

the dark ships

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

SYNOPSIS: When Neill, a young federal agent, gets to Baltimore for a week's vacation with his girl, he finds Janet won't break a dinner date with Prescott Fanning. Prescott, Neill says, is too old for Janet, too slick and spends too much money. They quarrel and part. Neill sets out to check up on Fanning. He finds him at his hotel and strikes up a bar friendship. Fanning is genial, but discloses nothing about himself. Finally he invites Neill to his party. They go upstairs to Fanning's suite, have a final shot and set forth. In the taxi, Neill loses consciousness.

Chapter Five Janet's Gone!

WHEN Neill came to, he found himself lying fully dressed on his bed at the Hotel Stafford. For the moment his mind was a blank; he was only aware that he felt terrible. The sun was streaming in and he glanced at his watch. Nearly 12 o'clock. He sat up, pressing



"You was in the gauze all right. Paralyzed."

his head between his hands, then staggered into the bath for water. Suddenly recollection returned. —Janet; the Lord Baltimore hotel; Prescott Fanning; the taxicab. Good God! Fanning doped me! he thought. But how? I was watching him. The dope must have been in the wet glass when he brought it from the bathroom! Oh, God! What a fool I was!

Neill went through his pockets. His money had not been touched, but a glance in the other side of his wallet told him his papers had been ransacked. So Fanning knew now that he was a treasury department agent. Only one thing had been taken: a photograph of Janet.

When he thought of Janet, he turned sick with anxiety. What had happened to her? He ran to the phone and called up the smart dress shop on Charles street where she worked. A woman's voice, refined and acidulous, said:

"No, Miss Emory isn't here."

"When will she be in?"

"I don't expect to see her again. She sent me a telegram this morning resigning her position. She has left me flat. It is the most inconsiderate . . ."

Neill was not interested in Madame Annette's feelings. He hung up. Janet gone! He could not take it in fully. Gone!

He took down the receiver again and called up the flat that she shared with a girl pal. A sickening wait while he listened to the double buzz of the bell ringing at the other end. No answer. Remembering what Eyster had told him, he called up the City pier to ask about the yacht. Nadja! She had pulled out at 7:30 the previous evening, he was told. At 7:30 Fanning had been with Neill. But of course they could have joined the yacht at some other point later. Where was the yacht bound? Through the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, he was told, and out to sea.

A Cab Driver Report:

IN a moment or two his telephone rang and he ran to the instrument with a wild hope of hearing Janet's voice. No such luck. It was the clerk downstairs saying:

"There's a young man here wants to see you. He says you don't know his name. I think he's a taxi-driver."

"Send him up," said Neill.

It was a wizened little fellow in nondescript clothes with an engaging grin. So far as Neill could remember, he had never seen him before. He said, grinning:

"My name is Johnny Tingstrom. I'm the guy that picked up you and the other guy at the Lord Baltimore at 7:30 last night."

Neill seized his arm and jerked him through the door. "For God's sake what happened?"

"Wait a minute!" Tingstrom laughed. "The other guy, he tells me to drive to the Belvedere . . ."

"I remember that."

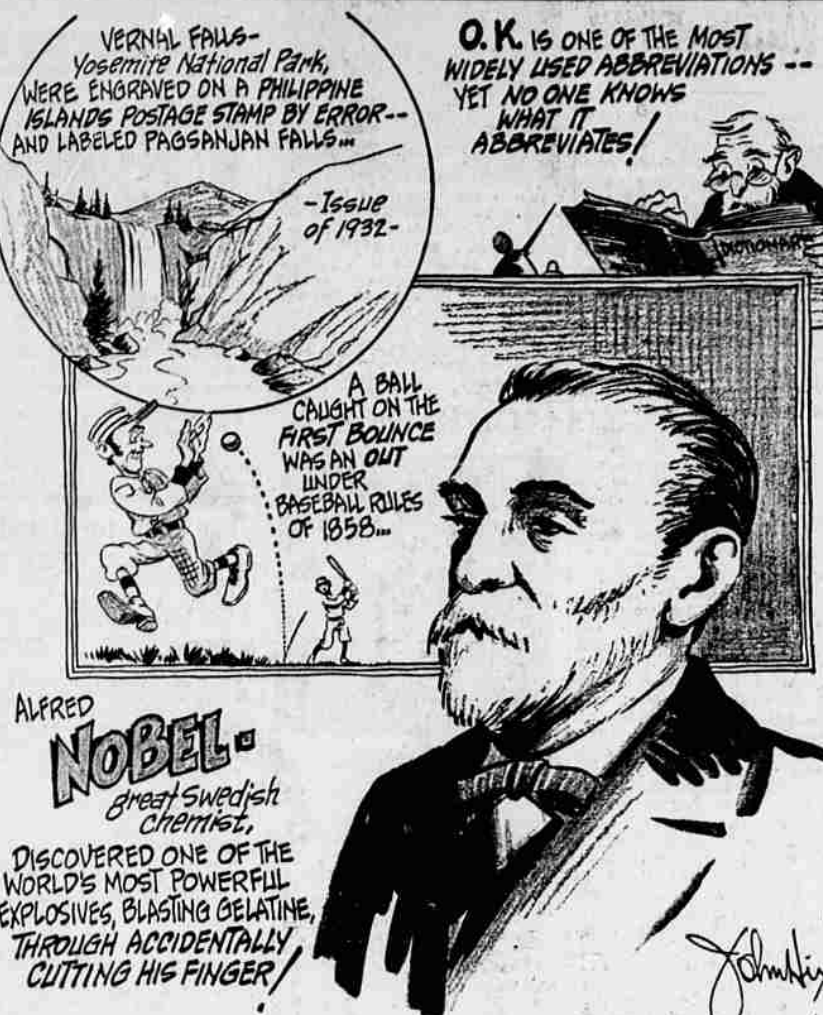
"When we are coming up the hill beside the Peabody he raps on the glass and says: 'My friend has passed out cold!' So I pull into the curb and gets out and we look at you and shakes you. You was in the gauze all right. Paralyzed. So the guy says: 'He lives at the Stafford. We better take him home and put him to bed.' And I says: 'Okay, boss.'"

