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Chicago Sunday Tribune



know. I know they got away

from the Gigantic after that ex-

plosion in the harbor. I know

"How did they leave the

"A tug took them off. We

traced the tug. The crew was

dumb-dumb or too intelligent

for us. They didn't wait for the

Gigantic to be towed back to

department, the radio----- "

they are not together."

ship?"

the pier."

Herr Kalmitz was at her side. . . . "I tried to spare you. I know Moscow. You don't. But you shall!"

# Maida Sings a Message to Eric; Two **Red Spies Are Caught**

N ONE DAY Allan Tyler, the chief of the secret service, had followed agents of the Red Circle in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Boston, New York, Washington, and Chicago. An airplane can do this

"The radio and the airplane have knocked time and space into a cocked hat," he said when he met Eric Lambert as he returned to his office in the bureau. "There is no time or space. The newspaper, the radio, the telegraph, and the airplane have put the whole world in the hollow of your hand. To be wise you have only to read and listen.

"The devil of it is that the Red Circle spies can do the same things.'

Lambert's thoughtful face became the chart of his emotions. Two weeks had passed since his beloved Maida was whisked from the deck of an ocean liner by the Red Circle spy, Michael Raclov. The steady hand of Lambert, the designer of superdreadnaught battleships, was swiftly becoming the anxious hand of Lambert, the youthful lover.

"Airplanes," he repeated. "I think so much in battleships that I had almost forgotten them."

Tyler's look was one of sym-

By SPECIAL AGENT (Copyright: 1938: The Chicago Tribune.)

pathy. "I am sorry," he said. Then he added, "Nothing from Miss Travers?" "The thing has got me wor-

ried," said Lambert. "How in the world can a man foresee that the girl he loves most is to be snatched from a ship and carried to Europe in a plane? And after all the warnings I gave her."

"Warnings!" cried Tyler, turning his solid frame away from his desk and confronting Lambert. "Haven't we all been warned? You? I? And Peter Quill?"

Lambert's lips tightened. 'Aye, Peter Quill," he said solemnly. "As well as I know that misshapen dwarf, I wish I could know what is in his mind." Then he sprang upright. "And I wish I could know what has become of that Red Circle vixen, Sonya Danilo."

"And her fellow spy, Petro-vich," added Tyler. "Well, I've covered half this country in a plane today, but I have an idea that I may have traveled too much."

"Then you think that Sonya and Petrovich are . . . ?" "I try not to guess. I try to

Sensational Offer!

# The Crimson Wizard-Radio Warning

tells me you have a beautiful voice."

"A friend . . . of Mr. Raclov," said Maida haltingly, and questioningly, too. "Yes, I know him."

She was struggling with the temptation to say that Michael Raclov, the spy of the Red Circle, had kidnaped her from New York harbor, had carried her to England, to Berlin, and that she could expose him to the German government.

Herr Kalmitz seemed to read her mind. "Yes, yes," he said. "Michael is a very capable agent of the Red Circle." And then he fixed her very directly with a pair of eyes that seemed very frank and also very vague.

Lambert turned to go. "I have tried everything," he said. "I So Herr Kalmitz was in the Red Circle, too! Maida was behave tried the cables, the state ginning to understand how it Tyler interrupted him. was that a young and beautiful "Radio," he said; "that's it. The girl can be lifted out of a throng airplane cuts distance, but not on an ocean liner; how she can



Map of Allan Tyler's one-day pursuit of Red Circle spies in six cities.

### CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

 Eric Lambert's plan for superbattleships stolen by spies of Red Circle. Allan Tyler, told to beware the Firefly, beautiful and dangerous agent of Red Circle, decides to hold public inquiry. Just before inquiry an attempt to kidnap Peter Quill from taxicab in which he is riding is thwarted by Maida Travers. As Ivan Molokoff is being questioned at inquiry the lights suddenly go out. When they go on Molokoff is dead. At the door stands Peter Quill. A woman's sardonic laugh is heard, and Chief Tyler finds a bit of paper fashioned in the shape of a firefly. Sonya eludes a police cordon by provoking a riot of pick-and-shovel men. Joining Petro vich, she admits to him that she was at the secret bureau when Molokoff was slain. Sonya discovers that Maida is about to sail for Europe on the steamship Gigantic. When the liner sails not only Maida is aboard but also Sonya, Petrovich, and Raclov. Sonya causes a blast to rock the vessel. In the excitement Maida obeys Raclov's command and enters a plane resting on a catapult on the ship's deck. Petrovich releases the catapult lever and the plane takes off with the two aboard. Back on land at an isolated spot on the Jersey flats near New York, Peter Quill tests the power of his invisible lightning. Watching him from behind a clump of bushes is Sonya Danilo. Twenty-four hours after soaring away in the plane from the liner, left crippled in New York harbor, Raclov and Maida are forced down on an uninhabited island of the Hebrides, west of Scotland. Raclov spends several days repairing plane and tells Maida he is under orders to take her to Moscow. She insists on going to Berlin. They take off again at almost the precise hour that Raclov's brother Casimir is being executed in a Moscow prison yard. Flying over Scotland, their plane is forced by a British air patrol to land at Turnhouse air field. The two are given into the custody of one Comrade Gorin, who provides another plane for them. As they fly away a man appears and, telling Gorin he is from the American consulate, asks, "Is Miss Maida Travers in that plane?"

Maida spoke the words so evenly that Herr Kalmitz himself shuddered at the very mystery of the suggestion they carried.

"Peter Quill," he repeated after, half whispering. "Peter Quill. Yes, that is the man. You can get word to him?" Kalmitz leaned forward eagerly. "You can get word to him if I give you the music you want? And if I give you a contract on the radio?'

Radio! The word struck the confusion of thoughts in Maida's mind and brought order. Radio! She hesitated long, then nodded slowly. "I think," she said, as if still pondering her answer, "I think I might do it."

Herr Kalmitz was a blaze of smiles. Maida was instantly surrounded with attention; indeed, she was aware that she was always under some watchful eye. Her lodgings had been selected for her; a maid was given her. She knew the Red Circle watched her lodgings; knew that the

IVAN MOLOKOFF, assistant engineer of radio station. PETROVICH, embassy attache. SONYA DANILO, beautiful and mysterious figure in plot against Peter Quill and his invisible light-

MICHAEL RACLOV, assistant of Sonya. VASILY, another assistant.

much time in finding songs for her radio debut. One song struck her with peculiar interest. This was Schubert's "Serenade." When she proposed this to Herr

Kalmitz he was delighted. 'Since our broadcasts have the greatest effect in America," he said, "the 'Serenade' will be understood best --- so soothing and agreeable to the ear. It prepares the way for our little news

items." "Then the broadcast is very late in Berlin?" Maida was thinking of the listeners in America

"It will be timed," said Kalmitz, "so that the best evening hours in the United States will be at our disposal."

There was no attempt at evasion. Maida was free to make use of her information if she could. But she could not. The Red Circle was all about her. It became a tighter circle every day

And here was Tyler scouring a half-dozen American cities in less than a day! And there was Maida, caught in a net of international intrigue that kept her racing over the world against her will. While he, Lambert, had lost the work of months on his battleship plans and now was bogged down in the routine of messages to the state department in a vain hope of helping the girl he loved.

He entered the studio. His old associations here gave him easy access. He had started life in the W-G-N studio as a boy. His wages had given him an education in naval architecture.

"You're in time," whispered a doorman. He had caught Lambert's sleeve at a door backstage of the main studio. Lambert would have asked a question. The doorman urged him through the door. An announcer was talking into a microphone. He spoke swiftly and distinctly:

"Appeal from the secret service . . . be on the lookout .

Sonya Danilo . . . Petrovich . . . " Eric caught only fragments of the announcement. But it was enough. He remembered Tyler's vague words. Some one moved beside him. It was David Evans, chief assistant to Tyler. This further mystified Lambert. "Keep your eyes open," said Evans. "Something may happen. And your ears, too."

"It's a little creepy, isn't it?" Lambert turned on Evans with a questioning frown. "Mr. Tyler told me to come here. I heard the warning to be on the lookout

Evans lived in the mystery of secret service. He held a warning forefinger to his lips. "The bureau short-wave receiver has been cut in," he said. "Listen!" The silence of the studio, its auditorium filled with spectators for an audience broadcast, was split by the haunting, fearful wail of a police siren.

"Is that a sound effect?" Lambert listened more closely still.

