

SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY, Carolyn breaks a dinner date with Ken Palmer to work again. Dr. Hale has decided to transfer the isolated X-909 to a farmhouse, well out of the city. There is danger of an explosion. When the substitute truck driver sees the armed guards, then the little, heavy box he is to transport, he thinks the idea is silly. Carolyn is worried, but Robert assures her this method of moving it will excite less suspicion.

DELANEY GETS CURIOUS

CHAPTER V

UNANSWERED questions in the mind of Mr. Spud Delaney, substitute driver for the Metropolitan Transfer Company, nagged at his curiosity for a full half hour while he edged his truck in and out of the city's traffic. Technically he should have taken the truck route down Commerce street, which would have been faster, but this was midnight and by going straight through town he could stop over by the furniture factory and have a late beer with Red Cragin. It was only 30 miles to the farmhouse anyway, so why hurry?

He pulled up in front of Cragin's "Red Spot," which was just a shanty saloon catering to factory workers by day and chance motorists by night. The place would have been closed for lack of business except that Red also slept there. Red was willing to chin with Spud Delaney. They had more than one beer; at least Spud did. It was past 1 when Spud left Red's bar, singing. He was not drunk—he was too smart to get drunk on any driving job—but he wasn't depressed, either. He had a good new cigar on Red. He climbed up to his truck cab and turned to face Red again.

"Red, I got the nuttiest load I ever heard of," he declared sarcastically. "Big as my two fists, settin' on cotton."

"What is it?" "Well, they ain't told me! A two-ton truck and a two-bit package. Heavy, though. I hefted it. Going to a farmer."

"Want to see it?" Spud swung down from the cab, opened a side door and climbed into the dark truck. He had his cigar between his fingers and he gestured with it at the parcel. Red stepped up to see and Spud snapped on an interior light. Red pushed the thing tentatively with his foot.

"Man!" breathed Red. "You wasn't joking when you said heavy! But it can't be 100 pounds. Why you and this big buggy?"

"I don't get it. They paid me, is all I know."

"Yeah?" "Yeah. Paid plenty."

"Hm-m. Well, it's just tied. Not sealed."

THE hint was enough. Arrogant Mr. Spud Delaney bit his cigar again and, puffing, untied the tiny parcel on the truck floor. Red watched.

"Huhh," Spud grunted. "Got a metal lid two inches thick or better. Wire handle."

"Lift it. Go on!"

The lid was heavy, and under that was a second lead case, tinier still. Spud eyed it.

"Couldn't be rocks," he ventured. "If the guy was shippin' diamonds, there'd be the steel car and guards. And it ain't a money box."

"See what it is, then! Look at it!" Red was impatient.

Spud lifted the second tight cover. There, in a center depression in the heavy lead, was what appeared to be some other kind of metal, a grayish, whitish, blackish, elusive sort of substance, irregularly shaped, suggesting a marble-sized wad of tanned tin-foil. It seemed vaguely to glow a little in the dim light here, but that could have been imagined.

"Huhh!" grunted Red, kneeling near the box with Spud.

Spud again removed his cigar to say something, and idly gestured with it as he spoke.

A nob of red-hot cigar ash suddenly fell.

"Carolyn settled down in Dr. Robert Hale's car with a little sigh of weariness. He turned to her.

"See here, let's go first for a midnight bite of food," he urged. "I can take the time. Please!"

It was his second such invitation today. Flainly he enjoyed being with her.

"All right." Irreverently then she added, "I surely hope nothing happens," and instantly regretted it.

"You mean—?" "I was thinking of the stuff; the X-909. I mean I hope you find the farmhouse ready, and all." She couldn't quite phrase her feelings about the strange events on this new job. Things had an air of mystery about them; vague, but inescapable.

"Of course. I appreciate your interest, Miss Tyler."

"Would you like to call me Carolyn? I'd prefer it. At least when we are away from the office. 'Miss Tyler' sort of old maids me!"

He suddenly smiled. "Why—yes!" They were at the nearby drive-in cafe now and he turned to her as he parked. He had a full view of her merry eyes again.

"Yes, Carolyn. What a lovely name it is!"

personal trivial. She had to laugh aloud, at herself.

"It's good to relax with you," he went on. "You don't act so eternally formal, like—well like Leana. You know what I mean. And as for names, mine is Bob."

"You are my employer," she reminded him.

"Not here. Not here. Carolyn! I—please! Last night you showed me something. Showed me the great value of relaxing from work. I had almost forgotten. A bit of gaiety, of dancing, of small talk—please let that be a part of your job!"

He was so earnest with his pleading that she was suddenly touched by a gentle being at heart. They talked for a quarter-hour, rather personally, and she learned or at least deduced easily that Bob's only intimate companion for the past year or so had been the brilliant Leana Sornli. He all but confessed acute loneliness despite his fame.

