FOR THE BOYS—Betty Strawberry, left, and Isabella Williams, two Philadelphia lassies, give the beach the once-over.

That's a Joke

No Money Logic

A famous lawyer was called in to see a man in the county jail accused of murder.

When he returned to his office his secretary said, "Well did you take the case, Mr. Blank?

"No, I didn't take it."

"Why, didn't you think the man was justified in his act?"

"My son," said the lawyer, "he certainly was not financially justified in committing murder."

Why was he arrested?

For shooting quail.

Doesn't he know quail isn't in season?

Well, when it is in season the quail aren't around, and there are lots of them when it isn't the season. If the quail don't obey the rule, he won't ...

Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Musical instrument
8 Kind of duck
9 Goddess (Lat.)
12 Appellation of Athena
13 Stimulate
14 Worthless leaving
16 Prayer book
17 Babylonian deity
18 Employ
19 Spruce
21 Loose outer garment (pl.)
22 Victories
27 Prefix: not
28 Bizarre
29 Cereal grain
31 Sprite
34 Bone
35 Periodical
36 Faroe Islands' windstorm
38 Directed
41 Occupied a seat
42 Animal
44 Artificial language
46 Kept
48 Unadorned
51 The pigeon pea (pl.)
52 Silkworm
53 Symbol for nickel
55 Checked
59 Operate
60 Ireland
62 River of Asia
63 Roman bronze
64 Marries
65 Robber

VERTICAL
1 Kind of meat
2 Fourth calif.
3 Thing to be saw
4 Grading land
5 Kind of flower
6 Teutonic deity
7 Years old
8 Shakespearean king
9 Two-base hit
10 Irish Gaelic
11 The sweetsop
14 Kind of helmet (pl.)
20 Wrote articles for another
23 River in Norway
24 Stratagem
25 Pronoun
26 A capuchin monkey
30 Mexican dish
32 Misery
33 Give sustenance to
36 Hearing organ
37 Clamorously
40 Kids of mouton
43 Preposition
45 Correlative of either
47 Mountain lakes
49 Serious fuid (pl.)
50 Loyal
53 Had practical knowledge of
54 Anger
56 Signifying maiden name
57 Heavy East

PUZZLE NO. 240

58 Indian wood
59 Unbranched antler of
61 Kind of ... (var.)

ANSWERS

IDLE HOUR PAGE

Brain Twisters

By DON DOUGLAS

Inventions

Listed numerically here are the names of some famous inventors, while listed alphabetically are the things they invented. Can you pair each man with the item for which he was responsible?

1. Pasteur — A. Reaper.
2. McCormick — B. Machine gun
3. Gatling — C. Elevator
4. Goodyear — D. Rabies preventive.
5. Marconi — E. Vulcanizing rubber.
6. Westinghouse — F. Wireless.
7. Otis — G. Railroad airbrakes.

Palindromes

Each answer here reads exactly the same backward as it does forward. We call them 'palindromes.' Can you figure out the palindrome for each of these hints?

1. A matter of principle, or maybe a dogma.
2. Time for a little lunch!
3. This is always out in front, in infant fashions.
4. When you're "on the up-and-up," you're on this.
5. Cyclops had just one.
6. Always a restorer.

Scrambled Cities

Here are some well - known cities of the world. All you have to do is rearrange the letters in each case to form the correct names of these cities.

1. SEAL ON LEG.
2. GRUB IN HED.
3. LOT EN MAR.
4. GRAB DEEL.
5. RAIN BE SOUSE.
6. CUD AS SAM.

ANSWERS

INVENTIONS: 1-D. 2-A. 3-B. 4-
Palindromes: 1. Tenet. 2. Noon. 3. Bib. 4. Level. 5. Eye. 6. Reviver.
SCRAMBLED CITIES: 1. Los Angeles. 2. Edinburgh. 3. Montreal. 4. Belgrade. 5. Buenos Aires. 6. Damascus.

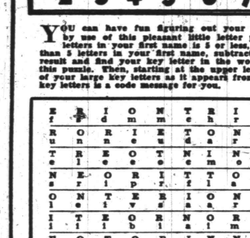
ARITHMETIC

ADD:	254 and 703
ADD:	761 and 042
SUBTRACT:	316 from 949
MULTIPLY:	074 by 628
DIVIDE:	037 into 844

Word Steps

The answer to each step requires the addition of one letter.

2. 3.1416
3. tear
4. dock
5. steeple
6. costs
7. exact
8. proof of payment



ANSWERS:
2. pi 3. rip 4. pier 5. spire 6. prices 7. precise 8. receipts

STARS YOU

DAILY FORECASTS

Here's what is in store for the week ahead.

