

SERIAL STORY

AN EYE FOR A GAL

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

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YESTERDAY: Rossy signs his contract. He is sure of a future as a pitcher. When Judge tells him that Dr. Tollivar is responsible for even bringing Rossy to school, he kisses her, then rushes away. The next day, Rossy and Dr. Tollivar drive to the hills, stop at the ball diamond. Dr. Tollivar tells Rossy that he is glad to see him, but he threw the ball that knocked Jay unconscious. "What I did not tell him, was that I did not tell him, was that I was killed by a blow by a member of your own family."

CHAPTER XII

ROSSY MCAFEE just sat there gasping and gulping and staring at Dr. Tollivar. Tollivar looked at him now, met Rossy's eyes.

"I said that it was not the bean ball I threw that killed your father, although it knocked him unconscious. It was a blow on his head with a bar of iron, that cracked his skull and was the actual cause of death. That was what I said."

"I heard ye," Rossy said, hoarsely. "But how you know that when you hulled out? Didn't you turn tail and run after you seen what you had done?"

"Yes, I did. To my everlasting grief I ran. I plead in defense the fact that it was all I knew to do. So I left the mountains forever. I went to school, to college. I made a name for myself. Always I had in the back of my head a hunger to come back and do something big for my people. Educate them, lift them out of the ruck of feuding."

"I never admitted I was a Tollivar. What would have been the value of that? I kept my mouth shut, and labored to make available education for worthwhile people like you—like Hannah Shriders—or a thousand others. That was the way I saved my soul after killing your father. "But, Rossy, I did not 'bean' your father on purpose. It was just another of those times where one does a thing because he is so terribly afraid he will—and he then can't help it. You were close to it yesterday when we played Southern."

"I know." "Now we have a couple of things to attend to and after that I hope you'll have a big square dance. I haven't enjoyed a big dance for years and years. Let's go back down to Leverage's."

THEY were back at Judge Jesse's in 30 minutes. The room had been cleared and chairs placed. It was not long before men, Tollivars and McAfees, were gathering. To Rossy's amazement Hannah Shriders appeared, accompanying Judy Tollivar. Rossy's mother came on horseback.

Steve Hogg came with his mother. Constable Sneed brought them. There was no appearance of handcuffs, or the heavy hand of the law.

Soon the small room was packed and Judge Jesse was clearing his throat getting ready for one of his typical courts, but mountain justice. The last to appear was Scout Ike Hill, with Coach Hurd. Leverage pounded the table for order in court, and said:

"Folks, we are gathered together to settle something what's been hanging fire for high a generation, namely, to-wit, who killed Rossy McAfee's paw, and how come. Now, I allow have said to let sleeping dogs lie. But this pup wants wakening. Dr. Tollivar, will you stand."

"Yes, sir, Judge," Dr. Tollivar said, and got up.

"Was you the Tollivar boy what pitched that Fourth of July game when McAfee was beated?"

"Yes, sir, Judge, I was. But it was an accident. Not for the world would I have done it. I've tried to atone for it to Rossy McAfee. But I was the one." He sat down.

"Stand up, Ike Hill."

"THE scout stood up at the court's order. "Yes, sir, Judge."

"Was you, as you said, the one I have before me present at that same game, scouting?"

"Yes, sir, Judge, I was. I'd heard of this Tollivar boy and wanted to see him in action. If he was as good as they said, he must be a house afire."

"Then you seen the actual beaning—that right?"

"Yes, along with a lot of people here, I saw what appeared to be a strange accident."

"You think it was an accident?"

"Yes, I do. I've seen nervous pitchers throw games away in strange ways, but never like that. But I feel sure it was an accident, and I am equally sure that, but for something else, McAfee would have been over it in 30 minutes. I've seen a good many men knocked out, and it's rare indeed that one is really killed."

"Will you finish up the rest of your tale?"

"I dropped through a hole in the grandstand just as they brought McAfee around and laid him in the shade. One man went for water and the other for something else. Then I saw a big overgrown fellow drop with an iron bar in his hand and hit the unconscious man with the iron. It all happened in the wink of an eye. "I never came back to mess up with the matter. It was none of my affair, I figured. Not till lately have I ever told what I really saw. Now I am here to say it under oath, if necessary."

HIS face drawn and hard, Steve Hogg got up, holding to the chair ahead of him to steady himself.

"Steve, how'd you feel about giving back the land and timber to Rossy McAfee and his maw?"

"—I think it could be arranged," Steve said thickly.

"I'm all for letting feuds and such like sleep in their graves." Leverage went on thoughtfully.

"TVA and cyars should make that sleep peaceful. Just the same, murder is murder, and I reckon, Constable, you mout as well take your prisoner along. He'll feel better in other company."

When Steve Hogg went out with the officer, joining the sheriff waiting outside, there was a moment of odd depression.

JUDGE JESSE cleared the atmosphere.

"Now would that be a gal and boy here who mout want to get married or something?" He beamed all around. "I feel it coming on me—the marriage ceremony. I could hitch anybody up in good law, recollect, and hit would make a powerful fine occasion to celebrate, so we could have a square dance tonight, after a big barbecue supper. Of course, we aim to have the supper anyhow; but the dance—well, now, we ain't got no rightful excuse for the dance."

He continued to beam, and the beam seemed to focus on Rossy McAfee, sitting between Hannah and Judy.

"You needn't look at me, Rossy!" Hannah said. "I'm not even thinking about marrying, not you nor anybody else! Life's beginning with me at 20, and I aim to get a college education and enjoy it before I get hitched up!"

"Who was looking at you?" Rossy growled. "I'm looking at Judy. How about it, Judy?"

Judy blushed furiously, and then dimpled. "Well, my mother

took a chance on another wild Hell'n-Damnation baseball pitcher, and won her game; I see no reason why I shouldn't do as well. If you want, Rossy, I'll take my chances with you!" (THE END)

SOME TREE!

An East Indian banyan tree in Calcutta Botanical Gardens has 3000 small trunks, 230 that vary from two to three and one-half feet in diameter, and a main trunk 13 feet in diameter. It is said 7000 people can stand among these trunks. The tree is more than 100 years old.



HELD FAST—With two words, "American Ship," repeated over and over by blinker light signals, did Capt. Harry Manning (above) convince a German sub that his ship, halted off Portugal, was the Washington, bearing war zone refugees.

OUT OUR WAY

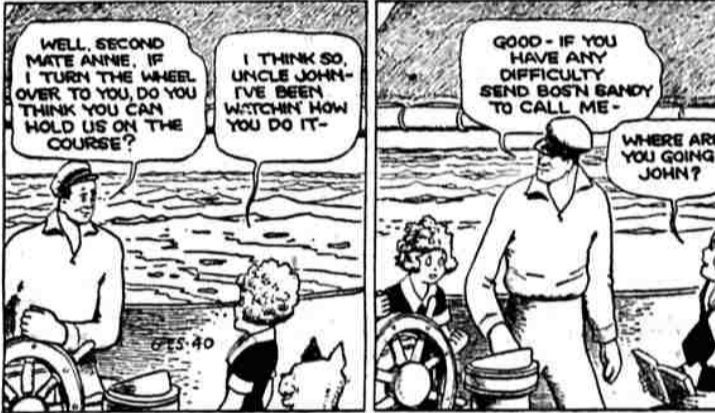
By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

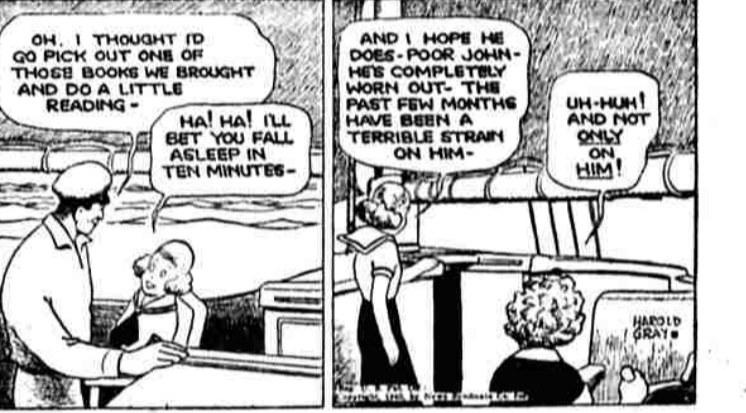
With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Can't you swim on your right side? Why, it's jus' like on the left, only you hafta keep your right foot on the bottom."

CELEBRATED SINGER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

