

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

THE LONG ARM

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

(Copyright, by The McClure Syndicate).

"If you want to know," retorted Packenham, "I'm a barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, and though I don't handle as many briefs as I might do, I'm not quite a fool. Neither is Mr. Martindale here, and we want to see this chap closely caught!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked the official. "By this time this fellow called Brighton post office, found his parcel, discovered signs instead of people, and has hooked it—where?" "You're not sure of that," said Packenham. "He may not have called for his parcel yet. Why don't you, in your official capacity, telephone to Brighton and find out? You can do that easily."

"The police official, after a moment's reflection, came to the conclusion that he could do this, and he went away to the telephone, leaving Packenham swearing softly at the diatribe and un-intelligent methods of some people. At the end of a quarter of an hour the official came back. He regarded Packenham with a look which indicated a higher opinion of his powers. "You were right," he said. "The parcel's there—post mark and our friend's label on it—and nobody's called for it, up to now."

"Good!" exclaimed Packenham. "Then what have you done?" "The official smiled. There was more in his smile than Packenham would have given him credit for 10 minutes previously. "Phoned to the detective department at Brighton," he answered. "Given them a brief account of the affair, and told 'em to send two of their best men to the post office, to await the arrival of somebody calling for that parcel, and then—why, just to hold that somebody until we come along. I'll send one of my men."

"You're a genius!" said Packenham. "Excellent!" The official rubbed his chin and glanced at the tobaccoist. "You can't remember the name that the man wrote on the label you gave him, you say?" he asked. "Slipped your memory?"

"Clear!" admitted the tobaccoist. "Can't remember anything but post office, Brighton."

"Ah!" said the official self-satisfiedly. "Well, I got it, from the postal people. The parcel's addressed to Mrs. Marcherley."

"Packenham whistled. "Then—it's a woman they'll have to look out for!"

"Just so," agreed the official. "But I expected something of that sort all along. The man's a fool as to go there himself."

"All the same, he'll probably be somewhere about," remarked Packenham. "Well, you're going to send a man over?"

"By the 2.15," answered the official. "He'll be there 3.20."

Packenham pointed to the necktie, which, coiled in its collar-box wrapping, lay on the desk.

"Better look up until Lady Eldermore comes to fetch it," he said. "Not the sort of thing to have lying about."

"I'll take it round to Mr. Jarvis, at the bank," answered the official. "He'll put it in a safe. I hope we shall get that chap! But I doubt it."

"Why?" demanded Packenham. "Ah!" sighed the official. "If only we could have laid hands on him with that in his pocket!"

"That's precisely what he wanted to avoid," retorted Packenham. Then he and Martindale and the tobaccoist went out; and the tobaccoist, remarking that he had left his goods long enough to the tender mercies of the shop boy, hurried off in their direction. Martindale turned towards the hotel.

"Time for lunch," he said. Packenham was looking at his watch. Evidently he had an idea. "Look here!" he exclaimed suddenly. "It's only just 1 o'clock. There's no train to Brighton till 2.15, and whoever goes can't land there till 3.20. Lots may happen in that time. And I'm in at this game—it's getting exciting. How long would it take to motor to Brighton?"

"Good car—less than 80 minutes," replied Martindale.

"Then let's get on," said Packenham. "You'll know whose ring one up while we get a glass of sherry and a biscuit. We'll be in Brighton almost before the 2.15 is half way there. And I would like to see some more!"

Martindale knew where to get a swift car, and before many minutes had passed he and Packenham were in it and racing along the road. At precisely half-past two they slipped out of it at the Brighton post office, and, having rewarded their driver, looked at each other.

"What next?" asked Martindale, with a glance at the multitudinous outgoers and ingoers. "There are a few score people about!"

"(To Be Continued.)"

YOU KNOW ME AL

It Comes Natural to Her

BY RING W. LARDNER



"CAP" STUBBS

And So It Is!

