

WATCH THE CURVES

by Richard Hoffmann

Copyright by Richard Hoffmann WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

She knew something about Barry. Hal fought that hope for his fear of disappointment.

And suppose Barry were trying to find her in Santa Barbara now? Anastasia must go back there quickly, hire a fast car—and stay, stay close until Barry came to the one place in which she could count on asylum.

The door opened softly, and there was an instant's whispering behind the screen before it closed again. Then, tense for the first look of Anastasia's white-framed face, Hal felt his blood's business stop, time stop, the day stop over the world outside. Even as he whispered her name in the hush of the room, he knew it couldn't be Barry. Yet the clear, blue-clear vision moved toward him, the clear eyes authentic in their solemn questioning of his look of awe. She came nearer, looked down at his mouth and into his eyes again, a hopeful tenderness waking in her solemnity. Then he caught her wrist. She bent swiftly down to him. His other wretched, useless arm wouldn't stir, but the good one was strong enough to bring her against him, his hand moving on rough real cloth over the firmness of her back. If it were a dream, the pain he felt going through his tight-strapped arm must wake him. And it didn't. She stayed there, her skin smooth and cool, her breathing against him slow and grateful, as if in fearless sleep after long weariness.

Her cheek moved, touching his, until their lips came together in the gentle beginning of belief.

"Kind heaven!" he whispered. "My own dearest, don't you care what I've done? Are you taking me back out of the rotten, empty death I made for myself? Barry, you—"

"You've done nothing to me," she said against his speaking, her head nodding in a gentle negative: "except be all the things I want you to be—except make me love you." And her soft lips came back more closely.

He said carefully, unanxiously, "Barry, who knows where you are?"

Her head moved a little, and she said, "No one, my darling." "You can stay hidden then—a little while—till I can get my discharge or sneak out of this d—n place, and we can get a boat for Japan, Australia, anywhere far away."

"You would," she said in marveling softness. "You'd do that for me." There was reverence, an awed humility in her slow kiss. Then she raised her head again to watch his eyes, and she said, "I didn't kill him. I didn't have to."

"Kerrigan!" said Hal with swift conviction, swift remorse at having forgotten him till now. "They haven't caught him," he stated slowly.

"No," she said. "And they won't. He's gone somewhere; he wouldn't

tell me. I said good-by to him last night. I've got a letter for you from him."

He moved his fingers over her smooth brows, down the sure modeling of her cheek to the full, honorable lips. And all the time her tender eyes watched him as if he were the thing so difficult to believe in all this.

Inside Kerrigan's long fat envelope were his letter, four or five telegrams, and a folded document. Hal went first to the letter:

"Sport, besides my ambition to kill a man in the cool of the blood (which is satisfied and cured, let me tell you), I've wanted to play god to people I loved. It isn't going to be so very godlike unless I get away with it. It was tough standing you in the corner so long. But the thing was no soap unless it embodied the latest aerodynamic principles. There wasn't much time to read up on those during our slight buggy ride of the other night; and I had a h—l of a time getting your girl's unconditioned promise to go straight to you—before the fireworks.

"The police get my confession today, as near a perfect example of the confessor's art as an old legal friend can make it. You're left out of everything entirely. They'll have to see Barry, I guess, but she knows her story (you'd be surprised how tough it is sometimes to whip the truth into plausibility). The thing may not be watertight, so I'll be watching in the bushes till it's over; and if anything blows up, I'll take care of it. You stay out of it. For Barry's sake, your father's, mine, anybody's. Do me that one holy favor, Hal. Don't go chivalrous on us. It would wreck the works.

"Enclosed please find documents, which hide under some lonely cobblestone till everything's in the bag, then burn. Here are telegrams about you and aren't, and that incrimination the late Martin Crack got from Barry's father.

"Do this for me, too, sport, will you? The first three days of the next month after it's all over, run a Personal in the Chicago Tribune, addressed 'Colonel,' saying you're married, what town you're living in, and whether your father's N. Y. bank is a good place to write your congratulations.

"Some day we'll hoist a couple more, and I'll tell the kids about Wyoming. Hasta la vista; and good luck, you lucky guy; but always be sure there's one old railroad man who believes you rate it. K."

Hal looked up at Barry when he had finished. And quietly she explained: "He killed him, Hal, and then he went down to the street and stood there for an hour—to keep me from going in. It had taken me so long to—find my courage."

