

SERIAL STORY BLACKOUT BY RUTH AYERS

YESTERDAY, Mary meets Carla Marchetta. Carla warns her Vincent is in danger, urges Mary to leave home. Mary's tea is drugged, but she spits half of it and awakens before Carla had planned. Mary is locked in a room, she overhears Carla and her chauffeur hurrying to escape. A mysterious message has been sent. Mary listens. She hears that someone has believed that Carla heads a spy ring. A sudden thought—she flicks on the light switch.

CHAPTER XXIII AS Mary had hoped, the lights brought help. Almost out of nowhere wardens and chin-strapped London bobbies came running.

She could hear them in the street below and then on the front steps and pounding at the door. "Lights showing. Turn them off!" a dozen voices called at once.

It did not take them long to discover that something was wrong. She heard the door crash open and thick-soled boots came pounding up the steps to the second floor.

"I'm locked in," she called when she heard them in the hall outside.

"Put those lights out," she was commanded.

She had barely turned off the switch when they crashed into the room. A shadowed light cut the blackness.

"Quick! Take me to Scotland Yard!" she commanded before they had time to challenge her for violating blackout rules. "I must see Inspector Babcock at once."

OUTSIDE, a taxi was summoned and Mary found herself accompanied by a warden and a bobby en route to Scotland Yard. The cab crawled through the darkened streets.

It seemed interminable before she was face to face with the inspector. She introduced herself. Babcock had no difficulty in placing her.

"The airplane carrier, Regency, is to be torpedoed," she told him. "Enemy spies already know when she leaves Scapa Flow."

Inspector Babcock was electrified.

"Do you know what you're saying?" he demanded.

Mary became suddenly calm. She managed to marshal her thoughts and her words.

"I was kidnaped today by Carla Marchetta and her chauffeur," she was saying. "They took me to her house in Mayfair. They drugged me but I came to before they expected. I distinctly heard Carla order Felix, the chauffeur, to inform the enemy of the sailing time of the Regency from Scapa Flow. Something about static on a time signal. That ship will be torpedoed."

"Go on," the inspector motioned. "They gloated about it. They intend leaving England. They're on their way to Bristol now in Carla's limousine."

Vaguely, Mary knew a call was being put through to the Admiralty. Orders were dispatched to a dozen different officers.

At last Inspector Babcock turned to her.

"Tell me all you know about this," he spoke quietly.

His request made Mary realize the enormity of what she had done. She knew she had gone too far to keep Vincent out of it. She saw his name must come in—connection with the Moravia, at least. Although she knew in her heart she loved Gilbert Lenox, if she betrayed Vincent she would have to stand by him. She leaned toward the inspector.

"Vincent Greg, an American aviator, is innocently involved in this. If I've done anything to help, will you help him?"

Inspector Babcock studied her. "I can't make any promises. But I'll help if I can."

Mary's long narrative commenced with the air raid and the dinner in the restaurant when Carla and Vincent had first been linked. She told briefly of the Moravia and her suspicion that Vincent had been the one who had unwittingly revealed to Carla the secret time of sailing. When she came to the last horrible chapter, she broke down in sobs.

The story was interrupted by the insistent telephone. The Admiralty called back several times for Inspector Babcock. Reports came through from the Yard's own operators, all along the route to Bristol. After one of these calls the inspector nodded his head as if satisfied.

Mary felt relieved in the knowledge of what she had done to save the lives of a thousand British seamen. She was fully reassured when the inspector said: "You've done the country a great service. The Regency's sailing has been canceled."

He leaned back and regarded her thoughtfully. "In view of what you've done, I'll make every effort to save your friend Greg. He'll be brought in for questioning and will be interned for the duration of the war. But I don't think you need worry about a firing squad."

Daylight was coming through the barred windows of the inspector's office when the long wait was over. A chair scraped. Inspector Babcock stood up.

"Is this the woman?" In the doorway, handcuffed to a Scotland Yard man, was Carla Marchetta! Rapier-like, her eyes flashed hatred at Mary.

OUTSIDE the sun of early morning struggled with the fog. The clomp-clomp of horses' hoofs sounded unreal after the fantastic events of the night.

Mary started toward Soho Square but found she was going an entirely different direction. Without knowing it her steps were following the dictates of her heart. She had to see Gilbert Lenox at once.

At the hospital she was shown into a waiting room. It was only a minute—and then—the sight of Gilbert's serious face.

"I had to see you. There's something I must tell you. I hardly know where to start." He waited for her to go on. She threw back her head, the maize-ripples of her hair brushing her shoulders.

"No matter what happens," she began slowly, "I want you to believe this. I love you."

There was a puzzled expression on Gilbert's face. He took a step closer. Then his eyes lighted with unbelievable happiness.

"Oh, my darling. This is what I've wanted—what I've waited for! I've never stopped loving you and ever will, I guess. We'll be re-married in church and then go back home as soon as I've finished my service in France."

