

# the dark ships

BY HULBERT FOOTHER

SYNOPSIS: When Neill, a young federal agent, gets to Baltimore for a week's vacation with Janet, he finds she won't break a dinner date with Prescott Fanning. Fanning, who Janet says, is a crook. They quarrel and part. To check on Fanning, Neill finds him at his hotel and gets acquainted in the bar. Fanning invites him to join his party, but Neill passes out in the taxi, doped. Next noon he awakens to find Janet, Fanning and Fanning's yacht gone. The taxi-driver of the night before tells him of trailing them and another couple, then losing them.

## Chapter Six

### 'She's In Bad Trouble'

THE cab-driver ruefully exhibited a pink card. "I'm on my way now to the traffic court."

"How much will they soak you?" asked Neill.

"A fiver, I reckon."

Neill gave him the money.

"That's white of you, boss."

"Not at all. It's only fair. When you come up before the judge, say nothing about my passing out, or that you were trailing another car. That won't help us any."

"Just as you say, boss."

"Give me a phone number where I can call you if I should want you later."

"Tingstrom went away still grinning, and Neill began pacing his room again, hoping against hope that Janet would call him up. Even though they had quarreled, he could not believe that she would sail away out of his life without a word. The strain of waiting soon became more than he could bear. He had to be doing something. He bathed and shaved and set out for the Maryland insti-

"Haven't seen Mr. Fanning this morning," said the clerk. He called up 1410. "No answer," he said, after waiting awhile.

"Has he checked out?"

"Checked out?" echoed the clerk, staring. "Certainly not! Mr. Fanning is a permanent guest."

Neill thought: Fanning is just fooling them. He's left a few things in his room for a stall.

"Have you got a guest here called David Eyster?" he asked.

"Mr. Eyster has checked out."

Neill suspected that Eyster had better information than he had.

"Say where he was going?"

"No information."

Inquiries of the bellboys and the doormen turned up nothing.

He called up the office of the lawyer, Kettering, but again failed to find him. Mr. Kettering had gone to Washington for the day and would not be in.

Neill taxied back to the Stafford because he had no place else to go. At the desk he was told that his room number had been called up twice while he was out. His heart leaped up and then sank again, fearing that he had missed an important clue. "The man left no message," the clerk told him, "but he said he would call again."

Neill ascended to his room and paced the floor half crazy with the suspense of waiting. Three times he telephoned downstairs to make sure that the operator had not forgotten that he was in. When the bell finally rang, he flung himself on the instrument.

A man's voice asked: "Is this room 704?" It was a strange voice—familiar with a Scot's burr.

"Yes."

"Are you the guy that rents that room?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Never mind that. I have a message for you from a certain in-



tute. By asking from class to class, he finally found Percetta Wales, Janet's friend.

"Where's Janet?" he demanded.

Percetta looked at him queerly and bit her lip before replying. She was a quiet, placid sort of girl.

"Janet's gone away," she said.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"You're lying!"

Percetta flushed. "If you're going to talk to me that way, I'm near out of my mind. A sudden thought came to him. 'Did you get a telegram?'

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"Let me see it."

She fished it out of her handbag. Neill read:

Going to Canada for a few days. Don't tell anybody and don't worry. Writing.

Janet.

Neill groaned. "Janet never sent this! It's not her style."

Percetta's eyes widened. "Oh! What do you think has happened? Do you know anything?"

"Keep your mouth shut about this until I can find out something," said Neill. He ran out.

The telegram was a night message which had been filed in the main office of Baltimore street at nine o'clock the previous evening. Neill took a taxi to the office, and asked to be shown the original.

"Sorry, we can't do that without proper authorization."

"How can I get authorization?"

"If it's a police matter, go to the police."

Neill went out without answering. He couldn't go to the police for after all Janet might have gone with Fanning willingly, and he could not expose her to publicity. He himself was partly responsible. Their quarrel might have spurred her on to do something reckless. Girls were like that. Meanwhile she was swallowed up. Not for a moment did he believe she had gone to Canada.

Eyster's Checked Out

HE went on to the Lord Baltimore, not that he expected to learn anything there, but just to be doing something. He asked for Fanning at the desk.

"Janet never sent this wire! It's not her style."

I don't know her name. Here's what she looks like: brown hair; brown eyes with a kind of surprised look. Was wearing a pink silk dress and a black wrap.

"Sure! Sure!" said Neill shakily.

"What's her message?"

"She's on the yacht Nadij in Absalom's Harbor, and she's in bad trouble."

"Where's Absalom's?"