Tuesday — Not much co-operation from friends. All right for social engagements on a small scale. Unsatisfactory for gardening or seaside trips. Lucky numbers, 615, 267, color, white.

Wednesday — New contracts or leases can be signed now. Official matters will turn out satisfactorily. Good time to purchase machinery or transport vehicles. Bold methods pay. Lucky numbers, 918, 272, color, red.

Thursday — Unusual methods will succeed today. Favors making new contacts, though some results will be unexpected. Good for legal interviews and cash transactions. Lucky numbers, 413, 249, color, blue.

Friday — Routine matters will drag, but there is plenty of scope for new suits. Good for those who cater especially for youth. Lucky numbers, 514, 152, color, brown.

Saturday — Money matters will be unsatisfactory and legal difficulties may hold up plans. Those concerned with entertainment will gain surprise profits. Women's interests favored. Lucky numbers, 534, 876, color, white.

Sunday — Excellent for sound constructive work on routine lines. Property matters, building projects can be put successfully in hand. Good for enterprises demanding crowd support. Lucky numbers, 817, 493, color gray.

Monday — A poor beginning to the week end. Restraint and caution advised in all activities. Any new plans would be better postponed. Avoid clashes with others. Lucky numbers, 211, 202, color, silver.

YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Look under your birth-sign below for a forecast for the week ahead:—

ARIES (March 21 — April 20) — You will be surprised by a cash gain from something you had done purely for amusement. This may lead to a change in your plans, with an eye to future profits.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21) — An idea you put forward will be approved by someone of importance. There will be a good deal of visiting to and from your friends, and one of them may lead you into an embarrassing situation.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) — The benefits of a course of study you have been taking will now reach a concrete form. Promotion or a rise in income is a likely possibility. It may involve a change of residence, which will be welcomed by a near friend or partner.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23) — Your personal relations with another will undergo a curious change, but you will be well satisfied with the resulting state of affairs. An organization in which you are interested will benefit from an original plan you initiate.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23) — When a work matter calls you to take action at a public meeting you will be pleased by your ability to handle an unusual situation. A woman friend or partner will take a hand in furthering your career.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23) —Correspondence on behalf of another will bring you into contact with a person of importance. May lead to your taking office in a new organization. There is a chance of your making a sudden trip abroad.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)— Any special work you handle this week will be well performed and will add to your standing in the eyes of superiors. Young colleagues may prove erratic, but will not resist your authority.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22) — If you have any money interests abroad, now is the time to realize a profit. You may have to take a risk, but the odds will be in your favor. Correspondence on a legal matter concerning inheritance or disposal of property will be successfully concluded.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)— Changes in your work schedule will give you more leisure for social enjoyment. And you will now have time to join actively in a scheme of public service. A new foreign acquaintance provides you with a fresh intellectual stimulus and you will gain new pleasure from half - forgotten interests.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan 20) — You will enjoy a battle of wits against a business or professional competitor though financially you will break about even. There is a chance that a speculation will succeed, but not in the way you expect.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19) — Work affairs will liven up and interesting change will benefit you. By taking an original line in an interview you will create a good impression just where it is needed.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) —a plan in co-operation with neighbors will keep you on the move, and everyone will be pleased with what you are able to accomplish. Children will behave in an unconventional manner and may put you to extra expense.

YOUR BIRTHDAY

Here is a 12 months forecast for your birthday, engagement or wedding anniversary:—

Tuesday — You will find an old liability a drag on your progress, and changes are likely to upset your plans. Best course will be to watch for a convenient time to make a clean break.

Wednesday — A year without complications. A direct and forceful challenge to circumstances will bring you money and position. You will be able to go right ahead with a sporting project.

Thursday — Though there will be surprises in store for you, and an unpleasant shock or two, the general trend is in your favor. You will make influential new friends and improve your financial prospects.

Friday — For a time you will find it difficult to concentrate on your job. Later, your mind will become more acute and active, and you will seize a chance of bettering yourself.

Saturday — Not a lucky year where money is concerned. You would be wise to keep plans on a modest scale. Your personal life, however, will bring exciting and beneficial changes.

Sunday — Any insecurity you have felt will be removed during the coming year. You will be able to establish your position on a firmer basis.

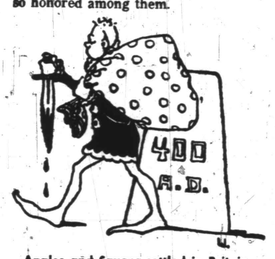
Friday — Things can go wrong for you if you try to force the pace. Jog along quietly, show more tolerance, and you will escape serious trouble.

FORTUNE TELLER

ORIENT 2 3 4 5 6 7

YOU can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little letter puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 13. Now take this result and find your key letter in the word ORIENT at the top of this puzzle. Then, starting at the upper left corner, check each one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for you.

E	R	I	O	N	T	R	I	O	N	E	T	E
l	s	d	w	m	t	h	r	a	o	u	o	t
R	O	R	I	E	T	O	N	E	N	O	R	I
u	n	n	e	u	d	a	r	r	e	f	a	s
T	R	E	O	T	N	I	N	O	R	I	E	N
e	i	o	r	e	m	o	r	r	i	e	t	n
N	E	O	R	I	T	T	O	R	I	E	N	N
s	r	i	p	r	f	l	a	e	e	a	l	d
O	N	T	E	R	I	O	N	E	T	R	I	E
l	e	i	f	a	a	r	r	e	v	e	s	l
I	T	E	O	R	N	O	R	T	I	N	E	O
i	l	l	b	l	a	l	m	n	z	t	n	l
E	O	T	O	R	I	N	N	I	O	N	E	E
l	l	g	t	s	e	l	e	d	y	n	g	m



Angles and Saxons settled in Britain

Toughs Versus Toughs ... Winner Takes All

Part Eleven

From 'A Child's History of the World'

By V. M. Hillyer

This installment deals with world history 1400 years ago. It is so simply told that a child of nine can understand it.

Rome with the Roman Empire had had her day. She had risen as high as she could. It was her turn to fall. She had become as large as she ever was to be.

It was her turn to be conquered. But you cannot guess what people were to do the conquering and to be next in power.

When I was a boy there was a gang of toughs who lived down by the gas-house and railroad tracks.

They were ragged, unwashed, unschooled, but terrible fighters. Their leader was known to us as Mug Mike, and the very mention of him and his gang struck terror to our souls.

Every now and then they paid our neighborhood a visit. Once we had offered fight, but with such terrible results that ever after at word of their approach the alarm would be sounded and we would hide indoors.

For ages there had been such a gang of half-civilized toughs living on the northern borders of the Roman Empire. Every now and then they tried to cross over the border into the Roman lands, and the Romans had to be constantly fighting them to keep them back where they belonged.

Julius Caesar had fought with them. So had Marcus Aurelius and so had Constantine. These wild and warlike people were called Teutons.

They had light hair and blue eyes; that is, they were what we call blonds. The Greeks and Romans and other people who lived around the Mediterranean Sea had black hair and dark eyes. They were what we call brunettes.

The Teutons wore skins of animals instead of clothes made of cloth. They lived in huts made of wood, sometimes of branches woven together—like a large basket.

The women raised vegetables and took care of the cows and horses. The men did the hunting and fighting and blacksmithing.

Blacksmithing was very important, for the blacksmith made the swords and spears with which they fought and the tools with which they worked.

That is why the name "Smith" was so honored among them.

When the men went to battle they wore the heads of animals they had killed, an ox's head, horns and all, or the head of a wolf or bear or fox.

This was to make themselves look fierce and to frighten the enemy.

Bravery was the chief thing the Teuton thought good. A man might lie, he might steal, he might even commit murder, but if he was a brave warrior he was called a "good" man.

The Teutons did not have a king. They elected their chiefs, and of course they always chose the man who was the bravest and strongest.

But he could not make his son ruler after him. So he was more like a president than a king.

The Teutons had an entirely different set of gods from those of Greece and Rome. Their chief god, as you might guess, was the god of war, and they called him Woden.

Woden was also the god of the sky.

> White Toughs and yellow Toughs meet the champions of the world — The Roman Empire.

He was like the two Greek gods, Jupiter and Mars, put together.

Woden was supopsed to live in a wonderful palace in the sky called Valhalla, and many tales are told of the wonderful things he did and of the adventures he had.

Wednesday, which was once Wodensday, is named after him. That is why there is a letter "d" in this word, although we do not pronounce it.

After Woden, Thor was the next most important god. He was the god of thunder and lightning.

He carried a hammer with which he fought great giants who lived in the far-off cold lands and were called "ice-giants." Thursday, which was once Thorsday, is named after him.

Another god was named Tiu, and from his name we get Tuesday, and another Freya, from whom we get Friday, so that four out of seven of our days are named after Teuton gods, in spite of the fact that we are—most of us—Christians and no longer believe in these gods.

Of the other three days of the week, Sunday and Monday of course are named after the sun and moon, and Saturday is named after a Greek god, Saturn.

About the Year 400 A.D. these Teuton toughs were becoming particularly troublesome to the Romans.

They began to push their way down into the northern part of the Roman Empire, and after a few years the Romans could hold them back no longer.

