● SERIAL STORY

'BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: Mary discovers her face has been paralyzed by the injury she suffered when the Moravia went down. Vincent fails to recognize her. Dr. Lenox returns to quiet her, promises that surgery may relieve the condition, restore her to normal. He calls her "Miss Winters" and Mary realizes that she has been mistaken for the English girl, Anna, probably died on the Moravia. She takes a letter from Anna's handbag.

CHAPTER X

MARY CARROLL shuddered as she took out the letter, with Anna's passport inside it.

She felt as if she were trespassing when she unfolded the page and began to read the neat, carefully margined letter.

To Whom It May Concern:

Today I made a last attempt to volunteer my services to England. There is no use in trying any longer. Doctors told me I have an incurable heart condition. I'm going to the States again where I can at least work and send money home to England to help my country at war.

I write this in full knowledge I may never reach the States. I have nothing to lose. My father, Private William Winters, was killed in France in the World War. My mother died in the epidemic, leaving me to be brought up in a home for war orphans. When my few affairs are settled here I shall say goodbye to my Bournemouth friends and come to London to await sailing. My only relative is my Uncle Douglas Winters whom I have never seen. He lives in Canada. I enclose his address and ask he be notified in case of accident.

Anna Winters.

Slowly the letter loosened in Mary's hands. The tears she had been too overwrought to shed, trickled down her twisted face.

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WHEN Mary next opened her eyes, morning sun had pierced the London fog and was sifting like irridescent dust through the windows. A nurse stepped up to Mary's side.

"I'll bathe you and bring you a wrapper," she said. "Then how about a sip of hot tea? Dr. Lenox gave orders you were to have a tray this morning. In another day or two, he's going to let you sit up. My, Miss Winters, he's certainly relieved that you're back in the land of the living again. Gilbert Lenox fights for his patients."

Unnoticing, Mary Carroll began to slip into the hospital routine. Finally she became accustomed to hearing herself called by Anna's name. Strength slowly returning to her, she accepted her fate with resignation.

Days passed and soon she was up, taking walks in the ward and going to the sunporch. One by one, the refugees who'd survived the Moravia disaster, were being discharged. Mrs. Tully remained and, in her clumsy way, tried to be comforting.

It was she who was beside Mary the day the girl finally could put off no longer the task of facing herself squarely in the mirror. Resolutely, she drew her eyes to the glass.

"My, you must have had pretty hair," Mrs. Tully began to chatter nervously. "The gray in it is from the shock. It's a wonder we didn't all turn white-headed. I knew a woman once and she got white overnight from seeing her husband killed before her eyes."

Wearily, Mary brushed her hand over the once silky, corn-colored hair. It had turned darker and the gray stood out sharply.

There was nothing about her, except the eyes, to suggest the piquant face of only a few weeks ago. Gray-tinged skin, a twisted cheek, staring eyes.

"You could wear a veil," Mrs. Tully prattled on.

Mary closed her eyes briefly. "Yes, I can wear a veil," she stammered bitterly.

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SHE felt a touch on her elbow. "Not too much at one time, young lady," Dr. Lenox was saying gravely. "Come out to the sundeck with me for a minute. It's clear enough today to see how London is redoubling its barricades."

In some way he had extricated her from Mrs. Tully and guided her to the deserted porch.

"See how they've hoisted a whole new floating fleet of balloons," he pointed out. "And a whole new crop of 'A. R. P.' signs have sprouted in the park. Looks like there isn't a mid-London building that isn't knee-deep in sandbags now. It's pretty grim, isn't it?"

Mary shook her head in agreement. He went on, "I'm on air raid emergency duty. You feel it's pretty close when those warning sirens begin to howl."

She looked up quickly, words on her lips. This very young American doctor standing before her was the one who'd rescued her in an air raid that last night in the restaurant with Vincent.

Then her lips closed. Dr. Lenox would never connect that girl in the restaurant with the pitiful person standing before him.

"And blackouts," Dr. Lenox was saying, "I'll never get used to them. There's something frightening about a blackout."

Blackout! The word struck her sharply. She stared at Dr. Lenox and he seemed to sense her thought.

She began slowly, each syllable torn from her tortuously. "This is blackout for me. I had everything to live for before this happened. I was in love—so very much in love. And now, this awful war has blacked me out, too. I'm ugly, I'm maimed. I don't want to see anyone or have anyone pitying me."

Averting her face, she felt Gilbert Lenox touch her shoulder gently. "You mustn't feel like that. I don't know much about love but if it's as glorious as it's supposed to be, nothing can change it. You must believe it. It's your life line. Have you been in touch with your sweetheart?"

"No, no," Mary cried. "Please no."

Gilbert Lenox led her to a chair. Then he took out a notebook and his fountain pen. "Write me his name and address and let me explain what's happened to him."

He thrust the pen into her hand and opened the book to a blank sheet.

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NEVER would she write Vincent's name or address. Never would she see him until she was herself again—freed from the blackout that held her prisoner.

Her hand with the pen in it began to move. Instead of writing, she made a few tentative lines. London in war. London with Hyde Park dotted with A. R. P. signs and buses rolling on almost traffic-free streets. The pen moved jerkily at first and then more freely.

Not since art school days had Mary Carroll tried anything except fashion sketches. It gave her a funny, choked feeling to see this fragmentary skyline sketch.

Dr. Lenox was patting her shoulder encouragingly. "You're a swell kid and we're going to get you well, Anna Winters."

