SERIAL STORY

BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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CHAPTER V

dary drew back at the sight of ange eyes staring from the dows.

ear paralyzed her for an agon- d second and then, bracing her- t against the lash of spray, she along the darkened deck. Her et blew off in the wind. Her es slipped on the wet floor. d all the time, staccato sharp ind her came hurrying steps. the could reach the salon door would be safe.

anting, she came to the door swung herself against it. In muffled light of the room, lost deserted now before the ner hour, she breathed a quick yer of relief. The safety of the m gave her courage. Cautious- she opened the door a crack. eaning against the deck rail ctly opposite was a man's ched figure, hat pulled low on forehead. In the darkness he nothing more than a silhou-

lary waited no longer. When reached her cabin, her maize tumbled on her shoulders and blue eyes were wide.

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nna, awaiting her, looked up a shy smile of greeting, asked quickly, "What's ng? You're trembling."

It's nothing," Mary answered. imagining things. Ever since boat sailed I've been on edge." But something must have star- you. You're white as a ghost."

lary took off her tweed coat vly. "You'll probably think crazy, but it's true something startle me. I could have sworn man was crouched behind the panionway watching me. And almost sure he followed as as the salon door."

nna's hand flew to her mouth gesture of fear. "Oh—I won- what it means. So many nge things are happening in war that it's enough to make u lose your mind. Spies are ywhere. You don't know when re being shadowed or why. one is safe." Then, her gentle e growing bitter, "I hate war hate it. Why must people tor- and kill each other?"

e broke into sobs. Mary, y at once that she had startled frail Anna, reached out a forting hand. "I probably gined the whole thing. Most ly it was what we call in Yankee slang a 'pipe dream.' Let's forget it.

"And what's more, Anna Winters, we've been moping too much. We've stayed in this cabin as if we were in hiding. We've got to step out—you and I. We'll go up to dinner in a blaze of glory."

Anna looked up uncertainly.

Mary, aware again of how strangely drawn she was to this wisp of an English girl, continued, "I was considered a clever stylist in Paris before the war started. I know what clothes can do to people. We'll dress gorgeously tonight and forget the war."

"That would be fun." Anna's eyes lighted for a second and then sobered. "I'm sorry, but I can't go. All I have are my uniforms and the plainest clothes. I haven't anything for a party."

"But—look! I have trunks full of clothes. I'll pick out a frock that will do exactly for you. You're just about my size and height. When I've dressed you up you'll be ravishing."

Mary began shuffling through the closet where the beautiful gowns had been hung. He eyes glistened when she came to the Robin Hood red frock, slimbodiced and with a skirt that fell in rippling cascades of chiffon.

In the darkness of the closet she pressed its folds to her face. This was the dress she had worn the night when she had first met Vincent. Suddenly, all the rapture of her romance came flooding back.

She remembered Vincent's first words after they had been introduced. "It it you or the dress that's so gorgeous?" he had asked with that intriguing uplift of his left brow..

Demurely she had answered, "It's the dress." And all the time, of course, she was trying not to show her breathlessness at meeting this gentleman soldier.

Vincent had answered: "Why, to be sure. Probably when I meet you for lunch tomorrow I'll ask myself how I could have thought you were the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen."

It had been like that. Swift, inevitable, a love that had thrown them together in the midst of a war-mad world.

But that was in Paris in September. This was now, aboard the Moravia, plowing through winter seas to New York.

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Mary turned to Anna with the red dress. "This is what you're going to wear."

Anna Winters touched the crimson dress. "Oh, no, I couldn't," she protested. "It's too beautiful for me. I'd be out of place in it. I couldn't."

"But you will," Mary said firmly, "and we're going to start right now to make you a knockout."

Anna's brown hair was brushed into a swirl with clusters of curls pinned over her ears to give breadth to the pinched face. All the tricks of the trade Mary had learned as a fashion designer were brought into play.

The new flag-red lipstick, the tawny pale powder, the alluring eye shadow paste—these came out of a kit to make Anna blossom from drabness to charm.

Mary's own shimmery lingerie, sheer stockings, and gold slippers went on her cabin mate. And lastly, the Robin Hood scarlet dress.

Anna Winters gasped as she stared at the mirror. She was lovely!

"There," said Mary, "while Rome burns, you're going to dance, Anna. You look like something out of a fairy tale—a beautiful damsel waiting for a Prince Charming to claim you. And who knows, maybe one will."

Anna glowed with an inward, radiant happiness. "I'll wait for you," she said.

Mary shook her head. "No, you're to make your entrance alone. I'll join you later after I've had a chance to make myself properly alluring."

The English girl's eyes suddenly brimmed with tears. "I want you to know," she began in a muted voice, "that you've made me happier tonight than I've ever been in my life."

For a minute, the two girls looked at each other—the gentle governess and the American stylist. So unlike, and yet at this minute, so strangely the same. Same slim, graceful figures—same smart coiffeurs, and more—hidden grief in their hearts.

Mary Carroll knew then that this minute would be stamped in her mind for all time. Nothing could ever blot it out. In a lifetime, she would never forget Anna Winters standing before her like a bright red flame—tragic and beautiful.

(To Be Continued)

Champion speller of all time in North Carolina was the late J. J. Allen of Louisburg, N. C. He could not only spell any word given him, but also could tell the page, number, column and how many words from the top it was in the old blue-back speller.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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ok! They gave me dozens of calendars! An' they're per- tly good—all we gotta do is mark out the '39 an' print in 1940."