"That's a squad car," said Evans. And as he said it there came a weird, harrowing succession of wailing sirens mingled with the nerve-shattering blasts of motor horns, the squealing of brakes, and the shouts of men's voices. Now there was a confusion in

sounds and voices. One could On the evening before the not distinguish between those

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and soldiery and over continents and cities, and all teeming with human beings and police and detectives, and yet never once be permitted to lift as much as her pretty little finger to call for help. But there was one thing she did not understand.

"But why?" she began. "Why is there all this conspiracy? I am only a girl-

"Only a girl," interposed Herr Kalmitz. "Yes, only a girl who is in love. And a girl who is beloved-beloved by a very important man whose name is Eric Lambert."

Maida flushed. "That is my concern, and Mr. Lambert's," she said angrily.

soothingly. "And it is our concern that Mr. Lambert is the brilliant designer of huge battleships for the United States navy.'

"But Mr. Lambert, fortunately, is in the United States."

And, fortunately for the Red Circle," purred Herr Kalmitz, "you are here. You have come here to study music. This is a great coincidence which can help you and help me. Well, I shall opportunity of your life in music if you . .

Maida gazed wonderingly at him. "If I use Eric Lambert's love for me to lure him here." she finished his sentence, "so that his battleship designs may fall into the hands of a possible enemy?'

Kalmitz laughed gently. "Not at all, my dear young lady. I -we-have heard that his plans have been-well, lost, perhaps. No, no, Miss Travers, we shall not want Mr. Eric Lambert. But we should like very much to get word to that strange, grotesque individual whose name, I think, is-

"Whose name is Peter Quill."

"I've covered half this country today in a plane." Tyler told Lambert. "The airplane cuts distance, but not so (Tribune Studio photos.) fast as the radio. Be in the W-G-N studio tonight."

"Of course," said the director maid was a skilled operative of broadcast she noticed Herr Kal- that came from the radio receivthe Red Circle.

## III.

A new kind of energy seized Maida. The experiences of only these last days had changed her from a girl to a woman of decision and purpose. She was no longer the wide-eyed miss who could be amused or entertained by the incidents which passed under her animated notice. Two weeks had sobered her. Two see that you have the greatest weeks had given her poise. Two weeks ago she had been disdainful of danger. Now she had be-

come observant, calculating, and logical. Now she was able to adapt herself to changing circumstances. Now she was beginning to understand that intelligent and civilized human beings can absorb and index more experiences in one year than a primitive savage in a century. She accepted her part in the conspiracy proposed by Herr Kalmitz. She agreed to use the love of Eric Lambert as a means of furthering the plottings of the Red Circle.

Music became her concern. Herr Kalmitz provided her with planes! Across America in ten the foremost teachers. She spent hours! To Europe in sixteen!

mitz and Michael Raclov talking er and those that mingled in a together. She recalled that she had left her music in a studio beyond where they stood. She walked slowly past them. She heard the word "Moscow."

"Too bad," said Kalmitz. "She really has a voice. She should stay here and learn." "The orders are from Mos-

cow," said Raclov. The remainder of the sentence was lost as Maida entered the studio door. So it was to be Moscow next; Moscow, the crimson headquarters of the Russian Red Circle!

#### IV.

Allan Tyler's brief sentence to Eric Lambert, "Radio and the airplane have knocked time and space into a cocked hat," was to have an unexpected proof. Lambert kept the thought running through his mind as he walked to the W-G-N studio building that Friday evening. As his vigorous frame swung along the street he punctuated his thoughts with occasional thrusts of his clenched fist. Radio! The world tied up in a flash of electricity. Air-

disturbance all about the studio. "Throw men all around the building! . . . Guard the rear! . . Don't let any one out! Sorry, madam, this is the secret service; you can't go! . . . Sorry, miss, we'll have to ask you to stay! . . . Hold everybody!" And these voices were punctu-

ated by heavy footfalls and the opening and closing of doors. Then, as if by some magic, Chief Tyler was standing on the stage. He ran his eyes swiftly over the spectators who sat interestedly watching the scene, but without the remotest notion that reality and not mimicry was before their eyes.

"Everybody please keep their seats." Mr. Tyler let go this gritty command. He was not conscious of drama. He was immersed only in police work.

He continued to study the faces before him. "Comrade Petrovich, a spy of the Red Circle," he said, " has been traced to this studio." Still no drama; only the secret service executive performing his cold duty. "All the exits are guarded. If Petro-(Continued on page seven.)