

● SERIAL STORY

SECRET VOYAGE

BY JOSEPH L. CHADWICK

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YESTERDAY, after telling Jeffery Hammond and Eric Forbes that another ship is looking for the Sonora, the telephone rings and the same mysterious voice asks for Jim Mallory. Jim is warned if he doesn't deal with him there will be trouble. The man offers to double any offer made by Hammond. Jim has another talk with Mary, again accuses her of working for someone else, and asks her to leave the house. She doesn't leave. That night, Jim takes Lois Hammond to Miami, kisses her, later he hears voices in the patio. One is Eric Forbes, and he is planning to get Hammond to send the ship to New York for fear she can't be trusted and "may talk to Mallory."

PRIVATE AND PERSONAL

CHAPTER VI

JIM MALLORY snapped alert. He cupped his cigaret in his hands to hide the glow, then turned in his chair to look across the patio. It was too dark to make out faces, but one of the two men was Eric Forbes.

The two men walked through the patio toward the rear of the house. Their voices died away, but Jim had caught this much: Eric Forbes was afraid Mary Larsen would tell him, Mallory, something.

Jim stepped on his cigaret and took after the two, moving silently across the dark patio. He wanted a look at Forbes' companion. At the rear corner of the big house he paused. He saw Forbes going on around the house while the other man walked toward the drive where a car was parked without lights. He drove off without switching on the lights.

Jim frowned and turned back toward the patio. His movement was so abrupt he collided with someone. He heard a startled "Oh!" as he grasped a soft arm. He saw then that it was Mary Larsen. She was trembling and her face was a startling white oval in the darkness.

"So it was you—" she said, as if she were breathless. "I heard from the rumpled room. You and that man—"

"What did you hear, beautiful?" "I heard you mutter that the Sonora was worth a cool million."

"You what?" He stared, bewildered and started. "You didn't hear me say that. That was Eric Forbes and a stranger."

He drew her by the arm into the dark rumpled room, afraid Forbes might take a notion to come back. He found the light-switch. Mary was pale in the sudden light.

He asked, "What were you doing in here in the dark?"

"Just—just thinking."

"What's that in your hand?" She looked down. It was a cigaret case, a good one of silver. "I found it outside just now. I knocked it up. It was quite warm, as if it had been on someone's person. Did you drop it just now?"

"No," Jim said. He remembered that Forbes' companion had lighted a cigaret behind the house, ducking his head down as he did it. "Let's see the thing."

Mary didn't obey. She was staring at the case, with wide and frightened eyes. He could see initials engraved on it. He stepped close, reaching for the case, but Mary held it behind her.

She said, "No!" shrilly, and trembled. He reached for her, meaning to take the thing. She struggled and broke away. He took another step toward her, then the suave voice of Eric Forbes halted him.

"Don't you understand when a lady says no, Mallory?"

Jim faced the man. Forbes' eyes weren't pleasant, and steel was in his voice as he said, "Perhaps you'd like to apologize."

"Sorry," he said. "I made a mistake." Mary just stood there holding the cigaret case behind her without speaking. Jim swung about and left.

THERE was water all about, but the Hammonds had a pool. Jim went down for an early-morning plunge, and found Mary there before him. She was sitting on the edge at the far end, and he dove in and swam to her.

He grasped her ankles and gave her a little pull. "Come on in, the water's fine," he said. "I'll race you down and back."

Her eyes examined him in a remote impersonal way, and she put her feet against his chest and gave him a stout push. He went under, and when he came up she was getting up to go to the house. He climbed out and said, "Wait a minute. I want to talk."

She hesitated. He sank down onto the edge of the pool, and said, "Come on, Mary. I promise not to lay a hand within a mile of you."

She came and sat down near him, but not too near. He looked at her for a long moment, liking her smooth, brown color, her copper-tinted hair, and the gold flecks in her eyes. He thought, "She has something Lois lacks."

He didn't know what it was, because Lois was beautiful, too.

Aloud he said, "I'm sorry about last night. I guess I do seem like a mug, always manhandling you. But this Sonora business has me jittery. There are a lot of queer angles to it. I thought that cigaret case might give me some sort of lead."

"I think you know a great deal about that cigaret case."

"What do you mean?"

"I think you dropped it. Eric Forbes thinks so, too. I showed it to him. He says you must have dropped it."

"He does, eh? Listen, Mary, you recognized that thing. You were afraid to let me see it, yet you let Forbes see it. Forbes isn't

your friend. He's going to have Hammond ship you back to New York. To get you out of the way. He thinks you can't be trusted."

"I—I don't believe that!"

But she did believe it, and it frightened her. Jim said, "Mary, where did Forbes say I got that cigaret case?"

