

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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Jonah Logan has invented "The Terrible Eye" device which will accurately televise scenes of the past...

dark-blue eyes. "Oh, you did? So what now? Uncle Cal rubbed his hands. "I shall have to have ten dollars."

OATS FOR BUCEPHALUS

CHAPTER IV

"SURE" agreed Jonah affably. "Think what would happen if I put the thing on the market? Murder, divorce, blackmail and—

"There certainly would be." "Furthermore, the whole conception of history would probably have to be revised. You know Good King Wenceslaus?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not." "Don't jest," said Jonah darkly. "The records have it that Wenceslaus was a pious man. But don't kid yourself. I could tell you things about that guy that would make your hair curl."

"How did you happen to make this discovery?" Hildy asked. "There was still a dash of humor-lunatic in her voice."

"By chance," Jonah said solemnly. "The depravity of Good King Wenceslaus had rendered him somber. 'Quite by accident, during some photographic researches."

"But what do you want Father to do about it?" "I want him," said Jonah, "to buy the Terrible Eye."

"Why sell it?" "It will do all you say, you could make your everlasting fortune."

"True," Jonah said. "But right now, I've no chance to exploit it. To begin with, the Navy is going to get the undersigned in about a month. Beyond that, I'm not interested in revising history. I'm no more interested in unearthing a lot of forgotten scandals. And I certainly don't want all that divorce and blackmail traced to my door."

"I see. You want it traced to father's?" "Well," said Jonah, "your father is a tycoon. Tycoons can take such things. I can't. I'm sensitive."

"So I've noticed. I suppose you'll ask father a good price, won't you? About a million dollars?" Jonah considered. "I don't want to be too hard on your father," he said at length. "Actually, I'd set a figure a trifle under that. I think my—my nuisance value ought to be worth a life annuity of 50 bucks a week."

"Well, I still think you're letting father off too cheaply," Hildy said. "But what if he won't buy it?" "In that case," said Jonah, "I'll be reluctantly compelled to market the Terrible Eye myself, in my off-hours from the Navy, and break the Channing Camera Empire."

Suddenly Hildy snapped her fingers. "Jonah, I believe you've got something, unless you're the world's biggest liar. It would break father, wouldn't it?" "In two," said Jonah.

"Then what are we waiting for?" Hildy cried. "Come on. I'll introduce you right away. And father will kick you out on your tin ear because you're a photographer and then you'll have to ruin him. It's a natural."

"Okay," said Jonah, fired by her enthusiasm. "I'd rather have the 50 bucks a week than go to any trouble. But I'm prepared to ruin your governor if he wants it that way. In fact, I'd get a kick out of it. I've suffered various indignities at his hands. I've... Owee!"

And, as though he were a puppet worked by unseen strings, Mr. Jonah Logan rose three feet in the air.

"Now, Hildegarde," said Uncle Cal dreamily. "Gentlewomen never haggle."

"Sometimes, Uncle Cal," Hildy said, "I could wring your wretched neck." She looked at Jonah. "Lend me ten dollars for a little while, will you, Jonah?"

Wonderingly, Jonah produced a ten-spot. Uncle Cal took it politely, but with a gleam in his pale eyes.

"That is quite satisfactory, young man," he said. "We may now consider the transaction closed." He looked down the path toward the horse, who was rapturously poaching off a honey-nuckle vine. "Come along, sweetheart," he called.

Bucephalus ambled forward, snagged another sprig of honey-nuckle on the fly and halted beside the trio, breathing softly down Jonah's neck.

"Well, Hildegarde," Uncle Cal beamed upon her. "This is capital. It means oats for Bucephalus."

"Oats to you," said Hildy. "This generation," Uncle Cal observed vaguely, "seems singularly devoid of respect. But no matter. Come, Bucephalus!"

And humming a tuneless tune, Uncle Cal moved away. Bucephalus bestowed a parting breath upon Jonah's neck and followed. Jonah, a touch dazed, looked after them. "Who was that?" he inquired faintly.

(To Be Continued)

BARBER CONVALESCING GREAT LAKES—Chief Specialist Jim Barber is recovering from an operation performed in the Naval hospital here. A graduate of the University of San Francisco and a member of the Washington Redskins, Company Commander Barber played tackle for the sailors last fall.

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(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

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JAMES MADISON, THE SHORTEST, WAS ONLY 5 FEET, 4 INCHES.

EGGPLANT GOT ITS NAME FROM ONE OF ITS ORIGINAL VARIETIES, A SMALL, WHITE, EGG-SHAPED SPECIES.

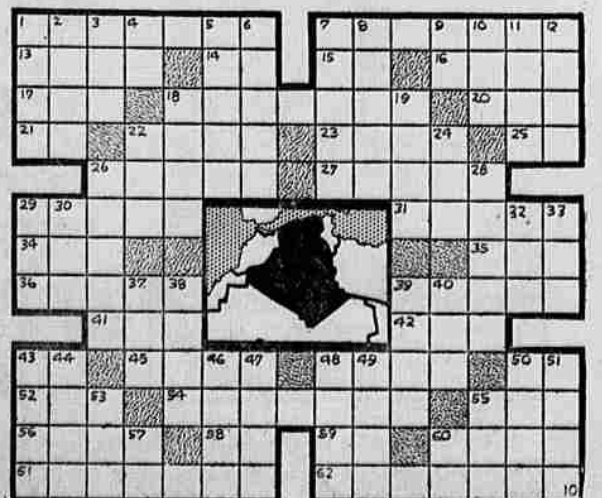
QUINQUOYS T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WINK YOUR MONEY INTO WAR BONDS AND KEEP A SHIP AFLOAT. Says 11-YEAR-OLD LOREE PAULSON, Ridgewood, New Jersey.

Next: He never gave up!

NORTH AFRICAN COUNTRY

Horizontal: 1. Depicted North African country. 7. Its capital is... 13. Wander. 14. Perform. 15. Beside. 16. Avoid. 17. Weep. 18. Path of electrical current. 20. Matrix. 21. Him. 22. Horn blast. 23. Vulgar upstart. 25. Mother. 26. Play. 27. Heron. 29. Braid. 31. Coat with tin alloy. 34. Over (poet.). 35. Bird. 36. It was over by the allies. 39. Polish highly. 41. Truly. 42. Not in.



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



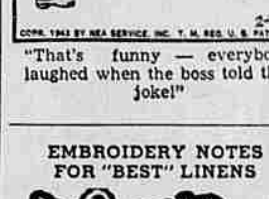
THE HOPE CHEST

By J. R. Williams

JOE'S PLACE



EMBROIDERY NOTES FOR "BEST" LINENS



7465 by Alice Brooks

Sweetly reminiscent of "grandma's garden" are these flower motifs that lend enchantment to household linens. Each of the three designs is a different flower; a pair of each design is given. A lovely touch for guest towels and pillow cases. Pattern 7465 contains 6 motifs averaging 5 x 14 inches; illustrations of stitches; list of materials.

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.

Little Orphan Annie



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



AN AILMENT WITH FINANCIAL COMPLICATIONS

By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Red Ryder

By Blosser



Boots and Her Buddies

