

SERIAL STORY

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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Jonah Logan is having trouble in getting to see Henry L. Channing, the multi-millionaire camera king, whom he hopes to interest in "The Terrible Eye," his remarkable invention which records scenes of the past. Jonah learns from Hildy Channing that her Uncle Cal has entered his horse, Eucalyptus, in a race against the best racer in the Channing stables. Meanwhile, when Henry Channing glimpses Logan and his assistant, Mahoney, he suspects they are photographers and gives an order to force their removal from his estate.

LOST IN A MAZE

CHAPTER VI

"GOSH," gasped Jonah, "you didn't tell me he was this allergic to photographers."

"I didn't know it myself," Hildy panted. "Something must have annoyed him this morning. We'll have to retreat to prepared positions."

From behind came warlike sounds. "Sneak in here, will you? Hobnob with my daughter, will you?" By Harry, I'll show you!

Mahoney, holding a slight lead, perceived sanctuary. Dead ahead was a high hedge and there was an opening in the hedge. Mahoney paused not. He dived through the opening like a homing rabbit, Jonah at his elbow. Hildy fell to the rear.

Jonah took the lead, raced up the path, turned a corner and almost collided with H. L. Channing. "Gr-r-roosh," said H. L. Channing, and pounced for him.

Jonah wheeled like a startled antelope. Mahoney had already had the forethought to wheel. The outstretched fingers of H. L. Channing missed Jonah's collar by an inch. He stumbled and fell side-wise into the greenery. Little gems of profanity crackled on the morning air.

It took Jonah and Mahoney no time at all to put distance between themselves and Mr. Channing. But, all at once, Hildy Channing appeared, djinnlike.

"Hsst!" she whispered. They followed her along other grass-covered passages and finally emerged into open country. No one spoke until they were again in the shadow of the wall.

"What was that, for the love of Pete?" Jonah said then, wiping his face.

"A maze," Hildy told him. "It's copied after the one at Hampton Court."

"Well," said Jonah, "it's sure my idea of a better mousetrap. But don't you think we ought to get a little farther away?"

"Oh, no. Father never could manage the maze. He'll be in there all day if I don't rescue him. Listen!"

She held up her hand. From afar came a faint baying. "Dammit, get me out of here, somebody. I'm going to kill somebody."

"You know, Hildy," said Jonah, "I don't think your father's in the mood to talk business."

"Possibly not," Hildy puckerred her wonderful forehead. "So what do we do now, Jonah?"

THAT great tactician plucked a blade of grass, chewed it meditatively.

"Darned if I know," he said. "It looks like we're stymied. Mahoney and I had better go home."

"But, Jonah!" He fondly fancied that he noted disappointment in her tone. "That won't get us anywhere."

As she spoke she glanced at Mahoney who stood to one side in an I'm-at-a-loss attitude. And, suddenly, Jonah Logan realized that this divine girl craved speech with him, alone.

"Listen, Mahoney," he said, producing the keys to the Ford, "you take the car home. I'll get back across country."

Between them Hildy and Jonah gave Mahoney a leg up until he could reach the tree which had already played a role in the invasion of Wildover.

"Now," said Jonah, "in the tone of one who has cleared the decks, 'what's with you?'"

Hildy said slowly, "Well, Jonah, our direct frontal attack seems to have failed. I had no idea father would go berserk. But I'm not giving up."

"That's the old fight," said Jonah. "There must be some way to approach your ancient relative without having him go off like a firecracker."

"There is," said Hildy. "But it's evidently got to be a subtle way. I'll have to think of something. In the meantime, you may be able to help me. Would you?"

"Would I?" said Jonah Logan, going on record. "Just name it."

"Not yet," Hildy gave him a million-dollar smile of appreciation.

"The thing that's worrying me now is how we are going to establish a line of communications."

"Ph?"

"I mean, we've got to keep in touch with one another."

This, to Jonah's ears, was sweet music. "And how," he said, enthusiastically.

"But we can't go on meeting under walls and behind trees like fugitives. And having Uncle Cal jump out at us."

"I'll say we can't," said Jonah, struck by this girl's intelligence.

"What we need," said Hildy, "is a base of operations. A private one."

"Well, how about this cottage I've hired? You must know the place. It's called Brookview and I rented it from a guy named Rand."

Hildy shook her head. "It won't do. You see, Jonah, I have difficulty getting away from here. I'll explain what I mean later. Right now let's settle this base of operations thing." Suddenly, her white teeth clicked. "I've got it. We'll use the Taj Mahal."

JONAH started. "I don't want to seem to throw wrenches into the works," he said politely, "but isn't that a little far?"

Hildy laughed. "We've got a private Taj Mahal of our own. Jonah. It's a kind of—of awful pavilion thing that Aunt Mag built here. We just call it the Taj Mahal for fun."

