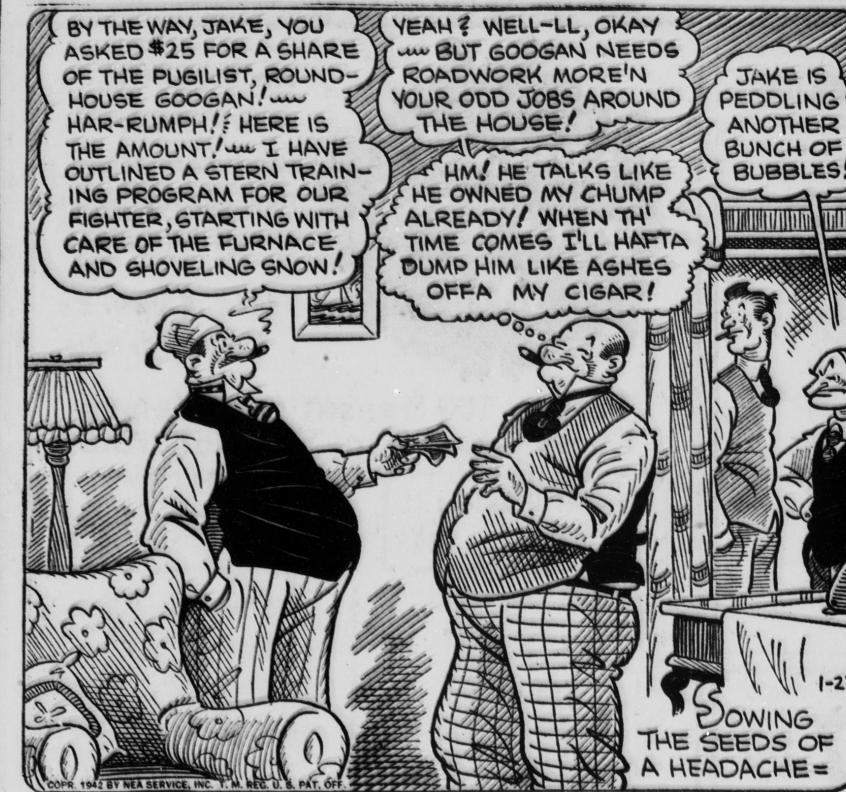
On sale everywhere, booksellers 75¢

—By Reburn Van Buren

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



L'L ABNER

DAISY MAE RECEIVES TWO NOTES

Dear Daisy Mae:

When you read this I will be well on my way to Arizona. As you know - I am afflicted with super-sensitive nasal passages, and, for the past two days, I have suffered the most excruciating agonies.

I seem to imagine myself constantly surrounded by burning glue factories.

The attack started when Mr. Big Barnsmell approached my car the other night, although this, of course, was purely coincidental. By & S recover my health in the great open spaces, I will return and we can begin where we left off.

Caroline Wolf

NANCY

OH, NANCY... MAY I BORROW YOUR LITTLE DOLL FURNITURE?



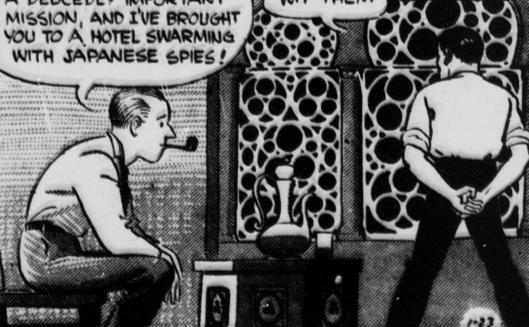
RED RYDER

SO RED WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE COLONEL AFTER ALL!



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

IT'S ALL MY FAULT, OLD MAN. WE ARE ON A DELICIOUSLY IMPORTANT MISSION, AND I'VE BROUGHT YOU TO A HOTEL SWARMING WITH JAPANESE SPIES!



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

I'VE DECIDED TO ABOLISH MY ONE-MAN CAMPAIGN TO IMPROVE MY FINANCIAL CONDITION, FRECK!



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WELL, YOU SEE, HONEY... HE OFFERED HIS SERVICES TO AN EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY IN WASHINGTON...



ALLEY OOP

I'M NOT ONE TO QUESTION ROBIN HOOD... BUT WHAT DOES HE SEE IN YOU LONG-NOSED LOAFER?

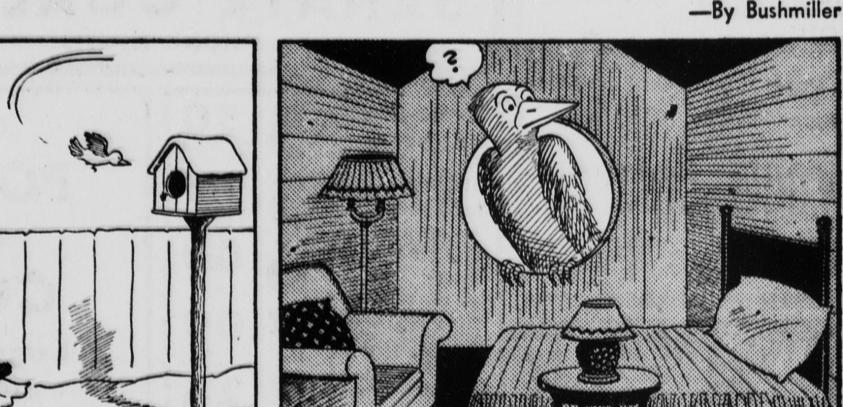


OUT OUR WAY



THE WORRIER

MEANWHILE — SAN FRANCISCO



By Fred Harman

By Bushmiller

By Fred Harman

By Crane

By Blosser

By Martin

By H. T. Hamlin

By Williams

FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1942