ing up his advantage he hastily slapped on handcuffs, ball and chain, and strait-jacket, especially the last when he discovered to his delight that his captive was a beautiful and innocent girl. Wiping the instinct from her face he was amazed by the delicacy and refinement of her pan.

"Why?" he murmured huskily, taking her in his arms.

"Why not?" she answered softly, rubbing her cheek against his chin. "Do you use Barbasol?" she added.

"You killed him, you naughty, naughty girl," he persisted gently. The soft warmth of her insidious fragrance pervaded the atmosphere like Swift & Co. on a beautiful summer day.

"Have you ever tried Lifebuoy?" he whispered.

"Would it help, honestly?" she exclaimed, a soft radiance lighting her face into the divinest expression that ever cow fell heir to.

"This body thing," he reiterated. "you killed the Penguin?"

She hid her face behind her knee in shame. "He followed me," she sobbed. "Everywhere I went he followed me, especially where I could put him out if he were a man, but he is a Penguin."

"The swine!" mouthed Fuzz, contorting his left eyebrow fiendishly at the corpse. "Would that I had been there; he'd have rued the day."

The murderess paled, in fact she bucketed. "Oh, no," she responded quickly. "He was Hard. One life was no more to him than a three-cornered cat. Once I saw him tell the Walker Dining Service to Its Face that he wanted his milk watered with Spring Water instead of Tap Water."

"Gad," exclaimed Fuzz, recoiling.

Suddenly there was a Tramp Tramp Tramp. They marched over to the body and the first Tramp said, "Here he is." The second Tramp said, "Drunk again." And

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