blood oath.

she said slowly

"Was he a Quiche Indian?"

She shrugged. "He might. He's

## THE RUSE

CHAPTER II The fog deepened into a lashing storm before the night was out, and the freighter plowed a slow, harried course southward along the coast.

It was late afternoon of the fol-It was late afternoon of the fol-lowing day before they ran out of the storm, and the wallowing of the small boat settled to a rhythmic roll. For the first time all five passengers appeared in the small dining room for din-

Allison proved a beguiling guide. She complained loudly of the blistering heat but led a Barry Fielding came first. He was a born sailor, and rough spirited search through the col-weather only sharpened his sea orful, cobblestoned streets for appetite. The captain intro-duced the three men coming in ing to point out a thousand and next. Two were joint owners of a rubber plantation in Brazil.

The third an elderly lighthouse be found. Even Barry was sat-The third an elderly lighthouse be found. Even Barry was sat-keeper. Barry told them he was

a mining engineer.
"I'm afraid Miss Topping won't make it," the captain said as he led the way to the table. "She's been having a bad time."
Barry smiled. "Fine." he said.
"She'll get off at Santiago then and go back—which is exactly what she should do."
"You think so, Mr. Fielding?"
The five men turned sharply

Barry glanced around at the

The five men turned sharply toward the door, at the sound of the feminine voice.

Allison Topping was posed dramatically in the doorway, her celebrated figure in sequin evening gown silhouetted against the flaming sky. She came slow-ly forward, her delicate lips forming a provocative smiling pout. She had piled her honey colored bair in careless curls atop her small head. There were dark circles under her violet eyes and tiny veins showed at her temples under the chalky pallor of her skin.

The four passengers and the captain leaped as a man to pull a chair for her. Barry said severely, "You

shouldn't have come down tonight.'

"I was afraid," she said faint-y, "that—heartless people would try to influence the captain to put me off at Santiago."
The laughter rose fast and gallant, directed against Barry. He shrugged with a grin.

"The ship is yours," he said.
"Stay on it till doomsday if you I should have had better sense than to advise a woman."

The next morning the sky was limpid, with small puff clouds, and the sapphire water shot with

Allison was at breakfast. The shadow of illness was gone from her face. She was in white silk shorts and shirt, with brilliant sandals, and her yellow gold hair hanging to her shoulders. She was exquisite as the day, with a fire of mischief in her violet

"I feel fine now," she boasted. "In the privacy of my cabin for the last 48 hours I've been singing the blues—I mean about the war—my losing every centavo but a chicle plantation—and now the storm! It's all off my mind for good."

The rubber men and the light-

house keeper were enchanted and a little afraid of her. To Barry's surprise she refused their homage. "Just call me Al," she said.

"The deb is dead. I'm not even Queen of Chewing Gum Jungle

-just a chicle laborer."
"That's ridiculous," said Barry heatedly.

She turned on him with mocking light of combat. "That in-clination to bossiness is apt to get you into trouble, Mr. Field-

"Touche," Barry grinned as he started for his cabin. She looked after him startled.

proprietor 44 External

48 Form into

(comb. form)

"Where are you going?" "I have three books to digest before we get to Puerto Barrios," he told her. His masculine pride was satisfied by her visible disappointment.

He was not evading her, nor exaggerating the importance of the books. Somewhere within their pages was the key to the success or failure of his mission to Guatemala. They were his-tories of the Quiche Indian tribe. He could scarcely pull himself

out of his absorption during meals. But he noted with vague amusement the constantly soaring stock of Allison's popularity with the other passengers. By the third day she was the darling of passengers and crew alike, which fact he included in his let-ter to Lila, though he added an honest and comforting account of his own cloistered days. He did not mention, of course, the rising pique he could feel in Al-lison over his invulnerability to

her charms.

At lunch the talk was all of Santiago. Allison had been there often. She was full of eager description of places and spots they must see . . . the Bacardi factory . . . San Juan Hill . . . the little church with the broken bell . . . . And there was an old Indian in a basket shop in the market place who told the most wonlast night and took some bait from your old books.

Barry controlled his irritation over the loss of the afternoon and enjoyed the exotic food and dancing. But he remained omin ously quiet when Allison taught the others several Quiche words derful stories. He belonged to she had gleaned from the book some strange tribe, and when he and they shouted them back and was 12 he took some kind of a forth with hilarious gusto, until surrounding tables of natives Barry was instantly all atten-tion. He tried to sound casual. looked over with interest.

Allison leaned across the table suddenly and slid her small Allison's large eyes fixed on him with thoughtful innocence. "I believe that was the tribe," she said slowly.

Handsome," she begged, "but love me tonight."

"I'd like to talk to him," Barry said. "Do you think he might be there still?"

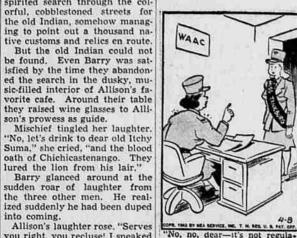
Barry looked up the delicate length of her white arm to her heart-shaped face with its tremuheart-shaped face with its tremu lous pouting mouth, its straigh been there for six years. He was there last October."

So Barry joined the party in the small tender going from the boat to the island.

Slender nose, its wide violet eyes. Probably, he thought dispassionately, the loveliest face he had even seen on a woman.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



you right, you recluse! I sneaked into your cabin during dinner THIS CURIOUS WORLD

No, no, dear-it's not regulation! By William Ferguson



ANSWER: B	evolutionary war,		REO. U. S. PAT. OFF.
	EXT: Where did		
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32 Under 34 Young salmon 35 Rules 40 Landed	58 Ventilate 59 Instead of	5 Beside 6 Biblical pronoun 7 Railroad	partridges 47 Had in mind 51 Note in Guido's scale
proprietors	60 Seines	(abbr.)	53 Symbol for

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VERTICAL

65 Czar

43 The snivels
(veter.)
46 Genus of snow
partridges
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Guido's scale
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chromium 56 Station 66 Direction (pl.) 11 Mineral rock 67 Promontory 12 Emperate (abbr.) 59 Enemy 61 Senior (abbr.) 63 Exists

64 Registered nurse (abbr.) 2 Bantu people 19 Indian (abbr.)

(abbr.) 8 Corpulent 9 Statehoods

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Ohio, after his organization completed a month without an unauthorized absence., offered 125 War Bonds of \$50 denomination to the employes of the first organization to equal the

**Dut Our Way** By J. R. Williams



HOOT MON! YE AHOY, CAPTAIN MACADAM! LET APPEAR-R-R A BIT ME PRESENT MYSELF, MAJOR AMOS B. HOOPLE, REPORTING TO ASSUME THE DUTIES OF OLDER THAN I MAYBE YE'LL FILL THE BILL, IF THAT'S MUSCLE UNDER YER FANCY JACKET AND NOT PURSER FOR MY BROTHER
JACOB WHO IS INDISPOSED!
HAW! JOLLY LITTLE FERRYBOAT YOU HAVE THERE, SIR!
HUM! IS MY OFFICE FOR ARD BLUBBER-R-R! OR AFT ? 1010 YOU SAY

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Challenges Absenteeism

W. S. (Bill) Jack, president of Jack & Heintz, Inc., Bedford, record of his firm.

Most fixed opinions still can stand a lot of fixing.



MUSCLE,

By Fred Harmon

CAP'N ?

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosse

With Major Hoople







Wash Tubbs





Boots and Her Buddies



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Allep Oop









Little Orphan Annie

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