

IT WAS some time later when an incredulous Funny Pegger collared Jones.

"Come over here in the corner, Lodestone," he muttered.

"Lodestone?"

"Well, you've got a magnetic personality or something," explained the gag man grimly. "You sure attract things."

"I do not believe," explained Jones, "that I understand you."

"I could be referring to Glacia."

"I—Glacia?"

"But I wasn't, although I've been what you might call a stupefied observer for the last half hour. I have another matter. A trifling bit of news for you. Do you remember that German-liner captain you shot?"

"Liner captain—ah—yes. Oh, yes. A slight misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding or not, they're gonna put you in the clink for it."

"Clink?"

"Jail. There's a warrant sworn out for your arrest in New York. I got the tidings by radio."

"Goodness," Jones said. "Do you

suppose I will have some trouble?"

"You," Funny Pegger assured him, "were made for trouble to roost on."

LYMAN LEE had been pacing his cabin for hours. He had torn off his tie and collar with savage gestures, and he was stamping in circles. Occasionally he collapsed on the berth or a chair and glared in white silence at the ceiling, while his nails bit into his palms, and his teeth punished his lower lip. He looked as if he wanted to screech.

Lyman Lee had expected to get that job of distributing Polyphemus Ward's millions. It was a goal he had worked at for years, and the shock of losing it had literally upset his mental balance.

He would have to do something. . . . But what? His mind hunted for methods, and because of the combination of circumstances, his mind had become something of a mad dog among minds.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when Lyman Lee dressed in dark clothing, took his butcher knife, and went toward Jones' cabin.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### *Never Mind, Ulysses*

SINCE the days of Homer many a seaman has sworn that on the sea, in the night, he has heard a siren sighing, like no singing, but an ardor-tainted whispering—an other-worldly beckoning of a creature of the night and of the heaving deeps. Ulysses was forced to tie his men, and lash himself to the mast, so that they would not fling themselves into the sea in response to the siren's call. How many other men have fled decks for death in the tropic night in response to some mystic sea-creature's love call? Well—wherever they are, those men are probably pretty well aware of their mistake now, and if anyone else is thinking of answering a summons to some briny Bacchanalia, he had better listen to Science first. Science, in the person of a Dr. C. H. Townsend of the New York Zoological Society, has been studying the swim bladder in fishes. These bladders make sounds, Dr. Townsend says, and such sounds may form the basis for the myths of the sea-sirens.

Certainly no sailor is going to jump overboard for any siren whisperings from the bladder of a mackerel.

—Chandler McGinnis

2 A—27

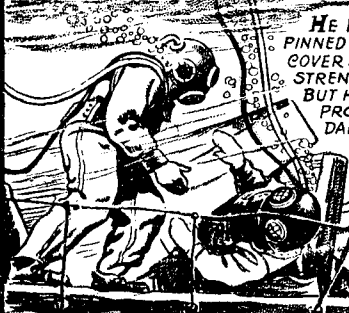
# MEN OF DARING

by SIDORIE ALLEN



## Born to the Job!

HIS FATHER AND GRANDFATHER WERE FAMOUS DIVERS. BOTH DIED AT THEIR TRADE. ROY WAS ONLY 15, A HELPER TO HIS DAD, WHEN HE MADE HIS FIRST DIVE. THAT WAS IN 1908, WHEN "BIG CHARLIE" HANSEN WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF LAKE MICHIGAN EXPLORING A WRECK. ROY WAS TENDING THE PUMPS WHEN HE FELT FRANTIC TUGS ON THE LIFE LINES WHICH, IN CODE, MEANT: "I'M CAUGHT. SEND DOWN ANOTHER DIVER AT ONCE!" BUT NO DIVER WAS WITHIN CALL. ROY GOT INTO A SUIT AND WENT OVERBOARD.



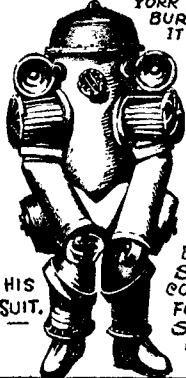
HE FOUND HIS FATHER PINNED UNDER A HUGE HATCH COVER. IT TOOK ALL THE LAD'S STRENGTH TO BRING HIM UP. BUT HIS HEROIC EFFORTS PROVED OF NO AVAIL. HIS DAD'S RIBS HAD BEEN CRUSHED AND HE DIED. UNDISMAYED THE SON STUCK TO DIVING.

IN 1915, WHEN AN EXCURSION BOAT TURNED TURTLE IN THE CHICAGO RIVER, HE WORKED 52 HOURS UNDER WATER RECOVERING BODIES.

Roy Hansen,

— FIRST MAN TO DESCEND TO THE BOTTOM OF RUSHING HELL GATE CHANNEL IN NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER. HE HAS BEEN DEEPER THAN ANY LIVING DIVER.

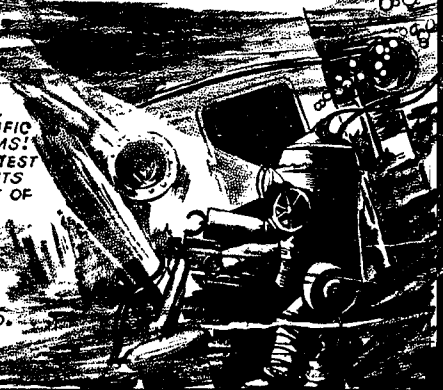
HIS ESCAPES FROM DEATH HAVE BEEN MIRACULOUS. IN NEW YORK HARBOR A TUNNEL CAVED IN AND BURIED HIM UNDER TONS OF MUD. IT TOOK FIVE MEN, FOUR HOURS TO GET HIM OUT!



HIS SUIT.

WORKING TO RAISE THE SUNKEN NAVY SUBMARINE S-4, HIS AIR LINE FROZE AND THE SEA'S TERRIFIC PRESSURE BURST HIS EAR DRUMS! TODAY IT IS PART OF HIS JOB TO TEST THE NEWER, ALL-METAL DIVING SUITS AT THE RISK OF BEING BLOWN OUT OF THEM.

HIS NEXT JOB WILL BE TO BRING UP THE GOLD OF THE S.S. MERIDA, WHICH SANK OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA IN 1911 WITH FOUR MILLION DOLLARS ABOARD. SIX OTHER ATTEMPTS HAVE FAILED BUT ROY SAYS HE "CAN'T MISS."



A True Story in Pictures Every Week