

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

PATENT NO. 33

By J. S. FLETCHER
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Mr. Wilmington made no answer to a remark. He rested the newspaper file to its place, went to another part of his bookcase, and returned with a bundle of official-looking journals. "We'll soon see when the patent office people advertised this machine," said, as he sat down at his desk, his is their official journal. Penny, a aren't conversant with the procedure in this sort of thing, eh? I am, being had to do with a good many in time. What's done is this: The inventor must first of all file a proposal or a complete specification of invention at the patent office. The minister of the patent office then investigates it to see if specification and drawings properly describe the invention. If he's satisfied, he advertises the specification in the official journal. Then two months elapse—for nobody interested to have a chance of posing the grant of a patent. If no position comes forward within that 6 months, the patent is sealed, and stands. Well, now let's see what Ramsdale's Multiplex was advertised—oh, eh? Here you are—there it is—February 1921. So the patent was filed February this year. Since when, lad, Ramsdale and the various folks whom he sold licenses and concerns have been turning out that machine as fast as ever they could make. Penny, if Burland's memorandum true, it's a bad, bad case!"

Alfred Penny sighed deeply. He could do no words—no words do was to take his head and reflect on the case of his headless poor people can robbed.

Mr. Wilmington shook his head, too. "Ramsdale," he observed, "is not that I should ever call a scoundrelous man. I've heard of other tricks that he's done. Taking unfair advantage of people, and so on. Some people call that sort of thing clever. I call it bad. In the case his procedure seems to have been pretty clear. Burland probably had Ramsdale that not a soul knew this wonderful machine. When Burland was killed in that explosion, Ramsdale knew that he was in possession—of the whole thing. He took immediate steps to patent the machine in his own name. And he satisfied his conscience—such as it is—by giving the widow and daughter a pound week for life! Bad, Penny; very bad! "What's to be done, sir?" asked Penny.

Mr. Wilmington looked at his watch. "Half-past eight," he said meditatively. "Plenty of time to do something tonight. Naught like taking a man awakes in a thing of this sort. But I'll have a bit more advice. Come on in this—me'll step around to Mr. Chelwick's and tell him all about it. He's a man of more influence than I am, and he talks straight to Ramsdale, Ramer, and the rest of 'em. And now's the time to take Ramsdale listen. Why? Because as rumored that Ramsdale's put in for title—knighthood or baronetage, or some handle of that sort—and if this is out, Penny, my lad, good-bye to all hopes of it!"

when he had heard everything and had read the memorandum, remarked that Martin Ramsdale was a cute and clever man and had probably evolved some new and better protection of his own interest in this shabby matter. He might assert, protest, even swear in a court of justice that Burland had given him the invention, the might similarly protest that the invention was partly his own.

"The memorandum gives the lie to that," remarked Wilmington. "Burland distinctly says that he never mentioned it to a soul, not even to Mr. Ramsdale." "Good, but Ramsdale may say that it wasn't, perfected and that he himself perfected it," pointed out the lawyer. "If we only had the original drawings, the specification, the model, the difficulty would be to prove that it was made by Burland. This paper, undoubtedly in Burland's handwriting, speaks of a machine called the Multiplex, which he says here he delivered a model of to Mr. Ramsdale, together with the drawings. What we have got to prove is that that is the identical machine in every respect which is now known as Ramsdale's Multiplex. Personally, I haven't the least doubt that it is and that Martin Ramsdale is an unscrupulous thief! But how to prove it?"

Alfred Penny felt his sentimental heart swelling with so much indignation that it was like to burst his bosom. He thought of the defrauded mother and daughter; and, small person as he felt himself to be in the presence of these two great men, he ventured on a remark which sprang from his hatred of wrong and oppression.

"Wouldn't public opinion be on your side, sir?" he said, glancing at the lawyer. "I should say it would, sir; I should indeed!"

Chelwick laughed good-humoredly and glanced at Wilmington.

"Ah, Mr. Penny," he answered, "I dare say it would, in fact, I've no doubt about it. But men like Martin Ramsdale don't care for public opinion—that sort of public opinion, anyhow. No, we've got to take a strong and bold line with Ramsdale. Wilmington, there's only one way. We must bluff him!"

"How, precisely?" asked Wilmington.

"Make him think that we're in possession—of well, of a much stronger case than we are in possession of," answered Chelwick. "Now listen, Mr. Penny, write down the address of Mrs. Burland. Will be there, or I'm no prophet. Then you'll take your cue from me. You'll neither of you say a word unless I call on you to speak. You're the two who know—well, more than you'll ever tell Ramsdale, eh? That's the only way—bluff—sheer bluff!"

"You think something'll come of it, sir?" asked Penny a few minutes later, as Chelwick conducted his visitors to the door. "You think these two ladies will benefit?"

Chelwick winked over the little book of his shoulder at Wilmington. Then he clapped Penny on the back. "You shall have the pleasure of carrying 'em whatever good news there is!" he said.