"Southern Maryland. Eighty miles south of Baltimore."

"What are the circumstances?"

What kind of trouble...?

Neill heard a click as the receiver went up. The line was dead.

An Unknown Enemy, Too

AS Neill went through the lobby, a well-meaning clerk said: "Is anything wrong, Mr. Patton?"

Neill had no notion of confiding in him. "Why no," he said easily.

"What makes you ask?"

"There was a man came to the desk at 8 this morning asking for you. When I said you weren't up, he wouldn't let me call you."

"What sort of man?"

"Big fellow; roughly dressed; stoop-shouldered. I went off duty at nine or I would have told you. When I left the building he was waiting outside. The other boys told me he was waiting there all morning. Did he find you?"

"Nobody found me," said Neill.

"I think you're seeing things."

The clerk laughed.

This added to his uneasiness. It looked as if he had a friend and an enemy both unknown to him. It was certainly not the stoop-shouldered man who had called him on the phone. That was a high-pitched voice, whereas the big fellow's voice as he had heard it the night before had a subterranean rumble. Neill suspected that he had been followed all around town, and in his excitement had failed to notice it. In the street he looked sharply up and down but the big man was not visible then.

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Neill goes to Absalom's Harbor by bus, Monday.

## Walsh For Keeping America Out of War

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 10.—(AP)—The Worcester Evening Post, in a copyrighted article today, quotes United States Senator David I. Walsh, chairman of the senate committee on naval affairs, as vigorously asserting that this country must keep out of war and demanding that Americans now in the China-Japanese war zone should be evacuated as quickly as possible.

The paper said Senator Walsh declared the federal government by providing means of departure from the trouble area was doing its full duty and that damage or losses to American business or property in China can be taken care of in a peaceful way after the war is over.

Senoy is the name given native soldiers of the British native army in India.

## Leave Hops On Vine To Improve Market

PORTLAND, Sept. 10.—(AP)—Hop growers in Washington's Yakima valley and Mendocino and Sonoma counties, California, are leaving large portions of their acreage unplucked to avoid creating a surplus market reports said today.

Growers determined upon this action to eliminate the possibility of a heavy, unwelcome load upon the market for several years to come.

It is estimated Oregon vines bore 125,000 bales of hops this year but probably only 75,000 bales will be harvested.

Exports of chemicals from the United States fell almost 30 percent during the first half of this year and reached a level only 15 percent below the peak period of 1929.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



AN AUTO TRAILER OF THE "GAY NINETIES" -- Exhibited at Paris, 1894....

The Adams Family

From no other American family have come so many leaders in various walks of life as from the Adams family. To follow the family's history is to follow the history of America, culturally, politically and commercially.

Established in the New World by Henry Adams, a poor, early 17th-century farmer of Braintree, Mass., the Adams family first won prominence in the person of Samuel Adams, "Father of American Liberty" and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. To him more than to any one man is credited the marshalling of the forces and the swaying of public opinion that led to the Revolutionary War.

In following generations came John Adams, second President of the United States and signer of the Declaration of Independence; John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States; Charles Francis Adams, congressman, minister to Great Britain, and candidate for the Vice-Presidency; Charles Francis Adams II, Civil War brigadier-general; and John Quincy Adams, II, candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1872.

Among the many other members of the Adams family who achieved prominence in varied fields of endeavor were: Brooks Adams, sociological writer and historian; Henry Brooks Adams, magazine editor and Harvard professor; Edwin Adams, actor; Alvin Adams, financier; William Taylor Adams, author; Charles Baker Ad-

ams, naturalist; Herbert Baxter Adams, scholar and educator; and William Claflin (Adams on his mother's side), governor of Massachusetts. Charles Francis Adams III was Secretary of the Navy under President Hoover.

Shooting the Wind

Eskimos have a whole-hearted belief in ghosts, many of them believing that dead persons return in the form of rocks, ice, water, animals, and even as winds. In the latter belief they seek to prevail upon the spirit of an unfavorable wind to blow the way they want it by firing guns at it, building fires against it, chanting, drumming and, as a last resort, by firing the graves of the dead.

Woman, 97, Avid Reader

PINE BLUFFS, Wyo.—(UP)—Mrs. Sallie K. Land, Pine Bluffs' oldest resident, celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday by completing the twenty-sixth book which she had read in eight months. She is active despite her age and reads every newspaper and book she can find.

Willamette valley is handicapped by two unstable crops, hops and prunes. It is a gamble to try to raise either because of the unstable markets," he said.