"So I drives to the Stafford and we take you in, one on each side. The clerks and the bellhops and the other guys in the lobby, they get a big laugh seeing you brought in cold so early in the evening. So me and the other guy we lays you on your bed and beats it. I drives him to the Belvedere."

"Now I thinks there's something

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ALFRED NOBEL—
great Swedish chemist,
DISCOVERED ONE OF THE
WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVES, BLASTING GELATINE,
THROUGH ACCIDENTALLY
CUTTING HIS FINGER!

Cut Finger Discovery

Too dangerous to work with, or even transport, nitroglycerine was outlawed until Alfred Nobel, the Swedish chemist, invented dynamite in 1869. In dynamite, also, there were shortcomings, however. The mixture of porous earth and nitroglycerine while a far safer explosive, is much weaker than nitroglycerine.

With this in mind, Nobel started a search for a substance that, when mixed with nitroglycerine, would make it as safe an explosive as dynamite, yet would not have the weakening effect of dynamite's porous earth. For a long time the scientist was completely stumped. Strange as it seems, the solution of his problem came through a cut finger!

In the midst of an experiment one morning, Nobel accidentally gashed his finger. Applying a few drops of colloid to the wound in order to form an artificial skin over it, he was about to put aside the rest of the bottle when the idea of trying it as the long sought mixing substance for nitroglycerine came to him. He did so and found it filled the bill perfectly. The new mixture was named blasting gelatine, one and a half times as powerful as dynamite and just as safe to handle.

Mystery Abbreviation

What does O. K. abbreviate? One of the most popular of all abbreviations, no one has yet been able to

track it to its source. Webster suggests it might have been derived from the Choctaw Indian word, "Okeh," meaning "It is so, and in no other way." There are a good many other opinions on the matter, however. One of them traces its origin to the town of Aux Cayes (pronounced "Okay") in Santo Domingo from whence the best tobacco and rum were once imported. During the presidential campaign of 1832 Andrew Jackson's opposition started a story to the effect that he had originated "O. K." under the belief that he was abbreviating "all correct" and misspelling it as "oil correct."

Tomorrow: America's Most Illustrous Family!

MINING DEPARTMENT SEEN FEDERAL NEED

SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 9.—(AP)—Creation of a federal department of mines with a secretary of mines in the president's cabinet was proposed today to the American Mining Congress.

"It is deplorable that the mining

industry must lobby so much to protect itself, and it seems to me the only logical solution would be the creation of a separate department of mining," said Carl J. Trautman, president of the Montana Mining Association.

African natives judge by the winds across the Sahara desert whether heavy rains will fall on the head-

waters of the Nile and cause generous floods on the great river.

Orange is said to be the color which attracts the most attention to billboards in outdoor advertising.

Because of long winters in Canada, the dominion has been experimenting successfully with electrical hotbeds to start plants early.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Curiosity

IN SEARCH OF A CLUE WHICH MIGHT JUSTIFY HIS HUNCH THAT MRS. BENTLEY WAS MURDERED, TOMMY, WITH BETTY-LOU, FLIES TO A SMALL WESTERN TOWN.



WONDER WHAT THEM FELLERS WANT, JOE?



RECKON, AS DEPUTY, I BEST FIND OUT, PETE.



GOLLY! LOOKY, FLASH! AN AIR-PLANE!



COME ON, FLASH! BETCHER, SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED!



FUST AIRPLANE EVER LANDED IN THESE PARTS! MUST BE A REASON.



MEBBE HES QUITTA GAS!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Nothing Doing!



IT'LL DISGRACE ME HERE IN TOWN IF THEM NEPHEWS O' MINE IS PUBLICLY CHARGED WITH THIS—



DON'T SUPPOSE IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU THAT YOUR NEPHEWS HAVE RUINED ME, MR. CRUNCHER!



BUT COULDN'T WE SETTLE THINGS, KIND O' QUIET LIKE? SETTLE THINGS?



SAY, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO TALK TO YOU! COME ON, BRIARISIE!