Then he shut his visitors out and went back to his study, and safely locked up John Burland's memorandum in a fireproof safe.

(To Be Continued.)

YOU KNOW ME AL

Jack's Line With the Ladies Is Great

By RING W. LARDNER



"CAP" STUBBS

Nobody Can Boss Cap

By EDWINA



BILLY'S UNCLE

She Couldn't Do Worse

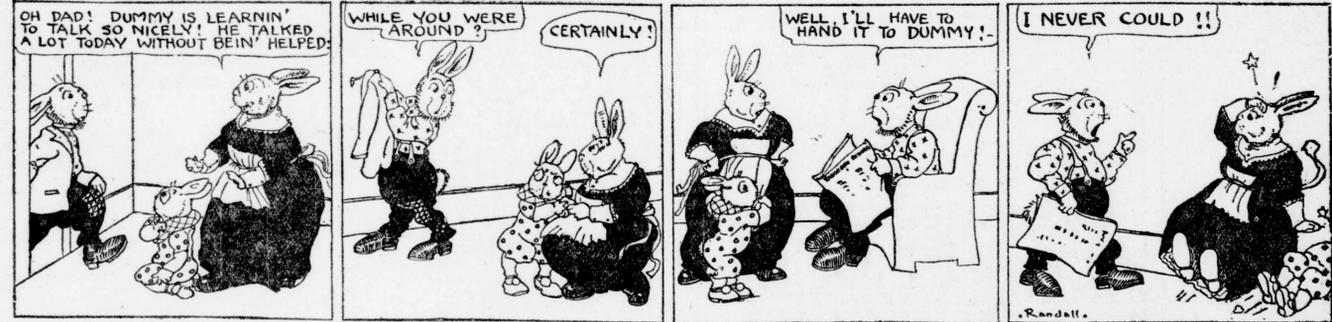
By BEN BATSFORD



IN RABBITBORO

Dumbunny Talk!

BY ALBERTINE RANDALL



SALESMAN \$AM

Preparedness

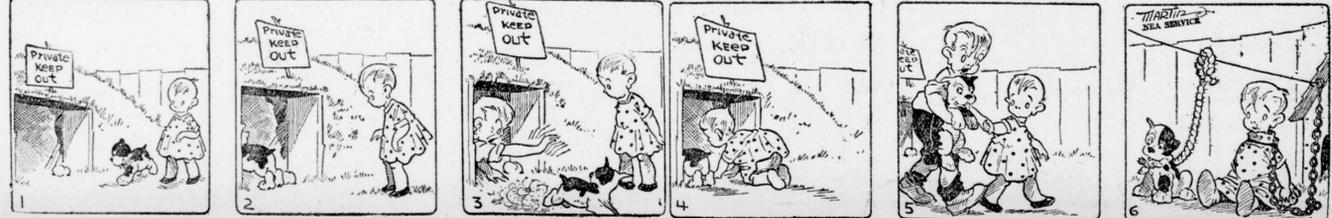
BY SWAN



TAKEN FROM LIFE

Exiles

BY MARTIN



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS
by Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 16 - THE MISCHIEVOUS GNOMES

There are lots of countries under the ground besides Raggy Land. There are Brownie Land and Gnome Land and Elf Land and Pixie Land. Some of these little folk are good and some are not so good and some are not good at all. The Brownies, like the Raggies, are little folk and help people out whenever they are in trouble. The elves, too, are nice, although they will trouble themselves much about other people's affairs. They like to come up out of their underground homes and sit on rose vines and dance in the moonlight, and do things like that. The pixies are tricky. They love nothing better than to play jokes and have fun at other people's expense. But the gnomes are downright mean; they'd just about do anything, so they would. One day after the Twins had helped the Raggies put the saxophone garden to such order, Mister Tatters, the little Raggy man, said, "Now for the flower garden! It hasn't been doing a bit well lately. The rose bushes and pansies and peonies need to have the earth all loosened around them so they will grow better. We'll dig around the roots and carry more rich earth from the woods, and then water them. That ought to make them do fine."

So the Raggies, helped by willing little Nancy and Nick, started in to work for dear life. Raggy, being under the ground, no one could see them, but they were there just the same. After awhile everything was finished. "Now, then, I'm sure that Mrs. Brown will say her garden has never done so well," said Mister Tatters, as he wiped his muddy hands on his overalls and turned to go away. But Nancy had noticed something. "Look!" she said. It was Christmas, the gnomes, though being toward the roots of a large rose bush, would have 32. How many marbles did he have? Tuesday's answer:



They like to come up out of their underground homes.

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A Puzzle a Day

Little Johnny, although only 12 years old, was clever at figures. He could do any sum in his mind. He asked him how many stars there were in many more, and half as many more, and seven besides," said Johnny, "before the catastrophe."

