

SERIAL STORY

THE TERRIBLE EYE

BY EDWIN RUTT

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CHAPTER XX

"JONAH," said Hildy Channing sharply, "you're the head man of all the goons. Why didn't you grab the opportunity to tell father about the Terrible Eye?"

"Well," Jonah's voice was listless, "it isn't necessary to break the Channing Camera Empire now. You're all fixed."

"I know. But what about your nuisance value? Your \$50 a week?"

"I'm waiving it," said Jonah somberly. "The Terrible Eye is pure dynamite, as you said it was. So you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to have Mahoney dig a deep pit. Then I'll put the machines in the pit, together with a record of my—my investigations."

Hildy considered. "I think you're right, Jonah. The Terrible Eye is way too dangerous. But what are you going to do next?"

"Hurry up this man's Navy," Jonah said decisively. "Then, if the Foreign Legion's still operating, I'll ask for a transfer to it. That's where guys go to forget, isn't it?"

"But what do you want to forget? You . . ." Very suddenly she stopped. Her eyes were on Jonah's wristwatch. "Oh, my Lord!"

"What now?" inquired Jonah, startled.

"Jonah Logan, do you see the time? It's 12:30! Chet, poor darling, will have been waiting for me a whole half hour. Oh, this is terrible! In all the excitement, getting married just slipped my mind. Come on, Jonah! Hurry!"

She dashed from the Taj Mahal, Jonah at her heels. Suddenly she stopped running, and stared.

A moon, slightly on the gibbous side, was patrolling the sky. It poured silvery wash over the Channing preserves. And, from the shadows into a patch of light, there now emerged a threesome.

Stalking at the head of it, in flying regalia, was Mr. Chester Saxon. Just behind him, a proprietary hand on Mr. Saxon's arm, marched a gentleman in uniform, obviously a night watchman. Two paces to the rear came an individual fantastically garbed in a nightshirt. The nightshirted person carried a pitchfork. Jonah recognized him as one of the stablemen.

"Would that be you, Miss Hildy?" called the night watchman, across 30 feet of open water. "Griffiths! Hildy practically screamed. 'What on earth are you doing?'"

"Caught him climbin' over the wall," Griffiths explained, not without smugness. "An' collared him."

"Let him go this minute. He's—he's a friend of mine."

Mr. Saxon did not wait to be freed. He wrenched free. Livid was the word for Saxon.

"Friend of yours," he roared. "Well, you've got a fine way of treating your friends. I suppose you thought it was a swell joke to put those flares in a potato field a mile away from here. I suppose you think it's a swell joke that I busted my landing-gear and damn near busted my neck. Ha-ha! I'm laughing too. Well, let me tell you something. I wouldn't marry into a screwball family like this if I had to stay single the rest of my life."

And Chester Saxon turned on a raging heel, squared raging shoulders and marched raging into the darkness.

DEAD silence fell. Jonah Logan, transported, hoped that his heart was not being conspicuous. The heart was beating out a blend of the "Jersey Bounce" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Then Hildy uttered a choking sound, half-sob, half-laugh. "Simonby," Hildy said, addressing the stableman, "you're killing me. You look like Satan ready for bed."

The stableman snapped to. For the first time, he appeared to become conscious of his dishabille. Jerking the pitchfork from the ground, he faded. With him faded the night watchman.

But they did not fade alone. One who, at a listening post in the darkness, had been privy to the scene, faded likewise. And as he went, he indulged in a discreet guffaw.

"Call me Maloney, will he?" muttered Mahoney, with supreme satisfaction. "Nobody gets away with that."

Jonah Logan spoke gently. "I'm sorry, Hildy. Indirectly, I'm responsible. I'll deal—summarily with Mahoney. I can't understand what got into him."

"Forget it, Jonah," Hildy said, face still averted. "Because it could be that Mahoney did me a favor."

Mr. Logan was quite sure of it. But, sapiently, he forbore to say so.

For a moment Hildy was silent. Then: "I've been thinking, Jonah, but it's no use. I simply can't figure out how I came to forget completely to go and get married. Unless . . ." She checked herself. "Yes?" said Jonah encouragingly.

Hildy drew a long breath. "Unless it was because I—I actually wasn't in love with him."

"Maybe that's how it was," Jonah said.

local train, New York bound. In this train sat Miss Meath, the former Gertrude Swan. Miss Meath looked like a cat who has been given carte blanche in a creamery. Miss Meath was thinking it rather strange that Joe the Cracker hadn't shown up at the rendezvous on the stroke of midnight. But, presently, she dismissed the matter from her mind. It wasn't important. Because, in the suitcase at her feet, there reposed a diamond tiara worth 40,000 smackera. At least, that is what Miss Meath thought.

The whistle howled again and the night wind watted the din to Wildover.

"I like train whistles," Jonah said, almost carelessly. "They remind me of going places and doing things. You know, things you get a kick out of. Like . . . well, honeymoons and stuff."

"Oh, honeymoons," said Hildy.