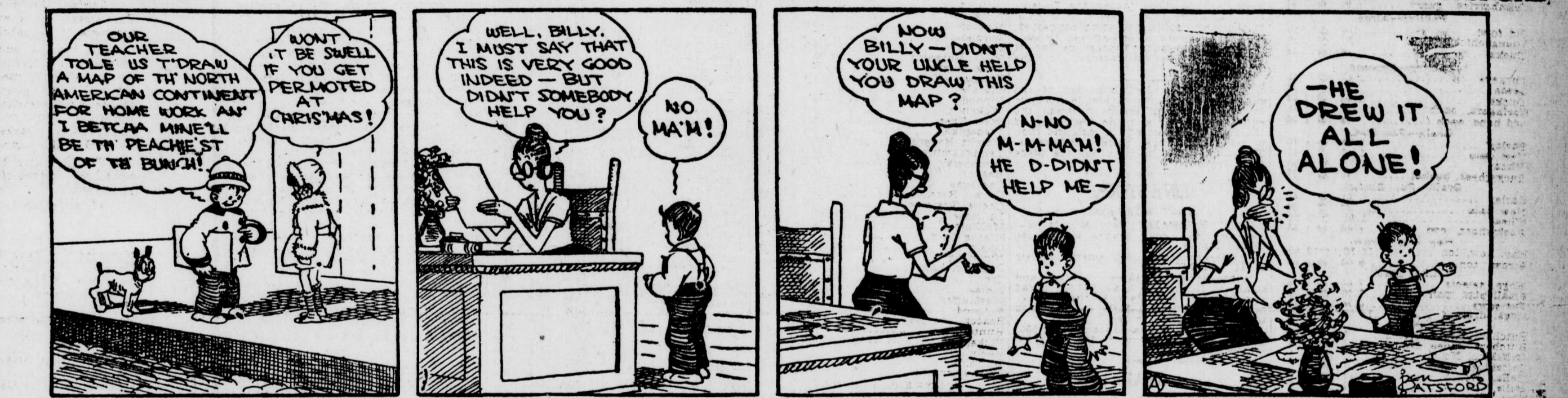
BY EDWINA



BILLY'S UNCLE

Murder Will Out

BY BEN BATSFORD



THE MAIN THING ON MAIN STREET

BY L. F. VAN ZELM



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

And Cats, Too

BY BLOSSER



TAKEN FROM LIFE

Open Season

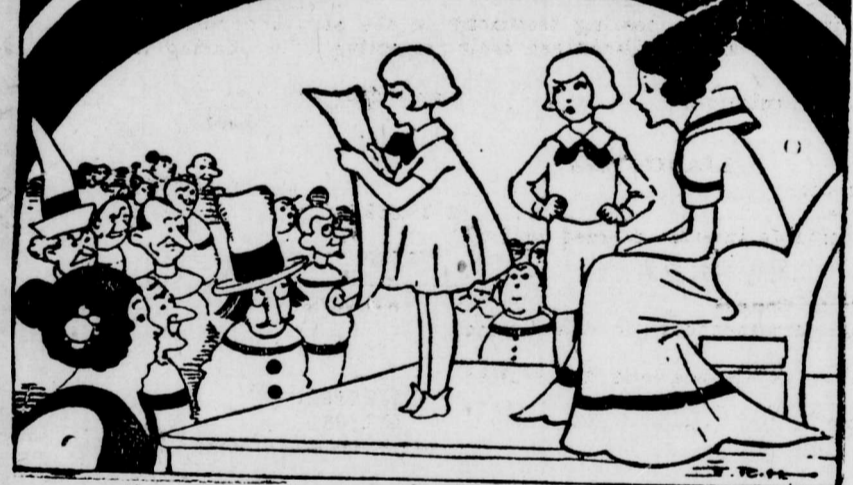
BY MARTIN



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 7—OLD MOTHER MENDIT



Nancy took the paper and read as loudly as she could.

"Everybody quiet!" cried Dick Red Cap, the town orator, loudly. "Here come the Riddle Lady and the Twins!" announced Humpty Dumpty, the mayor of Riddle Town. Just then the Riddle Lady arrived, and searching in one of her big pockets, she found the riddle she had just composed. As there were no very hard words in it, she asked Nancy to read it. So Nancy took the paper and read as loudly as she could:

"Old Mother Mendit is long, sharp and thin. She spends most of her time going out and then in. Without much of a dress you'll be quite sure to find her. Except for a train that she drags far behind her.

"They say that her living she earns by fine sewing. And out to her work she is constantly going. But though it may be that her nature's quite pushin', Yet most of the time she's at home in her cushion.

"Gossip has it, my dears, and it's made quite a stir. That she doesn't take sewing, but sewing takes her! And it does seem too silly that she should go bare. When she makes clothes for others with kindness and care.

"The train that she wears (or the trains, I should say) She changes a hundred and ten times a day. Not that she's conceited or boastful or vain. But she takes them away over and over again.

"Her heart must be warm, though they say 'tis of steel. And although she is sharp, she most kindly must feel. For she gives every stitch that she has to her back, And comes home with nothing, alas and alack!

"Some people say she just works when So often kind acts fall and no thanks are given. Just see now, my friends, if her name you can guess, You can guess a queer, funny person who won't wear a dress!"

Nancy stopped reading and folded up the paper. She had done very well for a little girl only in the third grade at school.

"I think it's scandalous!" declared Misses Grundy. Misses Grundy was Solomon Grundy's wife and he was so particular about things that he even took care to die on a Sunday. So no wonder Widow Grundy was prepared to be shocked at anything.

"I don't know who Old Mother Mendit is, and I don't care!" she finished up with a toss of her head as she walked away.

"I know the answer," said the Maiden-All-Forsorn. "Mother Mendit was a needle, wasn't she?"

"Yes," said the Riddle Lady. "And the prize goes to you. It is a case of needles of every size."

"Oh, thank you," said the Maiden-All-Forsorn. "Now I can mend up my husband. He's the Man-All-Tattered-and-Torn, you know." And she went away happy.

(To Be Continued.)

are you one of the marked 4?

Do your gums bleed easily? If so, take heed. Pyorrhea is coming. It strikes four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, endangering their priceless teeth and health.

Brush your teeth with **Forhan's** FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea—35c and 60c in tubes

A Puzzle a Day

BOASTER
E
E
A
E
S
E
T
E
R
E
S
E
N
T
R
E
S
E
N
T
S

Above is shown an incomplete "word square," which contains seven words of seven letters each. Notice how "boaster" and "resents" may be read either from left to right or from top to bottom. The diagonal formed by the letters "E" furnishes a clue to the five missing words. Can you complete the square?

Yesterday's Answer:
The man who was unable to tell the names of the streets at the crossing, because he often had fallen down, discovered which street was which very easily. He stood the post upright. As the name plates were at right angles to each other there was only one way to set the sign so the name plates could be properly read, so the stranger had no difficulty in setting the post correctly.