Mary drew away. It was agonizing—this knowing that happiness was right beside her and she couldn't reach for it. "No, I can't be your wife," she said faintly. "This is the end—goodby. Yesterday, I'd have given up Vincent for you, but now—well, it's too late. Vincent is to be arrested and

interned for the rest of the war." Gilbert paused as full import of her words reached him. "But that frees you!" She shook her head. A jerky smile came to her lips. "That's the strange thing about it," she whispered. "Vincent's been foolishly involved in a naval spy plot. So you see, I can't walk out on him now."

Frank E. Gannett Puts Hat in Ring



Frank Gannett, Rochester, N. Y., publisher and anti-New Dealer, answered his party's call to duty and announced his candidacy for Republican presidential nomination. He will fight with Thomas E. Dewey for New York's 92 votes at national convention.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS. Comic strip panels showing a man on a horse and a woman on a horse. Dialogue: "DISCARD THAT SABER, THROW IT AWAY—ITCH IT! YOU'RE HARPOONING YOUR HORSE—YOU'RE RUINING A REVIEW—YOU'LL CUT SOMEBODY'S HEAD OFF. YOU'LL BE COURT MARTIALED IF YOU DON'T DROP THAT SABER!" "I CAN'T! IT'S TIED TO ME WITH THE SABER KNOT!"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE. Comic strip panels showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue: "THAT POOKH LOOKS LIKE A FLOAT IN A PARADE TO ME, MAJOR—I'LL BET HE CAN'T BREAK OUT OF A DIGNIFIED WALK EXCEPT DOWNHILL!" "FAW, IF YOU NITWITS/ SCRAMWOLD IS AN ARISTOCRATIC DESCENDANT OF THE ANCIENT GALLUKI THAT HUNTED WITH THE PHARAOHS, I MAY NOT RACE THE DOG AT ALL, BUT KEEP HIM FOR COURAGING THE HARE, A TASK HIS FORBEARS PERFORMED FOR OLD SAXON KINGS!" "WHY NOT SHOP AROUND NOW FOR A COUPLE OF COWS? SCRAM COULD COURSE THEM UP TO THE BACK PORCH AT MILKING TIME!" "GET READY, GET SET, SCRAM!"

RED RYDER. Comic strip panels showing a man on a horse. Dialogue: "JUST THE SAME, I'M STICKIN' AROUND, BUT ONE THING'S SURE—I'VE GOT TO EAT—AND THE BOSS HAS A CELLAR!" "NOW—I'LL KEEP OUT OF SIGHT 'TILL DARK, I LEARN A FEELIN' I'LL LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GHOST THIEF TONIGHT!"

BY FRED HARMAN. Comic strip panels showing a man on a horse. Dialogue: "RED RYDER—WAS FIRED FROM THE RANCH AFTER KNOCKING FOREMAN DOWN, ACCUSED HIM OF BEING ONE OF THE THIEVES WHO MYSTERIOUSLY RAIDED THE Y BAR HORSE HERD." "WHAT A BREAK! THE STOLEN HORSES LEFT NO TRAIL—IT'S ON FOOT AND OUT OF A JOB!" "IF I HADN'T BEEN FIRED, I MIGHT HAVE SOLVED THIS HORSE STEALIN' RIDDLE!"

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia

FLAPPER FANNY. Comic strip panels showing a man and a woman in a snowy landscape. Dialogue: "The airplane carrier, Regency, is to be torpedoed," she told him. "Enemy spies already know when she leaves Scapa Flow." "Inspector Babcock was electrified." "Do you know what you're saying?" he demanded. "I was kidnaped today by Carla Marchetta and her chauffeur," she was saying. "They took me to her house in Mayfair. They drugged me but I came to before they expected. I distinctly heard Carla order Felix, the chauffeur, to inform the enemy of the sailing time of the Regency from Scapa Flow. Something about static on a time signal. That ship will be torpedoed."