"Off the Sonora, when you went down to her," she replied, and her voice had a strange choked-up sound.

"How did he know it came from the Sonora?"

"He didn't know, but I did. It belonged to the Sonora's first mate, Bert Halloran, who was lost when the ship went down. I know because I gave it to Bert Halloran just before the Sonora sailed from New York the last time."

Jim Mallory said nothing. He understood the grief he saw in this girl's eyes. Bert Halloran had meant a lot to her. She had been in love with him.

"Tell me the truth for once, Jim," she said. "Did you drop that case last night? Did you find it on the Sonora?"

He would have answered, but Jeffery Hammond came up behind them. Hammond said, "I'd like to talk over the deal now, Mallory."

"Very well, sir," Jim said. He stood up. "I'll see you later, Mary."

He didn't see Lois come to the pool a moment later. Lois dove as she swam and perfect as her figure. She swam the pool's length, then climbed out and stood look-

ing down at Mary Larsen. Her eyes were narrow and smoldering. "I think, Miss Larsen," she said, "you forget you are merely an employee here, and that you are not paid to make a play for our guests."

She ignored Mary's alarmed eyes. "To be blunt, I want you to stop over-reaching yourself. I've decided that Mr. Mallory is my private and personal property. Do I make myself clear enough?"

(To Be Continued)

A common language is the most powerful social cement known to man. — Dr. Mario R. Traube, Pennsylvania State college.

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

VOLCANOES NEVER GIVE OFF FIRE AND SMOKE! THE SUPPOSED SMOKE IS CONDENSED STEAM AND GASES CARRYING DUST PARTICLES... WHILE THE SUPPOSED FIRE IS THE REFLECTION OF GLOWING LAVA.



QUOTING ODD
"IF HOLES IN BOARDS ARE KNOT HOLES, THEN WHAT ARE THEY?" ASKS BEN CLAIR, CLAYSBURG, PA.

WHEN YOU BUY CUCUMBERS YOU PAY FOR THE WATER IN THEM AT A RATE OF ABOUT \$5,000.00 PER 100 CUBIC FT.

NEAT: No place like home... for accidents.

ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL

1. 5 Great actress.

9 Table implement.

10 Goodby.

12 Child.

13 Oath.

15 Father.

17 Greek letter.

18 Suffix.

19 Concerning.

21 Elevated railway (abbr.).

22 Rodents.

24 College degree (abbr.).

25 Pertaining to the Alps.

28 Call for help.

29 Tip.

30 Jumbled type.

31 Test.

32 Pronoun.

33 Assessed.

35 Hobo (slang).

36 Metric measure.

39 Tumor.

40 Case.

43 Lever.

45 Theme.

46 Upon.

47 Prevaricator.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

JAC DAMAGED ERE

ADE EMANATE GUY

WAO MORAL BOONE

ODOR MIDER

CAOTIC DANIEL

RA MESH TALE

ABB STA NEV

TIPT HIVE

ETIA PATENTS EAR

RAMPAGE ORALTS

STEAMER DEBTER

UPS R AILS

AMPLE VALISE ACT

NIL REUNION LOO

DAY SALIENT TYP

49 English money

50 Plural suffix.

51 Toward.

52 Animal.

53 Note of scalp.

55 Born.

58 Tree.

59 Farm animal.

61 Barrier.

63 Brown pigment.

65 Main point.

66 Step.

VERTICAL

1 Likely.

2 Negative.

3 Beginner.

4 Positive pole.

5 Exclamation.

6 Man's nickname.

7 Chinese weight.

8 Prefix.

9 Thus.

11 Above.

12 Silk material.

14 Pronoun.

16 Shaded nook.

17 Repeat.

20 Gentle (abbr.).

22 Ore.

23 Insurance (abbr.).

64 Large river.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



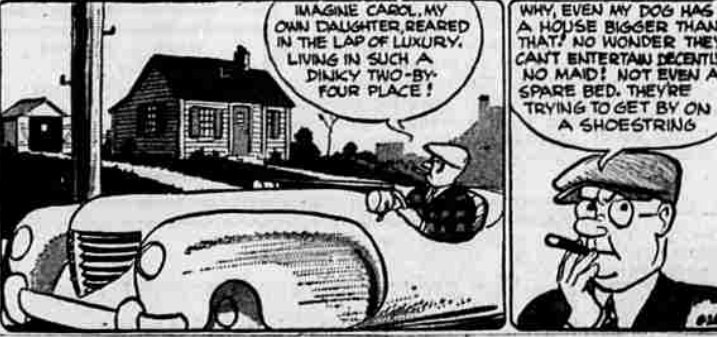
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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 Crane



By Blossie



By V. T. Hamlin

