low it; added a short straight nose; laced a tiny line of freckles across the bridge of the nose; tossed in a generous red mouth; tinted the

foregoing with a mixture of sun-

tan and rose leaves, and voilal You had the perfect face. So, for Jonah's money, had this girl

"Hs," he said involuntarily.
"Ha, ha," said the girl. "You look as if you've been leading with your chin."

Remarkable indeed is the deca invented by Joanh Logan. He,
lis it "The Terrible Eye,
krough this photographic invenon, scenes of both the distant
dismediate past can be reseated and televised. To Mamey, his loyal though unintellinat assistant, Joanh reveals his
an to interest Henry L. Chanme, the multi-mill-canire camera
me, the multi-mill-canire camera
me, in his invention.

LOVE AT FIRST LANDING

CHAPTER II DAY was parading in blue-andgold attire over Connecticut.
And, in mid-morning, Jonah Logan and Mahoney drove toward
the estate of Henry L. Channing
in a rattletrap Ford, vintage of
1935.

Between them on the front seat was a small square box finished in fawn leather. Save for this leather finish, it was an exact miniature of the big machine that stood in their converted barn. In the back of the car were two cumbersome black cases, obviously containing photographic equipment.

photographic equipment.

The country through which the Ford rattletrapped was superb. Undulating green fields, divided here and there by stone fences, stretched in all directions. Ancient trees lined the roadside. Over this lush landscape the sun was laying a golden wash and the light, glittering in on a million grass-blades, created the impression that they were passing through fields sown with emeralds. "I understand." Jonah said

"I understand," Jonah said presently, "that the Channing estate is quite something. The house is an exact copy of a French chateau."

"No kiddin'." Mahoney said, with interest. "Any mamselles around?"
"Keep your mind on your work,
Mahoney," said Jonah.
The car negotiated a fair-sized

hill. At the summit Jonah pointed. "Unless I've been misinformed," he said, "that would be the Channing place."

Below they perceived a broad acreage surrounded by an ivy-covered wall. From almost the center of this hallowed ground there arose a huge house of weathered dun-colored stone, tow-ered and turreted after the fashion favored by architects of Old ered and turreted after the fashion favored by architects of Old France. Clustered about the mansion were a number of smaller outbuildings, so that the House of Channing had the appearance of being the focal point in a tiny village. In a corner of the property, but still enclosed by the wall, was something that looked like a large white circle.

"What's the round white thing?"

"What's the round white thing?" Mahoney inquired.

"What's the round white ining."
[Mahoney inquired.

"Probably the fence around Mr. Channing's private race course,"
Jonah told him. "During my inquiries, I discovered that he's a
great horse fancier."

Mahoney was impressed.

"Look," he said, "where do the
likes of us get off blowin' in on a
guy that owns French chatty-os
and race horses? Hadn't we ought
ito phone him an'.."

"Definitely not," cut in Jonah.

"The phone's been a total loss.
Furthermore, Mahoney, there will
be a gatekeeper here, but we shall
eschew him. I'll have no more
dealings with underlings. I'm going to climb that wall and go
straight to the Big Wind himself."

Mahoney whistled. "That's the
nuttiest idea yet. They'll run you
out by the seat of your pants, like
Jimmy Durante in the movies."

"They will, eh? Not before I've
told Mr. H. L. Channing a thing
or two."

TONAH had been right. There JONAH had been right. There was a gatekeeper who bestowed a fishy and disinterested glance upon the Ford as it chattered by. Jonah didn't even return the glance. He merely followed the road around the wall to a point at which a curve hid the gatehouse from view. Then he stopped.

Mahoney's eyes measured the wall. "You're goin' to have a climb, Chief. That's easy 10 feet high."

high."
"Nothing to it," said Jonah. "I

come from a long line of wall scalers. Besides, Mahoney, observe yon sapling. Yon sapling will help me, And you will follow, being careful to refrain from damaging the equipment."

With one finger locked tightly around the handle of the little fawn-leather box, Jonah climbed into the tree. In a few seconds, he reached the top of the wall.

"How's it goin?" inquired Ma-

"How's it goin'?" inquired Ma-honey from below, in a hoarse whisper.

Jonah turned to make reply. At

whisper.

Jonah turned to make reply. At the same time he moved his left (soot. That was an error. It stamped him as a man whose ancestors were more likely to have been Humpty Dumpties than wall scalers. For the foot slipped on the smooth ivy. The next instant Jonah Logan was descending swiftly into the preserves of Henry L. Channing.

He landed on his knees in soft earth. In a successful effort to save the Terrible Eye from disaster, he failed to guard his chin. The chin struck Earth. For a brief moment Mr. Logan knelt there, like a monk in natty tweeds at his devotions.

And then, quite unexpectedly, a voice sounded. It was a low cool voice, like the Bermuda nightwind blowing over a banana split. "What's the trouble?" it sald. "Didn't the parachute open?"

Jonah lifted his chin out of Mother Earth. He perceived the following items in legical order: (1) a pair of small brown-and-white sports shoes, (2) the neatest ankles east of Shanghai, (3) long silken legs that reminded him at once of Marlene Dietrich, (4) a whip-silm figure in a skirt of summery green linen and canary cashmere sweater, (5) the face he'd been looking for all his life. Jonah Logan had a recipe for a face. You took a wide smooth forehead, put a couple of eyes that looked as if they'd been scooped up out if the Mediterranean be-

gan Mahoney, "bein' careful "That's canceled. At ease, Ma-

That's canceled. At ease, Marchoney,"
The girl spoke. "We're making real progress. You're Jonah and that is Mahoney, Tarzan Mahoney, I presume. Well, where do we go from here?"
The familiar business of barking at Mahoney had restored Jonah's aplomb. He produced a card, with a flourish.

(To Be Continued)

The Russian is the most sociable of human beings. He derives from feeling that he is one with the rest of Russia and with the rest of the world .- Alfred B Mirovitch, lecturer.



PURCHASE COUPONS \$25 TO SPEND

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With the realization he had a horrifying thought. In another second Mahoney would take off from the wall. And this, Jonah saw, mustn't be. The conversation that he hoped presently to conduct simply could not be cluttered up with Mahoneys. GET YOURS TODAY AT he ordered, extending a manda-Your SEARS CREDIT Office

tory finger.
"But you says to folly you," be THIS CURIOUS WORLD

"Stay where you are, Mahoney!"

She pointed in well-bred fash-ion. The countenance of Mahoney was rising above the wall, like the moon over Miami.

Jonah got hold of himself. He was becoming aware of the reason why he stood here rubbing his

bewildered and inarticulate.

By William Ferguson



QUEEN MOTHER OF ENGLAND

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1,6 Pictured PATROL SQUADRON shrub.
OTTERS ATTITUDE
12 Back of r
STREE A TOPERM GOT 13 Valley.
TAILS MIRRYERT 22 Intersect. British sovereign. 10 Her husband George V. 14 College of the Mohammedan MASK hierarchy. PATROL ARROWED !

15 Stew. 16 Elliptical. 20 Father. 21 Pleasant

HORIZONTAL

46 Large paper (abbr.). 48 Try. 51 Air (comb. 23 Demigod. 25 Half an em. 27 Wise bird. 52 Proceed. 29 Transgression 31 Negative. 32 Sphere. 35 Either. 36 Biblical

pronoun. 37 Pen point, 39 We. 41 Greeted. fodder

56 South Ameri-can balsam. 58 Mohammedan religion. feligion.

60 Powerful
nerve stimulant.

61 Not shut. 62 Animal. 44 Grass cut for 63 She is noted for the

form).

Verbal.

she wears. 64 Irish fuel 65 Person afflicted with leprosy. VERTICAL 1 Smart retort.
2 Arm bone.
3 Long fish.
4 Alter.
5 Her — Is

at war with the axis. 6 Manner. 7 Beverage. 8 Wealthy. 10 Kneel.

34 Wager. 38 Exist. 39 Indian. 40 Excitement. 41 Mine. 43 Book of maps 45 Passage. 46 Lake (Scot.). 47 Canoe. 49 Halt! 50 Buddhist shrine. 51 Mother's sister. 52 Sport. 53 Tent maker. 55 Perform on a

stage. 57 Meadow.

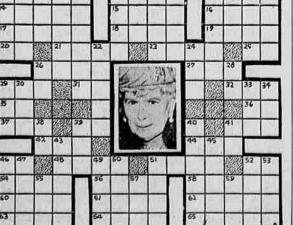
59 Infold.

11 Climbing

shrub.

12 Back of neck.

24 Deer species.



Out Our Way

NO -- NO! THERE SHOULD BE MORE. MANY MORE! I'M JUS DEM-ONSTRATIN' WHUT TH' STATUE GHOULD LOOK LIKE -- HIS MOTHER HIS LAWYER, HIS DOCTOR, HIS KIND OF SILLY BRACE YOUT IS THIS ODO WIFE! IT SHOULD BE A PAN-ORAMA! NO MAN COULD DO IT ALL HISSELF -- BRONZE LEGS IS THE ONLY KIND THEY STAND ON ALONE! J.R.WILLIAMS THE IRON MEN 2.8 COPE INAL ET HEA BETTACE, MIL

By J. R. Williams Our Boarding House



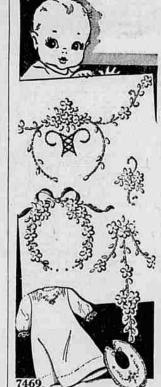
HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Who does your window clean-ing?" You may know your onlons, but it'll be just as important to know your beans, corn, etc., etc.,

TRIM LAYETTE WITH DAINTY HANDIWORK

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by Alice Brooks

Welcome that little newcomer by embroidering dainty motifs on his or her layette. These flow er designs, done in white or in soft pinks and blues, give a charming touch to tiny gar-ments. Pattern 7469 contains a transfer pattern of 33 motifs ranging from 5 x 51 to 1 x 1 inches and a yard each of a linch and a linch banding.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the num-ber for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envel-ope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No to followed by your name and address. ,



By Fred Harmon

With Major Hoopla

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

By Crone







Wash Tubbs





Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

RIGHT OUT OF OUR GARAGE

Allep Oop

RATES AS THEIR UACLE, HAVE GONE OUT IN SEARC OF MENTAL RELAXATION (TROUBLE) NEL M

THEN HE MUST HAVE LEFT TRACKS



Little Orphan Annie

BACK INTO TH' CASTLE? BUT WHERE DID HE GO FROM THERE?

WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKIN'
YESTERDAY, I SPRINKLED A
LITTLE FLOUR ON TH' FLOOR,
NEAR TH' GATE, WHERE
IT WAS TOO DARK FOR
HIM TO NOTICE, AN' HE
STEPPED IN IT, GOIN, OUT-LEAPIN' LIZARDS! BUT HE TH JUNIOR COMMAN SENTRIES SAW THA MAN, HANS HURT, ENTER OR LEAVE TH' CASTLE-DID HE

SURE -- WELL, I FOUND
HIS TRACKS -- HE WENT OUT
TH' MAIN GATE, O. K. -- BUT
HE STEPPED INTO ONE O'
THOSE LITTLE SENTRY BOOTHS -- AND RIGHT THROUGH A SECRET DOOR IN TH' BACK---INTO TH' LIBRARY---



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