

# CARIBBEAN CONSPIRACY

by BRENDA CONRAD

THE STORY SO FAR: Anne Heywood, beautiful daughter of a wealthy New York newspaper publisher, goes on an assignment to Puerto Rico where Pete Wilcox, a reporter on her father's paper, is stationed as a U. S. Army intelligence officer. On the boat she meets a young Puerto Rican, Miguel Valera, and an engineer named Richard Taussig, of whom she is immediately suspicious in spite of the fact that he looks like a typical tourist. She does not know that he is, in fact, a German agent ordered to destroy Puerto Rico's water supply. Pete meets the boat, but does not tell Anne that he has reason to suspect Taussig. Later Anne discovers that her bags have been searched.

### CHAPTER IV

Anne put her key in the lock and opened the door. There was a funny taste in her mouth, as if she'd bit into a sweet orange and found it was a sour one.

"I'm glad Pete's in San Juan after all," she thought, with a sudden twinge of conscience. "I wonder what he's doing?"

Pete Wilcox, if she'd known it, was at that moment two floors below her in the Granada bar. He'd watched her all through dinner, seen her gay and charming and radiant as a sunbeam, talking to three men.

The other girl Pete didn't even see. He watched Anne and Miguel leave the dining room.

"They're going to dance," he thought. He looked at himself in the mirror over the bar. The faint green cast of his face couldn't all be mildew, he thought with a twisted grin. "Take it easy, Captain Wilcox," he said to himself.

Anne put her hand out to put off the light, and changed her mind. The room glowed with a faint silver phosphorescence from the rising moon. It was the moon she and Miguel had watched growing rounder and whiter the last three nights, she thought with a little ache inside her.

She shook that off impatiently, crossed the room and looked down into the patio. Don Diego Gongoro had just finished lighting Richard Taussig's cigar and was lighting his own. Then Anne's heart beat a little more quickly. She glanced back at the door, her cheeks flushed a little. The idea that popped into her mind, she knew, was one that should never have occurred to a well-brought-up young woman. She dismissed it sharply.

Her hand shook a little as she opened the door. There was a light over the transom in Room 108. It was not the ceiling light; it was not bright enough. It must be the one on the table or beside the bed. She started trying to remember whether it had been there before. She hadn't looked, she had been so intent on the conflict in her mind as she went into her own room. It might be the maid, she thought, listening. Or Mr. Taussig might have left his light on.

She crossed the passage after a moment and tapped lightly on the door. There was no answer and no sound from inside. Her heart was pounding in her throat. She had either to do it or not to do it, she told herself—but she had to be quick about it in any case.

She put her key in the lock and turned the knob. Mr. Taussig had not locked his door. She opened it slowly, glancing back behind her down the hall, and slipped inside. She had taken two quick steps along the passage between the wall and the closet when the dimmed light went off, leaving her in sudden absolute darkness. Somebody inside the room moved with swift catlike silence. She stood rooted to the floor in terror, her voice frozen in her throat. A man's hand strong as steel closed over her mouth, stifling the cry that sprang to her lips. She was whirled around and moved back to the door so quickly and easily that she didn't have time to struggle. The door opened, she was in the hall again.

The juke box blared from the bar behind him, and with the orchestra out on the terrace a wailing tenor was singing "Perfidia." "I found you, the love of my life, in somebody else's arms." He tossed the cigarette he'd just lit into a palm tub and turned back again. His orders were to lay off, and in the Army orders were orders. In the newspaper business an editor might not run a story, but he never tried to keep you from getting it if you could. And just now Pete's training and instinct—the old nose-for-news sort of thing—told him not to leave, to go back and the hell with G 2.

He went through the lobby out into the patio. The ocean pounding on the reef and breaking again on the rocks just across the balustrade softened the strident scream of music from the bar. The place was empty except for Taussig and Diego Gongoro sitting by the fountain smoking their cigars. They stopped talking for an instant when he came out, and started again, obviously not being talking about the beauty of Puerto Rico all that time, he thought. He sat down at a table in the corner and ordered a Scotch and soda. The window of Anne's room was dark. There was a light in the hall window, and one in Taussig's near the angle of the wall. He saw it go out abruptly. Probably the maid, he thought.

