

SERIAL STORY 'BLACKOUT' BY RUTH AYERS

YESTERDAY: The Moravia sails before Mary can get ashore. She is bewildered by Vincent's failure to sail. Anna Winters tries to comfort her. Walking on the deck at night, Mary sees a dark figure lurking in the shadows of the companionway.

CHAPTER V MARY drew back at the sight of strange eyes staring from the shadows.

Fear paralyzed her for an agonized second and then, bracing herself against the lash of spray, she ran along the darkened deck. Her beret blew off in the wind. Her shoes slipped on the wet floor. And all the time, staccato sharp behind her came hurrying steps. If she could reach the salon door she would be safe.

Panting, she came to the door and swung herself against it. In the muffled light of the room, almost deserted now before the dinner hour, she breathed a quick prayer of relief. The safety of the room gave her courage. Cautiously, she opened the door a crack.

Leaning against the deck rail directly opposite was a man's slouched figure, hat pulled low on his forehead. In the darkness he was nothing more than a silhouette.

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

ANNA, awaiting her, looked up with a shy smile of greeting, then asked quickly, "What's wrong? You're trembling." "It's nothing," Mary answered. "I'm imagining things. Ever since the boat sailed I've been on edge."

"But something must have startled you. You're white as a ghost." Mary took off her tweed coat slowly. "You'll probably think I'm crazy, but it's true something did startle me. I could have sworn a man was crouched behind the companionway watching me. And I'm almost sure he followed as far as the salon door."

Anna's hand flew to her mouth in a gesture of fear. "Oh—I wonder what it means. So many strange things are happening in this war that it's enough to make you lose your mind. Spies are everywhere. You don't know when you're being shadowed or why. No one is safe." Then, her gentle voice growing bitter, "I hate war—I hate it. Why must people torture and kill each other?"

She broke into sobs. Mary, sorry at once that she had startled the frail Anna, reached out a comforting hand. "I probably imagined the whole thing. Most likely 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. Her eyes glistened when she came to the Robin Hood frock, slim-bodied and with a skirt that fell in rippling cascades of chiffon.

"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 shimmering 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 goodness and the American stylist. So unlike, and yet at this minute, so strangely the same. Same slim, graceful figures—same smart

couture, 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)



Beautiful Dolly Thon, member of a dancing troupe appearing in San Francisco, whose name has been linked romantically with that of Mickey Rooney. But the troupe's chaperone denied that Dolly has matrimonial plans.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



SAFETY DEPOSITS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



CANADIAN STATESMAN

HORIZONTAL 1, 5 Pictured Canadian official, John Buchan or... 14 Manifest... 16 Bugle plant... 17 To analyze... 18 To hesitate... 19 By... 20 Cant... 21 Brink... 22 Cures... 23 To spread hay... 24 Mail kit... 25 To subsist... 27 To plant... 29 Symbol for iron... 30 Spider's home... 31 Form of "a"... 33 New England... 34 Woman... 36 Deposit at river mouth... 38 Entrance... 39 Tennis stroke... 40 Court... 42 Ocean... 43 Half an em... 44 Point... 45 Unit of work... 47 Approached stealthily... 52 Hurray!... 53 Part of a curved line... 55 Occurrence... 56 Witticism... 57 Hatred... 59 Since... 60 Skirmish... 62 His official title, Governor of Canada... 63 He is an... 12 Having teeth all alike... 13 To soak fax... 15 Transposed... 22 To dull... 24 He took... 25 Represent... 28 Spooned up... 28 He represents a land rich in mineral... 30 Soft plugs... 32 Gaseous element... 35 Mother... 37 Pound... 41 Business... 44 Father... 46 Broad smile... 48 Grandparental... 49 Limb... 50 To recognize... 51 And... 52 Assumed part... 54 Billiard rod... 56 Encountered... 57 King of Bashan... 58 Mister... 60 Musical note... 61 Electrical unit



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



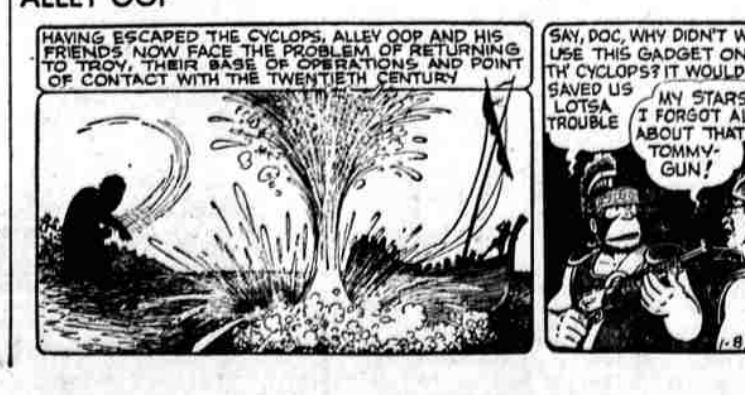
WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



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