

SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Fearing that X-999 has caused the mystery blast, Carolyn hurried to the scene. A vast suburban area has been laid waste. Carolyn searches for Bob. She must find him.

IT EXPLODED... WHY?

CHAPTER VII CAROLYN learned that Bob Hale was safe when she telephoned her mother at 5 a. m.

"He called here twice and came out just a little bit ago!" Mrs. Tyler said, after Carolyn's initial explanations. "He was like a crazy man, honey! Whatever it is—"

"Oh, thank you, mother! I'm all right. I'll be home soon. Don't you worry."

"A woman called all night too. A Miss Sorni. Who is she? She also said she had to locate Dr. Hale. Emergency reasons, she said. She was most distracted, but I suppose the whole town is Carolyn, you haven't had any rest and—"

But personal rest and comfort were farthest from Carolyn's mind. She hung up and immediately telephoned the Schoenfeld Laboratory, where she worked. Nobody answered. She realized that practically everybody would still be at the scene of the explosion.

She went outside again and a newsboy crying third extras assailed her. She bought the paper, paying a dime and waiting for no change. Here for the first time she began to learn something of the real extent of the damage. In concise, unemotional words and photographs the city's dailies were doing their job well. She read avidly.

"With only four lives known to have been lost," the paper read, after the opening summary, "citizens can be thankful for a miracle, the Chief of Police said. He warned that other bodies may yet be found although the wreckage has been fairly well combed. The four dead were all plant watchmen. In daytime the explosion would inevitably have taken hundreds of lives.

Two other men are reported missing and may be dead. One is W. H. Delaney, a truck driver for the Metropolitan Transfer Com-

pany, and the other is a liquor store owner, M. M. Cragin.

"Cragin's establishment was near the apparent center of the explosion and was so completely destroyed that no trace of it has been found, only a great crater showing on that spot now (see second photo, page 1). Delaney's truck also is missing and so he may yet turn up safely, his company admitted, but he is so long overdue as to cause grave concern.

"Authorities seem agreed that there must have been several concealed deposits of explosives to have caused so much damage.

"Unquestionably it was sabotage, police said, although just how a furniture factory and a greenhouse affect preparedness measures is not clear. The railroad destroyed was only a branch line of minor importance in the national scheme.

"Another theory advanced by federal officers was that the empty warehouse may have been used as a secret cache of saboteurs and was exploded prematurely or unintentionally at this time. Foreign agents are known to have been—"

THE paper had thorough coverage, amazingly so, considering the magnitude of the explosion and the short time since it occurred, even though the officers' theorizing was entirely wrong. Carolyn read and re-read. Then she found herself walking up a street. She had long since lost her friendly taxi driver, hadn't even thought of paying him. Presently she was on the edge of the big crowd of people and cars and found another taxi that could turn around and take her away.

She had herself driven directly to the Schoenfeld Laboratory. By the time she arrived its main plant and its office building were bathed in dawn's sunshine, and the sheer beauty of that was a sort of spiritual lift. Moreover, she instantly saw Robert Hale. When she jumped from her cab, ordering it to wait, Dr. Hale ran to her.

He couldn't talk for a moment. He just jabbed a finger at her awkwardly and swallowed.

"It's all right! All right!" Carolyn murmured, intently. Don't feel badly. Please don't! Come on inside, at once!"

He didn't look like a boss now. In truth, he was simply a young man half crazed with anxiety.

"You were at the farmhouse when it happened," she said for him.

"Yes. I—it didn't come! The X-999. The—I heard the explosion. You knew too? You knew what had happened?"

thankful you escaped. All of us. Such danger!"

"That's what I can't understand. How it exploded! Why?"

"BUT you said it was highly explosive."

"Yes, but I meant in power only. Not that it would go off easily. Sudden heat, or a percussion cap such as is used on dynamite—these might set it off.

"But we had it securely in two lead containers, with wrappings around that and cotton padding on the truck floor. There was absolutely no possibility—and yet, of course, there must have been!"

"Please don't be too distressed, Bob."

"But I am! I sent only a part of what we have, Carolyn! My thought was to divide it in separate localities to guard against possibility of tampering, however remote. But the first bit moved has caused this! That which we have still in the laboratory must be moved far away at once! With utmost personal care. I will do it myself. The great loss this morning is too appalling!"

"You tried a logical way before. You must not blame yourself!"

She spoke so vehemently that he was impressed and he squeezed her hand in gratitude. Leana Sorni had seen them; she came out of the office building walking fast. Her face was even more pale than normal, and strained.

"Robert, you must come home with me," she ordered, peremptorily, ignoring Carolyn. "We must be rational. Say nothing to any one. Nothing! You haven't slept for two or three nights. You will collapse!"

That much—true, surely. Carolyn saw Miss Sorni take Bob's arm and lead him toward her own car. When the

driver began to explain that he was waiting on order, Carolyn hastened to pay and release him. But she stood watching, vaguely alarmed in an entirely new way, as the cab drove off with her employer and his efficient woman companion.

(To Be Continued)

Back to Britain for More Pictures



Marcel Wallenstein, manager of Planet News, which supplies European pictures to NEA Service and this newspaper, boards clipper for return to London after short stay in New York.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



RED RYDER

By Fred Harman



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



HENRIK HUDSON DID NOT DISCOVER THE HUDSON RIVER! NEITHER DID HE DISCOVER HUDSON STRAIT NOR HUDSON BAY.

ANSWER: But many of you have seen a horseshoe crab.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

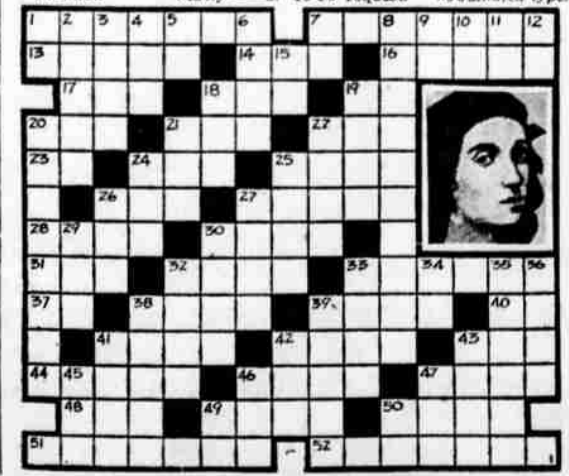
Store your furs and winter garments in our new vault—New Method Cleaners—Phone 4471.

By Harold Gray



MASTER PAINTER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Marti



WASH TUBBS

By Crane



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin

