HURSDAY, JANUARY, 22, 1942

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CHAPTER XV

"Please do not look so sad." Lodrew near again, in either hand a drew near again, in creater hand iding a slender stemmed glass of ueur cognac. "It depresses me and I do not like to be depressed. me, I have always heard that the pericans were good losers. Will

drink to my success?" Theatrics. Ian's lips curled, Oh, il, nothing mattered now. Smil-Lolita held forward a glass, ich he took and appraised autostically. Then she straightened, ted high her glass.

"To the Soviet Repub-"

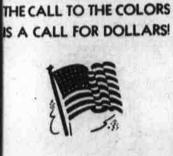
Before she finished the word she irled, quick as the dart of a kingher, and hurled the fiery contents the liqueur glass into the ex-otman's stupid blue eyes.

lan, after a stupified fraction of second, hurled his glassful at the tler.

"Bogu" snarled the Russian aping back and clawing at the e pocket of his coat. Ian was on him in a single bound for he ho held the pistol was clawing his eyes in helpless agony would be able to see again in a inute, Ian knew that, and launchhimself on the cursing ex-butler

te an enraged leopard. Smack! Putting his shoulder bend the blow he drove his fist uarely into the Russian's cheek, It something give. The Russian ade no effort to strike back but aked everything on getting his stol free from that side pocket. In dealt the fellow another hissing ymaker that must have made the ssian's teeth rattle for he reeled

ck under the blow, Goaded by desperation and inhitely strengthened by the definite owledge that Lolita, splendid tress that she was, was true. Ian brang in and put all his strength hind a terrific uppercut which



Dig deep. Strike hard. Our boys need the planes, ships, and guns which your money will help to buy.

Go to your bank, post office, or avings and loan association. Tell them you want to buy Defense Bonds regularly, starting

landed on the point of the Russian's | the ease of a born athlete. Simuljaw and stretched him senseless and bleeding on the shining hard-wood floor.

and administer a quietus by bringing down a liqueur bottle on his egs-shaped skull. "Time is short!" shrieked inner volces. Catch Bobkhine!"

He glanced at his watch-great lord, ten minutes more! Bobkhine must be drawing near. In his

mind's eye he could see the great touring car whirling at break-neck speed over the straight white Hun-

garian pike. Just then Lolita let out the clutch Bleeding from a cut hand, he and, like a spurred colt, the autowhirled to find that Lolita, suberbly Amazonian, had snatched up the street. The Bulgarian rasped a footman's pistol and stood waiting furious curse and jerked out a pistol.

"Where's Bobkhine gone?" She answered with a swiftness and clarity that delighted him. "To Hatvan, yesterday I learned that a plane will be waiting there." "Hatvan? Near the Czecho-Slo-vak border?"

"Yes." "Good lord! That's a good thirty-five kilometers out of Budapest.

Quick. Get a coat and maybe we can catch him." "Impossible, he is too far ahead."

Nevertheless she darted off. Meanwhile. Ian secured his own and the pistol of the two Russians before starting for the door. In his car was a detailed road map of Hungary. Leaving the two unconscious men

grotesquely sprawled between overturned chairs on the floor of that

smart little sitting room, the American, hair over eyes and tie askew, snatched up his previous brief case, glanced inside and was delighted to see the orignal treaty safe inside. Then he went bounding down the

stairs. After him ran Lolita von Waldeck, the hem of her luxurious tea gown showing ludiciously from under a heavy cloth overcoat that had a mink collar.

"You'll have to come faster," he called from the foot of the stairs. 'Every second counts." Nodding, she gathered her skirts garter high and with him darted out into the dark silent street. On the opposite sidewalk a figure

lounging under a lamp post started and, when the two dashed around the corner towards Ian's parked car, the watcher commenced to run, also

"Can you drive a car?" he panted, "I've got to study a map-may-

be there's a short cut." "Yes," she replied.

"Good. Drive out the Waitzen road and don't stop for man, god nor devil!"

She shot him a look of calm courage and leaped into the driver's route he had chosen to Hatvan. The seat of the long-snouted car with main first class road passed

It was the work of a moment to then the figure which had watched wheel on the half-blinded footman from across the street came running up. The fellow halted, cried out something, and Ian glanced

up to recognize the sinister passion-clouded features of Colonel Maxim Solbeloff.

"Good-evening," said he, teeth wolfish in the moonlight. "Will you and that fatal copy of the treaty get out and fight? Or must I shoot you down like the dog you are?" "Get to hell out of the way!" Ian waved a furious hand. "See you

later-I'm busy now."

mobile lurched off along the cobbled quietly, her glorious eyes fixed upon his. Just as the car careened around

the corner, a long orange finger stabbed the night and Ian felt a sting in his left shoulder as though a giant bee had stung him. Crack Sobeloff fired again. In the windshield between him and the girl a small star shaped hole sprang into being. Lolita's eyes, wide with

alarm, flicked sidewise, "Keep going!" yelled Ian over the roar of the motor. "He miss-ed." But he knew very well that

Colonel Solobel's first bullet had not been sped in vain. Inside his shirt and over his chest, blood was trickling in a warm erratic stream, didn't feel as though bones were broken, but a man could not tell, high powered bullets had a numb-

ing effect. Setting his teeth he reverted to the matter in hand, first kicking off the exhaust and then switching on the dash light. By its dancing rays he strove to read the road map which the madly rushing wind flut-tered and sought to tear from between his fingers. He concentrated with a desperate effort, conscious that amid a blaze of headlights the car jolted and swerved like a refusing horse. All about sounded the squeal of suddenly applied brakes,

frightened shouts, the yelling of angry curses; but the girl merely bent further over the wheel and, as lustrous war flag. "Must catch him!" Ian's brain

said. No good to bring a disgraced husband to Lolita, and she would never be able to explain her part in the downfall of Leonard Holt if the story ever got out. It became thus doubly important to catch Bobkhine, but could they?

