

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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Jonah Logan has invented "The Terrible Eye" a fantastic camera gadget that re-creates and tele-visions scenes of the past...

MR. CHANNING SNOOTS

CHAPTER V

"MY uncle, Calvin Meggs," "Oh!" thought it was Al Capone, shrunk in the wash."

"Uncle Cal," explained Hildy, "is an amiable reprobate. Father says he's a worthless character because he's such a poor business man."

"Well, I didn't notice that. I thought he made J. P. Morgan look like a panhandler."

"Father refers to his past. It seems Uncle Cal went through his own money and a lot of Aunt Mag's, Aunt Mag was father's sister."

"I see. This poor business man who makes \$10 a minute lives here?"

"Oh, yes. He's one of the family."

"Forgive me if I seem inquisitive," Jonah said, "but just why did we give him \$10?"

"Hush money," said Hildy. "Jonah shook his head. "I'm thick, I guess."

"Well," said Hildy, "I told you that father and I are on the outs. And father's been threatening me with dire things if I don't... well, behave myself. And if he heard what I've just said to you, he'd hit the roof. Well, Uncle Cal knows all about our fight. If you hadn't given him that \$10 he'd have gone straight to father."

"But, gosh, that's blackmail. The guy's a menace."

"I know. But he had me that time."

"What's the horse for?" asked Jonah. "Just a playmate of his."

"That horse," Hildy said spitefully, "has changed Uncle Cal from a delightful elderly gentleman into a conniving little money-cadger."

"You mean the horse has a bad influence on him?"

"She nodded. "The worst. There's a bit of history to this, Jonah. It seems that years ago, before Uncle Cal frittered away his money, he owned a racehorse. Well, father has always had racehorses, too, and the story goes that he and Uncle Cal got into an argument. About whether one of father's horses could beat Uncle Cal's. See?"

"Sure. And did it?"

"Yes," said Hildy. "They had a private race and father's horse won in a walk. At least, father says so. But Uncle Cal has a different version. He's hinted that father bribed his jockey to pull his horse."

Jonah whistled. "That's a grave charge."

"Isn't it? Particularly against father. Father is president of the State Turf Association."

"Of course, you say your uncle doesn't actually charge it. Just makes hints."

"That's it. Dark hints. He's been doing it for years. Well, recently he bought this horse, Bucephalus. Where he got the money we don't know. But Uncle Cal appeared with him one day and challenged father to another race. His horse against Black Moonlight, father's very best."

"H'm," said Jonah. "Your uncle must repose a lot of confidence in that fugitive from a glue factory."

"He's perfectly dotty about him. He even says that Bucephalus can run as fast as Bonaparte Brandy."

"Then he is dotty," Jonah explained. "Bonaparte Brandy won the Kentucky Derby two years ago."

"That's what I tell Uncle Cal. But he won't listen."

"BUT where does the money angle come in? The kind of drifty and dreamy blackmail he goes in for?"

"Well, you see," explained Hildy patiently, "Uncle Cal is hoping to make a killing. I happen to know that when father accepted his challenge, Uncle Cal put his shirt on Bucephalus and got very good odds. And father said he'd cover anything else that Uncle Cal cared to bet. So Uncle Cal has been trying to scrape up more money. And he's resorted to the lowest possible schemes. He even borrowed a dollar from the butcher the other day."

"By gosh," said Jonah, impressed, "your uncle isn't fooling."

"It seems not. I'm afraid Uncle Cal bears a grudge over that other race. Of course, I don't think that father put the jockey up to any monkey business. But father likes to win things. And when he does, he gloats."

"The gloating type, eh?"

"But, definitely. Father has been gloating over Uncle Cal for years. He's been... well, Uncle Cal calls it 'impugning my judgment of horseflesh.'"

"Gee, that would cut a man to the quick, wouldn't it?"

"It's cut Uncle Cal. And he plans to get even this Saturday. They're having the race then."

Jonah shook his head. "Well, I'm no judge of horseflesh either. But I've got another \$10 that says your uncle's nag belongs penna a plow. What's your father think about all this?"

"Oh, father is superbly confident. He's even planned to give a ball Saturday night to celebrate his victory."

"Well," Jonah said, "this is very interesting. But it isn't helping us break the Channing Camera Empire."

They collected Mahoney, which took ingeniously. Nature had not constructed Mahoney to shine at descending 10-foot walls. Finally, however, he arrived on terra firma, clutching his black cases and breathing heavily.

"All present and accounted for," said Hildy. "Let's go."

She led the way along a gravel

walk that ran through the formal garden. At the end of this there was a shrub-dotted lawn that led up a gentle slope to the house. Jonah stopped suddenly, gasping. The full magnificence of the Channing mansion had burst upon him.

