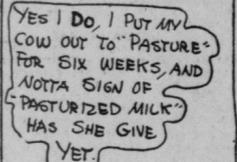
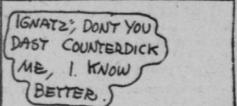


Krazy Kat

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A Base Fraud



Tomorrow: Same Old Day Off JESTINGS

"Good morning! I can to tune your piano. But I didn't send for you."

"No, ma'm; but the neighbors said I ought to call."

"I haven't seen Hemmaidshaw for a week."

"No; he hasn't been out of the house since his accident."

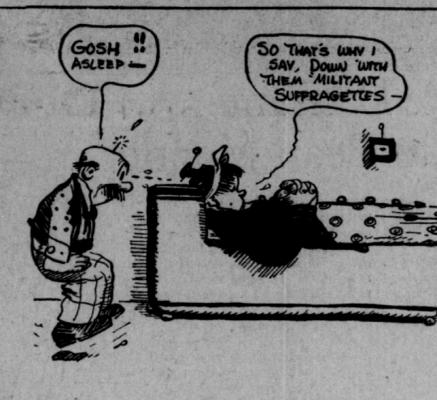
"Was he seriously injured?"

"No; but he feels the disgrace deeply."

"Disgrace?"

"Yes. After living in the heart of the city all his life, he went to the country one day last week and was run over by a milk wagon."

The Dingbat Family



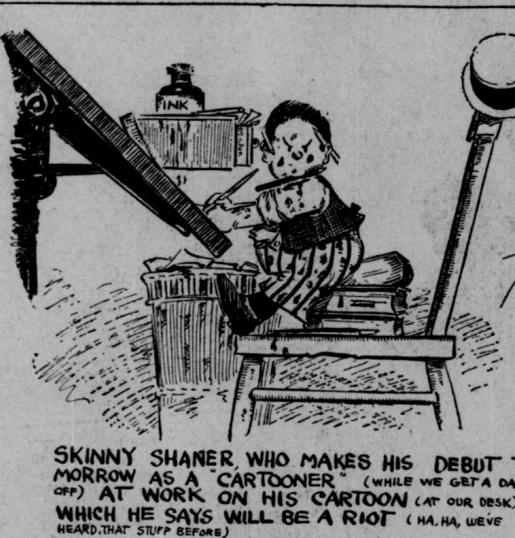
Polly and Her Pals



Girls Are Funny Creatures, Aren't They?

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Us Boys



Just Pipe All Skinny's Preparations to Be an Artist

Registered United States Patent Office

SHANER'S GOOGLY DEPT'

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED BY S. S.

WHERE'S THAT COLLAR BUTTON?

Answer to yesterday's

WHAT HAS NO MOUTH, BUT TALKS LIKE GO? AN 'PHONYGRAPH'

GOSH, ANYBODY KNOWS THAT.

Here's one for to-day FROM MARGUERITE PRESTON, CAMBRIDGE MASS.

WHY IS A MOUSE IN A CHEESE FACTORY LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE? ANSWER TO-MORROW-

THE WAGES OF SIN

Continued From Yesterday

In the solitude of his room, Grenier burst the lock. The rascal received one of the greatest shocks of his life when he examined the contents—a quantity of old clothing, some worn boots, a ball of twine, a bed coverlet, a big iron key, the tattered letters, and a variety of odds and ends that would have found no corner in a respectable rag shop.

He burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" he cried. "What a treasure! The Clerkenwell suit, I suppose, and a woman's skirt and blouse. Old timers, too, by their style. His mother's, I expect. He must have been fond of his mother."

At that moment Jocky Mason, beetle browsed and resentful, was reading a letter which reached his lodging two hours before his arrival in an envelope bearing the ominous initials—O. H. M. S.

It was the Southwark police station.

"Sir: Kindly make it convenient to attend here tomorrow evening at 8 p. m. Yours truly, T. BRADLEY, Inspector."

The following day it was Mason's duty to report himself under the ticket of leave, but it was quite unusual for the police to give a preliminary warning in this respect. Failure on his part meant arrest. That was all the officials looked after.

"What's up now?" he muttered.

"Any way, Grenier was right. This gives me a cast iron alibi. I'll acknowledge it at once."

His accomplice, hoping to obtain sleep from champagne, consumed the contents of a small bottle in his bedroom, while he scanned the columns of the local evening papers for any reference to a "Seaside Mystery" on the Yorkshire coast.

There was none. Anson's body had not been recovered yet.

THE WATCH

Before going to bed he wound Philip's watch. He examined it now with greater interest than he had bestowed on it hitherto.

Although silver, it appeared to be a good one. He opened the case to ex-

"Delay is impossible. The man has put out the duchess two days already."

So a man, and a duchess, and a period of time were mixed up with a blue atom. He must do something desperate; begin his plan of alienation sooner than he intended. He answered:

"Too busy to attend to matter further. Going to Leeds today. Letters here as usual."

And to Leeds he went. Residence in York was a fever—a constant fret. In Leeds he was removed from the arena. He passed the afternoon and evening in roaming the streets, consumed with a fiery desire to be doing, daring, having difficulties.

But he must wait at least another day before he could lay hands on any portion of Philip Anson's wealth save the money stolen from his pockets.

At the hotel there was only one letter and no telegrams.