Anna Winters. She was now Anna Winters. She must act as Anna Winters, talk as Anna Winters and be Anna until the day came when her blackout could be lifted. It would harm no one and it would give her the chance to remain as a British subject in London until the day when the terrible disfigurement was gone and she was reunited with Vincent.

"I've already talked to Dr. O'Connell, London's most famous plastic surgeon," Dr. Lenox said. "He's at the front now but when he comes back, I'm going to have him look at you. And now here's some good news. You've had enough hospital for awhile. You're so much better and stronger that it's going to do you good to get out of here and be with your own friends and people. Suppose we make this your last day here?"

(To Be Continued)

Husband Beater Gets No Mercy

The modern age of feminine ascendancy reached its climax when Mrs. Ethel Wolfson, 26, was convicted in Wheeling, W. Va., on charges of beating her husband. She is shown in jail where she will spend the next 30 days.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"You've got problems! Try figuring how I can pay December bills in January with my March allowance that I don't get until February."

. FEMININE NOVELIST.

HORIZONTAL

1, 5 Modern novelist.
10 Dealer in oils.
12 Bustle.
13 Foreign matter forced under the skin
14 Ovum.
16 Perches.
18 Papa.
19 Bone.
21 Novel.
22 Indefinite article.
23 Humor.
25 Loud merrymaking.
28 Dance step.
31 Vessel.
33 Wrinkles.
34 Currency.
35 Adhesive substance
37 To growl.
39 Measure of area.
41 Debt.
43 Frigid.
44 Credit.
45 Soft cap.
47 Maxim.
50 Witticism.
51 To stop up.
53 Seasons food.
54 Eccentric wheel.
55 Vampire
57 Measure.
58 Morning prayer.
60 Her novels have made popular motion ——s.
61 Her native land.

VERTICAL

2 Animal.
3 Insects' eggs.
4 Bitter drug.
5 France.
6 Organ of sight.
7 Sack.
8 Verbal termination.
9 Gypsy.
11 To come in.
13 Her book "——" made a splendid play.
15 Donated.
17 Oppresses with heat.
18 Vegetables.
20 Courtesy title.
24 Point.
26 To emulate.
27 Limb.
28 Chum.
29 While.
30 She also writes —— stories.
32 To wander about.
34 To weep.
36 To dine.
38 To perform.
40 Semi-diameters.
42 Asiatic tree.
44 Funny.
46 Pressed grape skins.
48 Comfort.
49 Heating vessel
50 Chinese sedge.
52 Encountered.
54 Auto.
55 Spain.
56 Chaos.
58 Myself.
59 North America.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

K	I	N	G		F	A	R	O	U	K				
A	S	E	A		A	L	E	R	T					
M	I	S	T		D	E	B	I	T					
E	S	T	A	T	E	S		G	E	T				
			A	S		D	I	R	E					
P	A	T	E	S		G	U	N		C	A	I	R	O
O	P	A	L	S		L	E	A		H	I	R	E	R
U	T	I	L	E		A	L	L		I	R	A	T	E
N			L	A	S	S		M	E				A	
D	E	B	A	S	E	S		P	A	R	A	D	E	D
		D	E	Y		S	E	P	A	L		G	A	S
I	D	E	A	S		S	A	L		P	I	R	N	S
F	A	T	H	E	R		C	O	M	M	O	N	E	R

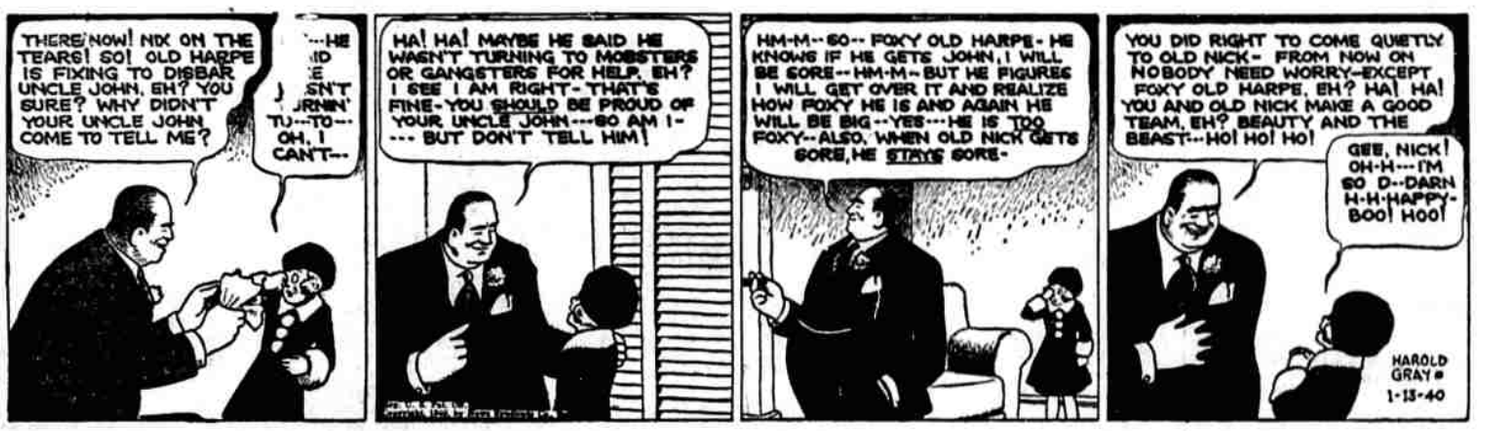
KING FAROUK

OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER — BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS — BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP — BY V. T. HAMLIN