

SERIAL STORY

BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
MARY CARROLL—American fashion expert in London during wartime.
VINCENT GREGG—soldier of fortune in love with Mary.
CARLA MARCHETTA—a mysterious London socialite.
DR. GILBERT LENOX—surgeon serving with British army.

YESTERDAY: Mary's stay in the hospital in made doubly pleas-

ant by the extra attention given her as Dr. Gilbert Lenox's wife. In her delirium, Mary raved about the sinking of the Moravia, her suspicions of Carla, and her nurse urging her to take it up with Scotland Yard. Then comes the day for the removal of the bandages. After they are removed, Dr. O'Connell hands Mary a mirror.

CHAPTER XX
Trembling in every muscle, Mary lifted the glass, forced herself to look at the reflection.

Looking back at her, she saw Mary Carroll—the real Mary—the Mary who had sailed on the Moravia. The Mary Vincent had loved.

Gone was the hateful, twisted face of the Mary Carroll who had become Anna Winters. She could smile now. She tried it, spreading her lips gingerly.

Dr. O'Connell's voice startled her. "No wonder you wanted this done!" He spoke softly, almost as if he were talking to himself. "You're beautiful!"

Mary Carroll kept looking at Mary Carroll in the mirror long after Dr. O'Connell had gone. It was as if nothing had ever happened—the tragedy of the Moravia—the strange events that had led to her marriage to Gilbert Lenox. That was all a horrible nightmare.

In the restoring of the mutilated face, it seemed as if all else that had made her Mary Carroll had returned, too. Her skin was fresh. Her eyes glowed luminously and blue. Even her hair had lost its dullness and was like a cap of curly cornsilk. And her voice, so muffled and strange during the paralytic, was as clear as it had ever been.

It took hours to become accustomed to it. Nurses came in to look at her. "Why, how bully," Miss Babcock said. "You're absolutely fetching, Mrs. Lenox. Dr. O'Connell's a miracle man."

The next day, Mary could walk no longer. She wrote to Vincent. But first, hardly considering why she did it, she sent a note to Gilbert. "I've never been so happy in my life," she wrote. "Everything came out perfectly. You have my deepest gratitude."

The letter to Vincent was more difficult to compose. It would be a terrific shock to him—as if the dead were coming to life. And there would be so much to tell him—and so much he must tell her before she could place absolute trust in him again.

She did not tell him about her marriage to Gilbert or her new name—simply requested him to come to her hospital room.

It was agonizing to wait for him. And then, the waiting was over. Vincent Gregg stood in the doorway. "Darling, my darling," he was

whispering.

His face was as white and set as a china mask. His eyes stared, distraught at the fear this might be some horrible jest.

"Vincent!" Mary spoke, his name slowly. "Please don't be afraid. It's me—Mary Carroll." The words seemed to release him and with one swift step he was at her side, his arms enfolding her, his lips on her face, her eyes, her mouth.

It was rapture. It had to be! Mary returned his kisses but she knew in her heart something was not quite as she had dreamed.

Gently, she cupped his face in her hands. "Let me look at you," she murmured, sure that when she saw his arrogant dark eyes and the eyebrow that checked so debonairly, everything would be the same again.

"You've changed," she began and then with the pent up emotions of long weeks of waiting, began to sob.

"There, there," he comforted her, "you're to lean back and rest. I love you, Mary. We're together again and nothing matters."

For a long while they sat there, trying to reassure each other with their very silence. It was Mary who spoke first. "So much to tell you," she began.

"Don't try to tell me now." "I must. You see, it was my cabin mate, Anna Winters, who died on the Moravia. No one except you knows this, so you must guard the secret with me. In the terrible confusion, there was a mix-up in identity. I had on Anna's dress and had picked up her purse and her passport. When I was brought into this hospital as one of the survivors, no one thought I was going to live. I didn't care—you see, there'd been a horrible accident. It—it disfigured me."

"You—disfigured? I can't believe it. You're as lovely as you've always been."

"A famous plastic surgeon, Dr. O'Connell, eliminated the facial paralysis."

"And you've been going through all this alone? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I couldn't bear to," she said wearily. "You were here one day and when you looked at me you 'knew' me. It was as bad as that."

Vincent began to stride unceasingly up and down the hospital room. "But you needed me, darling. I would have wanted to be with you every minute." His voice held eager longing and remorse and yet in Mary's ears, try as she would to heat it out, the words didn't ring convincingly.

She hurried on then with her story, even to the marriage at the registry to Dr. Lenox.

"This would hurt Vincent most of all. She looked at him and found his eyes expressionless. "I saw, of course," he began. "It was a marriage just for the records—to help you. It doesn't mean you belong to him?"

"Oh, no," she said. "He left that very night to go to France. Gilbert Lenox gave me his name because he pitied me and knew I was destitute. As his wife, I was able to stay at his lodgings—able to come to this hospital for the

operation as a private patient instead of a charity case."

Vincent stood by her bedside. "I let you in for all this. I'll never forgive myself for letting you sail on the Moravia alone. I swear it was the last thing I'd meant to do."

"That morning I had to make a short plane trip to help a friend who was in trouble. There would have been plenty of time to make the hotel in the plane hadn't been forced down."

The explanation sounded hollow. Something flared in Mary Carroll.

Vincent turned, slow flush mounting in his white face. Mary went on. "It was Carla who sent you the note in the restaurant that night. I found it—'At Midnight. You met her that night and after that, everything changed.'"

"You found it?" He sounded flat and defeated. "Yes, Carla Marchetta sent it to me."

