

SERIAL STORY

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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"The Terrible Eye" is indeed a remarkable invention. It can restore and televise events dating way back into ancient history. Invention of the Terrible Eye, without success, to interest Henry L. Channing, multi-millionaire, was king, but he can't even get to see him. Meanwhile, he has fallen in love with Hildy, Channing's daughter, only to find that she is engaged to an aviator with whom she plans to elope.

TERRIBLY WORRIED

CHAPTER VIII

HILDY frowned. "It isn't Father's wretched money I'm worrying about. It's just that Aunt Meg left me some that's to be all my own. Only I don't get it until next winter when I'm 21. In the meantime, father has control of it. And Aunt Meg's will reads that if father doesn't consider it wise to give me the money on my 21st birthday, he can hold out on me. Until I'm 30, if he wants to. Can you imagine such a dopey thing?"

"Um. But just how eloping with this—this grease monkey will improve the situation, I don't see."

"Jonah, for a bright boy, you're incredibly dumb. Nobody's to know about the elopement, you goon. We'll get it over with Saturday night, under cover of the party father is giving. Then I'll slip back here and Chet will get on flying. He's trying for a commission in the Army Air Corps, by the way."

"Listen, Hildy," said Jonah. "The thinking behind this is cock-eyed. I strongly suggest that, if you insist on marrying this lug, you wait until you collect your aunt's shekels."

"Unh, unh," said Hildy. "Chet Saxon is too attractive to be left around loose that long."

"Then why not do it openly. Defy your old man!"

She hesitated. "Not so good, either, Jonah. You see, Chet hasn't any money of his own and flyers don't make much. I—I don't want to go to him empty-handed."

"You prefer to go empty-headed?"

"There's no call for cracks. What I want you to do is see Chet for me. I can't get away from here without having father suspect something. And I'm absolutely certain that he or Meath tampers with my mail. So you're a kind of envoy, Jonah. I want you to tell Chet that I've decided on this Saturday night."

Jonah stared at her. "You mean to say he doesn't know about it?"

"How could he, stupid? I only thought of it before breakfast this morning."

"I'll bet. It's a before-breakfast idea. What else will I tell him?"

Hildy spoke at length. When she had finished, Jonah scratched his head.

"Well, that wins the hat," he said finally.

"What's wrong with it?" demanded Hildy.

"It's strictly screwy."

"Look here, Jonah," said Hildy. "I've been hounded and spied upon for weeks. Now I'm being deprived of the kind of wedding that every girl wants. There'll be no orange blossoms for me, Jonah. But if I'm eloping, I'm putting at least a little dash of romance into it. And darn if anyone is going to talk me out of it."

"Hold it, lady," said Jonah. "I'm not saying a word. Where do I find this weas—Mr. Saxon?"

"He lives in Larchville," Hildy said. "He'll probably be at the airport."

"Okay," said Jonah, and sighed. This was a fine state of affairs. Before he'd had opportunity to fling himself at the feet of the world's Number One Girl, she'd converted him into a miserable go-between. In so doing, she had effectively closed his lips. To prostrate himself now would make him look like a Grade A sap. No, he must stand by to deliver, in silence. Just then Mr. Jonah Logan had profound sympathy for the late Sidney Carton.

"When can you go, Jonah?" asked Hildy, a girl for details.

Jonah stiffened the celebrated upper lip. "Tomorrow."

"Well, that's swell," said Hildy. "I'll meet you here about 5 tomorrow afternoon and you can—report. Now I'd better go get father out of the maze."

CONNECTICUT languished in the embrace of a soft purplish night. In a deck chair on the porch of his converted barn sat Jonah Logan, thinking wishfully. The central figure in his mental gyrations had ash-blond hair and Mediterranean eyes. And she was engaged in tying the knot, was definitely, to a tall handsome chap who leaned in downcast fashion against the wing of an airplane.

Jonah Logan's then song for the evening seemed to be, "You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming."

From inside the converted barn there issued suddenly a hoarse chuckle. Jonah paid no attention.

