

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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VANISHING TIARA

CHAPTER XVI

WITHIN the Channing house there was now a sound of revelry by night. Soft music filtered through the open windows. Bright evening gowns swished and rustled. The black and white of dinner jackets and boiled shirts were sharp silhouettes. Mr. H. L. Channing's version of a victory ball was in full swing.

On the fringes of the festivities hovered Miss Meath. Miss Meath had made herself very useful in the preparations for the party. No detail had been too small to escape her attention. Voluntarily, and with a spirit that bespoke undying devotion to her employer, she had attended to everything.

At the moment Miss Meath was hovering unobtrusively in the semi-darkened dining room. Here a great feast was in readiness. Tables and sideboards groaned under comestibles that would have brought a tear to the eye of Lucullus. But, as Meath slipped past the huge family board toward the living room, she forbore to snag even a tidbit of Special Vermont Turkey. Turkey, tonight, was just peanuts to Meath.

On the threshold of the living room she paused and ran an appraising eye over the assembled multitude. Unerringly the eye picked out Mrs. Channing. Mrs. Channing was chatting with a covey of guests. And upon her graying and patrician head there reposed, to all intents and purposes, 40,000 bucks worth of diamond tiara.

Behind the eyes of Miss Meath gleamed. And Miss Meath spoke unto Miss Meath, inaudibly. "Okay, dearie," muttered Miss Meath. "Here's where Gertrude Swan takes a weight off your coiffeur."

Two minutes later Miss Meath gained the privacy of Mr. Henry L. Channing's den. There, after causing a low light to burn, she did a peculiar thing. She tied a handkerchief over her mouth and picked up the house phone.

Out in the hallway another phone tinkled. From his position of importance near the front door, Corby the butler moved majestically to answer it.

"Mrs. Channing is wanted on the telephone in Mr. Channing's office," sounded thickly in Corby's butlerian ear. "Some belated guest, it appears."

Then, back in the den, Miss Meath put down the house phone and took the receiver from the instrument that connected Mr. Channing's sanctum with the outside world. After which she stepped swiftly behind one of the mulberry-colored drapes at the window. The drape reached to the floor. It completely obliterated Miss Meath.

SHE had but a short vigil. Presently footsteps sounded. And Meath, peeping cautiously from the arras, was gratified to see Mrs. Channing enter the dimly-lit den and make straight for the recumbent telephone receiver.

"Hello," Mrs. Channing said, in a party voice. "Does someone wish to speak to me?"

Even as she spoke, an arm, like a long white snake, issued from the mulberry drape. For a second it hovered in mid-air. And then, as far as Mrs. Channing's diamond tiara was concerned, it was a case of "now-you-see-it, now-you-don't."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Channing, suddenly aware of a disturbance in the region of her hairdo. "What on earth..."

She dropped the phone and turned. The next instant she was entirely ensnared in mulberry draperies. Gasping and choking, she fought the clinging fabric, vaguely aware of soft retreating heel-clicks. Then the light in the den went out.

Mrs. Channing, fighting coolly, won a decision off, put a hand to her head. It touched nothing worth \$40,000.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Channing, shaking her head in annoyance. "What a silly joke to play! Now I'll have to go and do my hair all over again."

MISS MEATH'S time for the journey from Mr. Channing's den to a certain tree some 200 yards from the house had been a neat nothing flat. In a tree, well within reach of a tall girl such as Gertrude Swan, there was an aperture.

Miss Meath hesitated not. She put the diamond tiara in the aperture.

"R. I. P., honey," she whispered to it lovingly. "You're just one little trinket that Mr. Joseph Baboon-Face Slynieski won't get his hands on."

When it came to double-crossing a pal, Miss Meath ranked with the first 10.

But, as she slipped elsewhere, Meath did not stop to congratulate herself on her proficiency as a double-crosser. Instead, coldly businesslike, she gained the site of the summerhouse, lately razed by the mysterious fire. Putting two fingers to her lips, she achieved a low whistle.

Instantly there was an upheaval in the rhododendrons.

"Is that you, Cracker?" Meath called softly.

"Who?" came in a throaty growl, "d'ya think it is, Fiorella LaGuardia?" And Mr. Slynieski converged upon Miss Meath, like the mountain upon Mahomet.

"Who wouldn't be?" said the Cracker aggressively. "It's damp in dem bushes."

"Now isn't that just too bad." The edge in Meath's voice could have shaved the prophet. "But never mind. Muvver will run inside and get her little darling a smuggle-bunny."

"AW, lay off, Gollie," said the Cracker uneasily.

"Well, stop beefing then. Now, Cracker, I came to see if you've got it straight. You understand that you're to come to the house at 12 sharp? They'll be having refreshments then. Well, I'll meet you out by the driveway and smuggle you upstairs. The wall safe is in Mrs. Channing's bedroom behind a picture of the Mona Lisa..."

"I knew a dame wit' dat moniker onct," interrupted the Cracker, reminiscently. "Mona Murgatroyd. She usta work in a one-arm jermit in Brownville. Her an' me..."

