

SERIAL STORY

BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: The operation restores the real Mary Carroll to life and happiness. She writes Gilbert, expressing her gratitude. Then she summons Vincent. He is figure of Carla, stands between them. Vincent begs for a chance to regain their former happiness. Mary does not answer.

CHAPTER XXI MARY remained in the hospital a week longer.

In that week, Vincent was at her bedside almost continuously. His flowers made a florist's shop of her room. Awaiting her in the morning on her breakfast tray were notes from him—amusing and endearing.

They'd reached an agreement at last. They would forget the last few weeks of their lives since the Moravia disaster and start all over. As soon as it could be arranged, her marriage to Gilbert would be annulled and she and Vincent would return to America.

If Mary would awake sometimes at night and remember Gilbert's kind gray eyes and the boyish, unruly red hair, she'd brush the thought aside. If she would pause sometimes in looking at Vincent to wonder if Carla's lips had flamed to his, she would shut out the picture.

"There could never be anyone but you," Vincent would tell her, his old assurance returning. "Smitten—that's me. Crazy, goofy, simply hepped."

That stolid British nurse, Miss Babcock, sometimes made Mary nervous by her silent disapproval. A married woman—Dr. Gilbert Lenox's wife—to have so attentive a visitor. Mary could almost read her thoughts.

It was because of this that Mary refused to let Vincent take her home. "Afraid of a scandal, aren't you, sweet?" he teased.

She couldn't explain to him, but there was another reason. It wouldn't be fair to let Vincent go with her to Gilbert's rooms, so intimate with all that belonged to him.

In the days after she was home, Vincent seemed to relax. "We'll soon be out of this," he promised, he took her for daily walks. "You and I—back to Manhattan. You and I, Mister and Missus, just as we'd planned before all this happened."

Tea in hidden-away teashops. Dinner at night and the walk home in blackout, arm in arm. But she couldn't bring herself to let Vincent come inside. Their good night kiss was at the door. "Your kisses aren't the same," Vincent accused her one night, drawing away sharply. "Is there some crazy idea in your head that makes you think I'm not on the level with you?"

"No—no, of course not. It's only—well, I'm not over what happened yet."

But deeply within her, Mary knew something was different. She fought off that strange feeling.

The next morning, her thoughts still perplexing her, Mary took her drawing board to Hyde Park, hoping to forget the scene with Vincent in finding something amusing to sketch.

Newboys were shouting. Mary read the spon banners they wore. "Moravia Sinking Reopened."

It had come, then! Miss Babcock was right. There was to be another investigation into the mysterious sinking of the ship. She would be a witness.

She bought a paper, reading hastily through the story. The name of Anna Winters leaped up before her eyes. She read—"Among those to be called for questioning will be Anna Winters, 23, of Bournemouth, now living in London."

For a minute, Mary thought of Anna—so beautiful and ethereal in the flame red dress on the night the Moravia went down. Then she brushed all thoughts aside except of the coming hearing at Scotland Yard. She'd promised Miss Babcock she'd tell all she knew. Was there, after all, so much to tell? The young man on board who'd followed her, Carla Marchetta's friend. The sight of the periscope in the water before the final crash.

Mary was flushed and breathless when she reached her room. "Oh, hello, sorry to startle you."

A commanding figure in well-tailored uniform rose from the chair. Gilbert Lenox!

Mary threw her hands to her face. "Oh, Gilbert!" He stepped to her and drew her hands away, staring at the new-found loveliness.

"Jove, you're stunning! I knew you must have been beautiful, but I'd no idea it would be like this." He was studying her face, his eyes hungry. "Look at me!"

Mary's dark lashes swept up. She felt the pulse in her throat beating wildly. "Do you know now?" she whispered.

Just the way I remember you in the restaurant!"

MARY gasped, as she realized what she had said. Why had she blurted it out? She might have spared Gilbert some of the hurt. But Gilbert must have expected this. He had known there was someone else. Lenox took the blow smiling.

"Of course," he said at length, but all the eagerness had gone out of his voice and eyes. "I'd forgotten for a minute. It's all right, though. I knew all along you were in love with Vincent. You can have your freedom whenever you like."

Gilbert Lenox was brusque as he answered. "No, I'm here only for a few days. Came back to supervise the preparation of some special serum for gunshot wound cases. It's being made up in our London hospital laboratory. I'll be at the hospital while I'm here so you may keep these rooms until you've made your own plans."

