...ing Man

...helley Wess—

"Eighteen," Tuck echoed under her breath.

The District Attorney bent forward suddenly and looked at Bunny. "It's a cool night," he told her. "Strange how cool it gets of an evening."

Tuck looked at him. She gasped. "You've got it!" she said. Michael raised his eyebrows. "Eighteen!" he tried. "Eighteen, and there are thirty all together. That leaves twelve, Michael!"

"I have been led to believe so," he said gravely. "And——?"

Her eyes were shining. "I can hear bells fairly ring in my ears. Twelve of them, on a fine chain, don't you see, Michael? It is the diamonds!"

Michael looked down at the pebbles incredulously. "They lay all together in a little heap on the table. He picked one up, and fingered it. "Damn!" he said fervently.

"Damn, Michael?". Bunny inquired politely.

"We shouldn't have mixed them. Maybe the child's right. Maybe twelve of them do mean something . . . although they're certainly all rocks together."

"Why are they wrapped up?" I don't get it."

"To keep 'e all nice and warm, like the letters," he said soberly.

"Don't be a fool. Could he have written a letter on the paper that wrapped these pebbles, then torn it all up in little bits like this?"

"What for?"

"How do I know?"

"There's no writing on the paper."

"Those pencil marks. Maybe it's one word, in big thin letters. Torn up. All the marks I found were on the smooth paper. It means something."

"I think they kept the pebbles to count the days by," Tuck said moodily. "One for each day of the month. If they sent each other five pebbles it meant they would meet on the fifth."

"Tut tut," said Michael. "Come on with your pencil marks, Bunny. Her mind's wandering."

"Do you know," Bunny said suddenly, looking up from the paper in her hand, "these lines go right along the edge. If the paper were torn exactly straight they wouldn't show at all."

Michael stared at her. "Turn along the mark, eh? Well, then . . ."

"Well then," Tuck repeated in a choked little voice, "we can fit them back together again the way he fore them. Because if he fore them on lines he must have meant . . ."

John Forrester had left his chair again, and stood at the desk. He bent

looked down at the twelve bits of bond paper, pushed into a heap by Michael's long restless fingers. "It's a picture puzzle," he said slowly.

"I never was good at puzzles," Michael said.

The puzzle was not easy to solve, but time and patience did it at last.

On some of the papers penciling were not to be found even after the most careful scrutiny; the consequence was that no one knew which side of those pieces should go uppermost, and as all of the bits seemed to be of nearly the same shape, roughly triangular, for a time it seemed as if they were getting nowhere. But Tuck started them on the right track when she pushed to one side four pieces which were less triangular and more oblong than the others.

Shiny and Dull

"It's some sort of pattern," she said absently. "But just too pretty old way." She fingered the four papers she had pushed aside as we put them in a row next each other, but they did not fit. She tried making a square with them, one at each side, but they were not wide enough. Then, systematically, she picked up each of the other eight pieces and fitted it, first on side up and then the other, to each of the oblongs, until she found where it belonged. That was the correct procedure, and in a short time the fitted pattern lay before them.

The four oblongs, it seemed radiated at right angles from a common center, and between each pair two long triangles fitted neatly. The outer circumference of the pattern was a rounded square and the center was a round hole.

Tuck stared at it. Bunny tapped absently on the table-top. Michael pulled his ear.

"There's something about it that looks sort of familiar," he muttered to himself. "But I'm nangel if I get it. Do you, dad? Mean anything to you?"

John Forrester grunted unintelligently.

"Pebbles," Tuck murmured. "Pebbles. Patterns."

"Is there any way," Bunny asked suddenly, "of knowing which pebbles were wrapped on those pieces of paper, even if we have mixed them, are they all just alike or not?"

Michael looked at her approving ly and pushed the heap of pebbles in to a long row.

"They aren't quite all alike," Tuck said doubtfully. "Are they? It seems to me some of them aren't quite as shiny as the rest."

"Isn't it the way the light strikes them, Tuck?"

"I don't know. Can you see it?"

"I don't think I can, not quite."

"I believe I can," Bunny said. "That third one looks a little nicer. Is that what you mean, Tuck? This one either side of it are black and shiny."

"That's what I mean. Look, Bunny, you watch and tell me if I'm right. I'm going to move out of line all the ones that look black and shiny." She put her finger out and went down the line slowly, carefully, pushing here and there a pebble out of line.

"There they are," she said, when she had finished.

"You've got sixteen black ones, and fourteen dull ones, Tuck," Bunny counted.

"Try it again," Michael said with a queer note of excitement.

Tuck went down the line again. "Here's one I'm not sure of," she murmured. "It might be either." She picked it up and scrutinized it closely. "I believe it's a black one, though."

She went on, and when the experiment was over, they had eighteen black and shining pebbles in one heap and twelve, a little duller in the other.

"These are the pebbles that came out of these pieces, then," Michael said. "Now, what do the seven look this is getting exciting."

Bunny shut her eyes tightly, and leaned back in her chair. Tuck wandered around the room, head bent, in deep abstraction. Gordon Dennis's dog, next door, set up a furious barking. Tuck stopped out on the sun porch and peered into the yellow about for inspiration. The garden, white in the moonlight, lay before her.