Two of these Teuton gangs, or tribes, as they were called, went over into Britain, and the Romans who were living there found it wisest to get out, go back to Rome, and leave the country to the Teutons.

These tribes which settled in Britian were known as Angles and Saxons. So the country came to be called the land of the Angles, or, for short, "Angle-land."

After the words "Angle-land" were said over for many years, they became "England," which is what we call the country today.

The people of England are still known by the full name "Anglo-Saxons," and this is the name by which we call anyone descended from these old Teuton tribes of Angles and Saxons who settled in Britain about 400 A.D.

Another gang or tribe called the Vandals went into Gaul. Gaul is where France is now. Then they kept on down to Spain, stealing, smashing, and burning like Mug Mike's gang of toughs on Halloween.

They crossed over by boats into Africa. They injured or destroyed everything they came upon.

So today when any one damages or destroys property wickedly, we call him a vandal. If you cut up your desk, tear your books, or scratch names on walls or fences, you, too, are a vandal.

A tribe called the Franks followed the Vandals into Gaul, and there they stayed, giving the name "France" to that country.

A Teuton Warrior

At last the Teutons made a stand against them and fought a great battle at a place not so very far from Paris, a place called Chalons.

The Teutons fought desperately; they fought madly. So the battle of Chalons, 451 A.D., is written in history in capital letters and large figures—CHALONS 451.

After Attila and his Huns had been beaten at Chalons they left the Teutons alone, but they then went after the Romans.

Turning back they went down into Italy, where there was no one able to stop them. They destroyed everything as they moved on.

The people of the country didn't even attempt to fight. They thought the Huns were monsters and simply fled before them. So on to Rome the Huns went.

Now, there was at Rome at this time a Pope named Leo I, which means Lion. Leo, of course, was neither a soldier nor a fighting man, but he and his cardinals and bishops went out from Rome to meet Attila.

They were not clad in armor, and none of them carried any weapons with which to fight.

The pope and those with him were dressed in gorgeous robes and richly colored garments. It seemed as if they must be slaughtered by Attila and his Huns like lambs before wolves.

But something strange happened when Attila and the pope met; exactly what no one knows.

Perhaps Attila was awed by the pomp and splendor of those Christians. Perhaps he feared what Heaven might do to him if he destroyed those holy beings who had come out to meet him as if from heaven.

At any rate, he did not destroy them nor did he enter Rome, but turned about and left Italy, left it for good and all, and he and his Huns returned to the unknown land to the north from which they had come.

To Be Continued Next Week

Sunday Sermon

By THE REV. R. H. HARPER

The Living Lord—Matthew 28: 1-10, 16-20.

Golden Text: John 11:25

In tribute to the devotion of the weaker sex to Jesus, it has been remarked that women were last at the cross and first at the empty tomb.

As Mary Magdalene and the other Mary hastened to the sepulchre in the early dawn of the third day, they were told by an angel that Christ had risen and that they should go quickly and tell the disciples.

As they started, running, to bring the disciples word, Jesus Himself met them and bade them tell the disciples to meet Him in Galilee.

It is significant that when Jesus appeared unto the disciples on a mountain of Galilee, His last recorded utterance was the Great Commission, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations."

A man must practice the glorious truth if he would truly realize it and be prepared to declare it.

Work In Courage

Let us labor in Christ's name with high courage, as knowing that we cannot fail when we are supported by the power that Hero risen to His disciples.

We may not ordinarily realize how much of our holy religion depends upon Easter.

The glorious fact of the Risen Lord, the radiant angels attesting, the proof of the immortality of the soul, and the promise of the perfect life all spring from the revelation of life in the empty tomb.

Let us rejoice today in the resurrection of our Lord and the sure hope it brings that we shall be with Him one day and amid the glories of ten thousand worlds.

Family Problems

Dear Ann Morris:

My husband never tells me anything. I know nothing of his business affairs, of our financial condition, or what plans, if any, he has made for my and the children's future.

I do no know his earnings, and since he pays all the bills, my household is run on a day-by-day basis.

This of course, puts me in a very undesirable situation. Though I have put up with this situation for years, it grows steadily more difficult with a teen-age daughter to clothe and provide entertainment for, and for her friends.

But what can I do?

MRS. E. C. G.

Dear Mrs. E. C. G.

Your situation must be very distasteful. Unfortunately there are men who do not consider marriage a partnership, but a sort of onesided contract in which they hold the draw string.

You have a right to share in the knowledge of all things that concern your family. You should have your husband know that you realize this and demand that he recognize your rights.

If he continues his attitude I would tell him that he can hire a paid housekeeper and I would go and get a job and try to afford some preparation for my future and my children's present.

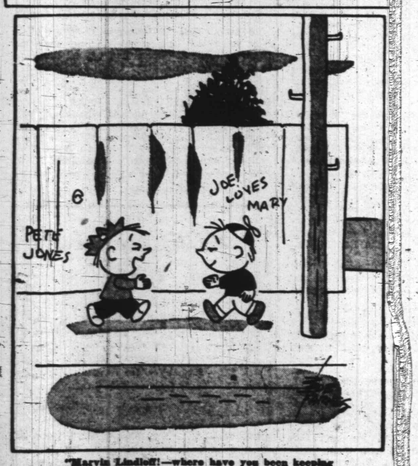
ANN MORRIS

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS

TEA (with cream) — Wash with soap and cold water; then allow remedy for clear tea.

TOBACCO — Wash with soap; bleach with oxalic acid or permanganate of potassium.

LAFF OF THE WEEK



"Marvin Lindloff!—where have you been keeping yourself all those years?"

Dale Carnegie

Start A New Project

From 18 years of age to 34 Ray E. White, Torrington, Conn., had no worries important enough to remember.

Dale Carnegie

Worries were like debts, the big ones he couldn't do anything about, and the little ones he could ignore.

In 1942, however, he hit the lowest ebb he ever expects to hit. There were a lot of reasons for it, business and family health. His mind was full of fantasies—mushy, cloudy, nebulous things. Buildings, automobiles, anything material seemed unreal; the stars seemed to be peculiar things.

A Skillful Doctor

His wife maneuvered him to a doctor who was a very skillful man. He gave Ray very positive statements of what was not wrong with him, put him on a strict diet which kept his mind so occupied he had no time to worry.

He went to the YMCA and learned to bag punch, got enthusiastic about it, even put on a couple of exhibitions. Also he went in for a little boxing and swimming.

He literally had to force himself to go to the "Y," using sheer willpower to drag himself over there. But he always went home like a raging bulldog.

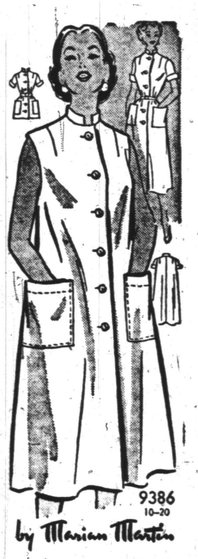
Now when an occasion arises that might give him cause for worry, he just starts a new project.

9065 SIZES 2—8
by Marian Martin

Two main pieces for skirt! Few pieces for sunsuit! This pair is such easy sewing, Mother, and so easy to keep fresh and spiffy. Send your darling off to party or picnic dressed just right. Skirt buttons to sunsuit, whisks off for active games!

Pattern 9065: Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6 playsuit and skirt; 2⅞ yards 35-inch.

At right is a DUSTER—fashion's favorite cover for days in town, cool evenings! Wear it over all your bare-top dresses — wear it everywhere! Make it in cotton, shantung, glamour taffeta.



9386 10-20
by Marian Martin

Cinch the waist with a belt—presto! It's a dress! Make a shorter version for a tunic top, cobbler apron, playcoat! Quick, send now—sew this now!

Pattern 9386: Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Sleeveless size 16 takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send Thirty-five cents in coins for these patterns—add 5 cents for each pattern for 1st-class mailing. Send to Marian Martin, care of AFRO-AMERICAN, No. 220. Pattern Dept., 232 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Print plainly NAME, ADDRESS with ZONE, SIZE and STYLE NUMBER.

Lonesome Hearts

By ALBERTINE ASHE

If you would like to correspond with a Lonesome Heart, write a short letter to me, giving full particulars about yourself and the person you'd like to meet. Sign your correct name and address to all mail. Enclose 50c in coin and stamped, addressed envelope for publishing, forwarding for each address wanted for general handling: ALBERTINE ASHE, AFRO-AMERICAN, Baltimore 1, Maryland

SENSIBLE SHUT-IN

I am 30, 5 feet 7, a shut-in and a fine thinker. Would like to meet and correspond with a nice young lady around my age who is sincere, devoted and true.

EDDIE

G.I. IN GERMANY

I am a lonely soldier in Germany seeking correspondence with a fine girl from home, someone who will be my wife. I'm light brown, 5 feet 9, tall, single and without any family.

G.I. IN GERMANY

LONELY WIDOW

I am a lonely Christian widow, kind and true and void of bad habits. I am seeking a companion, a kind true man, able and willing to build a future, a happy future for us.

MISS JOSEPHINE

SHE'S DEPENDABLE

A Christian woman, 36, who is a nice housekeeper, and dependable, wants to meet a man 45-50 who likes nice things, is sincere, employed and a real gentleman.

MRS. MULLINS

GOOD HABITS

I am a young man, intelligent, habits good, 25 and very sincere and honest. I am trying to find an honest and true, sincere companion 25-30. Someone wanting a happy future.

GOUGH

DESIRABLE

I want to meet some nice fellow 27-40, single, employed, nice disposition and anxious to meet a nice g. f. around 27, understanding and desirable who wants a real beau.

ANNIE-JOE

MATRON

I am a very Christian woman, 64, brownskinned and lovely. I wish meet a real b. f. I don't look 64 but I'd like to meet an intelligent man near that age, who is sincere, understanding and kind.

MRS. FAYETTE

WORKING MAN

I'm seeking a kind-hearted woman, around 38. I'm lonely for a true companion, someone ready to settle down and get some place in life. I'm a working man, straightforward, 38, and able to appreciate a kind woman.

BENITO

WRITE ETTA

I am a nice looking girl who would love to meet a Christian man, 30-45. Love clean sports, church work, children and things uplifting. Please answer.

ETTA

BEAUTICIAN

I'm considered an attractive woman, a beautician, 33, with high ideals and ideas for a happy profitable future. I hope to meet a sincere, smart man 33-55 who is anxious for things worth having and my type.

MRS. ADRIAN

TWO FELLOWS

We are two fellows 29, working at a school with not too much time off to meet the type we desire. We would like meeting two ladies 24-26, who like a nice life, and are lonely and ready to take a chance.

BERT AND TOMMY

YOUNG WOMAN

I would like to meet a real gentleman, an honest, sincere man 28-35. I am a young woman, 25, brownskinned, like clean sports, clean living and hopes of a future worth living.

SARAH JEAN

DON'T WASTE TIME

Come on, fellows, give a good girl a chance. Life is too short to be wasted away. I'm 28, medium brown, like church work and clean sportsmanship. Desire a man 28-35, employed, single, interested in church.

VALERIA

LONELY DIVORCEE

I am 50, a divorcee and very lonely, being a long way from home. I would be happy to meet someone who loves church, is employed and needs a true companion. I want someone around my age.

BERTHA

NOTICE

Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.

DEATH COMES BY AIR!

Part Two Of The New James H. Hill Serial.

DR. CLYDE VINCENT, a bacteriologist, developing cultures and yaccines for the Allies in Paris, has his work with Dr. Henri Pireaux interrupted when they are called to the American Embassy, and told by COL. LYMAN BRACE, that Russian MVD Agents are spying into their laboratory.

Shortly thereafter, MADELON RENOIT, their lab assistant, disappears and a girl is found in the Seine, who resembles her. The day after MADELON disappears there is an explosion at the lab, which takes the life of PIREAUX. VINCENT reports to BRACE then and is told that a new assistant has been chosen for him to work in a new laboratory.

VINCENT confides to BRACE, and an air force major, EDWARD LANG, that he has hidden away several strains of bacilli. While they are talking, LISETTE KOLE, VINCENT'S new assistant arrives.

That night VINCENT confides to his assistant that Pireaux's widow gave a flask of Bubonic Plague fleas to a MADELON RENOIT, but that Madame Pireaux's description fitted LISETTE. The two of them are drinking at the time, and VINCENT suddenly succumbs to knock out drops while LISETTE laughs. NOW READ ON:

Part II—"RUTHLESS ALCHEMY"

Dr. Clyde Vincent awoke from his lethargy with a retching in his stomach and the same kind of roaring that had accompanied his passing out.

He groaned, aware that he was lying on a hard surface, and when his eyes fluttered open they were blinded by a brilliant white light. They closed again, of their own accord, and he heard a heavy masculine voice say:

"Well, Anya, our stupid American doctor is coming out of his trance."

Vincent heard the springs of a chair creak, heard the approaching footsteps of a woman. "Next time we'll have to use a milder chloral solution. He nearly died."

The voice was that of the blonde girl he knew as Lisette, and the scent of eglantine was the same, but even with cobwebs fogging his brain, Clyde Vincent knew that he was up against the most powerful secret police force in the world.

He felt himself being dragged to his feet, felt the spasms in his stomach climbing upward to his throat, and knew he was going to be sick.

The man who lifted him must have detected it, too, because he felt himself rushed across the room, opened his eyes to see the black-clad Anya raise a window; then he was thrug half out of it, heaving up his innards.

When they pulled him back inside his head was clearer and he felt better, though he sagged against the wall by the window, staring dully at his captors.

Anya was sitting on the arm of an overstuffed chair, swinging a silk - clad leg, while a hulking brute of a man with black, bushy brows and semi-bald head, watched him through dull brown eyes with the intensity of a leopard watching a deer. He was clad in civvies that could stand a pressing. His shirt was soiled and his tie askew.

While he wavered against the wall, Vincent calculated his chances against the big man, and decided against it. Even if he succeeded in landing a surprise blow, there was the chance that Anya would have a gun in her purse. Besides that, he didn't know where he was; whether or not he was still in Paris.

His eyes strayed from the two abductors, traveled about the comfortably - furnished room. The furniture was well-appointed and the curtains and draperies attested to a woman's touch.

Finally, he said: "I guess I don't know how to hold my liquor, Lisette." He said it with a mirthless grin, and half-staggered over to a straight-back chair. Just before he reached it, the big man hooked his foot under the chair's leg and swept it away.

Fell On Floor

Vincent crashed to the floor, barking his knees and elbows in the process. A curse ripped from him.

"Wait a while, Fedor," Anya said. "Maybe he will be reasonable. You see, he is a free agent, merely working for the Allied military—which is why he doesn't have to wear a uniform."

Fedor's lip curled in a sneer. "He looks like an idealist, a hero. I want to make sure he'll be reasonable."

Fedor's huge, hobnail shoe-tip smashed into Vincent's ribs then, and he cried out with pain.

Anya got up off the chair-arm then, anger flashing in her violet eyes. "Stop it, I say!"

She moved over to Fedor, her right hand swinging in a wide arc, and slapped his cheek. "You muddle-head, all you live for is mayhem!" There was no trace of the lilting French inflections in her voice now.

Fedor's huge hand gripped Anya's forearm in a crushing hold that would leave the print of his fingers on her arm for days to come. "Do that again," he growled, "and I'll snap it off—like the wing off a fly."

Vincent had gotten to his feet now and and he saw terror momentarily on Anya's very white face, saw her grit her teeth against the pain. He didn't notice her right foot, however, until the spiked heel came down on Fedor's instep.

The big man released Anya's arm, bleating like a sheep, and sank down on the floor, tenderly caressing his wounded foot. Anya whipped off the right shoe and rattled the spike heel against Fedor's balding skull, until the big man lost interest in his foot, and keeled over on his side, blood trickling from four wounds on his scalp.

Vincent watched her with a weird kind of fascination. She kayoed Fedor with practised ease, and Vincent knew that it couldn't have been the first time she had immobilized a human obstacle.

She wiped the bloody heel on Fedor's rumpled coat and put the shoe back on.

Vincent was thinking, **Why don't I rush her now, knock her out and escape?**

But even when she straightened up from putting the shoe on, there was the blued metal of a small caliber pistol in her hand. She wasn't pointing it at him though, and she was holding it loosely. The look on her face said, Just so you don't get any heroic ideas, Clyde; but her lips said:

Time To Talk

"I'm sorry Fedor was rough, Clyde. Sit down. I might as well put my cards on the table."

Vincent righted the straight - back chair Fedor had kicked away, and sat down. Anya sank into an overstuffed chair, facing him. She crossed her lovely legs and put the little gun in her lap.

"First of all," Anya said, "I am Anya Barovitch, General Intelligence Division of MVD in Potsdam. I speak German, French, and, of course, Russian, in addition to English. I hold a degree in chemistry from one of your midwestern universities—magna cum laude, and a degree in biology from the University of Odessa, which is near my birthplace."

"Hurray, hurray!" Clyde Vincent said listlessly, looking very bored.

Anya frowned. "You will not be so smug, doctor, if you decide not to co-operate. Your Madelon Renoit was smug, too. She even stabbed Fedor in the arm, with a paring knife; but when Fedor got through playing with her, she welcomed death and the river."

"I am shaking in my shoes, dear sweet Anya," Vincent's eyes flashed angrily. "Why didn't you let Fedor finish me off and throw me in, too? What good can I do you without the cultures and equipment we lost in the explosion?"

Anya laughed at that. "Don't forget, I called on Madame Pireaux personally, after telephoning her first. Had to make sure she'd never seen Madelon Renoit. She told me that Henri was getting very forgetful, and that it was fortunate that you had taken charge of the cultures." Anya paused to smile.

"She was a garrulous old woman. Never even had the presence of mind to check on me. It's small wonder we find capitalist mentalities so easy to outwit." Her face hardened then. "What have you done with those cultures, Clyde?"

"You're still a paradox," he said irrevelantly. "Beautiful as a goddess; dirty-rotten to the core. Predatory beast with an angel's face. What makes you tick, anyway?"

The little gun seemed to leap into her hand then, and she rose out of the chair, started toward Vincent, the small black bore of the weapon aimed at the bacteriologist's middle.

A Fool

"Fedor was right," she said, spots of anger flaming in her cheeks. "You are an idealistic fool."

Vincent tried to appear nonchalant, but there were butterflies in his stomach. The thought of a bullet ripping into it wasn't exactly appealing. "I just don't like being strong-armed."

Anya took a deep breath and her anger seemed to subside. She sidled over to a table upon which sat a telephone. Before she picked it up with her free hand, she said: "We combed your apartment thoroughly, particularly the ice-cubes in your refrigerator. You hid those ampules well. I'll say that much for you."

She picked up the phone then, and dialed a number. She shifted impatiently while waiting for her party to answer. Then she straightened up, held the pistol steadily on Vincent.

"Anton—Kamarad Barovitch. Bring the truck . . . make preparations for flight to Prague in two hours, and oh, yes—Kamarad Fedor stepped out of line again. I took care of him."

She put the phone back, smiled mirthlessly at Vincent. "Thoroughness—com—subservience to the will of our mentors—organization. That is why we'll whip you on every battlefield in the world."

Vincent sighed. "Would you mind stepping off the soapbox and telling me where the hell I am?"

"Why not? Number three, Rue Sainte Francois. Oh, yes, you're still in Paris—for another two hours anyway."

She moved over to him then and shoved the gun right under his nose. His hand made a motion toward her gun-wrist when the weapon swept up in a blurred motion and crashed against his temple, dropping him into warm, liquid folds of blackness.

Tired Of It

When consciousness again flooded back into Clyde Vincent's tired brain, a monumental anger accompanied it. He'd been bushwhacked, mickeyed and slugged, and he was tired of it.

At the moment, however, it was impossible for him to throw his weight around, because his captors had tied him to the bucket-seat of the four-place Focke-Wulf plane that bore him westward to Czechoslovakia. The cabin was dark, except for the glow of instruments on the panel ahead, and Vincent noticed that the pilot was boyishly small.

Besides the pilot there were [illegible] crowded into the plane, and whereas he couldn't see Anya, he detected her presence. From their low, gutteral voices, he decided that she was probably the only woman present.

The plane began to circle, and he straining toward the window at his right, Vincent could make out the pattern of ground-lights below, marking the airstrip.

Anya said something to a shadowy figure in a Slovene tongue, and an electric torch appeared in the hand of one of the men with her. In English she said: "It won't hurt, Doctor Vincent. Just a pin-prick. Sodium pentathol. You'll be easier to handle that way until we get you to our bacteria farm.

Vincent knew there would be no point of protesting. Even if he offered resistance when they landed it would be a foolhardily action. If they were in Prague he couldn't hope to escape. The injection was quick, and for the third time in the past 12 hours or so, a fog of unconsciousness rolled in over his brain.

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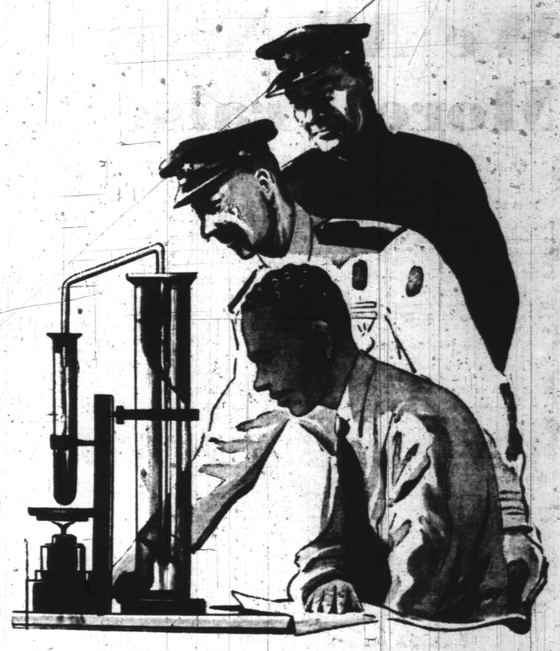
The Kravchenko Laboratories in Prague were some of the most complete in the world. They occupied the ground floor of what had once been the walled-off mansion of Erik Kravchenko, the Czech munitions maker.

Back in '39, while Hitler was completing the rape of Poland and the Lowlands, Kravchenko had openly come out against the Nazis and the Soviet Union; and now, 14 years later, the once-rich arms-manufacturer was swinging a pick in the Salt Mines of Siberia, and his home and other facilities now

(Continued on Page 10)



"BRODSKI POINTED to the reddish mass of moving killer ants."

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