

SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

YESTERDAY: Leana's letter is an appeal to Bob Hale for love. He is disturbed, tries to dictate an answer, finally tells Carolyn to write the letter. She is forced to write a love letter for him to another girl. When she burns late hours, Hale mistakes her emotion for sympathy, decides he knows nothing about women.

CAROLYN FALLS IN LOVE

CHAPTER XI

CAROLYN did not see Bob Hale again before he took the west-bound plane. Moreover, she did not accomplish much more at the office that day.

Hardest task she had ever been given was to type Bob's dictated note to Leana Sornli. She considered it tearfully, angrily, dutifully, for more than an hour, re-reading her notes dozens of times and reflecting on his instructions to phrase it as she thought best. The ultimate result was rather brief and, doubtless, unsatisfactory, at least to Leana.

Then without ceremony Carolyn went home. She told herself she would never come back. On the bus, she didn't care if the Schoenfeld Laboratory was moved to Kamchatka or Tibet. She didn't want to have anything more to do with it. She wished she had never heard of X-999. She wished Leana Sornli's too, too perfectly groomed flaxen hair had car grease smeared on it—No, she didn't either, she just wished that—that—oh, darn!

The mood lasted until she had almost reached the bus stop nearest her home, and then she knew she would go back to the Schoenfeld Laboratory and do everything she could to help Bob Hale.

"I am being a fool," she informed herself, with some degree of accuracy. "I was hired to be a secretary. Nothing unreasonable has been asked of me. I am earning twice what I earned at the bank, and my boss is—is—!"

She choked up on that. She was glad the bus stopped there, lest she make a scene of herself before other passengers. It made her mad, the way she "acted up" lately, the way her feelings behaved. Nothing of the sort had ever happened in her old secretarial job at the bank.

By the time she had reached home she had come characteristically to the point of saying facts are facts and the only thing to do is face them.

"Mother," she told that beloved person in sudden confidence. "I love a man."

MRS. TYLER was a tactful woman. She did not gush. "If you love him, honey, I am glad. Dr. Hale has a good reputation." "I didn't say it was Dr. Hale!" "You didn't have to, dear. I have lived, myself. And watched." "Mother, I love him until I'm about crazy! You won't understand that, but—" "I understand that, too." "But it's hell, mother!" "Darling!"

"I am not swearing. I mean it. I'm not going to cry—that's already over. Mother, he doesn't love me."

Mrs. Tyler contemplated that briefly. "In my day, if I loved such a man, I would make him love me! Girls have ways of—"

"That's just the point. The hell part. Mother, he has tied my hands. I am his confidential secretary. He pays me \$300 a month—imagine! And today he dictated a love letter, told me he loved somebody else, and actually asked me to help him win that other girl!"

Mrs. Taylor remained calm. But her brow furrowed and she eventually spoke again. "I see now what you meant, dear. It was barely a murmur, but filled with sympathy. In the final analysis one will sacrifice anything—anything!—to insure the happiness of a person loved."

ON the surface, at least, Miss Carolyn Tyler, secretary, was efficiency itself when she returned next morning to the laboratory. Actually her work for this day and all the week was routine typing and filing. She had Bob's long-neglected records to copy. She saw Leana Sornli only at a distance. She answered telephone calls, steered personal callers away, thought every minute of what course she would take when Bob returned.

Six days after he left, Bob telephoned. It was late afternoon. "Carolyn!" he cried exultantly, over long distance. "I have found just the spot. I've already started work on it. Have you been all right? I wish I had brought you with me to help with the—See here, Carolyn, I have changed my mind about handling the substance myself. After Leana's letter, I realized that she is just as capable as I am, so will you please tell her to take charge and ship the substance by train. Her ideas will be as good as mine, or better."

"Yes, Dr. Hale."

His speech had been oddly mixed up, Carolyn knew. And why hadn't he called Leana in the first place?

"Are you all right?" he repeated. "You're calling me 'Dr. Hale' again."

"Oh."

