

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

CHAPTER XIII

CHET SAXON looked worried a moment longer, then his countenance cleared. "Old Man Channing's a joke," he said. "So long, Logan. Tell Hildy I'll be along, even if the scheme is bughouse. And so long to you, Maloney." He grinned sardonically. "Drop in again sometime."

The moment they were in the Ford, Maloney delivered himself. "I don't like that guy," he said emphatically.

"Why not?" said Jonah.

Maloney brooded. "Calling me Maloney, I'd like to take a poke at him."

"Well, you passed up a swell chance. But Maloney or Maloney, it all sounds like much of nothing to me."

"Ow," exclaimed Maloney as if stung, and he lapsed into injured silence.

Jonah Logan did not know it, but mention of the Tribe Maloney, in anything save the most uncomplimentary terms, was to Maloney like exciting the virtues of the Soviet Union to Adolf Hitler. In his youth in the wilds of Brooklyn, the tough boy of the neighborhood was one Terence Maloney. Terence Maloney had been a year older than Maloney and, therefore, ineligible for a sock in the puss. Realizing this, Terence Maloney had put in the golden hours chiding and kicking at Maloney and otherwise, by acts of violence, making the early Maloney existence miserable. As a consequence, Maloney had conceived an abiding hatred for anything even remotely connected with Maloney.

"Personally," said Jonah now, "Saxon struck me as being a bit on the—well, sophisticated side for a girl like Hildy."

"I wouldn't know about that," Maloney said. "But I'd sure like to get even with him."

"What for? He didn't do anything to you."

"He was ribbin' me," said Maloney aggrievedly.

"Thin-skinned, these Celts," remarked Jonah and drove on, scarcely aware that inside the brachycephalic head of Mr. Maloney an idea was being born, slowly and painfully, as were all Maloney ideas.

Late that afternoon Jonah kept his tryst with Hildy at the Taj Mahal. He entered Wildover, ghosted from bush to bush, and arrived safely at the rendezvous. Hildy was on deck. But she seemed listless.

"Hiya, pal," said Jonah, in sprightly fashion. "I've seen your boy friend and it's all set. The jer—I mean, Mr. Saxon—will make a perfect three-point landing in these preserves come Saturday night."

"Oh," said Hildy, and her tone was preoccupied. "Thanks, Jonah." Jonah blinked. He had expected a touch more enthusiasm.

"This Saxon," he said, going in to detail, "was a little—well, hesitant at first. But I put the case strongly."

A girl in love, informed that her swain had hesitated, might have been expected to prick up her ears. Hildy's ears never even twitched.

"Oh, well, that's all right then," she said.

"Hildy," said Jonah, puzzled, "I sense, in your attitude, an undercurrent of distraction."

She was silent a moment. "I guess you must," she said at last. "We've had trouble here today, Jonah. And now the most terrible thing is about to happen. At sundown tonight, unless we get a miracle, Uncle Cal is going to commit suicide."

Jonah started. "Uncle Cal? You mean the goofy little bird with the Henry Morgenthau touch?"

"Yes. He's going to cut his throat. The last time I saw him he was on his way upstairs to hone his razor."

"But, good Lord," Jonah exclaimed, "what's brought this on?"

"It's that horse of his," Hildy said. "Bucephalus. We had a little fire here today. Nothing very serious. One of the summerhouses burned down, that's all. But it did create quite a lot of confusion. And, during the excitement, Bucephalus completely disappeared."

"Bucephalus?" said Jonah, puzzled. "I guess you must," she said at last. "We've had trouble here today, Jonah. And now the most terrible thing is about to happen. At sundown tonight, unless we get a miracle, Uncle Cal is going to commit suicide."

"Forward, Maloney," said Jonah Logan.

Maloney, laden with photographic impedimenta, practically fell out of the Ford. "Gee, Chief, have I got to climb that tree with all this stuff again?"

"Silence! Stop whining! You climb no trees, Maloney. We enter like Nero, through a breach in the wall."

