

SERIAL STORY
THE TERRIBLE EYE
BY EDWIN RUTT

INVITATION TO TAJ MAHAL

CHAPTER XV

It was twilight at Wildover. And though there was still considerable time before any guests were due to arrive, the House of Channing was lit up like a gambling hall. When H. L. Channing gave a ball, he caused preparations for it to be made in plenty of time.

At the foot of the formal gardens, Mr. Calvin Meggs wandered like a tormented soul in a kind of luxuriant purgatory. As he wandered, Mr. Meggs muttered, "I am a ruined man," he muttered. "A ruined man." He seemed to have adopted it as a slogan.

But, all at once, Mr. Meggs discovered that he was not alone. A voice, too cheerful for Mr. Meggs' liking, said: "Good evening, sir."

Forthwith, a young gentleman materialized from the shadows. In his vague way Mr. Meggs recognized this person. It was the same fellow who, at his niece's behest, had recently given him \$10.

"Ah, young man," he said. "I trust," Jonah began, a trifle awkwardly, "that I find you well this evening."

"You don't," said Mr. Meggs. "Just between ourselves, my boy, I never felt worse in my life."

"I understand," said Jonah sympathetically. "The race was very unfortunate."

"Hal! You know about the race?" "Something about it," Jonah was cautious.

"Then, by gad," exclaimed Mr. Meggs, with unaccustomed violence, "you know more than I do. Because I don't know anything. I'm by no means certain that the horse who ran was my horse. But if he was," he paused, then added musingly, and entirely to himself, "if he was, I can't think how Bonaparte Brandy could ever turn in such a wretched performance."

Jonah looked at him compassionately. It was evident that the events of the day had unhinged the little man's reason.

"But, Mr. Meggs," he said, "your horse was Bucephalus. Not Bonaparte Brandy. Bonaparte Brandy won the Derby. In 1940."

"Don't I know it?" asked Mr. Meggs, with some asperity. "Well, I suppose you do. But I think you've been dwelling too much on a—fancied similarity between the two horses. For instance, Miss Channing told me that you consider your horse to be as good as Bonaparte Brandy."

Bonaparte Brandy to fend for himself. But there is something over and beyond that. Now, if it turns out that the horse in the stable isn't Bonaparte—and I'd bet my bottom dollar he isn't—what am I going to say to Sonny Warburton?"

"I get it," said Jonah. "You fear that you may owe Mr. Warburton a practically irreplaceable racehorse?"

"You have the rudiments of intelligence, young man. That is exactly what I fear."

"Well," said Jonah, "what are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Meggs flapped his arms helplessly. "Heavens knows. I'll tell you this, though. If my confounded niece hadn't extracted a promise from me, I'd cut my throat."

Jonah considered. "That won't be necessary," he said at last. "Because I believe I can help you."

Mr. Meggs stared at him. "You? How?"

"I think," said Jonah, "that I am in a position to demonstrate that there has been dirty work at the crossroads. Do you know the Taj Mahal, Mr. Meggs?"

"I ought to. It was a fetish of my devoted wife, now deceased."

"Well, do you think you could bring Mr. Channing to the Taj Mahal tonight on some pretext or other. Say, at 11 sharp?"

"It's possible. Though it will take a strong pretext. Henry does not care for the place."

Jonah thought. "I'll attend to it all. You don't need to do anything except show up at the Taj."

"Well," said Mr. Meggs, "I fail, of course, to understand any of this. But who am I to argue? I am a man clutching at straws. Clutching at straws, do you un-

derstand? As such, I put myself unreservedly in your hands."

"Good," said Jonah. "I'll be seeing you." And he vanished into the gloom.
(To Be Continued)

It is the men—the Russian men—who are winning the all-important battle there. But if the supplies of American food which are going to these men, fraction though it is of the total supply, were to be cut off tomorrow, they would almost surely have to stop fighting—Agriculture Secretary Claude Wickard.