But, very unexpectedly, something stepped from the shadows on the lawn.

It was a slim something and it looked familiar. For a second Jonah stared, unbelievably. Then his heart leapt, like a pronged grampus.

"Hildy," he called softly. She stepped closer to the porch. "Is that you, Jonah?" Her voice was a judicious blend of raindrops and quicksilver.

Jonah reached her side in a bound that would have shamed a catamount.

"Hildy," he cried. "This is swell. What are you doing here? Well! He held up a hand. "Don't tell me. I—I know."

Mr. Logan was an optimist. He was wont to string along with Pollyanna and look on the

brighter side.

"You've come, Hildy," he explained gently, "because you've thought things over. And now you see how utterly impractical it would be to marry a man who spends his time filibustering around in airplanes. And, believe me, you're right. That type never makes a good provider. That type—"

"Shut up, Jonah!" interrupted Hildy.

"Eh?"

"You're perfectly wacky. I'm more in love with Chet than ever."

"Oh!" Jonah made a noise like a pricked balloon.

"In fact, I'm here on his behalf."

Jonah folded his arms, aware that the world had become a flop again. "Proceed," he invited bleakly.

BEFORE Hildy could do so a whole series of hoarse chuckles sounded from within, followed by a robust guffaw.

"Atta girl," said a voice, rich with appreciation. "Sock him again."

Hildy started. "Jonah! What was that?"

"Nothing of importance," said Jonah. "It's just Mahoney. He's got the Rape of the Sabines. On the Terrible Eye."

"Oh, really. That must be a marvelous machine. We'll have to do something soon about breaking father with it. But right now—"

"Oh, Jonah, I'm so terribly worried."

When she looked up at him with so much appeal in her eyes, Jonah knew all over again that his life would never be complete without her. She was so truly

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Mr. Logan was an optimist. He was wont to string along with Pollyanna and look on the

beautiful, so obviously meant for him. He felt warm inside, proud that she should come to him for help.

It took all the will power he had to stop him from lifting her lips to his own. He gulped. The words he uttered were barely whispered.

"I'm listening," said Jonah. (To Be Continued)

Women are now driving 44-passenger buses through congested streets in San Diego where the transit riding has increased more than 208 per cent above last year.

SEARS

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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 \$5 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

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

WHEN A MOOSE CANNOT REACH THE TENDER LEAVES OF A TREE TOP, HE MERELY WALKS ASTRIDE THE TREE... AND RIDES IT DOWN!

There are 490 DISTINCT SPECIES OF PLANTS THAT PRODUCE RUBBER.

WHEN YOU SLICE BALONEY YOU BEGIN AT THE END. (Says GEORGE A. VOSEGER, St. Albans, New York.)

NEXT: Living on top of the world.

MYSTERY STORY WRITER

HORIZONTAL 1,6,10 Pictured writer of mystery stories.

14 Degree.

15 Grew old.

16 Dawn goddess.

17 Upon.

18 Music note.

19 Employ.

20 Cooking utensil.

21 Spider's nest.

22 Furnished with a top.

23 Article.

24 Telegrams (colloq.).

25 Err.

26 On the ocean.

27 Near.

28 Iron (symbol).

29 Grain.

30 Born.

31 Paid notice.

32 Fall behind.

33 Passage.

34 Steal.

35 No good (abbr.).

36 Part of eye.

37 Sun god.

38 Be is also a 2 Year (abbr.).

39 Friend.

40 Condition.

41 Biblical pronoun.

42 Grate.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

DON'T YOU EVER FEEL SILLY? DON'T YOU EVER FEEL LIKE BUSTIN' OUT WITH TH' SHEER JOY OF BEIN' ALIVE ONCE IN A WHILE?

NO, I DON'T SEEM TO EVER FEEL THAT GOOFY!

WHAT! YOU? YOU BROUGHT UP ON TH' CLASSICS AN' CALLIN' WOOD NYMPHS AN' GAMBOLIN' LAMBS GOOFY? WHY, MAN, THIS IS TH' HEIGHT OF CULTURE! WHY, GOLDIE, HOW COULD YOU?