"But, of course, Jonah, you've no time for honeymoons. You're joining the Navy and then the Foreign Legion and—and . . . oh, skip it!"

Jonah put an end to shilly-shally. He also put a tentative arm around Hildy Channing.

"Sure, I'm joining the Navy," he said. "But not tomorrow. Tomorrow I've got a date with your paternal ancestor. To show cause why I followed him and made movies. Well, when he's all through talking, Logan will speak. And Logan will demand to know what objections, if any, he has to his daughter marrying an itinerant photographer."

"Oh, Jonah!" Hildy turned her face to him swiftly. It was okay for a lopsided moon to leer at her now. "What possible objection could he have? He said in plain English that he didn't care if I married the iceman."

Jonah Logan's arm around her

forgot tentativeness. In fact, it became downright possessive. "Any ice today, lady?" said Jonah Logan.

THE END

Australia, through reciprocal aid, has furnished American forces with more than 26 million pounds of fresh meats, 20 million pounds of potatoes, 25 million pounds of fruit, and almost 3 1/2 million quarts of milk.

In Chicago last year, 8105 families shared the products of 547 community war gardens.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



SOME SPECIES OF TURTLES BURY THEIR EGGS CAREFULLY IN THE SAND, THEN MOVE AWAY A SHORT DISTANCE AND SCRATCH UP THE SAND CONSPICUOUSLY, IN ORDER TO MISLEAD EGG-HUNTING MARAUDERS.

Advertisement for Knit-Korner featuring a sweater and a pattern for 'Home Sweet Home'.

ANSWER: Newfoundland. NEXT: Hitler's headache

STAGE STAR

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'HORIZONTAL' and 'VERTICAL' words.

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man and a portrait of a woman.

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



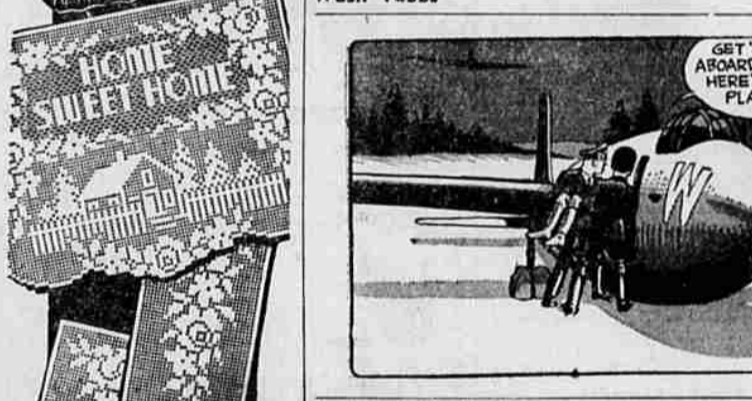
HOLD EVERYTHING! Red Ryder



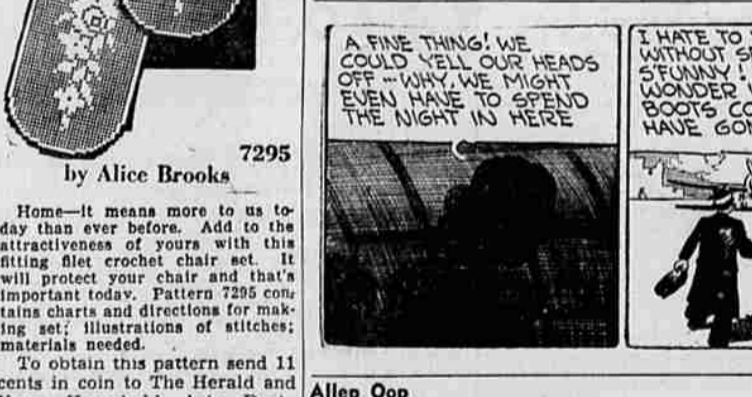
Freckles and His Friends By Blosser



Wash Tubbs By Crane



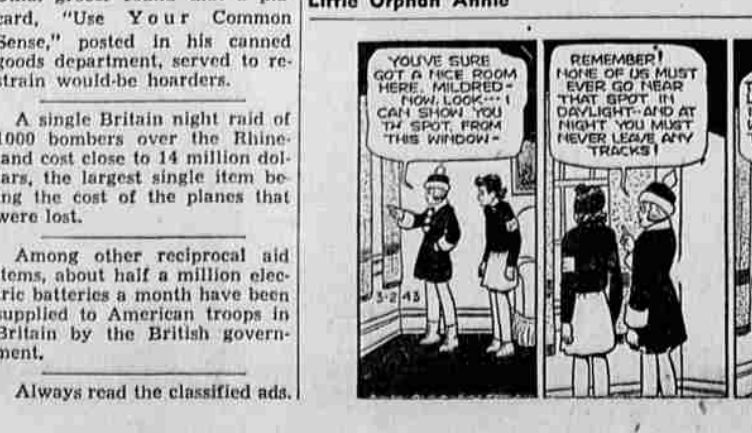
Boots and Her Buddies By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop By Martin



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