The Pattern

Suddenly she called Michael in a strange voice. "Look," she said. "There it is! There it is, Michael! Bunny!"

"What, Tuck? Where is it?"

"The pattern, don't you see? The pattern! I knew it was familiar."

"I don't see anything but the usual, Tuck . . . Is that the pattern?"

"No, don't be so stupid. That's the hole. That's the thing that is left out, the symbol! Those long oblongs are the four parts, and the triangles are the flower beds!"

Michael straightened up sudden ly. "She's right, by George!"

"And he left out the symbol," Tuck said to herself. "He left out the symbol!"

"It made one piece too many, Tuck."

"Unlucky." She stared out at the white under the moonlight. "It's very pretty," she said. "It's too bad he left it out." Her eyes danced suddenly, and she turned on them.

"Don't you see?" she cried. "Can't you guess?"

"I admit I can't." Michael shook his head.

"Nor I, Tuck."

"That symbol . . . it carried out of something, sandstone or some thing, I suppose. And around the bottom is a row of round stones, and around the top, just at the edge of the face, is another row of round stones . . . only they're little, pebbles." She ran indoors, and sized one of the little dulled pebbles, to rub it with a mustered finger.

"Whitewash," she said sarcastically. "He couldn't wash all of it off."

Michael whispered suddenly. "If you aren't the loveliest girl!" he said simply. "That's where they are!"

"The diamonds, Michael?" asked Bunny.

"I suppose it isn't fair. Hadn't we better wait until Peter comes, Michael?"

"No."

In a moment all four were crowd ... I couldn't hear it."

Michael touched a pebble slowly. "I think this is the first one, right at the top of the sundial," he decided. He shook it with his fingers; it was firm, although some of the whitewash came off in his hand. He took out his penknife and thrust it underneath, and the pebble came out of its setting easily. Michael cut at it with his knife.

"Right," he said. "That's no pebble. It's a lump of wax—and here's the first diamond, my dear."

Continued Monday

Caught Off Guard

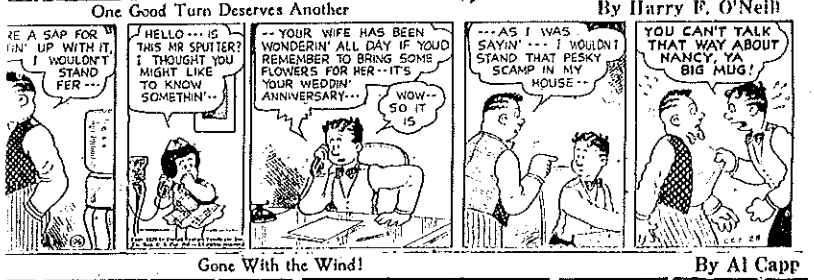
No. 48 "Jane's Doom" By Edgar Rice Burroughs

One Good Turn Deserves Another

By Ernie Bushmiller

Gone With the Wind!

By Harry F. O'Neill

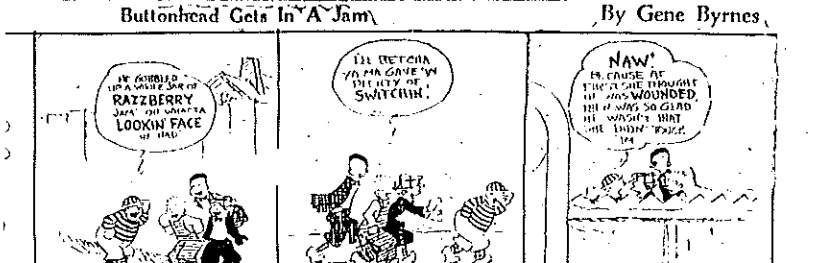


Buttonhead Gets In A Jam

By Al Capp

Life's Little Jokes—No. 40,990

By GENE BYRNES



By RUBE GOLDBERG

FRIDAY'S HIGH SCHOOL SCORES

(By The Associated Press)

Riverside Military Academy (Gainesville, Ga.) 31; Carlisle School (Hamburg, R. C.) 0.

Cairo 6; Fitzgerald 0.

Brunswick 50; Sylvania 0.

Waycross 6; Valdosta 0.

Thomasville 25; Cordele 0.

Athens 13; Robert E. Lee Institute (Thomaston) 0.

Warrenton 20, Richmond "B" varsity (Augusta) 0.

Richmond Academy (Augusta) 13; Benedictine (Savannah) 7.

Darlington (Rome) 20; McCallie (Chattanooga, Tenn.) 6.

Georgia Military College (Milledgeville) 26; Monroe Aggies, 0.

Albany 20; Tifton 7.

Columbus 24; Opelika (Ala.) 0

Louisville 33; Sandersville 0.

Gainesville 20; Decatur 0

Fulton (Atlanta) 7; Hapeville 0

Gordon Military 16, Mercer Freshmen 0

Georgia Military College "B" 27, Lanier "B" 0

North Fulton 18, Griffin 6

Jesup 33, Milledgeville 0

Convinced

Chicago . . . Mrs. Mary Henry, who is 72, was in court with her attorney to complain that her husband, George J. Henry, had chewed up her.