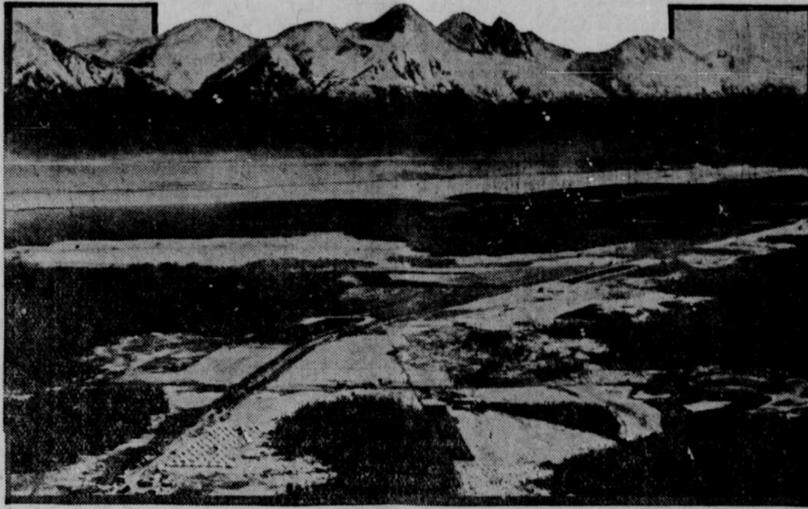
Her head was up, the grace of its carriage unoppressed by anything that had happened or nearly happened, invulnerable to shame and fear and remorse because the bravery behind her eyes could not invite those things. Whether it was more painfully beautiful to believe in the possession of her or to believe her a dream, Hal couldn't tell. He knew he would risk nothing of that beauty again—ever, in the smallest way. It might still be the boat for Australia. And in the meantime, in case the police—

"Barry," Hal said in the crispness of immediate necessity, "the first thing you've got to do—"

Her cool hand came against his mouth. "The first thing—" she said, her quiet eyes untouched by his concern: "More important than any old unshaven thought of years—" She bent over in quick, supple grace and whispered at his ear. "Hal, do you love me?"

[THE END]

Matanuska Colony as Seen From the Air



Aerial view of Matanuska colony, the new settlement in Alaska consisting of people sent there under the auspices of the United States government. Note the road in the foreground and the farm buildings above the camp. The dark patches are plowed ground.

Auto Tourists to Set New High Mark

Traffic to Parks and Resorts Biggest in Years.

Washington.—Automobile tourist travel, reported to be expanding by leaps and bounds in virtually all sections of the country, is expected to be the greatest in volume this summer since the vacation season of 1930.

Motor car traffic, as well as rail travel, to the western parks and forests is the heaviest in several years. New England resort districts report a 35 per cent increase in number of tourists over 1934 and midwestern resort areas have registered the largest vacation merchandise sales since 1929. Recent advance registrations at national parks exceeded by 40 per cent the attendance last year.

One travel service official predicts the 1935 domestic "travel industry" will eclipse by more than \$300,000,000 the \$5,000,000,000 accredited in 1934. The big increase in automobile sales, widespread advances in retail business and spread of travel "fever" are indicators of a booming tourist business.

More Going Abroad. Motor vacationing by Americans abroad also gives promise of exceeding the banner year of 1929, according to officials of the American Automobile association. They report that the foreign travel division of the association already has cleared 5 per cent more American cars than in the entire year of 1930.

Travel service experts say one of the outstanding features of European traffic this year is the American invasion of the British Isles. Transportation officials report the largest number of Americans in London in seven years and the greatest American travel in history in the provincial districts of Britain.

The new "floating garages" on transatlantic liners are credited

with playing an important part in making 1935 the biggest year on record for European motor travel by Americans who take their own automobiles with them.

Mostly Small Cars.

Between 75 and 90 per cent of the American automobiles taken abroad for vacation touring are reported to be in the small car field. The importance of economical operating costs abroad, where gasoline prices in several countries are as high as 50 and 60 cents a gallon, have made the small cars particularly popular for European motoring.

A. A. officials say the experience of thousands of motorists has demonstrated that a party of three can actually effect economies by traveling in their own car in Europe. This advantage is in addition to freedom of movement and flexibility of schedules afforded by motor transportation.

Police Ammunition Blast Caused by Fire in Rio

Rio de Janeiro.—Fire in police ammunition stores at General police headquarters caused explosions of artillery shells, hand grenades, rifle cartridges and tear gas bombs.

The detonations threw the thickly populated district into a panic for an hour. The blasts cracked walls and broke window panes several blocks away, menacing another police warehouse containing a large quantity of explosives and tear gas bombs.

While masked firemen fought the blaze, sheltered from flying missiles, confining it to a small area, policemen emptied an adjoining building of ammunition. The police said several thousand shells exploded.

There was no casualties. A shell explosion is believed to have started the fire.

Theology Students Outline Ideal Wife

Boston.—Six requisites for the ideal wife of a minister have been decided on by undergraduates of Boston University's School of Theology.

