SERIAL STORY

SECRET VOYAGE

BY JOSEPH L. CHADWICK

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CHAPTER I

boat lay with a list to star-
rd at 10 fathoms. Jim
y walked cumbersomely
d it, careful not to foul his
in the masts, and peered
h the glass of his diving
at the hole in the bow.
't look like much of a job
. It looked like a little
money for the Ajax Salvage
y.

n above, Curly Bates' voice
over the telephone in an
ent mutter. Jim Mallory
d, "Yeah, I found her."

y's voice, distinct now, said,
up, you!"

didn't talk like that to Jim
y; certainly not one of his
. Astonished, he demanded,
" And Curly's voice was
ly apologetic.

d you, Spike. I was talking

Mallory had a quick hunch,
ing suspicion. "Listen," he
"haul me up." He was a
who always played hunches.
heard Curly shout an order;
his lines pull taut, and
y he began to rise through
that was green and crys-
. He saw the tug's black
, then reached the Jacob's
. He climbed into the bright
sunlight.

ckbsheep unbolted and re-
d the iron helmet. Blacksheep
grinning, his teeth shining
in the ebony of his face.
, we done got comp'ny.
ough!"

I feared," Jim Mallory said,
me aboard. His eyes ran
deck to where the girl sat
hip, and halted there on her
moment, narrowing. He was
ed that it was a girl. He
expected them to put a
nto him. But it was clever.
bribes and threats won't
use a woman.

y Bates came and put a
between Jim Mallory's lips
ld a match. Curly was a
d little man of 55, much
d by life. He was very
His eyes were worried.

y've put a dame onto you,
e."

n't like it a little bit. She's
as silk."

watch my step," Jim Mal-
d.

• • •

me out of the diving suit,
d he was big and brown
ld. He moved with smooth
Beneath a tight sweater his
rs and chest rippled with
muscles. He ignored the

's down there," he said to
"We'll get some grapnels
tomorrow, and some pon-
She'll come up like a cork."

ll I drop a buoy over be-
ship anchor?"

may as well."

girl rose from the bulwark,
g Jim Mallory's eyes. She
a green swim suit, and
n was a smooth brown.
bber cap was in her hand
im Mallory thought, that
place for it. You wanted
her hair. It was thick and
, and the sunlight made it
his bright copper. Her eyes
wide and brown, with
flecks. With her face and
Jim decided, you had the
rt to bait a man.

poke with the cigaret be-
his lips, saying, "Hello,
in a cautious, offhand
."

." The girl's voice was
husky. "Who is she?"

port cruiser named Hannah
me landlubber let founder."
s a beauty, I suppose. With
ss. Or is she something
gain?"

smiled warily. He said, "I
know you. Should I?"

n't think so. The name is
Larsen. I'm just a visitor,

Jim Mallory's eyes ran along deck to where the girl sat amidships. Curly Bates came and put a cigaret between his lips and held a match.
"They've put a dame onto you, Spike."
"I'll watch my step," Jim answered.

a sightseer aboard. It was quite a swim, from shore. How deep is it here?"

"Six fathoms."

"In English, I mean."

"About 36 feet."

"Deep enough to drown in," Mary Larsen said, shivering a little.

Jim Mallory glanced shoreward. The white palm-fringed beach was pretty far. The man who had sent her was a fool; he must be paying her well. Jim was about to tell her to clear out and swim back when Blacksheep called from the galley. "Grub, Spike suh." And that gave him an idea. He might learn something from her.

He said, "Eat with us? It'll be beans and bacon, bread and coffee. If you can take it."

"I can take it. Thanks."

• • •

SHE followed him down into the tug's crowded cabin. He gave her a sweater to cover her bare shoulders. She thanked him with a smile. It was a nice, warm and friendly smile, and he took it and looked away.

