



SHE LOVED A SPY

by SYLVIA TAYLOR W-N-U Release

THE STORY SO FAR: Joan Leland is discharged and refused an explanation by her employer, Arthur Mulford. She accepts another secretarial post from handsome Karl Miller, owner of a night club. Fascinated, she permits his love-making, though her sister Sybil, with whom she shares an apartment, suspects Karl's motives. Paul Sherman, Karl's manager, warns Joan against Karl but refuses to give any reason. She defers, at Karl's request, a mysterious message to a tramp steamer late at night, discovering that Paul is following her. She defends Karl blindly. Paul rescues her from Eric Strom, Karl's partner, who attempted to kiss her. Hearing a struggle, Joan later enters Karl's office in time to see him shoot and kill Eric. He asks her to pick up the gun from the floor, then threatens her with blame for the murder unless she remains quiet. Paul enters and Joan is dumfounded when he backs up Karl, regarding her fingerprints on the gun. The men carry the body out and Joan wonders what will now be Karl's attitude toward her.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER IX

Karl seemed amused at her outburst. Once she had cherished that tender look. Now it was loathsome to her. With the madness of despair, she struck him full in the mouth.

Karl stepped back and his face was white with rage. "You little fool! Do you think it's as easy as that? Don't you know you'll be followed from the moment you leave this office? You will be driven to work every day by Paul Sherman. If you make a false move you will meet with an unfortunate accident. Shall we call it that?"

Silence. "There must be some way," Joan thought, "but what?" She would tell Sybil! Sybil would know what to do. Until then it would be best to pretend to Karl that he had won. He must believe that she was frightened.

"It seems that all the cards are in your hands," she admitted.

"Very clever of you to realize it."

Joan wondered if she could really deceive Karl. Even if she were followed home, he would have no way of knowing what she told Sybil. She could tell Sybil to go to the police—yet Karl might have them both followed. Joan could not believe that Karl would take any chances.

"I'm going home," she said wearily, "straight home. You needn't worry about my going to the police tonight."

"I am not in the least worried," Karl said calmly. "You are young and beautiful, and I am sure that you are not yet ready to die."

She looked at him and for a moment she longed to see that other Karl . . . the Karl she had loved. Tears stung in her eyes. How could she have been so blind? A reckless, adventure-loving girl, laughing at Fate, moving blithely towards her own destruction. She had held open, eager arms to life, welcomed anything that was "exciting and different." But Sybil had been the wise one.

"You can't trust any man," Joan thought bitterly. Even Paul Sherman, who had warned her about Karl, was involved in the spy ring. He had warned her about Karl but he was no better.

"You didn't have to go so far, did you, Karl?" Joan asked now. "You didn't have to pretend to love me, did you?"

"You are very charming," Karl said, bowing.

"And you are very clever, but if you hadn't asked me to marry you . . ."

"That proved my sincerity?"

"Yes. Although I'm ashamed to admit it."

"Perhaps it would interest you to know that I already have a wife . . . then he added smoothly, "in my own country."

This was the final blow. Karl's announcement that he had a wife in Germany came as a complete shock to Joan Leland. She had attached so much importance to his desire to marry her that it had never occurred to her he should be insincere.

"If you are ready to go home," Karl suggested, "I will drive you."

"Very well," Joan answered expressionlessly.

"There must be some way," Joan thought desperately as she sat silently by Karl Miller's side. She could telephone the police from her apartment. Karl would have no way of knowing about that—until it was too late. Sybil could go to the authorities. Surely there was no way that Karl could follow both girls day and night, trace every phone call. Comforted by the thought of Sybil's wise advice, Joan felt more confidence in the situation.

"I will see you tomorrow as usual," Karl was saying. "Paul will drive you to work after this. You understand?"

"I understand perfectly."

For a moment they stared at each other. Sweethearts an hour ago. Now enemies forever. Swiftly Joan turned and ran up the steps.

In the living room she was greeted with darkness and silence. She switched on one small lamp and called, "Sybil, where are you?"

But only her own voice sounded in the high-ceilinged rooms. Strange that Sybil should not be home yet. Apparently she had not returned from work. Joan ran into the bedroom. It was undisturbed. In the



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kitchen there were no signs that Sybil had eaten her dinner. And then on the kitchen table Joan saw an envelope. Tearing it open, she found a note in Sybil's handwriting. "I'll be back soon. Something terrible has happened . . ."

