

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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CHAPTER XI

"FORTY thou..." Mr. Channing was choking. "Have you lost your mind, Clara? In the French Revolution they guillotined women like you."

"I happen to know," said Mrs. Channing, a gold mine of statistics, "that you paid \$42,500 for that nasty horse of yours. That Black Moonlight. But you sit here depriving your own wife of a mere..."

"Oh, Lord!" Mr. Channing banged the desk. "All right, Clara. Get the damned thing!" "Thank you, love," said Mrs. Channing, with a little sigh. "I'll phone Brown, Moon & Snow's right away and have them send it out. So I can wear it at your party Saturday night. You're a lamb, love. And now you can get back to your old sales curves and things."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Channing. The door closed upon Mrs. Channing, and \$40,000.

With tranquility reigning once more, Mr. Channing attempted to resume work. But his train of thought had been interrupted and it was no go. Mr. Channing, however, not one to waste time, improved the moment by being audibly sorry for himself.

"Meath," he said, leaning back in his chair, "I am a much-harassed man. Confidentially, Meath, in spite of these—ah—appurtenances—he swept a hand to indicate Wildover—"I lead a dog's life."

"Yes, sir," said Meath promptly. In addition to being a superb secretary, Meath was also a competent yes-woman.

"It's a fact," Mr. Channing said broodingly. "My existence is a sorry one. Consider, Meath! I have a wife who thinks of nothing but frittering away my hard-earned money. I have a wayward and insolent daughter. I am afflicted with a brother-in-law who lies awake nights thinking out schemes by which to cheat me."

"You poor man," said Meath. "There are times, Meath," Mr. Channing was thoroughly enjoying himself, "when for me life becomes nothing but a vista of blackness and frustration."

Meath cogitated a moment. "Mr. Channing," she said at last, "may I say something—personal?" "Certainly," said Mr. Channing affably.

"Well, then," Meath said, "it is my opinion that this horse race is preying on your mind."

EVER since Bucephalus had made strictly equine sounds outside the window, Meath had been wondering how to bring up the subject of the race. The reason for her interest was financial. When the contest had first been projected, Meath had strung along with her employer. And, rashly, she had entered into a transaction with one Corby, the Channing butler. Such was her conviction that she had placed Corby, a man not averse to a sporting flutter, on the good end of four to one odds. But as time wore on, the feet of Miss Meath had grown cold. And her vague doubts were not dispersed by leering hints made by Corby to the effect that a great upset might be in the making. Corby was conducting a war of nerves.

Mr. Channing was regarding Meath in surprise. "That," he said, "is ridiculous. The race is the only thing that isn't worrying me. Why, Black Moonlight could read 'Gone With the Wind' around the track and still beat that farm horse of Calvin's."

"Very likely. But anything can happen, you know," Meath said, planting the seed of doubt. "Preposterous," said Mr. Channing. "Black Moonlight will leave that nag at the post."

"But if he doesn't, Mr. Channing," Meath said slowly. "In that remote event there would be nothing to do but pay up."

Ever so carefully Meath slipped him the needle. "Mr. Channing," she said, "that is merely your conscious speaking. It is your subconscious that really worries you."

"So! What do you know about my sub-conscious?"

"I may know more than you think, sir," said Meath glibly. "One of my hobbies is psychology. And my—my experience tells me that while your conscious does not consider the possibility of defeat and its aftermath, your sub-conscious does. Particularly the aftermath."

"Is that so? Well, what about this hypothetical aftermath?"

"You mentioned a moment ago," went on Meath, "that you led a dog's life. Well, your sub-conscious is trying to remind you that if, through any unforeseen occurrence, your horse should lose, Mr. Calvin Meggs would make your life a hell on earth."

Mr. Channing drummed thoughtfully on the desk. "Meath," he said, "you seem to have thought this thing through very well. But I don't see how you can remove the outside chance that Calvin's supernatural billygoat might come through."

Meath had been sparing. "May I speak freely, Mr. Channing?" she said.

"Go as far as you like," said Mr. Channing, as one who hands over the keys to the city.

Meath went. She went to town. By the time she had finished her employer was gazing at her in open-mouthed admiration.

"Meath," he said in an awed voice, "this is superb. Remind me to raise your salary."

"Yes, sir," said Meath modestly. "Your masterly—ah—campaign," continued Mr. Channing, "would seem to place my wager with Calvin in the category of a sure thing."

"Exactly," said Meath. And added, under her breath: "And my bet with Corby."

