

The Oak from the Acorn By Clifford Raymond

“YOU are sure you have the right number?” Jessop asked. “Sure he has,” said Little John Murphy. He has a good memory. He can almost remember how many times he’s done time.

wife, crying hysterically. All the dwellers in the flats of his entrance had been aroused. The men on the third floor were coming down. “Mollie,” Jessop said to his wife, “go into Mrs. Drew’s and see if there is anything you can do.”



“Drew, in his pajamas, was standing outside the outer door on the flagstone. He carried a pistol.”

Mrs. Jessop held in her other hand and picked it up. “Why,” she said, “the ring had 12 small stones about the large one. This has only six.” Jessop looked awkwardly at the evidence of his catastrophe.

present and congratulated you on the marvelous present I had brought home for you. Don’t you remember that talk you had, and the way you turned to me with your eyes beaming?

“Then you remember, Mrs. Roscoe called you... (Turn to Page 81, Column Three.)”