

BLACK HAWK

The phantom of Indiana

BY LOU WEDEMAR

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The narrative "Black Hawk," a thrilling story of life in Indiana, is purely fiction and its leading characters exist only in the author's imagination.

SYNOPSIS

When a mysterious airplane crashes in central Indiana, Robert Martine, wealthy Indianapolis man-about-town, who is a member of the Indiana legislature, is assigned by Washington to investigate the case. There has been a strange explosion at Ft. Harrison. The President of the United States has been threatened by some one who signs himself "Black Hawk," and whose sign is a winged devil's head.

Returning from Washington, Major Bob Martine has lunch with Ava Breen, society girl whom he loves, but who is attracted by her father's wealth. St. George, wealthy scientist, Bob and Ava are approaching the postoffice, where he has been assigned an office, when a bomb from an airplane strikes the building and practically destroys the third story.

The Black Hawk demands evacuation of Marion county, declaring his forces will destroy all industry in the region if he is not obeyed. He says the union station will be destroyed next.

At the station, a Whimper leaps from an incoming train and attempts to place a bomb on the tracks to blow up the train and terminal. Nitrate is a Black Hawk. The Whimper, startled, is killed in front of another train.

Bob and Lieutenant Quinlan, assigned to assist him, drop the bomb in Fall creek and then go to the Claypool. Quinlan is murdered and in the shaft of an ax used to kill the officer, Bob finds a message.

Black Hawk warns that he intends to blow central Indiana off the map. St. George proposes to Ava. Just then they are interrupted by a knock on the door.

CHAPTER EIGHT (Continued)

Ava admitted Bob, whose face showed his anxiety.
"You're all right?" he exclaimed.
"What happened?"
"Dr. St. George came along just after I talked with you, and he must have frightened them away. There was somebody looking in the window—a horrible, leering face."

BOB examined the window, but discovered nothing helpful. In the dirt, however, he found a print, and called Police Sergeant Brown and Al Lynch, who had driven up with him, to examine it with him.
It was a formless mark, indistinctly outlined in the loam of a flower bed. It had been made recently, and it was probably a footprint.

"It looks as if he had something over his shoes," Bob said; "wrapped in cloth, or something like that."
"Sneakers—he might have had sneakers on. Anyway, we'll make a composition cast of it and keep it for reference. You can't follow the tracks any distance on the grass."
Bob went back into the house.
Ava said to him at once:
"Bob, there's something I want to say to you."

"Don't, Ava, I beg you," St. George interjected.

"I must, Bob. Lionel doesn't want me to, but I am going to ask you to let me help you in what you are doing."

"You mean—Black Hawk?"
"Yes. Father is mixed up in it some way, and I can't sit here at home wondering what is happening. I want to work with you."

"Do you know where your father is now?"
"He's at the public library, I think. He has found some clew or something there."

"The library!" St. George laughed sarcastically. "What a place to look!"

Bob thought it over a moment. It would be good to have Ava with him. It would get her away from St. George. He mentally made the reservation, however, that he would see that Ava ran no risk.

"FINE!" he said. "I was going to ask you, and Dr. St. George, too, perhaps, later. It's sort of patriotic service, Ava, and you would really have no right to refuse."

"All right, major," she said, in business-like tones. "When do we start?"

"Right now," he turned to the officer who had taken Quinlan's

place, as his escort. "Sergeant Brown, will you assist a man to watch the Breen home? I want it guarded day and night. Miss Breen will be working with us and Black Hawk may get it into his insane mind to attack here."

Dr. St. George arose to leave.
"I wouldn't be so sure," he said, choosing each word carefully, "that Black Hawk is insane. Be careful, and don't underestimate him. Good morning."

ON the way downtown Bob told Ava about the charade offered to the want-ad columns of The Times.

"Freedom's Torch Leads the Way!" Bob repeated to her. "That's your first assignment—tell me what that means. Our code experts have not been able to do it, yet."