"There always will be an adequate flax market because the valley would never be able to satisfy the demand. There always will be a good price."

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Sheriff Declines

GEE! I WISH YOU'D ME COULD HAVE A RIDE IN THAT FLASH.

SHERIFF, I'D LIKE YOU TO SHOW US THE EXACT SPOT WHERE YOU FOUND THE BODY OF MRS. BENTLY.

NOT ME! NOT AFTER I SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO MRS. BENTLY!

HOP IN MY SHIP, AND WE'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!

RECKON IT COULD BE ARRANGED, BUT IT'S A GOOD FIVE HOURS RIDE, HIGH THIRTY MILES.

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

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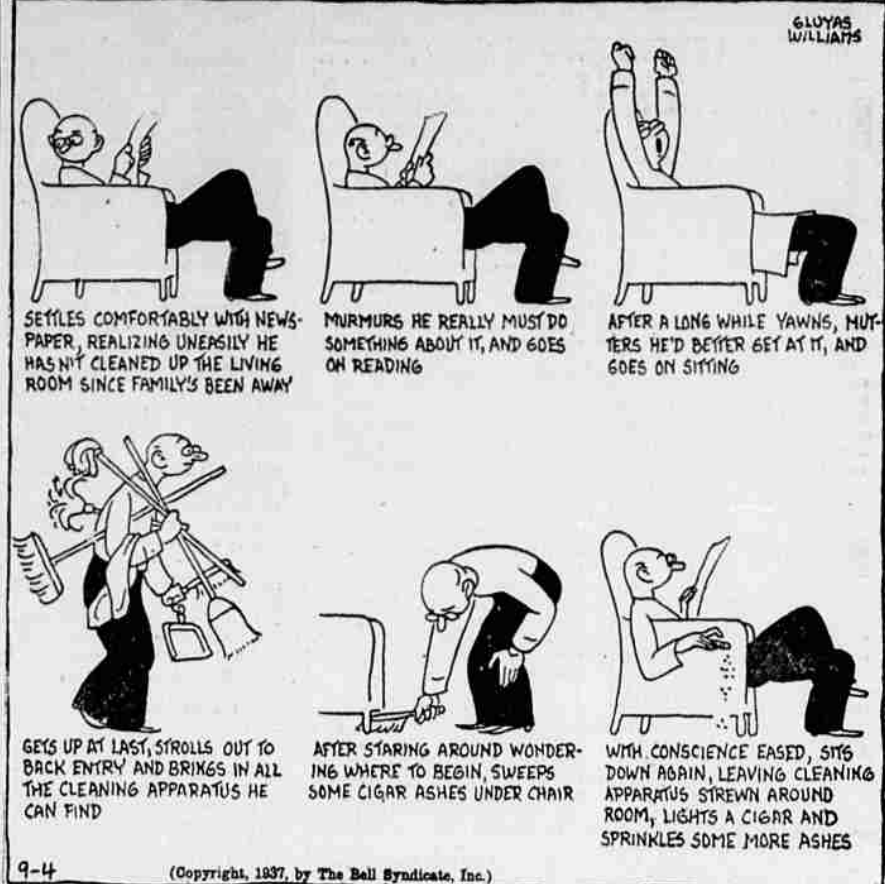
By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

## THE FAMILY ALBUM—HOUSEKEEPER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SETTLES COMFORTABLY WITH NEWS-PAPER, REALIZING UNERASILY HE HASN'T CLEANED UP THE LIVING ROOM SINCE FAMILY'S BEEN AWAY

MURMURS HE REALLY MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, AND GOES ON READING

AFTER A LONG WHILE YAWNS, MUTTERS HE'D BETTER GET AT IT, AND GOES ON SITTING

GETS UP AT LAST, STROLLS OUT TO BACK ENTRY AND BRINGS IN ALL THE CLEANING APPARATUS HE CAN FIND

AFTER STARING AROUND WONDERING WHERE TO BEGIN, SWEEPS SOME CIGAR ASHES UNDER CHAIR

WITH CONSCIENCE EASED, SITS DOWN AGAIN, LEAVING CLEANING APPARATUS STREWN AROUND ROOM, LIGHTS A CIGAR AND SPRINKLES SOME MORE ASHES

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S'MATTER POI

By O. M. PAYNE

IT TAKES HERE, TEN MILLION PERSONS WENT ON VACATION THIS YEAR

IS THA COUNTIN' US, TOO?

SURE!

How come you got yer nose stuck up important?

THE PAPERS GAVE US A WRITEUP BOUT OUR VACATION!

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

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By SOL HESS

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