

SERIAL STORY

CALIBAN FROM CALEB

BY NORMAN KAHL

COPYRIGHT, 1941,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: With Castaloni being at him from the house, Angus dashes back to the truck and starts to pull away, when he gets an idea. He runs the truck through a large French window into Castaloni's sunroom. Castaloni is standing in a doorway pointing a gun at him. Adoreen sneaks up behind the racket chief and values an iron skillet over his head, just as Castaloni swings around.

PEACE—IT'S WONDERFUL

CHAPTER XII

IT is undoubtedly the sight of that frying pan that unnerves Castaloni. He tries to duck as Adoreen swings the pan down on his head, but he is a little too late. The cast-iron utensil catches him on the back of the head just as he pulls the trigger of his gun.

The bullet rips a hole in the rug, and in the next instant Adoreen clips him behind the knees just as Angus shoves his fist into the racketeer's face. The Borcolli King doesn't look a bit dangerous, lying there on the floor with his eyes closed and his breath coming in loud, even gasps.

"Oh, my goodness," says Adoreen, with a pardonable touch of pride. "Look what I've done."

Adoreen hesitates a second as if she is going to melt, and then her eyes snap back to normal. "Right now we've got to do something about this. Will that truck run?"

"Sure. I guess so. I'll make it run."

It is hard to understand how Angus gets that truck back as far as he does. Maybe the people who see him along the way just don't believe it. Or maybe they don't want to go fooling around with anything they are sure is supernatural.

Anyway, it is not until after Angus and Adoreen have crossed back into Manhattan that they hear the wail of a siren over the rattle of loose tin. It makes no difference to Angus this time if a policeman wishes to converse with him, since he is headed for Inspector Callahan's office anyway.

What Angus isn't expecting is the gun this copper jerks out of his holster and points at him. He has seen enough guns for one day, and it doesn't make him feel any easier that this one has a blue uniform behind it.

"Don't move! Just don't move!" the officer barks, and Angus can see that this member of the law is young and that this is probably the first time he has pointed a gun at anyone. "Keep your hands up and come out of there—both of you."

Angus is annoyed. "Wait a minute, Officer. You got this all wrong—"

"Wrong, am I? I suppose the license number doesn't check with the report we got? I suppose you didn't steal this truck?"

"Well, maybe I did, but—"

The patrolman grips his gun tighter. "Okay. That's enough. I gotta warn you that you better keep your mouth shut, 'cause anything you say can be used against you." For the first time the cop looks at Adoreen carefully.

"What's your name?" he asks Adoreen.

Adoreen is quivering. "Adoreen Margate," she says, forgetting she has decided to be just plain Adoreen Mickletwidge again.

The cop takes a step back. "I thought so. Come over here, Miss Margate. Put your hands down. You're safe now. You must have had a terrible experience."

He turns to somebody in the crowd. "Call Inspector Callahan. Tell him Officer Krinkel told you to call, and tell him to rush down here because I've got a dangerous kidnaper covered."

ANGUS and Adoreen are still arguing with Officer Krinkel and with two other cops who have come up when an avalanche of police cars come roaring in. In two seconds, the street is jammed with policemen and detectives, and there are more Tommy guns aimed at Angus than the whole A. E. F. had in the Argonne. Angus is relieved to see Inspector Callahan.

"Hello, Inspector," says Angus. "Make these fellows put their guns away. This is all a mistake."

A couple of husky patrolmen grab Callahan because it looks as if he is going to pitch forward in a dead faint. Then he pulls himself together and looks murderously at Angus.

Adoreen walks over to Callahan. "This is all a mistake, Inspector. Angus didn't do anything, except maybe steal that truck."

Callahan explodes. "Except steal that truck! Young lady, may I rectify to you, as well as my shattered mind will permit, that section of New York state's criminal code which provides—"

"I mean," says Adoreen, "he had to steal that truck. You see, some men were going to kill him, and they took him out in the country. So he had to beat them up a little, and then he had to steal the truck to get back."

Callahan is still skeptical. "So he comes back and kidnaps you?"

"No, Angus didn't do that. Mr. Fitzwater did. He's the man who gave me the job at the Purple Pelican. Only his name isn't Fitzwater—it's Castaloni, and he's a crook."

"All right, boys—hide 'em," Callahan orders. The officers put away their guns. "Now, Miss Mickletwidge, I'm beginning to get interested. Maybe this story is on the level. Anyway, we'll try to pick up Castaloni, now that we know who he is, and question him."

Angus leans against the truck. "You won't have to do that, Inspector," he says. "He's right here—in the back of the truck. The three fellows who wanted to kill me are in there, too. They work for Mr. Castaloni."

IN a flash, all the guns are out again, and they are pointed at the truck. Callahan grabs the doors and swings them open, and everybody jumps back. When they see the four squirming men, tied up neat as Christmas presents, they put their guns away.

When the Inspector is finished with the racketeers, he gives some orders and looks around for Angus and Adoreen. He finds them standing in the shadow of a building on the sidewalk. Angus' arm is around Adoreen's slim waist, and they don't seem to be interested in any further technicalities of the law.

"I don't like to interrupt," says Callahan in a kindly sort of gruff voice, "but Spike Mudge is ready to speak his piece, and something tells me Castaloni won't be hard to crack. Spike already told me enough to convince me that the broccoli racket is nipped in the bud. I hate to admit it, MacPhillips, but you did a pretty thorough job."

Angus is flustered. "Aw, it ain't much, Inspector. Addie here did most of it."

"Just one more thing," the Inspector interrupts. "I've been thinking, MacPhillips, that if you're gonna be hanging around New York, I'd feel safer if I knew just where you were all the time. Now I know a few people around town. I can get you a good job. And after you satisfy the residence requirement, maybe you can pass the exams and get on the force. If you're gonna stick around, I'd just as soon have you on our side. How about it?"

"Gosh, Inspector," says Angus. "That sure is nice of you." He

turns to Adoreen and reaches out for one of her hands. "Addie, do you suppose you could marry a guy what's gonna be a cop?"

"I guess so, Angus," she murmurs. "I guess the New York police department can get used to you, so can I."

THE END.

New York in 1901 was the first state to register vehicles and received approximately \$1000 in revenue from this source. Currently, New York's annual receipts from car registrations exceed 44 million.

We need more houses just as we need more bombers, more tanks, more ships.—C. F. Palmer, co-ordinator of defense housing.

An instructor says the modern dances, such as the rumba and La Conga, are healthy. So is putting the shot.

FRIENDLY CREDIT

ON ALL PURCHASES
OF MEN'S WEAR

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape

OREGON
WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William
Ferguson

POWERFUL BIRD

HORIZONTAL

1 Bird used as an emblem for U. S. A.

6 Its legs are to the toes.

14 More fragile.

16 To outlive.

17 To make gentle.

18 Language.

20 Enthusiasm.

21 Flour box.

22 Ammonia compound.

23 Scarlet.

24 Light brown.

25 Singleness.

27 To view.

29 Fashion.

30 Neuter pronoun.

32 Boundary.

33 Thin.

34 To implore.

36 Negative.

37 Modern.

40 North America (abbr.).

41 To make lace.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

NOAH WEBSTER
AGUE RIO
ETON YAP
DEN WAG
IN TAM
RUST
T PAN NEST
TRUE
ILEX HIVE
COATI
OER CADI
FANG D
NG CANISTERS
NE
SARONG IONS
FOR
TAME WOOD
CARL
SEMI RANT
SOILS
TEACHER SPELLER

43 To spill.

45 Meats.

46 Rattle bird.

47 Artist's frame.

51 Roof final.

52 Presaging.

53 Duplicate.

55 He is called of birds.

56 His nest.

57 He is a large diurnal bird of.

VERTICAL

1 Lizard.

2 Springless wagon.

3 Street boy.

4 Legal claim.

5 Ell.

6 Skeleton of a structure.

7 Apart.

8 Airs.

9 Hour (abbr.).

10 Always.

11 Vexes.

12 To elude.

13 Rending room.

15 African antelope.

19 Baking dish.

24 Its claws.

25 Made of oatmeal.

26 It is used as a heraldic or emblem (abbr.).

28 Incidents.

29 Lie.

31 Peasant.

35 Ore of lead.

36 Oleoresin.

39 Females.

41 Nocturnal animal.

42 Cape with a hood.

44 Box sleigh.

45 To assist.

48 Era.

49 Spic of silk.

50 Sheltered place.

52 All right (abbr.).

54 Affirmative vote.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



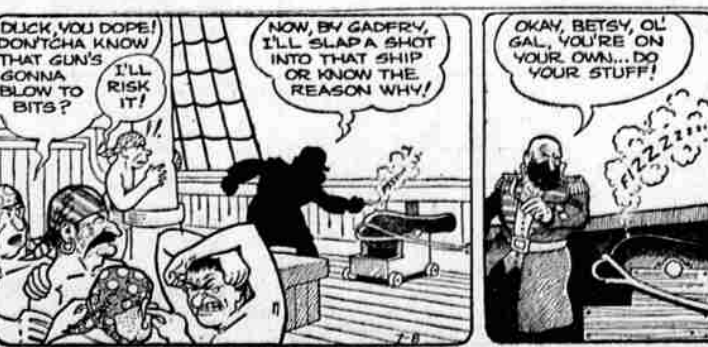
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crani



By Bloss



By V. T. Hamlin