Desperate now to learn the whole truth, Mary said—"You've seen Carla many times since?"

He groaned. "I can't deny it. But it means nothing. You'll have to believe me, Carla was my only friend through the time when I thought you were—dead."

"Yes, she must believe it. She must. Vincent was her life. His eyes watching hers became eager. "Now that you're here beside me, Mary, all that's over. I never want to see Carla again. I never loved any girl but you. Can't you trust me, Mary? Can't you take me on faith?"

"I'm not angry because you married Dr. Lenox. If I can understand and trust you, you must do the same for me. Devilish, fantastic things happen in wartime. We've been caught in the net of it—but we're together and that's all that counts."

Winter twilight toned the room in gray. A clock in the hall chimed softly. "Tell me, dearest, that everything's all right between us," Vincent begged.

Mary looked up and saw Miss Babcock coming through the door, staring curiously at her and Vincent. Mary did not answer. (To be continued)

King Carol's Ex-Flame Said Headed for U. S.

NEW YORK, May 23.—(AP)—A Paris dispatch to the New York Daily News says that Mme. Margda Lupescu, one-time sweetheart of King Carol of Rumania, has arrived in southern France on her way to the United States.

The newspaper said it was learned that Carol and the woman for whom he divorced his queen have ended their long-standing love affair.

For several years she has been married to Ernest Urdanona, secretary to Carol, the story added.

Lupescu was reported by the paper to have remained aloof from a Nazi offer to induce Carol to place his kingdom under "German protection."

It was not known how or when she planned to reach this country.

BEAUTIFUL wall papers at Page's—right down town, corner Main and Washington. (Adv.)

Nazi Bombs Nearly Get British Duke

By BREW MIDDLETON
LONDON, May 22.—(AP)—The Duke of Gloucester narrowly escaped death in an air raid on a French town Sunday night. The hotel in which he was staying was hit by two German bombs. A third exploded in the roadway outside.

I was a hundred yards away when the bombs exploded, and saw the duke, unshaken and calm, emerge from the cellar where he had had supper with friends among the cavalry officers.

A short time later he helped get out messages to general headquarters, working side by side at an improvised desk with a grizzled top sergeant while a burning truck lit the street.

This was the fourth bombing the soldierly third son of the late King George V has undergone. Once he was wounded in the right hand by a bomb splinter. Now he offers his left hand in greeting. Still "Henry" to old friends, he is popular with all ranks.

The morning after the bombing he told me he was "getting used to it" and he commented: "The Boche got on quite a show for us, didn't he?"

Vernisha Newby Elected Oregon's Rebekah's Head

CORVALLIS, May 23.—(Special)—Vernisha Newby was elected president of the grand lodge, Rebekah assembly of Oregon, at the state convention here yesterday.

Other officers elected were Myrtle McAlpin of Eugene, vice

president; Hallie Ingle of Corvallis, secretary; Iba B. Knight of Albany, treasurer, and Madalene Rosner, Dayton, warden. Mrs. Alma Henderson of Chemung, retiring president, was elected representative to the A. R. A. Mrs. Minnie Wright of Oakridge was chosen trustee of the assembly and Ethel Meldrum of Milwaukie trustee of the I. O. O. F. home.

Coalition Resists On 3rd Term Refusal

WASHINGTON, May 22.—(AP)—Alf M. Landon said today that republicans would be willing to participate in a coalition cabinet if President Roosevelt eliminated himself as a possible third-term candidate.

Talking to reporters after lunching with Mr. Roosevelt, Landon said in reply to questions, however, that the president had not asked him to serve in a coalition cabinet nor to take any position in a defense administration.

The 1936 republican nominee said his discussions with the president had included an "offhand" reference to the third term issue.

Asked whether Mr. Roosevelt had given any indication of his stand on this subject, Landon replied: "No."

In describing his white house visit, Landon declared he had a "grand visit" and that he and the president had discussed "ships, shoes, sealing wax and cabbages."

"Why did the president call you here if he did not offer you a cabinet post?" Landon was asked. "You'll have to ask the president," replied the former Kansas governor. Landon then emphasized that

during his visit he had not suggested that the president eliminate himself from third-term possibilities. But he issued his press conference statement in which he asked Mr. Roosevelt, in the interest of "unselfish service," to "publicly and forthwith eliminate himself as a third term candidate."

EVILS OF TOBACCO

SUMMERSVILLE, Ky.—(AP)—Mrs. Fannie Milby, 94, doesn't particularly attribute her longevity to it, but she admits to smoking daily since she was six. She has two

children, 12 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.



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STRING BEANS—Lane County Brand, 3 cans 25c

MUSTARD—French's 6-oz. jar with attractive Bakelite handle, 2 jars 19c

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1 square bitter chocolate, coarsely grated
Blend Crisco, sugar, salt and vanilla. Add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and water. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Fold into batter; then fold in grated chocolate. Bake in two 8-inch layer pans; rub pans with Crisco and dust with flour. Bake 30-35 minutes in moderate oven (350°F.). Put together and frost with...
CREAMY-SOFT CHOCOLATE FROSTING: Mix 1 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 cup shortening. Stir in 1 1/2 cups water; cook and stir till thick and clear. Put 3 sqs. butter chocolate in 1/2 cup milk and heat till chocolate melts. Add to first mixture. Add 1 tablespoon Crisco. Cool, stirring occasionally. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla.
All Measurements Level
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Special Features for Friday and Saturday, May 24 and 25
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