Mr. Logan spoke lightly and with joie de vivre. Actually he felt anything but light. Once before at Wildover, he had compared himself to Sidney Carton. And now, about to make everything lovely for Hildegard Channing and Chester Saxon, his mood was Cartonish in the extreme.

"Well, Chief," said Maloney, "I'm waiting."

Jonah strode soberly to the little door in the wall, the key to which he had thoughtfully acquired from Hildy Channing. In another minute they were slipping quietly toward the Taj Mahal. Hildy was awaiting them.

"Jonah," she said, with relief, "I thought you were never coming. I got the note you left. What on earth is it all about?"

Before replying Jonah issued orders. "Inside, Maloney," he said, "and set up the apparatus."

"Well, Jonah?" prompted Hildy, as Maloney departed.

Jonah drew a breath. "Hildy," he said, "this isn't easy to say. I have come, Hildy, to fix everything for you. Mr. Fix-It, that's me." He indulged in a sepulchral laugh.

"Jonah," said Hildy, "are you tight?"

"Far from it," Jonah assured her. "Now, Hildy, give me

your undivided attention. On Wednesday last, I undertook a commission for you. Upon my return, I found you in a condition that I can only describe as distraught. At the time, you stated that there had been a disturbance on these premises. You further stated that a fire of unknown origin had broken out and destroyed a summerhouse. Naturally, the inhabitants of Wildover rushed to extinguish this conflagration. But when the flames were over it was discovered that a horse, belonging to your uncle, Mr. Calvin Meggs, had mysteriously vanished. The theory is that, in his excitement, the gatekeeper dashed to the fire leaving the gates open. Through them, the horse effected an escape. It has not, however, been established that the gatekeeper was actually present at the—some-what-insignificant inferno."

"Jonah," Hildy stamped her foot. "Will you, for cat's sake, stop talking like an insurance adjuster?"

"In view of this," continued Jonah imperturbably, "Mr. Calvin Meggs, whose future was bound up in the activities of this horse, served notice that he intended to cut his throat. And it was only by the exercise of the utmost tact that you prevented him from doing so."

"Well, certainly," said Hildy. "We know that. I'll buy a policy, Jonah, if you'll only tell me how it fixes everything for me."

"Hildy," began Jonah, but the voice of Maloney cut him off. "All set, Chief," sang out Maloney from within. "This way for the midnight show."

Jonah took Hildy's arm. "Once," he said, "you belittled my invention. But if, after witnessing what you are about to witness, you do not go to your knees and humbly

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beg my pardon—well, you're not the girl I think you are." (To Be Continued)

AGELESS ACE

POCATELLO, Idaho, (AP)—Edward J. Houde chuckled when he heard about three Salt Lake City Western Union messengers who are in their 70's (the oldest is 76.)

To him, Utah's tireless trio are youngsters. Houde, also a telegraph messenger, is 86.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



NEXT: The Grecks had a name for it.

U. S. NAVAL COMMANDER

HORIZONTAL		Answer to Previous Puzzle		20 Roman garment.	
1,6 Pictured U. S. Naval commander, Admiral		NORTH CAROLINA		22 Possesses.	25 Hawaiian food
		APER AGE OSTERS		27 Implore.	29 Shatter.
		AM PA NEB STIER		31 Abstract being	33 Insect.
		BET PADDERS RAM		36 Taxi (colloq.).	37 Double.
14 The Atlantic is his — of warfare.		AD RI CA LA		38 Hearing organ	39 Small plugs.
15 His flagship is around 600 long.		PARRIED KNEELER		40 Electrified particle.	41 He is chief of the Atlantic
16 Despire.		ECHIS STERE			
17 Attend.		STELLAR TATTING			
18 Exist.		EL NO ES SG			
19 Sail.		TILMS			
20 Sailor.		OD NEW			
21 Exclamation of surprise.		OVATE			
22 — is his business.		LATER			
23 Mystic syllable.		NORTH CAROLINA			
24 River in Italy.					
25 Knook.					
26 Toward					
27 Peruse.					
28 Repose.					
29 Shed (Fr.).					
30 Half an em.					
31 Each (abbr.).					
32 Social system in India.					
33 Black-fin snapper.					