

ATTACK ON AMERICA

BY GENERAL ARED WHITE
W. N. U. Release

THE STORY SO FAR: More than 200,000 foreign troops which had been secretly transported to Mexico suddenly invaded the United States. Intelligence Officer Benning had discovered their plans while a spy in Mexico City where he had gained the confidence of Fines and Bravot, two enemy officers, but his

CHAPTER XIV

Benning left the hotel at nine o'clock and walked to the Empire State Building. During the night he had collected available information of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company. The firm had been operating in New York for ten years past. It was a small but regular dividend payer, was not listed on the stock exchange, and had conformed to all laws and requirements in regard to its operations and transactions. Simon Salvatore, a Chilean, had recently taken over as managing director.

On reaching the forty-fifth floor, Benning went direct to the company's offices and stepped inside. A fat roly-poly of a man with cat-like smirk stamped on his round face came up to Benning at once to search him with small round eyes that glinted suspicious appraisal through horn-rimmed glasses.

"I am Mr. Oldfer, office manager," he said in an ingratiating purr. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"I am a stockholder," Benning said, intent on completing his reconnaissance of the room in the shortest possible time. "I wish to inquire if it is true the company is disposing of two mines, the Palacio Quatras and the Silver Sabers?"

Oldfers upper teeth gnawed nervously at his lower lip at this blunt identification of the visitor as a Van Hassek agent.

"Maybe," Oldfer hesitated, "you want to see Senor Salvatore?"

"Nonsense!" Benning said with authority. "You say you are the office manager and I have just introduced myself fully. I'm in a great hurry, Oldfer."

Benning stepped decisively past the fellow and went to the open "B" cabinet at which a ruddy clerk of Slav features was working. While Oldfer pattered up with muttered protests, Benning thumbed through the Baltimore entries. Ramsey, Ringold, Rosser, Rouse, Rumbolt. He noted that after each listed stockholder there were symbols purporting to show number of stock shares held, dates of dividend payment, and other littered data.

His eye caught the pertinent detail that in the Baltimore file, as compared with other files through which he hurriedly skimmed, there were many more entries on each card. Baltimore, headquarters of the Army's Third Corps Area, and flanked by some of the Army's important arsenals and secret proving grounds, was a logical beehive of espionage activity.

"Very good, your Baltimore file shows the proper activity," Benning announced, turning abruptly away to face Oldfer. "Thank you for your courtesy."

"Senor Salvatore will be here very soon," Oldfer said. "It is necessary that you talk with Mr. Salvatore before you leave."

"Tell Salvatore," Benning said, scowling at his watch, "that I'll be back by eleven at latest. Just now I'm in a hurry."

"Oh, no, but you will wait," Oldfer whined. "Ja, you will wait, or Senor Salvatore would never forgive me." He turned to one of his clerks and cried, "Here, Backropp, you will keep the gentleman company until Mr. Salvatore arrives!"

A barrel-chested man whose squat legs, long angular face, and flail-like arms gave him the aspect of an orangutan, stepped forward with a nod. The others moved closer. Benning saw that only by force might he pass out the door of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company. Numbers were against him.

"All right, Oldfer," he yielded with annoyance, "I'll wait a reasonable time."

Backropp escorted Benning into the Salvatore private room behind the main office, where he indicated a seat in front of Salvatore's mahogany desk. Backropp sat down close by and folded his ponderous arms across his chest. Two others of Oldfer's men quit their work at the files to take position just outside the Salvatore door. Benning saw that he was as definitely a prisoner as if he had been bound and gagged.

Benning waited, impatiently consulting his watch from time to time. Barely fifteen minutes had passed before he heard someone enter the office from outside. He rose and walked to an open window, Backropp watching him narrowly. Casually he selected a cigarette from his case, lighted it, took two quick puffs and cast it out the window.

"It's a long way down to the street from here, Backropp," he said, leaning out for a brief survey below.

Benning saw a yellowish phosgene smudge trail out behind his falling cigarette and turned back to Backropp.