Curly came in, sat down, and wolfed the food Blacksheep served. Curly didn't like women aboard ship, and sulked with resentment. Blacksheep, however, was pleased. He'd opened a can of peaches for the visitor. He hovered about for a time, then reluctantly went back to the galley.

The girl said, "I didn't know they came so—colorful."

"Oh, Blacksheep is a Cayman," Jim Mallory said. "Nice fellow. His sweet disposition comes from being raised on Bahama sugar cane. But"—he looked squarely at the girl—"but he can be tough."

She missed the point of that, and asked, "Is his name really that?"

"So he claims."

Jim started to eat, watching the girl with covert glances. She wasn't tough; she was definitely the opposite, and there was intelligence in her eyes. He began to think that she wasn't just another girl. He was surprised that such a girl was mixed up in this thing. It proved what he had suspected—that the thing was plenty big.

She ate as he liked to see people eat, even though the food wasn't much. She was still eating after he was finished, and after Curly Bates had left the cabin. She caught Curly's sour look as he went to deck.

"He doesn't like me," she said. "And you don't either."

"What makes you think I don't?"

"Your eyes do a narrowing act every time you look at me. It makes me squirm. It's disconcerting."

She didn't seem offended. She finished her coffee and sat back to watch Jim as he filled his pipe. A smile came and went on her lips. She turned frowningly sober, as if she just remembered she hadn't come aboard solely to eat his food.

She said, "Spike, could I ask you a question?"

• • •

HE took the unlighted pipe from his mouth. His eyes grew wary. He knew what the question would be. He had been approached before, two weeks ago first, by a man who offered him a bribe. The amount of the bribe had been doubled later, over the telephone, and then two days ago a man had phoned and threatened him. He could stand off bribes and threats, and this girl too. He knew the ship's location but he wasn't going to reveal it—until he learned why that sunken ship was so important.

"You can ask," he said, "but you won't be answered. I know your little game, my dear, and it won't work. Go back to the man who pays you and tell him he'll have to try more than a pretty face."

He saw how startled she looked; her eyes widening and her lips quivering. She gripped the edge of the table, as if to brace herself.

"I wanted to ask a civil question," she said. "I suppose a civil answer was too much to expect from a member of a tug's crew. From a diver who fancies himself quite a tough fellow."

She threw off the borrowed sweater and started to rise. Jim Mallory reached out and gripped her wrist. He jerked her back into the chair. Keeping his grip on her arm, he could feel her trembling with anger. He'd had a sudden inspiration. She didn't know Spike was Jim Mallory, it seemed, and so maybe Spike could play her game and learn something.

"Maybe you better talk," he said. "Go on, talk. I like the sound of your voice. Who sent you here, baby?"

But he saw by the fury in her eyes that she wouldn't talk.

(To Be Continued)

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...s figures indicate that the ...having a population over ... population in 1938 receiv-...million dollars as contribu-...tions from their public-service enterprises and paid out to such municipal enterprises in that year 70 million dollars.

SIDE GLANCES

...looks like you had a good time at the convention, ...and brought back the usual number of ideas that won't work!"

Chilean Conservatives Revolted Against Montt

MANUEL MONTT was elected president of Chile in 1851. The situation was full of alarming possibilities. Gen. Manuel Bulnes, his predecessor, had done a rather capable job, but liberal elements in the country were grumbling over the election of Montt, an arch conservative.

Economically, the country was prosperous and Montt governed with a firm hand. The Chilean government has honored him philatelically with the 1911 stamp above.

Montt was re-elected in 1856 and two years later found his country embroiled in civil war. Paradoxically enough, the uprising did not spring from the dissatisfied liberals but from the conservative church elements which had supported him.

History is not very clear as to how the disagreement originated, but it is believed it started when Archbishop Valdivieso was not upheld by the Supreme Court in a decision regarding certain priests.

The revolt was quelled in 1859 and Montt served out his full term. Jose Joaquin Perez succeeded him in 1861. Montt subsequently was president of the Supreme Court until his death in 1880.