The London bankers wrote:

"We beg to acknowledge your date of yesterday. Your cash balance at date is twelve thousand four hundred and ten pounds nine shillings one penny. Your securities in our possession amount to a net value at today's prices of about nine hundred and twenty thousand pounds, including two hundred and fifty thousand pounds consols at par. We will forward you a detailed list if desired, and will be pleased to realize any securities as directed."

"Kindly note that instructions for sale should be given in your handwriting, and not typed."

There was joy in communicating almost to madness, in this communication, but it was not unalleviated by the elements of danger and delay.

His signature had been accepted without demur; he could control an enormous sum without question; these were the entrancing certainties which dazzled his eyes for a time.

But it was horribly annoying that a millionaire should keep his current account so low, and the concluding paragraph held a bogey, not wholly unforeseen, but looming large when it actually presented itself.

The memorandum in Philip's handwriting on Evelyn's letter was now thrice precious. He hurriedly scrutinized it and at once commenced to practice the words.

"Devonshire" and "Sharpe" gave him the capitals for "Dear Sir." He was at a loss for a capital "C," but he saw that Philip used the simplest and boldest outlines in his calligraphy, and he must risk a "C" without the upper loop. In "Lady M.," too, he had the foundation of the "M" to precede the requisite figures. Soon he framed a letter in the fewest words possible:

"Yours of today's date received. Kindly sell consols value one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and place the same to my credit."

He copied it again and again, until it was written freely and carelessly, and every letter available compared favorably with the original in his possession. Then he posted it, thus saving a day, according to his calculations.

With this massive committed irreversibly to the case of his majesty's mails, Victor Grenier's spirits rose. Now, indeed, he was in the whirlpool. Would he emerge high and dry in the El Dorado of gilded vice which he longed to enter, or would fortune conchance to the scaffold? He could not say. He would not feel safe until Philip Anson was a myth, and Victor Grenier a reality, with many thousands in the bank.

Already he was planning plausible lies to keep Mason out of his fair share of the plunder. A few more forged letters would easily establish the fact that he was unable to obtain a bigger haul than, say, fifty thousand pounds.

And what did Mason want with twenty-five thousand pounds? He was a gnarled man, with crude tastes. Twenty, fifteen, ten thousand would be ample for his wants. The sooner he drank himself to death the better.

With each fresh cigar Mason's moiety shrank in dimensions. The London was mere affair of a vengeful blow, but this steady sucking of the millionaire's riches required finesse, a dashing adroitness, the superb impudence of a Cagliostro.

GRENIER AIMS HIGH

But if his confederate's interests suffered, the total fixed in Grenier's original scheme in nowise became affected.

He meant to have £100,000, and he firmly decided not to go beyond that amount. His letter to the bankers named £150,000, and he calculated that by stopping short at two-thirds of the available sum he would not give any grounds for suspicion or personal inquiry.

Yet he would shirk nothing. Mr. Abington and Miss Atherton must be afoot at all events; others he would face blithely. He took care to have ever on the table in his sitting room a goodly supply of wines and spirits.

If any one sought an interview, it might be helpful to sham a slight degree of intoxication. The difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober would then be accounted for readily.

But rest—that was denied him. It was one thing to harden himself against surprise; quite another to forget that disfigured corpse swirling about in the North sea.

He wished now that Philip Anson had not been cast forth naked. It was a blunder not to dress him, to provide him with means of identification with some unknown Smith or Jones.

When he closed his eyes he could see a shadowy form wavering helplessly in green depths. Never before were his hands smeared with blood. He had touched every crime save murder.

Physically, he was a coward. In plotting the attack on Philip, he had taxed his ingenuity for weeks to discover some means where he need not become Mason's actual helper. He rejected project after project. The thing might be bungled, so he must attend to each part of the undertaking himself, short of using a blind-gone.

He slept again and dreamed of long flights through space pursued by demons. How he longed for day. How slowly the hours passed after dawn, until the newspapers were obtainable, with their columns of emptiness for him.

A letter came from Evelyn. It was a trifle reserved with an impulse to tears concealed in it.

"I asked mother for 250," she wrote, "so the Blue Atom incident has ended, but I don't think I will ever understand the mood in which you wrote your last telegram. Perhaps your letter now in the post—I half expected it at midday—will explain matters somewhat."

He consulted Blue Atom to a sultry climate, and began to ask himself why Mr. Abington had not written. The former magistrate's reticence annoyed him. A letter, even remonstrating with him, would be grateful. His silence was irritating; it savored of doubt, and doubt was the one phase of thought he wished to keep out of Mr. Abington's mind at that moment.

As for Evelyn, she mistrusted even his telegram, while a bank had ac-

cepted his signature without reservation. He would punish her with zest. Philip Anson's memory would be poisoned in her heart long before she realized that he was dead.

NEMESIS

Philip was thrown into the sea on a Tuesday. Jocky Mason reached London on Wednesday and kept his appointment with Inspector Bradley on Thursday evening.

The inspector received him graciously, this chasing from the ex-conviect's mind a lurking suspicion that matters were awry. There is a curious sympathy between the police and well known criminals. They meet with a friendliness and exchange pleasantries, as a watchdog might fraternize with a wolf in off hours.

But Mason had no responsive smile or ready quip.

"What's up?" he demanded, morosely. "You sent for me. Here I am. I would have brought my ticket sooner if you hadn't written."

Continued on Monday

There's comfort—good cheer—refreshment—satisfaction in every cup of

Ridgways Tea