THE NEBBES—He's a Persistent Kid



I MET MISS APPLEBY AND SHE TOLD ME YOU WERE KEEPING COMPANY WITH THIS FELLER ARDLEY.



WELL, WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT? I AINT ENGAGED TO NOBODY.



WELL, YOU AINT GOIN' TO MARRY HIM—YOU'RE GOIN' TO MARRY ME! BEFORE I SEE THAT DRESSED UP SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS TAKE YOUR MONEY AWAY FROM YOU! I'LL KNOCK HIS DECEITFUL HEAD OFF.



WHEN I GET MARRIED I'LL MARRY WHO I PLEASE AND IT AINT NOBODY'S BUSINESS.



AND BESIDES MR ARDLEY USED TO BE A FIGHTER. HE COULD HAVE BEEN THE CHAMPION LIGHT WEIGHT BUT HIS MOMMY MADE HIM STOP FIGHTING. HE TOLD ME THAT OWN MOUTH!



THAT JELLY FISH! SO HE TOLD YOU THAT WITH HIS OWN MOUTH? WELL, I'LL CLOSE THAT PLACE SO IT DON'T TELL NO MORE LIES!

PAY OF SPUD PICKERS SAME AS LAST SEASON

KLAMATH FALLS, Sept. 8.—(AP)—Despite a fall of nearly 100 per cent in potato prices as compared to a year ago, Klamath basin potato growers have agreed to pay pickers 8 cents per 120 pounds without board, the same rate as was established in 1936.

With the harvest just getting under way, basin potato shipments are currently averaging eight to nine cars daily. Prices for number ones range from \$1.20 downward.

GLLENDALE MILL BUYS WOODS CREEK TIMBER

ROSEBURG, Sept. 8.—(AP)—Purchase of 2700 acres of fir and pine timber in the Woods Creek watershed from the Elk Creek Lumber Company, was announced by C. W. Ingham, president of the Ingham Lumber Company of Glendale.

The mill has placed an order for an electric planer, replacing one destroyed in the recent \$240,000 fire at the plant. Ingham said.

104th Birthday

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—(AP)—Nicholas Riehl puffed his pipe from his front porch rocking chair on his 104th birthday and refused to debate the assertion that the first 100 years are the hardest. He is a native of Russia, who first came to Portland in 1900.

Married 68 Years

TILLAMOOK, Sept. 8.—(AP)—Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Kilgore, Mahler, married 68 years ago on August 31, celebrated the event so quietly that except for a few friends and relatives the unusual anniversary passed almost unnoticed here. The husband is 88 and his wife is 85.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

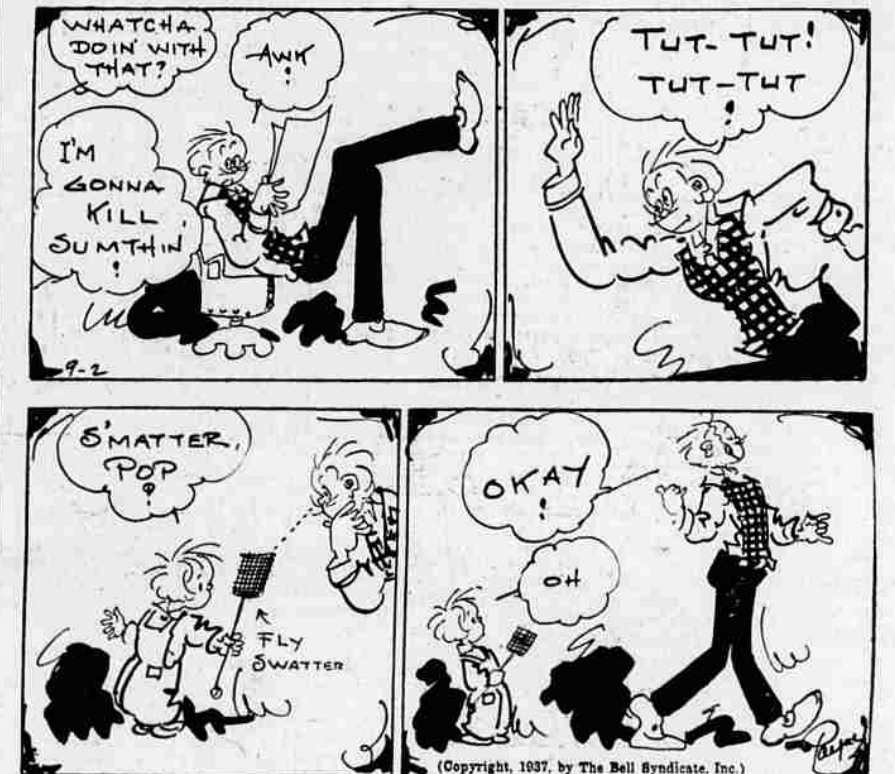


WONDERING WHAT THE FAMILY COUNCIL WILL FIND WRONG WITH THIS PLACE AS A PICNIC SPOT AND HOW LONG IT WILL BE BEFORE THEY CAN AGREE ON A PLACE AND YOU CAN GET SOMETHING TO EAT

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S'MATTER POP

By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORRETT



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HERR