1. Must be intelligent.
2. Must have beauty, not of face and figure, but of mind and character.
3. Must have that personality which will make her live wisely, femininely, capably and understandingly.
4. Must have a common interest in her husband's work.
5. Must dedicate her life to the cause of Christian endeavor.
6. Must have a permanent inspiring character.

New Business Building Is Only Three Feet Wide

Philadelphia.—A building three feet seven inches wide, believed to be the narrowest one in the world, has just been opened at Fifteenth street and South Penn Square, in the central city section.

A soft-drinks concern, a jewelry repair shop and a glove and tie repair business will occupy the one-story structure.

The mechanical equipment will occupy a basement 25 inches wide and 7 feet deep. It is reached through a flush aluminum sidewalk door.

Bald-Headed Man Wins a Free Permanent Wave

Calcutta.—Fortune has played queer tricks on some of the prize-winners in Calcutta's jubilee "dip," of which the final results have just been announced.

A completely bald business man has drawn a ticket entitling him to a free permanent wave, and a poverty-stricken couple has won a cocktail shaker.

An Indian cook has, however, done better. He has received a permit to dine with a friend free of charge at one of Calcutta's most palatial hotels.

stage manager of "Rain" when the late Jeanne Eagles played Sadie Thompson, and part of his duties were to supervise the torrential rain effect which persisted throughout the play. The run of this show continued on and on until finally Thurber would be awakened in the middle of the night merely by the dripping of a faucet. Time went by and the memory dimmed. Then "Rain" was revived—and again he supervised the rain effect. To complicate matters, during the revival, there was a song plugged constantly by radio and dance orchestras and the title was "The Pitter Patter of the Rain Drops." Thurber is thankful there is no rain in the present production.

In the summer edition of the Manhattan telephone directory—the New York telephone book comes in a physician while Alexander Dumas is in the insurance business. There is no Abraham Lincoln but there is an Abbe Lincoln, and while there are a number of Adams, there is only one Eve. The book has 1,080 pages and 415,000 listings, 170,000 of which are new. It took six months to get it ready for the public.

The doors of the cars of the city's subway, the independent system, are the toughest in town. On the L. R. T., a customer has merely to pinch the rubber bumper on the door edge, and if it hasn't gone too far, the door flies back. But on the city system, the door just keeps on opening. A number of patrons, not swift enough to escape being grabbed, have had narrow escapes, but so far there have been no fatalities.

Local broadcasting stations continue to "pipe in" dance music from outside the city because of the musicians' union's demand that a charge of \$3 a man be made for each orchestra that goes on the

INDIANS' MANAGER



Steve O'Neill, veteran Cleveland baseball player, was appointed to succeed Walter Johnson as manager of the Indians for the remainder of the 1935 season.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Off in the Mountains Communists Would Weep Congress Goes Home Disobedient Twice

McCLOUD, CALIF. This is far off in the mountains; telegraph office closed, you feel like an incurable "shut in." But Jack Adams is here, an old-time telegrapher who can make a message go from anywhere to anywhere, and find wires to carry it. He will "dig up" Percy Thomas, another old-time telegrapher in the Universal Service office in San Francisco, 350 miles down the coast, and this unimportant message will go to many newspapers in many cities, just as though it were news from Ethiopia, or some dear little Hollywood lady's explanation of what caused her to separate from "Jack, but we are, and always shall be, the best of friends."



Arthur Brisbane

This is a city that would make a good Communist gnash his teeth, shatter them, hurry to Lenin's tomb, mumble Marxian prayers and butt his head against the walls of the Kremlin.

First, the whole city belongs to the lumber company. Nobody else owns or can own a house or any other property.

But no worker is idle, rents are low, prices in the company store are lower than in any big city, and for mountain climbing your narrator bought wonderful heavy socks, striped alternately red, white and blue, patriotic enough to make a true Communist mount his soap box and ask the crowd, if any, what the world is coming to.

It is good news that congress has gone home at last, really and truly gone home to stay, heaven permitting, until early next spring.

Until the fire is out, and you count the furniture carried out on the lawn, you cannot know just what the fire has done to you. This session of congress seems to have been a pretty good fire. The San Francisco Examiner tells you that congress spent, in its short life, just \$10,250,258,928.06, or spelled out,

ten billion two hundred and fifty-six millions two hundred and fifty-eight thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight dollars and six cents. Who do you suppose got the six cents?

Congress disobeyed the President only twice in the session. The senate refused to put this country in the World court. Can you imagine what the World court would do to us now, in connection with this Ethiopian marauding expedition?

Second, congress in both houses, overrode the supposed wish of the President by passing a neutrality resolution, making it mandatory for the President to forbid shipments of ammunition to any nation at war.