"Now this," said Meath, a fair interrupter herself, "is just the moment when I'm dying to hear about your love life. As I was saying... oh, skip it! I'll show you the safe myself. And it's got plenty in it. But if you make a noise, I'll tear your head off."

"I got it," said the Cracker. "If you have," said Meath, "it's the world's eighth wonder."

But she did him the honor of comparing watches.

Left alone again, Joe the Cracker was loath to return to the rhododendrons. He had almost two hours to wait, and with all this magnificence around him, he saw no reason to put them in sitting amid dew-soaked foliage.

As a preliminary step in solving the housing problem, he drew forth a bottle. Entirely counter to Miss Meath's injunctions, the Cracker had provided himself with this bottle against his lonely vigil. Now, shivering, he blessed his foresight. He tilted the bottle and took a Herculean drink.

Do You Need a BICYCLE To Get To or From School?

Eligibility rules for purchase of bicycles have been relaxed. If you need a bicycle to get to school, secure an application blank at Poole's Bicycle Store.

NO RATIONING ON BICYCLE TIRES

Get your balloon or lightweight bicycle tires at

POOLE'S BICYCLE STORE
222 S. 7th Phone 5520

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: The shells were used for gas mask charcoal.

NEXT: Where 800 people live in each square mile.

CHOOSE NATIONAL HERO

HORIZONTAL

1,7 Pictured late

14 Applauders

16 Gives as an

17 Measure

18 Auricle

19 Matched

20 North latitude

21 Full-length

23 Crimson

24 Purlined

27 Arrive

28 Is able

30 Waltzes

33 Area measure

34 Lariat

35 Land parcel

37 Public

41 Beverage

42 Exclamation

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MOROCCO

LATERAL

AGIO

RESETER

GREET

DOOR

MOROCCO

TO

IN

RE

CHANNEL

VERTICAL

1 Symbol for

2 Diamond-

3 Affliction

4 Near

5 Slaggered

6 Monotony

7 Affirmative

8 Heavy blow

9 Says

10 Symbol for

11 Alcoholic

12 Cloth measure

13 Rupees

14 Senior

15 Morindin dye

16 Long, arched

17 Galleries

18 Clamber up

19 Playing card

20 Onward

21 Concerning

22 Networks

23 Exist

24 Hank of

25 twine

26 Symbol for

27 tantulum

28 Cause

29 Gridirons

30 Symbol for

31 lead

32 Follow

33 Spot

34 Royal Naval

35 Reserves

36 Piece out

37 Like

38 Object

39 Pen point

40 Upward

41 Compass point

42 Ambary

43 Sun god

Out Our Way

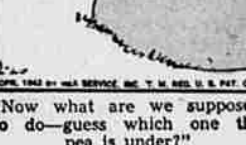
By J. R. Williams



HOLD EVERYTHING!



SLIPPERS CROCHETED ENTIRELY OF RAGS!



7504

by Alice Brooks

Right from your scrap-bag

steps this footwear! Both sandals

and sluffs are entirely of

rags, soles and all, and make

gay, inexpensive play shoes or

bedroom slippers. Use up scraps

in varied colors. Pattern 7504

contains instructions for making

slippers in small, medium and

large sizes; illustration of

stitches; list of materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11

cents in coin to The Herald and

News, Household Arts Dept.,

Klamath Falls. Do not send this

picture, but keep it and the num-

ber for reference. Be sure to

wrap coin securely, as a loose

coin often slips out of the en-

velope. Requests for patterns

should read, "Send pattern No.

_____ to _____ followed by

your name and address.

Because of the slowness of the

mail, delivery of Herald and

News Household Arts patterns

may take two weeks to reach

you after your order is mailed

in. We're sorry.

We were told the Americans

on Guadalcanal would be easy

to defeat. We were not told

about American artillery, from

which there was no escape. I

was resigned to death and I had

nothing to lose by surrender-

ing. I will never return to Ja-

pan because I am disgraced. When

the war is over, I hope to go

to America, learn to speak

English and build houses.—Jap

soldier captured on Guadal-

canal.

Our chief aim is to beat the

Boche and everything toward

that end is at the disposal of the

allies.—Gov.-Gen. of French

West Africa Pierre Boisson.

Our Boarding House

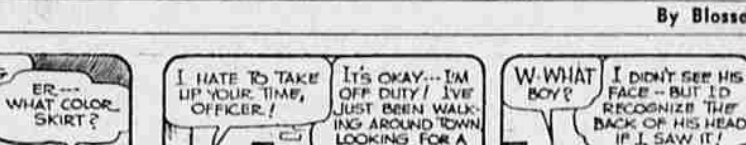
With Major Hoopla



Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



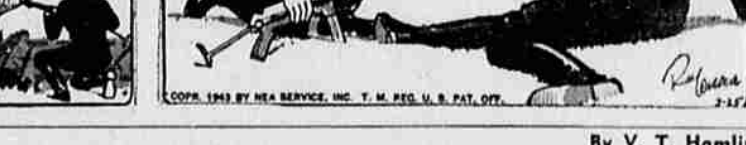
Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



By Martin



By Harold Gray