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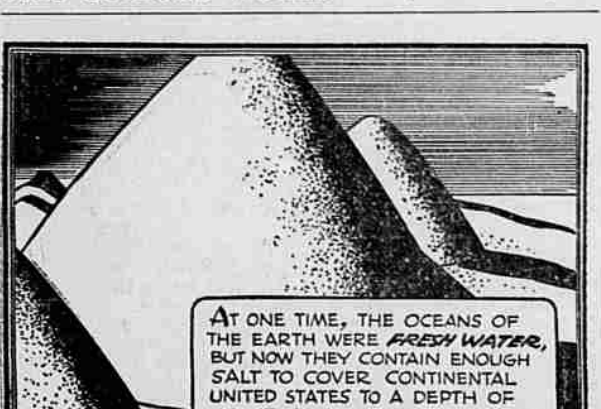


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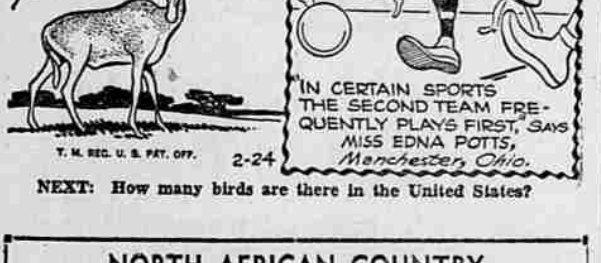
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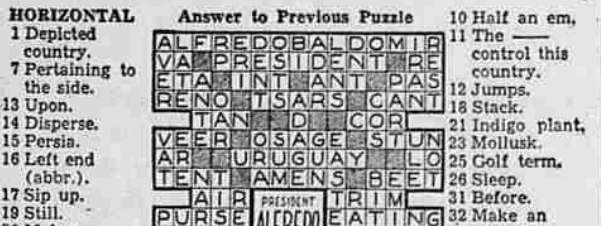
THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



AT ONE TIME, THE OCEANS OF THE EARTH WERE FRESH WATER, BUT NOW THEY CONTAIN ENOUGH SALT TO COVER CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES TO A DEPTH OF ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES.



THE AFRICAN HARTEBEEST WILL RISK ITS OWN LIFE, WARNING OTHER ANIMALS OF APPROACHING DANGER.



IN CERTAIN SPORTS THE SECOND TEAM FREQUENTLY PLAYS FIRST, SAYS MISS EDNA POTTS, Manchester, Ohio.

7505

by Alice Brooks

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GOLF DEFERS TO LIGHTNING

The U. S. Golf association allows golfers to discontinue play in a tournament without penalty if lightning gets too close for comfort.

GOING OR COMING?

The head and tail of the Australian stump-tailed lizard are so nearly alike that it is difficult to tell them apart except on close inspection.

SILICON AIDS POWER

Sheets of silicon steel are used in electrical generators and transformers because they reduce the escape of electrical energy.

Our Out Way By J. R. Williams



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

2-24

Red Ryder



2-24

Freckles and His Friends



2-24

Wash Tubbs



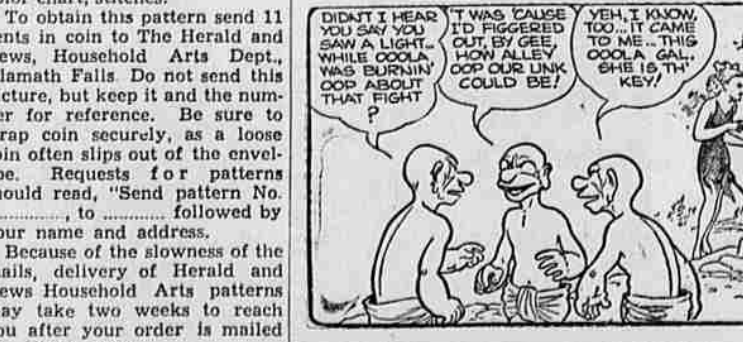
2-24

Boots and Her Buddies



2-24

Allep Oop



2-24

Little Orphan Annie



2-24-43

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



WALLET IS SICK TOO

EGAD! JUST HAND HIM A FINER FOR ME, TOO, BUSTER! I'D TROT UPSTAIRS FOR MY WALLET BUT FOR A SUDDEN ATTACK OF GOUT.

By Fred Harmon



2-24

By Blosser



2-24

By Crane



2-24

By V. T. Hamlin



2-24

By Martin



2-24

By Harold Gray



2-24-43