"Well," said Jonah, "who am I to snoot the Taj Mahal? But if your father found out that..."

"He won't. He never goes near the Taj. He says it's an abomination. If we're careful, we could use the place."

They had proceeded a mere 100 yards when, suddenly, Hildy grabbed Jonah's arm and pulled him behind a hystanding bush.

Peering cautiously over the shrubbery, Jonah perceived a tall female of vigorous step and purposeful mien striding across the greensward. Her costume was mannish, businesslike; a white shirtwaist, skirt of somber black and heavy tan brogues. Her black hair was brushed sleekly down and she wore pince-nez secured by a black ribbon. Here, thought Jonah, was one who would brook no silliness.

"Who is it?" he asked, in a low voice. "The local truant officer?"

"It's Meath," Hildy explained. "Father's new secretary. I wouldn't trust her as far as I could throw her."

"Why?"

"Just a hunch," confessed Hildy. "She's only been here a few weeks, but she's a snapper of the first water. And I think that one of her duties is to watch me."

"That," said Jonah promptly, "is my idea of a swell job."

"Jonah, you're sweet. But you don't understand. I mean, Meath is supposed to spy on me."

"Listen, Hildy," Jonah said. "You've been hinting about fighting with your father and being in Dutch all around and now..."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

A SURVEY HAS SHOWN THAT WHEN MAIL IS PLACED ON A MAN'S DESK, HE IS MOST APT TO OPEN VIOLET-COLORED ENVELOPES FIRST.

IN THERESA, N.Y., A TREE TOAD HAS LIVED IN THE KITCHEN OF S. K. RODENHURST FOR FOUR YEARS, AND HIS FAVORITE RESTING PLACE IS IN TOP OF THE TEAPOT!

I AM A SUCCESSFUL LAUNDRYMAN, BUT MY BUSINESS IS A WASHOUT, says D. O. ROTH, Quincy, Illinois.

NEXT: Who are the "vanishing Americans"?

GUADALCANAL COMMANDER

HORIZONTAL
1 Near.
3 Pictured U. S. Marines' commander at Guadalcanal, Maj.-Gen. Alexander A.
12 Producer.
13 Atmosphere.
14 Be indebted.
16 Of (suffix).
17 Behold!
18 Over (poet.).
20 Any.
22 Print measure.
23 Tree.
24 Pale.
25 Acorn.
26 Pine fruit.
28 Flower.
30 Hour (abbr.).
31 Long ago.
33 Carpet.
35 That one.
36 Anno Domini (abbr.).
37 Mother.
38 Exclamation.
39 Halt!
41 Wheel tooth.
42 Part of leg.

Answer to Previous Puzzle
PEARLBUCK
STALE OTTER
APAR SITESEEP
SHAH STERNPERT
HE EUS OOO
EMIT PEARL
NIT S INTRUDE
SINE BUCK
SH KEPEERS
SH TREREL
TOLL NORI ATARAB
WAT FATT SNAP
TREAT EARTH
TUTHORESS

VERTICAL
1 High card.
2 Attempt.
3 Dale.
4 Particle of matter.
5 Negative.
6 Dose.
7 Gather for preservation.
8 "Plantation State" (abbr.).
9 Persia.
10 Toward.
11 Jewel.
15 Us.

19 Dine.
21 Greek letter.
23 Half an em.
26 He is — of Marines on Guadalcanal.
27 Straight (comb. form).
28 Zeal.
29 Report.
32 Grain.
34 Joke.
38 Pace.
40 Pertaining to pectin.
41 Metallic element.
43 From.
45 Distant.
47 Direction.
49 Paradise.
50 Manner.
51 He leads the fight against
52 Railroad (abbr.).
56 Young dog.
57 Theory.
59 Kathode (abbr.).
61 Rough lava.
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it seems, you're the victim of Fifth Column work. Why do they persecute you, Hildy?"

"I'll tell you all about it soon," Hildy promised darkly. "Right now, let's make the Taj. Meath is out of sight."

(To Be Continued)

One of the things most necessary for keeping up morale of soldiers is good books. There is no better way a soldier can spend his leisure than in good reading, and there is a tremendous demand for it on the part of our troops. Everyone who can should send books to his local collection depot.—Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University.

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LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

THERE'S LITTLE SHORT STUBBLE SPROUTIN' ALL OVER HIS HEAD!

WHY SHOULD 'UNCLE' MALCOLM... BUT WAIT! COULD IT BE HE'S 'UNCLE' MALCOLM AT ALL?

WAS THAT A FAKE? DID THEY JUST WANT TO TRICK ME INTO COMIN' HERE? BUT WHY? I'M NOBODY... WHAT HAVE I GOT THAT... DADDY'S BRIEF CASE! OH! I'LL BET THAT'S IT!

HAROLD GRAY