A cold chill of premonition swept Joan. Instantly her mind leaped to Karl Miller. Had he suspected her plan of enlisting Sybil's aid? But how could he? And why would Sybil say, "I'll be back soon"? Surely it could not be so "terrible."

"I'm just nervous," Joan told herself.

She tried to light the fire but it refused to burn and smoldered out, leaving the room in dismal silence. Clapping her hands, Joan walked around the room. "I've got to talk to someone," she thought hysterically. "I can't stand this any longer."

But as she drew back the window curtain she saw Karl Miller's car still in front of the apartment. If she left, he would surely follow her. The telephone! She ran across the room and seized it from its place on the table. With a trembling finger she dialed the operator. The silence of a completely dead wire was too obvious to be mistaken.

She was seized then by absolute panic. She must get out of here—but how?

There was a fire escape on the side of the building that opened off the kitchen.

"Karl couldn't see me there," Joan said aloud, and the sound of her own voice frightened her.

It was then that she heard something, like the creaking of a board. It seemed to come from the kitchen. Joan stood still. She was afraid to move.

Her hand felt for the switch and the living room was flooded with light.

"That's better," she thought, and went into the bedroom to put on her hat and coat. Against the window-pane slow rain had begun to fall. Joan looked out a front window again. Karl was still there! The fire escape was her only chance. The apartment was on the second floor and there was a good drop to the ground, but a small garden made it safe to jump.

"I can make it," Joan said. "I must!"

She reached the kitchen where Sybil's note still lay upon the table. The shade was drawn over the kitchen window. Joan advanced towards it and stretched out her hand when another sound came from without—the unmistakable sound of footsteps upon the iron staircase.

There was a soft tapping upon the window. With a frightened gesture, Joan touched the shade and it flew to the top. She looked out but could see no one. Then she heard a voice: "Joan! Open the window!"

It was Paul Sherman! Joan drew back and as she did so Paul's head appeared. Had Karl sent him to get her? She shrank against the wall of the kitchen, watching his pleading gestures for admittance. Then she saw that the window was unlocked. Paul could easily open it himself. He saw the change of expression on her face, and caught its meaning.

A moment later he was in the kitchen with the window locked behind him.

Paul looked sharply at her. "Sit down," he ordered. "You look like a ghost. Have you any whiskey?"

"There's some brandy in the kitchen," Joan said. Her teeth were chattering. She was shaking so she could scarcely talk.

Paul found the bottle and returned with it to the living room. He held a small glass to her lips. "Drink this!" he commanded.

The sweet liquor burned her throat but it warmed her.

Paul was bending over the fireplace stirring the logs, adding paper and kindling until the fire glowed with a bright blaze.

She watched him in silence until he had finished.

"Now listen to me, Joan and listen carefully."

Her green eyes regarded him with loathing. "Spies! But you can't get away with it. You can't keep me from going to the police! You're very clever, aren't you? Talking

against Karl while you're just as bad!"

Her voice had risen hysterically. "Be quiet!" Paul ordered. "Do you want Karl to come in here?"

"What do I care?" Tears streamed down the white face and she buried her face in her hands.

"Will you listen to me for one minute?" Paul Sherman said in a low voice.

She did not reply. "My name is not Paul Sherman." She sobbed, "What's that to me?"

He took her nervous hands and held them tightly in his own. "It's true I speak German. My grandfather was German. But I am Paul O'Malley of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—the FBI."

Silence. The fire crackled and the rain poured against the windows. "The FBI?" Joan repeated.

"That's right. We've suspected Karl Miller of subversive activities for a long time but we haven't been able to get conclusive evidence. I still haven't got enough to convict him. He's too clever for that, though I believe he trusts me. One reason is that I speak his language."

"But why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you warn me?"

He smiled ruefully. "This is government business, Joan. I'm risking my neck by revealing my identity to you. If Karl finds out who I am, you know what will happen. I had to pretend to agree with him tonight."

"You mean pretend to believe that I shot Eric?"

"That's it. Now Karl will be sure of me. He doesn't know that I am here now. I came ahead of you from the club and I've been waiting for you to come home."