He saw Taussig look up, and move slightly. Then the light went on again. Taussig moved again, glancing up at Anne's window. Or Pete thought he did. He wasn't sure. It was still dark.

"You must make a visit to my brother-in-law's Central," Diego Gongoro was saying affably. "I shall ask him to arrange it. They are cutting and grinding the sugar cane now, and I'm sure it would interest you. And to his coffee plantation in the mountains. That would interest you very much too. The trees are beginning to blossom now, and they are very beautiful. Perhaps Miss Heywood would be interested too. She is a very intelligent young lady. Perhaps she is too intelligent. It can be a dangerous quality in a woman. I mean, of course, that no man wants a woman who..."



The door opened, she was in the hall again.

"You're a lawyer, aren't you?" Pete asked. It sounded as if being a lawyer in a time like this was a little like being a snake in the grass, which was not what he had meant. Miguel laughed.

"A sort of lawyer. You have to know law to manage a sugar Central, these days of government regulation. I don't practice."

"Politics?"

"Politics is in Latin blood," Miguel answered. "Red corpuscles, white corpuscles and politics. It means everything down here."

"What about your father? Has he been in political office?"

"No. My father isn't a United States citizen. After the American occupation we were given the choice of accepting citizenship or remaining Spanish. My father chose to retain his own citizenship. A good many people did. What do you call them—diehards, isn't it?"

"Are they the ones who don't like the United States?" Pete asked.

Valera hesitated.

"Would they like to see Spain back?"

Miguel Valera shrugged. "I suppose there's the dream of seeing the scarlet and gold of Spain flying from El Morro. It's natural enough for the people who are predominantly Spanish. If the United States were conquered, you would just wait the chance to kick your conquerors out."

"And what about the Nationalists?" Pete asked.

Miguel shook his head. "The cacique, or leader of the party in power, has said Nationalism is not an issue at the present. I don't think there's any important organized Nationalist opinion here now. The Falangists and the Nationalists are two extremes—in between you have the moderates.—But I didn't mean to give you a lecture on insular politics. I—"

"One thing before you get off it," Pete said. "Where do you stand in all this?"

"Me?" Miguel Valera laughed. "You'd be surprised," he said. "But as I started to say, this isn't what I wanted to talk to you about. It was Miss Heywood."

course, that no man wants a woman who..."

He broke off abruptly. Pete Wilcox, trying to look casual and relaxed in a wrought-iron chair that was not designed for either, was listening intently. There was something in Diego Gongoro's tone that implied a meaning underlying the superficial conversational one. He was watching the center arch, and Pete, glancing around, saw Miguel Valera come out into the patio and pull up a chair beside them.

"I was just saying how intelligent your friend Miss Heywood is, Miguel," his uncle remarked easily. Miguel shrugged. "I don't know about that. She's very charming, certainly."

There was no reason to get hot under the collar, Pete told himself. Maybe Anne was deliberately concealing her intelligence. Sometimes she did it without deliberation. Furthermore, there was nothing offensive in preferring a girl's charm to her intelligence. Latins weren't the only ones who did that.

"What have you done with the young ladies, by the way?" Taussig inquired.

"My cousin is with some of my other cousins. Miss Heywood has had a tiring day. She's gone upstairs."

"I hope you'll remember your suggestion about the sugar plantation. I'm sure Miss Heywood would enjoy it too."

"I'm sure we can arrange it, Mr. Taussig. I'll speak to my father. Are you engaged tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid I am," Taussig said. "The Army is taking me on a tour of the island, stopping at Borinquen Field for lunch."

Mr. Taussig bowed to both of them. "Goodnight," he said.

