

SERIAL STORY

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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

CHAPTER III

"THIS," he said, "will tell you everything. Except your weight."

"Logan, Logan, Logan, Mahoney and Logan, the girl read from the card."

"I don't mind Mr. Mahoney at all," the girl said. "But I am beginning to mind your not telling me why you're here."

"Hildy," Jonah repeated reverently. "That's perfect. Makes me think of autumn leaves just as they're turning from red to yellow. Or is it yellow to red?"

"So they were. But, to answer you, I came to see a Mr. Henry L. Channing."

"Well," said Hildy, "I don't like to discourage you. But you've got a fat chance of seeing him as long as that thing is in evidence."

"Practically everything. It's a camera. And Mr. Mahoney is carrying photographic equipment. Well, Mr. Channing is very allergic to photographers."

"But I don't get it. He's the camera king of America, isn't he? I should think he and a couple of photographers would be Brother Eiks."

"You would think so," Hildy said, in a sympathetic voice. "But Mr. Channing has had plenty of trouble with photographers."

"From on high Mahoney repeated a gloomy prediction. 'They'll run you out by the seat of your pants. Like Jimmy Durante.'"

"Silence, Mahoney! Listen, Hildy, I assure you that I'm no common photographer. Jonah patted the Terrible Eye affectionately. 'This little gadget is a kind of camera, of course. But what a camera! Why, this neat fawn-colored housing conceals a machine that could knock the whole darn world on its beam ends.'"

"Hildy gave a little shriek. 'Oh, Lord. It's a bomb. And you're subsversive. Go away.' 'Relax,' said Jonah. 'The mechanism, though colossal, is harmless.'"

"All right," said Hildy. "I'll take your word for it. Why do you want to see my—Mr. Channing?"

"So," said Jonah, who had quick ears. "Mr. Channing is something to you?"

"Well, you could say that we're related. He's my father."

"Gosh, he's playing in luck, isn't he? I mean, having a daughter like you."

Mahoney carries, I can recall certain of these light rays. Stacks of 'em, in fact. They undergo a kind of refining process in my machine and I'm able to project them onto a screen just as you do the pictures on an ordinary movie film. Catch?"

Hildy looked at him narrowly. He seemed sober.

"For the benefit of my backward feminine mind," she said, "let's take a concrete example. Not that I'm falling for this utter tripe. But suppose I wanted to see—oh, say the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Could you go into this limbo place and get it for me with your—your what-do-you-call-it here?"

"Certainly," said Jonah.

"How far back into history can you go?" Hildy asked, in the tone one adopts when humoring a lunatic.

"Pretty far," Jonah told her. "I picked up a shot of Cleopatra the other day. Incidentally, she wasn't so hot. Black as the ace of spades."

"You are telling me that you did that with this innocent-looking little gadget?"

"No, no," said Jonah. "This is just a working model. I've got a larger machine in a place I've rented near here. That's the baby that brings in the real stuff."

Hildy looked fearfully at the model of the Terrible Eye. "But what will this thing do?"

"Well, this works pretty good," said Jonah. "It would pick up anything that's happened around here in the last few days."

"Oh, my goodness," said Hildy. She gave him a searching look. "Listen, Jonah, this is pretty hard to swallow. But you seem awfully earnest about it. So let's assume it's true. If so, you ought to smash your machines into little pieces and forget the whole idea. Why, it's just plain dynamite."

(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IN FRANCE, ALONG ABOUT 1481, A PERSON CONVICTED OF SELLING BAD EGGS WAS PLACED ON THE PILLORY...

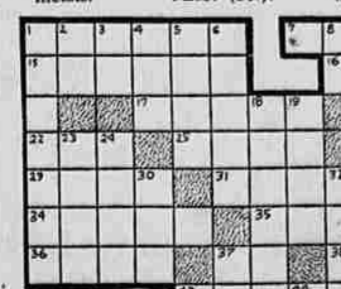


The WEAVER BIRD, OF AFRICA, ACTUALLY TIES KNOTS IN WEAVING ITS CURIOUS NEST.