INDIAN HEROINE

INDIAN HEROINE. Crossword puzzle grid with clues. HORIZONTAL: 1 Daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan. 10 She saved the... of Captain John Smith. 14 To pierce with a knife. 15 Red cosmetic. 16 Illustration. 17 Snare. 19 Three. 20 To touch. 21 Encountered. 22 Sandy. 24 Pattern block. 28 Measure of area. 27 Form of "be." 28 White. 30 Onlo. 31 Asir. 32 Definite article. 34 To ebb. 35 Large inn. 36 Ireland. 37 Period of time. 38 And. 40 Diocesan center. 41 Right. 42 Indefinite article. 43 Church title. 45 Sprinkles with flour. 50 Ancient. 51 Strife. 53 Sphere of action. 54 Bustle. 55 Slender prickle. 56 Tonic spasm. 57 Small horse. 58 She was called an Indian. 60 To arise. VERTICAL: 1 Postscript. 2 Fish-eating mammal. 3 Wagon. 4 Camel's hair cloth. 5 Either. 6 Musical character. 7 Rotation. 8 Money changing. 9 Southeast. 10 Untruth. 11 Frosted. 12 Page of a book. 13 Type measure. 18 Carcatured. 20 Plumed. 21 She. 22 John Rolfe. 23 To reform. 25 She was received at court in. 27 Machines for dyeing. 29 Brief. 31 Tennis point. 33 Greek letter. 38 Fortress. 42 Lengthwise. 44 Chinese sedge. 46 God of love. 47 Men's reading rooms. 48 Antelope. 49 Freedom from care. 50 Aroma. 52 Hurried. 54 Monkey. 55 Spanish. 58 You.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. Comic strip panels showing a man and a woman. Dialogue: "I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, NICK, AND HUSTLED RIGHT OVER—WHAT'S UP?" "PLENTY, JACK—I GET TO HEAR THINGS—TALK IS GETTING STARTED THAT TUCUM IS ONE OF MY BOYS—" "WELL, IN THE RIGHT PLACE THAT'S NOT SO BAD, IS IT?" "OF COURSE NOT—BUT FOR THE PUBLIC TO GET ANY SUCH IDEA WOULD BE POISON—WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST—" "FIRST, OLD SENATOR BOOGLE GETS A NICE, SAFE JUDICIARY JOB OUT OF THE WAY—YOU'RE TO BE APPOINTED TO FILL THE VACANCY (NEXT ELECTION YOU'LL BE ELECTED)—THEN JOHN'LL STEP IN AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY—" "BUT WON'T THAT PROVE EVEN MORE THAN EVER THAT TUCUM'S YOUR MAN?" "HA! NOT SO YOU'D NOTICE IT—THE ONWARD AND UPWARD LEAGUE IS GOING TO FORCE JOHN'S APPOINTMENT—HE'LL BE SLEEPING OVER ON ME—SEE?"

BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS. Comic strip panels showing a man and a woman. Dialogue: "EVERYTHING HAS GONE WRONG SO FAR, BUT PERHAPS A NEW WEEK MAY BRING A NEW START..." "CERTAINLY, BOYS, YOU MAY SHOOT YOUR PICTURES FROM THIS WINDOW!" "THANKS! WE WANT THIS SCENE TO BE KIND OF A BIRD'S-EYE!" "OKAY, LARD—LEAN WAY OUT! THIS SHOT HAS TO BE FROM THE CORRECT ANGLE! LET'S GO, JUNE!" "I'M READY!" "THE CAMERA'S GONNA SPOIL THE SCENE—PRETEND I WAS JUST A METEOR!"

BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBS

WASH TUBS. Comic strip panels showing a man and a woman. Dialogue: "MATTIE WAS DISAPPOINTED THAT I WOULDN'T LET HER COME WITH ME, BUT SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, AND I COULDN'T TELL HER HOW TOUGH THIS OIL CROWD IS—HOW THEY MURDERED THAT GEOLOGIST AND EVERYTHING" "MEANWHILE! THESE GALLANT BOOGS WHO EXPECT A GIRL TO SIT AROUND AND TWIDDLE HER THUMBS GIVE ME A PAIN!" "I'VE GOT AS MUCH INTEREST IN KNOWING IF THERE'S OIL IN THAT WELL AS EASY WAS—MAYBE MORE, AND I'M GOING TO FOLLOW" "I WAS KEEPIN' MY EYES OPEN LIKE YOU GAD, PITTAWAY, AND SURE ENOUGH, ALONG COMES EASY IN A BOAT, AND..." "QUICK! WAKE THE REST OF THE BOYS"

BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES. Comic strip panels showing a man and a woman. Dialogue: "TELL 'EM, POP! BOY! OH, BOY!" "OH, PUG" "PLEASE BE CAREFUL" "IS THERE SOMETHING..." "WHY, YES! I WAS JUST TELLING PUG..." "OUCH!"

BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP

ALLEY OOP. Comic strip panels showing a man and a woman. Dialogue: "THE SUCCESS THAT ATTENDED OOP'S ENCOUNTER WITH SCYLLA DIDN'T HOLD WHEN OUR HEAVILY ARMORED HERO HIT THE WATER—... WE NOW FIND HIM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA" "BY GUM, THERE'S SUMPIN' MIGHTY WRONG HERE! THIS IS TH' FIRST TIME I EVER SAW WATER, I COULDN'T SWIM IN!" "NOW HOW'MI GONNA FIND MY WAY OUTA HERE?" "AHA! NOW I'M ALL RIGHT—THERE'S TH' BOTTOM OF OUR SHIP!"

BY V. T. HAMLIN

TO THE SOUTH SEAS... PUG IS ALL FOR IT... "TRIP?" "WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR?" "SEEM'S HOW SWIMMIN' IN THIS WATER IS SO TOUGH, I'LL GIT UP ON THIS ROCK SO'S I WON'T HAVE SO FAR 'T GO" "SQUASH"