

ABBEY AN SLATS

—By Raeburn Van Buren

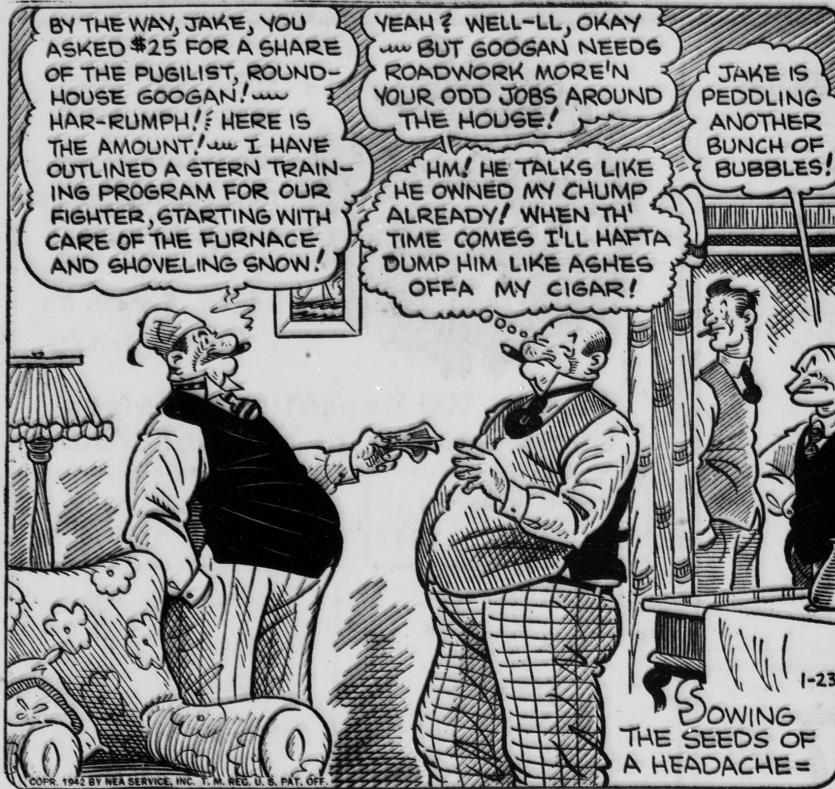


OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



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 for?" I said. "We can take our books down to Old Man La Rue at the Levertown 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 lease 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?"

"Come 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."

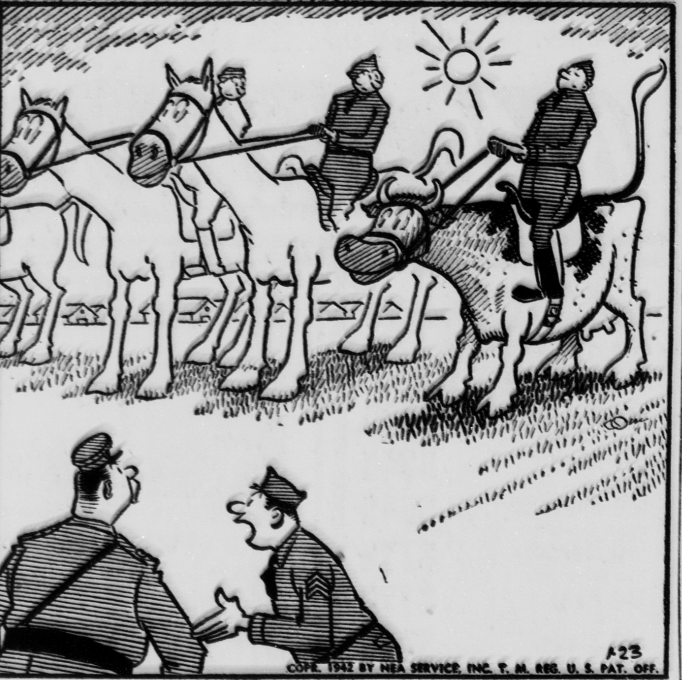
"Then let's pry Oliver out. I've got some things to settle with that rat."

