SERIAL STORY

THREE TO MAKE READY.

BY W. H. PEARS

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YESTERDAY: Dr. Lud. Paula and Tuny find the fraternity nem massing for an attack on the League meeting. By, Lud argues, even threatens to expel the entire threat and Lud knows he has lost. Paula and Tony hary on to warn the League members. Tony asks Paula to forget that she hates him, for this one night.

KILO CHALLENGED

CHAPTER XIV

TONY half carried Paula across
the rough field. When they
reached the barn he was breathing
fast but easily. Through the door
they could hear Kilo Sherwood's
voice: ".. and so this is our
farewell meeting..."

Tony wasted no time in knocking. He gave the door a kick
that burst it open. After an instant of shocked silence, the entire
League membership was on its
feet.

Kilo recovered first, her green Kilo recovered first, her green eyes finning. "What is his? An-other Greek-letter invasion?" Tony said easily, "We're here as friends, Kilo. You've got to get out of this barn fast."

Kilo laughed. "What's wrong, Mr. Beale? Is it going to catch

"Worse than that," Tony snapped. "About 50 fraternity fellows are on their way here."
"Why should that concern you."
"Dr. Lud sent us to warn you."
Paula broke in. "He's up the road trying to stop them."
For the first time Kilo deigned to notice her. "This is an honor. Miss Jeffers. Your last visit here made quite an impression."
"We're giving it to you straight, Kilo." Tony said, "Either you break up your meeting or there'll be trouble. The follows are in a bad mood. Someone's apt to get hurt."

hurt."

Kilo turned to the League members. "Do you want to let the fra-ternity boys run us out?"
"No!" It was an emphatic

"No!" It was an emphatic chorus.
"You see?" Kilo said, "We're not afraid of a fight. We have permission to use this barn. We're holding a peaceable meeting. We don't intend to let a bunch of Greek-letter hoodlums chase us

Tony lowered his voice: "Could

Tony lowered his voice: "Could it be, Kilo, that you want this scrap?"
"What do you mean?"
"Well, it's your last chance to strike a blow for Uncle Barney,"
Tony said shrewdly, "I wonder how your faithful members would feel if I told them why you've been so active in the League?"
Kilo drew her lovely young face into a defiant scowl, For a long moment her will opposed Tony's in silent struggle. The saffron light of the kerosene lamps showed

light of the kerosene lamps showed Tony's hard-set jaw.

KILO broke the deadlockt "Go ahead, tell them," she chal-lenged. "See how much good it will do you!"
"Okay," Tony said, facing the group. "Your president says I can talk, Will you listen? I prom-ise to make it snapov."

can talk. Will you listen? I promise to make it snappy."

There was a murmur of disagreement from the members which Tony pretended to ignore.

"I want to ask how many of you remember what Cardman was like 10 years ago? Well, I'll tell you. Cardman was on the skids. The professors were second-rate. Enrollment had dropped way down. A lot of grabby politicians were

rollment had dropped way down.
A lot of grabby politicians were
in control. I know all this because my older brother was here."

Tony paused. Watching him,
Paula felt a surge of admiration
for his poise. Every minute
counted; yet he spoke as calmiy
as if he were completely unaware
of the fact.

"Now, look, girls and fellows,"
Tony went on earnestly, "I'm not
going to give you any 'die-fordear-old-Cardman' stuff. But I
doubt if there's one of you that

dear-old-Cardman' stuff. But I doubt if there's one of you that hasn't some affection for the school. You should have. Today it's a fine school. When you graduate from Cardman you can tackle any job with confidence."

"So what?"

"So who put Cardman back on its feet?" Tony shouled, banging his fist into his palm. "I'll tell you. It was Dr. Van Horn."

Someone booed the name. "He's

ne booed the name.

Someone boosed the name. 'He's the guy that chased us into this barn!'

"You're dead wrong about that!" Tony retorted. "A politician named Big Barney Sherwood chased you here. Through Kilo he's been uning you people to make trouble for Van Harn. He wants to put some two-bit politician in as president so he can pull the strings. He and Kilo have been making saps of you. Ask Kilo; she won't deny it."

"I do deny it!" Kilo leaped to Tony's side, her siln body taut. "Tony Beale wants to get you out of here because he knows that if we run away there won't be any anti-fraternity League next year."

Tony backed close to Psula. "Climb into the loft," he whispered, "and see if they're coming."

Pauls clambered up the ladder. The window of the loft was dust-hazed and covered with spider webs. Shuddering, she swept them

The window of the loft was dust-hazed and covered with spider webs. Shuddering, she swept them away. A procession of headlights moved along the road. She rushed to Tony's side.

"They're coming, Tony!"
Tony nodded grimly, "ICII take them at least 10 minutes to get organized and across the field."

KILO'S voice meanwhile was weaving a husky spell over the League members: "I can deny only part of what Tony Beale's told you. It's true about Uncle Barney. He does want to pick the next president of Cardman, and I'll tell you why."

"Attagirl, Kilo!" "He wants justice for all at Cardman, Big Barney Sherwood the lamplight. "You're lying to

me."
"Ask Tony, He swore out the warrant."
Kilo studied Paula's face with wide, frightened eyes. In it she read the truth. She swallowed convulsively, tried to speak and suited.

failed.
Swiftly Paula played her ace.
"Chris is in love with you, Kilo.
Will you go out and tell the fruth
about the scarf? Or are you going to let Chris take the blame?"

(To Be Continued)

May Go Home



Harry Bridges, California C. I. O. leader, stuffs sleeve up cuff, ready to answer questions at San Francisco hearing in which Paula dragged the girl into a corner of the barn, "Kilo, Chris is in trouble, He's in jail, and you're to blame?"
"Jaill" Color drained from Kilo's face, leaving it haggard in ment seeks to return him

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



WRITER OF MERIT

19 Parrot.

21 Her -

were fine writers. 22 To shave the head.

23 Senior (abbr.)
25 She was a
for a
few years.
27 Mitigated.

number. 38 Made of grain. 41 Maxim.

29 Mother-cfpearl. 31 Unopened

also

HURIZUNTAL	Answer to Previous Puzzle
1 Author of "Jane Eyre."	MOHAMMEDLADABIJA
14 Wireless music box.	TERMED LITAS INNS
15 Constellation.	NESSECIANMEDIDA
16 Derivative of aloes.	ME AMALGAM TI
17 Invitation.	CHOL WALLERO CLANOE
18 Record keeper.	CRAM - CAMERA
20 Hound.	
21 To perch. 22 Blows a flute.	DIETWALLARMERIE
24 To gain a	AEROPHET FOUNDED

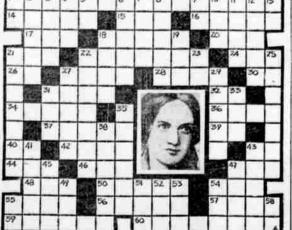
43 Myself. 44 Turf. 46 Before. 47 Male bee. 27 By nature.

28 Sea tale. 30 Musical 30 Musical 4
syllable, 5
31 Company of 5
musicians, 5
32 Preposition, 5
32 Preposition, 5
33 Tiprior, 5
37 Treo, 5
39 Railway (abbr.), 6
42 Sketched,

26 Neuter

VERTICAL 33 Your.
1 Credit (abbr.), 35 Smallest
2 Word.
3 Tunnel 3 Tunnel. 47 Male bee. 3 Tunnel. 33 Made of grain.
48 Fo spread. 4 To deliver. 41 Maxim.
50 Theme. 5 Observe. 43 Engine.
54 Obsec. 6 Ebgle's claw. 45 Elk.
55 Willow shrub. 7 Weight 47 Carated facts.
58 To make allowance. 49 To atop up a stream.
57 Tiny puritiele. 9 Sun god. 51 Sun.
59 She had little 10 Antiquated. 52 Cuckoo. 53 Still.
65 She was a 12 Catlike beast. 54 Distant.
66 her day. 18 Heavy string. 58 Form of "I."

8 23



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

By Fred Harman



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



By Harold Gray

BUT,



THAT WAS DOC THERON DASHIN' INTO DADDYS' ROOM -- IT COULD MEAN ANYTHING BUT IF IT MEANS WHAT IM AFRAID IT MEANS----

WHAT? NONE OF
THAT TYPE OF BLOOD ON
HAND? OUT OF PLASMA?
LAST USED THIS MORNING? FRESH
SUPPLY BY THREE OCLOCK
THIS AFTERNOON?
WHY, YOU STUPID ----

MAN LA PLATA!

HIS BLOOD IS THE

RIGHT TYPE!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES





By Martin LATER! SHOW THESE! STATE

WASH TUBBS



QUITE INSENIOUS

HAS BEEN TRAINED

By Crane NECESSARILY ER WICKL THE YE KIDNAPED EASY AND WILL KEEP DOG HODEN

By Blosser

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS









By V. T. Hamlin





