## **BOOMERANG** 188

By COSMO HAMILTON McClure Newsnaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

IN THE club locker Harry Small-wood was imitating Chet Nir-by's slow manner of speaking when someone had said to cheate the speaking when someone had said to cheate the speaking see you the thinself talking. You'd make a fortune doing that kind of stuff on the stage. "We added, laughing and putting down his empty hichabli glass."

Other gollers, in various stages of undress, noisly indorsed what the speaker had said.

That was what bred the idea in Harry Smallwood's brain. It came

That was what bred the idea in Harry Smallwood's brain. It came to him like a flash as he sat at his office deak soon after lunch of the following day, Monday. He stiffened, and thought furjous-ly. Then a smile passed over his face, but it was not a pleasant smile.

face, but it was not a pleasant smile.

"And now is just the time to find her out," he thought. "Chet, said he'd be at Rye all this afternoon looking over some lots he thought of buying. And if my voice doesn't fool her I can pass it off as a joke and say I really phoned to let her know I'd be late for dinner or something."

ning." Having asked the operator for his

Having asked the operator for his home number. Harry Snallwood cleared his throat and waited. Presently, his wife answered. "Oh, hullo, Audrey," he said, simulating Chet Kirby's silght drawl to perfection. "You know who's speaking, eht."

There was a short pause: then Audrey Smallwood's extremely pretty voice replied: "Well, no. Who is it?"

it?"
"Come, come!" There was a hist of affectionate reproof in the way this was said. "Mean to say you don't recognize your old Chet's voice?"

volce?"
"Oh, oh. yes. Of course. How are you, Chet?"
Harry's eyes narrowed as he not-ed his wife's excited tone. "Listen, dear," he said. "I got through my business out at Rye sooner than I expected. I'm just leaving there now. Could you stand it if I dropped in on you for a half-hour, or longer?"
"Stand it!" You know I'd adore it."

"Stand it! You know I'd adore it."
"You're a darling Audrey. We ean have a cocktail and a coy little chat if you've got nothing better to do, maybe?"
"What do you mean maybe?" Audrey said, gurgling deliciously. "Have I ever anything better to do when you've wanted to see me, sweethear?" Don't say things like that."

sweethear? Don't say things like
An ecstatic murmur came from
the other end of the wire.
Audrey went on: "How soon can
you be here, darling?"
"Let's see. About three-thirty."
Chet dear."

'Art dear."

'I'll surely try. And, by the way, I s'pose there's not a chance of any-one—you know who I mean—catching an early train and erashing in on our party, eh?"

'Why the sudden panie? He's never walked in on us, yet. You know he never gets here before seven."

'Addrey, you don't think he suspects anything about us, do you?"

'Not a thing, honey dear. Don't worry. He's much too dumb to suspect so long as we go on being care-pect so long as we go on being care-

worry. He's much too dumb to suspect so long as we go on being careful. Now jump into your ear and
burn up the roads."
Whereupon, Audrey hung up.
At the other end Harry Smallwood
shuddered.
He was almost blind with rage,
yet be felt too, a certain triumphant
intoxication that his ruse had
worked so neatly.
On the plea that his wife was sick
he excused himself at the office for
the remainder of the day. "If she
isn't sick now," he told himself,
'she's dama son going to be."
In the train he rehearsed the
speech he intended to deliver to
Audrey.
Women were all alike, just a

bunch of cheats.

What suckers men were to marry them. He'd show her whether she could play fast and loese while he was sweating his soul away to make money and keep a roof over her

waat a swen shock nadicy had coming to her! A short taxi ride—he was too im-patient to walk—from the station brought him to his small stucco

ouse. He paid the driver and went inside He paid the driver and wunt inside purposed. He paid the driver and wunt inside purposed with the purposed of the purposed of the purposed of the purposed of exploding the metaphorical both of the purposed of the purp

The letter it contained ran as fol-

lows:

Daar Harry:
Your imitation of Chet's voice this afternoon was so amazingly good that I must surely have mistaken you for him but for the fact that he was sitting in this very room when you telephone. In the control of the co

## Surf Is Treacherous in

the Blustery South Seas Steamers which call at outlying islands of the South Seas often find

I slands of the South Seas often find it impossible to land passengers through the gigantic waves which break almost constantly on their shores. In this case, particularly in the Samoan group, the najives come take ashore perhaps a single passenger.

These boats, called fautais, have to be particularly will built to withstand the racking strain of running the surf. They are a cross between the now extinct Polynesian warcance and our own New Bedford whateboats, writes a corresponder of the surf. They are a cross between the now extinct Polynesian warcance and our own New Bedford whateboats, writes a corresponder of the surf. They are a cross between the new extinct Polynesian warcance and our own New Bedford whateboats, writes a corresponder of the surface of th

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