

SERIAL STORY

FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

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YESTERDAY, Angela brings back that there Stephan from getting away. But Stephan seems cheered by the news. He leaves, promising to return. Deborah watches him go. The telephone rings. Bridgie hurries to answer it.

STEPHAN IS HURT

"HELLO!" Bridgie bellowed amiably into the instrument. "Sure 'tis Bridgie Lanahan, Miss Lovett's housekeeper sphakin'." But Miss Lovett is entertained guests at dinner, and cannot be disturbed.

The magnificent finality of Bridgie's tone conjured a drawing room brilliant with the socially elite of New York, London and Paris; but the person at the other end of the line remained apparently unimpressed, for in a moment Bridgie called:

"Miss Debby! Sure, an' 'tis sorry I am to bother you and the Captain—so Bridgie did not know that Stephan had gone—but there's an uppity party on the line that will have words with none but you."

When Deborah went out, picked up the receiver and said, "Deborah Lovett speaking," it was a man's voice which answered—crisp, impersonal, and somehow terrifyingly guarded:

"I understand, Miss Lovett, that a Mr. von Thalmann was your guest this evening?"

"Who is this?" Deborah demanded, her fingers cold upon the receiver.

"Dr. Bingham will satisfy you on that score, I think, Miss Lovett."

Dr. Bingham had been the Lovett physician for years.

"Just now," the voice went on, "I am sorry to have to tell you that Mr. von Thalmann has met with an accident—a rather serious accident."

DEBORAH sat down limply on the chair before the telephone table.

"Are you there, Miss Lovett?" the voice asked sharply. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," Deborah breathed. "An accident, you said. . . Is he? Oh, but you must bring him here, at once."

"That was the doctor's idea. His own quarters, it seems, are unsuitable. . . That is—this Mrs. Lanahan, I think she said her name was—can she be trusted?"

"About my affairs she's as close-mouthed as the Sphinx."

"She sounded like the private secretary to a busy corporation lawyer," the voice agreed dryly. "Dr. Bingham—about whom I

happen to be informed—speaks highly of your own discretion. He'll come on ahead of us."

DR. BINGHAM, himself, came in almost immediately—big and wholesome and comforting matter of fact in the midst of this insane nightmare.

Before Deborah could ask any questions, footsteps scraped on the gravel of the drive, and when she hurried to open the door, a grim little procession filed into the hall. On an improvised stretcher four sailors carried a long figure with a roughly bandaged head. At first Deborah hardly recognized Stephan in the coarse seaman's clothing and boots. . . When had he put them on?

Behind came a fifth man in a gray overcoat, inconspicuous in every way except for bright dark eyes that seemed to see everything in the hall in one swift glance. Deborah looked for Wilhelm's sturdy figure; but Wilhelm was not among those present.

As soon as the man in the gray overcoat spoke, Deborah recognized his voice as the crisp, impersonal one she had heard over the telephone.

"Miss Lovett?" he asked, but as he was already sure of that. "My name is Hilton. Where shall we take him?"

Before Deborah could answer, Bridgie's voice rang from the landing above: "Howdy Mither of Heaven!" cried Bridgie, lumbering down the remaining flight of stairs. "If it isn't the Captain! What in the name—Sure, where would you be puttin' him but in the Master's room? . . . An' don't stand there lookin' feckless entirely, Miss Debby! Put some wather on to boil!"

FROM that moment it was Bridgie who took charge—Bridgie who led the little procession upstairs, who found linen and extra covers, and stood by while Dr. Bingham did his grisly work. For when Deborah tried to follow the stretcher into the upper room, the physician took her arm and led her gently away.

"It may not be pretty, Deborah," he said. "Besides, I can't have too many people in the room, and Bridgie is an old war horse at this sort of thing."

"But you're letting him stay!" indignantly Deborah indicated the stranger with the quick bright eyes, who had just gone into the room and closed the door. . . The four bearers had already gone after a brief whispered conversation with Mr. Hilton, their heavy boots clattering down the silent street.

"He, my dear," the doctor said wryly, "happens to represent the United States government. And there seem to be some matters he is very anxious to talk over with your young man as soon as he is able to talk at all."

"Oh!" gasped Deborah. Could Angel have been right after all? . . . But that was unthinkable. Stephan had explained everything—or almost everything. "But, Doctor," she wavered, "is he—?"

Deborah remembered fumbling with shaking fingers to brace herself against the frame of the hall door. She remembered Mr. Hilton's remorseful face bending over her, comically foreshortened as she slumped to the floor.

(To Be Concluded)

Aerobic



It's Jess Bristow, stunt flyer, getting fancy in National Air Carnival at Birmingham, Ala.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: They are glands in your body.

COMMON AMPHIBIAN

HORIZONTAL											
1 Common garden amphibian.	5 It has no (pl.).	9 It belongs to the genus.	13 Complaints.	15 Guaranteed.	17 Eagle's claws.	18 Entraps.	19 Hat material.	20 To divide.	22 Comfort.	24 Dry wildernesses.	26 Roofing tiles.
30 Fennel.	34 Bird.	35 Stomach.	37 Locust pod.	38 Opposed to odd.	39 Blue.	40 Clock face.	41 Musical note.	42 Coin.	43 Myself.	44 Auriferous.	47 Kind of snow shoe.
49 Story.	50 Palm lily.	51 Afresh.	53 Highway.	54 Into.	55 Plateau.	56 It is adept at— and swimming.	57 House animals.	14 May.	16 Therefore.	19 It feeds on— and worms.	21 Mercenary.
23 It is— or estable.	24 Lair.	25 Dry.	27 To free from grit.	28 100 square meters.	29 2000 pounds.	31 Sorrowful.	32 Silkworm.	33 Earliest.	35 Groaning.	36 Grief.	39 One afflicted with cretinism.
43 Alleged force.	45 Olive shrub.	46 Sweet secretion.	47 Coarse hominy.	48 Leg joint.	49 Plant.	52 Substituted.					



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



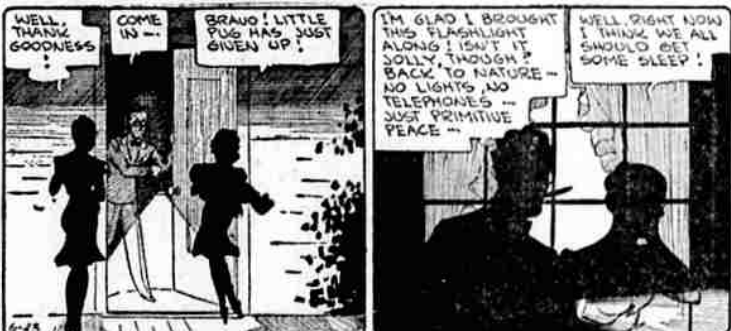
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



By Fred Harman

By Harold Gray

By Martin

By Crane

By Blosser

By V. T. Hamlin