ALIAS GOD OF AMERICA

BY GENERAL FRED WHITE

M. N. G. Retired

THIS STORY SO FAR: More than 100,000 foreign troops which had been secretly transported to Mexico suddenly invaded the United States. Intelligence officer Bennett had discovered their plan while a spy in Mexico City where he had joined the confederate of Pancho and Hearst, two arrant villains, for his

CHAPTER XIV

Bennett left the hotel at nine o'clock and walked to the Empire State Building. During the night he had collected valuable information from the Arabed Gold Mining and Milling Company. The firm had been operating in New York for his principal. It was a small but regular business profit, was not listed on the stock exchange, and was confined to all news and rumors in regard to its operations and their actions. Senor Salvatore, a Chilean, had recently taken over at this aging director.

On reaching the forty-fifth floor Bennett went direct to the company's offices and inquired inside.

A fat red-jowl of a man with cat like smirk stamped on his round face came up to Bennett at once to search him with small round eyes that glinted suspicious approval through horn-rimmed glasses.

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

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

Gilder's upper teeth glanced nervously at his lower lip at this Kim identification of the visitor as a Van Hanek agent.

"Maybe," Gilder hesitated. "you want to see Senor Salvatore?"

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

Bonning stepped decisively past the fellow and went to the open "B" cabinet at which a ruddy clerk of Slav features was working. While Gilder pattered up with mutinous protests, Bonning thumbed through the Baltimore entries, Ramsay, Bilgold, Rosner, Rouse, Rambolt. He noted that after each listed stock holder there were symbols purporting to show number of stock shares held, dates of dividend payment, and other listed 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 bailiwick of espionage activity.

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

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

"Tell Salvatore," Bonning 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," Gilder whined. "Je, you will wait, or Senor Salvatore would never forgive me." He turned to one of his clerks and cried, "Here, Backrupp, 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, shuffled forward with a nod. The other moved closer. Bonning saw that Backrupp's force might be pass out the door of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company. Numbers were against him.

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

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

Bonning waited, impatiently emulating 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. Backrupp 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, Backrupp," he said, leaning out for a brief survey below.

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

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

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

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

INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN

[illegible] Bonning and Parker who had come there to do espionage work for the Mexican government, had discovered the plot as a friend, and promoted to immediate action the confederate of Pancho operating in New York. He had to do a little more than kill one man.

Now continue with the story

In him that is the heart of a great city, with its teeming millions, he was an unknown quantity, and he was a dead man to a battle.

Out in the office of the Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company a blond man arose and taken over. Bonning to Lieutenant Colonel Wallace, foreign area intelligence officer. Three days before, a cable had been checked through the company records, three hours before another message was dispatched given prisoners.

Two short weeks of authority had been entrusted to a tried, tragic veteran. In a corner of the office Wallace had seen the dead body of Bonning. A bullet from Wallace's gun had taken the spy and Backrupp's associates.

"All right, Gilder," Wallace threatened the cowering fat man who sat in front of him, "I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself. Use combination to that safe. If you do remember it. If you don't remember, stand camp, if you don't I'll have you shipped under guard."

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

Ten seconds had passed when the office door opened. Sale experts reported to the inside the job of opening the vault. Gilder was jolted into decision by knowledge that if the man in the room was dead the vault was up with him.

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

Gilder hastily turned to the steel doors and carefully twirled the combination. In his excitement these trials were successful in opening the combination. Colonel Wallace seized the door and pushed it open. Bonning was lying on the floor, his right hand clutching a small pocket automatic.

Wallace lifted the unconscious man to a cot in the adjoining room, a medical officer, who had been hurried to from downstairs found none pulse and temperature and applied stimulants. In a minute Bonning opened his eyes and, on orienting his mind to the whirling gray world about him, attempted to sit up.

"The captain will be all right shortly," the medical officer said. "He's just as well, however, you got him out of there when you did, young fellow."

Half an hour later Bonning consented on getting to his feet. His legs were wobbly under him, the blow, aimed at the Slavic Hydra, had overbreated in acting temples. But he waved the medical aide and aides into the office where Wallace and his prisoner were waiting.

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

"I'm feeling better," Bonning answered. "Sorry I caught a bullet, Colonel."

Colonel Wallace was effervescent. "The Andes Gold Mining and Milling Company," he explained, "is the most valuable name in the world right now. No question about it, sir," he headed for the door, "we'll round up history."

"Where's Gilder?" Bonning wished to know. "Bravo, alias Salvatore?"

The glow of Wallace's face vanished into gloom. "Pretty bad luck, Bonning. Gilder was shot while attempting to slip out his private door as we emerged. A bandit-looking fellow guarding the hall. Salvatore killed him with a small automatic and lucky enough to catch a cage down before we could get out there. By the way, Bonning, when you feel up to it, Colonel Flagwill wishes you to call him at the War Department."

Bonning checked through the hall of records. There was no need of cryptographers on the job. In a false bottom of Bravo'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 gull chasers. Wallace thought from the first results of their check. but there was evidence of thousands of enemy agents scattered in important posts and positions throughout the United States.

An hour later Bonning 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, Bonning, you had us worried!" Flagwill exclaimed. "A great piece of work, simply great! Report back as soon as you feel like traveling, Bonning." Jee. 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 door, but there was no response. It came

"A ponderous hand closed over Bonning's mouth."

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

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

As he leveled the weapon across the desk Bravo's left hand went to a call button which sent a respective [illegible] in the outer office. Gilder's face was as pale.

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

Bonning heard the outer door open. Gilder, terror leaping into his little eyes, jumped across the room and slammed Bravo's door. Bonning sprang to his feet, but the spike arms of Backrupp were about him in an instant with all the crushing force of motor-driven pinions. Ponderous hand closed over Bonning's mouth and shut off articulation.

Bonning felt himself lifted clear of the floor by a strength against which his own sinews were power less. Backrupp carried him across the room to the Bravo concrete vault that lay open behind heavy steel doors. The ape-man hurled him inside with a shattering violence and heaved the doors shut.

Bonning 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 at some six feet wide by ten feet in depth.

Men know 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.

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NEXT WEEK

Another Absorbing Installment

LIST OF DELINQUENT TAXES

To Be Sold On Monday, APRIL 14, 1941 At Court House Door At 2 O'Clock

Luther Barlow, 60 acres $1.00
Ed Bell, 1 lot $1.00
Bud Bothman, 3 acres $1.00
Ed Bowling, 1 lot $1.00
F. H. Bowles, 2 acres $1.00
Mrs. Minnie Brannon $5.00
Harrison Bowles, Estate $1.00
Lewis Bowles, 1 lot $1.00
Tennie Darden, 125 acres $1.00
Jno. Miller Morgan $1.00
Jno. Clifford, 1 lot $1.00
Jno. Millstead $1.00
Jno. Bowles, 25 acres $1.00
Jno. Gee Emery $1.00
A. H. Morris, 100 acres $1.00
Jno. Mack Hollon, Est. $1.00
Wm. & Mary Dunton, 1 acres $1.00
Jno. Hollon, 1 acre $1.00
Jno. Hollon, 1 acre $1.00
Levi Johnson, 10 acres $1.00
Ed Bowles, 1 lot $1.00
Alfred Rupp, 50 acres $1.00
Sam Wagner, 2 acres $1.00
Wm. Hulle, Est. $1.00
Jno. Miller Morgan $1.00
Jno. Hollon $1.00
Jno. Hollon $1.00
Geo. A. Clifford, 50 acres $1.00
Geo. Mattox, 1 lot $1.00
Jno. Hollon, 1 lot $1.00
Mrs. Lena McCracken $1.00
Wm. Hulle, Est. $1.00
Jno. Henry, 1 lot $1.00
Jno. Henry $1.00
E. A. Van Bever, 1 lot $1.00
Jno. Henry, 1 lot $1.00
Thos. Vaughn, 1 lot $1.00
Spring Allen $1.00

COLORED

Nancy Robinson, 1 lot $1.00
Moorefield $1.00
Margaret Cushingberry $1.00
Lewis Duncan Henry $1.00
Lewis Duncan Henry $1.00
Geo. Fisher, Sr. 1 lot $1.00
Sam Jones, Est. 1 lot $1.00
Sam Jones, Est. 1 lot $1.00
Chas. Thompson, 1 lot $1.00
Chas. Thompson $1.00
W. H. Baker, Est. 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Lizzie Baker, Est. 1 lot $1.00
Tom Baker, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Wm. Bryant, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Sylvester Cunningham $1.00
1 lot, Henryville $1.00
Ed Fowler, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Sallie Fields, 1 lot $1.00
Tom Fielbon $1.00
Charles Foster, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Charles & Nannie Foster, 1 lot, Henryville $1.00
Eliza Foster, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Bella Foster, Est. 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Aurelia Hamilton, 1 lot, Henryville $1.00
Harrison Hamilton, 1 lot, Henryville $1.00
Henryville, or by $1.50 ..... $1.00
Ezra Hall $1.00
Alfred Harris, 1 lot, Henryville $1.00
Henryville $1.00
George Johnson, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Jim Henry Johnson, 1 lot, Henryville $1.00
John H. Jones $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Clarine Jones, 1 lot, Henryville $1.00
Arthur Jones $1.00
Henryville, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Wesley Jones, Est. 1 lot, Henryville $1.00
Joe B. Jones $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Mattie Stout, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Derry Tyler, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Ann Washington, Est. $1.00
Sarah Williams, 1 lot $1.00
Sarah Williams, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00
Robt. Young, 1 lot $1.00
Henryville $1.00

BAD TIME FOR STRIKES

(The Lexington Herald)

The strikes which are being organized in key industries throughout the country come at a most inopportune time.

Labor has enjoyed marked advances in the past decade. Thousands have joined the ranks who had the deepest sympathy for the plight of those who have endeavored to improve their positions and to share the enjoyments of fine round wages, working standards and conditions. Many gained protection in the right of collective bargaining, which was a right to strike.

To some extent, organized labor has rolled prosperity upon the country. Its demands have contributed to our consumer economy and to our national wealth.

At the present time, the most strike of the Ford Motor Company, which has been shutted in the Ford Motor Company River Rouge plant in Dearborn, Mich.

The strike of the Inter-Ship Challenge plant near Mobile, Ala., which has been idle since Feb. 3 by hot theory computers, and continue to keep the company from the defense work. Strikes are threatened by thousands of workers in the Bethlehem Steel Company plants at Sparrows Point, Md., and Lackawanna, N. Y., during the next few days, unless the company is compelled to the first recognized by the Steel Workers Organizing Committee.

Some disturbances have broken out in the Kentucky coal mines, but it is not anticipated that any serious strike will occur in the Kentucky coal fields.

The strike situation is not in the balance and anyone who is near abroad as we are still at war, the United States patient by experiences outbreaks that would be of most service to future if there were actually an enemy now at the gates.

It is now already to be hoped that the differences that have arisen may be settled peacefully and with no loss to labor of any of the advances and safeguards gained through such

Nicholas Farmers File Farm Plans

Approximately 81 per cent of Nicholas farmers participating in the filed farm plans, indicating their intention to participate in the 1941 Agricultural Conservation Program, according to a report by J. Henry Harrison, chairman of the Nicholas County Agricultural Conservation Association, and said this plan represents a total of 1,[illegible] acres.

A group of 170 farmers met in Carlisle on April 2, the final date for entering farm plans for participation in the program. Mr. Harrison said that 1,[illegible] farmers have completed plans for the year, and that 36 farmers in the state are eligible for participation in the program.

Most of the vertical things in life, which become the starting points of human destiny, are [illegible] Trifles discover character more than great events. Trifles are important what one is in little things, he is also there in great things.

It's just the little homely things that make life worth living. The world would be not happy if it were in the state are eligible.

Of course, there are pathetic high

$2,000 Loan Fund Set Up At U. Of Ky.

By action of the University of Kentucky Student Loan Fund Board, a $2,000 student loan fund has been set up to become effective on approval by Dr. Thomas D. Cooper, acting president of the University.

This announcement was made by Robert Allen, president of the Student Legislature, who said that the fund, first of its kind ever before and debated, has been passed with award [illegible]

The plan will allow a contribution to be made to students who have and these students to make loans up to $100 for one year, with a service charge of six per cent interest, who have been residents of the state of Kentucky, and who are the sons of a [illegible] [illegible] extra medical care not supplied by the University dispensary.

Burley Allotment To Remain Steady

Under the marketing quota provisions of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, which is governed by farmers voting on the proposal, the 1941 burley tobacco crop will be the same as the 1940 crop, Dr. Frank Burnett, director of Kentucky Agricultural Conservation Association, said today.

Burnett said reports from the state AAA office in Lexington show that 1,[illegible] farmers have completed plans through the county office, and that farmers in the state are eligible for participation in the program.

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

"I've here from Mexico City. Colonel Bravo!" Bonning answered with

1941 *ELECTRIC* REFRIGERATORS ARE BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE

—With Quicker Freezing . . . Temperature Zones For Better Food Protection . . . Bigger Storage Space and More Convenient Arrangement . . . Cheaper Operation . . . More Dependable Service . . . New Time-Saving, Work-Saving Features

POLKS: The operating cost of the 1941 *electric* refrigerator is about 50% less than it was five years ago. Today it is as low as 35 cents a month, and, depending on refrigerator size, averages considerably less than a dollar a month.

Their faster-freezing gives you more ice. Their bigger inside space enables you to store more food and save on buying. Their various "cold zones" keep foods fresh longer. Their improved space arrangement helps you use time and work in preparing meals. Their simple, quiet, enclosed mechanism—with *electrical* operation—assures dependable performance no matter how hot the weather. And finest materials, workmanship, finish, design spell many years of satisfying trouble-free service.

Choose any one of a dozen standard makes and you'll get greater refrigerator value for your money than ever before in the history of the industry. Size for size, prices were never lower. But, folks, you'd better buy now . . . because price trends appear to be upward.

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