

SERIAL STORY

BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: Terrified by the man following her, Mary ran to her cabin. Calm slowly returns and she resolves to shake off her morbid mood. She dresses Anna in one of her most glamorous gowns and stands in amazement at the transformation. Anna is grateful, supremely happy. But the eve of the impending tragedy continues.

CHAPTER VI

AS Anna turned slowly to leave the cabin, Mary Carroll caught up her own gold leather evening purse.

"Here," she cried, tossing it to Anna. "There's make-up and everything in it, just as it was the last time I carried it. Wait for me in the salon. If I don't have to plow through swarms of admirers to reach you, I'll be disappointed."

It was the exact right note to strike with Anna. Smiling, suddenly confident, she left the cabin.

When the door closed, Mary's shoulders sagged. It had been exhilarating to work the Cinderella transformation. But now that it was complete, the same black mood she had been trying to fight off overwhelmed her again.

She had promised to join Anna, and she turned to her own dressing. Disrobing, she opened the traveling case for the negligee she would wear to the shower.

Her hand reached into the pocket and touched a card. It was the card she had tucked there on that last morning in London two days ago.

She read again its message—"At Midnight."

THE words leaped up like something evil. Her tortured mind began to go over the events of the past few days. This was the card the waiter had brought to the table in the restaurant where she and Vincent had dined. Vincent had not shown it to her, but in the near-panic during the air raid alarm the card had slipped from his hand and somehow had lodged in the bow of her dress.

It had frightened her when she had found it, but the next morning she had dismissed her fears in the thrilling thought of sailing on the Moravia with Vincent. She had convinced herself the card had been unimportant and meaningless.

Of a sudden, a shattering thought struck her. That note. The woman who had come into the restaurant and exchanged such an intimate glance with Vincent.

"The message was from Carla!" Mary was unaware she spoke aloud.

She dropped her head on her hands before the dressing table and in her alarm everything became clear.

Carla Marchetta, the hostess of celebrities. Carla, at whose Mayfair house Vincent had been a guest.

As a reel unwinding faster and faster, flashbacks came to Mary. She and Vincent had been separated in the rush to the shelter. After the young American doctor had carried her to the basement shelter, Vincent had been strangely jarring.

Had it been because of Carla that Vincent had failed to sail on the Moravia?

"No, no," she moaned, "I'm hysterical—I'm mad."

A SHARP rap sounded on her door. Expecting the steward, she stood up and, wrapping her robe around her, said, "Come in."

The door opened slowly. "Pardon, Mademoiselle, I believe this is your berth."

The blond young man who stood in the doorway, a forced smile on his lips, spoke with a foreign inflection.

Mary scowled. "Yes, it's my berth," she said coldly. "It blew off when I was on deck."

The stranger nodded. "You must not mind, Mademoiselle, because I bring it back myself instead of sending it by the steward."

Mary looked at him. The only one who would have known about her tam blowing off was the man who had been shadowing her on the deck.

"You were following me!" she blazed hotly. "How dare you!"

There was nothing ominous about the face or figure of the flaxen-haired youth now. In the light from the passageway, he was quite innocuous except for his eyes. He turned on her with a haunted, beseeching look.

Taken aback for a minute by Mary's sharp accusation, he recovered his poise and said in the same low voice, "Is it wrong for a man to gaze at a beautiful girl who strides like a Valkyrie on a dark deck?"

Mary stood invincible. "I am quite sure you were waiting purposely for me to pass."

He bowed courteously. "I am sorry if Mademoiselle misunderstood. He offered the berth to

her. "Perhaps later I may have the chance to prove what you believe is untrue."

Mary took the tam and bowed. "Thanks and good night," she said, but her voice was no longer sharp.

WHEN she shut the door, she had a disturbing feeling the young man still stood in the passageway. Resolutely, she rang again for the steward. She mustn't delay any longer in dressing to join Anna.

Anna's gray uniform dress with the prim white cuffs was still on the chair; her practical black handbag on the dressing table.

Mary pushed them aside as she began to lay out her own clothes for the evening. She chose a gossamer white dress. "White for heartbreak," she said to the silence of the room.

She was still puzzling about the strange encounter on the deck when the bath steward entered. "Will you see if the shower is ready?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss, the shower room is empty—three doors down."

THROUGH the night, the blackened ship cut through the heaving Atlantic. A few more days and it would dock in New York harbor.

As Mary Carroll picked up her bath kit, lights in the cabin blinked and went out. In the dark, a shuddering thud resounded from below.

An ominous silence followed the deafening sound. Then a terrific

din of shrieking, gasping voices struck the air.

Mary groped for the bunk for support. She felt a splash of cold water pouring in through the shattered porthole.