Joan wiped her eyes. "I tried to telephone the police. The phone is disconnected."

Paul lit a cigarette. "I know. I did it myself. Karl's orders."

Joan shuddered and fresh tears filled her eyes. "Oh, what a fool I've been! But I loved him so much! I didn't know things like this really happened. I thought all the spy talk was just propaganda. What shall I do now? What can I do?"

"Do you know about Karl's wife?"

Color flooded her pale cheeks. "Yes. I told me tonight after you left the club. He seemed very amused by the whole situation."

"I wanted to tell you, Joan, but I didn't dare take the chance of Karl's finding out that I'd double-crossed him. You understand. This business is more important than either of us."

Suddenly Joan rose crying. "And Sybil! Paul, Sybil's not here! She left a note saying that something terrible had happened . . . I'm afraid! Karl . . ."

Paul glanced at his watch. "Almost one o'clock."

"Paul!" She seized his arm. "Do you think that Karl would . . ."

He shook his head. "I don't know. I don't honestly know. But I have a plan. Listen carefully . . ."

Joan and Paul sat quietly together on the couch before the blazing fire and she listened as Paul told about the spy ring and the part he wanted her to play in the future.

"I want you to stick it out, Joan, to go on working for Karl. Let him think you're afraid to go to the authorities. He must have confidence in his own power if we are ever going to get at the bottom of this."

The girl was silent.

"It's our only chance," Paul said kindly. "I know how difficult it will be for you but if you went to the authorities now, nothing could be proved. I haven't any conclusive evidence against Karl yet. And he'd certainly involve you in Eric's murder."

"All right, Paul," she said with sudden decision. "I'll do it."

He patted her arm. "Good girl! Karl's sure to give himself away especially since he now thinks that he can trust me. Of course you understand you are not to reveal my identity to anyone, even your sister."

"Sybil! Paul, what are we going to do about Sybil?"

"I don't know. But I can't see what Karl would have against her. It doesn't add up."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



ELMER TWITCHELL OFF TO CO-ORDINATE

"I'm off to Washington," declared Elmer Twitchell in an unusually high state of excitement.

"What for?" we asked.

"I wanna be a co-ordinator," he replied eagerly.

"What do you wish to co-ordinate?" we hopefully asked him.

"I ain't particular," said Elmer. "Squat tag or leap frog would be up my alley. I was national open squat tag champion in 1928, and I have written several books on leap frog which are standard works everywhere."

"But I am no slouch at lariat throwing or sack racing, either," he resumed after a moment. "Nor at Indian club swinging, apple bobbing and blind man's buff."

"Are they co-ordinating such activities?" we asked.

"Oh, yes," snapped Elmer. "Yes indeed. They are co-ordinating everything. Haven't you been reading about the testimony before Senator Byrd's committee? And this is no minor co-ordination, it's an all-out co-ordination. We are the Arsenal of Co-ordination, from what I read."

"Do you think you'll land a job?" we asked.

"Why not? Everybody else has a friend of mine who has been good at card tricks has been named National Co-ordinator of Parlor Games under the OCD and Wilbur Jones, an alligator wrestler by profession, has landed as National Co-ordinator of Alligator Wrestling."

"Really?"

"Not only that but an appropriation is being asked for \$150,000 for alligator pools and \$75,000 for alligators."

"Can you get alligators for that money, the kind that will really do any work?" we asked.

"Yes, alligators are as a class willing to sacrifice a little for the cause," explained Elmer.

"What does Mrs. Twitchell think of your working as a federal co-ordinator of rope tricks, squat tag playing and so forth?" we asked.

"Oh, she's too busy to care," he replied.

"What's she doing these days?"

"She's a co-ordinator," he said. "Of what?"

"Either magic lantern shows or eggplant culture, I am not sure which," said Mr. Twitchell. "She's doing well. Great for morale, she says."

"The whole Twitchell family is in on it," we observed.

"Yes indeed. Uncle Chidsey has been in from the start. He's U. S. Co-ordinator of Kite Flying at a pretty good salary. He is opening kite flying centers everywhere and thinks he may get a million dollars for kites. He says that nothing bolsters up a people's morale like running around with a kite on a string. And Grandpa Lem is co-ordinating, too. He's the one who never did amount to much at anything."