Miguel Valera turned to his uncle and spoke again rapidly. Pete caught Graciela's name and "casa," and decided that Miguel was telling his uncle to take the girl home. At any rate Gongoro left. Miguel and Pete were alone in the patio, and the light in Anne's window was still on. Pete, watching with a kind of forlorn hope for one brief glimpse of even her shadow on the screen, trying to make up his mind not to go and call her up just to hear her voice and know she was there, started to get up. As he did Valera rose and came across the grass.

"Good evening, Captain," he said. "If you're not in a hurry I wonder if you'd join me in a nightcap?"

For a moment the two of them stood facing each other, the Latin tall and slender with gray eyes and black hair, the Saxon tall, lean and rangy with hazel eyes and sun-bleached, tow-colored hair, each taking the other's measure.

"Thanks," Pete said. "Glad to." They sat down. Miguel called the waiter.

"You're at Headquarters, I understand," he said when he had ordered.

"That's right," Pete said. "And you?"

"I was ordered to Buchanan. But my orders were cancelled. I was ready, and thought I might as well come home. It was too cold in New York for me anyway. I'd been up for several months on business for my father."

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"I wonder..." she thought. "I just wonder..."

What if Miguel Valera had realized there was something odd about Richard Taussig too? That could explain it. He could have left Graciela for a minute just to come up and see, while his uncle and Taussig were talking.

She slipped to the window and

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### Lesson for November 14

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#### THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:14; Matthew 5:27-30; Mark 10:2-12. GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.—Matthew 5:8.

As the divinely appointed center of man's life, the home holds a place of such importance that it is the special target of Satan's offensive. That has always been true, but it seems that in recent years the onslaught against the home has been intensified.

Books, plays, movies, magazines, all contribute their filthy efforts to break down all sense of moral responsibility. Sex is magnified, and not in any useful or normal sense, but rather for the stimulating of unholy desires and purposes, the breaking down of Christian standards of living, and the ultimate prostitution of the most sacred of all human relationships to the lowest level of which animals might well be ashamed.

All this means that this lesson should be taught with a holy boldness and plainness which will make it effective for God in our homes.

We do not like to talk about adultery and related sins. We must speak with care and tact, but perhaps the time has come for some straightforward dealing with an unpleasant situation.

#### I. Protect the Purity of the Home (Exod. 20:14; Matt. 5:27-30)

Any violation of the divine plan for the marriage of one man and one woman, in loving communion for the founding and maintenance of the home, is a direct violation of the law of God.

It is also a violation of the law of man. It brings serious results in the destruction of the home, and in the ruin of individual life—physical, moral and spiritual.

The words of Jesus broaden the interpretation of the commandment to cover all sexual impurity in thought, word, or deed.

We are to be firm and definite in our dealing with this temptation to moral uncleanness even though it be as painful as tearing out an eye or losing a hand. The command here is not necessarily to be interpreted literally. Tearing out an eye will not help if there is lust in the heart. The point is, go to the root of the matter, and get rid of it even if it hurts. Most of us are far too easy on our sinful impulses. We daily with them when we should destroy them.

#### II. Recognize Marriage as a Divine Institution (Mark 10:2-8)

The Pharisees, who had devised some ingenious schemes for getting rid of an undesired wife, wanted to get Jesus involved in the question. They put him up against Moses who had allowed divorce.

Jesus made it clear that this was not in accord with God's plan and only took place because of their sinful hardheartedness.

As a proper background for the discussion of divorce He set up the divine origin of marriage. He made it clear that marriage was ordained by God, and that it involves a holy union of two individuals which makes them one.

All those who look forward to marriage should realize that it is not a casual thing, or a merely temporary legal contract. It is a union for life—be it for better or worse, in sickness or health, in prosperity or adversity. All who are married should highly regard their sacred vows.

The high place of marriage in Christian teaching dignifies that relationship and denies the misleading and destructive theories of men.

#### III. Follow God's Law on Divorce (Mark 10:9-12)

Failure to observe God's law in these matters may involve a person in the guilt of gross sin. This passage and others teach that divorce is to be permitted on the one ground of adultery (Matt. 5:32).

Divorce and remarriage other than on grounds permitted by God involves the parties in the sin of adultery. Men may make laws based on the civil contract of marriage which provide differently, but man cannot remove marriage from its place as a divine institution, nor can he add to or take away from God's law concerning it.

Aware, as we are, of the laxness of some branches of the church in such matters, and the almost entire lack of standards in the world, we cannot but present the plain teachings of our Lord and urge every reader to follow the commandment of God's Word.

There can be no question that divorce is a major evil in our day. Statistics are positively shocking, but they are cold and quickly forgotten. But who can fail to see, and who can forget, the awful woe brought into American home life by divorce.

Bad as it is, the awful effect on parents is nothing compared to the nervous, moral and spiritual shock which comes to children in broken homes. And that problem is everywhere.

## Juvenile Fliers Learn Tricks Of Air Currents on Ground

Schoolboys may be too young to fly real airplanes for their country, but they want to learn the principles of aviation in a manner which approaches the thrill of the real thing. A California glider company and Aeronautical Engineer Volmar Jensen have created a preflight glider which brings youngsters plenty of thrills and a basic flying technique without risking their necks. With the glider, schoolboys learn to keep a steady course through rushing air currents. They do it on the ground towed by an automobile traveling 30 miles an hour.



Breeding along behind the tow car, the cadet above tries to prevent the glider's wing tips from scraping the ground. Perfectly controlled, the glider will roll smoothly with tail up and wings level.

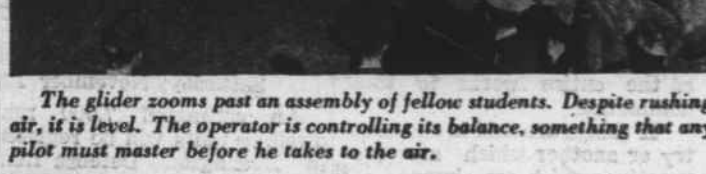
Right: Use of these jigs simplifies construction of the glider. Wood parts are fitted in, nailed and glued. The glider is made of non-priority materials and can be assembled by school manual training classes. A single control stick is connected to wings and tail.



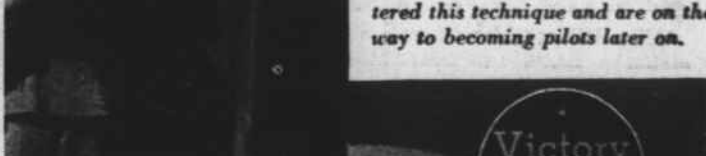
Ready to match his technique against air currents, the student, above, informs the automobile driver that he is ready. Tow car pulls away and the 100 foot line is jerked taut.



The glider zooms past an assembly of fellow students. Despite raking air, it is level. The operator is controlling its balance, something that any pilot must master before he takes to the air.



Below: Volmar Jensen attaches the rudder to the tail. He built several safety devices into the craft to eliminate the usual risks of preliminary glider instruction. Any ideas that the non-ascending gliders were "simplified" were soon dispelled. It was quite difficult to keep a level course at a speed of 30 miles an hour. But most of them soon mastered this technique and are on the way to becoming pilots later on.



Wings and rudder are removable for transportation purposes.

## ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYTHE SPEARS

THIS bag was planned as a gift for someone who was finding days in bed difficult enough without having books, magazines and writing materials scattered about. If you like to take an assortment of reading matter to bed, sick or well, you will enjoy a bag like this. Its hanger hook may be sewed to box springs and there you are with everything handy.

The bag shown here was made of a remnant of heavy cotton up-



holstery materials in tones of green with a touch of red in the pattern. The red was repeated in the sateen lining. The sketch gives all the dimensions and shows how the lining and the outside part were made. A coat hanger was cut down to measure 12 inches from end to end and was placed between the lining and the outside; these being stitched together around the top, as illustrated.

NOTE—This bedside bag is but one of thirty-two useful things to make for the home, that are illustrated with detailed directions in BOOK 8 of the series prepared for readers. The price of BOOK 8 is 15 cents. Send your order to:

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