LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

SECRET OF X-999

CHAPTER III THE office clock showed 9:02, but Dr. Hale was unaware the thing existed. He was still dictating, walking slowly beside the ws where he could glance out at the night.

More often, though, he glanced at Carolyn Tyler; somehow her ce here was exalting. A sublle, delicate presence. A fragrance.

He had never quite observed is phenomenon while with Leana this phen ni, his feminine associate in the laboratory. Patently Miss Tyler was somehow set apart among the feminine gender as a supe-

His thoughts snapped back min to the business at hand. He

"-wherefore it seemed advis able to interrupt the actual laboratory work and make this defalled report, lest some quirk of fate eliminate both Miss Sormi and me from this earth tonight. We are the only two human bewho hold this priceless se cret. Moreover, the public itself accomplished. As to what may be expected from this isotope, which I have tentatively designated

X-909, I will venture this much: "One-sort of tabulate it, please, Miss Tyler- One: A five-pound lump of X-999, in only 10 to 50 cent purity, would drive of America's ocean liners and naval vessels for months without ding, if the power were proprly harnessed. One pound of the substance is equivalent to 5,000,-900 pounds of coal or 3,000,000 pounds of gasoline. Two, in ex-

"Did you say explosive?" Caro-

lyn asked.

Yes. In explosive power, a single pound of X-999 equals single pound of X-999 equals ap-proximately 15,000 tons of trini-

Tons? Dr. Hale? One pound to 15,000 tons?

"Yes, Miss Tyler! It's unbelievable but true! One pound to 18,000 tons of TNT: I know it 18,000 tons of TNT: I know it staggers a person to think of it, but—well, the language has no sdequate words for this! History has no precedents. With X-909 available, the human race must revise its entire concept of energy and power, as applied to daily living. That is why I don't dare take chances on letting this precious secret be lost now that Leana and I have chanced to—but I must not digress. Put down that the quantity production of X-999 in this laboratory has made possible the—"

in this laboratory has made possible the—"

HE slipped back from his sudden intense conversation with Carolyn into his dictation drone, choosing words with meticulous care lest he say neither too much nor too little.

It was past 10 o'clock before he paused again. This time he was at the window, and stopped talking for a long moment just to gaze out at the blackness punctured by distant city lights. It was a natural stopping place in his narrative, Carolyn noted.

She sat back wearily in her

chair, and tossed her pencil onto

her desk.

"I wouldn't want to be inquisitive," she began, laconically—Dr.
Robert Hale was so young looking!—"But I'm sort of curious to
know how scientists get along
without eating. My own lunch was
10 hours ago." She flushed with a
little smile.

He turned to her, astonishment painly showing.

painly showing.

"For goth sakes, Miss Tyler! I—
oficourse! Of course! I am so sorry.
Please forgive me. And please let
me take you to dinner at once!
Over yonder four blocks is quite a
good drive-in. I often eat there.
My car is—"
"You aren't through the dictating," she countered.
"I may work all night Couldn't
possibly sleep this night in any
event Come on, we shall go eat."
The employer-employe attitude

event Come on, we shall so est."

The employer-employe attitude was, by unspoken agreement, left behind, partly because Carolyn was so naturally at ease and self-sufficient toward him. She was not the giddy, scared person she had been when she started in stenographic work three years ago. She had already risen to a true secretarial job in the bank, and she had jumped at this oddly intriguing position at the scientific laboratory because it had held even better promise. In short, she was a business woman with poise was a business woman with poise with she were only 23. She could leave work on the desk where it belonged, and relax when outside.

CHE was so good at it that within

SHE was so good at it that within a quarter hour she had Bob Hale himself relaxing. She saw that he was really a man who had driven himself unmereffully. She conxed him to listen to music in the restaurant, and discuss the manner in which a dish of sea food was prepared. Once he slipped.

"Next move is to get this stuff far away," he declared, unox-

-Rib

pectedly. "I must think of some place where nobody lives." "What stuff?" she asked. "The baked salmon?"

"The X-999! Tomorrow we'll arrange for a truck to—" "Hush!" she ordered, smiling.
"Time now to rest a bit. Do you dance?"

"Why—uh—why, yes, I used to. I can't say that—"

"Come on!" Somewhat astounded at him-self, he danced with her twice before their hour here was done. Moreover, he liked it.

Moreover, he liked it.

"You are a remarkable giri," he said, a bit later.

"Thank you!" She dimpled at him then. "But let's be going. If I must work all night, I must."

Outside in his car the talk slipped back toward business, and stayed there when they walked again down the office hall.

"I suppose it will have tremendous economic importance." Carolyn was saying there in the corridor. "Somebody will get rich. Me, I don't even try to save money any more. A little poem expresses it thus:

"There was a man who saved up for the future.

He put in his money bags all he could spare:
But, alas, for the poor eco-nomical moocher—
The future arrived and the man wasn't there!"

Dr. Hale laughed heartily. The funny little rhyme did him good, and he realized that just being with pretty Carolyn Tyler did him a world of good, too. His racing thoughts, however, were suddenly interrupted. Leana Sormi popped open his office door and came out, glaring.

"What in the world happened?

she demanded.
"Nothing Leans. I've just been eating and dancing. And I..."
She was plainly shocked.
"Dancing. Robert?" said she, incredulous. "And langhter, on this night of all nights? Have you gone invane?"

insane?"
Then the blond woman, impressive ir her anger and handsome in spite of it, turned to Carolyn with restrained fury.

(To Be Continued)

Plowing Patriot



Joyce Roberts, Salinas, Calif., Junior Coilege co-ed, hangs to motorized plow handles in school's farm tractor course-an auxiliary defense measure. She's only still formulance. only girl in unglamorous but patriotic course.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William



1000 ANSWER: You'd be studying birds' eggs.

VILL YOU BE STUDYING!

U. S. SOLDIER

HORIZONTAL 1, 6 Pictured U. S. A. top army official.

13 Jar. 14 Original musical draft. 16 Arabian. 17 Male child. 18 Crowns of

heads. 19 Coin.

21 Goddess of 22 Residue from 47 To gleam.

30 To furnish with new

34 Eating utensil. 35 Lowest deck

on ship. 58 He is now Chief of — 38 Play for actors 39 Toward. 40 Wood spirits. 44 Box sled. 20 Otherwise.

pressed grapes 48 Higher in 24 Having made place. place. 53 Enthusiasm. 54 Body in sky. 55 Mournful. 56 Cuckno. 57 He rose through the

MAPOF

ranks by — 58 He is now Chief of —

swans. 4 To declaim. 5 Detected.

43 Made to float. 44 Irish fuel. 45 Arm bone. composition. 7 Sphere of action. 8 To change a gem setting. 9 Injury. 10 Tract of 49 Food paste.

50 Opposed to 51 Bird of preyground. 11 Den. 12 Pound (abbr.) 52 Railway (abbr.).

20 This general was an aide to General —.

student of

24 Principle. 27 Roof finial.

28 Drunkard. 29 Small child. 31 To make å mistake.

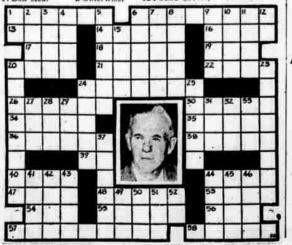
32 Room recess.

41 Pertaining to

33 Gypsy. 37 Sturdy.

wings. 42 Bull.

23 He is a



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

BREAKFAST READY EARLY THIS MORNIN', HAHP IT'S JUST PAST FOUR STATE OF THE PARTY BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

By Fred Harman



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Store your furs and winter garments in our new vault-

New Method Cleaners-Phone 4471.

YOU COULD NOT HIT SUCH A ONE TOO HARD, SAHIB



By Martin

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



426 41

OWN SUIP - YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT CONTRACT THE STREET WEST AND THE STREET By Crane

WASH TUBBS

AFTER THROWING ME OVERBOARD LAST NIGHT,
THOSE FOREIGN AGENTS MUST THINK I'M
DEAD. VERY WELL, I'LL MAKE THE ROUNDS
O'THE SHIP AND WATCH EVERYONE'S
EXPRESSION VERY CAREFULLY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

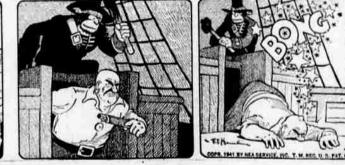


YEH, BUT I'LL QUIET HIM DOWN...YOU AN GOOLA KEEP YER EYES ON THIS SWAB...TSK.TSK.' SUCH LANGUAGE!





ALLEY OOP



(gh. 0