"Well then," cried Mr. Channing, a deer not a dreamer. "Why

don't we start the ball rolling?" "Why not, indeed, sir?" Meath said. "No time like the present, eh, Meath?"

"No, sir," said Meath, who was a yes-woman and no-woman combined.

Mr. Channing arose. For a moment he paced his den, chin upon chest. But presently he halted beside Meath's chair and patted her shoulder.

"I've considered the scheme from every angle," he said. "And it's sound. It puts it in the bag, as the fella says, doesn't it, Meath?"

"In the bag, sir," echoed Meath, discreetly dropping her eyes.

An hour later Miss Meath left Wildover, on foot. She proceeded along the improved road that ran past the estate for about a mile. At that point a dirt road, hardly more than a wagon track, ran off to the right. Meath turned into the dirt road.

A short distance up this bypath was a dilapidated house. Time and the elements had colored it a dingy gray. The front porch sagged in a discouraged manner and the windows were shuttered. Obviously the place was abandoned. But Meath turned into the unkempt grounds without hesitation.

She went around to the rear, noting in passing an automobile of the genus jalopy parked well out of sight from the dirt road. Then she mounted the tumble-down back stoop and rapped smartly three times on the kitchen door.

Instantly the door opened a crack. A rheumy eye appeared at the crack.

"Hya, Gollie," said a voice like a file scraping over corrugated iron. "Welcome to me country er-state." The door opened wide. (To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE THICK, GRANITIC OUTER CRUST THAT SURROUNDS THE EARTH IS ENTIRELY ABSENT BENEATH THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

KWIK-KORNER

VERMICELLI IS SOMETHING TO EAT A PLANT SPROUT A KIND OF WINE

IN A SINGLE COCOON OF THE POLYPHEMUS MOTH THERE IS MORE THAN ONE-HALF MILE OF SILK!

ANSWER: A food similar to spaghetti.

U. S. DIPLOMAT

HORIZONTAL

17 Pictured U. S. diplomat.

13 Mineral substance.

15 Gruesome.

16 Symbol for calcium.

17 Charitable gift.

18 Dosh.

19 Either.

20 Roof final.

22 Exists.

23 Egyptian jackal god.

24 Czar.

26 Spare.

27 Son of Seth (Bib.).

29 Ethical.

31 The gods.

32 Hawaiian bird.

34 Hammer head.

35 Fourth month.

38 East Indian starch.

39 Prickle.

42 Bad.

43 Jujube.

46 Adapts to the taste.

48 Yes.

49 Symbol for

Answer to Previous Puzzle

17 Pictured U. S. diplomat.

13 Mineral substance.

15 Gruesome.

16 Symbol for calcium.

17 Charitable gift.

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19 Either.

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39 Prickle.

42 Bad.

43 Jujube.

46 Adapts to the taste.

48 Yes.

49 Symbol for

1 It is conceded (Latin).

2 Expire.

3 French article.

4 King of Judah (Bib.).

5 Egyptian river.

6 Doctor of Tropical Medicine (abbr.).

7 Spite.

8 Wood sorrel.

9 Hank of twine.

10 Symbol for rubidium.

11 Pertaining to irony.

12 Serous fluid.

14 Electrical.

15 Myself.

21 John (Gaelic).

23 Fourth Arabian caliph.

25 Roundup.

26 Coast.

28 Inquiry.

30 Spinning top.

33 King's home.

34 Egbert (abbr.).

36 Revokes.

38 Climbing plant.

37 One whose property is subject to a lien.

38 Silken.

39 Years between 12 and 20.

40 Solid.

41 Bone.

42 Steals.

44 Dens.

46 Box with the fists.

47 To cut.

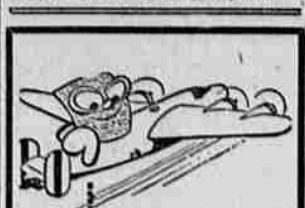
50 Wing.

52 Weight of India.

55 Editor (abbr.).

57 Jumbled type.

Mussolini says he'll hold out longer than anyone. Like some ball players, the longer he holds out the more he'll get paid.



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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THEM JUNK MEN ALLUS COME AROUND WHILE I'M IN SCHOOL, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO DICKER WITH HIM--BUT DON'T LEAVE HIM SKIN YOU! I WORKED HARD COLLECTIN' THIS STUFF, AN' THAT COPPER IS WORTH MONEY--ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW COPPER AN' LEAD? NOW DON'T LET HIM GYP YOU!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

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