"Is it really code?" Ava asked.
"Probably only what we would call, in private life, a 'charade.' It will mean something more than is on the surface to the people Black Hawk wants to read it—if it's really from him. If you'll wait in my car a few minutes, I'll take you to the library. I want to warn your father in this thing. He may not realize how serious it is."

Bob slowed up the car, slightly puzzled, as they approached Forty-eighth street. Men were digging across the whole intersection and a man holding a red flag directed Bob to turn left into Forty-eighth street.

He applied the brakes as another man holding a red flag signalled him to stop.

"Let's see what's up, Ava," said Bob. "This is queer."

As they stepped out of the car, a cloud of smoke poured out of a manhole almost beside them.

Ava and Bob, choking, saw the workmen had donned gas masks—quickly, as if drilled precisely. Several of them surrounded them. Dazed, choking, Ava and Bob let the men lead them to the man-hole, scarcely aware of where they were going.

There, at the point of a revolver, Bob was halted by a towering figure, a man wearing a mask. He pointed down the steps.

"Down there!" he repeated. "You value your lives," he ordered, in a hoarse whisper.

Ava clutched Bob's arm, and the figure turned his revolver toward her.

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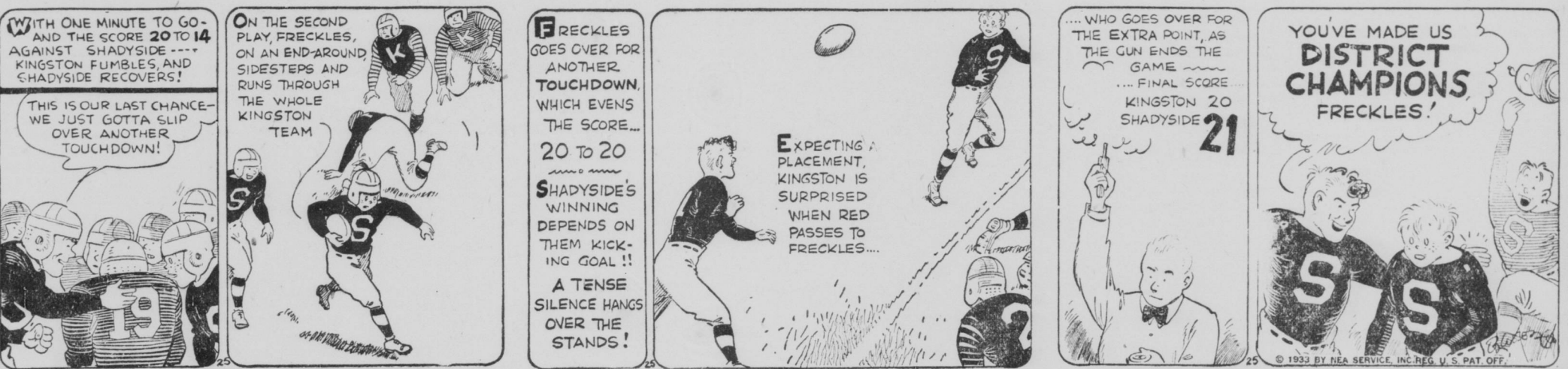
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—By Ahern



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RAINBOWS ARE NOT SEMI-CIRCLES, BUT COMPLETE CIRCLES!

IF WE WERE HIGH ENOUGH IN THE AIR WE COULD SEE THE ENTIRE CIRCLE!

THE MUSCLE WHICH WORKS THE WINGS OF A BIRD IS HEAVIER THAN ALL THE OTHER MUSCLES OF THE BIRD'S BODY PUT TOGETHER!

ALTHOUGH scientists have known for years that a rainbow was a complete circle, just as is the halo we occasionally see around the moon, it was not until 1927 that a human was privileged to see the entire circle. In June of that year, an airplane pilot witnessed the unusual spectacle.

NEXT—Has a meteorite ever struck a dwelling?

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