

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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YESTERDAY: As he starts the game, Rosy is wild. He feels a murderous impulse to beat the batters facing him. Then he hears Dr. Tolliver, telling him to settle down. In that moment he knows Dr. Tolliver threw the ball that killed his father. Rosy comes through, fans the next three batters.

CHAPTER XI

NOTHING like that game could ever happen again. Rosy McAfee well knew, when the last ball was pitched. He had wrought a no-hit no-run athletic miracle out of an unpromising material as one could hope to see.

"Let's go to my office," Coach Hurd nodded, after introducing Ike Hill. They took chairs in the room, pictured with athletic teams; and Hill smoked.

"So you're Ross McAfee," Hill murmured. "I knew your father." "You did?" Rosy cried.

"Mighty well. I scouted the game when he was killed." "You did!" "Absolutely. It was the first Hell'n-Damnation ball game I ever saw—and the last. You know how stories drift out—the wildest, craziest ball players that ever were; feuded even in their ball games; great pitchers, great hitters, great everything.

"But you, bub, have the goods, and no doubt about that. I'm going to offer you a contract that will nail you down, make it possible for you to go on with your education and play ball, and give you time for ripening a little. You're still too green in the husk. Later you'll probably have to be farmed out to one of the bush leagues. But if you grow like I think you will, you'll be up there some of these days dazzling the little old natives in the big time."

"There's the dotted line," Coach Hurd grinned. "Give me a pen," Rosy said faintly, and he signed with irregular letters that betrayed his joy and excitement.

THAT evening at supper at Dr. Tolliver's the table talk was all about the game, about Rosy's great break. Dr. Tolliver said simply: "McAfee deserved it. He had it coming to him. Now, Judy, I wish you would wrap up a change for me, and not put in my old straight razor—but the electric. Rosy and I are going up into Hell'n-Damnation early in the morning for the weekend. You'll excuse me now," he smiled. "I have some work at the office before I can get off." He took his hat and went out.

Judy smiled at Rosy. "I'll pack later. Let's sit in the front room and talk about everything. For this is a great day for you, Rosy. I need not tell you that, though," she added, as they sat on the sofa. She gave him a penetrating look. "Maybe I shouldn't tell you this, Rosy. But really I want you to know it. You have a lot to thank to daddy for this day's gifts. He strangled for Ike Hill to come, was in touch with him weeks ago about you.

"Daddy has strained every possible point to make college available to you. He secured the scholarship, worked it out with Coach Hurd that you were to stay with us without cost, and from the day Coach Hurd saw you away last summer you have been constantly on his—our—mind.

"You'll forgive me for reminding you. I do it not for any appreciation, but simply so that you will understand other things that may come up."

"I'm glad you told me," he said. "But why is your father so—so interested in me?" "I think he'll tell you that tomorrow."

Then, without knowing just how it had happened, Judy was in his arms and he kissed her. The radio was going, mutely doing a love waltz by Strauss. Outside the excitement of the afternoon rose and fell, dying hard because of the intensity of it.

Now I think we have something to work on, and it will stand up in court.

"I don't know that I'm keering as much about that now as I am about the other thing," Rosy said, bitter in spite of himself.

"Let's sit down," Dr. Tolliver said, and they took a seat on the lower planks of the grandstand. The college president lighted a cigar, smoking thoughtfully. Rosy did not smoke.

"All right. I was pitching out there. It was up to me to kill your father. I remember that all very well, Rosy—better perhaps than you do or ever can.

"You see, there had been a meeting of the Tolliver clan. My folks and I had only lately come back into the mountains from Texas where my dad had gone to avoid killing a McAfee or getting killed by the McAfees. We had heard the feud had died down and now the clans were playing ball. So father returned. But there was a dispute, bad feeling was rolled again, and just to satisfy the family dad and I went to the meeting at one of the Tolliver cabins that night when lots were drawn for the hand who would kill.

"Well, it was my infernal luck to be it. I know now it was all a put-up job but I didn't know it then.

"I was to pitch that game. They told me, 'You're a great pitcher. You've got everything. But when you're wild you're wild. Tomorrow you need only be wild but accurate. You understand. Bean McAfee. Hit him back of the ear. He dodges right-handed. It will be an accident!'

"You know what kind of a feeling I took into that game. All I could think of was what they had said. And by some deadly fascination, in my nervousness, I pitched the ball that knocked your father unconscious.

"But it was not that lick that killed him. He was killed by a blow behind the grandstand by a member of your own family." (To Be Concluded)

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

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



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



WELL-KNOWN ANIMAL

- HORIZONTAL**
- Favorite animal pet of man.
  - It belongs to the family.
  - Branched.
  - Stir.
  - Blockhead.
  - Strife.
  - Wood demons.
  - Rhythm.
  - It is (abbr.).
  - Melodious.
  - Half an em.
  - Mortar tray.
  - At this moment.
  - Ident.
  - First appearance in society.
  - To incur.
  - Thin.
  - A zet.
  - Minute quantity.
  - To bore.
  - Growers.
  - Beer.
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
- MIDAS LOVED ANIMATE ERID  
DAD PASSE  
RIDES SOT  
ACERPOSE SUIE  
TO MERE  
HO STIR ASIA MY  
LIP SNI PDED MUT  
NAME SECRET SASH  
GLACIS I STOKES  
DUN POT OBIT  
AGO CHARLER NOR  
TOUCHED CHANGED
- VERTICAL**
- Particle.
  - Pertaining to Medusa.
  - Crowbars.
  - Crowd.
  - Heart.
  - Female fowl.
  - Married.
  - The — or tame dog is used for hunting and protecting.
  - Wild.
  - Mail goat.
  - Chewed.
  - Age.
  - Notched.
  - Compels.
  - Bitter drug (pl.).
  - Sprite.
  - Perched.
  - Part of a wall.
  - Challenged.
  - Meal.
  - To embroider.
  - Aurora.
  - Electric unit.
  - Months (abbr.).
  - Nothing.
  - Provided.
  - South Carolina (abbr.).