BETTER IN A BOOK

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

TH' SHERIFF! HE MUST BE GON' HOME!

SH-H-H! LET ME GO! IT'S OUR CHANCE! HANG RYDER!

ANCHULETA COUNTY JAIL

MY DISGUISE WORKED. LITTLE BEAVER! THAT HANGIN' MOD THINKS I'M THE SHERIFF!

THEN LET ME OUT, RED RYDER! I'M SUFFOCATED!

TAKE IT EASY! UNTIL I GET OVER BY THE LIVERY STABLE, THAT'S GOT OUR HORSES!

Freckles and His Friends

FRECK, WE'VE BEEN SABOTAGED! ALL THOSE PHONE CALLS WERE MADE BY JUST ONE GUY!

HAS YOUR IMPORTANT CALL COME IN YET?

NOT YET!

LEMMIE USE THE PHONE! WE'LL DO A LITTLE SLEUTHING!

OPERATOR, IF ANYONE PHONES THIS NUMBER, TRY TO TRACE THE CALL AND STALL FOR TIME, PLEASE!

SOMEONE IS CALLING YOUR NUMBER, RIGHT NOW, FROM A DRUGSTORE AT 3 RD. AND SPRUCE!

STAND BY THE PHONE, FRECK! I HAVE WORK TO DO!

Wash Tubbs

AFTER THE AMERICANS HAVE PASSED EASY REPLACES THE MINES...

AND TROTS BACK TO JOIN SERGEANT HITLER

SIX MINUTES TO GO, MAX. THAT'LL GIVE 'EM TIME TO GET THE GLIDERS READY. THEN WE'LL PULL OUT.

YES, SIR. I WAS JUST THINKING—HEARING THE HEINES STARTING THEIR MOTORCYCLES AND TRUCKS—WHY A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN THOSE NEXT SIX MINUTES.

Boots and Her Buddies

THOSE PILLS ARE MY NEW SUPER-CONCENTRATED EXPLOSIVES!! IF A GUINEA PIG ACTS UP, I PUT ONE BY INTO ONE...

AW-MEBBE THEY'LL JUST SNIFF 'EM

BALCON

ALLEP OOP

YEZZIE, YOU POLKS SURE HAVE GOT IT SWELL HERE! SAY, WHAT'S TH' MATTER, ZEL? YOU LOOK SORTA WORRIED!

I AM, ALLEY. THE BOYS HAVE BEEN GONE LONGER THAN USUAL.

I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY CAUSE FOR ALARM. HOWEVER, I'LL GO SEE THEY'VE NOT COME TO HARM!

I WISH YOU WOULD—THEY'RE SO TERRIBLY VENTURESOME!

WAIT—HOLD EVERYTHING!

THE WAY THEY ALL STARED AT ME! BEH—... I'LL BET THOSE WHISKERS ARE FALSE! HE'S NOT MALCOLM MITT AT ALL! SANDY, WE'RE IN TH' MIDDLE O' SOMETHIN' PLENTY HOT!

Little Orphan Annie

BUT, LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING! ALL I SAID WAS, "TAKE OFF TH' WHISKERS—I KNOW YOU"—IT'S JUST AN OLD EXPRESSION—WHAT'S WRONG ABOUT SAYIN' THAT?

ER... HO! HO! OF COURSE! JUST AN EXPRESSION—WHY NOTHING IS WRONG, MY DEAR, NOTHING AT ALL!

WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR, HAWKINS! CLEAN UP THAT MESS—

I COULDN'T HELP IT—YOU WERE SO JUMPY YOURSELF. THAT YOU DROPPED YOUR TRAY—I FIGURED SHE'D FOUND OUT THESE WHISKERS ARE PHONY!

BAH! YOU CALL YOURSELF AN ACTOR! IF GHE DIDN'T SUSPECT BEFORE, SHE MUST NOW!

HAROLD GRAY