"What's he co-ordinating?"

"Top-spinning, I understand," snapped Elmer, grabbing a train.

"CIVILIAN CASUALTY
Helena Hollingsworth Honeybun
To air raid meeting goes on Mon.
Her bunions burst right through her shoes
At fire-warden work on Tues.

When Red Cross work arrives on Wed.
Her limbs feel like a ton of lead;
Helena's mind seems full of burrs
From salvaging all day on Thurs.

Fearless femme, she bats no eye
Practicing home defense on Fri.—
Won't someone send on Sat. and Sun.

First aid for our Miss Honeybun?
—Sam Michael Gevins.

An insurance company has received a claim from Corregidor for losses of watches and other items at the post exchange. And we can imagine the insurance company adjuster looking it over and demanding severely, "Just what happened there?" And, perhaps, after being told of the Jap attack, adding, "You will have to send us more proof."

Ima Dodo found her typewriter so hard to operate that she just threw the cover over it with the exclamation, "I guess the War Board froze it."

And it is Miss Dodo who has been using one typewriter ribbon so long that she could be accused of hoarding.

Sign spotted by Tompkins Harris in Joe Brocato's restaurant:
It's Tough to Pay 55 Cents for a Steak, but
It's Tougher When You Pay 35

Be Proud of Your Household Linens



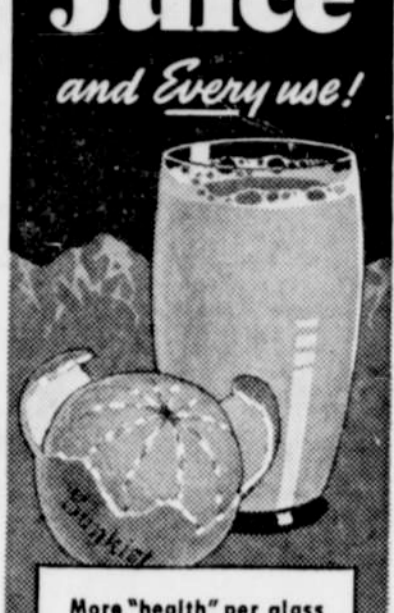
Pattern No. 220.

YOU'LL love to show these linens off! And they're such fun to embroider in lovely colors and edge with crochet! Although simple to do, you'll be proud of sheet, pillow case or scarf decorated this way.

Pattern No. 220 contains a transfer pattern of a 63x173 and two 53x15 inch motifs; materials required; illustrations of stitches; directions for edging. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
117 Minna St. San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No.
Name
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Best for Juice



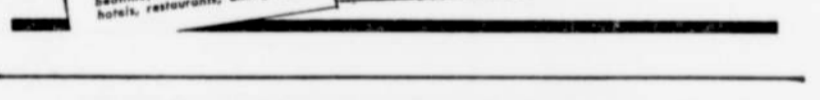
More "health" per glass in California juice
The deeper color and more delicious flavor of California orange juice come from extra richness.
Science proves this means more vitamins C and A, and calcium in every glass!
Seedless Navel oranges are easy to peel, slice and section for recipes, lunchboxes and all-round eating.
Those stamped "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,000 cooperating growers.

SEEDLESS
Sunkist
California Navel Oranges
Copyright, 1941, California Fruit Growers Exchange



Farmer's Daughter — 1942! SHE'S A "SELF-STARTER"

JEANNE KILMER does her part of the work in the house and on the farm. Jeanne is a Majorette in the high school band. She says: "I've got lots to do, and I eat pretty early in the morning. That's when the 'Self-Starter Breakfast' tastes wonderful—and it helps keep me going strong till noon recess."



"SELF-STARTER BREAKFAST"
A big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of milk.
It gives you VITAMINS MINERALS PROTEINS FOOD ENERGY
plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that tastes so good it sharpens your appetite, makes you want to eat.
Hits the spot for lunch, supper, bedtime, too. Also eat for it in hotels, restaurants, dining cars.



Test Driver Don Kenower puts 'em through the jumps for Uncle Sam—shares the Army man's preference for Camel cigarettes.*

YOU BET I SMOKE CAMELS. THEY'VE GOT THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS AND A FLAVOR THAT'S GREAT!

* With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the Coast Guard the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

CAMEL
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS