

Victory for Love

BY PAMELA WYNNE

CHAPTER VIII

Dr. Warner upon meeting the postman offers to deliver two letters to Mrs. Maturin, owner of the Pole Star House. One of these letters is from a dependent relative. Mrs. Maturin is much upset over these orders, but dutifully mails an advertisement to the London Times offering accommodations for military objectives. John Wynter reads the ad and decides to go to Pole Star House. He tells his chief about it and departs. Mrs. Manvers-Pollock, a guest at Pole Star House, believes that signaling is going on at the hotel. She tells Wynter and he notes a tiny winking signal—dot, dash, dot, dash. John rushes out to the point and nabs the signaler.

"It's my young lady, sir," and then out came all the stupid story. They were busy at the hotel and sometimes at the last minute he couldn't get out and then they didn't let her know because she lived up on the top of the hill and there wasn't time."

"Who is your young lady?" "She's housemaid up at the Grange," said Alfred, almost weeping.

"But don't you know that you are not allowed to signal?" said John sternly.

"Who cares here?" burst out Alfred. "There's Miss Hannan, up at the shop, wink, wink, wink with her shutters; I've seen her only she doesn't know. And then she didn't tell anyone either and he cursed for it. Wink, wink, wink, back from the sea, too, once there was. And me not going to say anything about it."

"I see." How bright the moon was now, thought John.

"Well, Jim," he said, "I think you've had a lesson tonight that you won't forget in a hurry."

"Alfred, sir," put in the boy, "Alfred Cummins, sir."

"Well, Alfred, I am quite sure that you won't try this signaling game again. You don't want to help the enemy do you? And it might help him to see a light on a beach like this."

"No, sir," said Alfred humbly. "And I should advise you not to say anything about Miss Hannan's signaling either. It does no good, and you have told me, so that's enough."

"Yes, sir," said Alfred, vastly relieved. "This let-off. But if I happened to be out any night and saw it, should I tell you, sir?"

Horried at his first instinct, which was to answer in the negative, John set his teeth. "Yes," he said. "But you will have to tell me at once. Come to Pole Star House and ask for Mr. Wynter. Don't tell anyone what you want to see me for; just ask for me and go out and stand on the cliff and I shall join you immediately."

"Yes, sir," Alfred suddenly felt important. This was like being a detective.

"And now I think we had better move on. And look here. This affair is between you and me entirely, do you see? I know the police sergeant, well, and he's prepared to let me do anything I like down here, anything within reason, that is. So all you have to do is to keep your mouth shut until you have something to tell me, in which case you must come to my room as I have already told you."

"Very good, sir," and with a respectful salute Alfred started to clamber back over the rocks.

Back in the shaded hall of Pole Star House, John Wynter wondered what he should do next. He had promised to tell Mrs. Manvers-Pollock what had happened. But the drawing room was empty; everyone had gone to their rooms so it must be later than he thought. He locked the front door carefully.

"You!" As he walked along the little gallery Mrs. Manvers-Pollock opened her door. Clad in a long dressing gown she looked taller than usual.

"I say, you weren't really worried about me, were you?" he asked.

"I thought perhaps someone had killed you."

"Did you say anything to anyone?"

"No."

"That was brave of you," said John warmly. "I shall have no fear of telling you exactly what happens in future."

"Good night," Mrs. Manvers-Pollock stood there just staring at him.

"Good night," and then John went away.

Everything had its place in the scheme of things, thought Mrs. Manvers-Pollock drearily, except herself.

John slept badly. He could hear again the stifled yelp of young Cummins when he caught him across the mouth. Why didn't he bite him, wondered John, wandering vaguely down the long dim corridors of semiconsciousness. It would have hurt fenderishly with those squared-off white teeth—the eyeteeth a little longer than the others.

He woke early in the pitch dark. Hours until he got his early tea;



"Love is the very devil; I've gone through it and I know."

how was he going to endure it, now that he was embarking on this endless hideous job of rounding up the girl he loved. Five o'clock. As he stood there the old clock in the hall accommodately wheezed out the hour. Should he go up to London and tell his chief that he must be set free from this job? That someone else must take it on. That although he entirely realized that in his profession personal considerations counted for nothing at all, he was not able to adapt himself to such an outlook. John Wynter buried his face in his pillow and groaned.

His groan denuded the soft opening of the door. "Your tea, sir? Grace, in cap and apron, stood there."

"Good God, how did you know I was awake?" A fine gentleman decided Grace, smiling her cozy little smile. Such grand pajamas, all stripes and silk and open at the throat.

"I heard you open your door, sir," said Grace, feeling very pleased with herself.

John, stuffing a pillow at his back, prepared to drink his tea and eat his bread and butter slowly. A well-known servant that he thought. Tea, yes, it was clearing his brain. He would get off to London that morning on the nine forty-five, see the chief and tell him as much as he thought fit. He would tell Mrs. Maturin at breakfast; it was just as well that she should accustom herself to his unexpected comings and goings.

"When shall we have the pleasure of seeing you back?" Joan was standing in the hall smiling. What an awfully good-looking man Mr. Wynter was!

"I hope the day after tomorrow," said John, standing aside to allow Mrs. Manvers-Pollock to pass into the dining room.

"You aren't leaving us, are you?" Mrs. Manvers-Pollock's hard eyes seemed to blink. He was going. Just as she had got to know him, he was going.

"Only for two days," said John, putting his hand on her arm. "And I've got to hurry or I shan't catch my train." Mrs. Manvers-Pollock stared bleakly out of the window. Two days... what would she find to do for two days? Where did Monsieur go for tea? wondered Mrs. Manvers-Pollock suddenly. Was he becoming entangled with that abandoned woman who lived in the little cottage perched up on the cliff?

London is a city of mysteries, especially in wartime. And, although he was accustomed to it, John Wynter felt it again as he walked along the bare echoing corridors of one of the most mysterious official buildings of them all.

On the way up in the train John had decided to make a clean breast of it. By doing this he would stand or fall, and if he fell he could get into one of the regiments scheduled for the East. He would marry Odette before he went, and if he came back safely he would have lived down his failure to make good in the way they wanted him to make good. And if he didn't...

And now he sat smoking and trying to breathe slowly and evenly. "You wanted to see me," said E.B. "I can give you exactly half an hour. Go on, you've got something to tell me."

John began, while the chief listened and made little marks on his blotting pad. Another of Fergus Leiter's victims, well, perhaps it was just as well. "How old is the girl?"

"About twenty-four."

"Good looking?"

"Lovely."

"An expert at this sort of thing?"

"No, decidedly not."

"Has anyone seen the signaling apart from the Cummins boy?"

"No, I should say not." John hesitated. "Battle Point is such an odd place. Nobody seems to care—there might not be a war down there. Nobody will say anything about any one else for fear of being involved. You know the type of thing."

"Yes, I know the type of thing and intelligence," said the chief incisively. "A type I abhor, neither hot or cold."

"Right?"

"But to continue. I note all you say with profound sympathy," said the chief, leaning his fat face on both hands as he stared over his writing table. "Love is the very devil; I've gone through it and I know. But in this case I think it may turn out to be uncommonly useful," said the chief, chucking.

"To put it briefly, get that girl to turn King's evidence, and whatever she's done she'll go scot free. There must be definite data, of course. I mean that Fergus Leiter must be delivered into our hands and there must be incriminating literature with him, signed letters and all that. But bring me these, plus the girl prepared to speak up in court, in camera, of course, plus Fergus Leiter, alive or dead. But I'll be best man at your wedding."

"Others might not see eye to eye with you," said John.

"I'll find that out first if you like." The chief pressed a button.

"Speaking," John could hear the well-known voice coming faintly from the receiver.

"It's this, sir." The pudging face was intent. "It concerns E. 3. You will remember, he's on fifteen-oh-two, Western circuit. He has got it taped, up to a point. But is handicapped by having fallen in love with the lady concerned."

"Can the girl give us valuable information?"

"Yes, invaluable."

"Then tell him to go ahead. We'll spare the girl if she tells us what we want to know and produces proof."

"Very good, sir." The chief listened for another moment or two and then disconnected. "Could you hear what he said?"

"Yes," John got up and walked to the window. This must be how it would feel to be buried under a heap of masonry and then hear the tap of picks of the rescuing squad.

He had gone up to London quite prepared to throw in his hand. And now he would not have to do it. He gave a long sigh of relief as the taxi slid to a standstill outside the white gate leading to Pole Star House. But once arrived at the front door he hesitated. No key, of course; he would have to ring.

"Oh, it is you," Mrs. Manvers-Pollock was still fully dressed. Her shining hair gleamed under the electric light in the hall.

"Good heavens! Surely you didn't wait up for me?"

"They all said you wouldn't come, but I knew you would. I have made tea for you," she said.

"Oh, what is that?" She lifted her face like a war horse scenting battle. Someone coming down the stairs. Grace! Grace, who had never liked her! Grace, the family servant who spied and watched and talked! "Oh, Grace?" There was a note of interrogation in her voice.

"Yes, mum. The mistress said that if I was still awake I would be wise to listen for a taxi. Mr. Sholto has sometimes come in by the five to twelve train." Grace, in cap and apron, wore the expression that meant she was going to have her own way.

"Well... it's late, isn't it?" John ventured. He hated to hurt anyone, but he wanted to be alone.

"Yes," and without saying anything more Mrs. Manvers-Pollock went back to her bedroom. "No fool like an old fool." The bitter words rushed into her mind as she set about getting ready for bed.

The next day was cloudless. John walked to the window and dragged back his curtains. What should he do? Go and see his love first of all and look at her with eyes quit of treachery for ever. And then get down to his work.

The instant John Wynter heard the funny old-fashioned bell over the door of Odette Hannan's shop he knew it was Fergus Leiter. This sixth sense of his was going to stand him in good stead again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AVOCA

By Journal Field Representative

M. H. Lum made a business trip to Omaha, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Marquardt and Henry Franzen were guests last Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Linhardt and John near Waverly.

Miss Alice Propst, of Ralston, spent last week with her cousin, Corrine Hallstrom.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Ludeke of Holdrege are visiting friends in Avoca.

Miss Frances Ruge is assisting with the work at the Vincent Rehmer home near Weeping Water.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Sisco are the parents of a son, born Saturday morning May 29, at St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

Mrs. Julia Kokjer of Kearney, Mrs. Henry Maseman and Mrs. Dena Ruge spent last Thursday in Springfield visiting their cousin, Mrs. Doby Sweeney and family.

Ellis Lacy bought the Earl Wolfe rental property in Avoca.

Mrs. Clifford Burton, Larry and Lynette of Omaha visited relatives and friends in Avoca last week.

Elmer Hallstrom made a business trip in the western part of the state. He returned home last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hallstrom, attended the funeral of Clair Wilber, father Theodore Wilber, at Tarkio, Missouri, last Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Kokjer of Kearney, Mrs. Martha Ruge, Mrs. Dena Ruge and Mrs. Attie Nutzman were dinner guests Tuesday of Mrs. Dick Berner.

Louis Carsten, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Greenard and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kuhge, drove to Lincoln Monday to visit Mrs. Louise Veerhusen, of Adams, who is a patient at the Lincoln General hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jacobson are the parents of a son, born last Friday morning, May 19, at St. Mary's hospital in Nebraska City.

The Ladies Aid of the Congregational church are planning a Mother-Daughter Luncheon, to be held June 1, at the church basement.

Mrs. Julia Kokjer of Kearney visited relatives in Nehawka last week end.

Mrs. John Stubbendick, Mrs. Julia Kokjer and Mrs. Edith Moseman were guests of Mrs. Caroline Marquardt last Saturday.

School District 95, held their annual school picnic last Sunday.

Albert Cogle of Omaha attended the graduation of his son, John, at Seymour, Indiana. He received his wings as a pilot in the Army Air Corps. John, was transferred from the Infantry to the Army Air Corps.

Dr. J. W. Brendel, accompanied Mr. Cogle to Indianapolis, Ind., where he visited relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hennings and Marlene spent Tuesday evening at the Floyd Gauer home, near Louisville.

There will be no church service at the Congregational church Sunday morning, June 4. Sunday School will be held at the usual hour.

Misses Jean and Wilma Stutz are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Stutz. Jean, has been teaching in the Adams school and Wilma in the school at Bloomfield.

Miss Corrine Hallstrom and Miss Frances Druey, made a business trip to Plattsmouth last Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. George McFadden and family of Nehawka spent last Sunday afternoon with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McFadden.

Mrs. Mary Kenwood, Mary Louise and Jacqueline Coudurier of Omaha were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Zaiser.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Spencer of Talmage visited at the home of her father, B. C. Marquardt, last Saturday.

Richard Clements, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Clements of Peru, who was home on furlough and spent several days visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Clements.

Sgt. Albert Hill is home on furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hill.

Mrs. H. H. Clark and infant son of Sioux City, Iowa, are visiting Mrs. Clark's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Pierce.

Mrs. Dena Ruge spent several days last week at the home of her son, Maurice Ruge, and family near Syracuse.

Mrs. Gilbert Meunester, Mrs. Fred Meunester and Miss Eva Mae Lingle were in Nebraska City Tuesday afternoon.

The Congregational Ladies Aid met Thursday afternoon at the church basement with Mrs. Albert Schutz and Mrs. Ernest Norris, hostesses.

The surgical dressing group met Monday of his week and the next meeting will be Monday, June 5, instead of Tuesday, the regular meeting day.

Mrs. Carl Carlson will entertain the Avoca Cemetery Kensington, Friday, June 2, at her home in Weeping Water.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Lacy and Bonnie, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Munn, near Nehawka, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hill and Mrs. Ed Morley were shopping in Nebraska City, Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Anna Hawley and granddaughter, Miss Irene Gardener, of Hamlet visited relatives and friends in Avoca. They returned to their home in Hamlet, Wednesday morning. Mrs. Hawley is a sister of Mrs. Wm. Gollner, Mrs. John Nutzman and Mrs. Marion Pittman.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Gother and a family stored their household furniture in rooms at the Dick Behlman home last Thursday. Friday morning they left for Tooele, Utah, where he is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hennings and children of Adams, spent the week end at the Elmer Hennings home.

Miss Bertha TeSelle of Wauwata was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Marquardt, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Ruge and family were shopping in Nebraska City Tuesday afternoon.

M. H. Lum spent last Sunday in Lincoln.

Sgt. John Baier left Tuesday evening for Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, after spending a 14-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Baier and family.

Mrs. John Nutzman returned home last Sunday after spending a week at the Leonard Nutzman home near Unadilla.

MURDOCK

By Journal Field Representative

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schlueter went to Lincoln Sunday to see Mrs. Simon Brakhage who is quite seriously sick.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lupardus were visiting friends and looking after business matters in Lincoln last Saturday.

Ed Ganaway, the shoe man, was visiting relatives in Plattsmouth Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Buck were Ashland visitors Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heineman called on friends near Louisville Sunday afternoon.

H. C. Backemeyer, county commissioner, is having the road running east from Elmwood re-graveled. The Ossenkov Co., of Louisville are doing the work.

Saturday was a rather unusual day in some parts of the county. While newly planted corn on some farms was being washed out by torrential rains, farmers on adjoining farms were busy planting.

Peggy Ann Lyon of Lincoln was spending several days the first of the week with Murdock friends.

Mrs. Everett Lindell is spending a few days at Nebraska City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tool left Sunday for Ackley, Ia., to visit Mr. Tool's mother, who is near 100 years of age. Mrs. W. E. Bradford of

Beatrice is looking after the bank during their absence.

Mrs. E. M. Miller of Elmwood was calling on her many friends in Murdock Monday.

Paul Gelker of Lincoln was visiting his friend, H. E. Carson, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Ruge were in Lincoln Monday shopping and calling on friends.

Morris McDonald, who has been in the navy for the past three years, and has been in many of the Pacific battles, was home, spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. McDonald, the past week.

H. E. (Slatts) Carson was visiting Omaha friends Sunday.

E. C. Hinkle of the Louisville neighborhood was in town Monday having some work done on his tractor by Everett Lindell.

Rev. C. F. Weber and wife and Henry Schlueter are spending the week at the Evangelical conference in Callaway.

Mrs. Homer Hess of Seibert, Colo., came Wednesday on a visit to her mother, Mrs. C. Mooney, and her sister, Mrs. L. G. McDonald.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Oehlerking, Mrs. Martha Kruse and the Rev. Adams left Monday to attend the church conference at Callaway.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Ward of Norfolk, Va., came Monday on a short visit to Mr. Ward's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ward. Wayland is an instructor in a navy base at Norfolk and this is his first visit home since Sept. 1912. This is the first time Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Sr., have met their daughter-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Keedy of Beatrice came Tuesday to visit their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Ward, who are visiting in this vicinity.

Miss Rossmole of Garland was calling on her Murdock friends Tuesday evening.

The Western Sand and Gravel Co., were delivering gravel to the Fred Lake from north of Elmwood, Wednesday.

FATS ON UP-BEAT

Fat Salvage has now been glamorized by Fred Waring and his orchestra, in a catchy tune written by Joe Sanders.

Housewives have been urged to save fat by pictures, graphs, cartoons, comic strips, slogans and television, but now, it's being said with music!

"Save the Grease," dedicated by the Pennsylvanians to the American housewife, had its preview on Fred Waring's "Pleasure Time" broadcast, and urges in part:

"Keep that fat from the skillet for a rat
Don't you spill it
Uncle Sam will then distill it
for the Guns, Tanks, Ships
In the haste of your toil, don't
make waste of the oil,
Let it sizzle, let it boil for the
foe
Mrs. America—let's go!"

FEED NEWS

With the shortage of feed, caused by corn sealing, we are doing all in our power to get feed.

When in need of feed see us for prices.

STOCK SALT OF ALL KINDS

PLATTSMOUTH CREAMERY

Home of CASCO Butter
Lower Main St. Phone 94

Hungry?

Sure... kids are always hungry and ready to eat at the drop of a sandwich. So let 'em have plenty of good, wholesome food from your Hinky-Dinky Store.

LETTUCE	California Iceberg	5 Dozen Size	Head	10
CABBAGE	Fresh, Green	Crisp, Solid	Pound	5
ORANGES	California Sunkist	Valencias, Large Sizes	LB.	12
LEMONS	California Sunkist	Full of Juice	POUND	13
NEW POTATOES	CALIFORNIA WHITE SHAFER WASHED, SELECTED		10 LBS.	49
	NEBRASKA RED TRIUMPH (Old Potatoes)		10 LBS.	35¢
			21-LB. JAR	49
			Dozen	\$5.75

Peaches	No. 2 1/2 Cans	24
CHEERIO STANDARD		
Tomatoes	No. 2 Cans	11
DOZEN CANS \$1.25		
Economy No. 5 Sieve, Ex. Standard		
Kuner's Peas	No. 2 Cans	12
DOZEN CANS \$1.39		
Coffee	2-LB. JAR	49
PEAS	No. 2 Cans	11
CORN	No. 2 Cans	10

Extra Fancy RICE	3-LB. CELLO	29
1-LB. CELLO	11	
2-LB. CELLO	20	
CHIFFON SOAP		
FLAKES	14-OZ. PKG.	22
OLD FASHION LOAF	39	
SUMMER SAUSAGE	29	
LUNCHEON LOAF	29	
LARGE BOLOGNA	31	
BEEF STEAK	25	
BOSTON BUTTS	37	

HINKY DINKY

Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective May 29 through May 31 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits, vegetables and meats. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.

Elmwood

By Journal Field Representative

Mrs. Asa Fellows of Lincoln