Ethiopian rains are ending for this year and Mussolini is ready to go shopping for African land. France and England, now virtuously indignant, have taken almost everything, but the cool, high tablelands of Ethiopia offer good territory for Italians.

To other nations Mussolini says: "Keep your hands off unless you want a war in Europe. Let me do my fighting in Africa. Know when you are well off." He knows that France wants no war; that England, still digesting the anaconda supper of the last war, could not send her young men to war, even if she were foolish enough to want war. The young men would not fight.

You know, now, why Mussolini assembled half a million fighting men, that could not possibly be needed for an Ethiopian foray that airships can attend to. He wanted Europe to know that he was ready for a real war if anybody wanted it.

California's vigilante attack on extreme radicals is thoroughly organized under a central command, with details of hand-picked rifle marksmen, intelligence squads, and strong armed squads.

The American Civil Liberties union will bring suit on behalf of alleged Communists, tarred and feathered, and offers \$1,000 reward for the conviction of any vigilant of felony.

The vigilantes declare their intention to wear no masks or disguise, saying, "We shall pick up our men in broad daylight. The whole country is behind us."

More interesting than anything in the northern part of California, only 50 miles from the Oregon border, is tall, snow-covered Mount Shasta, rising toward the sky more than 14,000 feet.

When you travel be sure to visit that mountain.

King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Several Such Dresses Solve Sports Problem

PATTERN 2345



Having everything "under control" is the best way to put in a poised, charming appearance on every occasion. That calls for a wardrobe extensive enough to fill the increased demands for which we nominate this dandy "Handy Sport" pattern. The clean-cut neckline is achieved with unique sleeve sections running right across a trimly tailored neck band. Darts over the bust lend a flattering note of softness and the pockets are a welcome change from the usual square. Shantung, sports silk, linen, plique would all be good whether you make it as is, or with contrasting yoke, sleeves, belt and pocket.

Pattern 2345 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 takes 3 3/4 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address, and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address all orders to the Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Smiles

CERTAINLY NOT

"James!" rebuked his mother. "I've told you not to say 'ain't.' Don't you know the king's English?" "Sure, ma. He wouldn't be king of England if he wasn't."

Egg

Two small boys were walking in the woods seeking adventure when they picked up a chestnut burr. "Tommy," called one to the other. "Come here, quick. I've found a porcupine egg."

How Nice

Lady (after tramp finished eating) It's merely a suggestion. The woodpile is in the back yard.

Tramp—You don't say. What a splendid place for a wood-ple.

With a Speedy Recovery

Hewitt—You don't seem to think much of him.

Jewett—If he had his conscience taken out it would be a minor operation.—Arcanum Bulletin.

WNU—U 38-35

Circus Is Different Now; Even the Band Supplies Excerpts From Popular Operas

All the world loves a circus. From the day of the one-ringed wagon shows down the lapsing years to the glories of the all-embracing spectacle of the age, the fascination is unchanged and always present.

The glories of the circus have been extolled and reiterated by gifted writers. And yet, strange as it may seem, all, except for a brief mention here and there, fail to mention an art which is essential to the very life and existence of the show business—its music.

The work of the bandmaster and his assistants is surpassed only by the efficiency of the show director with whom there must be perfect understanding and arrangement, writes Tod B. Galloway in the Etude Magazine.

So complete is the accord between the director and the band that when employees engaged in re-loading the animals and paraphernalia which have been taken from the grounds before the big top performance has concluded, hear the band far off in the summer night, they can tell exactly how far the entertainment has progressed and just what act is being performed at the moment.

There have been great changes in the character of music in the years since the circus was first transferred from England to the United States.

What was for years known as "circus music" with its blare and flamboyancy has been modified and

refined into performances of high-class music. In the old days the favorite airs of the strident bands as the disengaged equestrienne was jumping through tissue paper covered hoops, were "Turkey in the Straw," "The Arkansas Traveler" and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Now we listen to triumphant marches from well-known operas or watch the fine acrobatic feats to the accompaniment of seductive waltzes which seem to add grace and charm to the perilous acts.

It was not until the great and only Barnum and his competitors developed the railroad show that we note an improvement in the bands and their music.

In 1770 Sergt. Maj. Philip Astley, father of the modern circus, opening in London, began his rough riding performance with the musical support of two fifiers assisted by his wife beating a bass drum.

Contrast that with the brilliant bandmen of the present day who, resplendent in gold-laced uniforms, first give the assembling audience, under the full glare of the spotlight, a carefully selected program of excerpts from the operas, tone poems, descriptive fantasies and popular favorites, after which they open the grand performance with a fanfare of trumpets and then render the triumphal march from Verdi's "Aida," Auber's "Crown Diamonds" or Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstances."