

SERIAL STORY

This Could Be Your Story

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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YESTERDAY: Sue Mary goes to Ross Clark's home to help him with some important work. The old man is worried about his son, who has been missing for some time. Sue Mary knows he doesn't really care what his son may do under her persuasion.

JOE IN HUNT

CHAPTER XXII

THE cleaning woman had left only one dim light burning in the office and the rows of desks and filing cabinets stretched out endlessly in the shadowy darkness. Sue Mary stopped to feel the unfamiliar stillness.

She was terribly tired and she hoped she could concentrate enough on the work to get it out quickly. She went down the hall into a side office where she could get the full sweep of the breeze and turned on the dim desk lamp. Her notes seemed inches thick and she turned the pages, thinking of the time it would take to get them in order.

She was deep in concentration when she heard the voices from old Ross Clark's private office, down the hall. She listened, and then quietly went over to the small file room that opened between the rooms. The voices could be heard distinctly in the stillness.

"We've had some wonderful evenings, darling," Vera's voice came to her, and Sue Mary detected a note of tenderness. "Is your head aching? Here, let me put a cold cloth on it."

"Just want to be quiet. Kiss me and stop talking," Young Ross Clark's voice was thick. "Kiss me and then I'm going to sleep. Got a big business meeting tomorrow. Airport stuff. The old man is hipped on my being there. Family prestige—"

His voice trailed off and after a moment Sue Mary heard Vera laugh. She stood there listening to her own breathing in the silence. It seemed ages before Vera left the room and went to a phone in the outer office. Sue Mary felt she must be discovered as she edged her way into the outer hall to stand behind a door and strain to hear every word.

"Well, he's handled it more cleverly than I thought he would," Vera said softly into the phone. "But there are loopholes big enough for us to blow the story wide open. I mean his gambling debts and the fact that he's using this guy Blair as a cover-up on the real estate deal."

"I know that there are papers here we should have. No, I haven't got them. Tomorrow would be the time to break the news."

"Yes, I know—but Nick—listen. This isn't the time to try and find them. He'll have the signed papers, deeds, figures—all that stuff here tomorrow. We can get it then. Or get a camera and take copies. That wouldn't be stealing."

"No—I'm not afraid. Well, listen, Nick. Tomorrow is the time. No, I can't talk any longer. I'll explain in detail when I see you. I want to get out of here. Bye, darling."

TIME passed. Long after Vera's heels had beat a tattoo out of the office and she had heard the elevator door clang shut, Sue Mary went back to her room. Somehow she finished it somehow she had courage enough to look in on Ross Clark, Jr., sleeping on his father's old black, leather-covered couch. And then she left.

The air was cool and the streets silent and deserted. A paper truck went by and someone threw a bundle of morning editions to a sleep-wrecked boy on the corner. Sue Mary bought one and read it on the late bus going to the apartment.

She skimmed the unpleasant bulletins from Europe and then looked at a picture on the front page. More trouble at Southton. The picture line continued to parade although strike notice hadn't been posted by the union.

There would be a showdown, though, within the next two days, the story read. The thing was getting out of hand, for late that afternoon when the day shift had quit, lights had started again no one knew how—and three factory workers had been injured.

In the hospital was Joe Stefanski, 24, employed in the research department. Stefanski, according to fellow workers and plant officials, had had no part in the recent difficulties, but had been struck by a flying missile. It was not known if he suffered a skull fracture but X-rays had been taken.

SUE MARY went by her stop and walked back the two blocks in a state of terror. She stopped under another street light to reread the story. The words "Joe Stefanski, 24," stared at her from the white paper.

Her eyes finally focused on the picture. And from the blurred faces in the group standing behind the picture line she recognized one: Nick!

The night was endless. She had wanted to go to Joe, but a frantic call she made to the hospital made it pointless. Mr. Stefanski was unconscious. He was doing as well as could be expected. He could see no one; would recognize no one in his present condition.

So she went to the apartment, climbing the steps wearily and trying to get to bed without awakening Natalie.

So much had happened in the past few hours that Sue Mary's mind refused to function normally. Vera and Nick were slowly tightening the net around weak, stupid Ross Clark, Jr., so that their political strategy would work to the benefit of the party. Nick and the YP gang were stirring up trouble at the Smithson factory so that production at Gull Plane would be halted—all in the name of their type of Americanism.

All to keep the United States safe from war mongers, capitalists, munition makers. That was their cry.

And Joe in the hospital. Joe, who was typical of young America. She thought of him working his way through college; working side by side with common laborers in the factory, retaining his safe, sane philosophy winning a place in the research department and anticipating his future of usefulness.

Now Joe was an innocent victim of those who cried that they were fighting to help the underprivileged worker, and tried to undermine the government.

Tomorrow night—no, tonight, for the sky was already turning a faint gray—Vera and Nick would try to get evidence enough on young Ross Clark to forge a weapon that would insure old Governor Russell Miller's defeat. And soon, Sue Mary repeated over and over against her pillow, the X-rays would tell Joe's fate.

(To Be Continued)

OYSTERS URGED AS FOOD FOR NEW SOLDIERS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10 (AP) If Uncle Sam wants 30,000 soldiers at Fort Dix, N. J., to do the work of 60,000, Director Joseph N. Fowler of the New Jersey board of shell fisheries recommends that they be fed oysters.

Fowler wrote Senator Barbour (R-N.J.) asking that he try to get oysters on the menu for 30,000 men expected at the fort soon. He added:

"You know that it is an old saying that oysters renew your strength and vigor, so if you want 30,000 men to do the work of 60,000 men in the defense of this great country of ours, by all means, feed them oysters."

Barbour sent the suggestion to Secretary of War Stimson, stating: "I do not see how you can resist the appeal made by Director Fowler. It seems strange that no one ever thought of this before, and I hope you will give serious consideration to the suggestion."

Watch the Classified Page

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Reptiles, soil and crops, insects, stars.

A FORMER KING

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured former European ruler.

7 He is the former king.

12 Measure of cloth.

13 Visionary.

15 Froon moirure.

16 Authentic.

17 Pinkish.

18 Sand hill.

20 Huge wind instrument.

22 Custom.

23 He was king from 1831 to 1833.

24 Distinctive theory.

26 Health spring.

28 To kidnap.

32 Pound (abbr.).

33 Plunderers.

35 To remark.

36 In reality.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



VERTICAL

37 Not suitable.

39 Wrangled.

41 Auto house.

45 Undresses.

50 Hall.

51 Varnish.

53 He is now an ingredient from his land.

54 Masculline.

55 Before.

56 Hardness.

57 Foremost.

58 Father.

59 Gibe.

2 To eagle.

3 Banner.

4 Clay pot.

5 To drink slowly.

6 Antipathy.

7 Final causes.

8 To handle.

9 Spider's web.

10 Cake froter.

11 Transmitted.

14 Being.

16 His followers are called.

22 Constellation.

23 Fastidious.

25 Infant.

26 Lash mark.

27 Flat plate of metal.

29 Buddhist festival.

30 Male bee.

31 Indian.

34 Entangled.

35 Dressed smartly.

36 Measure of area.

38 Froon rain.

40 Gown.

42 Ramification.

43 Pertaining to wings.

44 Suckers.

46 Beasts of burden.

47 Mosquito sting.

48 Otherwise.

49 Southeast (abbr.).

52 Constellation.

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