SIDE GLANCES

"I'll grant you she's second-rate—but could you do it?"

PROBE While "isms" kept the Rep. Martin Dies (above) committee busy in capital, two citizens tangled with the law: Communist Earl Browder was indicted for passport frauds; Bundsman Fritz Kuhn got a 2½-to-5 year sentence for larceny.

Stories in STAMPS

THE German luxury liner Columbus, scuttled by her crew off Cape Henry, Va., was pictured on a 1937 stamp, above, issued by the Free City of Danzig. The stamp was one of a series of five picturing ancient and modern ships.

The Columbus, built in Danzig in 1922, marked postwar Germany's return to merchant shipping. On her maiden voyage to New York in 1924, the Columbus was considered one of the finest ships afloat. The liner was owned by the North German Lloyd Line.

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Six stamps are included in the annual charity issue for the Social Bureau for Dutch Indies. Both white and native workers of the Bureau are pictured on the stamps.

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With war conditions making it increasingly difficult to send sufficient postal paper to the Dutch Indies, the Netherlands stamp commission may allow the colony to print its own stamps.

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The portrait of young King Peter is shown on a new Jugoslav stamp, first of a new postage series.

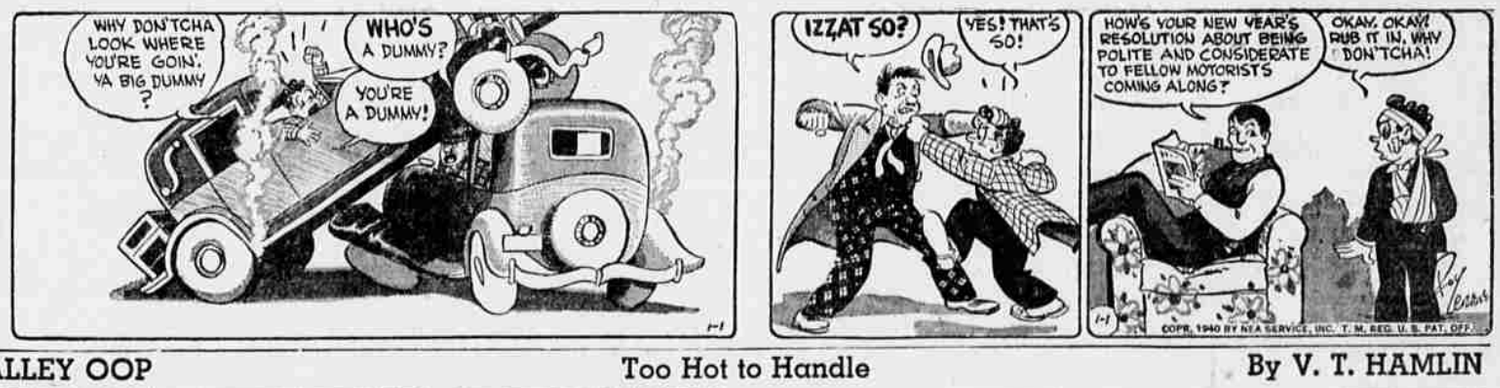
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Happy New Year! — By HAROLD GRAY

POPEYE — Now Showing—"There's Something About a Soldier" Tomorrow—"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" — By E. C. SEGAR

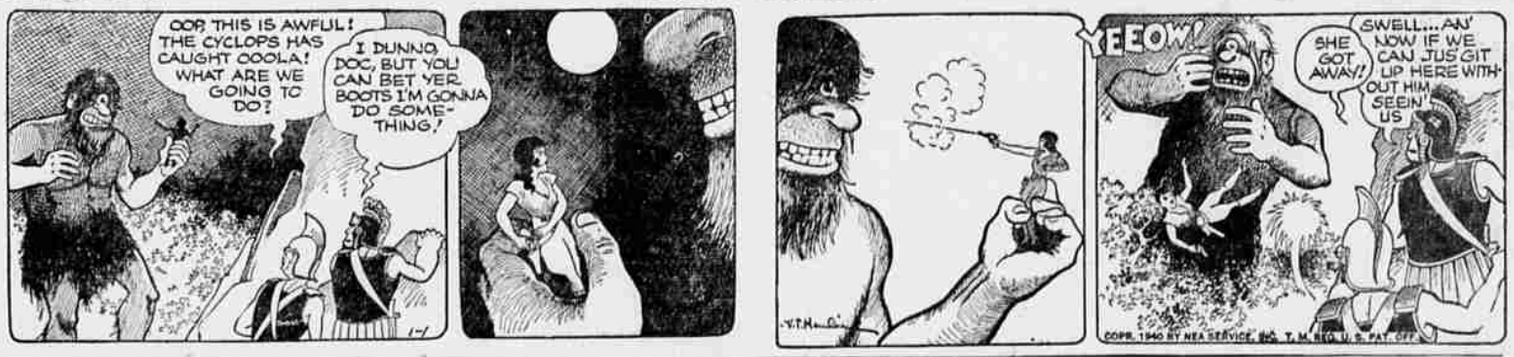
SECRET AGENT X-9 — The G-Man On the Scent — By ROBERT STORM

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Pug Is Willing — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — The Way of All Resolutions — By CRANE



ALLEY OOP — Too Hot to Handle — By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE · · with · · MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS