

SERIAL STORY

SECRET VOYAGE

BY JOSEPH L. CHADWICK

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YESTERDAY, Jim Mallory, driver for the Ajax Salvage Company, finds an unwearying visitor, Mary Larsen, has arrived on ship while he was exploring the wreckage of a sport cruiser...

CHAPTER II

THE battered old salvage boat rolled slightly with the surf. From the galley, Blacksheep's rich voice lamented in a spiritual.

Jim Mallory kept his grip on the girl's arm until he saw the fury fade out of her eyes. She rubbed her wrist then as if he had hurt her.

She was pretty, yes. With her copper-tinted hair and wide gold-flecked eyes, she was pretty. And perhaps more than pretty, Jim Mallory looked away from her, thinking he'd better watch his step.

He heard this girl, this Mary Larsen, say, "All I wanted to know was where I could find your employer, James Mallory, the owner of the Ajax Salvage Company."

"He has an office."

"He's never there. I was there twice, and I could get no satisfaction out of the office boy. But at least he didn't manhandle me."

"James Mallory won't go for a pretty face any more than I will. Now tell me who sent you here to question me."

He put his pipe between his teeth again, and this time felt in his pockets for matches. He had none there, but a box was on the table. The girl picked up the box, took out and struck a match, and held it out for him.

She swam well, but not too well, and he knew before she was half way to shore that she wasn't going to make it.

HE couldn't find her at first. That scared him. The water was treacherous here. A wave hit him and took him under. He felt the drag of the undertow before he broke surface.

She went under again before he reached her, but he caught her coming up. She was gasping, choking, but she didn't fight him. He got his arm around her, felt her go limp.

He got her onto the sand, up where it was dry. She lay with eyes closed, shivering, or trembling. There was a car parked up by the road, which he guessed was hers.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," she said.

"You ought to know better than to swim after a heavy meal," he said. What he liked about her was her lack of hysterics. And she was sore because he liked anything about her, since she had been put onto him.

"Shall I drive you to where you're going? Or can you make it?"

"I can make it, after I rest a moment. I haven't far to drive, just to the Hammond estate on Indian Creek."

Jim Mallory nodded. He'd wait with her, but only because she might be more done in than she looked.

He said, "Jeffery Hammond's place?" And when she replied in the affirmative, the first part of the puzzle fell into place. Jeffery Hammond was president of the Hammond Steamship Lines, and the Sonora was a Hammond ship.

JIM MALLORY felt a secret excitement. The Sonora, a freighter, had gone down six months ago in the Caribbean. He had found the location by accident, and had written Hammond about a salvage deal. Hammond had been uninterested.

There were a lot of queer angles in the sinking. Quickest of all was the interest shown by this girl, this Mary Larsen who came from Hammond's house. You couldn't figure that out, Jim Mallory thought. He had guessed she came from the man who wanted to pay him, then threatened him, to reveal the Sonora's location.

That man couldn't have been Hammond, and it didn't seem likely that Hammond had sent this girl to learn the location. As owner of the ship, Hammond wouldn't seek the information in such an underhanded way.

Jim Mallory said, looking down at the girl, "So you come from Hammond's place. But he didn't send you?"

"Why?" "She didn't answer that. "Did Hammond know you were trying to find Mallory?"

"No." "And you wouldn't want Hammond to know what you were up to?"

Her eyes opened wide, meeting his with a disturbing steadiness. "That's right," she said. "Did you have some idea of telling him?"

He didn't answer. He gave her a hand when she started to get up and walked to the car with her after she got into the beach robe. She took a pair of sandals from the car and put them on her feet.

"Since you've played hero for me," she said, "I suppose I should forgive you for almost breaking my arm on the tug."

Jim Mallory said, "Thanks." Then, as she released the brakes, "Come around to the Ajax Salvage Company's office tomorrow. I think you and James Mallory have a lot to say to one another."

She looked at him for a long moment. Then said, "Thanks, Spike."

"Don't mention it." He stood there and watched her drive away. He called himself a fool. He could have told her now,

as well as tomorrow, that he was James Mallory. He had no good reason for keeping that secret, or for seeing her again. The girl was trouble.

He shrugged, turned, walked to the water. Curly had put the tug in closer to shore. It wasn't much of a swim, this time. . . . There was a letter awaiting him when he got to the office at Barrows Landing. Harris, who ran the office after a fashion, said it had been delivered by a uniformed chauffeur in a town car. That was unusual enough for Harris to note and comment on.

The letter gave him a jolt. It was an invitation from Jeffery Hammond to spend the week-end at the Indian Creek mansion. To talk business.

(To Be Continued)

NEED A SUIT RIGHT NOW? IF YOU DO, REMEMBER THAT YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD HERE! AS LONG AS 90 DAYS TO PAY OREGON WOOLEN STORE 8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



A CURIOUS FORMED SAGUARO CACTUS, IN ARIZONA.



YOU DON'T SEE THE SUN RISE OR SET. THE ROUND DISK YOU SEE APPEARING OR DISAPPEARING IS ONLY A MIRAGE OF THE SUN, WHICH ACTUALLY IS BELOW THE HORIZON.



A BLACK COW GIVES WHITE MILK THAT MAKES YELLOW BUTTER. SAYS G. SWARTZ, FORTSMITH, PA.

ACTRESS

- HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Skill. 4 Respire. 10 Anger. 13 Scolds. 15 Make over. 17 Copies. 18 Suffx. 20 Lighted. 21 Symbol for calcium. 22 Grade. 24 Avid. 28 Hobo (slang). 27 Part of eye. 29 Was victorious. 30 Steel explosive ball. 32 Employer, native. 33 State (abbr.). 35 City in Italy. 36 Conducted. 37 Data. 38 Brother of Cain. 39 Into. 40 Weigh heavily. 41 Symbol for nickel. 42 Nights (abbr.). 44 A girl's name. 45 Vein of ore. 47 Openings. 49 Left side (abbr.). 50 European. 51 Impressee. 53 Bundle. 57 Consumed. 58 Notion. 59 Sarcasm. 61 Pertaining to the iris. 62 Age. 63 A quiver. 68 Dog. 69 Letter. 70 Give false praise. 71 Onager. 12 Note of Guido's scale. 14 Moving about. 16 Part of Bible (abbr.). 19 Make into leather. 23 Half an em. 25 Depart. 26 Stupid person (slang). 27 Laid down by court. 28 Tempers. 30 Street fights. 31 Trust in. 34 Dramatic actress. 37 Part of body. 43 Those who dig. 46 Palm leaf. 48 Dumb. 52 Fatner. 53 Interdict. 54 Near. 55 Pliant. 56 Mistake. 59 Bird. 60 Ever (poet.). 61 American. 62 Snaky fish. 64 Mine (Italian). 65 Thing. 67 Provided. 68 Coin (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with a small portrait of a woman in the bottom right corner.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE BLINDERS

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



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