"It's not so far down," Backropp muttered, "if you don't wait to take an elevator."

Out in the office Oldfer was speaking in a tremulous voice.

"Ja, Senor Salvatore, he may be all right," Oldfer said anxiously. "He introduced himself, but I don't

INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN

warnings had gone unheeded. The President was killed when Washington was bombed. General Brill, commander of the U. S. army in Texas, was opposed by greatly superior forces led by Van Hassek. In spite of Brill's desperate resistance, Van Hassek's troops pushed relentlessly forward. Returning to Wash-

ington, Benning met Fines who had come there to do espionage work for his government. Benning continued to pose as a friend, and proceeded to investigate a mysterious gold mining company operating in New York. He believed it was a "front" for a vast spy ring.

Now continue with the story.

like the way he nosed about into our things, so I have him waiting for you."

Salvatore strode into the room, an erect, saturnine man in morning coat, striped trousers, and lurid neckwear. Even in the shock of recognition, Benning's startled mind flashed to a whim of professional observation. This man's presence confirmed his every suspicion of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company. Salvatore was Gaujos, the masquerader with whom he had traded shots at San Antonio, the man who as Colonel Bravot had been his chief of section in Van Hassek espionage service at the Palacio Nacional.

Bravot sat down at his desk and fixed his gaze on his visitor. In his cold, blunt eyes there showed no recognition of the American agent whom he had glimpsed at San Antonio and failed to recognize in Mexico City.

"What explanation have you to offer of your visit here?" Bravot inquired.

"I'm here from Mexico City, Colonel Bravot," Benning answered with

calm assurance. "I have identified myself and am prepared to do so again. The precise nature of my mission I am not permitted to disclose to you. Beyond that I've nothing to say."

Without taking his eyes from Benning, Bravot slowly opened a drawer of his desk and brought out an automatic pistol.

As he leveled the weapon across the desk Bravot's left hand went to a call button which sent a rasping summons into the outer office. Oldfer came in at once.

"We have had a close call, Oldfer," Bravot said. He passed his left hand across his forehead, now wet with perspiration. "This man is an Army Intelligence agent who shot at me once, and whom I stupidly overlooked in Mexico due to my preoccupation with other matters."

Benning heard the outer door open. Oldfer, terror leaping into his little eyes, jumped across the room and slammed Bravot's door. Benning sprang to his feet, but the ape-like arms of Backropp were about him in an instant with all the crushing force of motor-driven prongs. A ponderous hand closed over Benning's mouth and shut off articulation.

Benning felt himself lifted clear of the floor by a strength against which his own sines were powerless. Backropp carried him across the room to the Bravot concrete vault that lay open behind heavy steel doors. The ape-man hurled him inside with a stunning violence and heaved the doors shut.

Benning picked himself up and shook his head to clear his wits from the shock of his fall. Only the habit of self-discipline saved him from panic as he found himself engulfed in this black, steel-encased void. He heard the vague click of bolts as the door was locked, then silence.

He felt about the interior of his prison and estimated its dimensions as some six feet wide by ten feet in depth.

He knew that rescue depended largely upon that phosgene cigarette he had tossed out the window as a signal to Intelligence operatives below. He argued that they had caught the signal; it must have been G-2 men who invaded the Andes office at the critical instant of his imprisonment.

His ears strained for sound, but there was only silence. He tried kicking at the foot-thick steel doors, but there was no response. It came

to him that in the heart of a great city, with its teeming millions, he was as completely sealed away as a dead man in a tomb.

Out in the offices of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company a blunt new crew had taken over, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Wallace, corps area intelligence officer. Three of Wallace's officers were checking through the company records, three others were standing guard over four flum prisoners.

This sharp transfer of authority had been accompanied by a brief, tragic violence. In a corner of the office, covered by a rug, lay the body of Backropp. A bullet from Wallace's pistol had been needed to end Backropp's resistance.