She told Judge Uscat F. Nelson the waterfront he cannot conduct back.

The court arrived when Mrs. Henry related that it was in 1911 when her husband left her and gave her a divorce.

BULLDOGS SCORE

(Continued from Page Six)

in the backfield. Brantley and Bush were outstanding defensive men for Coach E. D. Cropp Palmer's Eagles and had Bulldog players from Camp County.

The game was cleanly played, Thomasville being penalized 20 yards for offsides and excessive time out, and Cordele drawing three offside penalties totalling 15 yards.

First downs were fifteen for Thomasville and four for Cordele. The Bulldogs took to the air more than usual last night, attempting 18 passes and completing five for a total of 52 yards including a touchdown. Cordele attempted 17 passes and completed four for a total of 25 yards. Each team had twelve passes to fall incomplete and each had one intercepted.

The Bulldogs gained a total of 295 yards from scrimmage to 99 for Cordele. Letchas who does practically everything including calling signals and kicking off most of the time, easily outshined Cordele's punters, Hay and Bush.

The starting line ups:

THOMASVILLE		CORDELE
Eason	LE	Beasley
Flowers	LT	Mappin
Jones	LG	Lee
Sellerich	C	Bush
Joyce	RG	Borough
Chadwin	RT	Stone
Griffin	RE	Musgrove
Jones	QB	Brewton
Letchas	HB	Hay
Thames	HB	King
Posey	FB	Pope

Referee, Eddie Zaul, Cuthbert; Umpire, Leon Pippin, Head Linesman, Willie Lewis, Field Judge, Lawson Reed.

FLORIDA ELEVEN

(Continued from Page Six)

gain. Kirkland lost five as Harris spilled him. Cooper lost eight as he was late tackled. Pass by Williams fell incomplete. Cooper and Rollins exchanged punts. Cooper lost three for Flyers broke through. A punt by Chipley was deadened. Relote lost 3 yards. Rollins gained it back. Rollins punted to Cooper on Chipley 20. Cooper lost a yard Harrell again broke through and Chipley took to the air but was intercepted by Relote.

The air was filled thereafter with Ward and Rollins but were incomplete. Chipley failed to gain as punted, but a offside penalty was called and Chipley tried the air but failed. The ball passed over lines. Ward and Rollins started another aerial bombardment which failed. The ball again changed hands and Chipley tried the air as Lane intercepted Cooper's pass as the final whistle blew.

Starting lineup:

Fatout (Ridge		Chipley
Harrell	LE	Robert
Lemmon	LT	Shumate
Patterson	LG	[illegible]
Jefferson	C	Griffin
Powers	RG	Griffin
Harmon	RT	Bolt
Sims	RE	Cooper
Relote	QB	Reddick
Rollins	LH	Kirkland
Ward	RH	Ed Cooper
Lane	FB	Williams

Referee, Geo. Gibril; Umpire, [illegible]; Varner; Headlinesman, Hinson.

Substitutes.

Bainbridge: Arrington, Bryan, Rich.

Chipley: Olive, Peel.

RESULTS OF FRIDAY

East:

Temple 16; Bucknell 0.

Duquesne 13; Texas Tech 0.

American International 7; Coast Guard 0.

Boston University 6; Western Maryland 0.

Harvard J. V. 19; Dartmouth J. V. 13.

South:

West Virginia 8; South Carolina 6 (tie).

Catholic 11; Miami (Fla.) 0.

Sewanee 0 Southwestern (Tenn.) 0.

Rollins 25; Havana 0.

Elon 14, Apprentice School 0.

Catawba 39; Guilford 6.

Presbyterian 6; Oglethorpe 0.

Furman 14; Erskine 7.

Birmingham Southern 7; Mississippi 7 (tie).

Louisiana Tech 13; Tampa 0.

Howard 6, Spring Hill 0 (tie).

Midwest:

Drake 12; St. Louis 0.

Cincinnati 0; Western Reserve 0 (tie).

Southwest:

Arkansas Tech 20; Hendrix 2.

Far West:

Loyola (Los Angeles) 6; Hardin-Simmons 0.

College of the Pacific 32; California Bamblers 7.

Whittier 47; California Tech 6.

San Diego Marines 33; Occidental 6.

BRUNSWICK WINS

(Continued from Page Six)

were Jordan and McNeal.

Sleyster outside the conference.

Montvale defeated Nashville, Ga., 27 to 0 Thursday.

At Fitzgerald, the Purple Hurricane was brushed back by the Cairo Syrup Makers 6 to 0, as Sam Cole on the 31 yards around his left end on the final quarter for the only score. Kicking duels marked the first three periods, fitfully and slow from the spectator standpoint.

Jesup, led by Dent-footed Causey, doubled Millen 33-6 in a non-conference engagement. The Yellow Jackets scored on touchdowns in the first half and three more in the last to put the game on ice. Millen's tally came four minutes before the game's end in a successful drive against Jesup's second team.

Brookins, who playing an outside job for Jesup, is held to a scoreless tie by Hadley, Fla.

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