

The Thorpe Affair

By Phillip Lesly

CHAPTER IV

Considering the scarcity of girls capable of inspiring such enthusiasm in the janitor, who had caught but a fleeting glimpse of her, and considering the number of people who would be running in the Midtown Hotel at that hour, the description fitted Terry's companion of the afternoon too close for coincidence. He realized, that at once. Now, more than ever, he had to get in touch with her. But how?

Once more he stepped into a telephone booth and flipped the dial to call the Sun. Keeping in touch with Deane was a possible way of obtaining the information he wanted.

When the connection with the city desk was made he said, "Deane this is Terry. I'm still . . ." "Oh," Deane said acidly, "it's you! Well, maybe you think you're still papa's boy Friday. Did you get a look at the Beacon? No? That explains your serenity, then. Their headline says 'Huge Black-malling Plot Discovered.' And the readout tells you: 'Wives and Daughters of Wealthy Men Caught in Net of Gambling Ring.' Yeah, and also down below that is a little cut that says 'Scoop!' What do you think of that, you told me something this morning about not getting anything on it. Why you . . ."

Terry listened with his ears growing gradually redder as Deane's expression of his opinion became more lurid. He wondered, as he listened, how he had ever managed to endure eight years of life like this. Well, he was working on this Thorpe thing only because of personal reasons; as soon as it was over, he could use some of Deane's choice language on him. At last the city editor's flow of vituperation ceased.

"I'm still trying to find this girl," Terry said. "I know there's more to this than the cops think there is. You haven't heard about any beautiful red-haired lady getting into trouble lately, have you?" "No, I haven't," Deane replied. "And any trouble she might get into won't be anything to the trouble she'll be in if you find her. For a guy who gets his checks from a newspaper, you certainly show an awful lot of interest in the ladies."

There was a click that left no doubt about finality. Terry sighed vexedly and hung up the receiver. He walked out into the darkened street. A day like this had never before come his way. It was late, he was tired, there were a lot of other things he might do, so he decided to go home and hop into bed. Perhaps there he might find peace.

As he was getting into his car he thought of something that checked him. He went back to the phone booth, but this time he wrote out a message to be dictated and consulted the directory before he manipulated the dial. In a few minutes he was back in the car, now with a feeling of satisfaction and anticipation that he had not had before.

Of all the places of its kind, none was busier the next morning at 10 o'clock than the lobby in the Morning Chronicle building. A

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solid stream of humanity coursed through it, to and from the row of fourteen elevators. It was the type of stream that represents a cross section of city types. Yet one figure did not move in that constant stream. It was a tall figure with broad shoulders. Under a dark hat that was pulled most of the way over the eyes was visible a thatch of dark hair. Terry Land was not an ordinary part of that crowd; he was there on an errand that probably none of the others would ever make.

At a point about 30 feet from the front door, Terry leaned against the wall, being careful to keep his face down and the hat in place. He held a cigarette in his fingers, but it was not lit. At intervals of two minutes he glanced at his watch. As he stood there he caught snatches of conversation among the passers-by. Much of it concerned the Thorpe murder; and what part of it dealt with the mysterious girl boded ill for her if she were found.

A last Terry slipped a cigarette away and turned sidewise to the entrance, but kept it in view. Through the doorway had come the girl whom he had driven home the day before. She was walking rapidly toward where he stood, her eyes searching the faces in the crowd. He waited until she was almost past him, then stepped around to block her exit and called softly: "Here I am."

She stopped short, gasped, then tried to run past him. He stepped sidewise to block her way. For a moment she stood glaring at him, afraid to run, afraid to attract attention. Her gray eyes were open wide, the deep redness of her lips was broken by the whiteness of teeth visible through the slightly open mouth. Then her mouth closed tight and her eyes became hard. She relaxed and glared at him resignedly.

To Be continued

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our darling son Alonzo Patterson, who passed away September 14th, 1948.

We little knew when we awoke, The sorrow that the day would bring, The blow was hard the shock severe, To part with one we loved so dear.

Your faint last wish we would like to have heard, And breathed in your ear our last parting word. Only those who have lost alone can tell, The heartache of parting without saying farewell.

Lovingly Remembered by Dad, Mum and Patricia.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mrs. Leslie MacEwen, who passed away Sept. 14th, 1948.

Those whom we love go out of sight, But never out of mind, They are cherished in the hearts Of those they left behind.

Away in the beautiful garden of God, By the valley of rest so fair, Sometime, someday, we know not when, We'll meet our loved ones there.

Remembered by Husband and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear husband and daddy, Mr. Charles McLaughlin, who passed away September, 1940.

He bade no one a last farewell, He said good-bye to none, His spirit fled, before we knew, That he from us had gone.

Into sweet rest he has entered, No more to sorrow or weep, But safe in the arms of Jesus My dear Father is fast asleep.

Lovingly Remembered by His Wife, Son and Daughters, James, Theresa, Eunice and Son-in-Law Peter.

WINSLOE NORTH W. M. S.

The regular meeting of Winsloe North W.M.S. met at the home of Mrs. Bruce Younker Sept. 5, with Mrs. Younker in charge of the devotional.

Meeting opened with call to worship, followed by singing of "Lord

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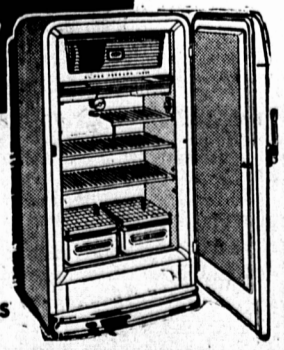


Gingerbread Cup Cakes

Combine 1/4 cup melted shortening and 1 1/4 cups molasses and add 1 beaten egg. Stir until well blended. Mix and sift together 2 1/2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and add alternately with 3/4 cup hot water. Bake in 24-2 1/2" cup cake pans in moderate oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Then blend one 3-oz. package of cream cheese with enough milk to make of sauce consistency. Top each serving with a spoonful.

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