● SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY

BY W. H. PEARS

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YESTERDAY: Dr. Lud, Paula and Tony find the fraternity men massing for an attack on the League meeting. Dr. Lud argues, even threatens to expel the entire group, but Jenks counters that threat and Lud knows he has lost. Paula and Tony hurry on to warn the League members. Tony asks Paula to forget that she hates him, for this one night.

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KILO CHALLENGED

CHAPTER XIV

TONY half carried Paula across the rough field. When they reached the barn he was breathing fast but easily. Through the door they could hear Kilo Sherwood's voice: ". . . and so this is our farewell meeting. . . ."

Tony wasted no time in knocking. He gave the door a kick that burst it open. After an instant of shocked silence, the entire League membership was on its feet.

Kilo recovered first, her green eyes flaming. "What is this? Another Greek-letter invasion?"

Tony said easily, "We're here as friends, Kilo. You've got to get out of this barn fast."

Kilo laughed. "What's wrong, Mr. Beale? Is it going to catch fire?"

"Worse than that," Tony snapped. "About 50 fraternity fellows are on their way here."

"Why should that concern you?"

"Dr. Lud sent us to warn you," Paula broke in. "He's up the road trying to stop them."

For the first time Kilo deigned to notice her. "This is an honor, Miss Jeffers. Your last visit here made quite an impression."

"We're giving it to you straight, Kilo," Tony said. "Either you break up your meeting or there'll be trouble. The fellows are in a bad mood. Someone's apt to get hurt."

Kilo turned to the League members. "Do you want to let the fraternity boys run us out?"

"No!" It was an emphatic chorus.

"You see?" Kilo said. "We're not afraid of a fight. We have permission to use this barn. We're holding a peaceable meeting. We don't intend to let a bunch of Greek-letter hoodlums chase us away."

Tony lowered his voice: "Could it be, Kilo, that you want this scrap?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's your last chance to strike a blow for Uncle Barney," Tony said shrewdly. "I wonder how your faithful members would feel if I told them why you've been so active in the League?"

Kilo drew her lovely young face into a defiant scowl. For a long moment her will opposed Tony's in silent struggle. The saffron light of the kerosene lamps showed Tony's hard-set jaw.

* * *

KILO broke the deadlock: "Go ahead, tell them," she challenged. "See how much good it will do you!"

"Okay," Tony said, facing the group. "Your president says I can talk. Will you listen? I promise to make it snappy."

There was a murmur of disagreement from the members which Tony pretended to ignore.

"I want to ask how many of you remember what Cardman was like 10 years ago? Well, I'll tell you. Cardman was on the skids. The professors were second-rate. Enrollment had dropped way down. A lot of grabby politicians were in control. I know all this because my older brother was here."

Tony paused. Watching him, Paula felt a surge of admiration for his poise. Every minute counted; yet he spoke as calmly as if he were completely unaware of the fact.

"Now, look, girls and fellows," Tony went on earnestly, "I'm not going to give you any 'die-for-dear-old-Cardman' stuff. But I doubt if there's one of you that hasn't some affection for the school. You should have. Today it's a fine school. When you graduate from Cardman you can tackle any job with confidence."

"So what?"

"So who put Cardman back on its feet?" Tony shouted, banging his fist into his palm. "I'll tell you. It was Dr. Van Horn."

Someone booed the name. "He's the guy that chased us into this barn!"

"You're dead wrong about that!" Tony retorted. "A politician named Big Barney Sherwood chased you here. Through Kilo he's been using you people to make trouble for Van Horn. He wants to put some two-bit politician in as president so he can pull the strings. He and Kilo have been making saps of you. Ask Kilo; she won't deny it."

"I do deny it!" Kilo leaped to Tony's side, her slim body taut. "Tony Beale wants to get you out of here because he knows that if we run away there won't be any anti-fraternity League next year."

Tony backed close to Paula. "Climb into the loft," he whispered, "and see if they're coming."

Paula clambered up the ladder. The window of the loft was dust-hazed and covered with spider webs. Shuddering, she swept them away. A procession of headlights moved along the road. She rushed to Tony's side.

"They're coming, Tony!"

Tony nodded grimly. "It'll take them at least 10 minutes to get organized and across the field."

KILO'S voice meanwhile was weaving a husky spell over the League members: "I can deny only part of what Tony Beale's told you. It's true about Uncle Barney. He does want to pick the next president of Cardman, and I'll tell you why."

"Attagirl, Kilo!"

"He wants justice for all at Cardman. Big Barney Sherwood will put in a president who won't coddle the Greek-letter societies. And that's why I've been 'making saps' of you, as Tony Beale puts it! I've been working for Uncle Barney because he'll make Cardman a grand college. And that's important for those of you who are coming back next year. . . ."

Paula, hearing the ring of sincerity in Kilo's voice, thought in surprise, "Why, she really believes that!"

Now the League members were standing, giving a loud cheer to their president. Kilo acknowledged the tribute with glowing eyes.

* * *

PAULA saw Tony's shoulders slump in defeat. It was useless to argue further with them and he knew it. Paula's heart seemed to drop to her shoetops. She ran to the loft and, looking out, saw the car headlights being extinguished. The fraternity boys were starting across the field!

Her mind raced as Tony joined her and said, "We're in for it, Paulie. Stay up here and you won't get hurt."

But Paula was not listening. Her thoughts darted back to Chris, to what he had tried to tell her at the jail. Once again she saw the expression on his face and knew clearly what it meant. She ran down the ladder to Kilo's side.

"Come back where they won't hear us. I've got something to tell you."