ANSWER: From his long service as an officer in the Tenth U. S. Cavalry, a famous Negro regiment.

MOVIE ACTOR

- HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 17 Pictured movie actor. 18 Ascends. 19 Bearing cirri. 20 Rips. 21 Parent. 22 Symbol for tantalum. 23 Electrified particle. 24 Liberate. 25 Snake. 26 Above. 27 Shutter. 28 Nostrils. 29 Collect. 30 Deer track. 31 Senior (abbr.). 32 Nova Scotia (abbr.). 33 Genus of maples. 34 Car. 35 Helmet ornament. 36 Condiment vial. 37 Dry. 38 Native metals.



HILDY CHANNING sighed. "This must be a special brand of double talk."

Ultimate victory will be ours. And when the curse of Hitlerism is wiped off the face of the earth, the United Nations can only effectively hasten the task of spiritual and material construction by recognizing that the cause for which we are fighting is the cause of all men everywhere.—Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles.

A hot tip on the market has a habit of leaving people out in the cold.



SI BUYS ONE INTRENCHING SHOVEL

One intrenching shovel might get an American 'dug in' just in time to dodge a bullet.

War Stamps buy intrenching shovels!

If you really believed that renting your spare room could dig trenches that save lives you'd get going, wouldn't you?

I'm a Herald and News Want Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR spare room into intrenching shovels!

Herald and News Want-Ads Get Results

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

By Fred Harmon



Red Ryder

Now that Red Ryder is jailed for that robbery and killing, why do we have to hold up in this stuffy hotel?

Why do you guys cut in and take her off my hands? She's a terrible dancer!

Her dad is a fugitive from Alcatraz—and her little brother murdered her mother!

I'm the only fellow here without a criminal record, Jerry! If they try to cut in—

Why do you associate with them? I want to set a good example for them—and wait! You see the one I'm cooking up now!

Jerry, the new gal has all the fellows going round in circles. But it seems she has the situation well in hand!

What is that cigarette you are smoking? I do not know. It was given to me.

It smells like real tobacco. Not like our present pay cigar-ets.

Let me see... the name is... why that's strange! It's an American cigarette!

Yes, why would an officer of the elite guard be smoking American in Germany?

That might be suspicious. He's coming back.

Okay, let him come. I know how to handle him.

What a joy it is to work here in this delightful garage! No visitors, no interruptions.

Now's my chance while he's busy! Oh, boy!

Shh—don't worry, little figgies, every-thing's going to be okay—but soon!

Fire!

Hi, Guy!

Hmm!

Well?

Heh!

By Martin

Dealer shortages put new value on used merchandise. Cash in on your "junk" through a classified ad. Phone 3124.

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



SPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR HANS HURT OR ANY OTHER FRIEND O' UNCLE MALCOLM. TO USE A SECRET WAY TO COME AN GO—UNCLE KNOWS, O COURSE—

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



Worry calls for rest, plus cheese.

By Blosser



Freckles and His Friends

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By V. T. Hamlin

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. followed by your name and address."

Dealer shortages put new value on used merchandise. Cash in on your "junk" through a classified ad. Phone 3124.

Allep Oop

By Martin



UNCLE MALCOLM MUST BE ALL RIGHT—WHY DO I FEEL SORTA LEBRY ABOUT HIM? DADDY ALWAYS SAID MALCOLM MITT WAS A SWELL GUY—HAS HE CHANGED SINCE DADDY KNEW HIM?

AND THAT BUTLER, SALTS—HE'S A COLD FISH—AND HAWKINS—SHE'S ALWAYS SNOOPIN' AROUND—WELL—WHEN IN DOUBT, KEEP YER MOUTH SHUT AN' BOTH EYES OPEN—EH, SANDY?