

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: In a tavern in Frisco, Val overheard a man report that the Northern Belle is in port. She senses trouble and when the men leave with two companions she and Eddie follow. They are suddenly halted when someone behind them commands them to stop, back, his order up with a gun.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE man with the gun waved Val and Eddie forward. "Okay, keep going just the way you're headed. I'm gonna stick this gat back in my pocket now but my finger'll be on the trigger all the time... if you get what I mean."

He whistled one shrill note and the four men ahead stopped and turned around.

"Look what I found tailing you guys," their captor said. He motioned his prisoners against the wall of a warehouse. One of the others snapped a flashlight beam in their faces for a moment.

"Who are they?"

"Ain't knowing but I think they got ideas they shouldn't be having," he said significantly.

The man with the flashlight, evidently the leader, nodded.

"People with ideas got to be watched. Get 'em inside here, Joe, and see they don't get into mischief. No rough stuff—boss's orders—but keep 'em tame. Meet us at 12. You know where."

The man named Joe nodded. "Lucky I came up just when I did. But you sure you won't need me?"

"Positive. They only got six, maybe eight, men on board—and—"

Suddenly he stopped short and looked at Val in the dim light of the abandoned warehouse. "This dame here," he said slowly, "I know who she is. She's the reporter who shipped on with that outfit in Frisco. Her picture was in a lot of the papers this past week. That gives me an idea."

Val held her breath, wondering what his idea was.

"We get Johnny here to take a message to Steve Hansen that she's been hurt, an' for him to send a couple of men to get her back to the ship. That makes it just that much easier for us."

"Quick," he said. "We gotta move fast. He sent one of his men away after brief instructions. Johnny was back in 15 minutes. Hansen swallowed the whole story," he reported.

"Okay!" the leader said. "Let's get going. Watch 'em, Joe."

JOE motioned for Eddie and Val to sit down.

"Look," Val said desperately. "There's a hundred—five hundred dollars—in it for you if you let us go."

He smirked. "Save your breath, lady."

Val's heart was in her stomach. Steve Hansen's anxiety would never suspect anything. He'd send a couple—maybe three—men into town. That would leave a bare handful on board. Taken by surprise they wouldn't have a chance.

For a moment she blamed Steve for allowing anyone to have shore leave that night, but it was too late now.

But it mustn't be too late, she told herself fiercely. They had to do something.

Yet, the dread thought came to her. Why should Eddie Cavalier get himself involved in anything that might endanger his future, his very life. It would be awfully easy to get himself shot, or even break a bone in his hand, or something like that.

Eddie Cavalier at the moment, however, sat looking up at a stack of empty barrels piled high next to him. A fantastic hope grew with leaps and bounds when he noticed that the bottom barrel was resting on a big piece of burlap. Eddie found that merely by letting his hand dangle at his side he could clutch that burlap firmly.

As casually as possible he took hold. Suddenly he gave a mighty jerk, with all his strength.

With a crash, the whole pile of barrels came tumbling down as Eddie pulled the bottom one from underneath.

Their captor leaped up with a startled oath. For one brief second he was off guard. That was all Eddie needed. He catapulted himself forward, grabbed the gunman's wrist with one hand and swung a terrific right to the chin with the other. Joe dropped without a sound.

It had happened so fast that Val would hardly follow it. One minute there had been the crashing roar of empty barrels tumbling about them. The next instant Eddie Cavalier had the gun in his own hand.

"We've got to tie this guy," she cried.

"No time," Eddie said. "He won't be waking up for quite a while, anyway. Let's go."

THEY dashed out and ran down toward where the Northern Belle lay tied to her pier.

"How about a policeman?" she panted.

"No time for that, either."

It was almost a half hour since the other men had started out. Her heart pumping wildly, Val hoped and prayed they wouldn't be too late.

It was dark and quiet when they reached the ship. Eddie stopped. "You stay here," he said curiously. "Or better still, you can go for that cop you were talking about."