"All right, Oldfer," Wallace threatened the cowering fat man who sat in front of him. "I'll give you one more chance to remember the combination to that safe. If you do remember, I'll make it an internment camp, if you don't I'll have you hanged inside a week!"

He lifted his wrist to his eyes and glanced at the time. "I'll give you exactly thirty seconds more to decide whether you live or hang."

Ten seconds had passed when the office door opened. Safe experts reported in to tackle the job of opening the vault. Oldfer was jolted into decision by knowledge that if the man in the vault emerged alive, the jig was up with him.

"I'll open it!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Ja, I'll open the safe, if you promise me I don't hang for it!"

Oldfer fairly raced to the steel doors and nervously fingered the combination. In his excitement three trials were necessary to complete the combination. Colonel Wallace seized the door and pulled it open. Benning was lying on the floor, his right hand clutching a small pocket notebook.

Wallace lifted the unconscious man to a sofa in the Salvatore room. A medical officer, who had been hurried in from Governor's Island, took pulse and temperature and applied stimulants. In a minute Benning opened his eyes and, on orienting his mind to the whirling world about him, attempted to sit up.

"The captain will be all right shortly," the doctor predicted. "It's just as well, however, you got him out of there without much more delay."

Half an hour later Benning insisted on getting to his feet. His legs were wobbly under him, the slow, steady throb of his pulse reverberated in aching temples. But he waved the medical aside and went into the office where Wallace and his men were working.

"Here, Benning, you'd better take it easy," the corps area G-2 chief admonished.

"I'm feeling better," Benning answered. "What's the score now, Colonel?"

Colonel Wallace was effervescent. "The Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company," he exclaimed, "is the most valuable mine in the world right now. No question about it, we're headed for the biggest spy roundup in history."

"Where's Bravot?" Benning wanted to know. "Bravot, alias Salvatore?"

The glow of Wallace's face vanished into gloom. "Pretty bad luck, Benning," he said heavily. "He managed to slip out his private door as we entered. I had Lieutenant Crane guarding the hall. Salvatore killed him with a small automatic and was lucky enough to catch a edge down before we could get out there. By the way, Benning, when you feel up to it, Colonel Flagwill wishes you to call him at the War Department."

Benning checked through the haul of records. There was no need of cryptographers on the job. In a false bottom of Bravot's desk, Wallace had unearthed a code book which unlocked the symbols.

The first estimates showed seventeen thousand cards of stockholders. Many of these were innocent purchasers, Wallace thought from the first results of his check, but there was evidence of thousands of enemy agents, scattered in important posts and positions throughout the United States.

An hour later Benning went to the McAlpin. His legs still lacked strength and he took a cab for the short ride. Upstairs in his room he called Flagwill, who was on the line promptly.

"Glad you're all right, Benning, you had us worried!" Flagwill exclaimed. "A great piece of work, simply great! Report back as soon as you feel like traveling, Benning." Flagwill's voice trailed into gravity. "Things are looking pretty black right now—and we've got to find out what's ahead of us. General Hague suggested—well, if you think you've a chance at it—thought you might learn something—in Mexico. Of course, we'll let you decide."

"Very good, sir," Benning assented. "I'll report in Washington on the next available plane."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NEXT WEEK
Another Absorbing Installment

BACKROPP
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OLDFER
"Maybe," Oldfer hesitated, "you want to see Senor Salvatore?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

My Week

by Eleanor Roosevelt

NUTRITION INFORMATION

A little after five one afternoon, on our picnic grounds at Hyde Park, representatives of various organizations in the county gathered to discuss with state representatives what had been accomplished in spreading nutrition information. Miss Ruth Wheeler of Vassar college, who had been made chairman by the Cornell university group, which is in charge of this work in the state, has been ill, and so the work is not completely organized.

I felt a good deal was accomplished for they named a radio and publicity chairman and talked over methods of getting information to the people of our county. A home demonstration agent is being sent by the Emergency Home Demonstration committee to a group of counties, including Dutchess, and our county agent, Mr. Shepherd, called a meeting at which women were named to take charge of the arrangements for the agent's work.