Mary Carroll should have been relieved that he was going—glad now that this scene, which had

come—was over. He intended keeping his bargain. She could have her freedom. She could be Vincent's wife.

"Best of luck if I don't see you again," Gilbert was saying as he shook her hand.

Mary knew in that instant that she was in love with Gilbert Lenox—madly, poignantly in love with him.

(To Be Continued)



TABLES TURNED—Ceil Beaton, English photographer for whom other faces are his fortune, is himself pictured as an "ugly sister eating sausage" in a British-designed pantomime. Beaton specializes in pictures of beautiful women.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



WRONG EITHER WAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



JAKE FINALLY GOT \$5

RED RYDER



AND MY SADDLE HOSS, THUNDER, IS WITH THEM, BOSS.



THAT'S REAL CARE—LESS TALK, TRAVIS.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Well, you might say I select my own clothes. Fan lets me go with her when she buys a new dress an' I wear it the next year, made over."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



OF COURSE IT WAGN'T VERY LADY LIKE TO GET INTO A STREET FIGHT STILL, I CAN SEE HOW YOU DID IT—



OH, TOMMY'S PAPA HAD SOME SORT OF A RACKET THAT ROBBED POOR FOLKS AND NICK CLOSED HIM UP—LEAST, THAT'S WHAT TH' KIDS ALL SAY—

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



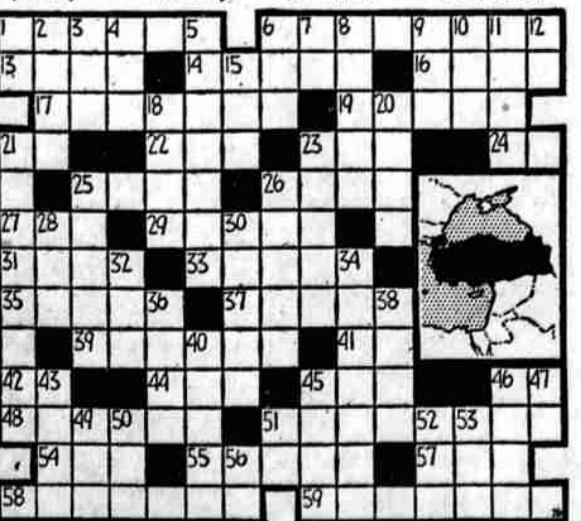
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF THE HOTEL. EASY NEVER CAME TO THE WINDOW AFTER THE SECOND SHOT.



WELL, BOYS, HERE'S JUST A FEW SHARPS OF STOCK AND OLD MUCKES LAND TO GET, AND THEN WE'LL GO TO TOWN WAY, EH, LISA?

MAP PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL: 1 Pictured is the map of... 6 It is a... in Eurasia. 13 Hodgepodge. 14 White poplar. 16 Malt kiln. 17 It was called the Ottoman... (pl.). 19 exican animal. 21 Common verb. 22 Quaint. 23 Greek letter. 24 Street. 25 Century plant fiber. 26 Electrified particles. 27 Also. 29 Deputy. 31 Barren. 33 Diner. 35 Pertaining to the nose. 37 To change a gem setting. 39 Runaway. 41 Go on (music). 42 Upward. 44 Evil. 45 To sew an edge. 46 Note in scale. 48 To decrease. 51 Pertaining to the brain. 54 To soak up. 55 False gods. 57 External. 58 An important agricultural crop in this country. 59 This land's unit of currency. 20 To eject important city in this land. 23 Carries. 25 Balance. 26 To bury. 28 English money. 30 Auriculate. 32 Split pulse. 34 Old card game. 36 Part of ear. 38 Domesticated. 40 Overpowering fright. 43 Spanish dollar. 45 To assist. 46 Destiny. 47 Morindin dye. 49 To cry. 50 Mineral spring. 51 Cow-headed goddess. 52 Genus of cattle. 53 Old wheel track. 56 To suffice.



WASH TUBBS



WELL, WELCOME!! I SEE YOU GOT MY MESSAGE.



WHERE IS SHE?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WELL, WELCOME!! I SEE YOU GOT MY MESSAGE.



WELL, BOYS, HERE'S JUST A FEW SHARPS OF STOCK AND OLD MUCKES LAND TO GET, AND THEN WE'LL GO TO TOWN WAY, EH, LISA?

THAT FLIBBERTIGIBBET CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!



LIPTON'S