She was pitched headlong across the cabin as the convulsed Moravia listed to starboard.

(To Be Continued)



GIVES VIEW.—"Public bidding on corporate issues tends toward overpricing . . . and elimination of the small underwriter." Harold Stanley (above), president of Morgan Stanley & Co., told the "monopoly investigation" at Capitol.

A collection of blankets from all parts of the world was said to have been owned by the late Floyd Gibbons.

The word tariff is derived from the Arabic "tarifa," which means a notification or ventury.

FLAPPER FANNY

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By Sylvia



"Doesn't your boss ever invite you to lunch?"
"Oh, sometimes if his mother puts in an extra sandwich or two pieces of pie."

TEACHER OF YOUTH

HORIZONTAL

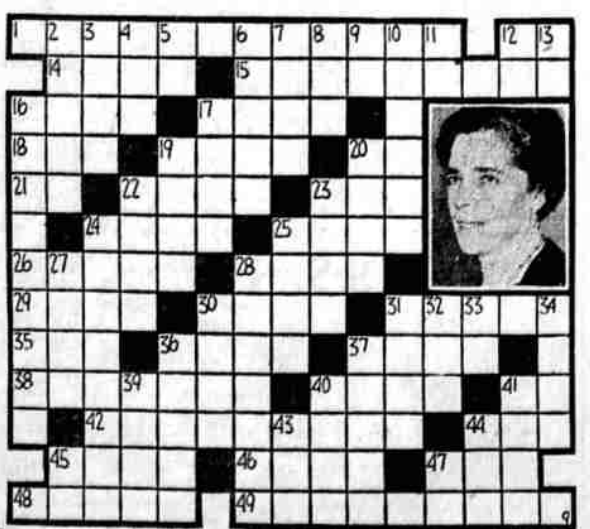
- Head of a woman's college, Virginia.
- Postscript.
- Share.
- To contrive artfully.
- Abounding in pines.
- Bill of fare.
- To decay.
- To join metal.
- Laughter sound.
- Preposition.
- Fine river mud.
- To drudge.
- To gasp.
- Anxiety.
- To express gratitude.
- Fence door.
- Electrified particles.
- Minute object.
- Frenzy.
- Dove's call.
- Male children.
- To walk.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

LORD TWEEDSMUR
OVER TIVA DARSE
DEMUR PER ARGOT
RIM HEALS LIES
OST BEE
FEWEE
FEMALE
LADIT
CT SEA
ARC STALKED
ARC EVENT
ODIUM AGO
GENERAL WRITERS

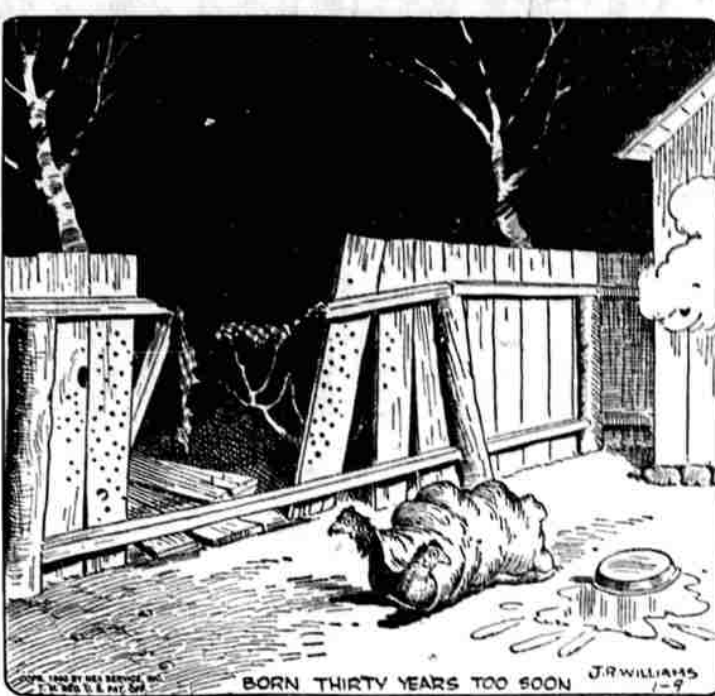
VERTICAL

- Compass point.
- She believes in use of education.
- To liquify.
- To blink.
- Rabbit.
- Without.
- Destiny.
- Complete view of a region.
- Pussies.
- Ring.
- Medicinal root.
- Cows' cries.
- Market.
- To rum up.
- Northeast.
- To affirm.
- Goads.
- Diminished.
- Foretoken.
- Water scorpion.
- Greater.
- Blamish.
- Stout.
- Whirlwind.
- Musical note.



OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

