

# SERIAL STORY THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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## GHOST OF OLD SMOKY

### CHAPTER XVII

INSIDE the bottle there was a liquid known as Old Smoky, a distillation much in vogue along the Brooklyn waterfront. Its effect was not unlike a tap on the jaw from Joe Louis.

The depth charge improved Mr. Slynicki's outlook vastly. He began bumbling about the grounds of Wildover.

He arrived presently at a peculiar-looking building. Even in the gloom the place had the appearance of an extravaganza in hot dog stands. The structure offered sanctuary from the mild chill of the night. He tried the door. To his gratification, it was unlocked. Mr. Slynicki entered.

The room in which he stood was well-furnished. There were easy chairs, rugs and, at one side, a bookcase.

Someone, Mr. Slynicki perceived, had set up a small movie screen. And across the room, on a low table near the bookcase, was a queer-looking cameramachine. It differed from a camera, however, by virtue of a small set of coils at one side of it.

Mr. Slynicki was a born tinkerer. Shielding his flashlight with one hand, he advanced to the cameramachine arrangement. He twisted a knob here, a gadget there. All at once the coils gave off a tiny shower of blue sparks. Light appeared on the movie screen. Hastily Mr. Slynicki turned off the machine.

The simple pleasure of home movies denied him, Mr. Slynicki sank into a chair. But he could not relax. Then, suddenly, he thought of the bookcase.

IN the main, Mr. Slynicki eschewed reading. An occasional dip into Daily Racing Form was enough to satisfy his literary cravings. But now, time hung upon his hands. Covering his torch with one great paw so that only a trickle of light emerged, he selected a book at random.

Without glancing at the title, he opened it in the middle and forthwith, laboriously, began to read.

That a manifestation of ectoplasm, a white vaporous substance not unlike mist normally precedes the return of a departed spirit is accepted by the highest authorities.

Many such instances have been recorded. But perhaps the most spectacular of all is the case of Douglas Coterby, a farmer living near a lonely moor in the west of England.

Douglas Coterby was alleged to have murdered his wife, Anastasia, with a meat cleaver. But as the local assizes a jury, considering the evidence insufficient, returned a verdict of not guilty. Douglas Coterby walked out, a free man.

"Beat da rap, huh!" muttered the Cracker, more interested now. He was finding Douglas Coterby a sympathetic character.

But one stormy night, a year later, as Douglas Coterby sat before the fire in his isolated farmhouse, he was suddenly afflicted with a weird feeling. It was as if something, a presence, were with him in the room.

All at once Coterby's dog, lying at his feet, uttered a low growl. And, looking down, Coterby saw that the hair on the dog's neck was rising.

"Geez," exclaimed the Cracker, and, unconsciously, he reached up and felt the hair on his own neck. In so doing, his hand inadvertently brushed against a knob on the cameramachine that stood in the low table. But the Cracker didn't notice. He was enthralled by Douglas Coterby and somewhat befogged with Old Smoky.

Then a terrifying thing happened. The dog arose, hackles bristling. Fearfully, almost furtively, he backed whining into a corner. And, as Douglas Coterby looked on in fascinated horror, he lifted his head and gave vent to a long mournful howl.

At that juncture the Cracker glanced at the title of the book. Through the barrage of mist that Old Smoky had laid before his eyes, he made out the words: "CAN THE DEAD RETURN?" The late Mrs. Calvin Meggs, dabbler in spiritualism, had spent many happy hours poring over this volume.

Joe the Cracker shifted uneasily and turned a page. What he read was not reassuring.

Douglas Coterby bounded from his chair, perspiration dripping from every pore in his body. Standing there, trembling, he became aware of movement, stealthy movement, at the window. He took a step forward, then stopped as if gripped from behind by an unseen force.

The windows had been closed, against the storm. Yet—incredible circumstance—one of the long dark curtains was moving, rippling. And suddenly a dry scream tore itself from the back of Douglas Coterby's throat.

Something white and insubstantial, like a ghostly fester, was emerging from behind the curtain. It seemed to leap across the room, wavering tenuously in the uncertain light from the fireplace. Douglas Coterby, his face ghastly, could only watch as, slowly and inexorably, the thing resolved itself into a spectral and reaching hand. . . .

Joe the Cracker gasped, and grabbed for Old Smoky. He took a prodigious drink. But, about to

set the bottle down, he paused. His vision was cloudy and his brain slightly benumbed. Even so, he was aware of light in the room, more light than could come from a partially blacked-out pocket torch.

Wonderingly, the Cracker turned his head. The next instant he gave a hoarse yell and leaped up. A spectral hand was reaching toward him.

LIKE the fabled lotus, Old Smoky had the power to induce forgetfulness. The libations that Mr. Slynicki had taken had obliterated from his mind all memory of the movie screen, of the camera on the low table. Further, he was quite unaware that his hand had brushed a little knob in the camera and set in operation the working model of a device known as the Terrible Eye. And he could not, of course, have been expected to know that the Terrible Eye, strangely enough, was bringing in a picture of the arm and hand of Miss Meath, stretching snidely for a \$40,000 tiara from behind a curtain in the den of Henry L. Channing.

None of this formed part of Mr. Slynicki's working knowledge. All he knew was that the same thing that had happened to Douglas Coterby, adept with a meat cleaver, was now happening substantially to him. And there seemed but one thing to do about it. That, in the words of Kipling, was to arise and get hence.

Mr. Slynicki had already arisen. Now he got hence. He sailed through the door of the Taj Mahal at a pace that would have shamed a Mac-Mitchell. He skimmed over the grass like an outsize in hedge-hopping swallows. He put dis-

tance between himself and that ghastly clutching hand. And then, he made a fatal mistake. Like Lot's wife, he turned. Something white was moving behind him.

(To Be Continued)

We must pool our supplies with those of the experienced and well-trained troops of Britain and our other allies who will form a part of the invading armies and gladly share the burden of fighting and dying.—Economic Director James F. Byrnes.



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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

**JAVA,**  
NOW TEMPORARILY  
IN THE HANDS OF  
THE JAPANESE,  
HAS AN AREA  
OF ONLY  
50,000  
SQUARE MILES  
—LESS THAN THE  
STATE OF ALABAMA—  
YET IT HAS A  
POPULATION OF  
40,000,000  
PERSONS,  
OR ALMOST  
ONE-THIRD  
THAT OF THE  
UNITED STATES.



**QUINCE ODDS**  
A GOOD WIFE WILL MAKE YOU  
A GOOD HUSBAND. Says  
JAMES ARMSTRONG,  
Grass Valley, California

**ALICE**  
GETS ITS  
NAME FROM THE  
FACT THAT ITS  
FRAGRANCE AND TASTE  
RESEMBLE A  
MIXTURE  
OF ITS CHIEF RIVALS,  
CINNAMON, CLOVES,  
AND NUTMEG.

**NEXT: What is the largest city south of the equator?**



**7166**  
by Alice Brooks

It's fun to have guests admire your linens. A sure formula for flattery is this "combination" design. The wide edging and the gay baskets are in filet crochet; the flowers are embroidered. Pattern 7166 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs from 5 by 15 to 2 by 4 inches; chart and directions for crochet; 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 number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_, to \_\_\_\_\_, followed by your name and address."

Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

A war economy is an economic and political structure which will insure the minimum of goods and services necessary to keep the population alive, healthy, and functioning effectively and will insure that everything else—men, machines and materials—that can be directed against the enemy is so directed.—WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson.

Clothing rationing has not even been discussed or been under consideration in this shop—and that's a fact. There is no intention to ration unless it becomes absolutely necessary.—WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson.

## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



## HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Is this seat taken?"

"COMBINATION" MOTIF  
IS DISTINCTIVE



7166

by Alice Brooks

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## Red Ryder



## Freckles and His Friends



## Wash Tubbs



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Allep Oop



## Little Orphan Annie



## Red Ryder



## Freckles and His Friends



## Wash Tubbs



## Boots and Her Buddies



## Allep Oop



## Little Orphan Annie