This seems to me very important, because she can help us to accomplish things which are now being asked of the women of the United States of America. First we may see that our schools are used as demonstration centers for child feeding. That means that every available source of supply must be tapped for food to be used daily.

BACK IN WASHINGTON

We reached Washington, D. C., from Hyde Park in time for lunch the next day and the visitors began to arrive at once. I did have a little time to talk over one or two important family things with the President before he was again engulfed in government affairs.

At 4:40, I went to the airport with Jimmie and Rommie, who were starting for the West coast and waited to meet my daughter, who was coming in from Seattle, Wash., to attend Mayor LaGuardia's meeting on civilian volunteer participation in defense.

Anna was about twenty minutes late, which meant that a gentleman who was waiting to hand me a gift for the President sent by the mayor of an English city, had to wait for nearly twenty minutes. However, he was very kind about it. Afterwards, Dr. Frederick Douglas Patterson, the president of Tuskegee institute, came to tell me how well the training of the flying cadets is progressing there, and that Tuskegee is being named as a recreational area for Negro men on leave from Fort Benning.

The crown princess of Norway and her party left to return to Massachusetts on an evening train. Our only other dinner guests were Dr. Floyd Reeves of the American Youth commission, and Dr. James Meader of Russell Sage college.

PRESIDENT'S MEMORY
Four of us sat on the south portico of the White House one night having dinner; the President, our daughter, Anna; our cousin, Monroe D. Robinson; and I. Mr. Robinson had just returned from Peru and was telling the President of his impressions. He thinks Peru is one of the most interesting countries he has ever visited and cannot wait to return. Mr. Robinson has made some real friends and feels that they like him just as much as he likes them.

In the midst of his talk, my husband, in a very quiet way, said: "Have you ever happened to see an old book which has an illustration of a Peruvian Indian playing golf? They played golf in Peru years before they played it in Scotland. To all intents and purposes it was the same game except that instead of having to end up in a little tin cup, they had to hit a very small stick."

Monroe's face was a study. He had hardly expected to be told something about Peru, especially something which he felt might even be news to some of his Peruvian friends! Then my husband went on to explain that in college, he had bought the books every year for the Fly Club and Pudding Club libraries. For the Fly Club, he had concentrated on books of old travel, and among them had found this particular book, which he considered the most interesting and which furnished the basis of some of his knowledge of Peru.

What wouldn't I give to have as retentive a memory as the President has, and at the same time always to be able to reach back into my mind and pick out the particular thing applicable to the conversation of the moment. Hours afterwards I can sometimes remember something which would have been very valuable, if it had only come to me when I was actually talking.

LA GUARDIA GROUP
The next day was given up entirely to the meeting held in the White House by Mayor LaGuardia's committee. Five members have been named from every corps area and represent all the different interests in our national life.

After lunch, the details were taken up and I hope that every member of the committee will go home knowing what the first steps in this program actually mean in the way of work. The future alone can tell how it will develop.

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As a matter of cold fact you are. You hold the destiny of his business in your hands. He knows it. He shows it. And you benefit by good service, by courteous treatment, by good value—and by lower prices.

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line, to a flare that ensures working comfort and looks pretty besides. You can draw the waistline in as slim as you please, by means of the back-tied sash belt—and adjust it to give yourself plenty of leeway for reaching, stretching, sweeping, dusting and so on. This design (No. 1360-B) is simple to make and it really is necessary to a busy day.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1360-B is designed in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40. Size 14 (32) requires 3 1/2 yards edging. Send your order to:

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106 Seventh Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
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Name
Address

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STOMACH SUFFERERS

Don't despair—MAYBE, formerly known as "Marrs Wonderful Stomach Remedy," beneficially used by thousands for over 20 years, tends to alleviate the discomforts of temporary constipation with gas in the intestines. "Marrs" thoroughly flushes and lubricates the