

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Eddie and Val escape from their captor, hurry to the Northern Belle. They and Mike Kelly tied up on deck, and the strangers in the hold, trying to damage the machinery. There is a fight, several shots. When it is over, and the strangers captured, Val notices Mike unconscious on the floor, a pool of blood around his head.

CHAPTER XIX

THE acrid smell of gunpowder filled the room and made Val cough. She stared with horror at Mike Kelly lying there, inert. And then Steve Hansen was marching them all up on deck.

Barney MacGregor, with two policemen in tow, was dashing up the gangplank.

"We heard shots," Barney yelled. "What's up, Steve?"

Grimly, Steve Hansen explained. Then they returned to the hold and carried Mike tenderly up on deck.

One of the officers bent down and made a hurried examination. "This man isn't hurt as bad as you think. Must have been hit by a ricochet; bullet that glanced off his temple."

A vast feeling of relief swept over Val. Good old Mike. With some quick medical attention he'd be all right.

Then for the first time she felt herself trembling. She covered her eyes with her hands. Steve Hansen went over and put an arm around her shoulders.

"I think you've had enough for one night," he said gently.

VAL leaned over the rail in the early morning sun and watched the huge cranes swing about the Northern Belle and dip deep into her hold. Steve Hansen, puffing on his pipe alongside her, followed every foot of the journey with hawk-like eyes when the crane swung out with the Halliday mining machinery.

Val sighed when it was deposited on the dock and transferred to a huge truck which the company had sent down. "That's a relief," she said.

Hansen nodded. "Yeah... but it's too bad we can't prove those rascals were agents of that line. We know it, of course, but proving it is something else. It's next to impossible. Only satisfaction we have is knowing our playmates of last night will get themselves a nice long stretch for robbery, attempted vandalism, and a few more charges."

"They're lucky it wasn't murder," said Val. "And Mike Kelly is lucky he has a nice, thick skull."

Hansen grinned. "Look at 'im down there. You'd never know he came within a quarter of an inch of cashing in his chips."

They didn't know Pop Grimes was behind them until the trainer spoke. "Unless you folks have serious objections," he said, "Eddie and me are going to do a little honest-to-goodness road work this afternoon. About a couple of hours outside of town."

"Good," said Val. "I'll go along."

"We ain't walkin', miss, we're runnin'," Pop reminded her casually.

"What's to prevent me from renting a car and driving along behind you?"

Pop shrugged. "You win, as usual. We're starting out a couple of hours after lunch, so have your auto ready."

She invited Duffy Kelso to come along, but he refused. "Thanks," he said, "you've got me believin' it's safest to be where you ain't. And for the luvva Pete, make sure you don't run 'em down."

THAT afternoon, for the first time since she left San Francisco, Val wore a dress: instead of slacks and shirt. She put on low-heeled shoes and slipped into a beige camel-hair jigger-coat.

"Where's the party?" Steve Hansen inquired. Eddie Cavalier didn't say anything, but she saw the look of startled surprise on his face.

"That's to remind you she's still a lady," Duffy Kelso observed, but Val gave no sign she had heard.

Yet, she admitted to herself as they swung off down the dock, Duffy had been partly right. Clever man, in his way, was Duffy Kelso. Too bad he was so sour on her so. She couldn't help chuckling at the thought of it. He certainly had a right to be. She could picture Duffy, once they got back to San Francisco. He'd probably try to put an insurmountable barrier between her and Cavalier. Refuse to see her. Make her get her stories second-hand. Make it tough for her in every way imaginable.

Well, she'd had her innings. Rather riotous ones, at that. Anyway, she had a hunch that Eddie Cavalier wouldn't be too difficult to reach despite Duffy Kelso. It was just a hunch, but Val Douglas always placed a lot of faith in her hunches.

She asked a policeman where she could rent a car and he directed her to a garage a couple of blocks away from the main business section.

She climbed behind the wheel of a shiny blue coupe. It was good to drive again. She slipped

through the noonday traffic and headed back for the waterfront. Parking the car as close as possible to the Northern Belle, she boarded the ship.

She was just in time for lunch. "Give you a break," she said to Pop Grimes. "I'll drive you out to the other side of town when you're ready to go."

"Thanks."

"Of course," she lied for Duffy's

benefit. "I haven't driven in almost a year, but I think we can stay out of the ditches and avoid the telephone poles."

It was perfect bait. Duffy let out a yelp. "Stay outa that car," he ordered Eddie. "She'll get you killed yet."

Eddie grinned. "Calm yourself, Duffy. Can't you see she's just needing you?"

Duffy Kelso glared and put his fork down disgustedly. "Well, anyway, she killed my appetite."

VAL found that following behind Eddie and Pop as they jogged along the Skeena River road was a little too slow. She practically had to stay in second gear all the time. It was too boring to suit her.

She honked the horn and drew alongside. "See you snails farther down the road."

She roared off in a cloud of dust. "Didn't think she'd last long," Pop grunted. "She just isn't used to staying in the same spot for a long time."

The sun had been shining brightly, but now it moved behind a dark cloud which came up from the northwest. Val hummed to herself as the car purred along the country road. And then it happened. There was a loud report and when the car moved sluggishly toward the side of the road she knew she had a flat. She got out and looked at the tire with dismay. There was a spare in back, but who was going to change it? She looked up and down the road. There wasn't a house in sight. Nor a gasoline station. Nor any sign of another car. She climbed behind the wheel and sat there dejectedly.

It was a half hour before she glanced into the rear view mirror and saw Eddie and Pop come over

a slight rise in the road. She breathed a sigh of relief. "Am I glad to see you," she said. "Look what I've got." She didn't see Eddie nudge Pop Grimes slyly. "Get, that's tough," he murmured. "Well—if we come to a garage or gas station we'll send back a mechanic." And they left her standing there as they jogged off.

(To Be Continued)

Chinese is spoken by more persons than in any other language.

While Rome Burns



While Lyle Talbot, actor, played his art in "Thanks for My Wife" in New York, his wife, Mrs. Marguerite Talbot, above, was granted a Los Angeles divorce when she testified that he struck her repeatedly.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE--NOT BORN

RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"I'll say he's good! He can rope any critter livin', on two legs or four, if it stands perfec'ly still."

PIONEER AVIATOR

HORIZONTAL

1. 5 First famous French aviator.
11. Organs of hearing.
12. Beseeches.
14. To be ruled by.
16. Egyptian river.
17. Characters performed.
18. Snout.
19. Species of fish.
21. Assaults.
23. Gibbon.
24. River.
25. Set down as items.
29. Jargon.
30. Antitoxin.
31. Short nose.
32. Artificial advantage granted in a contest.
34. Pound (abbr.).
35. Male child.
36. To be indisposed.
37. Japanese dancing girl.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MONA SMILE

VERTICAL

1. Beasts' home.
2. Part of a shaft.
3. Customs.
4. To diffuse.
5. To frustrate.
6. Strong caustic solution.
7. Court excuse.
8. Electrified particles.
9. Piccolo.
10. Experiment.
11. He was the first person to fly the Channel.
13. To bellow.
15. Affirmative.
20. Scar.
22. His was the most flight up to that time.
24. Tattered cloth.
26. Beverage.
27. Eagle.
28. Mire.
29. Mug.
31. Skillet.
33. Covered.
34. Glandular organs.
36. To pay one's part.
37. Clefts.
38. Corrupt.
39. Particle.
40. To kill a fly.
41. Distinctive theories.
42. Not remote.
43. Ticker strip.
44. Place for baking.
45. Wise saw.
48. Form of "be."



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

