

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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Remarkable indeed is the device invented by Jonah Logan...

low it; added a short straight nose; laced a tiny line of freckles across the bridge of the nose...

LOVE AT FIRST LANDING

DAY was parading in blue-and-gold attire over Connecticut. And, in mid-morning, Jonah Logan and Mahoney drove toward the estate of Henry L. Channing...

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...

The country through which the Ford rattled was superb. Undulating green fields, divided here and there by stone fences, stretched in all directions...

"No kiddin' Mahoney said, with interest. 'Any mamselles around?'"

"Keep your mind on your work, Mahoney," said Jonah. "The car was a negotiated 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, towered and turreted after the fashion favored by architects of Old France...

"What's the round white thing?" Mahoney inquired. "Probably the fence around Mr. Channing's private race course," Jonah told him.

"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?'"

"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."

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 going to have to climb, Chief. That's easy 10 feet 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 Mahoney from below, in a hoarse whisper.

Jonah turned to make reply. At the same time he moved his left foot. That was an error. It stamped him as a man whose ancestors were more likely to have been Humpty Dumplings 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 night-wind blowing over a banana split.

"What's the trouble?" it said. "Didn't the parcel open?" Jonah lifted his chin out of Mother Earth. He perceived the following items in logical order: (1) a pair of small brown-and-white sports shoes, (2) the nearest ankles east of Shanghai, (3) long silken legs that reminded him at once of Marlene Dietrich, (4) a whip-slim figure in a skirt of summery green linen and canary cashmere sweater, (5) the face he'd been looking for all his life.

JONAH felt a little like a viciously tackled halfback who is being walked around and questioned by the referee.

"Me!" he said, somewhat dazedly. "Why, I—I'm Jonah."

"I see." The blue eyes regarded him gravely. "And what's that? The whole?"

She pointed in well-bred fashion. 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 chin, bewildered and inarticulate.

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 Mahoney's.

"Stay where you are, Mahoney!" he ordered, extending a mandatory finger.

"But you says to folly you," be-

gan Mahoney, "bein' careful to..."

"That's canceled. At ease, Mahoney!"

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.

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.

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

"My chin?" he said absently. "Now don't tell me you've hurt yourself," the girl said. "And, by the way, what are you doing here? And, by another way, who are you?"

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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE IRON MEN

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie



HE HAS COLD IN THE HEAD, ALSO IDEAS

PURCHASE COUPONS

So your kiddies need shoes and you don't have the money? Use Purchase Coupons. Get \$25 worth today and use them, when it's most convenient, for purchasing any number of articles costing \$4 each or less. Don't miss a buy or a bargain; keep coupons on hand. Usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office

HOLD EVERYTHING!



SUNSHINE WINDOW CLEANING CO.

Red Ryder



Red Ryder

Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



LORD BYRON

The TOTAL LIVES OF THE THREE ENGLISH POETS BYRON, KEATS AND SHELLEY AMOUNTED TO ONLY 92 YEARS! BYRON DIED AT 36, KEATS AT 26, AND SHELLEY, 30.



A SWEATER IS AN EXCELLENT INSULATOR IN STILL AIR, BUT VERY POOR IN A WIND!

Some people have to sit down to figure out how they stand. Says JOSEPH MURPHY, New York, N. Y.

TRIM LAYETTE WITH DAINTY HANDIWORK



7469



by Alice Brooks

Welcome that little newcomer by embroidering dainty motifs on his or her layette. These flower designs, done in white or in soft pinks and blues, give a charming touch to tiny garments. Pattern 7469 contains a transfer pattern of 33 motifs ranging from 5 x 5 1/2 to 1 x 1 1/2 inches and a yard each of a 1/2 inch and a 1 inch 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 number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. ...., to ...., followed by your name and address."

QUEEN MOTHER OF ENGLAND

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1,6 Pictured British sovereign. 10 Her husband was George V. 14 College of the Mohammedan hierarchy. 15 Stew. 16 Elliptical. 17 Bay. 18 Ship's floor. 19 Model. 20 Father. 21 Pleasant. 22 Demigod. 25 Half an em. 26 Scint. 27 Wise bird. 29 Transgression. 31 Negative. 32 Sphere. 35 Ether. 38 Biblical pronoun. 39 Pen point. 40 We. 41 Greeted. 42 Dine. 44 Grass cut for fodder.

11 Climbing shrub. 12 Back of neck. 13 Valley. 22 Intersect. 24 Deer species. 26 Upon. 28 Behold! 29 Her is King of England. 30 Anger. 33 Grain. 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.



Little Orphan Annie



LEAPIN' LIZARDS! NO WONDER NONE O' TH' JUNIOR COMMANDO SENTRY'S SAW THAT MAN, HAN'S HURST, ENTER OR LEAVE TH' CASTLE-