the great motor through the drow-

of Budapest while Ian desperately intent, mentally photographed the

SINGAPORE

Singapore-Military Jewel of the Far East

This map gives an idea of the size of Singapore, mighty British island fortress at the crossroads of the Far East sea lanes, and key to domination of the rich Dutch East Indies and the Philippines. Insert map of Manhattan, gives its comparative size. Under severe attack by Japanese forces pushing down the Malay Peninsula, the Singapore forces are reported battling fiercely.

other through the village of Szent ahead. Suddenly there appeared a was, a secondary route, therefore fork in the road, he slammed on the undoubtedly rough, winding and brakes. Ah, Nagy-Kum already.

He swung to the right, racing ever On the outskirts of Budapest a onwards towards Szent and distant Batvan. policeman foolishly tried to block their furious career and barely es-Beside him the girl ignored her

caped annihilation when the girl wildly fluttering skirts, to clutch wrenched the car to the left. Ian the door and the handle of the cutnever forgot an impression he got out in an effort to brace her slight of her lovely features set, coat open body against the mad lurching of and the soft lace of her tea gown the roadster. Shadowy objects like fluttering like gossamer pennons. ambushed monsters seemed to "All right," he said. "We can spring at the car, now a kilometer post, now a wayside shrine. A dozen times Ian thought they were With a mighty groaning of

lost and all the while the hissing warm night wind tore at his hair with unseen fingers, filled his eyes with tears. All at once he got a queer impression that the car was remaining still while the earth revolved under it.

On a straight stretch he shot a swift glance at Lolita. Utterly un-afraid she crouched there, blue eyes wide and staring fixedly at the road head. The wind he noted, had pulled her hair back to reveal ears which were small and well-shaped,

One hundred kilometers an hour, the indicator said, and Ian became confident that Bobkhine's fifteen minute lead was being cut to ribbons, when suddenly the road blurred. Damn it! He had forgotten all about his wound. He must have bled a lot, his whole side felt wet and cold. He blinked and the careening landscape came in focus

again. "Get the name of the next town," he yelled above the tumult of the

Ahead shone the lights of a car.

through Aszod, but there was an- strained his eyes to watch the road row as an old maid's mind-and then to his horror he beheld just ahead a small stone bridge. If the cars met on that bridge all involved. would perish horribly.

His driver's instinct warned him it was too late to stop; a hundred kilometers an hour is not an easy speed to handle. Then, forking to the left, he saw a track descending the low banks of a stream. It must be one of those fords arranged to allow peasants to water their thirsty little horses. How deep the water was nor how rough the bottom, Ian could not know, but risk it he must, so, as the fork flashed near, he braked furiously and turned the wheel to the left.

Like a hunter taking a jump, the car seemed to sail off the ground when the track dropped a little then, with the heart-stilling plunge of a roller-coaster, the two-seater darted at the darkly flowing water. Ian's grip on the wheel tightened spasmodically as over the runabout

shot a sheet of water which, de-

fabric.

Mrs. Bushnell Attends D A. R. Meet in Asheville

Mrs. S. H. Bushnell, regent of the Dorcas Bell Love chapter of the D. A. R. attended a meeting of representatives of the chapter in this section of the state in Asheville on Satuprday.

Plans were formulated for the state conference in Asheville of which the chapters in this district will be hostesses in March,

Francis Cove News

The Francis Cove home demon stration club met with Mrs. Robert McCracken on Wedneday after-noon to study "Family Plans for 1942."

Miss Mary Margaret Smith, the home agent, told the club women how they could help in national defense work.

A playlette was given by Miss Smith, Mrs. Homer West, Miss Adeline Boone and Mrs. Roy Hightower.

Miss Adeline Boone won the prize in the recreation contest.

After the meeting Mrs. Mc-Cracken served delicious refreshments, assisted by her daughter, Jackie.

The club will meet with Mrs. Will K. Boone for the February meeting.

flected by the windshield, passed over his head. The car staggered like a life boat in a hurricane. Ian summoned all his failing strength and sought to steady the wheel. He had a fleeting impression of the other car high over head, its occupants yelling like mad.

The dripping automobile was back on the road almost before he knew it, for he was feeling very sick indeed. He must keep on. His mind was haunted by a vision of Leonard in bed, pale and helpless, and of Ilya who loved him.

There began a queer buzzing in his bones as he saw the short cut rejoin the main highway. Far ahead glimmered a tail light; another car was going in the same direction-Bobkhine ?

(To be Continued)

READ THE ADS - IT PAYS

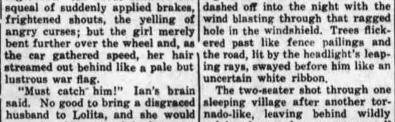


like the rest of her.

yelping dogs and an enormous pall of dust. Lolita! Lolita! To have her in peace and happiness, unafraid of all men, he must win Like a racing driver gone crazy he roared along straight stretches and skidded around corners. Ye gods,

let him get to Hatvan in time! Once in the wide flat countryside he pressed the accelerator to the wind, floor, urging the great palpitating

machine to its splendid best and Hell! This country road was nar-



ungraded.

change now."

rubber.

brakes she brought the car to a

shuddering halt which dug deep

furrows in the road and filled the

air with the stench of scorched

Barely an instant was wasted in

exchanging positioins, then Ian

threw the car into gear and, driv-

ing as he had never driven before,

At a rate that was never under fifty miles an hour, Lolita twirled sy, blue and white painted suburbe

