

Krazy Kat

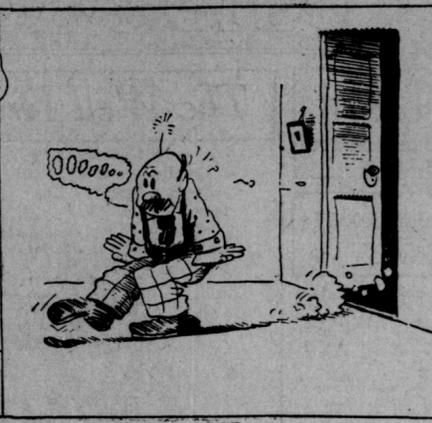
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In That Case It's O. K.



Tomorrow: What's the Difference? Proof Positive Dejectedly twirling his thumbs the clerk sat in the box office of the Frivolity theater. A depressing air of failure hung over the theater, and it looked as though the piece would have to be withdrawn shortly. Suddenly he perked up as a countess and his wife came in, followed by their three daughters and two sons. "Have you got seven seats in the middle of the second row for tonight?" asked the countess. "Yes, I find they are vacant, sir," said he, trying to repress his excitement. "Shall I book them for you, sir?" "Er—no, I think not," said the man from the country. "If you've got those seats on your hands it seems to me the play can't be up to much! Good morning!"

The Dingbat Family



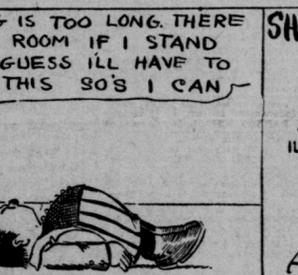
Polly and Her Pals



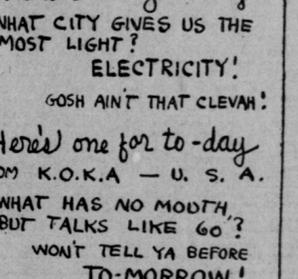
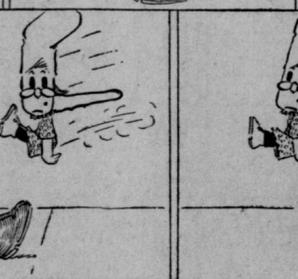
Pa's Advice Sounds Reasonable to Us

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Us Boys



GO TO THE STORE AND GET A RUMP STEAK!  
Answer to yesterday's  
WHAT CITY GIVES US THE MOST LIGHT?  
ELECTRICITY!  
GOSH AIN'T THAT CLEVAH!  
Here's one for to-day  
FROM K.O.K.A - U. S. A.  
WHAT HAS NO MOUTH, BUT TALKS LIKE GO?  
WONT TELL YA BEFORE TO-MORROW!



THE MURDERERS BY LOUIS TRACY MONTE A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

Continued From Yesterday

Left to himself, Mason handed over the dogcart to the hostler at the inn, paid for his hire and again walked to the deserted farm. He surveyed every inch of the ground floor, carefully raked over the ashes in the grate, scrubbed the passage with a hard broom and water, packed some few personal belongings in a small bag and set out again, after locking the door securely, for a long tramp over the moor. Nine miles of mountain road would bring him to another line of railway. Thence he would book to London and travel straight through, arriving at the capital at night, and not making the slightest attempt to communicate with Grenier en route. There was little fear of comment or inquiry caused by the disappearance of the inhabitants of the Grange House. He and "Doctor Williams" were the only residents even slightly known to the distant village. Such stores as they needed they had paid for. The house was hired for a month from an agent in the county town, and the rent paid in advance. It was not clear who owned the place. The agent kept it on his books until some one should claim it.

As the murderer walked and smoked his reflection were not quite cheerful, now that he could cry "quite" with Philip Anson. His experiences of the previous night were not pleasant. Neither he nor Grenier went to bed. They dozed uneasily in chairs until daylight, and then they admitted that they had committed Anson's body to the deep in a moment of unreasoning panic. He might be found, and, even if he were not, he would be found. That was the weak part of their armor, but Grenier refused to admit the flaw. "A naked man found in the sea—and he may never be found—has not necessarily been thrown from a balcony 200 feet above sea level! The notion is grotesque. No constabulary brain could conceive it. And who is he? Not Philip Anson; Philip Anson

he said to the official, at the same time handing his card. "Mr. Anson, Park Lane—the Mr. Anson." "I suppose I can flatter myself with the definite article, I am staying here some few days and wish to carry out certain transactions requiring large sums of money. I will be glad to act through your bank, on special terms, of course, for opening a short account."

"I will be delighted." "We will write a check now for five thousand pounds, which kindly place to my credit as soon as possible. Shall we say—the day after tomorrow?" "That is quite possible. We will use all expedition." "Thank you. You understand, this is merely a preliminary. I will need a much larger sum, but I will pay my next check after hearing from London. I am not quite sure about the amount of my private balance at the moment."

"The bank manager assured him there would be no difficulty whatever under such conditions. Grenier obtained his passbook and check book after writing a check on London before the other man's eyes. For a small amount, an introduction would have been necessary. In the case of Philip Anson, the millionaire, a man who handled thousands so readily, it was needless. Moreover, his procedure was unexceptionable—strictly according to banking business. "THE SCHEMERS AT WORK Grenier rushed off to the station, caught a train for Leeds, went to the bank of a different company with different London agents, and carried through the same maneuver. He returned to York and secured the services of the hotel typist. He wrote to Philip's bankers: "I am transacting some very important private business in the north of England, and have opened temporary accounts with the Bank of York and I shall need a considerable sum of money. Possibly I may also open accounts in Bradford and Sheffield. Today I have drawn two checks for five thousand pounds each. Kindly let me know by return the current balance to my credit, as I dislike overdrafts and would prefer to realize some securities."

dating far back in my life and in the lives of my parents, Sir Philip is not dying, nor even dangerously ill. Lady Louisa is in Yorkshire, and I am making arrangements which will close a long standing feud. "Write me here if necessary, but kindly keep back all business or other communications, save those of a very urgent character, for at least a week or perhaps 10 days. "Sorry for this enforced absence from town. It simply can not be avoided, and I am sure you will leave a detailed explanation until we meet. I have signed the inclosed annual report of the home. Will you kindly forward it to the secretary. Yours sincerely, "PHILIP ANSON."

Grenier dictated this epistle from a carefully composed copy. He understood the very friendly relations that existed between Philip and his chief agent, and he thought that in adopting a semi-pologetic, frankly reluctant tone, he was striking the right key. The concluding reference to the Mary Anson home was smart, he imagined, while the main body of the letter dealt in safe generalities. Naturally he knew nothing of the conversation between the two men on this very topic a couple of months earlier. But Langdon's ample confessions had clearly revealed Philip's attitude and the unscrupulous schemer was willing now to dare all in his attempt to gain a fortune. While he was dining a telegram was handed to him: "You forgot to send your address, but Mr. Abingdon gave it to me. So grieved you are detained. What about blue atom?"

Did ever woman invent more tantalizing question than that concluding one? What was a blue atom? No one could give him any definite meaning. He gave them the dignity of capitals. BLUE ATOM. They became more inexpressible. In one respect they were effective. They spoiled his dinner. He had steeled himself against every possible form of surprise, but he was forced to admit that during the next three days he must succeed in persuading Evelyn Atherley that Philip Anson was alive and engaged in important matters in Yorkshire. That was imperative—

was his scheme to be wrecked by a blue atom? Moreover, her query must be answered. His promise to write was, of course, a mere device. It would be manifestly absurd to send her a typewritten letter, and, excellently as he could copy Philip's signature, he dared not put his skill as a forger to the test of inditing a letter to her, no matter how brief. Finally he hit upon a compromise. He wired: "Stupid of me to omit address. Your concluding sentence mixed up in transmission. Meaning not quite clear. Am feeling so lonely. "PHILIP."

Then he tried to resume his dinner, but his appetite was gone. In postal facilities, owing to its position on a main line, New York is well served from London. At 9 p. m. two letters, one a bulky package and registered, reached him. The letter was from Mr. Abingdon. It briefly acknowledged his telegram, stated that a man in the Athenaeum who knew Sir Philip Morland had in-

formed him, in response to guarded inquiries, that the baronet was exceedingly well off, and called attention to some important leases inclosed which required his signature. The other note was from Evelyn. It was tender and loving and contained a reference that added to the mystification of her telegram. "In the hurry of your departure yesterday," she wrote, "we forgot to mention Blue Atom. What is your opinion? The price is high, certainly, but, then, picture the joy of it—the only one in the world!" And again came another message: "I referred to Blue Atom, of course. What did the postoffice make it into? "EVELYN."

Blue Atom was assuming spectral dimensions. He cursed the thing fluently. It was high priced, a joy alone in solitary glory. What could it be? He strolled into the station and entered into conversation with a platform inspector. "By the way," he said, casually,

"have you ever heard of anything called a blue atom. The man grinned. "Is that another name for D. T. S. sir?" Grenier gave it up and resolved to postpone a decision until the next morning. By a late train Philip's portmanteau arrived. It was locked, and the key reposed in the cafe. Green, it ultimately transpired, solemnly opened the safe in the presence of the housekeeper and the butler, locked it again without disturbing any of the other contents, and handed the key to the butler, who placed it in the silver pantry.

It is not generally known that the port of London authorities keep a "staff of cats" to deal with the plague of rats at the docks. Five hundred cats are kept, and they are found to be far more effective than poison in the warfare with the rats.

Much more refreshing than green tea and goes twice as far. Ridgways Tea