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

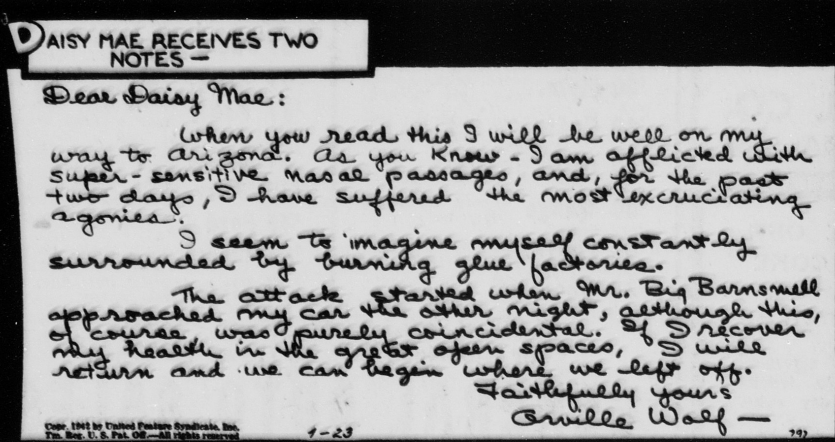
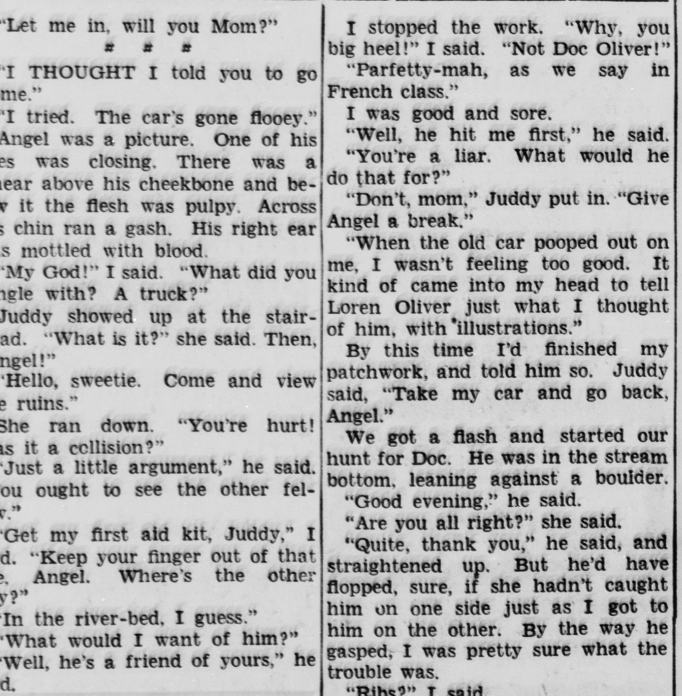
He gave me the baby smile. "Good, Old Man!" he said.

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.

FUNNY BUSINESS



By William Ferguson



NANCY



RED RYDER



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



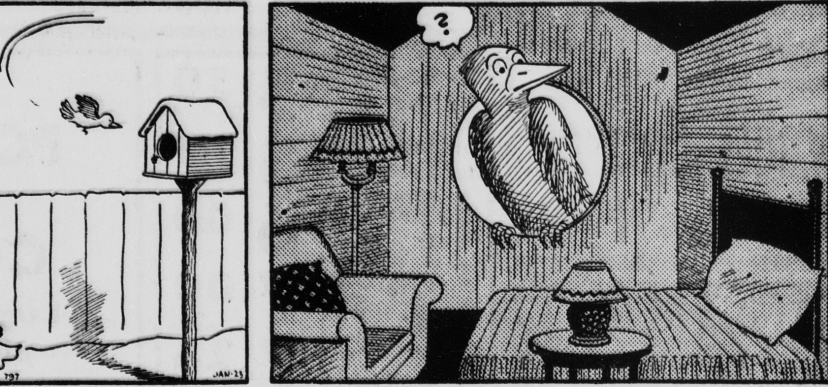
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



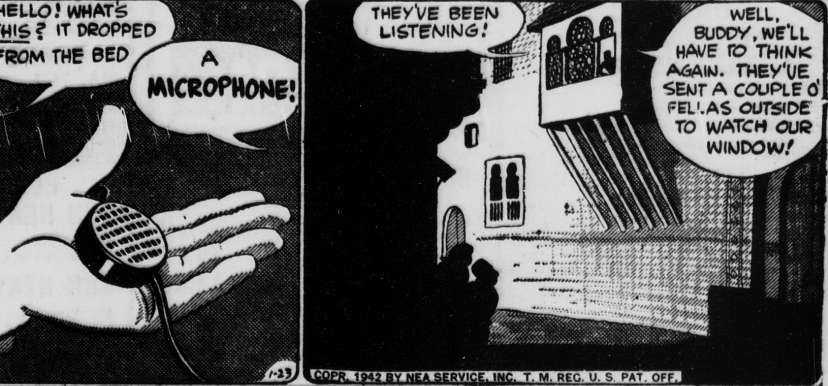
MEANWHILE — SAN FRANCISCO??



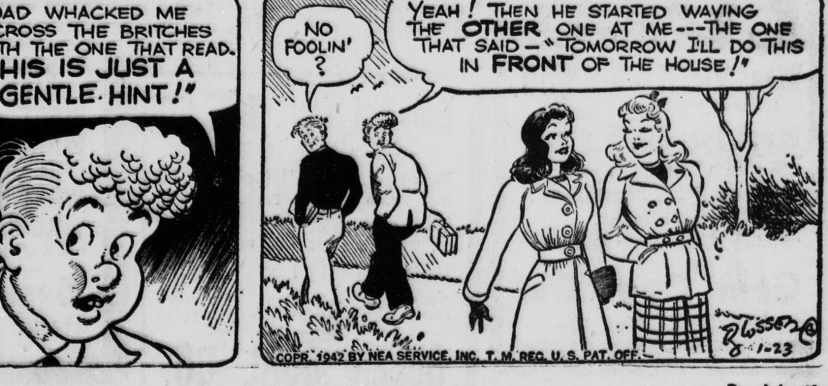
By Bushmiller



By Crane



By Blosser



By Martin



By H. T. Hamlin



## 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 JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AS PRESIDENT.

(See page 328, 1942 World Almanac. On sale everywhere, bookstores 70c)

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