Paula dragged the girl into a corner of the barn. "Kilo, Chris is in trouble. He's in jail, and you're to blame!"

"Jail!" Color drained from Kilo's face, leaving it haggard in the lamplight. "You're lying to me."

"Ask Tony. He swore out the warrant."

Kilo studied Paula's face with wide, frightened eyes. In it she read the truth. She swallowed convulsively, tried to speak and failed.

Swiftly Paula played her ace. "Chris is in love with you, Kilo. Will you go out and tell the truth about the scarf? Or are you going to let Chris take the blame?"

(To Be Continued)

May Go Home

Harry Bridges, California C. I. O. leader, stuffs sleeve up cuff, ready to answer questions at San Francisco hearing in which government seeks to return him to his native Australia.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: Lizards are the earlier type . . . and from them snakes developed.

WRITER OF MERIT

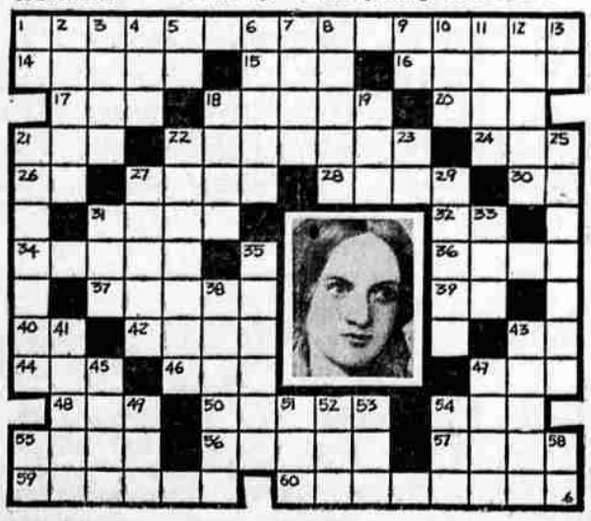
HORIZONTAL

1 Author of "Jane Eyre."
14 Wireless music box.
15 Constellation.
16 Derivative of aloes.
17 Invitation.
18 Record keeper.
20 Hound.
21 To perch.
22 Blows a flute.
24 To gain a profit.
26 Neuter pronoun.
27 By nature.
28 Sea tale.
30 Musical syllable.
31 Company of musicians.
32 Preposition.
34 Tipsters.
36 Style.
37 Two.
39 Railway (abbr.).
40 Ream (abbr.).
42 Sketched.
43 Myself.
44 Turf.
46 Before.
47 Male bee.
48 To spread.
50 Theme.
54 Obese.
55 Willow shrub.
56 To make amends.
57 Tiny particle.
59 She had little —— schooling
60 She was a —— celebrity of her day.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Credit (abbr.).
2 Wont.
3 Tunnel.
4 To deliver.
5 Observe.
6 Eagle's claw.
7 Weight allowance.
8 Betimes.
9 Sun god.
10 Antiquated.
11 Midday.
12 Catlike beast.
13 Half an em.
18 Heavy string.
19 Parrot.
21 Her —— also were fine writers.
22 To shave the head.
23 Senior (abbr.)
25 She was a —— for a few years.
27 Mitigated.
29 Mother-of-pearl.
31 Unopened flower.
33 Your.
35 Smallest number.
38 Made of grain.
41 Maxim.
43 Engine.
45 Elk.
47 Granted facts.
49 To stop up a stream.
51 Sun.
52 Cuckoo.
53 Still.
54 Distant.
55 Provided.
58 Form of "I."



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

RED RYDER

By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

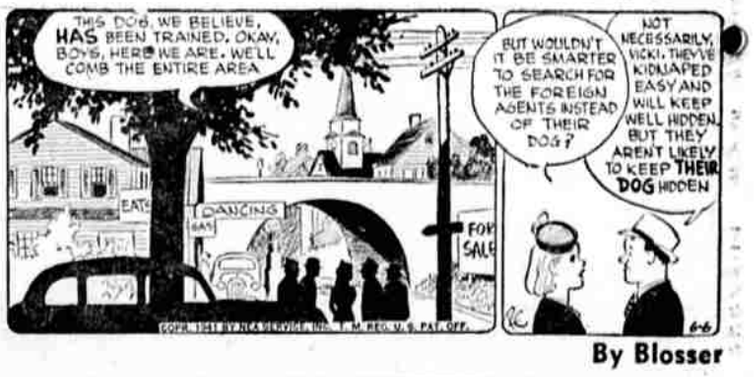
By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin

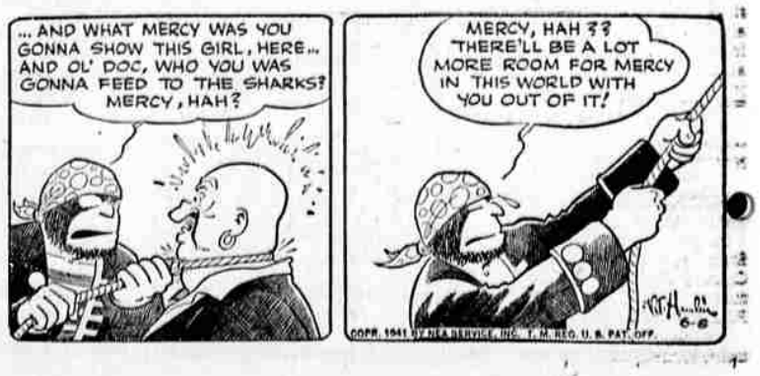
WASH TUBBS

By Crane



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser

ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin