● SERIAL STORY

WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

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CHAPTER X

SUMMER COTTAGE—accommodations for six on Lake Olivera. Boating, swimming, fishing. Write for details. A294.

MIKE FLYNN beamed down on the four of them, gathered in the plant office. "That's the place. We all need a vacation. Let's go. The sooner we forget this incident, the better."

"I'm sorry, Joe," Ted said, thrusting out his hand. "I must have been imagining too many things. I should have trusted you."

"Can you ever forgive ME?" Mary asked. "I was going to shoot you!"

"Perhaps you'd better explain everything, Benton," Flynn suggested. "Taylor said it would be all right to tell them."

"There really isn't much to tell," Joe began. "I am a professor of chemistry at the university, as I told you. But there were a few things I kept to myself.

"You see, we've all been working on explosives since this trouble in Europe began. Quietly working, but getting the job done. And a lot of investigating has been going on. All patents on explosives are thoroughly checked. Anything that even resembles an explosive has been dug out of files and tested.

"That's how we got next to Wondrosoap. Your father patented his discovery about 15 years ago, Kay. It was a simple formula, and at that time the office didn't give it much attention. Perhaps they didn't realize its possibilities. Anyway, it was overlooked.

"Well, when the war started, chemists all over the country were summoned to test these various formulas. Most of them were pretty haywire schemes; a few were good. I got Tim Donovan's formula. The thing I couldn't find was his catalytic agent.

"I checked in on Tim Donovan, discovered that he had built this factory here, then died suddenly. Then you made things easy by putting Wondrosoap on the market—"

"So you came down and applied for the job as chemist . . ." Flynn put in.

"And got it," Benton went on. "When I discovered that Wondrosoap was a real find as a super-explosive, I reported to the FBI. I told them about Hans Stadt and all of you. I got a commission as a special agent to guard the secret. I would have kept you from selling it outside the United States, Kay.

"But Hans Stadt is loyal as any native American. He was approached. His brother was threatened. And Hans sent his brother to a concentration camp rather than tell what he knew about Wondrosoap.

"I had spy jitters, too. But I picked Mary as the agent. When she drilled that can due center, I knew there was going to be trouble. Thanks for not shooting me, Mary. We're even now. I was going to send you to jail."

"I feel like a fool," Ted grumbled.

Kay's hand found his. "Don't, Ted. You did exactly right. You knew how valuable Wondrosoap is and you were trying to protect it for me."

Benton nodded. "You were right on your toes, Ted. There was no way of your knowing I was working with the FBI. Even Taylor, the district chief, didn't know. A few officials in Washington and the head of the chemical research, perhaps, but no others."

"That's all of that," Flynn ordered. "It's vacation plans from now on. Army ordnance officers will start Wondrosoap tests tomorrow. With Tim's plans for a time bomb, and Hans Stadt to work them out, we should be making shells here as soon as the plant can be enlarged."

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TED and Kay walked through the factory for the last time.

"It all belongs to the government now," Kay said, a little sadly.

"But you're making money, honey," Ted reminded her. "It was fine of you to offer the plant for practically nothing, but I'm glad Flynn made arrangements to lease it for duration of the emergency. You're guaranteed a steady, comfortable income. You can get along on $20,000 a year. The government couldn't build an outfit like this for 10 times that price. Afterwards, you can go on making explosives for peacetime uses, blasting tree stumps, building roads—"

He paused in front of a door in the warehouse. The doorknob gleamed in the semi-darkness.

"Remember the day we tried Wondrosoap as a cleaner?"

"I can't forget it, Ted."

"Then we were business partners?"

"That's over, too."

"It's not 'strictly business' any more, then?"

"We're going on a vacation, Ted," Kay reminded him.

His arms reached out for her, but she slipped away, laughing. "Joe and Mary are waiting." She ran from the warehouse.

Ted glanced at the doorknob.

A dime fitted into the slot of the screw. In a moment it was off the door, in his pocket. He hurried after Kay.

• • •

THE two weeks' vacation was all too short. Flynn spent most of his time fishing, but the others—Joe and Mary, Ted and Kay—found time for canoe trips up the river, daily swimming parties on the lake, and long moonlight rides on the launch that they rented with the cottage. Lake Olivera was everything they had hoped it might be.

Ted would have enjoyed it more had he been able to summon courage enough to ask Kay to marry him. Daily he planned what he would say, imagined how Kay would answer. But the super-salesman had encountered his toughest selling job. He couldn't sell himself.

Kay's money was his principal worry. When she was poor, jobless, almost friendless, he had been sure that she loved him. Now, with money pouring in, would she want to sacrifice those luxuries she could afford to be the wife of a salesman?

He got his answer the last night of the vacation, but not as he had expected it.

• • •

KAY was standing at the end of the dock, loving the moonlight, the quiet lap of the water against the boats, when Joe Benton came to her.

"I've been wanting to talk to you alone, Kay," Joe said. "This is goodby, you know. Mary and I are taking the morning train, back to school."

"Mary and you?"

"Yes. Mary decided that policewoman's job is too risky. She came mighty near shooting her future husband."

"You and Mary! Oh, Joe, I'm so glad."

"We thought you would be. You're the first to know. There's something else, too, Kay, I want you to know. We think you're swell. You were the only one who trusted me. That faith meant a lot."

"You were grand, Joe. Just like a brother, working for me."

Impulsively, she raised on tiptoe, kissed him. Then, tucking her arm in his, Kay hurried him to the house. "Come on, I have to see Mary, and hear more about this."

Down in the shadows along the beach, Ted Andrews saw that kiss, although he heard none of the conversation.

He pulled a shining doorknob from his pocket, threw it far out into the lake.

(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

ANSWER: Colgate, Hamilton, N. Y.; Brigham Young, Provo, Utah; Baylor, Waco, Tex.; Temple, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEXT: The highest railroad.

ACE HURLER

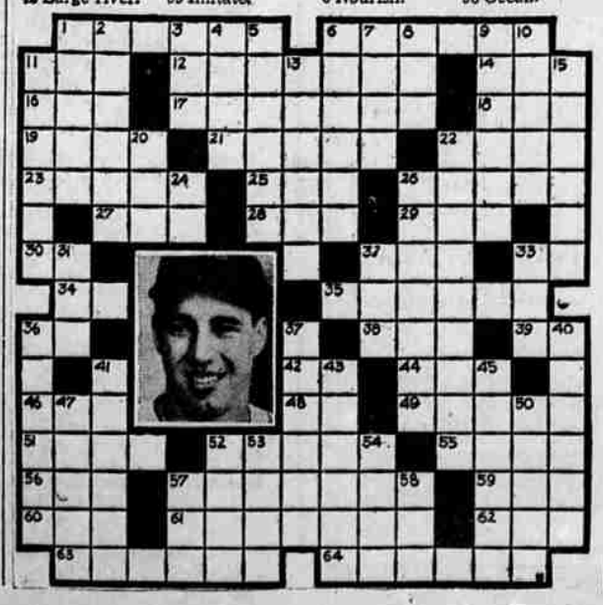
HORIZONTAL

1, 6 Famous pitcher.
11 Tilt.
12 Flower.
14 Recent.
16 Avenue (abbr.).
17 Manifests.
18 Cravat.
19 Roman emperor.
21 Aver.
22 Animal pen.
23 Selective service.
25 Compass point
26 Guard-house (slang).
27 Station (abbr.).
28 June bug.
29 Relative (abbr.).
30 Mother.
32 Clergyman's title (abbr.).
33 Empire state (abbr.).
34 Depart.
35 Up to date.
36 Concerning.
38 Sesame.
39 Suffix.
42 Large river.
44 Scottish headwear.
46 Black liquid.
48 Railroad (abbr.).
49 Noisy breathing.
51 Girl's name.
52 Something assumed.
55 Depict.
56 Thing (law).
57 Combines with air.
59 Imitate.
60 Entomology (abbr.).
61 Church dignitary.
62 Cover.
63 Indian poles.
64 Rented.

VERTICAL

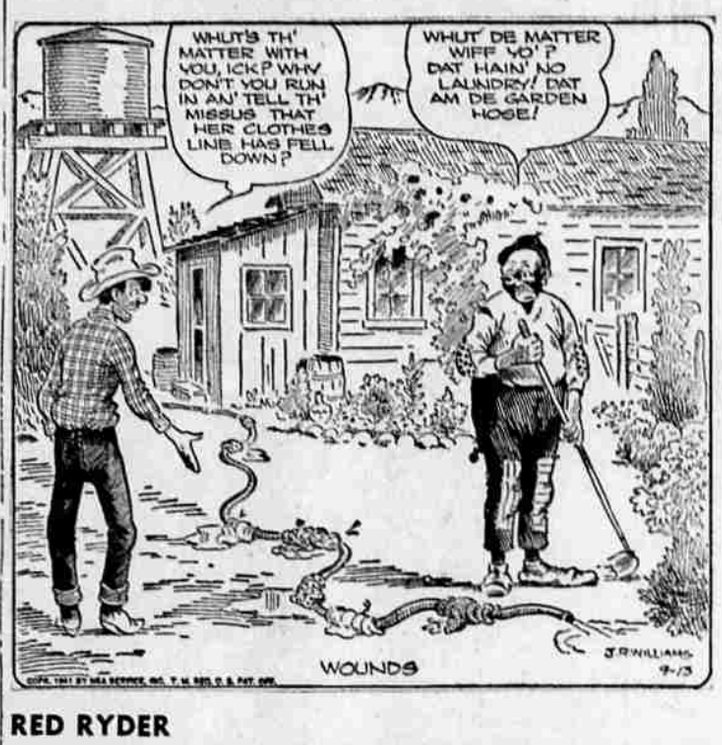
1 Large stream.
2 Dramas with music.
3 Greek letter.
4 Steeps.
5 Made lace.
6 Nourish.
7 Royal house of Italy.
8 Article (French).
9 Involve.
10 Supreme power.
11 Bicycle for two.
13 Cause.
15 Once a week.
20 Frequently.
22 He is on this city's team.
24 Baby's "thank you."
26 Believes.
32 Decay.
33 Compass point.
36 Withdraw.
37 Fatal.
40 Boiled slowly.
41 Musical term.
43 Cruel.
45 Moral condition.
47 About.
50 Swift.
52 Dermatology (abbr.).
53 God of war.
54 Dole out.
57 Animal.
58 Ocean.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



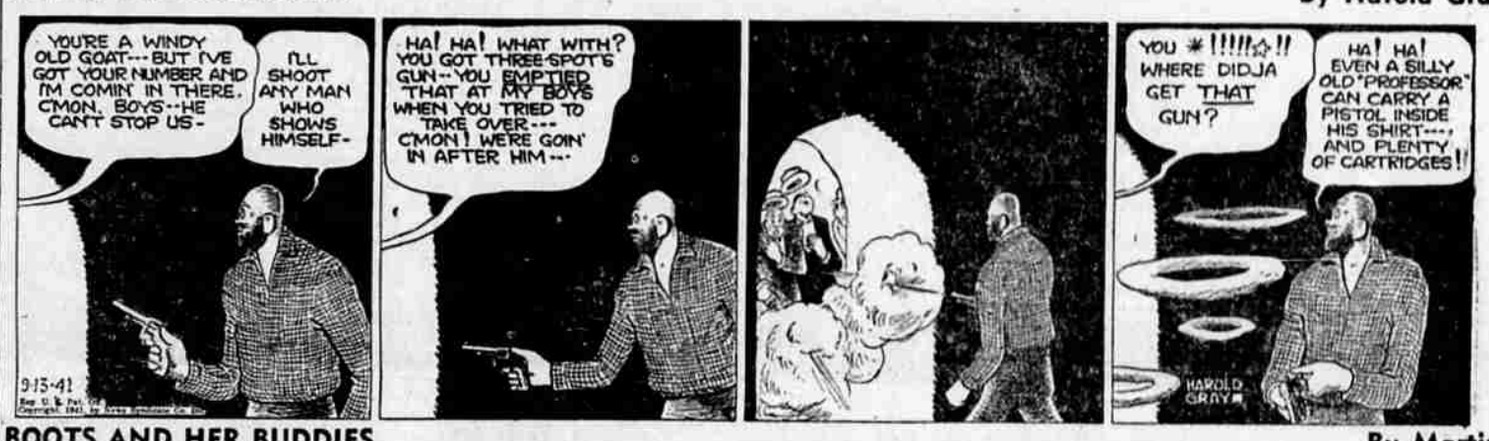
OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

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