WHEN he had left her at home she went quietly to her room and put on pajamas of blue silk, then she sat on the edge of her bed with one knee hugged up under her chin. Staring unseeing at the floor, she reconstructed the past two days.

A new job, a sensational new job; an even more sensational new secret and the trust it involved. The responsibility assailed her, and the personality of Bob Hale was an influential thing. She had a sense of confusion but it was a delightful, stimulating sort of feeling even so, enough to make her live in constant anticipation.

She had no idea how long she had thus sat meditating when, abruptly, a not-too-distant roar and reverberation sounded. Her very bedroom shook.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, face suddenly taut.

Immediately her mother called from the next room. "Carolyn, was that thunder? It seemed so loud!" Carolyn did not answer. She knew the night sky had been clear and starry.

(To Be Continued)

Diplomat Doug



Off to South America is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shown above leaving White House after bidding goodbye to President Roosevelt, who asked film star to take trip to study means of promoting Pan Americanism through the theatrical arts.

I sometimes wonder who invented the name "medium" and "light" tanks. The transmission alone of the medium tank weighs 7600 pounds—as much as the combined weight of two automobiles.—William S. Knudsen, defense commissioner.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: See "Wildlife Conservation," by Gabrielson for information about the eagle.

NOTED AUTHOR

- HORIZONTAL**
- 9 Writer who created d'Artagnan.
 - 13 Poem.
 - 14 Perfume.
 - 15 Church.
 - 16 Principle.
 - 17 Night.
 - 18 South.
 - 19 Africa (abbr.).
 - 20 Tilt.
 - 22 Mongrel dog.
 - 23 Alleged force.
 - 24 Aspiration.
 - 26 Lock opener.
 - 28 Lure.
 - 32 Southeast (abbr.).
 - 33 Shoeless holes.
 - 35 Onward.
 - 36 Right of holding.
 - 38 Decorous.
 - 41 African tribe.
 - 42 Beret.
 - 44 Grief.
 - 45 To recede.
 - 48 Spanish dialect.
- VERTICAL**
- 2 Act of lending.
 - 3 To reject.
 - 4 Form of pollination.
 - 5 To scold.
 - 6 Eighth ounce.
 - 7 Vigorous.
 - 8 To eject.
 - 10 Above.
 - 11 Mother.
 - 12 Too.
 - 16 He wrote.
 - 18 "Three—", 56 By way of.
 - 19 His stories abound in.
 - 21 Generous.
 - 25 Husband or wife.
 - 27 Orb.
 - 28 Coin.
 - 30 Verb.
 - 31 Therefore.
 - 32 Male offspring.
 - 34 To haul.
 - 37 Acid used in tanning.
 - 39 Female sheep.
 - 40 Company (abbr.).
 - 42 Animal.
 - 43 Skin.
 - 46 Knife.
 - 47 Sound of a cannon.
 - 49 Previously.
 - 50 Embryo plant.
 - 51 Opposed to cold.
 - 52 Toward sea.
 - 54 Bird.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



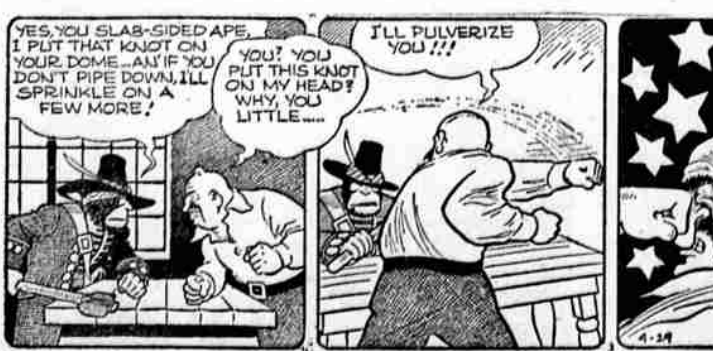
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



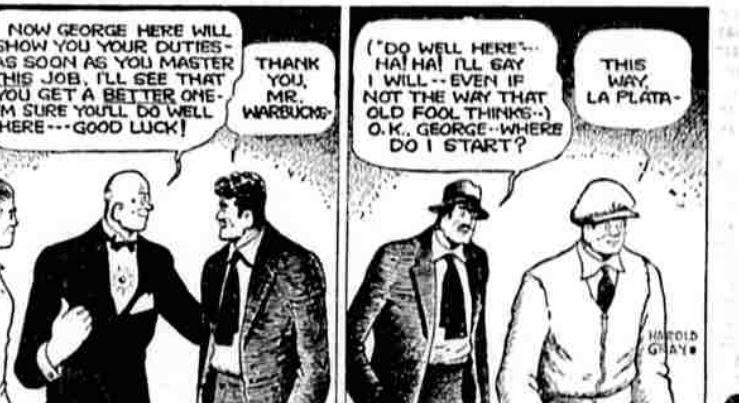
OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