"Jeepers," he exclaimed. "Who ran up that little number? Kubla Khan?"

"Isn't it hideous?" Hildy said. "Mother went continental on us about 20 years ago."

"Don't apologize," said Jonah. "I'm impressed no end."

"Me, too," chimed in Mahoney, who thought he ought to say something suitable.

"Well, glad you like it, boys. We... Gee, here's luck. Father's chased himself out into the open."

JONAH looked toward the house. Some distance away a heavily-built gentleman was pacing a terrace. His head was sunk upon his chest. He looked like Rodin's Thinker in search of a stone.

The cavalcade approached to within 20 yards without attracting the attention of the Thinker. Then, apparently scenting danger, he glanced up. His eye fell on Jonah and the camera-like arrangement, took in Mahoney's black cases. And a whooshing sound, as of a water buffalo emerging from an African river, escaped him.

"Hey," said Jonah to Hildy. "he seems upset. He..."

"Photographers," bellowed Mr. Channing. "I'll not have photographers on the place. Get out of here."

Even as he roared, he pawed the earth. Then, emitting a snorting noise, he charged. He was no longer a water buffalo. He was an irritable rhinoceros, rampant.

Mahoney turned on the publicized dime. Jonah was right with him. Hildy turned in sympathy. They were off like a covey of quail.

(To Be Continued)

TOO MUCH POSTAGE?

WILMINGTON, Del. (AP) — Ten years ago George P. Swain ordered a shipment from a Washington, D. C., firm.

It arrived in yesterday's mail — postmarked June 5, 1933 — and was the postman's face red!

The shipment (from a philatelic agency): 46 cents worth of stamps.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



PERSEVERANCE! ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS DEFEATED AS A CANDIDATE FOR LEGISLATURE IN 1832, SPEAKER IN 1838, ELECTOR IN 1840, COMMISSIONER OF GENERAL LAND OFFICE, 1843, CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATION, 1843, RE-ELECTION TO CONGRESS, 1848, U.S. SENATOR IN 1855, VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IN 1856, U.S. SENATOR IN 1858, ... AND ELECTED PRESIDENT IN 1860!



NEW GUINEA GOT ITS NAME BECAUSE IT REMINDED EXPLORERS OF THE GUINEA COAST OF AFRICA.



THE KIAMICHI MOUNTAINS ARE IN OKLAHOMA JAPAN ALEUTIAN ISLANDS?



ANSWER: Southeastern Oklahoma. NEXT: Surveying the business man.

THE GREMLINS

By William Ferguson

"THAT'S A SENSIBLE GIRL! CURL UP ON THE COUCH AND HAVE A NICE, QUIET EVENING AT HOME, NOTHING LIKE TAKING IT EASY AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE."



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These llamas, featured in large and small sizes, are inhabitants of the San Francisco zoo.

I WANT YOU...



Uncle Sam has picked you out To help him stop the foe. Every war bond that you buy Hits 'em high and low.

If you haven't ready cash, Sell stored and unused things! The cash you get when put in bonds Buys Uncle Sammy's wings.

DO IT NOW— NOT TOMORROW Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



SHOWER GIFT FOR A SOLDIER'S BRIDE

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



ALLEP OOP

Little Orphan Annie

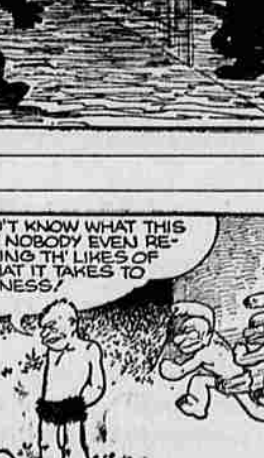
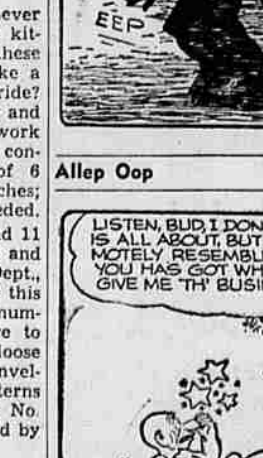
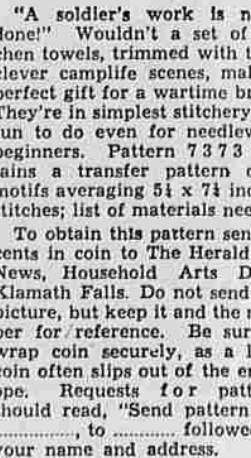
By Harold Gray



THE GREMLINS

By William Ferguson

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ALLEP OOP

Little Orphan Annie

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