"Carolyn, I can't say too much

over the phone, as you know. But ask Leana to hurry. Safety demands—"

"Of course!" she answered him, reassuringly. "We will do it today, Bob. I'll have everything ready. Ken Palmer will help us again. Last night he told me—"

"Who?"

"Ken Palmer. My boy friend who hired the police, remember? But he won't need to know anything. He will just help us with any arrangements or whatever we need, so that you can go ahead there."

Carolyn tried to reassure him still more, even asking if he wished to talk with Leana herself. But Bob strangely had a change of mind.

"Look, Carolyn, on second thought I believe I will come home and do it myself. There is no great rush at this end because a place is already provided. I shall catch a plane tonight. That'll be—let's see—about 14 hours from now I can be home again and—"

SHE was astonished, but she couldn't change him. Oddly, she didn't want to. The quick sinking feeling she had experienced when he first told her he wasn't coming back, had somehow been replaced by elation.

The good feeling persisted, too. As trusted secretary, now, she gave thought to her duties. If Bob himself was returning, that ruled Leana Sornli out of bossing the next move. But she herself, as Bob's assistant, could surely start preparations for him, couldn't she?

She had taken charge of things anyway, since he left; such as checking the guards, paying them with money Bob left her, handling the normal business routine. A man expects his secretary to be efficient, and if Bob wanted to

transfer everything westward as soon as possible—

Head up, Carolyn went straightway to Leana Sornli, to inform her courteously that preparations for moving the priceless X-999 were already under way.

(To Be Continued)



One thousand amateur candid cameramen clicked rapidly at a Long Beach, Calif., amateur photographers' beauty contest, finally chose Corinne McCart, 17, as tops among the 100 beauties in the parade.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE CUSHION TREAD

J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



60 CENTS AHEAD, RUBIE IS READY TO EXPLORE ANYTHING

RED RYDER



YEAH, AND LIKELY HEADIN' FOR A SPOT TO HOLD UP THE SILVER MINE PAY CAR!



By Fred Harman

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



WRITER OF FINE MUSIC

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured American musician.

13 Bronze.

14 Wave.

15 100 square meters.

16 Eagles.

17 Muddy.

18 Scene.

20 Yields.

22 Bow.

23 Patchwork map.

24 Nautical instrument.

26 At this time.

29 Preposition.

30 Ancient.

32 Land right.

34 Brutal.

36 Nothing more than.

37 Categories.

38 Dregs.

39 Pussy.

42 Over (contr.).

43 Turl.

45 Any.

48 To drudge.

50 Norse god.

52 Fragment.

53 Blackbird.

54 Greaser.

56 He was a concert --

57 He was one of the greatest American --

58 To disappear.

59 His memorial, a -- colony, for needy artists.

21 Southeast (abbr.).

23 Lunchroom.

25 Forward.

27 Poem.

28 Strife.

30 Native metal.

31 Gibbon.

33 Limb.

35 Being.

37 To agree.

38 Art of reasoning.

40 Spore sacs.

41 Revelation.

43 Fodder pit.

44 Single things.

46 Adult male.

47 Roof ornament.

48 Stout.

49 Form of "a."

51 Pickpocket.

52 Spain (abbr.).

55 Mus. cal note.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



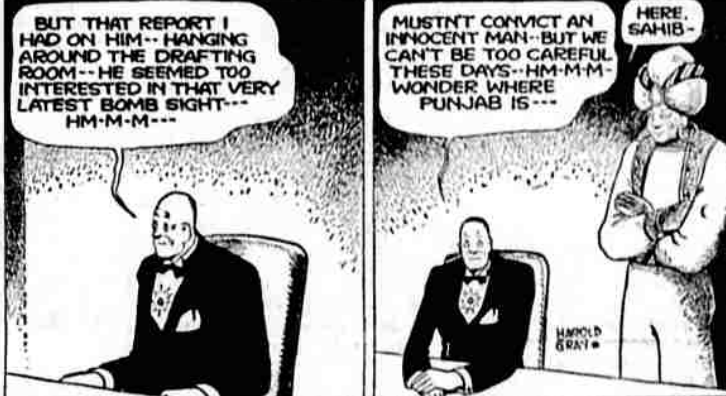
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