His answer was to grab his

hand and hurry up the gangplank. They pattered along deck and almost tripped over a pair of legs that projected alongside a hatch cover.

It was Mike Kelly, securely tied and gagged. "They got Captain Hansen," he gasped as Eddie released him. "Just a couple of minutes ago. Someone sent word you had busted a leg or somethin'."

Hansen sent a couple guys into town, and bang, first thing we knew the joint was raided."

THEY scrambled down the companionway toward the hold. "Take it easy," Mike whispered. "Here, gimme that gun. I know how to use 'em," he said to Eddie. Eddie passed it over.

They skirted the engine room. Mike stopped short. "Voices up ahead," he cautioned.

Steve Hansen had just unlocked a bulkhead and was swinging the door wide when they swooped down.

"Drop that hammer!" Mike yelled. The men covering Steve Hansen whirled. Like a flash one of them raised his hand and his gun spit fire. It was either deadly accuracy or pure luck, but the bullet smashed into Mike's gun, knocking it from his hand.

"Down!" Eddie screamed to Val and plunged forward. With a roar Steve Hansen threw a perfect football block into the gunmen and knocked them off balance.

There were two or three more shots and a bullet whanged its way into a steel plate above Val's ear.

She was afraid to look up but when there was no more shooting she raised her head.

The man who had the hammer lay against the bulkhead door, out cold. Eddie was rubbing his hand while Steve Hansen covered the others with one of their own guns. "Someone will hang for this,"

Steve grated. And then for the first time Val noticed Mike Kelly sprawled on the floor. He was motionless and around his head was a slowly widening pool of blood.

(To Be Continued)

HEAVY STUFF

IDAHO FALLS, Ida., (AP)—The sheriff's office listed "more than tons" of farm equipment stolen in a series of thefts. Included was a four-ton steam engine.

His Country Next?



(NEA Telephoto) With Germany believed to be eyeing Sweden's rich iron mines, King Gustav's country may figure in the next move in Europe's checkerboard of war.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Now, quit worryin'. You're gonna be elected May Queen, fair an' square, if I hafta lick the whole school."

WORK OF ART

HORIZONTAL

1, 8 Portrait

3 The subject's

11 Utterance.

13 Treatise.

15 Equilibrium.

16 Part of a

18 Place of

20 To be sick.

21 Kind of straw

23 Neither.

24 Ident.

25 Masculine

28 Burden.

29 Pint (abbr.).

30 To plier.

32 Less false.

33 Nutria.

34 Eon.

35 African tree.

36 North

America

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1, 8 Portrait

3 The subject's

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34 Eon.

35 African tree.

36 North

America

14 One who

15 This is

16 August

17 Toward.

18 It hangs in a

19 French

22 Labor scab;

25 One who

27 Black haw.

29 To regret.

31 Lixivium.

35 Eucharist cup.

37 European

39 Containing

41 Hedgepodge.

42 Fatigued.

43 Chalcedony.

44 To repair.

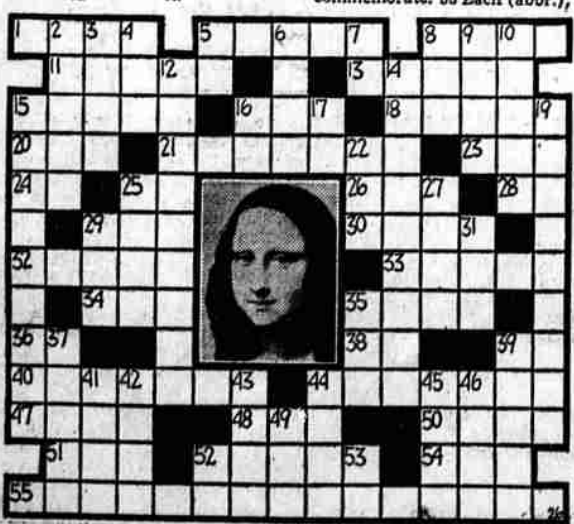
45 Person

46 Inborn.

49 Dove's call.

52 Pair (abbr.).

53 Each (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

